

Under the Stars

Although the weatherman had called for rain, the late-afternoon sky was clear as Steve vacuumed the inside of his car. Sure, it was only a station wagon, not a big, fancy, expensive car that would be appropriate for what was going to happen tonight, but even so, it was going to be clean. When that job was done he double-checked the fluid levels and tire pressure. He was going to do whatever he could to make sure tonight went smoothly; everything just so. Jaime deserved nothing less.

Going back to his apartment he showered and shaved, brushed his teeth, then stood for several minutes in front of the closet puzzling over what to wear. He wanted to look good, of course, but it wasn't going to be a formal evening so he didn't want to look too spiffy. Eventually, he settled on dark gray slacks, a light blue button-down shirt, and dark sweater, a business casual kind of appearance, and he could take the sweater off if he got too warm or they decided to hit a come-as-you-are kind of place later on. He decided against a tie, opting instead for leaving his top two buttons open, and adding a tasteful silver chain from which depended a bear claw. It was his good luck necklace.

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The drive to their meeting place was tense. His mind kept teasing him with jumbled thoughts of *what if she doesn't show up*, or *what if she doesn't like where you're going* or worse *what if she doesn't like you?*

But despite that he was sure he and Jaime would hit it off. They'd been friends, albeit only in cyberspace, for months now, and he knew they clicked mentally. It was

going to be fine, he kept reassuring himself, and eventually the doubting voice in his mind fell silent.

Sure enough, she was right where they'd agreed to meet. Her car, as she'd described it to him, was parked at the eastern side of the mall, near the entrance. As he drove up he could see her checking her appearance in her rear view mirror and he smiled -- she obviously wanted him to like what he saw. He pulled up and parked a few cars down, then walked up to her car. At his approach she grinned and quickly climbed out of the car, then stepped into his arms and gave him a hug. Her body was warm and soft against his, and immediately he registered how good it felt just to hold her like that. Although this was their first physical contact it felt familiar, almost old, as though they'd embraced many, many times before.

"I wasn't sure you'd really show up," she admitted. "I was afraid you'd have second thoughts about this." Her words touched him deeply; they made her seem so vulnerable, so open, that it made him want to protect her as though he were Sir Galahad and she were a fair damsel of the realm.

"Are you kidding? Miss out on a delightful evening with you? Girl, my momma has her faults but she did not raise stupid sons," he replied, his grin showing that although he meant every word of it, he also hoped she'd laugh at the joke. But Jaime only smiled, lowering her eyes slightly. Right then he wanted to kiss her, but he resisted the urge. *You're only two friends on a friendly date*, he reminded himself. *That's it nothing more. Now behave yourself.*

"I thought we'd take my car, if that's OK with you," he said. "No sense in us both burning gas." To his delight, she locked her car and held out her hand for his. They

walked, hand in hand, to his car. As they did, he couldn't help but wonder if anyone were watching them. He hoped so. He was as proud as any peacock to be seen with this pretty girl, and anyone who wanted to look had his permission; he hoped they'd be envious as hell.

Steve drove them to the movieplex, where Jaime insisted on paying for the matinee tickets. "After all, you're buying the gas," she explained. He agreed, but on the condition that he buy the popcorn and sodas.

Later, when he reflected on that night, Steve would have to concentrate to remember what movie they sat through. He knew it was probably a horror flick, because of the way Jaime had snuggled up to him during the scary parts, but beyond that was a blank. He could only remember her -- how her vanilla perfume had blended with the smell of the buttery popcorn in an intoxicating aroma, how their hands had kept brushing in the popcorn bucket, how he'd caught her from the corner of his eye as she licked butter from her fingers and how that innocent-yet-erotic image had sent an electrical jolt from somewhere in the middle of his back straight through his belly and into a spot several inches below his belt buckle.

When the movie was over (he guessed it must be because the house lights came up and he and Jaime were sitting in a nearly-empty theater) they walked out, stopping in the parking lot to talk. "So, what would you like to do next?" he asked. Then he switched into a hillbilly accent. "Hay, wan put on our NASCAR caps and go t a mudbog?" He grinned and she laughed at their inside joke.

"Oh yeah," she smiled, "that sounds like loads of fun. Then we can see who can fit the biggest chaw of snuff in their cheek!" Now it was Steve's turn to laugh out loud. "You're really something, girl," he chuckled. "Thanks for going to the movies with me."

Jaime looked slightly puzzled at that. "Why are you thanking me?"

"Because you shared something fun with me, made me feel special, and I enjoyed it. So thank you."

A frown came over her face. "Does that mean the evenings over?"

"Not unless you want it to be. I've still got plans for us." He reached out and touched her cheek, hoping he wasn't being too forward with the gesture. "Something I think you'll enjoy, if you're up for it."

The infectious smile returned. "What'd you have in mind?"

"C'mon," he answered, opening the car door. "Get in and find out."

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They talked as Steve drove them out of town. Night was rapidly coming on now, and the sky was a deepening purple. Inwardly, Steve wished the sun's light would remain a while longer; he kept looking at Jaime, who was wearing jeans, a white blouse that was slightly large for her what he figured was called a poet's shirt and black denim jacket, and in the darkness he wouldn't be able to admire the view anymore. It was a stylishly simple outfit, but *damn*, he kept observing to himself, *could she make it look good!*

The white station wagon soon was out of the city, purring along a suburban street under the growing night. Eventually, Steve steered it into a parking lot at what had once been a Shell station. "Here we are," he announced. The place was sparsely lit, the big

windows painted over in creamy yellow, and the words "The Treasure House" were stenciled across the clean glass faces.

"Whats this," asked Jaime.

Steve was swinging his legs out of the car as he replied, "Just wait and see." He came around to open her door and bowed like a chauffeur as she exited. "Your pleasure awaits, Ma-dam," he drawled. Then he led the way to the shop's door.

As soon as the door opened Jaime could smell the musty odor of old paper. Inside, the store was brightly lit and clean, although calling it neat or tidy would have been lying. It was a bookshop, with shelves lining all the walls and standing free in what had once been automobile service bays. Old, leather-bound volumes stood in stacks on tables, several plastic milk crates full of recent paperbacks rested on the floor in front of a counter that evidently served as the sales counter (at least it had a large desk calculator, orange coffee cup full of pens, sales receipt pad, and stack of plastic shopping bags on it), and an ancient Mr. Coffee in the corner under a sign reading, **Spill Coffee On It, You Bought It <No Matter How Many Thousands of Dollars It Cost!>** was perking quietly in the corner. She turned to Steve, her mouth curling into an open grin as she realized what hed introduced her to. He spread his arms wide, gesturing towards the whole inventory around them. "Not a fancy place," he cautioned, "but if you like to read, this is the place to go."

Without saying a word she turned and began looking at the myriad titles on the closest shelf.

Jaime had only read a few dozen titles when a voice interrupted. "Damn, that coffee goes through ya," it mumbled, and she looked toward the counter in time to see a

man coming through the now-open door behind it. He was a menacing figure tall and slender, with heavily-tattooed arms extending from his black leather vest, a black slicked-down DA haircut straight out of the 50s and sunglasses to match. He was clean-shaven and wore a black t-shirt with HARLEY-FUCKIN-DAVIDSON lettered across it in blaze orange. The dark man saw Steve and his angular face split into a broad grin. "GRIZ!" he bellowed. "Where the hell have you been, man!"

Steve was smiling also as he walked up to the counter and quickly stepped around the obstacle so he and the biker could greet one another. They clasped right hands enthusiastically and threw their left arms around one another's shoulders like two long-lost brothers. "Snake!" said Steve in reply. "Man, its so good to see you, Bro. How hangeth the hammer?"

They broke the embrace but kept the handshake going. "Shit, man, you know the tale: if I go out in the wind without a jockstrap I break a kneecap. You finally read all your books, huh?"

"Naw, man, I still got a list. But I brought somebody who loves books to meet ya." Then he turned and motioned to Jaime. "Jaime, come up here. I want you to meet somebody." She put down the edition of David Copperfield she'd been looking at and moved to his side. "Jaime, this is Snake. I know he looks iffy," at which point the man hed spoken about smacked him in the shoulder, "but he's good people. You couldn't have a truer friend." Then he turned to the tall biker. "Jaime's a great friend of mine and she's as nuts for reading as we are, so I figured I..." but Snake cut him off.

"No need to explain, little bro," he laughed. "I understand. You couldnt handle such a hottie so you brought her to meet a real man." With that, he swept forward and

curled an arm around her waist, grabbed her left hand in his right as though to begin a waltz, and smiled at her. "C'mon, darlin', lets get outta here and let this hosehead run the store."

Going with the flow, Jaime pretended to be on the verge of swooning. She raised the back of her hand to her forehead and affected a Southern Belle accent. "Why, Ah do de-clare, Suh! Whut kind of a lady do you think Ah am? This fine gentleman has my dance card all full up foh th even-in. And besides, Suh," she said as she winked at Steve, "he is far more handsome than you are."

Snake grinned, showing even, white teeth. "Well, then, if that's how it is, guess I'll have to deal with it, huh?" he laughed. Then he turned to Steve. "Griz, you better treat her right, boy. She's something special. An old man can tell." He gave Jaime a quick peck on the cheek, almost like a father might, and released her. Then he stepped behind the counter again. "You kids aren't actually buying anything here tonight, are you?"

Steve cocked an eyebrow at the older man. "Don't know. Maybe. You got anything worth reading in this old dustbin besides the skin mags stored behind the desk?"

"Well, go ahead and look around. I'm goin' back to watching Walking Dead. You need anything, you know where I'm at." Then he disappeared into the back room again.

Steve turned to Jaime. "Hope he didn't scare you. Snake can be a little forwards sometimes."

"Nope, not really. Maybe just a little at first. How do you know him?"

"We used to hang together. Still do occasionally. But were both pretty busy with other stuff. Anyway," he said, looking around the shop, "lets browse. More to do tonight after we're done here."

She looked into his eyes. He couldn't help but think that a man could lose himself in eyes like hers. "In that case, could I take a raincheck on shopping? I'm anxious to see what else you've got cooked up."

When he smiled at her he hoped that her heart was racing like his was. "Not at all. I was kinda hoping you'd say that. Let me say goodnight to Snake and we'll split."

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Soon they were back in his car and driving away from The Treasure House. It was full night by now and although the moon was missing the sky above was a sea of black velvet sprinkled with a million stars. They glittered like diamonds against the darkness. The night was warm and muggy, and Jaime and Steve traveled with their windows down. All around them were the moist smells of a country night.

After about a half-hour's drive Steve pulled over to the side of the road. "This is the place," he said. "Remember when we first discussed going out like this that we talked about a long walk under the stars? Well, this is it." Then he became very serious. "Look, Jaime, I know that you really don't know me well yet. If you feel uncomfortable about this, you know, going out in the dark, miles from anything with a man you barely know, I understand. I don't want you to do anything you feel wrong about."

Jaime reached out and touched his cheek. Through the sudden heat that flashed through his bloodstream like a forest fire he heard her say, "Steve, I feel as safe with you

as I've ever felt in my life. You'd never hurt me; I know that. And I'd love to take a walk with you under the stars."

They must have walked five miles down that country road. Their pace was slow, relaxed and easy. They really had nowhere to go, and the only thing for them to do was enjoy one another's company. Sometimes they held hands as they walked, and once they tried walking with Steve's arm around Jaime's waist, but that was awkward so they stopped and stood, belly to belly, holding each other in the darkness while a lone owl hooted in the distance.

They talked about their lives and pasts and futures, their respective jobs and aspirations, joys and frustrations. There was no reason to hide anything, even the tear that ran down Jaime's cheek when she spoke about a former love she'd lost years before. Steve caught the teardrop on his finger, and hesitantly kissed the spot where it had moistened her cheek.

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It had been hours when they finally got back to the car. Their legs were weary and sore, and their throats dry and scratchy from so much talking, but they felt great anyway. Their sore throats made the drive back to town more silent than Steve would have liked, and when they came to civilization he stopped at the first convenience store they came to. Leaving Jaime in the car, he went in and bought drinks to cool their parched tongues. When he came out she was asleep in her seat, her head leaning back against the rest. He hated to wake her, so he just stood for a minute, looking at her. How pretty she was, how much like a little girl in her slumber. *A man could fall in love with a*

girl like that, he said to himself. Then a pickup full of teenagers pulled into the parking lot, radio blaring and thumping, to disturb the sleeping woman.

Steve got in with her and handed her a soda. As they drank, he said, "Well, its pretty late. I guess I oughta take you back to get your car. Unless," he added, hopefully, "you aren't ready to call it a night yet."

Jaime slid across the seat until she was pressed into his side. She took his hand and pulled his arm across her shoulders. Her voice was thick with sleep when she said, "No, the car can wait until tomorrow. Why don't you just drive me to your place? You've been so sweet tonight, made me feel so good, but there's something more I want us to do." Then she turned her head and lifted her lips to meet his. "I want us to spend the night together. No promises, no obligations, no worries about tomorrows, just you and me and tonight. Would that be okay?"

Her words hit him like a brick. Immediately he could feel his blood pressure jump and hot blood rushing into his groin. But he hoped he was hiding it well behind his grin; he didn't want to seem too eager, after all. "Good? I told you, darlin', my momma didn't raise stupid sons." Then he turned the key and started the engine and turned the car towards home.

The End (?)

As Steve turned the car toward home, Jaime cursed to herself. *What are you doing, you idiot?!, You just met this man and you're throwing yourself at him? What he must think of you.* She swallowed hard and was jolted in her seat when she heard his voice.

"You got quiet, Jaime. It's okay, it really is. We're friends...I'm glad you want to spend some more time with me," he said. In all the time she'd known him online, Steve always

seemed to have a sixth sense toward her. He always seemed to know what she was thinking or feeling.

"Well..." her voice squeaked. She cleared her throat and tried to remember to breathe. "I hope you didn't take it the wrong way...I mean, me coming on to you. You know I'm very shy and that's just not like me to..."

"Shhhh," he said in almost a whisper as he moved his arm from around her shoulder and placed his hand on her knee. The reassuring smile he gave her was beautiful. "You're just fine, love," he said. "We trust one another, right? More than that, we want one another and there's nothing wrong with that.""

She hadn't bothered to move back to her side of the car. In her bold move across the seat to be near him, his warmth had felt good. *No sense in moving back now*, she thought, *you've already come on to a man for sex for the first time in your life*. After all, she did want to be with him.

Steve's hand on her knee sent a wave of warmth through the denim material of her jeans, sweet and gentle as the heat that traveled up her thigh when her cat decided to honor her by making her lap his bed when she watched TV at night. She wondered what Steve's hand would feel like on the inside of her bare thigh....or higher. She felt her nipples thicken instinctively against the gauzy material of her shirt. Nervously smiling up at Steve, she took a deep breath and tried to relax.

"You're right. I'm being silly. I feel like a nervous school girl. You just seem to know me, to see through me whenever you want. It's scary sometimes, but mostly I like that you care enough to want to look that far," she said as Steve's hand moved higher up her thigh.

Jaime placed her hand over his. Steve's hands were large and strong and she liked that. It was one of the first things she'd noticed about him. How easily she could guide that hand to touch her between her legs! Instead, she asked, "How far is your place?"

Steve grinned as he replied, "It isn't far at all," and in a few more minutes he turned into a long drive, and then they were walking up the sidewalk.

Jaime waited for Steve to unlock the door. Once the door was open, Steve reached behind him, curling his arm around her waist, nudging her inside.

The front room was inviting. There were, of course, shelves of books everywhere, various weaponry displayed on one wall, and the sofas were big, soft and overstuffed, with an abundance of fluffy pillows. There were lush rugs covering most of the hardwood flooring and a huge rock fireplace that took up most of another wall. Jaime could see a lot of Steve in this room. The appointments were clearly masculine but also had some soft lines to it, evidenced by the elegant furniture, that reflected a gentleness and love of beautiful things. Yes, this room was definitely Steve all right.

Turning to face Steve, she smiled up at him. "Your place is lovely!", she said.

"Why thank you," he smiled as he offered to take her jacket. "It's a bit chilly in here, let me light the fireplace for us and then we'll get something to drink."

"Sounds good", she replied as she handed him her jacket. "I think I'll freshen up while you do that. could I use your restroom?"

"Sure," he said pointing down the hallway at the back side of the room, "First door to the left. Hurry back!", he grinned and winked. Jaime felt her face heat up as she blushed, turning quickly to hide it. As she made her way to the hallway, she heard him softly chuckle behind her.

After touching up her hair, Jaime looked at herself in the mirror. You look fine, she told herself, relax! She took a deep breath, smoothed down her blouse and headed back to the living room.

Steve sat lounging on the huge, elegant sofa and smiled at her as she came back into the room. "I hope brandy's ok?," he asked, "I went ahead and made you one."

He is such a gentleman, Jaime thought to herself. She smiled warmly at him as she made her way to sit beside him, taking the glass from his hand. "Brandy is fine," she said as she took a sip, her lips lingering on the edge of the glass. She dropped her eyes for a

moment before lowering her drink. "Mmmm, this is perfect in fact," she smiled as she ran her finger along the rounded top of the glass.

Soon, she felt herself relaxing and leaned back to join Steve. He instinctively curled his arm around her shoulders and gently pulled her closer to him. His cologne drifted dreamily into her senses and she felt a fluttery tickle of excitement jump about in her chest. The fire crackled and popped, sending a warm glow over the darkened room. Jaime glanced at the table beside the sofa and smiled at the candles Steve had lit. They were a perfect compliment to the fire, the brandy and...to being this close to him.

"Jaime, I hope you have enjoyed this evening so far, as much as I have. We are great company for each other, huh?", he said as he looked at her with a seriousness she hadn't seen in him thus far. She watched his lips as they formed the words and she thought for a moment how it would feel to kiss them. His grey eyes glistened in the firelight and Jaime almost felt entranced in the spell they cast on her.

"Yes, we are. I've had a fabulous time tonight. You're so easy to be around, that..! Why Shoot!', I might even consider going to that 'thar mudbog with you sometime!" she grinned.

Steve chuckled and said, "YeeHaw!, then we kin make sum big ruts in the yard with mah 4x4 when we git home!" They both laughed then, Jaime almost spilling her brandy. Then they laughed about that, too.

Leaning forward, Steve took Jaime's brandy, along with his and sat them on the coffee table. Sliding his arm around her waist this time, he pulled her even closer, settling back into the sofa. Jaime loved the feel of his strong arm about her, the warmth...the incredible warmth of him. Turning in toward him a bit, she leaned her head into his shoulder. This felt good and it felt...right.

Letting her fingertips drift upwards, Jaime softly caressed Steve's cheek. He looked down at her, bending his head, to very softly nuzzle her hair, she letting her fingers fall in a feathering touch down the side of his neck. They each, simultaneously, reached for one another with their lips. The hotness of his breath sent a warm shiver down Jaime's spine. His lips, barely brushing hers, gently, delicately, were not much more than a whisper across her mouth. She pushed her tongue against her teeth to keep from hungrily devouring his kiss. She wanted more, but not yet.

Pulling back to look into her eyes, Steve smiled at her, sliding his other arm around her waist. Without thought, she moved ever closer to him until she had turned around on the sofa, her knees against the back, her chest pressing against his. Her arms moved to encircle his shoulders as Steve moved his hands up to splay them across her shoulder blades.

The next kiss was deeper. They both drank in one another with an unstoppable thirst. Jaime caught her breath slightly as Steve's tongue flickered across her lips. tracing a line

of erotic tickles across them. She opened her mouth to his searching tongue, her breath becoming deep and steady. She heard his own breathing, so deep and wanting, that sent an intense quiver through her body as their tongues danced in unison. She touched his cheeks with her palms, her back slightly arching against his hands as she leaned into his kiss.

Steve's tongue tickled against her own, the heat and slipperiness of it a welcome intruder in her mouth. He made an approving hum in his throat as he relished her kiss and the sound made Jaime pause and cock an eyebrow at him. He smiled, that same lopsided smile she'd come to find so cute, and said "Just enjoying the taste of your lips..." then he kissed her again, his tongue once more coiling about her own, this time with an insistence that turned the flutter behind her breast into a snare drum, "...and imagining where else I would like to taste you." Then he pulled her to him, his arms like a steel trap that wound around her waist and drew her inexorably to him. The sudden ferocity of him was a bit frightening, and when Jaime felt his hand slip up her back and cup the back of her head she was scared – but only for a moment. Then her heart reminded her whose arms she was trapped in, and the cold tremor of fear melted into a warm flood that washed through her body, leaving her weak before it swirled down into the intimate well between her thighs.

Then he broke their kiss and drew his head back slightly. Steve's breath was hot as it rushed out, and his face was flushed. "I'm sorry, Jaime," he said, and his voice was raspy with his want of her, "I get kind of carried away. I didn't mean to scare you. Am I going too fast for you?" His eyes were filled with concern, but a shadow danced in them also – a shadow that had no discernable form, but Jaime easily understood it's meaning.

“Well, you are going pretty fast,” she admitted. “But don’t stop.” With that, she leaned forward and flicked the tip of her tongue across his lips, tasting the sweet saltiness of him.

Steve’s smile returned immediately, and again he was pulling her closer. She felt her breasts flatten against his chest and her ribs gave a soft groan of protest as he bear-hugged her. Their mouths found each other anew, feasting ravenously on one another. “God,” he breathed against her open mouth, “you’re making me crazy! You’re a hell of a kisser, Jaime.” She smiled, and the naughty girl inside her giggled with glee as Steve’s strong hands began to roam and explore her body. One was still at her back, partly supporting her and partly locking her in the wonderful prison of his strength, and the other was slipping down her side and across her ribs, sliding gently – almost cautiously – down her hip to her knee. He drew his mouth away for a moment and stared into her eyes as though searching for something, and then with a soft and feral growl in his throat his mouth possessed hers again. Her own arms were wrapped around his neck, pulling him in, making him her hostage as he was making her, his.

Steve’s kisses were fire on Jaime’s lips, sucking and nipping and pulling at her as though he sought to draw her very soul from her flesh. Her eyes closed as she gave herself to the demands of his kiss, and she was so swept up in it all that she never even felt his fingers slide up under the hem of her shirt. It wasn’t until he palmed her breast through the thin lace of her bra that his actions fully registered in her brain. Involuntarily she arched her back, gasping softly as she pushed the soft mound of her breast into his grasp. She felt the tightening of skin at the tips of her tits and knew her sensitive nipples were growing thick and stiff in her arousal.

He squeezed the cone in his hand, mixing the hot desire in her flesh with a tingling spark of pain. She gasped and he purred softly deep in his chest, then moved his mouth and began kissing the corner of her lips, then her cheek, again on her cheekbone, working his way to her ear. There he gently sucked her earlobe between his lips, his breath hot in her ear. “Ohhhh, Jaime,” he crooned, “you taste so good. I want to taste every inch of you. I want to bathe you with my lips and make you cum on my tongue.” Then his tongue was slipping into her ear, hot and wet and slippery. It tickled and made her squirm, and in response Steve found the firm bump of her nipple and lightly pinched it.

Jaime let her head fall back, stretching her neck, and Steve took full advantage of the offer. He began to trail kisses down the long, smooth column of her throat. Every other kiss was followed by a sharp, scraping feeling as he lightly scratched the skin of her throat with his sharp teeth. When he spoke, his voice was rougher, and it held a hint of hunger in its growling tones. “I can smell the blood in your veins, my sweet one,” he purred. “It’s like cinnamon and copper all at once. How delicious it will be when I take it from you,” and he caught the skin of her neck between his teeth and gave it a playful nip.

Jaime was lost in a swirling cloud of sensations. Her hands were on autopilot as they moved upwards and felt the velvet of Steve’s hair as they grasped his head and held it to her. Her breath was rasping in her chest and she felt like a leaf being carried on a swiftly flowing river – but this river’s waters weren’t cold...they were boiling hot, like a current of lava. Every inch of her was aflame and hungry for the touch of the man who

was caressing her and kissing her and loving her and playing her flesh like a musical instrument.

Steve began nuzzling the slope of Jaime's shoulder, and this time when his teeth grazed her skin he was more insistent, leaving faint pink lines behind. Both his hands began to pull at her shirt, slipping it upwards, and she moved to comply. Cool air caressed her skin as it was bared inch-by-inch, in counterpoint to the burning touch of his fingers as they brushed against her in their mission. Steve pulled the shirt up over her head and discarded it on the floor. "Sit on my lap, Jaime," he said, and she pulled from his arms to comply.

Once she was astraddle his knees he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her to him, and again his mouth captured hers. His want of her was even fiercer now, and his kisses seemed designed to completely overwhelm her and leave her at his dubious mercy. His tongue pierced her mouth, first shallowly and quickly, but with the next kiss it was an invading serpent, thrusting against her own and drawing hers into his mouth. He sucked on her tongue-tip and she could almost imagine she heard his thoughts as he pulled on the sensitive flesh – was he truly imagining this was how he would suck on other, more intimate, areas of her body?

Steve's kisses grew more wanton, more feral, as his hands slid under the straps of her bra, lifting the lacy cloth from her sides and forcing it up until her breasts fell free of its confining grip. Breaking their kiss, he looked down at her bared bosom. "I've waited a long time to see these by firelight," he whispered. "They're even better than I could've dreamed." Then he was cupping her breasts in his hands, easily catching her distended

nipples between his thumbs and fingers. Fresh sparkles of delicious pain danced through the pink-brown tips of her breasts as he tweaked them, and Jaime moaned softly in reply.

He slid his hands to her back and pulled her close and began peppering her chest with tender kisses, covering sternum and collarbones and both tits with faint moist marks of his lips, inexorably working his way in and down toward her tingling nipples. Jaime was trembling -- everything in her body was alive, like a thin wire with a powerful electric current arcing through it, demanding more and more of him. She was drunk on his touch, high on his caresses, wanting and needing more of this delightful intoxicant he was delivering to her flesh. And when his tongue at last slid across a nipple she whimpered, “oh god...Steve, that feels so good. Please don't stop.”

For several minutes he complied, feasting on her breasts – sucking and licking her nipples, the sharpness of his teeth scratching the smooth slopes of them and giving playful bites that made her both afraid and excited – but then he stopped just long enough to pull his own shirt up and over his head. He tossed it away, then pulled her roughly against him. The hairs on his chest and stomach tickled her, but the feeling of his naked skin against hers sent a burning chill through her. Immediately he was kissing her again, their bodies pressed tightly together as their mouths sought each other.

In their heated embrace he reached up and curled his fingers in the soft length of her blonde hair, part caress and part restraint, and he purred at how silky it was in his grasp. But he also used the grip to hold her head in place as he kissed her, which made her afraid of surrendering her self-control – yet she gave it up willingly to this strange, passionate man for whom she'd fallen so hard in such a short time.

Jaime wrapped her arms around his neck and head, pulling him tight against her breasts until she could catch her breath. She pulled in several breaths, feeling the cool air fill her lungs, and with each exhalation she crooned to him – words that she hadn't used in so long, words of longing and need and lusting want, telling him how desperately she wanted his touch in her most intimate and secret places, and she surprised herself when she heard her husky, breathy voice whisper a strange and forbidden word...love.

A trickle of ice water ran down her spine and she knew she'd crossed her own border. Perhaps he didn't hear me, she hoped. To distract him she released him and grabbed his face, then kissed him with all the fire and passion she could muster into such a quick touch. With that, she gently pushed him back until he was leaning back against the couch. She touched his face, relishing the rough texture of his shadowy stubble and the wiry bristles of his moustache. She slid her hands down across his chest, feeling the springy hairs. She paused, with her right hand on his breast, and felt the powerful throb of his heart. He smiled up at her and said, "It's beating for you, Jaime. Every part of me is aching for you." Then he reached for her again, but she caught his hands, detouring them from the breasts he sought, and brought them to her mouth. She kissed his palms and fingertips, then let him watch as she teased each fingertip with her warm, red tongue. His smile fueled the naughty spirit of her, and in response she sucked one of his fingers into her mouth and drew on it, fellating it as though it were a miniature phallus. At the caress Steve's lips parted and he gasped. Somewhere in the deepest part of her womanhood Jaime understood that the control she'd feared giving up wasn't lost at all; she was still in control so long as she was able to arouse this sweet, strong, big man with amazing ease – just as it had been between men and women for eons.

Jaime guided Steve's hands to his side, placing them on the sofa. She reached a finger below the waistband of his sweat pants and fished out the tie string, then deftly undid the bow. Already she could see the tented crotch of his pants, and she felt her stomach flutter at the knowledge of what was behind the material there.

When his pants were loosened, Jaime slowly slid a hand down his belly and under the waistband. She was staring into his gray eyes when her fingertips found the hard column of his erection. The stiff flesh was hot as a summer sidewalk under her touch, and to her surprise it was slippery. For a moment she was troubled, then remembered Steve had told her he often leaked precum when he was extremely aroused. She smiled – there was no doubt of the effect she was having on him – and purred “Ummm, you brought me a present.”

“I hope you like it,” he replied. Already his face was slightly flushed, his voice husky with arousal.

“I love it already,” she replied, “and I can't wait to unwrap it and play with it.” Then the playfulness vanished. “Let me see your cock, Steve,” she whispered. “I've wanted to see it for so long; don't make me wait any more.”

Steve pushed his pants down at the hips, unveiling himself for her. His prick wasn't overly large, but was well shaped and thick, and it waved up from his crotch like a tall mushroom. She grinned and lightly ran her fingertips over the shiny flared crown of his manhood, then wrapped her hand around the length of it. “Wow, it's really hot,” she gasped. “Yeah,” he replied. “See what you do to me?”

“Let's get into bed, Jaime,” he suggested. “If I don't get you naked soon I may lose my mind.”

She got to her feet. “Let me help you undress, baby,” she said. “I want to finish unwrapping my present first.”

Obediently, Steve raised his butt off the sofa and pushed his pants down further. When they reached his knees Jaime knelt at his feet and pulled his shoes and sox off, then drew his trousers off as well. Before he could move she leaned forward and grasped his stiffness again. “You won’t mind if I have just a little taste first, will you?” she purred. “After all, if I got you all wet then it’s only right that I clean up the mess a little.” Not waiting for an answer, she leaned in between his thighs and kissed the head of his penis. Steve gasped, his chest inflating as he did so. Taking that as an affirmative cue, Jaime slowly licked the sticky precum from his dick.

She licked up the underside of his shaft, caressing the thick tube running through the core of his member, and as she reached the glans she dipped the pointed tip of her tongue into the moist eye of his cock. He tasted like weak chicken soup, salty and slightly oily. Slowly, knowing he was watching every motion she made, she lowered her head and slipped his erect penis into her mouth, letting him feel her lips as he entered and rode in on the rough face of her tongue. Jaime pulled back again, just as slowly, until just the head of his member was in her mouth; she sucked hard on the spongy tip and finished the motion with a swirl of her tongue around the corona of it. Then, releasing him, she looked up into his eyes and whispered, “Now, take me to bed, love. I need to feel this” and she kissed the tip of his penis again, “inside me.”

Steve picked his cane up from the coffee table and stood and unsnapped her bra, then took her in his arms and held her. Her head nestled comfortably in the crook of his shoulder and she closed her eyes as she drank in the scent of his skin. He’d used musk

cologne and it was mixing with his sweat and the aroma of his arousal to form a heady cocktail for her nose. I could enjoy smelling this forever, Jaime thought to herself. For a long minute he held her like that, one hand splayed across her lower back to warm the sensitive cluster of nerves at the seat of her spine, and the other gently caressing her hair. “Thou art the moon,” he murmured to her, “whose glow lighteth my darkness, and I am the darkness which seeketh to swallow thee to warm and brighten my heart.”

As the words registered in her mind, Jaime whispered against his neck, “I don’t know that poem. Where’s it from?”

“It is from my heart, my sweet treasure. Nowhere else.” Her heart melted at the beautiful soul of this magical man who had enraptured her. Then, taking her hand, he led her to his bed.

III

If Steven’s living room had been an image of baronial elegance, his bedroom was a palace of comfort. A gargantuan four-poster bed, draped with curtains of dark blue decorated with pale golden stars and moons, stood against a wall. One wall of the room was floor-to-ceiling bookshelves cluttered with many volumes – some modern and many with leathery spines of a bygone time. The opposite wall had a door and through that she could see a bathroom illuminated by the faint glow of a nightlight. In a corner of the bedroom was a modern desk with a computer station. The carpet under Jaime’s feet was deep shag, sky blue with white, puffy clouds printed on it. Noticing that, Jaime asked, “Shouldn’t these be up there?” and pointed at the ceiling. Steven smiled; “On any other day, perhaps. But I like it this way. And it’s especially appropriate tonight because being with you makes me feel like I’m walking among the heavens.” They were almost

to the bed and he grabbed her in his heavy arms, pulling her into a ferocious kiss that was almost an assault – but one she welcomed. As their lips ground against each other he began to unsnap her jeans. He wordlessly drew down her zipper, and slid his thumbs under the lacy waistband of her panties. Steven sucked her tongue into his mouth and pushed her pants down, with Jaime spreading her legs slightly so he could peel the cloth away from her skin. He knelt, and she leaned on his shoulder to step out of them. Now she was completely naked, utterly at his mercy, and for the first time a doubt touched her mind. Would he find her acceptable? Would he think her body was good enough for him?

Steven kissed her belly button, tickling the cleft with his moustache before dipping his tongue into it. “You’re bare,” he said.

Jaime’s lips curled into a slight grin. “I kinda gathered from your stories that you like a girl to be shaved,” she said.

“Absolutely. It’s so sexy. Also more sensitive and pleasurable for us both.” He slid one hand up her leg and touched the split of her mound. “Mmmm...you’re soaking wet, baby,” he purred.

“Your doing,” she replied. “You’ve got me so hot I’m melting inside.”

“Well, if I got you all wet then it’s only right that I clean up the mess a little,” he teased, using her own words. Then he lifted her, effortlessly, it seemed, and laid her on the fluffy softness of his bed. The bedspread and pillowcases were black, and crisp under her skin. He climbed onto the mattress between her legs and began kissing his way up her leg. His lips were hot and fevered against her bare skin, and she shivered as he worked his way upwards towards the blazing core of her sex. “God, Jaime, I can’t wait

to taste your pussy,” he murmured, and the words sent a fresh flush of heat down through her belly. Suddenly she wanted him to touch her everywhere at once – she’d wanted that for a long time, but now the want was becoming raw need. She needed him now – needed his hands everywhere on her, needed his lips and mouth and probing tongue in her every opening, needed his hard cock in her mouth, her hands, between her breasts, in her ass, and most desperately in her thirsting, aching, dripping cunt!

He was kissing past her knee now, and as he passed that point he began to switch back and forth – kissing one thigh and then the other as he moved up towards her vulva. Without any conscious thought on her part, Jaime’s hands moved to her full breasts. She squeezed the mounds of creamy flesh roughly, pulling and pinching the pink nipples as Steve tormented her with his stealthy, steady ascent. She spread her legs wider, shivering as the cooler air of the room touched the inner tissues of her soaking opening, encouraging him to give her what she needed as badly as she needed her next sunrise. But he wasn’t hurrying; he was making her wait, teasing her to build her need to a fevered pitch. “Steeve,” she pleaded, “please don’t make me wait any longer...please, kiss my...” somehow the words she wanted to say were sticking in her throat, as though saying them was too naughty, “...my pussy.”

“Yes, darling one,” he crooned. “Beg me for it. Beg me to eat your cunt.”

“Oh, god, yes, Steve,” she gasped. “Please...I need it...god, I’ve gotta cum! Please lick my cunt.” Jaime could scarcely believe her own ears – was that really her voice saying those wanton things?

In response, Steve chuckled deep in his chest and drew a long line – sooooo slowly – up the inside of her right thigh until he reached the shining moistness of her slit.

When the burning heat of his tongue first touched Jaime's sensitive vagina she moaned with the caress. That set Steve off, and he attacked her puffy lips with his tongue, flicking them back and forth and then parting them like heavy curtains before slithering deep inside her opening. He dug at the soaked entrance to her womanhood with his tongue, reaching as far up inside her as he could, the rough brush of his moustache scratching the hypersensitive hood over her stiff clitoris. Jaime lifted her knees to her chest, spreading her legs as wide as she could, and slipped her fingers into Steven's short hair, urging him deeper into her body while giving him the best possible access to her very heart. God, but she wanted this man to love her – passionately, brutally, delightfully, savagely, selfishly, demandingly, eternally – and she wanted to cum for him – wanted to please him with her orgasm, wanted to cry out his name in prayer as he tore climax after climax from her flesh – wanted him to leave her spent and worn out and limp as an empty suit of clothes, almost dead with the shattering force of her cum!

Steven was growling deep in his chest, a bestial savage sound of lustful abandon, as he fucked her with his red-hot tongue. The burning serpent was everywhere inside her, squirming its way up into her belly, twisting and writhing deep in her sex, and it was wonderful. But it wasn't enough – as hot and needy as Jaime was it wasn't enough to break the dam. Then Steven switched tactics; cupping the cheeks of her rump in his hands and lifting her pelvis like a cup from which he would drink, he pulled his tongue out of her and sucked the aching nubbin of her clit, hood and all, into his mouth, capturing it with his sharp teeth so it couldn't escape as he assaulted it with his tongue.

Reaching beneath the hood with his tongue he lashed the firm button mercilessly, lightning-fast, demanding Jaime's body to peak at his caress.

Jaime was in a whirlwind; reality spun around her and everything in the universe was compressed into a burning, white-hot star bursting in her crotch as Steven's mouth sucked and licked and ripped the climax from her body. She moaned, softly at first, but the sound immediately crescendoed into a high-pitched cry. "Steeeve...Ste-EEEEVE!" she cried as the wave crashed down on her, smashing her to the earth with a fist of delicious agony. Lights burst behind her eyes as reality ignited, flared, burned out and caught fire again inside her. A second orgasm followed on the heels of the first, ripping through her like a saw blade as she trembled and shook on the bed, her hands clutching claw-like at the head of the monstrous, wonderful man rubbing her clit raw with his tongue. Then it was over...Steven released her clit and slipped his tongue inside her again, tasting the flood of nectar that poured from her well. He continued to kiss and caress her lips with his tongue, but his touch now was light and tender as he brought her gently back to Earth. Jaime was flying – every cell of her body was still shaking with the intensity of her orgasm. She lay with her eyes closed, almost unconscious, as the aftershocks crackled through her. She barely realized that Steven was disentangling himself from her crotch until his heavy body settled on the bed next to her. His right hand was caressing her belly, then her breasts, and his left was brushing the hair from her sweat-slick forehead, and he was planting feather-light kisses on her cheek and nose and lips as she drifted between worlds.

At last Jaime came back to her senses. She turned to face him and stared at him with glassy eyes. Her mouth was dry and her throat was sore. "You okay?" he asked.

“Oh god,” she croaked, “I’ve never...that was incredible. I never came that hard before...what’d you do to me?”

He smiled, “That’s because no other lover you’ve had understood you like I do...or wanted you as much, either. None of them wanted with every cell, every nerve, to carry you the whole way to Heaven...but I do.”

She fell back again, closing her eyes. “I want to repay you, baby, but right now I’m so weak...give me a few minutes, okay?”

“No problem. Hang on a minute – I’ll be right back.” Then he was climbing out of bed and heading through the door. Jaime watched him depart, ruminating about how confident Steve was – he wasn’t embarrassed or ashamed to walk through his own house naked, as she would have been. What an amazing man she’d chosen to...to what, she asked herself...to want, to need, to desire, to...love?

IV

When Steve returned he had a bottle and glass with him. “More wine?” Jaime asked. “Nope,” he replied, “something that will sharpen our senses, rather than dull them. It’s mint and ginseng iced tea – cold to refresh us, sugar to give us energy, mint to sharpen our senses, and ginseng to build our stamina. My own mix – hope you like it.” He poured a tall glass and offered it to her. She brought it to her lips and the powerful scent of peppermint touched her nose and it did seem to clear the cobwebs out of her mind. She sipped the tasty amber liquid, feeling the cold soothe her raw throat.

“That’s very good,” she said. “You sure know how to treat a lady.”

“When a lady’s worth it, I do,” he grinned. He drained his own glass and put it on the nightstand beside the half-full carafe. “Man, that’s good tea,” he said, then he

leaned over and kissed her lips, “but not nearly as tasty as another treat I recently enjoyed,” he finished, looking into her eyes. “You were delicious, Pretty One.”

Jaime felt herself turning red. No man had ever told her that before and she wasn't sure how to take it. “Thank you,” was all she could think to say. Words failing her, she drank her tea instead. As she emptied the glass, Steven took it from her and set it beside his own, then he lay back on the mattress and slid one arm under her head. She slid into his hug, placing one leg over his and twining their bodies together. She felt her knee brush against his wiry pubic hair. “Careful down there,” he murmured, “they're a bit sore.”

Jaime looked at him, puzzled, then down to his groin. His penis wasn't erect now and it lay against his thigh, nestled against the heavy sack of his testes. “What do you mean,” she asked.

“My balls,” he replied. “They're really sensitive anyway, but now they're overly full and that just makes it worse.

“Oh, well, we can't have that,” she chuckled. “Wonder if we can figure out some way to relieve all that pressure.” So saying, she kissed him deeply, her tongue seeking his. As their mouths found each other anew she tickled her fingertips up his fuzzy belly and found one of his nipples. She rubbed the flesh and was pleased how quickly it stiffened under her touch. Steven closed his eyes and moaned softly into her mouth, and again she was amazed at how self-assured he was – some men hated having their nipples stimulated, thinking it somehow feminine territory – but Steve plainly enjoyed it. He's so at ease with his body, she considered. That brought a wicked idea to her mind.

Jaime began kissing Steve's face -- his cheeks, the point of his chin, the tip of his nose, his closed eyelids – as she pinched and tweaked his nipples. Immediately his breathing changed, growing deeper and faster as she caressed him. When she moved her kisses to his throat he raised his chin to allow her complete access, and curled his arm up over her back. His fingers twined in her golden hair and gently urged her face against his throat. Remembering things Steven had told her, Jaime bit playfully at his throat, and his body stiffened and trembled as her touch set his nerves jangling. Nipping playfully under his ear she could feel the pulse of his jugular against her lips. His heart was racing, and knowing that it was her touch that had done this to him was a narcotic to her. Slowly she kissed her way across his shoulder and onto his chest. Jaime trailed one hand down over the swell of his stomach and groin, bypassing his genitals and down his thigh as far as she could reach. Then she slid upwards, gently cupping his scrotum. The size of his balls surprised her – they seemed as big as ripe plums in their fleshy sack. Careful not to jostle them too much she petted them as she kissed her way across his chest.

Jaime kissed the furry skin of Steve's chest, nearing his left nipple. But before she reached the brownish-pink flesh there she wrapped her hand around the now-rigid length of his shaft. It was hot in her hand and she could feel it leap in her palm as she grasped it. Holding Steven's cock in her hand, Jaime ran her tongue over the erect button of his nipple. At this, he gasped sharply and his penis lurched in her grip as though it were trying to throw her off. "Ooooooh, Jaime," Steve moaned. "That feels so good...I love it when you do that. Don't stop."

Now Jaime began to suck Steve's nipple, and she started slowly stroking his shaft. Hot fluid – precum – dribbled down over her fingers as she teased him. She let

him watch as she brought her fingers to her mouth and licked his sticky juices from them, then she returned to manipulating his organ. When her fingers were once more coated she brought them up again, but this time she painted the clear fluid on both his nipples. When they were shiny with his secretions she sucked each one clean, licking her lips and purring, “Mmmmm...what a delicious treat you’ve brought me! How’d you know I’d love the flavor of you?” Then, with a salacious grin she returned to pleasuring him.

“You know you’re making me crazy, right?” he chuckled.

“And loving every minute of it, baby,” she giggled. But a moment later she dropped the laughter and began kissing her way down his body again. Steve watched transfixed as her blonde head drifted lower, and Jaime could hear in his breathing how anxious he was for what he believed she was about to do to him. When she reached his groin she kissed him, directly below where a belt buckle would have hung, and sniffed the manly fragrance of him, musky and clean and strong. The hairs of his pubis tickled her nose as she teased him.

At last she kissed the tip of his penis and was amazed at how the stiff organ swelled with hot, fiery blood at the barest touch of her lips. She looked up over his stomach and grinned. “Now it’s your turn to beg,” she purred. “Beg for what you want me to do.”

Unlike Jaime, Steve had no trouble enunciating what he wanted. “Suck my cock, Jaime...put your soft, warm mouth around my hardon and suck it...please...” She felt a thrill spin through her heart at that – this big, strong man who had such self-control could be her plaything so easily! She smiled...the iron giant had a human soul.

She rewarded him with a long, slow lick up the underside of his penis. He trembled under her touch. How good he tasted -- salty and strong and powerful – and he was all hers and she knew it. She pushed his length down her throat until the tip reached the back of her tongue, then she held him there, her tongue rippling against the fevered flesh of him and he moaned as his nerves jangled inside him. “Damn, Jaime,” he rasped, “you’re really good at this.”

Jaime began moving her head up and down, stroking his erection with her tongue and lips, taking him higher and closer to his orgasm. For several delightful seconds she fellated him, but then he reached down and caressed her hair. “Stop,” he whispered. She raised her eyes to his, puzzled. “Is something wrong?” she asked.

He smiled, and when he spoke his words made her love him. “No, you’re doing everything beautifully...but you’re about to make me pop, and I don’t want my first orgasm with you to be in your mouth.” Without another word he took her hand and guided her to his side. Then he moved between her legs and lifted her knees in his strong hands. “Guide me in, Jaime,” he said.

She took his erect penis in her hand and stroked it gently, then pulled him closer to her. Their intimate flesh touched and she teased the tip of his organ against her clit. More sparks shot through her and her belly tensed at what she knew was about to happen. She inserted the blunt point in her glistening opening and steeled herself for Steve’s first thrust.

When he entered her body he was infinitely gentle, pressing into her almost reverently. Steve watched her face as leaned forward and she felt her tight tunnel spread as he opened her like a delicate flower. When she felt the weight of his balls press

against her lips, and they both knew he was fully sheathed in her body, he stopped and held position. Then he slowly pulled back until he was nearly free of her body, and then slowly pushed back into her again. Steve began to pump into her, slowly building up speed with long, deep strokes. It felt wonderful, feeling his hardness spreading her open inside and massaging her innermost, secret places.

Jaime closed her eyes and let the delightful feelings overtake her. For several pumps she just rode his wave, but when she noticed how his breathing was coming faster she looked up into his eyes and felt him stiffen inside her. He must be close to climax, she thought. She ran her hands up over his chest, feeling the sweat slicking his skin, and hooked her legs in behind his back as though to pull him deeper into her thirsty body. “Do it, Steve,” she gasped, “fuck me...fuck me hard.”

“Ohhh yeah,” he growled, and began to thrust into her harder, piercing her over and over again. He released her knees and put one hand on the pillow beside her head and the other on her breast. As he stabbed into her over and over again he squeezed the soft mound. Dull pain danced through Jaime’s tit but it only stoked the fire that was building in her gut as Steven drilled into her. With every entrance into her, Steve’s slick shaft was petting her puffy lips, and when he’d bump against her crotch his groin would smack up against her engorged clitoris. She was growing close to an orgasm already, the top of her uterus stretching upwards as though trying to pull him deeper inside itself.

Steve was grunting above her, his constricted voice feral and more like the growl of a predator than a man. His skin was shining in the dim light of the room and he shook the bed as he pounded into Jaime’s tender body. “Uuuhhnn...Steve,” she gasped, her voice little more than a whisper in her throat, “gonna...ohhh...gonna cum...cum all over

your cock...fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck meeeee” she keened as a deep and powerful cum trembled through her belly.

Steve was hammering mercilessly now, his stiffness sawing through the portal of her sex and invading her over and over again. He snarled through clenched teeth, a growl of brutal, raw, primitive sexual abandon, and Jaime thought he was about to peak...but he held on, thrusting into her again and again as another orgasm began to crash down on her. “Cumming...oh, god...gotta...” Jaime moaned as another wild climax tore through her. It was while she was peaking that Steve roared above her, “Jay—Jaymee..gonna... gaaaaaaaahhd!” and his own savage orgasm crashed down over him. He rammed into her body again and she felt the burning heat deep inside herself as he shot his scalding hot load into her. At last he thrust into her one final, balls-deep stab, and stopped. His eyes were closed and his chest heaved as he sought his breath. Finally, he collapsed on her, his weight pressed down against her body as he trembled with the aftershocks of his stupendous release.

Jaime lay still, still high on her own climax, relishing the feeling of his sweaty skin against hers, and the smell of him that surrounded her. His cock was still deep inside her and she could feel the involuntary spasms of her vagina milking the last dribbles of his seed from his softening prick.

With a deep sigh Steven rolled off her, his penis slipping from her sticky grip with a smacking sound, and settled on the mattress beside her. He took her hand and pulled her into his arms and began peppering her sweaty face with tiny, solicitous kisses. “Jaime...my sweet, beautiful Jaime...” he murmured over and over. “God, you’re

wonderful. So wonderful...my sweet, beautiful Jaime..." Then he was quiet for a bit, content to just hold her tightly in his strong arms.

V

Jaime woke hours later, needing to pee, but at first she wasn't sure where she was. The dark room was unfamiliar to her. She sat up and looked down at the sleeping man beside her, and her body tingled as it remembered what he had done to her. Smiling, she turned away and saw the gentle glow of a nightlight in the bathroom. She climbed from the bed and headed for the room.

When she returned to the bed she saw that, although Steven was still asleep, a certain part of him was very much awake. A sleepy semi-erect penis was arcing above his thigh like a flower in need of water. Jaime smiled in the gloom...she'd been sad at having to stop giving him oral sex before she'd felt his cock jerk and leap and squirt a thick jet of semen down her throat. She'd been tremendously touched when Steve had wanted his first ejaculation to be in her vagina, but now that the first was past she had another chance...

The End (or To Be Continued?)

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Jaime slowly, quietly, slid into bed beside Steve. She tried to be careful not to awaken him – that would spoil the surprise. She curled up at his hip, and began to lazily brush his fluffy pubic hair with her fingertips. The hairs were springy and wiry, and they tickled the sensitive nerves in her fingers as she brushed gently through them. She eased her way downwards, past the arched column of Steve's cock, until she was finally touching the curly fuzz across his wrinkled scrotum. She listened intently to Steve's breathing; it was still deep and regular, so she knew he was yet asleep. She smiled broadly – this was going exactly her way.

Jaime spread her hand wide and began to pet her lover's balls with her palm. She was surprised to find how soft the wrinkled skin of his sack was – she'd never really had an opportunity to touch a man quite like this before, and was amazed at the difference in texture between the silky flesh of Steve's scrotum and the firmer, smoother flesh she'd encountered when she'd held his erect prick in this same hand only a few hours before. Tentatively, she increased the pressure on his crotch until she could feel the firm ovals of his testes. *I wonder if they've filled up yet*, her mind whispered. She knew Steve had shot a huge load of cum into her pussy (*And God, it was wonderful*, her thoughts chuckled at the memory) and she didn't know what his recovery time would be; she only

knew that if there was a fresh dose of sperm in Steve's meaty balls she was going to make sure it didn't stay there much longer.

Jaime closed her fingers, tenderly squeezing Steve's sack. He made a soft murmur of pleasure deep in his chest in response, and the angled column of his cock twitched slightly more erect. Seeing this, Jaime grinned. The sight of his semi-erect member and the thought that she would soon feel the warmth of him made her tongue slide back and forth wetly inside her mouth. She wanted to taste him – wanted it more than she'd want a cold drink on a hot day – but she also wanted to hear Steve moan while she sucked his cock. She looked down at his sleeping face and closed eyes and she wondered, as she had wondered as she'd studied the pictures he'd emailed her over the months before they'd finally met physically, what mysteries and secrets were locked behind those eyes. In such a short time she'd come to trust Steve, come to realize the strong connection between herself and this passionate, sweet, poetic man. Now that they'd touched each other in this most intimate way she wondered if what she felt for him might be much more than an admiration or an attraction. Her heart whispered to her that maybe it was love, but her mind tried not to listen. There was still a part of her that was afraid of that word. She pushed that scary thought away and concentrated on the slumbering man at her mercy in the big, baroque bedroom.

Jaime cautiously slid her fingers around the warm length of Steve's cock, taking it a willing prisoner. She held it securely and her sensitive palm could feel the pulse of his heart as it pumped blood through the length of his sex. Jaime shifted her left elbow slightly and lowered her lips to Steve's right nipple. She stuck her slender tongue out and slowly licked circles around the pink button a few times, then she sucked his nipple

between her lips. Steve's skin tasted slightly tangy, like weak, warm orange sherbet, and Jaime suckled him with a naughty smile on her lips. At her caress she felt the penis in her hand twitch, and in response a quiver ran through her belly. It felt like a butterfly trapped between the petals of a flower and struggling to escape, and the fluttering brought a warmth to settle in the juncture of her thighs.

She began giving Steve tiny, feather-light kisses across the furry skin of his chest and the swell of his stomach, her touch so light she wasn't sure he'd feel it through the haze of his sleep. Almost as a test she flicked the pointed tip of her tongue into the cup of his navel, and she was rewarded by a louder moan from deep below his ribs and an immediate swell as heated blood rushed through his stiffening penis. She knew that his mind was asleep but that his body was paying careful attention to what she was doing. In the back of her mind she made a mental note to experiment on Steve – he'd told Jaime that she could share her secret fantasies with him, and now an image flashed through her thoughts; she saw Steve tied to the bed with silk scarves while she teased his nipples and belly button with her lips and tongue. *But that's for another time*, she reminded herself. Right now she had a different goal in mind; a goal involving the almost-hard column of muscle that was so hot in her hand that she thought it might ignite any minute.

Stealthily, carefully, Jaime climbed to her hands and knees by Steve's hip. She released his prick and stared at it in the semi-dark bedroom. She'd never had such an opportunity before – the only other lovers she ever had hadn't been willing to let her experiment like this, being too quick to get their rocks off to allow her to give free rein to her curiosity and imagination. But somehow she knew that Steve wouldn't object to her studying and learning about him; *he's that sort of man*, she mused silently, *open and*

honest, and I lov...really like him a lot for that. She looked at his cock, studying the tapered wedge shape of it, the flared helmet-shaped head with the little slit in the tip, and the thick tube running up the underside of the shaft. She could smell his scent, musky and masculine, slightly sweaty, and the faint, sharp undercurrent of her own scent on his skin. *I'm going to make him so happy,* Jaime promised herself, and then she ran the pointed spear of her tongue across the dark, blood engorged crown of Steve's dick.

Steve's chest rose sharply and he gasped at her caress. The pole of his manhood swelled noticeably at the base and it waved against her lips. Jaime smiled; *MMM, he likes that,* she thought, and bowing her head she ran the flat of her tongue up the underside of his cock, from his balls all the way to the tip. There she found a pearl of shiny precum growing at the eye of his penis, a salute to her efforts. Opening her mouth, Jaime slipped Steve's hard cock past her lips. She held the head there, trapped between her tongue and the roof of her mouth, marveling at how it felt – it was a hard rod, like a broom handle, wrapped in smooth, rubbery skin. Drawing her tongue back she stroked the sensitive underside of his dick and out of the corner of her eye she saw his fingers curl and clutch the sheet beneath him as he moaned, louder now. She relaxed her grip and lowered her head, pressing his organ down to the back of her throat until she new she must stop or gag, then she squeezed the shaft with her tongue again as she pulled up and let his length slide back over her lips. Steve gasped, the air rushing back out of his lungs as a soft moan and ending in a half-asleep “Jaaa-Jaime.” Inside her, Jaime's heart leaped like a spooked deer...he'd spoken her name, no more, but she reacted with a shudder of joy at the sound.

Jaime had often wondered if she was really any good at oral sex – after all, she had nothing to compare her work to. She'd seen some porno movies but the performances of the actresses had never seemed genuine to her and she'd questioned if that was how men really liked their cocks sucked. But now, in this shadowy room, in this huge bed, her doubts were distant and dim memories. Steve...her Steve...was in ecstasy as she blew him the way she thought it should be done, HER way, and she wanted to show him how good she could make him feel with her kiss on his cock so he'd know that she...how she felt about him.

Steve's dick was as hard as an iron bar now, fully erect, the skin stretched taut over the swollen muscles of it. Jaime began to move her head up and down slowly, slipping Steve's hardness in and out between her lips. In the back of her mind she thought about how a few hours ago this same shaft had been stroking between the lips of her pussy in the same way and how good it had felt as it had spread her belly open over and over again. She could hear how his breath was rasping gently in his chest and with a distinctly feminine instinct she could sense how his body was already approaching a pre-orgasmic level of excitement. Similarly, she knew on a gut level when his brain began to swim upward to consciousness. Looking upward under her brows, the hot tip of his dick still trapped in her mouth, she watched his eyelids flicker open. For a moment his eyes were vacant and unfocused, but then he was staring down at her like he wasn't sure the delicious erotic dream he'd been having was over, replaced by an even more delightful reality. She waited two heartbeats until he mumbled, "Jaime?" before she lowered her head, pushing the smooth length of his cock further past the pink gate of her lips, making Steve feel the pressure on the underside of his organ as she stroked the thick tube there

with her firm tongue. He drew in a quick breath at her caress, and the air rushed back out in a groan, accented with a breathy “Ohhh, Jaime, that feels soooo good.”

She smiled up at him and slowly drew his erection from her mouth, making him feel every slick, shining centimeter as it passed across her lips. “Good morning, Sunshine,” she chuckled. “I thought I’d like some breakfast in bed. Hope you don’t mind.”

Steve grinned back at her. “Mind? Who, me? Girl, you can have this kind of breakfast in bed any time you want...breakfast, lunch, dinner, midnight snack...but take a break and come up here a minute.” He reached down for her hand and guided her up along his body and into his arms. Their naked bodies pressed together, she laid on his body and smiled as she felt the warm column of his penis slip in between her thighs and nuzzle against her wet pussy lips. He pulled her tight to him and suddenly their lips were crushing against one another. She was surprised when she felt his tongue invading her mouth, but the surprise instantly melted into a trembling heat that ran through her body like an electric current. Her insides quivered like jelly and her vagina yawned hungrily inside her, wanting to feel him in her belly again.

The kiss ended long enough for Steve to stare up into her eyes and grin. His gaze swept quickly over her face and he murmured, “God, girl, but you’re beautiful first thing in the morning.” Then he was kissing her again, his tongue once more probing and caressing her own. As they kissed, his left hand found her breast and cupped it gently, and his right hand slipped quickly down her spine. His fingers slid down between the cheeks of her ass and she felt them hesitantly caressing her anus. She stiffened

momentarily, then remembering who was holding her so tenderly, relaxed again. She pulled her lips from his and kissed the tip of his nose.

A mischievous grin passed over her lips. “Oh no,” she chuckled. “You’re not going to distract me this time.” Then she lowered her head to his shoulder and nuzzled against the side of his throat. He had several hours of stubble by now and the skin was rough against her forehead. He still smelled of aftershave as she tickled the depression below his earlobe with her tongue. Somewhere in the back of her mind was a voice remembering one of Steve’s emails when he’d told her about how erotic he found vampires, and on impulse she purred into his ear “I can smell the hot copper pulsing under the skin...right here,” and she ran her tongue up the pulsing cord of his jugular. Steve stiffened with an audible gasp of surprise at the touch and his back arched slightly as he shuddered under her.

“You like that,” Jaime purred wickedly. “I can’t wait to taste you, to feel the hot spurt against my tongue and down my throat. Do you want me to drain you, my sweet lover?” Not waiting for a reply, she gently raked her teeth across the skin of his throat, just under the corner of his jawbone.

“Oh God, yes,” Steve moaned. “Do it, Jaime, please...”

The blonde woman smiled into his neck. For all Steve’s strength, his intelligence and talent, she knew he was entirely in her control right now. Part of her wanted to relish this control and enjoy it, but more than that she wanted to please him and make him happy to be with her, want to keep her his forever. Slipping from his arms and feeling the stiff heat of his erection pull stickily away from her vaginal lips, she began to kiss her way down his chest.

Jaime crawled downward across Steve's body, taking first one nipple and then the other into her mouth to suck them erect, as she kissed and nibbled her way towards his stomach. He was moaning softly as she traveled lower, and when she reached his navel she made doubly sure that her breasts brushed his penis.

Finally the erect flesh of his sex was against her chin. "Please, Jaime," Steve gasped. His eyes were glazed and staring, intently watching her every move. In response, she ran her tongue suggestively over her lips. She looked at Steve's pulsing dick; the crown was soaked with precum, combined with the slippery dew from its contact with her wet pussy. Lowering her head Jaime kissed his balls, then slowly ran the flat of her tongue up the underside of his pole. When she reached the tip she stared into his eyes as she swallowed the length of his shaft.

Jaime sucked Steve's dick slowly, gently, lovingly, wanting him to be pleased with her efforts. From the way his breathing was growing ragged she could tell he liked what she was doing. "Ohhh yeah," he moaned, and then he reached down and began gently stroking her hair. "That feels soooo good, Jaime!" He was already beginning to make slow, shallow thrusting motions with his hips. Jaime was trying to relax her throat and time her own movements to coincide with Steve's so she wouldn't gag. Although his prick wasn't overly large he was coming very close to touching the back of her throat and she didn't want to have a bad reaction and ruin the erotic, intimate dance they were enjoying together.

Every one of Jaime's senses was awake and alive and attuned to Steve's sounds and smells and flavors. The faint scent of his musk was filling her nose like a masculine perfume, and the sounds of his voice moaning her name, the rasp of his excited breathing,

was fueling her own arousal. His cock was dribbling salty precum copiously – the flavor flowed over her tongue and down her throat like broth.

Steve’s voice was more inhuman now, more animal, as his arousal approached the breaking point. He was growling now, snarling her name, and it was a beautiful sound to her. “Ja...Jaime,” he rasped, “I’m gonna...ohhh God...gonna come.”

She released him for a moment, just long enough to whisper “Yes, baby, do it... come for me...I want to taste it,” and then she descended on his shaft again. She pulled him as deep down her throat as she could and frenziedly stroked the underside of his dick with her tongue, trying to tear the climax from him. He moaned, louder than ever, the guttural sound turning into a roaring growl, a lion-like sound of passion and fury and release and almost-agony. His legs and ass and back went into spasm, the muscles locking into cords of iron, and with a last lurch of his balls his cock began to blast long ribbons of semen across Jaime’s flicking tongue. His organ jerked and fired over and over in perfect time with his roars of release. Jaime swallowed frantically, trying to keep up with the flood, but a single white pearl of cum escaped from the corner of her mouth and ran down Steve’s shaft to nestle in his brown bush. Finally it was over, and Steve, his softening sex still a captive of Jaime’s mouth, collapsed onto the mattress. His breathing was still harsh and shallow, and through her lips Jaime could feel the rapid pulse of his racing heart. His hands were still brushing her hair, caressing her as though she were a precious pet; otherwise, he was still as the tension vibrated through his muscles.

Leaving the spot at his side, Jaime slipped up to lay alongside him. Now that she was this close she could see that he was trembling slightly. She drew the blanket across

him and snuggled close against his heavy, soft body. Lazily, almost as though he were still asleep, Steve slid an arm around her shoulders. She moved easily into his embrace and reveled in how good, how right, it felt. She felt so wonderful to be held by him this way. How had it happened so fast, she wondered – it was so unlike her to give herself to a man, even after knowing him for a long time, and yet she had opened up to Steve as though it were the most natural thing in the world. She hugged him, resting her head on his shoulder and allowed her body to slip into a light doze.

It was nearly an hour later when Jaime awoke. It was a slow transformation, like a leaf changing from green to autumn's gold. She opened her eyes and found Steve already awake. He was watching her. At the realization, she smiled shyly. "I must look a mess," she grinned.

"No," Steve said, his gray eyes locked on her face and a faint smile on his lips, "you look like the beautiful woman who took me on a fantastic trip to the stars." He reached out and ran his fingertips from her ear along the line of her jaw and onto the center of her lips. "How could I ever see you as less than that when you've made me feel so wonderful? You let me fly among the gods, lifted me above their realm on gossamer wings – my Jaime, how could I possibly see you as anything other than beautiful?" Then he kissed her gently on the lips and smiled self-consciously. "Guess I sound like an old Victorian Valentine, don't I?"

"Yeah, you kinda do. But don't stop. Even the first thing in the morning you're a poet. I don't know how you do it."

"It's easy when I've spent the night making love to you – when I wake in your arms, all the world is a poem already written."

Jaime had to look away from his smiling eyes. “And what will happen to your poem when I have to go home tomorrow?”

He caressed her hair, brushing a lock of it from her cheek and behind her ear. For a moment he was silent, then, “Then we will learn if my poetry is strong enough to make you come back and stay.”

“Stay? Steve, you know I’ll come back, but stay? We never discussed...”

“I know. But please think about it. Jaime, there’s something special about you, and it makes something special happen in me when I’m with you...surely you must feel it, recognize it, like I do.”

She rolled over, laying back on her pillow and staring up at the golden stars and crescent moons and shooting stars that speckled the underside of the canopy. “That’s just the sex talking. You feel that way now because of last night and this morning. It won’t last.”

He raised himself up onto an elbow to see her better, then he grasped her chin and gently turned her face in his direction. “Do you really think that, love? Do you think I’m so naïve and young that I could be swept away like that? Jaime, I’ve lived a lot of years, been in love half-a-dozen times, been used and betrayed and discarded more times than I’d care to admit. This ain’t my first rodeo, girl. I know we barely know one another. But I also know what I feel in my heart and soul. You and I are more than bodies that fit well – okay, REALLY well – together. We’re connected far deeper than flesh, and you know it.” He sat up, pulling one leg onto the mattress to face her. “I know you’re scared. I’m scared too. But I’m also afraid of losing what could be a really incredibly beautiful thing between us. I know I’m springing this on you kind of

suddenly, but just think about it a bit – don't say no out of reflex. I've got plenty of room here in the house, God knows, and there's space outside for a small stable if you want to bring the horses up. Think about it, okay? But whatever your decision, I want you to know that I want you with me. Don't know where the road's leading, but I surely would prefer finding that out with you beside me." Then he leaned over, about to kiss her, but stopped. "Nope...that might amount to bribery," he grinned.

"Aw, you're a rat!" growled Jaime. In one quick movement she was lunging at him and yanking her pillow up. She clobbered him with the cushion and next thing they were wrestling in each other's arms, shaking the huge old bed.

The sun was approaching midpoint of the sky when Jaime finally climbed into her car to head home. The pillow fight had turned into another bout of lovemaking, but this time it had not been slow and powerful like the previous night. It had been furious and feral, leaving them both almost exhausted. Her neck was sore and there were bruises in the skin – as she'd climaxed again, drenching his cock deep inside her hungry pussy, he'd growled with an inhuman snarl and bitten her shoulder as he stabbed into her one final time and spent his passion in her belly.

Now came the long drive home – a drive that would be longer than the trip to Pennsylvania had been. Longer because it would be so lonely. Already she could sense how badly she missed Steve, and she hadn't even driven away yet! Even though she'd showered and changed into the extra clothes she'd brought, she could smell him on her skin and hair – his words still whispered in her heart, and his sticky cum still dripped from her pussy because she'd been careful to only wash the outside of her crotch so that she could carry this part of him back home inside her. She'd held him for a long time in

the doorway to his house, both of them unwilling to break the contact their hug provided. He'd kissed her wordlessly, but his eyes told her everything she needed to know – they had been full of questions, seeking to know a future that was not yet written. Would she return to him, to make love to him again? No question of that – Jaime knew she needed the touch of her poet, her author, her vampire, her Steve, more than she liked to admit to herself. She was already planning in the back of her mind for that day and what it would be like when they could again hold each other. No, the question was not if, but whether she was willing to make it permanent. She felt tears burn in her eyes as she asked herself for the umpteenth time why she hadn't said yes the very second he offered – what was she so afraid of? She was very fond of Steve...*dammit, girl*, she chided herself, *be honest about it...you love him and you know it!* But there was so much to consider – so many things to arrange, and...and...she began to cry for real, then. The tears would not wait, nor did they stop for nearly a quarter mile. Then she saw an exit and turned the car around to head north again, towards Harrisburg. With that, the tears left, and the giddy laughter filled her in their place. Jaime was going home.

By the Pool of Stars

The two weeks since Jaime had turned around on the highway and driven back to Steve's house had flown by, seeming to be hours instead of days. She had been afraid that when she arrived at his door, unexpected and unannounced, he'd refuse her and that the whole beautiful idea that this strange, smart, sweet, sexy man was in love with her – ordinary, everyday her – would shatter like a dropped plate. But it had been a complete opposite of that; when Steve had opened the door and seen her there he'd stood still for a moment, mouth hanging open in surprise, then thrown his arms around her and hugged her ferociously until her ribs ached. He'd whispered in her ear "Please tell me it's really you and that you've come to stay," and then he'd pulled back to look into her eyes while waiting for her answer. She'd been stunned to see that his eyes were damp with unshed tears. Somehow her lips had managed to whisper "Yes, for as long as you want me." Then he'd smiled the most gleeful grin she'd ever seen and threw another bear hug around her, this time mashing his lips to hers in a kiss that literally made her lightheaded.

Since that afternoon she'd been staying with Steve, exploring his house and the things in it. Everything she saw there – the books, art works, furniture, DVDs, the dozens of knives and swords and medieval weapons that adorned the walls of his study -- told her a little more about the man for whom she'd fallen so hard. She felt privileged to be inside his world, an outsider with access to something magical and hidden, like an explorer walking through a previously undiscovered forgotten palace.

Their time together had been passionate and filled with lovemaking. There had been slow, lazy sex in the warm and drowsy afternoons, a few quickies in the mornings, twice they'd woken one another in the middle of the night for a fast and primal fuck, and the evenings had been sweetly romantic and blazingly erotic. She'd lost count of how many times they'd made love, but she

thought they'd used nearly every room in the big house by this time. They'd also used the tower that stood at one corner of the house like a sentinel. It had a big balcony three stories off the ground, and on Thursday night they'd spread a stack of blankets there and made glorious love under the stars. Steve had seemed innately to know so many of Jaime's erogenous zones, and he played her hungry body like a maestro would play his favorite violin. He'd found the spot at the small of her back, the ticklish place beneath her earlobes, the one down the back of her neck, and even the spot that she never told anyone about – the sensitive fingerprint-sized area directly above the line of her pubic bush. Even though she was shaved and there was no guide to that spot Steven had found it almost by instinct. When he'd been pounding his cock into her slit he'd pressed down on that spot like a "FIRE" button and she'd orgasmed immediately, brutally, blessedly.

He had shown her things she'd never even read about, and she had done her best to repay him for the lessons. Although she was not as experienced as he, she put every ounce of her love and sexual energy into using her body to pleasure him. She had quickly learned how he liked to be touched and caressed, and it gave her a perverse pride that she could arouse him instantly with little more than a fleeting brush of her fingertips on his own secret spots. Sometimes it was almost frightening to her how wild she could make him.

Today he'd gone to the store to buy a bottle of wine for their dinner and she took the opportunity to go into town and do some shopping of her own. She found a used-clothing shop and spent almost an hour planning a surprise for Steve. When he returned home he couldn't find her, and he looked through every room as though she might have mysteriously vanished and left her car behind. When he opened the door that led up to the attic she called softly to him, making her voice throaty so that it rustled like dried leaves in a gentle breeze. He stopped in the doorway, his head cocked as though unsure he'd heard anything, and she'd whispered to him again. "Come to me,"

she sighed. He stepped across the threshold and into the half-light of the shadowy room, his eyes looking warily across the dusty boxes and trunks and crates.

Jaime stepped out from behind a stack of boxes she'd arranged, wearing the Vampiress costume she'd found at the thrift shop that day. It was black satiny fabric with white lace across the low cut bodice, complete with a high, stand-up collar lined in scarlet. The outfit had really been a bit large for her, but Jaime had taken advantage of that fact by opening the buttons that held the front closed, allowing her breasts to blossom like two ripe pears that the dim light seemed to make glow against the black satin. She'd added a black choker (remembering that Steve had once told her they were very sexy around a woman's throat), bright red lipstick, and a line of theatre blood trailing down from the corner of her mouth and between her breasts.

When Steve saw her he stopped dead in his tracks, his mouth hanging open in surprise. Jaime tilted her face down slightly to stare at him from under her eyebrows and put every ounce of 'come hither' she possessed into another deep, husky whispered "Come to me, my lover." Then she smiled, allowing the plastic glow-in-the-dark fangs she wore to gleam wetly against the bright vermilion oval of her lips.

Steven staggered slightly as he walked into her embrace, almost as though he truly were in a mesmeric trance and under her supernatural spell. Jaime raised her arms, the sleeves' material draping like the membranes beneath bats' wings, and enfolded him in their embrace. It wasn't until this touch that she realized he was trembling. She drew him against her body and kissed him on the mouth, but except for a sudden gasp at the caress he stood passively, transfixed by what was happening.

Jaime held him close, pressing her bare tits into his chest and digging her nails into the skin under the fabric across his back. She kissed her way across his cheek and chin, unerringly headed

for his neck. She ran her tongue under his earlobe and the trembles of his body became more pronounced as his excitement grew. “My mortal lover,” she purred into his ear, “I thirst for your blood. It is mine to take now. I will make you into one of my kind – cold, pale, undead – so we may love for an eternity of nights.” With that pronouncement she opened her mouth and scratched the points of her fangs across his throat. The effect was startling; Steve’s eyes closed and his head fell back, baring his throat for her, and he moaned deep in his chest as he surrendered to this fantasy-made-real.

Jaime pressed her body against his, lifting one leg and hooking it around his so she could rub herself against him. She was surprised to feel the stiffness of his prick, already rock-hard, against her mound. There was no question about it – Steve was tremendously aroused and absolutely in her power. With that realization came a rush of empowerment; this strong, intelligent man was her possession, easily enslaved by her with only a few words and choice caresses! “I can feel the pulse of your blood, my lover,” she purred into his ear. “How sweet you will taste!” Again he moaned, and the shaking of his body became more pronounced. He was visibly trembling against her. Jaime flexed her knee, rubbing her crotch against his erection. As enflamed as Steven was, she was no less excited now.

A new and naughty idea flickered through Jaime’s mind, and she smiled. Lowering her foot to the floor again, she began to give Steve playful, sucking kisses on his neck. “Oh, God, Jaime,” he gasped, his eyes still closed in his ecstasy. “Please don’t stop.” She began to unbutton Steve’s shirt, and with every opened button she would kiss the newly bared skin of his chest, her tongue flicking against the hairy skin. When she had opened his shirt sufficiently she battened onto one of his nipples, sucking the brown nubbin into her mouth. With her left hand she pinched and rolled Steve’s other nipple, and to the music of his moans her right hand slipped down his body and

cupped the stiffness of his organ through his pants. The fabric was wet already, whether from her juices or his she couldn't be sure. The spell over him finally weakened and he began to act in return, raising his hands until his shaking fingers snaked into her blonde hair. He grabbed handfuls of the silky strands and she felt the thick cock in her hand leap in renewed excitement. Fresh, hot, slippery precum seeped through his pants as he growled deep in his chest.

Jaime switched to nibbling on Steve's other nipple, allowing the firm button to feel the warm shafts of her fangs brush across it as she dropped both hands to Steve's waistband and began to open his pants. In only moments she had them undone and was pushing them down over his hips. His cock bobbed out, shiny and slick in the dim light, and she took it in her fist and stroked it slowly, spreading his musky juices down the iron-hard shaft. She knelt before him and raised her face. "Look at me, my lover," she purred, and Steve raised his head and fought his eyes open. They were glassy and unfocused under the influence of his lust, but he struggled to concentrate enough to see her clearly. Jaime chuckled softly. "It's not just your blood I want to taste, Steven," she purred. "You have something else as sticky and hot and delicious that I want to drink." She rolled her pink tongue over her lips, letting Steve see it caress her fangs. "Tell me you want me to drink you, my love," she murmured.

"Yeh...yes, Jaime...please...ohmigod, please drink me," was his croaked reply.

The blonde woman smiled, her fangs glistening wetly, and let him watch as she put the tip of his erect organ between the sharp points above her lower lip. She licked the underside of his glans slowly, letting him see her catch the pearly drop forming at the eye of his erection with her tongue and smiling at the flavor of him. Then she eased his hard cock into her mouth, making sure he felt the plastic fangs graze along the engorged shaft. She felt the tip of his organ against the back of her tongue and she tried to will her throat to relax and admit him, and for a short span of

time she was successful. Her nose brushed against Steven's pubic hair as his erection slid down her throat. She kept it there for a few moments, working her tongue as though trying to swallow him, knowing the massaging action would drive him wild. She was rewarded with a strong shudder up her lover's back, a fresh dribble of precum across her tongue, and a whimpered "ohpleasegodyesJaime" that told her just how well she was pleasing him.

Jaime pulled back, letting Steve's prick draw out of her throat but keeping her tongue undulating on the underside of his manhood. Then she pushed him in again, tilting her chin up so he'd feel the scratch of her teeth. She knew that Steve couldn't hold back his orgasm for long, not as excited as he was right then. Curling her tongue, she tickled the underside of his glans and heard his constricted voice gasp "ohhyesss...gonna...cum...NOW!" and his prick leaped in her mouth as Steve peaked. Strong, thick jets of his semen spat across Jaime's tongue as her lover snarled loudly in climax. His whole body was trembling, legs and ass stiff with tension as he fought out his orgasm. Every stroke of Jaime's tongue on the underside of his cock pulled a fresh spurt of cum into her sucking mouth.

Jaime swallowed and swallowed trying to keep up, but Steve seemed to climax for a long time. In the back of her mind she wondered where he'd stored so much cum. She'd been doing a good job at keeping his balls empty, but somehow he seemed to produce a fresh load whenever one was needed. Even when his dick had fired its last salvo it continued to dribble the last few drops of his seed into her mouth. Finally, the flow stopped, and Jaime realized that her lover was swaying slightly. Concerned, she released his organ and quickly stood to wrap her arms around him. Steve's eyes were closed and his breath was shallow – he looked so pale in the dim light that Jaime was becoming concerned. Steve slid his arms around her and pulled her body against his own. He

lowered his head onto her shoulder and whispered her name in her ear. “Jaime...oh, my sweet Jaime...my baby...tha’s...incred’ble.”

She tried to support the unsteady man and guided him to sit on a nearby trunk. He collapsed wearily, leaning back against the wall, as his chest rose and fell over and over. She knelt at his feet and looked up into his face. “Steve?” she asked. “Are you okay, baby?”

Her man smiled. “Oh yeah, sweets...jus’...came so hard. Wow...I’m still flyin’.” He slowly opened his eyes and she could almost feel him trying to force them to focus. He took her hand and gently pulled her up and into his lap. They snuggled, his breath damp and warm on her bare breasts as his breathing stabilized. “Oh, Jaime,” he murmured, “that was so...oh, wow, baby. You had me so hot...came so hard. You did all this for me? No wonder I..love you so much.” Fire ran through the girl’s spine at his words...he’d said it...even though they had only known each other for a short time, he’d said it, and her heart sang with joy at hearing this passionate man say he loved her!

- 2 -

After Steve had recuperated somewhat he said that he wanted to thank Jaime for her amazing surprise. He led her to the bathroom and efficiently undressed her, then put her in the shower and undressed himself and joined her. He seemed to take great pleasure in washing her naked body and hair, but from his attitude Jaime guessed this was just a shower for hygiene, not for playing around. Although Steve did take his time scrubbing a slick and soapy washcloth over her sensitive breasts, and made sure he pressed his body up against her back as he slipped his arms around her so to wash her front (the contact of his skin against hers and the feel of his soft penis pressed against the crack of her hiney making her tingle inside as though an electric current was buzzing through her crotch), he acted with a no-nonsense attitude.

Jaime returned the favor, giving Steve a similar ‘no fooling around’ washing, until she was scrubbing his back. She’d wondered what he’d do if she’d started playing with his butt; some men she’d known freaked if anyone touched them in that forbidden area, and yet from things Steven had said she thought he might accept such a caress. So when she was scrubbing his back she decided to experiment. She removed her hand, frothy with soap bubbles, from the protection of the washcloth and began to gently tease one finger up and down the outer edge of the cleft of Steve’s butt. She watched him carefully to see how he would react. At first he stiffened slightly, and she heard him draw a quick breath at the caress. But he didn’t seem distressed, so she tried again, going further this time. She inserted the tip of her finger between his cheeks and slowly drew a line downwards, brushing against the bottom of the crevice. Steve chuckled softly, “Oh, somebody’s being very naughty,” he grinned.

“You don’t like it?” Jaime teased.

“Did I say that? It tickles, but it tickles nice. Just took me a bit by surprise, I guess. I wasn’t expecting it.”

“Should I go further?”

He turned and slid his arms around her. His gray eyes looked down into hers and she thought she could read the hesitation dancing in them. He sighed as though he really didn’t want to say what he must. “Later, yes. But tonight I have somewhere to take you. There’s something I want to share with you. Let’s dry off, then come with me to the bedroom – I have something to give you.”

Jaime’s mind was awhirl with curiosity as the two lovers toweled dry. What did Steven have up his sleeve now? Without dressing, she followed him back to his bedroom. Even that was still a strange sensation for her. Jaime had never been completely comfortable being nude in front

of anyone, even the lovers from her past, yet with Steven it seemed easy and normal to stand unclothed before him. She wasn't sure if it was because he seemed so comfortable in his own skin, unconcerned at being bare and vulnerable with her; the way she'd caught him smiling to himself when he looked at her uncovered body, complete with the visible indicator of his appreciation that would swell and rise like an angry serpent as he studied her nude body; the way he seemed to almost worship her flesh with his gentle caresses and burning hot kisses on every inch of her skin; or simply that she was completely in love with this amazing man, but the shyness she had known all her adult life had seemed to fall away in his presence like an ugly shroud. Now she felt prized and cherished and appreciated by a man that she could truly say was special and unique in the world. He made her feel beautiful and sexy and wanted, and it was a feeling that she'd rapidly developed a need for.

In their time together, Steven frequently touched her in little physical ways. When they were out in public he held her hand; when he had occasion to pass her he would often reach out and run a fingertip along her jaw or down her cheek; when they lay together, whether in the warm intimacy following making love or just enjoying holding one another, he would pet her blonde hair or trace the lengths of her fingers. She could feel what must be going on inside him at those times, and when she'd asked what he was thinking his words had confirmed her suspicions. "Just thinking how proud God must have been when he saw how well he'd done in creating you. That, and how lucky I am to have you in my life. I guess I'm kinda silly, huh?" She'd answered him by flowing into his embrace and snuggling against him, kissing him tenderly, and whispering in his ear that yes, he was a little silly, but that he could go on being silly like that forever and she wouldn't complain.

Now, as they stopped in his bedroom, he pulled a box from under the huge bed. “I hope this is the right size,” he said. “I had to estimate some measurements.”

Jaime opened the box. Inside it was a folded garment. She pulled it out; it was a light blue dancer’s leotard. “I thought we’d take a late night swim,” Steve smiled.

“Where, baby? I didn’t see a pool anywhere. We don’t need suits in your hot tub, do we?”

Steve just smiled that crooked smile. “Trust me, love. Put it on, and put a pair of jeans over it. You’ll want your shoes on too. It’s a bit of a walk. Now c’mon, before we lose the moonlight.”

- 3 -

When Jaime tried on the suit, she found it was about a size bigger than she really needed. But she didn't think it was too big, and since Steve had seemed so anxious to see her in it, she pulled it on. She slipped jeans on, as he’d suggested, and her shoes. Steve wore cut-off jean shorts, with longer pants over them, t-shirt and shoes. When they were both dressed he took her hands in his and looked down into her eyes. His expression was very serious as he told her what lay ahead. “I’m going to show you a special place, Jaime – somewhere that only a handful of people have ever seen. In a way, it’s a part of my spirit, and it’s very private. I hope you’ll like it there.” Then he led her towards the door that opened to the back of the house. En route he grabbed a heavy metal flashlight.

The two lovers walked hand-in-hand into the muggy summer night. They crossed the wide lawn that separated the house from the surrounding woods, looking blue and spectral in the light of the rising moon. Once inside the darker shadows under the trees Steve turned the flashlight on and cautioned Jaime to watch her step. “I try to keep the path clear but you can always find a root or

stone that recently showed up. Just take your time and be careful and you'll be fine. Walk beside me and keep an eye on the ground where the light hits it.”

They walked down a winding path among the trees. Nothing was said, so it was silent except for the summer songs of crickets and the occasional hoot of an owl. The scent of the forest was a sweet, living perfume around them – scents of earth and leaf and bark and summer air filled their nostrils, making Jaime think of a vast garden. After walking for about fifteen minutes she noticed that smell change subtly. There was a new odor of moisture mixed in now, and she could hear the faint sound of running water.

Steve held up his hand and pressed a finger to his lips. “Shhhh,” he whispered. “From here, be as quiet as you can. There might be a surprise ahead, and you don't want to spook it.” Then he led Jaime on, both of them trying to step silently.

The trees ended abruptly, opening on a clearing around a shimmering pond that butted up against a sheer rock wall. Trickle of water ran down the mossy stones like sparkling ribbons before filling a circular pond at the base of the cliff. Jaime was so stunned by the beauty of the spot that she jumped when Steve put his hand on her arm. “Be very quiet,” he whispered. “We have company.” He pointed to a spot on the opposite side of the pond where a willow drooped its slender branches down to the water's surface. At first Jaime saw nothing, but then something moved in the inky shadows beneath the willow leaves. “I think it's Tawa,” Steve said. “Hold on,” and then he cupped his hands around his mouth and made a strange, huffing sound, as though he were blowing out a candle. At the sound the shape under the tree moved again, and Jaime watched spellbound as a dark form detached itself from the blackness and stepped out of cover. It looked like a dog, but it was obviously not well-fed. Its legs were long and slender, its body thin and

strong. It lowered its head to the rippling water and drank, but its eyes stayed fixed warily on the two humans intruding in its domain.

Steve repeated the huffing call again and the dog turned to catch the sound. He spoke softly, calling “Tawa...come, Tawa,” to the dog. The animal took a tentative step forward, bobbing its head as though uncertain what to do, and then it loped around the bank towards him. It made an easy leap over the narrow outlet where the pond’s water gurgled away among the trees, its step light and somehow feral to watch.

Steve sat down on the mossy ground and motioned for Jaime to do the same. His voice was low as he said, “Don’t be afraid. Just don’t make any sudden movements – let her do things at her own speed.” Then he sat still while the dog loped to his side. Now that it was closer Jaime could see it was not a domesticated canine – its face was too thin and fox-like, its eyes much too yellow for a housepet. The dog paused a dozen steps from the two humans, wary and watchful. Steve repeated the huffing call, then “C’mon, Tawa – it’s okay.”

The dog lowered its head as it approached the man. She whimpered faintly until she was within arm’s reach, then she nudged Steve’s hand with her muzzle where it rested on the ground. “Yeaaaaah, that’s my good girl,” Steve crooned, and raised his hand to scratch the dog’s ears. The animal closed her full-moon eyes as he petted her and ruffled her pelt.

Jaime sat still, marveling at the sight playing out before her. Who was this man who talked to wild animals? There was so much about him she still had to learn.

Tawa pulled away from Steve and began sniffing at Jaime. “Just be still, love,” Steve cautioned. “She won’t hurt you. This is how she gets to know you as a being.” The dog sniffed at Jaime’s hair and snuffled in her ear. It tickled madly, and it took great self-control to sit still and not laugh. Then the dog mounted her, putting its front paws on her shoulders and pressing its belly

against her back. “She’s accepted you,” Steve explained. “But she’s telling you that she’s above you in the pack. Coyotes are a paternal order, like wolves, with an alpha male and female ruling the pack, and Tawa’s telling you that as the newbie in the group you’re at the bottom of the ladder. Don’t take it personal.” He grinned that lopsided smile of his.

Tawa flopped down between Steve and Jaime and began sniffing at his pants pocket. “She’s looking for treats,” Steve explained. “I’ve been earning her trust for seven months, and when I come out to see her I always bring meatballs. I didn’t expect to see her tonight, though.” He scratched the coyote’s ears. “Sorry, baby, but I came unprepared. Forgive me?” The coyote seemed to consider this for a moment, then rolled onto her side so he could scratch her belly.

“You even talk to the animals?” Jaime asked, an undertone of awe in her voice.

“When I bought this estate there was no evidence of coyotes here. I think the pack must’ve moved in about three years ago. I found sign, but nothing solid until last year. It was almost that long ago that I saw Tawa and decided to see if we could be friends. I’ve been working with her for about seven months, earning her trust bit by bit. She was so skittish at first, but I took my time and showed her that I wasn’t like the other humans she might have experienced before – I wasn’t going to hurt her. She’s still a wild, free thing – comes and goes on her own schedule – but we have mutual respect and, I think, a kind of love. I’m hoping that when Blanca, the alpha female, loses that position Tawa will become the female leader of the pack. Maybe that will be the start of the rest of the pack trusting me too.”

“Can I pet her?”

“I don’t see why not. Just stick to the top of her head and ears at first; pack mates rub faces to show community, so she should understand that.”

Jaime reached out and began to scratch at the bitch's scalp. For a moment the coyote was unsure, tilting her head back to see what was touching her, and then she relaxed and let the unfamiliar human stroke her bristly fur. They petted her for a long minute, but something alerted Tawa and she quickly got to her feet. Jaime pulled back, afraid, but Steve reassured her. "It's okay...she hears something. Watch over there by the waterfall." He pointed to a spot where the trickling water flowed down the cliffside. For a moment nothing happened, then another, larger coyote materialized from the shadows. The coyote coughed, a more primal version of the huffing sound Steve had made earlier. "That's Ranger," Steve whispered. "The alpha male for the pack. He's been hiding over there all this time, and now he's telling Tawa it's time to go." The male coughed again, and Tawa hurried to her feet. She gave Steve a quick lick on the cheek and then turned and rubbed her head against Jaime's shoulder. Ranger coughed again, louder this time, and she spun on her heels and dashed around the pond to join him. As the two gray shapes melted into the darkness Ranger gave her a nip on the shoulder.

Jaime leaned back on her hands and cocked an eye at Steve. "Did you arrange all that just for my benefit?" she asked.

"I'm not sure what you mean?"

"The coyotes. You said that Tawa was afraid of you initially, and that you had to show her that you were different from other men she'd known before, and that you weren't going to hurt her. You treated her with affection and respect – and treats – and made her love you." She lowered her chin and looked at him from beneath her eyebrows. "Sound like any other females in the immediate vicinity? So I'm just wondering if you fixed this up just to get a message through to me."

“And if I could have arranged it, just for your benefit? Would it have convinced you that being in love with me is safe and that you are precious and special to me?” He took her hand and pressed it to his lips, kissing the palm. “Jaime, I have no magical powers. I can’t command the beasts of the woods. But if I could, and if introducing you to wild animals would prove to you that we are meant to be together, I would gather every wild thing for as far as my powers could reach just to present themselves before you. I would arrange a thousand birds in a choir to sing a song I’d teach them, and have the deer do acrobatics to make you laugh. I would place a cougar on your left side and a wolf on your right so you would have bodyguards when I could not be with you. I would have a nation of spiders spin their gossamer silk into a gown for you, and adorn it with fireflies to make it sparkle and twinkle like the stars, and I would summon a million brilliant butterflies to play in the sky for you, putting man-made fireworks to shame.” He looked deep into her eyes, and she felt something coil tightly just under her breastbone. “But I have no hold over the animals. All I have is an honest heart that has felt your touch and known your caress – a heart that speaks to yours in return, hoping that you will finally see that in my arms you truly are safe at last, cherished at last, needed at last,” and he took both her hands in his and pulled her into his arms, “loved at last.” As his arms slid around her and she felt the warmth and strength of his body against hers, Jaime felt that alien thing below her sternum tighten harshly for a moment; then it seemed to melt and vanish. Somewhere in the very deepest part of her soul she knew the thing for what it was – her final reserve of fear and distrust of this wonderful man – and she knew it had just died for good. She flowed into his grasp, silently vowing to never doubt this love again. Tears stung her eyes as she realized how much she had missed by waiting so long to find this man. But that was the past; now, there was only the future.

The two lovers held each other for a while, listening to the night sounds of the woods. The owl was declaring his territory and crickets were disputing his claim. The gentle chuckling of water running down the rocks seemed like a lullaby in the background. Finally, Steve kissed the top of Jaime's head. "Hey, Beautiful, let's go swimming," he smiled.

Jaime eyed the pool gingerly. "There's no snakes around here, are there?"

"Naw, no snakes," Steve replied. "They're all afraid of the piranhas." That mischievous grin flashed again, and the girl retaliated by punching him in the shoulder. Steve rolled onto his side, feigning injury and moaning in mock pain. "Oooh, you bwoke me wittle awm! You bwoke me wittle awm!"

Jaime played along with the gag. "Oh, c'mon, ya big baby. I'll massage it for you later. Now show me this swimming hole of yours."

Steve leaned over and gave Jaime one of his gentle kisses on her lips. She felt her body respond to his touch as it always did, even without her brain's permission. Her pulse accelerated and she could tell that her temperature inched up a notch or two. As he pulled his shoes off, she wondered about him. Steve was no Adonis, to be sure. At first she'd been afraid that he'd been some monster, at least until she got to know him better. And she'd never been attracted to a man like him before. He was much heavier than her ideal, but she found a gentleness and passion in him that excited her far beyond anything she'd ever experienced with other men she'd known.

He got to his feet, stepped up to her and offered his hand, asking, "Ya ready to get wet, baby?"

Inside her mind, Jaime replied *I always get wet with you*, but she just said, "I guess so."

Steve led her to a flat rock that extended several feet into the water. It was a natural wharf, its table-flat surface only a few inches above the rippling, sparkling waters. “I hauled this here because there are three submerged stones at this point. It forms a kind of staircase down to the bottom. It’s only about three feet deep here, but out towards the middle and at the base of the waterfall it deepens to about 10. If you go out that way be careful – it drops off pretty sharply and you could go under without warning.”

Jaime sat on the flat rock, pulled off her sneakers, and then lowered her feet into the dark water. It was pleasantly cool, and not as cold as she’d been expecting. She felt the cool water lapping at her thighs. Steve plopped down beside her, finding the underwater steps with his toes. He stepped down into the water.

Steve had shed his shoes, shirt and jeans, leaving his denim shorts. The shorts billowed with trapped air as he left her to wade into deeper water. Then he dove, disappearing beneath the waves. Moments later, he surfaced, water spraying as he shook his head.

Jaime eased her way in after him, her toes playing in the sandy bottom of the pool. The water felt very good after the humid night air. At first she and Steve relaxed, splashing and playing in the pond. But soon he moved close to her and she felt his arms slide around her waist. “You said this was a special place to you,” she said. “A part of your spirit. What did that mean?”

Steve bowed his head slightly, a gesture she’d come to recognize in their time together. It meant he was opening up to reveal something deeply personal and was a little unsure about how exactly to do it. She loved to see him like this; the self-assured, educated writer stepping aside to let the little boy inside peek out. It was very important to her that Steve trusted her enough to let her beyond the walls of his inner fortress, past his defenses to that most intimate part of himself. “This is part of the reason I bought the estate, love. The first time I saw it I knew that it was a

special place, that here I could think in the embrace of God and listen for His voice. Here, I didn't have to worry about what anyone thought of me or what anyone wanted from me. I come here when I'm troubled or when I need to sort out things in my head. I think more clearly here among the trees." He raised his eyes to meet hers and she could almost see the doors to his soul opening to admit her. "When you and I first admitted to each other how we felt – how we wished we could take our growing relationship out of cyberspace and make it real – I was kinda afraid. That night I came down here and sat in the cold and snow and tried to think through what I was feeling. 'Was I really ready to fall in love? Could you really be what my heart was telling me you were?' It was that night that I first saw Tawa. She came to drink at the pond. I was so quiet that she didn't see me at first, and the breeze was right so she didn't know I was here. I watched her for a good minute, thinking about how beautiful she was. Then something warned her she wasn't alone, because she saw me and spooked and ran like hell." He drew her closer, their warm bodies meeting in the cool water. "I saw it as a sign. Tawa was afraid of me because she thought I was a threat, like every other human she'd ever encountered. I was afraid of my feelings because they were big and scary, like I was to her. And you were scared of me, too...scared because a part of you thought I was a threat, just like every other man who had ever hurt you. I realized then that if I were ever going to make you mine I'd have to take it easy and show you that I could be trusted. I practiced by befriending Tawa, and like with her I took my time with you, teaching you both – bit by bit, inch by inch – that I wasn't so big and scary after all."

Jaime reached up and placed her hands on his strong shoulders. The two lovers looked as though they were beginning to dance to music only they could hear. "And now, Steve? What are your feelings for me now?"

“I thought you already knew, my sweet one,” he replied. “If there ever was a sunrise before I met you, I can’t remember its colors. If I ever smelled a flower before I smelled your hair, the scent is lost to my memory. I know I’ve tasted honey before, but since tasting your lips I can’t remember it being sweet. You’ve changed me, Jaime – made the past pale and muted. I don’t know where we’re going, you and I, but I want to find out with your hand in mine.”

She laid her head on his chest. She could hear the gentle beating of his heart. “Then I’m afraid I have bad news for you, Steve,” she said. She felt him tense at her words. He was waiting for the other shoe to drop. “Because I feel exactly the same way myself. I love you, and I too want to see where the road we’re on goes.” With those words she felt him relax again, and he hugged her so tight that it hurt.

They stood like that for a long time, holding one another in the pond while the stars opened their windows to watch. Finally, Jaime said, “You know, it’s getting a bit nippy. Maybe we should move around and get warm.”

“I’ve got a good way to warm up,” Steve purred. Then he put his hands on her waist and lifted her up, setting her on the flat stone wharf. “It’s very private out here,” he said. “Nobody around for miles. Just perfect for us.” Before Jaime could ask any questions, he slipped in between her legs and his mouth found hers. As she sat on the broad stone he stood in the water, her knees on either side of his ribcage. His arms slid around her body, and his lips pressed against hers. Not the gentle touch of love this time...now it was with the heat of passion! She felt her breasts flatten against his wet chest, and her breath caught in her throat as his fingers massaged at that special spot in the small of her back. Already, she was becoming excited and aroused by his touch.

Steve's tongue flickered against her lips until she opened her mouth, and then their tongues were playing against each other. His hands found the mounds of her breasts through her blue

swimsuit, gently squeezing them. At first her nipples weren't paying attention, then suddenly his fingers gently pinched them and they awoke to the sensation. Steve smiled as he felt them stiffen under his hands. Jaime's head was tilted back, her eyes closed in bliss. But she managed to ask, "What if somebody sees us?"

"Won't happen. The estate's posted, and besides, nobody else lives anywhere around – I treasure my privacy. And even if someone did happen by, so what? So long as they keep quiet, I don't care." Then he kissed her again, this time on the throat.

Already, Jaime's vagina was becoming wet from his actions. Steve knew just how to punch her buttons, and he was hitting them all. The thought that they might be caught was also working on her, adding excitement to the naughtiness of what they were doing. When his hands slid the straps from her shoulders, she moaned softly. The dying sun kissed her bared breasts, making the skin turn softly golden in the twilight. Then Steve's mouth found its way down her chest and he began to kiss her nipples through the thin material of her suit. Jaime had never known a man to enjoy her breasts so much before, and she was glad that Steve liked playing with them. When he did, she felt very prized, very loved.

While Steve toyed with her tits his hands found the zipper up her back. He began drawing it down, baring her chest and kissing every inch of skin he revealed. In only moments his moustache was tickling her skin as his lips circled around her stiff nipples. Lovingly, he sucked them into his mouth, petting them with his rough, wet, tongue. By now, Jaime could feel the juices in her belly seeping out, wetting her pink pussy lips. When Steve's body rubbed against her crotch it sent sparks of joy up her body.

Gently, he laid her down on the moist rock. Then he knelt in the water, placing his head between her thighs. Now she understood why Steve had picked a suit for her that had snaps at the

crotch...the stinker had planned this all along! Slowly, he pulled the crotch of her suit apart, and she shivered when the bristles on his lip tickled at the sensitive skin of her pubes.

His fingers parted her wet lips, and every muscle in her body tightened as Steve's tongue pushed its way inside her vagina. Jaime sighed contentedly, loving the way her man could eat pussy. He was good...VERY good! And he enjoyed doing it for her as much as she loved having him do it.

Jaime's legs were draped over Steve's shoulders, and they trembled and clenched at his head as his tongue stabbed into her opening over and over again. His nose was bumping at the hood over her clit, and the stubble on his cheeks was rubbing her lips like soft sandpaper. Involuntarily, she was making moaning sounds, and with each of these, Steve would increase his tempo. He was now tongue-fucking her for all he was worth, his meaty, wet licker darting around inside her crotch like a crazy eel.

Then, without warning, his tongue snapped upwards, slapping over her hard clit. Jaime gasped in surprise and pleasure, and a fresh rush of fluid poured into her pussy. She was rapidly approaching her climax.

Steve began to concentrate on licking his woman's clit. Jaime was moaning his name as her pelvic muscles contracted in a small orgasm. She grabbed his right hand and pulled it to her breast, begging him to squeeze the tingling flesh. With her other hand she pushed on the back of his head while she raised her crotch to meet his mouth, her actions begging him to push harder and force her over the edge and into the abyss. Steve drove his tongue against her clit as though his life depended on it. The muscles in his jaw were beginning to send him messages, complaining of the stress. But the muscle standing out like a boom from his groin was sending him messages

also...messages of lustful desire. He growled against her pussy, snarling "Oh, Jaime...you've got my cock so hard...I just can't wait to stuff it into you again."

The girl was losing her mind. Steve's tongue was keeping her at the point of orgasm but not letting her come. She gasped his name, begging him to finish her off, but he deftly avoided the button of her clitoris. Then he pushed a finger up inside her vagina and began to rapidly fingerfuck her. She was so hot that her brain only barely registered that he was pulling his head back and bending his face to the water.

Dipping his mouth into the cold pond Steve brought-up a big mouthful of water. Then he spat a stream of it against the writhing girl's clit. The cool water hit her, shocking her nerves with the new stimulus. Her voice rasped, "Oh god...yeah...ohhhh Steeeeeeve," as it brought her even closer to climax.

His mouth now empty, and the muscles relaxed again, Steve went back to licking Jaime's pussy. His tongue was cooler now, chilled by the water, but when it beat against her clit, she began to tremble. The water had washed much of their juices off her skin, so his tongue felt rougher, harder than before. It had a dramatic effect. Jaime's fingers knotted in Steve's hair as she tried to push his face deeper into her pussy. She could hear his tongue slurping at her tender tissues, feel the hot abrasion of it on her clit. Then he stabbed one of his fingers into her, crooking it up and rubbing against her G-spot, and she began to come!

"Oh God, Steve...oohh...unghhh...oh Steve...STEEEEEVE," Jaime whimpered as a brutal orgasm tore through her body. Slippery girl-cum bubbled out of her pussy, dribbling down his chin and plopping into the pool. Her whole body was heaving and shaking with the strength of her climax.

Somewhere about her fourth orgasm on his tongue, Jaime pushed Steve away. Her pussy needed a rest. But Steve was still unsatisfied. He stood up, water running down his body, as he dropped his shorts. His hard prick stood out straight as an arrow, pointing at Jaime's sex. When she saw it her mouth curled into a smile and she reached down with her hands to caress the hard length of his member.

Now it was Steve's turn to moan. She wrapped her small fist around his penis, stroking its length on her belly. Already drops of clear pre-cum were oozing from the eye of his dick, and they glistened in the pearly moonlight where they stuck to her skin.

Jaime loved playing with Steve's genitals. In their time together, she had learned to sometimes slide her hand into his crotch, fondling his testicles like precious jewels. Even when he was driving the car, she would surprise him like that, much to his pleasure. When they were alone, relaxing at home, he'd often wear a long bathrobe with nothing underneath. At those times, she would lay her head in his lap, slide one hand under the cloth of the robe, and stroke his cluster gently. He always appreciated such treatment, saying it made him feel like a pampered pet, and repaid her in kind. Now she had his hardness in her fist, his full nuts in their fleshy sack bumping against her sopping, engorged cunt. His head was tilted to the side a bit, his eyes closed in ecstasy at her touch. But when she spoke to him, they opened. "Steve," she whispered, "...fuck me now!"

Not saying a word, the big man pulled back, allowing Jaime to position his stiffness at the opening to her body. Then he slowly pushed forward, his thick cock sliding into her. She felt his groin bump up against her soft lips as the hardness of him spread her insides. For a moment he stayed still, both of them enjoying the intimacy of being so joined, then he began to move.

Pulling back until just the head of his cock was still inside her, Steve sighed as Jaime's vagina sucked on his prick, trying to keep him inside. Then he pushed forward again, forcing his

hot meat into her. She was tight and wet and slippery inside, and he groaned because it felt so wonderful to him. With each motion, she felt her body respond to his. Her vulva rippled and lapped in waves against his cock, and she knew from the way his balls were creeping upwards that it wouldn't be long before he'd come.

Jaime was in heaven. Her legs wrapped around the man she loved, her hands gripping his hairy forearms while his prick sawed in and out of her horny belly. She was trembling inside, her body shaking with the movements of his stabbing prick. Her clit was a little sore after the furious licking he'd given it, and now his veined prick was scraping against it as well. It hurt a bit, but she didn't care...she was in heaven!

Steve was thrusting harder into her, rocking her on the flat stone and raising her ass to meet him. Sweat drops were running down his chest, sticking in the curly dark hairs there. Jaime's fingers were digging into his arms, the nails drawing blood. Neither of them knew quite where they were, or what was around them...all they knew was their need for relief.

Steve began to pound his dick harder into her. Tendons stood out in his neck, and his teeth clenched together as he snarled like an animal. His rough voice hissed out, "Oh yeah...oh Jaime...oh man...I'm gonna...gonna...oh God!" And his whole body jerked as his cock fired the first bolt of jizm into Jaime's cunt. Still fucking, his balls heaved again, shooting another spurt of semen into her. His orgasmic movements triggered her own, and Jaime began to cum also. Gasping for air, her body trembling like a leaf, she came again and again! All the while she could imagine Steve's hard cock spitting its load deep into her.

Finally, it was over. Panting, Steve pulled her into his arms, and lifted her. Together, they slid into the cool waters of the pool, still with his softening cock in her filled vagina. They sat on the bottom, her in his lap with the water lapping around their shoulders for long moments, sharing

their intimacy. They kissed each other repeatedly, gently, lovingly. The moon watched the two lovers, its silver light sparkling off the water around them.

Finally, he spoke. "I think we'd better get out of the water before we turn into prunes," he joked.

"Hmmm...I don't wanna go," Jaime replied, hugging him close.

"We can go back to the house and finish this discussion there," he offered.

She nodded, smiling. "But," she added, "will you make me cup of hot cocoa or something? I'm cold."

He chuckled. "Sure, and if you behave yourself I'll show you a trick with hot cocoa. And if you get hungry I've got something you can eat."

At that, she leaned over and whispered in his ear, "I hope it's your hard cock." She felt the prick in her belly leap at her suggestion, and knew she had been right.

End?