

A Tad Rusty

By E.M. Lipski ©2008

I hadn't had it for some time, and he hadn't had it since his birthday when his wife, he told me, just laid there like a stunned mullet, while he ground himself into her vacuous stare. So, he said to me, now that we'd drained a bottle of Sav Blanc between us, 'Well, we could each go into our respective rooms and go to sleep. Or, we can spend the night ... bonking our brains out.'

The pause that lingered long in the air issued a small voice that I suddenly recognised as mine. 'OK. Let's bonk.'

We peeled off to our respective rooms to prepare our bodies, our minds and our spirits.

I desperately tried to summon memories of what might be expected of me, as

I slipped on a see-through black thing I'd brought with me in the vague hope that something like this might happen.

He arrived in the doorway. Starkers. I was immediately struck by the amount of hair on his body. It wasn't so much adorning as ... thicket-like.

He dove down beside me and straight away huffed, 'Let's get this thing off you.' Off came the slinky black negligee. I sighed.

Before I could catch my next breath, he plunged his firm tongue into my mouth. I grasped it with my lips and sucked hoping that this act alone would heighten my sexual pleasure.

It didn't. His tongue felt like an old sponge, left out in the sun to dry, now coated with something oddly slimy.

Oh yes, I reminded myself, that's our saliva.

Suddenly, I was being turned, like a hog on a spit, and he was clambering up my torso. It wasn't till his semi-erect member was dangling directly over my mouth that I realised what was next expected of me.

Oh yes, hmm, yes, OK, open wide.