

## **MR SEX**

Woman is at home with Mr. Sex visiting with him for the first time having spent the day together. After dinner, Woman talks about her life sweetly with modesty, shyness, and innocence, mentioning her inexperience in matters of love, sex and romance. She tells Mr. Sex she needs a drink or two to loosen up and suggests he tells her something he likes in a woman “Just out of interest.”

“I can do that” says Mr. Sex thoughtfully. First of all, you should know I am not like most other men, in so much that I am not a big breasts kind of guy. The very thought of two pneumatic Dolly Parton replicas, desperately seeking support like failed democrats and looking like oversized kipper neck ties does nothing to lift or enchant my eyes or my desires. I like breasts like yours my dear Woman, with nipples pert, like dark Morella cherries on top o' small cup cake breasts, those are ideal for me. I love to eat them whether I am dieting or not.” Woman giggles sweetly, bowing her head with embarrassment, looking coy and flustered, pushing her clasped hands between her legs like a silly schoolgirl, her upper arms pulled inwards, hiding her erect nipples. She lifts her head slightly; looking seductively upwards all shy and sweet “Go on Mr. Sex” she says playfully, “Tell me something sexy”

“Ok” says Mr. Sex, “but first let me stir your awareness to the pleasures of a sexual observation. For me, sexual observation proves both very stimulating and exciting.

I remember one day at the local mall I saw the extremely fluid body of a beautiful, young woman of about thirty easing through the crowds of lunchtime shoppers. Dressed in white silk chiffon, made only of what was absolutely necessary to cover her, she took my breath away. Her blood red lips looked bruised, as if from kissing too much. Her seductive sultry dark eyes peered over bejeweled designer sunglasses, sweeping across her audience slowly back and forth with cool disdain. Her golden hair, tousled and messy, spilled down over her naked shoulders like it were styled in some strangers bed. Her swollen pert breasts needed no other support than her self esteem while they thrust forward their erect tender nipples like sweet stiff penises pushing through the limits of their gossamer covering. The skirt she wore was too short, with one finger I could have lifted its hem just one inch and exposed her hidden underwear, if indeed she was wearing any. She had long fine tanned legs that strode arrogantly across the marble floor in high spiked heels, hitting a slow drum roll announcing the coming of her juicy and erotic presence. A

goddess of true womanhood seductive and sensuous, her sexuality wrapped around my consciousness like a predatory anaconda, squeezing the animal desire out me, pushing it deep into her most secret inside places.

Transfixed and mesmerized, I was ready to sacrifice my life to her if she would allow me just once to inflict her with my sex power.

Unfortunately, on her left hand there was a wedding ring and a small scruffy boy child of about ten hung from her. He was looking up at her trying to pierce the veil of her film star sunglasses, trying, like me, to get her attention without giving the game away that he really did want to have sexual intercourse with her as soon as possible.

As she strutted defiantly with all the grace of an antelope and the heart of a lion, she did not notice her child's whimsical looks at her heaving breasts as they pushed their darkest secrets through the white silk dress that clung to every inch of her body.

The boy had all the apparent value of a new handbag, as he walked up against her, rubbing his horny shoulder provocatively into her inner thigh, pondering, like me, her athletic sexual response to him, if only she would get down with it. I think if I were ten and my mother was a sex symbol like this one, I might ask her, very nicely and respectfully to anoint my juvenile body with her sexual athletic love so that I might stand proud in my community as mother fucker. You see my dear Woman this woman is described by men as a MILF – she is a mother I'd like to fuck.

I think the boy must have known that term because he was sure practicing it. He was already making sexual manly strides pushing his right shoulder deep up between his mother's thighs, exposing both his sexual skill and adolescent desire. I saw her sultry eyes close; I watched her smile to herself as his shoulder found her most treasured spot. She pulled him in close but he was indeed, too young for her and she knew it. I am sure from her response she had already had him anyway.

My value to her as a possible sex exploiter of young women caused her to gaze through me like I was a window. Her belief in her god given female superiority blinded her to me as she wafted toward me radiating her perfumed intoxicants. To her I was a stone statue a bollard to be walked past and ignored. My palms rubbing on my thighs pulled my pants tight across my groin and nervously a helpless protrusion involuntary saluted her as she walked by. I watched her tongue graze across her parted pouting lips as she

passed by and I was anointed, recognized and forever in her debt.

Her kid looked back at me, over his sexual shoulder with a grimacing face, showing me the length of his extended tongue that he would use on her later.

I watched her walk by, her perfect posterior moving and grooving like a warm ocean behind the almost transparent white silk film it was wrapped in. I saw no panty lines, no false modesty, no trace of protection or inaccessibility. I saw only a woman from heaven fading from view ..... I didn't waste a thing, I memorized her smoldering sexual image and took it home with me intact, ready to kindle in my masturbations "

Woman's eyes are out on sticks amazed; she is as shocked and aroused as she is speechless. She bursts out laughing, giggling unable to assimilate what Mr. Sex has just told her. A little tipsy, she thanks Mr. Sex profusely for his "wonderful story and for the wonderful red underwear he had bought her earlier. "It's so tiny" she says, "I am surprised how comfortable it feels down there; I love it. I feel so sexy, so female" She moves closer to him, whispering in his ear that she going to model the underwear just for him later... and says she's going to fuck him all night long because he has been so kind to her.

Mr. Sex is thrown off balance; all that innocence Woman talked about earlier and now she says she's going to fuck me all night?

Woman excuses herself to the bathroom; she touches up her makeup, applies perfume, brushes her hair, takes a hit or two of pot and put her fingers inside her vagina just to check. It's wet; she licks her fingers clean and returns to her seat.

At the table, she finishes her martini with a gulp and slides under Mr. Sex's arm kissing his neck and fondling his penis awakening it from its slumbers massaging it into a stiff steel cannon.

"I have a place you can put that," she says, "where it's warm and soft and wet and you'll love it, I know you will"

Woman kisses Mr. Sex in the romance of the moment like a giddy girl. Mr. Sex's left hand gently pushes the soft fabric of her satin dress into the crack between her buttocks while his right hand licks at her breasts like sex starved child.

Passion in a huge tidal wave of emotion rises up between them and pulls them both down under it's spell. They're trapped in its tentacles; it's pulling them down into the dark genius of their sexual love. Mr. Sex wants Woman and she must have him. Woman's perfume is in Mr. Sex's nostrils; his tongue is down her throat. His fingers are

probes seeking entrance to Woman's slice of pleasure.

Woman drops to her knees in front of him, unzips his fly, pulls his huge stiff cock out of his pants like she were grabbing a saddle to mount a horse. Looking up smiling, she pushes his massive member way down her throat, pulling on his ass till her face is buried in Mr. Sex's fly. He loves it. She is gagging but it feels so good. He pushes her head down and keeps it there till Woman is unable to breathe from the enormity of it; she is sucked into his ritual more and more with each intoxicating thrusting moment. Mr. Sex's cock is so stiff, so hard so uncompromising like a battering ram across her palate jamming her windpipe.

Woman is mesmerized, swallowing Mr. Sex's cock so long and so deep till it's down her throat almost in her chest. Then it's out of her mouth, then down her throat, then out of her mouth with a long web of her white saliva dangling from his cock.

Mr. Sex throws Woman on the bed; she lets out a big sigh. He tears off her dress clawing it off of her like a crazed wild animal tossing it aside like a spent love rag.

Woman lies there, so beautiful, so willing, so ready, massaging her own clitoris through the red silk underwear men buy women to get them erect. Mr. Sex out of his mind with excitement rips off his clothes with the speed of a madman. His passion consumes him and is ravishing Woman, kissing her, feeling her, touching her, licking her streaming wet pussy. He tears off her bra; his hands and mouth ravish her breasts like a hungry child, twisting her nipples sucking on them for milk that never comes. His penis is like a hard nasty rock against Woman's leg. She grabs it pulls on it, masturbates it. "Baby give me some please baby" she says smiling sweetly like a underage child, guiding Mr. Sex's fisted penis to the licking lips of her dripping wet cunt.

Playing with it Woman taunts, flaunts and angers Mr. Sex so he shoves it up her hard like a metal cock machine making Woman squeal like a frightened little girl. Mr. Sex's got it in her, right deep inside her. Up inside her round the bend. In and out and all about probing, pushing, hurting, flirting, controlling, loving, barbaric "Your cock feels so fucking good baby" Woman yells "Give it to me harder, please harder, deeper, give it to me harder. Is that all you got? Fuck me! Fuck me! Harder, harder!" Woman is an addict who can't get enough. Mr. Sex loves this lovely fucking pussy, all the way up he goes, where it's all wet and sticky and squelching and noisy. He rams

it in. In and out, slipping, sliding, a remorseless stiff cock "Deeper, get it deeper, harder, harder! Woman screams between screams, pushing her legs wide apart like yoga, stretching, making her labia spread like a butterfly's wings, trying in desperation to get more pounding flesh inside her throbbing cunt. Mr. Sex gets it in all the way and a bit more till Woman can't speak or breathe. She can take it. She must take it. They both love every fucking inch of it. The sexual fire rages, kissing and sucking and kissing and licking and fingering and fucking. Woman wants more and more of this big, hard, throbbing cock, up inside her, "Come on Mr. Sex, give it to me...I want to feel of your balls banging on my ass."

Mr. Sex is out of control with lust and desire, fucking a slut of a lifetime. Now Woman's telling him "Your cocks too big for me baby, push it deeper baby, deeper. I love your cock inside me, deeper, deeper". An orgasm hits Woman. Wham! Damn, "Fuck me, fuck me". Mr. Sex is a cool bastard moving in and out of her, smashing her remorselessly, thrusting into her hard, making her scream, passion on passion, sensation on sensation. Woman wants Mr. Sex to come, wants his hot sperm high up inside her or dripping from the corners of her mouth. "Give me your come baby, please baby, Woman is twisting on Mr. Sex's nipples, licking them biting them, turning him on and on and on. Mr. Sex pushes himself up above Woman on his muscular left arm, he stares into her lovely, lovely eyes, His right hand is under her ass fingering her and pulling her up on to him. Mr. Sex's cock finds the vagina spot inside to rub and rub, the place where he knows Woman just can't get enough. At once, Mr. Sex bursts and splatters and lurches and comes in his chosen vagina. Releasing his personal thunderbolt, hurtling sperm in a wad into Woman's deepest internal crevices...She smiles at him as he falls back exhausted and relaxes. "Thank you baby," she says, "I needed that so bad."

Mr. Sex falls back while Woman kisses him and tongues his mouth. She stares at him "Do you like my pussy Baby?" ... "Like it? Mr. Sex replies, "I love it baby I fucking love it!" Mr. Sex pushes Woman's legs apart and thrusts his loving happy face between her wide open legs and sucks on her wet clit like a wanton nipple, with such delight, it stands erect like a penis. Licking it ferociously, Woman tells him he's a good boy, telling him to push his fingers up inside her. "Please" He finds her G spot and scrapes it sexy raw. " That's it baby, more baby, harder" Mr. Sex says "Lay back, legs wide open, take as much as you possibly can" Woman is whimpering, spluttering

orgasms and asking for more.

Mr. Sex can do anything he likes to her. He pushes most of his hand up inside her and pushes it and pushes it in her and in her. "It's too much" Woman bitches and complains. Mr. Sex just does it even more and Woman loves it and loves it more and more and moans and moans She almost wishes he would fist fuck her but he can't get all his hand up her vagina. Mr. Sex pulls out his hand and puts it in Woman's mouth and she licks her cum from his fingertips. They kiss and kiss with need and desperation, unable to tear their lips off of each other.

Woman reaches down between Mr. Sex's legs feeling his wilted cock. She slides down the bed pushing her mouth over his cock, getting it deep down her throat. Her face pushes into his pubic hair. X's cock stiffens and hardens hard as Woman fingers the hole of his ass pushing in and out of him like a naughty child looking for trouble. X's cock is stiff and nasty. Woman tongues his cock tip, sucking him wild.

Mr. Sex pushes Woman off him, climbs on top of her and slam fucks her like he is driving a nail into a piece of wood. He rams his finger in and out of her ass, stretching it bigger and bigger and she loves that too. She yelps, saying helplessly "Easy baby, easy"

"No way" says Mr. Sex. He fucks her like an animal and she's fucking loving it. Woman really loves it. He glares at her like a rapist killer and she's frightened and scared and worried. Mr. Sex's cock is near her ass; it's rubbing over it trying to get in side her. "No! Damn it no!" Woman screams. Mr. Sex insists. He flips Woman over on her belly, pulling her ass up to his throbbing cock. Woman's head is in the mattress, pushed down hard by the rampant power of his demanding desire to fuck her in the ass. His hard cock hurts her bad as it thrusts into her like a steel pipe. He doesn't give a fuck. Woman screams "No! No!" Mr. Sex slams her and slams her till she's crying, "No more, No more please". Mr. Sex doesn't give a fuck about her right now he's getting off. He's giving it to her really fucking hard, it's what she deserves, what she needs up her fucking asshole. He crushes her. She hates him. "It hurts, get off me," she begs. Woman is freaking out. Mr. Sex snaps out of it and slows and stops

"Fuck my asshole" Woman screams reaching back to her buttocks pulling them apart to give him greater access. Mr. Sex animalized by her words keep slams her harder and harder with every bit of physical power he can muster. Woman pushes her ass on to him

harder and harder. He pulls her hair, riding her like a horse till it hurts! "You're hurting me!" Mr. Sex won't stop. She loves him for that. She's slamming her ass onto him, onto his cock as far and as hard and as deep as you can get it up her screaming, moaning, hating, loving, slamming her ass onto his hard cock, as he slams it into her.

"Come in my asshole baby," she begs "Come in my ass. Come in my asshole baby." Five more violent thrusts of shit pounding fury and Mr. Sex cums in her asshole with all the relish of an amazing screaming madman. "Oh my God, what the fuck? Jesus Christ, I love your asshole baby, I love it!" She loved it. She needed it. She had to have it. Mr. Sex is so happy. Woman holds him and tells him he was great. He was great. Woman loves him and kisses him and kisses him and consumes him with never ending passion. Her tongue is down his throat. Her hand is on his soft cock, rubbing it, getting it ready stiffening it. Woman knows what she's done; Mr. Sex is in love.

## **M.I.L.F**

I saw this extremely fluid and beautiful, young woman of about twenty-eight, easing through a crowd. Dressed only in what was absolutely necessary for decency, she took my breath away. Her smile, her hair, her legs, all wrapped around my consciousness like sexual anacondas. Transfixed and mesmerized, I was ready to give her my life.

I noticed on her left hand not only a wedding ring but a small boy child of about ten. He was looking up at her trying to pierce the veil of her film star sunglasses, trying, like me, to get her attention without giving the game away that he really does want to "bonk" her.

She, so cool, strutted defiantly with the grace of an antelope and the heart of a lion, not noticing her child, who had all the apparent value of a new handbag, as he rubbed his horny shoulder provocatively into her outer/inner thigh, pondering, like me, her athletic sexual response to him, if only she would "get real".

I think if I were ten and my mother was a sex symbol, I might ask her, very nicely of course, to anoint my juvenile body in her love gymnasium, so that I might stand proud in my community as a milf lover. However, I think although he did manage to push his elbow deep between her thighs at one point, exposing both his sexual skill and adolescent prowess. He was indeed, too young for her and she knew it. [I am sure in her mind she has already had him anyway]

Unfortunately, my undeniable presence as a possible senior sex offender caused her to gaze through me like I was a window. Her

eyelash shutters blinded her as she and her perfume wafted past me. I was a bollard to her. Her kid turned back over his sexual shoulder and showed me the tongue he would use later. They walked on. I watched her perfect posterior move and groove behind the film it was wrapped in, till she faded from view ..... I didn't waste a thing; I took her image home intact.

P S. I am not a "Show us your tits" kind of guy. The very thought of two pneumatic Dolly Parton replicas, desperately seeking support whilst looking like oversized kipper neck ties does nothing for my sex. Nipples, pert, like dark Morella cherries on top o' small cup cake breasts are ideal for me. I like to eat them whether I am dieting or not.

## **BLACK DRESS** (Excerpt)

One needs to see the breasts in a revealing dress - yes - a black dress - yes and intoxicating expensive perfume should fill the viewers nostrils, muddling his senses.

One should also be able to steal several momentary sneaked glances down and across the cleavage to reveal the possibility of a sexy, scanty bra hiding just beneath the revealing neck line of the dress. Maybe a black bra strap would fall casually off the shoulder. The dress is pulled down very gradually so it falls off of the shoulders to reveal the breasts laying lazily in the hammocks of a beautiful elegant and revealing silk bra- probably lace trimmed in black and red or leopard and red. All glances and looks at the breasts would be fleeting and stolen - it is essential for the voyeur to be tantalized and be salivating - his head lightly spinning at the anticipation of what he will soon see exposed before him. Nipples should be hidden but only just. It would be good if this were in the cool of the evening so the nipples were stiffening in the cold.

The second bra strap would be eased off the shoulders by a soft commanding touch, slowly falling casually onto the arms as the breasts appear full and wanton waiting to be exposed and licked. They would be closely examined - the upper reaches of them licked lightly to stiffen the nipples so they are ready to burst forth like eager children - blood filled, dark - like small fingers hard - sneaking their way through the remains of silk and lace as the bra is pulled away the nipples and breasts yearn forward, heaving with weight and perfume into two tough demanding hands that scoop them gently upwards, the nipples pointing up waiting ready to be licked momentarily by a dry tongue that drags across them as it savors its secret plans.