A Trip to Remember Ch. 01

by dmwriter ©

It was going to be a quick trip to the west coast, but I had really been dreading the hassle of packing, parking at the airport, the long boring flight, getting a rental car....well you know the rest. A long way for a couple days of work, but I knew I had to go in order to grow my business.

All good things come from hard work and effort, and I knew this was going to take some Effort with a capital E!

To make matters even worse, it had been three weeks since I had been with my lover, and my pussy was begging for some attention. Although the stroking with my soft fingers against the hood of my clit as I lay in bed fantasizing helped (especially with a little application of lube), I could not satisfy my craving for the big hard cock that I had become accustomed to back home. I smiled to myself as I thought of the "conquests" that Frankie had assumed he could notch in his pistol handle after a heated round of love making that left us both spent in a sweat-drenched embrace.

Didn't he realize that it was I who orchestrated the passion and loving scenes that made his dick rise and throb with passion....didn't he realize that it was my wet cunt that drove me to demurely make myself available for his (and my own insatiable) orgasms?

I closed my eyes slowly as I positioned my first class seat into a

reclining position. The three small glasses of champagne were starting to have their effect, and I knew my sexual daydreams had partially been initiated by it's intoxicating affects. I could already feel an arousal in my loins and knew that my thong would be soaked with passion before long.

I was glad that I had decided to wear knickers on the plane, but knew I would not wear any once I got to the warm climate of southern California.

The flight seemed like it was over almost as soon as it started...I had

fallen into a deep sleep somewhere over Kansas I suppose, but I began to stir as we began our descent, I almost immediately sensed that something was different. The usual slight irritating feeling of my thong pulled up between my cheeks was gone! I reach under my short skirt and felt between my legs..my pussy was warm and very wet, but there was no sign of my undergarment. The plane was still dark, having taken the late night flight out of St. Louis. Since the seat on the aisle next to me had been unoccupied, my racing mind tried to convince myself that whatever had happened, the other passengers would not have been able to see anything. I pushed the overhead button that turned on my seat light and searched for the missing article of clothing, but to no avail. My thong was no where to

be found and I couldn't imagine what had happened!

The touchdown at LAX was smooth, and we slowly taxied to our gate. The main cabin lights came on fully, and I prayed that my Victoria Secrets would not turn up in plain view of my surrounding passengers. I was careful reaching up to the overhead compartment for my carry-on, knowing the back of my skirt would rise up far enough to reveal more than I was willing. I got to the front of the plane and as I passed the young good looking steward, he smiled , handed me a small box, and almost whispered, "You might need these sometime later if the night air gets any cooler, and you may want to wash up in the first ladies room you come to in the airport."

I gasped at his comments, took the box gingerly out of his strong hands as he winked at me once ,then I turned and almost stumbled out of the plane door. I reached up with my free right hand to remove any perspiration or moisture from my lips, and as I did so, I became aware of my own scent on my fingers from my self examination. But there was another scent, a somewhat familiar musky aroma that for some mysterious reason reminded me

of Frankie. I stopped briefly in the gangplank, opened the box in my hand, looked inside, and almost fainted. I thought NO, NO it couldn't have happened, but when I turned back around , the steward was far out of sight. Without the proof in my hand, and the wetness between my legs, I would have thought this all was nothing but a horny woman's wet dream!

Oven the next day and a half I dove headlong into my work, putting all my energy into the tasks at hand. My group worked late into the night in the small conference room at the hotel, and agreed to get up early the next morning to finish the project. By noon I was exhausted as we all ate a light albeit delightful lunch before parting company. My plane reservation back home were not until the next morning, so I thought I would take the afternoon off, take a taxi up to Rodeo Drive, and pick out a few articles that I wouldn't be able to find in the Midwest. Before I left I made arrangements for a full body massage in my room at 7 PM, the latest that I could schedule one. I was told that Sheena would be my masseuse, and that she would bring up all that would be required for an hour of west coast pleasure. The concierge said this with a smile and with what I thought was slight wink...where have I seen that before?

I know I charged too much on my plastic at the expensive shops but I couldn't help myself. The clothes were gorgeous and they kept telling me how good I looked in them when I tried them on. I felt a little strange when one shopkeeper came behind the curtains to view me in the teddy and matching briefs that she helped me pick out... she seemed to help adjust the bodice and elastic around my rear more than I thought necessary, but the light sensual touch felt nice.. The champagne they served me at most every store must have eased my inhibitions and my spending concerns.

I made it back to my hotel room about 6:30, put my new pretties away, stripped naked and went to the hot shower with a small scotch (neat of course) from the guest liquor cabinet. I had just finished drying myself and putting on the long terry cloth robe provided for guests when there was a knock at the door. My senses were elevated and I knew a full body massage was just what the doctor ordered. My surprise must have been readily apparent on my face when I opened the door and saw a beautiful young woman accompanied by a middle age man who slightly resembled a mature Brad Pitt. Sheena quickly inquired whether I had been told that a student would be assisting her tonight and I told her nervously that they had most certainly had not. She sincerely apologized and quickly said that Bradley (you're kidding, right?) could leave, but feeling bold and adventurous, I said I would be happy to aide the "teaching profession".

Brad had been carrying the massage table, and he brought it to side of the bed and started setting it up. Sheena in the meantime opened her case and removed a few scented candles and lit them, followed by a couple bottles of oil. Brad laid out a long heavy blanket on the table, and then set some long terry cloth towels on the bed. I took one last sip of my scotch (no I guess it would be more of a swig), and had put down the now empty glass, when Sheena approached me with one of the large towels opened up and hanging full length from her extended arms. "If you don't mind, remove you robe and I will cover you with this. You may keep your undergarments on if you wish..." with that she saw that I was completely naked when I removed the robe..."or you can remain as you are in a more comfortable and natural fashion. Okay, let's get started."

End of Part 1

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Sheena led me to the massage table and told me to get on it lying face down. Using whatever modesty I had remaining, or at least cared to use, I loosened the towel in the front and swung my left leg up onto the table followed by the rest of my now flushed body. Brad was standing behind me as I maneuvered myself onto my stomach, and I was sure he was treated to a quick beaver shot as I did so, or at least I hoped he had. Beaver shot may not be quite the right term as my pubic hairs are virtually non-existent due to my laser treatments and occasional trims with a razor by Frankie.

Sheena turned on some quiet mood music from a small CD player that she must have brought with her. The mood was set...music, the smell of lit candles, my small high from the scotch, and me nude with two strangers in a private setting. I took a long, slow breath, closed my eyes and put my face in the donut shaped face-rest of the bed waiting for the sensual pleasures that most certainly would follow.

Brad moved to the head of the bed and carefully folded down the towel from off my shoulders down to just above my waist. I kept my arms at my side with my hands down towards my feet leaving the sides of my breasts well hidden from view. After pouring oil onto his hands, Brad began to give my shoulders and back a very relaxing deep rub down, going up and down my spine and neck in a very skilled and professional manner. Sheena would occasionally direct his manipulations either by verbally correcting his moves or by using her own hands to demonstrate the proper technique.

I should mention as I lifted myself onto the table, my attendants

partially disrobed themselves. Sheena had removed the white frock that she had arrived in, leaving her in a tight spandex jump suit with the front zipper left open almost to her navel, with the bottom resembling short-shorts, ending just below her nicely rounded ass. With my first brief glance, it was easy to see that she wore nothing underneath, as her pert nipples nearly poked a hole through the material covering them and her folds of her vagina clearly visible under the shadows of the faint surrounding light.

Bradley too had removed his frock, and his appearance was quite similar. A tight muscle shirt emphasized his well-sculpted upper body including his chest, neck, and arm muscles. I could even see the outline of his rock-hard abs that thrust through the thin cotton material. What was even more shocking and exciting were the short loose exercise shorts he wore that left plenty of room for an eager hand like my own to reach up to explore what hung underneath. I made up my mind I would take that opportunity as soon as I got the chance.

After Brad got into his rhythm doing my neck and back, Sheena moved down to my lower half. Gingerly she rolled the large towel up from where it was covering my calves up to the tops of my legs. I suddenly realized that I was totally uncovered except for my ass and that fact made me almost lightheaded with anticipation. Sheena slightly spread my legs, applied some oil to her warm hands, and began to massage the backs of my calves and thigh with long, powerful strokes. As she moved up between my legs I instinctively spread them so she could more easily knead my inner thighs, a move that not surprisingly allowed easier access to my most private areas. With every stroke I imagined, no I can say hoped, that she would

get more intimate with her warm hands.

Brad lightly took a hold of my wrists and slowly repositioned them away from my sides and placed them above my head with my hands dangling over the front edge of the table. After he was satisfied that my sides were unobstructed, he poured a small amount of oil onto his hands, leaned over my head, and began to deeply rub my back and sides, first up near my arm pits then moving slowly and strongly all the way down to the top of my buttocks. His fingers lightly grazed the sides of my breasts with his first return stroke, a touch that could be construed to be accidental since my own weight and Brad's pressure caused my ample DD's to balloon to the sides. As he reach down and bent forward, I could feel the soft cotton of his shorts bump up against the backs of my fingers. After a couple of these strokes, I knew he could easily feel my touch and he took no action

to avoid it...for that matter, he seemed to linger longer as he stretched his arms down as far as he could reach.

At my first opportunity when he brought his body upright and his shorts away from the table edge, I moved my hands so they were almost touching at the center. Since the table height almost exactly matched the height of his crotch, I was treated to the unmistakable feel of his penis as he moved his slippery hands back down to my ass. It was no accident that he remained pressed against the back of my fingers, so I slightly turned my hands so my fingers were on either side of his semi-erect cock. and lightly stroked his manhood. In just a few seconds I could feel him grow harder as his excitement began to do what comes naturally. I'm not sure which one of us moaned first.

As I felt myself becoming moist from the sexual excitement, Sheena

suddenly suggested she and Brad switch ends so he could get more

experience with giving a leg massage. Whether she sensed what was going on between Brad and I, or if it was just a coincidence, her poor timing interrupted an erotic moment that both of us were not so willing to abandon. Without much protest however, Brad straightened up and moved over to the side to exchange places with her while giving me a nice view of the slight tenting of the front of his shorts caused by his arousal. I thought I even noticed a small area where a bit of pre-cum had moistened the material.

In order to continue the passion of the moment, I widened my legs

slightly, so little that the movement might not be noticed, but enough

that the new probing fingers would have easier access to the areas that needed attention now the most. With every stoke up my thighs, Brad seemed to come closer and closer to my crotch. I could now feel just the faintest pressure at the very tops of my legs, and with that a slight pressure pushing my legs apart even more.

I suddenly moaned with pleasure as his fingers gently probed against my perineum (that small sensitive area between my anus and vagina). My moan was a sound so guttural and primitive that it startled all of us. Sheena asked if I was all right, knowing full well the manipulations had progressed to a higher stage than what was normally taught in a massage class. I could only slightly nod my head and with all my effort I softly mumbled, "More, please more, don't stop now. Please!"

I felt I was at a heightened state I had seldom, if ever, been at before. I can only equate it with the feeling just before orgasm as Frankie's mouth encircled my pussy and his tongue flitted with my clit. My breathing was rapid and my skin felt like it was on fire. As Brads fingers seemed to just begin their exploration of my outer lips, Sheena suddenly stopped the whole process and suggested it was time that I turned over onto my back.

My God! Is this really happening...can I go to the next level?