Learning Curve

by magmaman Â©

Sally and I were maybe on our 3rd date and getting to be pretty snuggly

when I made my big move.

Of course I got cut off at the pass, I could kiss her and lick her ears,

and we even had our tongues in each other's mouth. Her breath would pick

up, she would groan and moan, hell, what more go signal does a guy need,

anyway?

But I would put my hand on her waist, begin to move it upwards to cop a

feel and she would grab my hand and stop me. I could make it to just the

bottom of what felt like a thick bra and that was it, all done.

This went on for several weeks, and I was beginning to get frustrated. I

was even thinking of looking around to see what else was available, but

something about her, the way she moved, just got to me.

I guess the word is I was smitten. Oh, hell, she would just walk into the

room I was in and it was like the Sun came out.

I almost couldn't think of anything else most of the time, I just wanted

to be near her, and I got the feeling she felt the same.

One day we were at the beach, sitting under one of these big umbrellas

that just sticks in the sand. She had on a bikini, nothing anyone would

get fussed up about, but she also had on a T-shirt over it.

And she never took the t-shirt off all day. I even asked her if something

was wrong, actually I was hoping to maybe get a peek at some skin, nothing

doing.

Just plain strange, I thought. But that evening after it cooled off, we

were back at my ratty little apartment and we started necking. I changed

my tactics, put my hand on her leg, rubbed a little. Things heated up so I

moved my hand up a bit, her breath picked up and she started sucking on my

neck and making some moaning sounds.

I kept expecting her to put a stop to things, but then I had my hand on

her butt, in short order I was rubbing her crotch through the bottoms, no

resistance. She even opened her legs some to help me out, and when I

started to peel them off of her she rolled her hips up to help me slide

them off.

I was greeted by some sparse blonde hairs and a mass of flesh that would

put some guys to shame, Sally was, shall we say... Endowed down below?

Her hands went to my trunks and in no time she had them off and was

cradling my erection in her hands, rubbing and looking at it in

fascination. I knew right then and there that mine was probably the first

one she had ever seen, at least sticking up like that.

Our first time was right there on the couch, we ended up on the floor and

then halfway across the living room. She used her big strong legs that

developed from riding her bike to shove at me, lifting her butt and me up

off the floor with each thrust. So we scooted around all over, it was one

hell of a good time, we ended up soaked in sweat.

Somewhere in there I got my hands under that T-shirt and inside her bikini

top, then I knew what the problem was.

The only thing inside her bra was foam rubber, Sally had no breasts at

all. Just hot and hard nipples that were like little Diamonds. I saw her

eyes flash open as I got her T-shirt and bikini top out of the way enough

to get my mouth on one of those buttons, then as I nibbled at one nipple

while rolling the other with my fingers her eyelids fluttered and she

orgasmed. It was so strong that she almost bucked me off of her.

I wasn't exactly the most experienced guy around but I knew this woman was

something special, my cock was shoved in there and it felt like a big

mushy hand had grabbed me and wrapped around every inch.

She came right with me when I did blast off, I had been struggling to hold

back as best I could the entire time, guess I did pretty good at that too.

Darn near took the top of my head off, let me tell you!

Sally wasn't as bashful about her tiny breasts around me after that,

especially since I now had picked up on her being sensitive so I spent

extra time to be sure she knew I absolutely delighted in them.

Fact is I did delight in them, too. Plus something about the way her upper

body fit against mine created a suction. We would get all sweaty and I

would move just right and we could make the damndest noises. That would

get us to giggling, sex was fun and sweet and good between us.

Only one thing to do and that was ask her to marry me, I think she was

expecting or maybe hoping because she bawled like a baby, happy.

I was pretty happy, too.

We found a little starter house with one extra bedroom, moved in and

settled down. Sally must have gotten a top grade in Home Economics because

our place was always neat as a pin. I would stumble in from my job at the

dealership, she would come into the bathroom and climb in the shower and

help to scrub the dirt from the day off of me. Those were fun times,

sometimes we would even end up having sex in the shower, too. But most of

the time I would towel off, and by the time I made it to the dining nook

Sally would have dinner ready.

Sometimes I wondered how she always seemed to have everything done, and

everything perfectly timed.

We had been married about 3 years or so, one day I was out in the back

yard talking over the fence to Tom, a tubby guy that lived next door with

his tubby wife. Sally came out to find me, all she had on was one of my

t-shirts. She walked up to the fence to say something to me, then it hit

her what she must look like.

The T-shirt made it obvious that there was nothing under there, Sally

being a bit tall at 5'9" made my t-shirt a bit short on her. It was also

obvious that she was flat as a board, her tight little nipples jabbed at

the soft material. Sally realized that Tom was staring at her bare legs

and the bumps her nipples made, she let out a gasp and darted for the

house.

As she walked quickly away, the T-shirt was riding up in the back giving

Tom and me a nice view of her slightly big but perfect bare behind.

I followed her in a few minutes later, I was hard as a rock, something

about that just yanked my chain. We ended up with one of those way longer

than normal sessions, hell, we went at it three times in a row!

Sally and I talked about most anything pretty good, I told her flat out

that Tom getting a peek had excited me to no end. She said that she was

really shy about her lack of a bust and was afraid men would find her

ugly. It seemed there had been experiences in school, of course the other

girls were mean and made wisecracks, and she had let some boy she was

dating feel her up one time. He had gotten to her tiny breasts and started

laughing.

Pretty damn dumb considering, that had ended his chances of getting any.

In fact, nobody ever got anywhere with Sally until I came along, she told

me. That was news to me, I hadn't really realized or even asked if she was

a virgin. I guess I just assumed she was without thinking about it. Still

there should had some experiences, most gals do before they reach their

early 20's which is how old we were that first time.

But in the relating of some of the things that had happened her upset

really showed, then she started crying which made me feel terrible, too.

The fact is I loved her body and the way it looked, and I told her that.

Then I explained to her that Tom hadn't been staring because he didn't

like what he saw, he was staring because he did!

Somehow just explaining that to her got me going and darned if we didn't

end up going at it again. That was quite a day, I ended up sore and since

I am uncircumsized it was uncomfortable as hell.

Sally knew, too, I came home from work the next day, and after our shower

she got out some kind of lotion and spread it on me. Well, that didn't

exactly help because my reaction was a given. Now the thing was up and

wouldn't go down, so Sally gently took care of that with her hands, an odd

combination of pain and pleasure I had never felt before.

I returned the favor by licking her until she squealed for me to stop.

Sally seemed just a little less bashful after that. One day I looked up

and here she came across the yard, Tom and I were yapping away about the

big Nascar race coming up on TV later.

I was surprised because Sally had on a pair of tight red shorts and a

halter top, nothing really overly sexy or anything, except there was no

bra. Plus the top was on the loose side since she bought them to wear with

her heavy bras, so it tended to gap as she moved. It was obvious to me she

was completely aware of it, she stayed and chatted with us, sometimes

turning to me, then back. I realized that when she turned to look at me

she even swung her shoulders, letting her top gap open. This was giving

poor Tom and me a peek inside for just a moment. She was good at it too,

waving her arms to make a point, which increased the gap even more. Tom

was sneaking glances at her nipples poking out and at her bare legs, Sally

has a set of legs that are pure muscle. In fact, I would bet most models

would trade that part with her in an instant.

We stood out there for almost an hour as Sally put on a show, somehow

making it look like she was unaware. I developed a serious boner, sneaked

a glance at Tom who was doing his best to look but not appear to be

looking.

I knew damn good and well she was aware, that got me all fussed up again,

I even missed the first half of the big race. I realized I really liked

her looking sexy instead of hiding in those big heavy padded bras she

normally wore.

Sally realized it too, and became even more sexy around the house. Then

one day a couple of salesmen showed up, I got home as they were

demonstrating a cleaning machine Sally wanted. That time Sally didn't even

realize just how much she was showing, she was intent on the machine. By

the time it hit her, it was too late, both of them men had good looks at

her most intimate private parts.

She blushed and popped me on the shoulder after they left, acting mildly

cranky that I had sat there watching her show off her pussy and nipples in

spectacular fashion and said nothing. Heck, I was enjoying the hell out of

it and I told her so.

Sally looked at me with an odd expression.

"You won't think I am slutty?"

"Naw, I like you slutty."

That got me bonked again.

"Maybe I will just show off your pecker to the neighbor ladies!" she

laughed, taking another half hearted swipe at me.

"OK!" I said with a big grin. At that, we were at it again, I bounced her

all over the living room.

It was the next Wednesday night that I got an idea. I take off after

dinner for a hour's workout at a local gym, usually just a fast run on the

treadmill and some weights work. The gym is co-ed, and there is a massage

room in the back run by Kevin, one of the owners. Normally he is rubbing

pulled muscles that some of the apes get from lifting more than they

should, but on weekends he takes clients, mostly men but some female.

Kevin was a nice looking guy in his late 20's, well built and on the

slender side. I knew he was straight because he had this lady bodybuilder

he dated, we all called her Dot. She had arms like trash cans but she was

kind of cute, well, if you like the broad shoulders and overmuscled look.

I had gotten a glimpse at her once on his table, I was on the way to the

showers which meant I passed right by the slat border he placed to

seperate the little alcove from the rest of the room and form a hallway to

the showers. There were a few small gaps unless he had it set just right,

and I think he had gotten to more or less ignore it since usually it was

just men in there when he was doing a massage. Dot was lying on her back,

nude except for the tiny thong she usually wore, and she was as

flat-chested as Sally was. Her breasts were solid muscle, she had very

large fat nipples. I just went on by after about 15 minutes, took my

shower and left.

Anyway, I asked him one evening what his rates were, he told me, but

mentioned that if I needed rubbed out it was part of the gym dues. I told

him I wanted it for my wife, Sally. He nodded, saying he worked on women

and I shouldn't worry because he used careful draping. I grinned and told

him I didn't think that would be too necessary, he got an odd look on his

face but just smiled.

The idea got me all excited, it's one thing to know someone got an illicit

peek, another to think of Sally lying there nearly naked getting a

massage.

That night I mentioned to Sally how good Kevin was, testing her reaction.

She didn't really say anything. Then I suggested she go with me to the gym

on Saturday.

"Why?"

"Oh, a workout feels good, afterwards you can get a nice hot shower and

maybe a massage?

"A massage?"

"Yea, he is really good."

"How do you know?"

"I... uhhh... everyone says so... "

"What does he do?" her eyes were knowing now.

"Oh, you know. He rubs your legs, fanny, your arms, back."

"Front?" she was laughing at me now.

"Uh, yea, probably."

"You just want him to see my titties."

I blushed at that for some reason.

"Well, no... Yea... I mean... "

"I'll go, we'll see." She reached out and grabbed the front of my pants,

there was no hiding my reaction.

Saturday we arrived at the gym before noon. There were a few of the usual

goons hanging around. They paid little attention to Sally and I until she

slipped off her sweatsuit to reveal a form fitting body stocking. The

thing was black, sleeveless and might as well have been painted on.

There was a rule about the guys ogling the women customers but they all

pretty much ignored it. Sally mildly blushed at the few quiet

wolf-whistles, then she hopped on one of the stationary bikes. Of course

she had no need for that exercise since she rode her bike all the time but

it was familiar to her. Then she did some treadmill work and a few light

presses on the weight bars.

Kevin came in so I introduced him to her.

"Oh, you are my 1:00 appointment?"

Sally shot me a look, I hadn't mentioned that I had made the booking.

"Well, I guess I am." she said finally, then went back to working the

bars.

"Just grab a shower and head on back when you are ready, I have the room

set up.", he told her, then wandered off to do some spotting for the

goons.

I was doing some light presses when Sally stopped, wiped off some sweat

with a towel, and headed for the shower. The showers were down the same

hall, men on one side and women the other, Sally had to come back out into

the main room, walk down the length of the cubicule, and step around the

other end to go into the massage area. Kevin had that woven slat screen up

on the hallway side for privacy, a curtain facing the entry side, and he

had built a wall down the front and other end about 8' tall.

I waited, she came out in a few minutes, a large towel wrapped around her,

her bodysuit draped over her arm. She flashed me a grin, walked slowly

down to the curtain and went in. Kevin followed along in a few minutes, I

noticed he knocked first before going in.

I waited a good 15 minutes, then headed for the showers. I knew no one was

in there, so I paused at the slats, peeking in. Sally was lying on her

stomach with her head towards me, a small towel over her fanny, Kevin was

working her legs. I stayed as long as I dared but I was afraid someone

would come in to use the shower so I reluctantly went in and rinsed off.

I dressed quickly, hurried back out into the hall. I peeked around the

corner into the main room, just 3 guys were in there, all busy lifting

huge weights. I went back and peeked again through the slats, Sally was

now on her back and bare to the waist, Kevin was working her upper body

and chest firmly. I could see she had her eyes closed.

I was so engrossed in watching Kevin rub Sally's little bare titties that

I completely missed someone coming around the corner.

It was Dot.

I looked up, reddening at having been caught. She had a big silly grin on

her face, standing there with her hands on her hips.

"Whatcha doing?" she asked. It was almost a laugh.

"Nothing." I managed to stammer.

Dot stepped up and peeked in through the tiny gap, then she looked at me,

still grinning at my embarrassment.

"Like that stuff, huh, Big boy?"

I just stood there mortified. Then she reached down and dragged her

fingers across the front of my groin, grinned even bigger. I had no way to

hide my hardness, she had me cold.

"Carry on!" She gave a little toss of her hair and went into the women's

shower, leaving me standing there in a bit of shock at having been busted.

I did sneak another peek into the massage room, Kevin was working on

Sally's sides by then, so I went on out into the main room to wait.

Dot came out about 10 minutes later, smiled knowingly at me as I blushed

again. Then she went over to help one of the guys that was still working

out change some weights.

Kevin came out and went into his office, Sally had her bodysuit back on

when she came out. She spotted me and we headed off to the car.

I was still feeling a little flushed at having been caught, and Sally just

sat there quiet all the way home.

But finally I couldn't stand it.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, what?"

"How was he?"

"Oh, pretty good."

This was driving me nuts.

"Well, what did he do?"

"Just a massage, silly."

"Yea, but... I mean."

"Oh, you want to know if he saw my titties?"

"Yea... " I answered, already knowing.

"Well, he didn't drape my chest, if that's what you want to know."

"Oh... anything... else?"

"He did drape my bottom."

"Did he peek?"

"At my bottom? Oh, I am sure. The towel got pretty high when I was on my

tummy." Sally was enjoying this now.

"High? How high?"

"Well, he flipped it up off my fanny when he was rubbing my cheeks."

"Oh." Sally almost can't hide anything between her legs.

"Then he stretched my legs, first up, then out pretty wide."

"Oh, he did peek then."

"I don't see how he could miss." she was smiling very big now, having an

idea of what was coming.

We made it inside the house but just barely, I was shoving myself inside

her when I asked her.

"What about when you were on your back?"

"He saw it all, he was hard too, I could tell."

Sally was panting now, thrusting at me, those big legs of hers moving us

both.

"How are you sure?"

"He stretched my knees clear up to my chest, he even swung them out to the

side. I peeked at him and he was staring."

She was gasping in excitement, that set me off, Sally too.

Later I asked her if he did anything else.

"You mean, touch me? No, but he got real close."

The sight of her laying there combined with the fantasy of what I hadn't

been able to see kept me turned on for weeks. All I had to do was think

about it and I got hot, Sally knew of course and seemed to enjoy my

reactions.

One day I was at the gym, I got finished and hit the showers. It was a

slow evening, Kevin and Dot were in the office, and the one guy that had

been using the treadmill left early. I was rinsing off the soap when I

sensed something, I looked over my shoulder and Dot was standing there

grinning at me.

Well, she wasn't supposed to be in the men's showers, that caught me by

surprise.

"Hey!" I yelled, trying to cover my crotch.

"Oh, relax, I have seen those things before."

Then she stepped up and reached out, of course I instantly started to

erect.

"Hmmmm... " Dot dropped to her knees.

I backed right up against the wall.

"What's the matter?"

"I... Kevin is... I can't."

"Kevin knows, he sent me in here."

At that she scooted forward, still on her knees, leaned down and took me

into her mouth.

"Don't!" I complained.

Hell, this woman was bigger than me, stronger than me, and she was sucking

on me and my body was responding against my will.

I was feeling almost raped.

I was trying to squirm, get away, do something. I was afraid to try and

fucking smack her one, odds were high she might just bust my ass! No

matter how hard I tried to move sideways, get her to stop, I couldn't. She

had one hand on each side of my butt and I was going nowhere.

Plus she was sucking on me like there was no tomorrow and I was losing it,

in fact I did, I just couldn't keep from it.

Dot didn't even stop or let go until I was limp as a noodle, then she

stood up and gave me a big grin.

"How was that?" she asked, the spray from the shower still soaking us

both.

"I... it was... I... uhh... fine." I lied, just wishing she would leave.

Mercifully, she did. I dried off, got dressed and got the hell out of

there.

I was in full panic mode on the way home, what was I going to say to

Sally?

"Hi, honey, I just got attacked and blown in the showers at the club

against my will, what do you think about that?" Yeah, sure. That will make

like the proverbial lead balloon.

I was going to get killed, divorced, kicked out. My life was over. I even

thought of calling the cops but I knew damn good and well they would just

fucking laugh at me.

I decided the best course of action was to do what any redblooded American

male would do in this situation, lie through my teeth. Then as I drove

into my driveway I started this hysterical laughing, I couldn't stop. It

wasn't from this all being funny, it was from her scaring the shit out of

me.

I had been handled and abused by a woman, for God's sakes. I felt like a

damn wimp.

"How was the workout, hon?" Sally greeted me as I finally calmed down and

went outside. I didn't say much, just grunted, went and got me a cold

beer. That seemed to help.

"I heard you drive up, what were you doing out there?"

"Oh, listening to the car, I thought I heard a noise."

"I hope nothing's wrong, we just got it paid for. Here, I made some

popcorn."

She set down a heaping bowl of hot popcorn, then snuggled up next to me on

the couch, running her hand up my leg which made me jump. Sally gave me a

funny look.

"That tickled." I quickly lied, covering up my reaction.

Later, I hopped in the shower before bed, getting another strange look

from Sally, she knew I always showered at the club.

The club. I sure as hell couldn't go back there, and if I didn't Sally

would want to know why and I didn't have an answer.

I figured that Dot had told Kevin about catching me peeking, and figured

since I was getting my jollies from him massaging Sally that they would

take it to the next level.

Well, what was that... just... harmless fun? I was wondering what the hell

was wrong with me, the whole thing seemed to be my fault.

Sally and I were faithful to each other, the flashing and things like that

were just kicks. Stuff that got me, both of us I guess, excited.

I was feeling guilty, ashamed. I have to admit I was also embarrassed, I

had felt helpless. Sure, most guys would think "cool!" and forget it, I

didn't. It bothered me.

Of course the 2nd week that I skipped the club workout sessions Sally was

curious, then asking questions.

At first I tried shrugging it off, like that would work, she knew me too

well.

Finally she cornered me, I just told her what had happened, the truth.

Sally sat quietly as I explained, I even told her I felt... well... like a

wimp, because Dot was so much stronger than me.

"That bitch! That motherfucking CUNT! That slimy goddammed whore, I will

kick her fucking ASS!" Sally almost exploded.

"Sally... "

"Come on!" Sally headed for the car, furious.

"Sally... " I was thinking of Dot, around 40 pounds heavier than her. I

was also thinking about the fact that all Sally had on was a tiny short

skirt and a light blouse, nothing underneath. Nice around the house but

out in public...?

"COME ON!"

Sighing, I followed along, meekly. I didn't know what to expect, I would

have climbed under something if I could.

We got to the club, Sally stormed in, me following along behind. Dot was

over by the weight racks, her body was slick with sweat. She had obviously

been working out hard.

Sally walked up to her, said something I didn't catch. Dot got a mad look

on her face and said something back. Then Sally popped her right in the

face.

I was floored, Sally threw a right hand that would put Tyson to shame, Dot

went down on her back like a ton of bricks. Then it looked like one of

those cartoon fights, arms and legs flying all over the place as they went

at it.

Kevin came out of the office to see what the racket was, there was a

couple of regulars there that just stopped to watch.

It was amazing, first Sally was on top, then Dot. They we flailing away at

each other like maniacs. Dot had on her usual tiny thong and halter, they

were both using their legs to try and get the upper hand. There was no

time to be concerned about modesty. Sally's tiny skirt did nothing to

cover her up, all of us were getting clear shots of her bare snatch as she

splayed out her legs, straining to move the larger woman. Plus that damned

loose top she wore wasn't staying in place either.

Neither one of them gave a damn, they were in a fight!

Dot managed to get to her feet and get Sally in a bear hug, I figured that

was the end but forgot about Sally's one best asset. Those legs, years of

riding her bike gave her legs and hip muscles that even Dot couldn't

match. Down they went in a heap again as she hooked one of Dot's legs at

the knee and pushed. This put her straddling Dot, the tiny skirt was up

and over Sally's ass, her bare beaver sticking out for all to see.

Sally didn't give a damn, she was mad.

Plus Dot's tiny top broke, it fell away from her chest, she tried to reach

for it to pull it back but Sally was on top and swinging away wildly.

Finally Dot just pulled her arms over her head to protect herself from the

swings, and gave up.

Sally stopped, sitting on top of Dot.

"You ever touch my man again and I will bust your ass even more, cunt!"

Then she got up, pulled on her skirt and straightened her top like that

did anything to cover her up. Dot just lay there exhausted, holding the

wisp of cloth against her chest.

"Come on, let's go."

I followed along behind, no idea at all what to say. Sally had handled Dot

easily. I suddenly was looking at my Sally in a new light.

We got home, I plopped down on the couch. Sally brought in some drinks and

sat down beside me, cuddled up nice and tight.

I had to ask.

"How in the hell did you handle her so easily, she is at least 40 pounds

bigger?"

"You know I have two older brothers?"

"Oh."

The next Wednesday I was sitting in the living room.

"Hey, aren't you going to the club?"

"I don't think that that is a good idea."

"Why not? You pay for it."

"I don't want... there might be trouble?"

"There won't be. Do you want me to go with you?"

So we went, we just walked in like everything was normal, like nothing had

happened. It got quiet for a bit, but when all we did was start using the

equipment, they seemed to relax.

The goons even stared at Sally as she worked out, again in the sexy little

body suit.

Then Dot asked Sally to spot her on the bench press, she was a little

hesitant but Sally said "Sure!"

I was surprised at that, but I just stayed on treadmill and watched.

I have to admit it is fun to watch Dot when she is on the press because

she wears a tiny little thong and when she is straining with the lift,

well, it is quite a sight. She knows it of course, all the guys slow down

to watch. Good for business, I guess.

The fuss seemed to be settled, it was look but don't touch.

We were in the car heading home, Sally was snuggled right up next to me

like always.

"I could use another massage." she piped up with.

"Massage? From Kevin?"

"No, let's find someone else, have them out to the house."

I grinned at her.

"Do I get to watch?

"That's the whole idea!"

The thought of that made me start to erect, Sally knew that and had me

ready to go by the time we made it home.

Later, we got on the computer and did some searches, found a website that

had a list of therapists, styles, even photos. Sally selected one, I

looked at the picture, his name was Jeremy, he was in his 30's and

reasonably good looking. She asked me what I thought, I told her fine with

me, give him a call.

I listened in the next day as she called the number.

"Yes, here at our home if possible."

"$60.00 sounds about right."

"May my husband be present?"

"Good. No, I am not overly modest. Draping is up to you."

"Good. See you tonight!"

Sally hung up, grinned at me.

"He will be here at 8."

Sally was wearing those little red shorts and matching halter top when the

doorbell rang. She answered, Jeremy came in lugging a big massage table,

with a night bag draped over his shoulder.

He set the table up in our living room, we pulled the couch back some to

make room. Then he covered the table with a big soft sheepskin, put a

small pillow on one end. I noticed he didn't put a top sheet on the table.

"All ready!" he announced. Then he went over and sat in one of our chairs,

reaching into the night bag and producing a small bottle of some kind of

oil.

I watched as Sally hesitated, I think she expected him to leave the room.

Jeremy seemed confident, I think he had done this before many times.

"We will start out face down." he told her.

Sally looked at me sitting beside her grinning, then she stood up and

reached for the catch on her shorts. She slipped them down her legs as

Jeremy and I watched. She took a deep breath, undid the halter top and

slid it off, standing there naked as she dropped the clothes on the couch

beside me. She walked the few steps to the table, hopped on, her head was

facing away from me. It was funny and exciting, her face was a little

pink.

Jeremy just started in on her back, working the shoulders and arms in long

slow sweeps. Every few minutes he reached for his bottle of oil, wetting

his hands and setting the bottle back in a little case he had around his

waist.

I just sat there and watched, I was expecting it to be amazingly exciting

but instead it was just interesting. His hands seemed to flow over her

body, in no time he had her practically purring.

When he got to her legs, he did both calves first, even her feet. Then he

began to work up her thighs, stopping inches each time from her vagina,

letting his fingers trail up and over her fanny. He repeated the motion

over and over, then stepped to the other side and did it again.

Sally seemed to flatten out and sink into the table, I could tell that she

liked this.

Then Jeremy grasped one foot, lifted her leg and shook it lightly, and

swung it out to the side and back. Of course this made Sally's pussy pop

open, I looked up at Jeremy and he was staring intently between Sally's

legs. He spent a good 5 minutes doing that, then he did the same with the

other leg.

Sally swells up when she is excited, and she was as swollen as she ever

gets. I was now swollen up, too.

Jeremy had Sally turn over, she didn't hesitate, just flipped over on her

back. He went to the head of the table, and began to work her chest. His

fingers splayed out as his hands went down and over her nipples, each

stroke trapped Sally's tiny buttons, then they slid under his palms. They

seemed to grow and get longer with each stroke.

I was having some trouble controlling myself at this point, the scene was

completely erotic.

Then Jeremy started on her legs. He lifted Sally's right leg at the knee

and pushed it up, then out to the side. Then he stroked the inside of her

leg from the knee to her crotch, stopping barely short of touching her

most intimate place with each motion.

Sally was starting to squirm now, surprising me somewhat. Her hips seemed

to turn towards his fingers, like she was trying to get him to touch her.

But then he stopped, and moved to the opposite side.

Again, he lifted her left leg, swung it out to the side, and began to run

his left hand all the way up. I could see clearly, his fingers actually

touched her labia barely, each time as he started to get close Sally would

move her hips in that thrusting motion. She seemed to be getting

frustrated.

Then she opened her eyes and looked at me. I saw the question, I just

nodded. I knew what was coming, it was all right somehow.

Sally looked up at Jeremy.

"Please?" was all she said.

He smiled, on the next stroke he let his fingers go higher, reaching her.

He stopped, his fingers pressing against the swollen mass of flesh between

her legs. Sally let out a moan.

Then Jeremy began to stroke her gently the length of her slit, it was just

moments before her hips came up off the table and she had a crashing

orgasm. He didn't stop, and she built to another that seemed even stronger

than the last. As her body shuddered on the way back down, Jeremy used

long strokes up and over her legs and stomach, then he was done.

There was almost no conversation the whole time, Sally finally got up and

reached for a big towel, wrapping it around herself. She had a sheepish

look on her face.

Somehow I didn't mind that things had gone farther than we planned,

watching her in pleasure was a beautiful thing to see. I paid Jeremy and

he left, saying "Thanks!" on the way out.

Sally came over and snuggled up against me.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean... that got away from me... "

"It's all right, it was fun to watch." I told her as I slid the towel down

and nibbled at her breasts. She tasted oily and a little like olives, I

thought.

"Well, fair is fair. Next time, let's hire a female."

"You want a woman to massage you?" I asked her.

"No, silly. It's for you, it will be your turn."

I laughed.

"You just want to show off my pecker, don't you?"

Sally giggled.

"Yea, and I want to watch her rub your balls and pull on your cute pecker

and see what happens."

We both roared with laughter, as I pushed her back on the couch. Her legs

opened, greedily, and I pressed inside, I was hard as a rock.

"I can hardly wait!" I told her.