McIan Ch. 01

by Wayne McIan Â©

I met Jules almost 7 years ago at Church. I can still see those early days

as clearly as if they happened last night.

One Saturday evening, I decided that I would go to Church instead of my

usual Sunday morning ritual. As luck would have it, I arrived about 10

minutes after services started. I could hear the organ just start playing

the second hymn as I walked up to the entrance. I am very happy that I

decided to quietly enter and sit at the back of the Chapel.

As this was the first time attending the Saturday Evening Service, I was

shocked to see how few people were in attendance. Saint Michael's is

designed to hold up to about 500 people and there were only about 50

occupying that space this evening. I had noticed the collection box at the

back of the Chapel upon entering and correctly surmised that there would

not be the usual collection during the service.

While looking around at those in attendance, I noticed that in the middle

of the left pew, on the same back row as myself, sat a woman. Something

did not look exactly right as I glanced her way. It took a couple of

glances until I figured it out. She was not sitting on her maroon skirt,

but it was splayed around her, as if she had lifted the back and sides up

and sat directly on the pew. It appeared that her purse was resting behind

her on her skirt.

I was wondering why she was sitting that way, and trying not to be so

obvious about my looking, when I heard the pastor say, "Let us pray." She

quickly folded down the kneeling bar and slid forward to kneel in prayer.

I damn near dropped my kneeling bar as I saw her skirt stick to the pew,

being held in place by her purse, and slide up her legs until it had

exposed her up to about her bellybutton. It looked like she had slid out

of the bottom of her skirt.

As she settled into place, she had spread her legs and dropped her right

hand down to her lower belly to lightly rub side to side. I was trying to

not stare or make any noise that would have alerted her to the fact that I

could see that she was not wearing anything under her skirt.

She rubbed from her belly to the front of her right thigh. She slowly and

smoothly ran her hand around to her bottom and then back around to her

tummy. She was tanned, without any lines. Her hand moved from her belly to

her pussy as it looked like, from my point of view, that she was

attempting to get herself off during prayer. Too soon, the prayer ended

and she slid back up onto the pew, pulling the skirt over her knees during

the process.

Even though I am a voyeur and an exhibitionist, I was stunned by the

boldness of this lady. I have cum in cars, planes, trains, movie theaters,

and concerts, I had never thought about getting off in church. Pretty soon

it was time for the second prayer of the traditional three, being usually

about twice as long as the first. Just like before, she slid forward

exposing herself again. This time, she went straight to her pussy and

started really working herself up towards an orgasm.

We all stood up to sing a hymn and she lifted the front of her skirt up to

continue to play with herself. She was swaying slightly and moving her

hips in rhythm to her stroking. I think that she was almost there when we

all sat back down for the sermon. She leaned slightly backward and raised

her skirt to give herself full access to her snatch. She continued to

stroke her clit; at least that is what it looked like from about 40 feet

away.

Back down to our knees for the final prayer and she re-doubled her

efforts. She was really working herself over when she started to shake. A

couple of spasms, her mouth hanging open, appearing to try to keep quite

while going through an orgasm, and she went slightly limp; resting on her

left arm on the top of the pew in front of her.

Time to stand and sing the closing hymn. She finally glances my way and

gives me a slight smile and smoothes out her skirt, which now rests

mid-way between her knees and ankles. She deftly picks up her purse and

quickly walks out the far side of the pew and is gone. I am left standing

there with a hard on that I could break rocks with and a vow that I must

come to Saturday Night Service again.

The next time I saw her was the next Saturday night. Again I came in late,

however this time it was on purpose. I sat down in the far left pews, the

short ones next to the wall, as soon as the song was over. This put me

about 20 feet from the mystery woman. This night she was wearing a long

dress, and she was sitting on it. I thought, "Well, I guess it was a one

shot deal."

I looked over towards her and saw her reach behind and pull on the bow on

the back of her dress. She then took the material used as the tie and

brought them around towards the front of the dress and let them fall to

the sides. Most amazingly, her arm disappeared under the material at her

side and soon brought a string of material from inside her dress out into

the open, and again let it drop by her side.

As we kneeled in prayer, I looked over and was surprised to see skin from

her knees to just under her arms showing through the side of the dress.

The dress appeared to be like a tunic, or more like a poncho. The fabric

from the back is secured in the front, under the front piece. The front is

secured in the back and makes the dress appear like the dresses that women

wear that have the tie in the back to take up the extra fabric that makes

the dress very full and flowing.

The dress was hanging loosely and from my position, I could see her right

hand working on her pussy. I had actually prepared for this possibility

and had worn my button-up jeans without a belt. I worked the buttons on my

pants and soon had my cock in hand. I am an exhibitionist and have stroked

off, or made love, in many different places before, but never in a church.

I soon had a good rhythm going. My mind must have wondered because I was

startled when I realized that everyone else was already re-seated.

I pulled my pants back together and slid back up onto the pew. When I

looked at my mystery woman, she had the front of the dress draped over her

right leg, which left her entire left side exposed to me from her high

heels to the swell of her breast. Her right hand was almost a blur as she

worked on bringing herself to a climax. Now it was back down for our

second prayer, and I watched as she cupped her breast under the dress. I

was stroking myself and not thinking about the sequence of the service,

when the music started and we are all supposed to stand and sing. I

quickly pull my pants together and button the top button.

There I am standing in a church service with my 7" of meat sticking out of

my pants and singing a hymn. Talk about getting all mixed up. Now we all

sit down and I start to worry if the Pastor can see my flagging cock

hanging out of my pants or suspects what is going on in the back of his

church. Mystery woman is going for broke, never once looking my way.

Looking at her, my cock returns to life and demands that I take care of

the desire that is burning within.

We slide forward for the final prayer and I am getting close to cumming. I

drop my pants down my thighs and really stoke my hard meat while watching

her start to shake. I am also getting really close too when she looks over

towards me. She immediately stops in mid-stoke as I start to shoot my jism

under the pew in front of me. It looks like she is silently screaming as

her mouth and eyes open up wide. She stays in that position for about 10

more seconds and then sumps against her arm.

As the music starts to play, she brings the back ties under the front of

the dress and then ties the back before standing up. She doesn't look my

way, but picks up her purse and goes out the middle aisle. "Shit", I

think. As I stand up on rubbery legs. It takes a few more moments before I

can leave, as I need to finish buttoning up before I go too far.

The rest of that week, I worried every time the phone or doorbell rang.

Was it the Pastor or the Police wanting to talk to me about jacking off in

the church and frightening Mrs. Jones? It never was, but I thought that I

should go back and maybe apologize to her for scaring her so badly. It

seemed like Saturday evening was here in a flash, unlike the previous

week, which must have been 10 days long.

I arrived early to have a chance to talk to her. However, she never

showed. I felt so stupid. I went and ruined a good thing. How often can a

guy watch a beautiful woman masturbate in church? A once in a life time

opportunity, and I had to louse it up by pounding my pud. Well, at least I

found a time to attend church that left me time on Sunday to go hiking and

do some of the other things I like to do, without feeling guilty about not

being in church on Sunday.

The following Saturday, the Church is blessing the Kilts (Kirking the

Kilts), and being full-blooded Scot, I wore mine to church. It was

drizzling outside and there was a chill in the air, so I felt comfortable

in my 16-ounce wool. I arrived about 10 minutes before services started to

talk to some of the others that were also wearing their kilts, and then

sat in the back, left side. Just before the music started, she walked in

wearing a London Fog and carrying an umbrella. She looked my way before

moving to her usual spot, just 20 feet away.

We sang the first hymn and then sat down to hear the bulletins. Then it

was time to stand and "greet each other". She stood and moved over to my

pew and stuck out her hand and said, "My name is Jules". "Wayne", I said,

as I looked into the prettiest green eyes I have ever seen.

Jules stands 5'2"and weighs just 103 pounds with green eyes and russet

colored hair. I now know that she keep her figure by hiking, swimming,

aerobics, and a variety of other activities that I also really enjoy.

However, I digress.

We sang the second song and then sat down for the scripture reading. Jules

ask if it was true about what men wear under their kilts. I told her that

she would just have to wait to see if it was true. At that, Jules undid

the belt of her London Fog and dropped it from her shoulders. She was

wearing a silk blouse, thigh-high stockings and high heels. That was it.

She took my hand and just held it while we listened to the last of the

readings. I moved the kneeling bar into place as we dropped to our knees,

when the pastor called us to pray.

Jules placed my hand on her ass as we bowed our heads to look at what we

were doing. As I had removed my sporran while sitting, Jules just ran her

hand up the inside of my right thigh until she reached my balls. As I

rubbed the smoothest ass I have ever felt, she lifted the front of my

kilts and tucked the aprons into my belt, exposing me fully. She asked me

to stroke myself while she rubbed her pussy.

We played for the rest of the prayer. When we stood to sing, I put my hand

on her ass as she lightly tickled my balls. At that time, I didn't even

think or worry about possibly being exposed to anyone else. We sat down,

and Jules took my hand and placed it on her cunt. It was so smooth and the

folds of her twat were very wet. As I played with her pussy and strummed

her clit, Jules took to stroking my meat.

Down we go for the second prayer and Jules is back to playing with herself

with me stroking away. She asks me to tell her when I am ready to cum and

it is time to stand for the song and then sit for the sermon. Jules has me

trying not to grunt as she returns to stroking me with her sitting on my

hand as two of my fingers are buried in her cunt. Down we go for the last

prayer and we switch to me stroking my cock and her with half her hand

stuffed in her very wet box.

I am almost there when I tell her in a hoarse whisper that I am ready to

cum. She bends down and takes my tool in her gorgeous mouth while I wet my

thumb in her pussy and drive my thumb up her ass and slide three fingers

into her cunt. She bucks and grunts as I start to cum. She suddenly goes

rigid and twitches. I feel like my fingers are going to get crushed and it

is hard to keep my thumb up her ass as she is trying to push it out. She

still has my cock in her mouth and continues to twitch as the music starts

to play.

We only have about 30 seconds before the first person leaving will get

close enough to see what is going on. I help her to a standing position

and taking her London Fog, I drape it over her shoulders and hug her to

me. My cock is up against her belly and continues to ooze my juices. I

pick her up slightly and place her feet on the kneeling bar. She rouses

enough to slide her arms into the sleeves of her coat as I slide my cock

between her legs, up against her very wet cunt. She lets out a very soft

mew as I slide against her extended clit. Reaching inside her coat, I grab

her ass cheeks and she lays her head on my shoulder and hugs me back.

I continue slow thrusts as most of the congregation shuffles out. She

licks her lips and smiles a very dreamy smile. She thanks me for a

wonderful evening. I ask her if she is OK and she shakes her head yes. I

move away from her to get my cloak, Jules quickly looks around and then

bends downs and cleans my dick of all the mingles juices. I flip down the

aprons of my kilts and re-attach my sporran as we start walking out of the

church.

I ask her if she would like to go get something to eat or drink. She says

that she can't, that she has another commitment that evening, but would

love to take me up on the offer next Saturday night after church. As I

close her car door, seeing her open up her coat for me to see her body,

she asks me to wear something easy to get out of next Saturday.

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McIan Ch. 02

by Wayne McIan Â©

Man, I hate it when you are looking forward to something and it seems like

it will never get here. Just like being a kid and waiting for Christmas

... it seems like the 24th will NEVER arrive. Then, when it does, the day

can't go fast enough. That is how this last week had been. By the time

Saturday finally showed up, every clock must have slowed down to half

time. Things that I did to "waste" the time away, took only minutes to

finish. The day turned out to be warm and I was able to get all of the

yard work done that I had been promising myself that I would do; and I

even replaced the tubes on the twin's bikes, as both of the girls had

flats.

FINALLY, it was time to go. I chose a simple polo shirt, dark Colombia

hiking shorts, and my Hi-Tek sandals. She did say something about wearing

something that I could get out of easily! Every light to St. Michael's was

green, so I arrived better than 5 minutes early. Not wanting to appear too

eager, I drove around the block before parking towards the far end of the

lot. I took my time getting into the chapel and took up my now "usual"

spot in the back left of the church. Jules was not there, and I was

nervous that she would and that she wouldn't show up.

"Scoot over" was her whispered announcement that she had arrived, as I

didn't see her because I was looking at the program while trying not to

appear like I was just waiting for her to show up. She had on a simple

strapless yellow sundress with a matching sweater hung over her arm. The

pair of yellow flip-flops on her feet completed the sunny look. The bottom

of the dress flared outward with a top that appeared to have only two

elastic bands holding it up. The bottom band rested just below her breasts

with the top one looking like it was doing the best it could to not slip

over her firm looking tits, as it was barely holding on from being

slightly stretched out. She was wearing an enigmatic smile and her eyes

"twinkled" as she motioned for me to move over, close to the wall. That

twinkle, that I have grown to know quite well, shows up when she is in a

very playful mood. Taking her sweater from her arm, she draped it over the

pew in front of us and bunched up her dress as she sat down, bare-bottomed

on the pew. Almost as soon as she sat down, the first hymn started playing

and we stood up. She looked me over and again that smile surfaced and

those eyes sparkled almost like emerald gems.

I was wondering what exactly she was thinking, when she picked up the

sweater and put it on, buttoning it down to the last two buttons. I

started thinking that the fun times at the back of the church is over when

she dropped her hands down by her sides and gently started tugging on the

sides of the dress. The dress started dropping down her body until the

bottom of the two elastic bands appeared and stuck to her hips.

As the bulletin was being read, she reached down and lowered the kneeling

bar into place and looked over at me and passed me a note, then looked

forward towards the pulpit. That was odd I thought. I opened the note and

while reading it, I had to swallow hard. She wanted me to take off my

clothes and to lie down on the kneeling bar in front of her. She looked at

me and raised one eyebrow, silently asking me if I would do it. As I just

nodded my head yes and tried to swallow with a rapidly drying mouth. She

started unbuttoning the sweater, but held it closed as the music started.

She stood up and the dress slid down, once again revealing those smooth

and tanned legs. I kicked off my sandals and unbuttoned and dropped the

zipper on my shorts. Already my dick was getting hard as I slid down to

the bar and pulled my polo shirt over my head. As I moved along the bar, I

shed my shorts and placed them, and my shirt under the pew.

I positioned myself directly in front of Jules, as least my face was.

Jules looked down and just shook her head no. I misunderstood her and

thought that she did not want me there. As I started to scoot back, she

placed a foot on my chest and indicated with a push that she wanted me to

move further up. Now I was rock hard, and Jules kept glancing down at me.

She opened her right hand, as her left one was holding her sweater closed,

and a condom foil landed on my stomach. I quickly open the pouch and

unrolled the sheath over my 7" and heard the Pastor bring us to prayer.

Jules sat down and picked up her dress and set it on the pew beside her.

She then placed her feet between me and the pew in front of us, and slid

forward, off the pew, unto my meat. She shrugged the sweater off of her

shoulders and placed it over the pew in front of her. I have had sex in

some off-the-wall places before with several women in my life, but nothing

like this. I slid easily into Jules due to her cunt being soaked with her

juices, but she did not move, at least not what could be visible. Here I

was, completely naked in church, with this incredible woman sitting on me,

who was equally as naked and milking my dick with her cunt muscles.

Milking is the only word that comes to mind, pardon the pun. She was

watching me as she contracted and released her twat in a continual motion.

When I reached up and cupped her right breast, she closed her eyes as her

hot and wet hole contracted hard on me and then rippled, as Jules gave a

little shutter with a soft exhaling of her breath. Damn, I thought, I just

made her cum.

She grabbed her sweater and put it back on while she twisted and slid on

my cock. With one last squeeze of her twat, she slid back up onto the pew,

holding that sweater closed with her left hand again. Leaving her left leg

in place, she brought the right one back between the kneeling bar and her

pew. Jules twisted slightly to her right, opening up her wet snatch to my

view and slowly scratched the itch her extended clit must have had. I felt

like a man dying of thirst in the desert and seeing an oasis at the bottom

of a dune.

I slid down a little and placed my head between those beautiful thighs and

started lapping up the juices that coated her lips. Jules leaned forward

onto the back of the pew in front of her and slid to the edge of the pew,

giving me complete access to her honeyed pot. She let the sweater open up

and I took advantage of the position by kissing her pubic mound and lower

stomach, not daring to go any higher, as my head might be seen. She

reached down with her left hand and started stroking my hard meat as I

returned to suck on her clit. It was awkward, but I was able to stick a

thumb into her hole as I continued to eat this delectable woman. She

shuttered once more and started to close her thighs as she leaned back,

pulling that yellow sweater closed once more. I was confused for a moment,

until she stood for the song.

As the congregation sang the hymn, I repositioned myself to a sitting

position, which was hard as the holder for the hymnals was pressing

against my upper back. Jules had a questioning look on her face, until she

could see what I was up to. With my legs pointed towards the back of the

church, Jules was able to sit down on me during the next prayer session

with both of her legs on the outside of my hips. With my cock now buried

deep in her hot center of pleasure, I started thrusting up into her. By

twisting my head to the right, I started sucking her left tit like my life

depended on it. I could hear her breathing in a labored manner. When I

looked up, her nostrils were flaring as she tried to stay quite. After

about one more minute, she sat down on me hard and mashed my head to her

tit. Her cunt was squeezing me so hard, I thought that someone had grabbed

my cock. She bucked her hips forward several times when I felt her fingers

reach her clit and stroke. At that point, I felt that incredible milking

action deep in Jules cunt and I emptied my nuts into the condom. I

released her tit from my suction cup of a mouth and she looked down at me

with a very dreamy look on her face. With my hands on her ass, I shoved my

dick into her a couple of more times and felt myself squirt again.

As she got back up from the prayer, she reached over and retrieved her

dress, which had slid onto the floor and slid it over her feet. I move

back down towards the wall and slid my polo shirt back on. Jules buttoned

that yellow sweater down again to the last two buttons and fished in her

purse and handed me some kleenix. After I took off the well-used condom,

she sat through the sermon holding my hand and resting her head on my

shoulder with our naked thighs pressing against each other. As we went

down for the final prayer, she pulled up her dress and I was able to put

my Colombia's back on.

I walked her back to her car, and as we stood there smiling like a couple

of teenagers, she asked me where we were going to for dinner. I suggested

that she follow me to one of my favorite places, the Sunrise CafÃ© on 43rd.

I went to give her a light kiss, and she decided that I needed much more

than that. With one hand holding the back of my head and the other up the

leg of my shorts, she gave me a kiss that made the hair on my arms stand

up. I returned the favor by placing both of my hands up under her sundress

on the most incredibly firm ass cheeks I have ever felt.