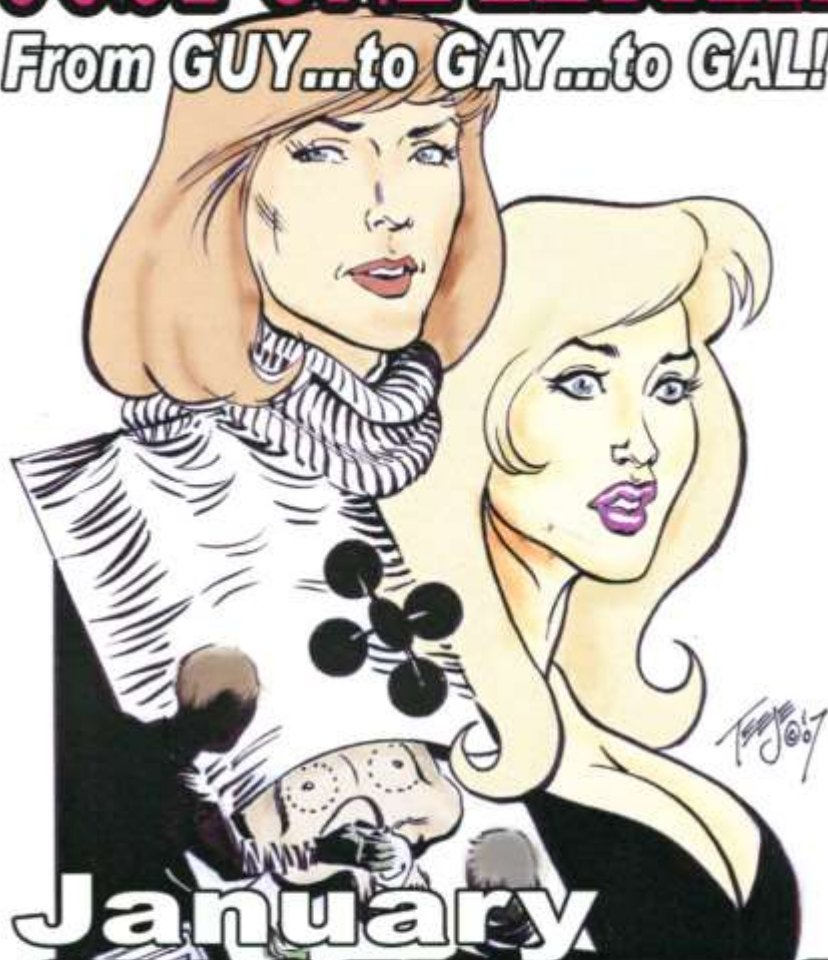


# JUST ONE LETTER

From GUY...to GAY...to GAL!



January  
**SNOWDEN**



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# JUST ONE LETTER from GUY...to GAY...to GAL!

by January Snowden

## Part One – From GUY...

### Chapter One

“Mmmm!” Gwen Jordan pleurably moans after satisfactorily draining a thick penis of its ejaculate, topping it off with a forceful pop as she yanked it from her mouth. While she was again languishing in its musky flavor, as she licks the shaft clean, she says, “I can’t believe how much I’ve missed sucking cock! And to get such a juicy thick one after all this time...!” She then began trying to stroke it to erection anew for yet another blowjob.

“Whoa!” Paul Colbert exclaimed from his end of their sixty-nine. Abruptly jerking his face away from slurping Gwen’s sopping pussy, she also having orgasmed, he says, “Gimme time to catch a breath. I’m still doing clean-up over here!”

“Clean-up’? Is that what you’re calling eating me out?” retorted Gwen, slightly miffed, as she moved off from being over Paul. “You talk as if fucking was a chore!”

“Well, in my defense, that is what my wife calls it. And we only do it vanilla-flavored missionary. Forget about sixty-nineing. I’d gladly go muff-diving even if she didn’t suck me off. But she doesn’t do it and won’t let me. I’m so glad to know you, Gwen. I really mean that.”

Gwen then made a fast scramble in reversing her position to be face-to-face now with her lover. “Back up a sec. Are you talking about past or present tense here?”

“Heh heh. You sound like Becca Davis, Glen’s English teacher. I’ll be fucking her – in her ass, mind you – spouting any shit outta my mouth – ‘cause of the mood, y’know? And despite that a lotta women don’t go for anal, instead of saying how much it hurts, if it hurts, she’s correcting my grammar! While we’re fucking! Can you imagine that?” Paul chuckles.

With one hand, Gwen then grabs him by the jaw and lightly squeezes. “Hey! Focus! I thought you said that you were divorced!”

Paul, then looking straight at Gwen’s double-D chest, says, “Okay, okay! Terry ‘n’ I are really just separated. We’re trying to work things out, and in the meantime...”

With an angry adrenal shove from both hands, Gwen mightily pushes Paul off the bed, he landing hard on the floor. From down there, he asked, “What the hell did you do that for?!”

Looking down at him from the bed’s edge, Gwen says none too pleasantly, “You came over here, saying that you wanted to talk about my son, Glen. Well, I admit I was impressed that the school principal would come to me instead of calling me to his office; it’s gotta be at least a little good news about my boy.

“But, just to be on the safe side, I invite you in and ask if there’s any trouble with Glen. You then do tell me that he does seem to be trying to compete for class clown of the senior year. Okay, I know that already, and in jest, I say that he might get that from me a little.

“I’ve picked ‘im up from school many times, just to flirt with the seniors, knowing how I look, and not once when I’m not around do they give Glen any ‘Momma’s Boy’ shit but rather how they’d like to fuck me! I may be a showy flirt but that’s all I am. I do not so much as even breathe on those children, any more than I did when I was married to Sam. It was just an outlet for myself; telling myself that I still got it. That is, where it counts, is thankfully natural. I deliberately work on my whole body, for it to look young.

“Anyway, I know Glen horses around, not because his teachers tell me, but that he does. We both get a good laugh about how he flusters kids and teachers alike and I love him, to know that we’re alike in that way. We’re both fun people! It’s not easy for a mother and son to bond like it would be if I had a daughter, but we’re still just as close simply because he is my kid.

“Despite everything, too, he and I also both know that his grades are near excellent. He may goof around, but he does what he goes to school for. Did you know that you wouldn’t have a decent football squad if Glen weren’t tutoring several players? Yeah, again, at first, a few came over to ogle me and try for more, but Glen and I both put our foot down. They were here to either learn or leave. Those that got the message for them to learn saw me showing a li’l extra skin. But I did not do it for them then.

“Outside, where the entire world can be a witness, is one thing. Inside my home, I dress how I please, and not to please. But if they didn’t pay attention to my baby, all they saw was my front door from the outside! I don’t play with jailbait. Alone now, I learned how to be tough as well as sweet and taught my Glen to be the same.

“Didn’t I tell you that? But no, you start talking about my son the clown as if he’s a bad seed. You saw that you got me upset, so you began to be extra-nice. You were nice then, so I was nice, as you told me a little about yourself. When you told me you and your wife were divorced, that’s when I saw the big bulge in your pants. I didn’t ask for details about that. You were horny, I knew I caused it, and that was that, my thinking it was okay.”

Gwen took a deep breath that automatically heaved her naked bosom. She was angry now and definitely not flirting. “Y’know, men called me all kinds of enticing names when I was married to Sam. My son was almost a grown man when Sam said that he couldn’t take it anymore. He’d look at me, and instead of being proud of what he had, he believed hearsay! Forget about women in their 50s – and some even in their 60s looking barely legal – and with me in my mid-40s, he felt I was too good to be true! So he left me and Glen. God knows where he is. But at least I was free to really play the field. Something I never did while I was married! And I also never play with married men. Ever!”

Knowing that her rule had been inadvertently broken, Gwen was crying now. “I felt sorry for you and you played me like a fiddle, getting me into bed! I won’t volunteer, but you better pray your wife doesn’t ask me to be on her side in divorce court. I might be branded a whore then but now I know about Becca Davis, and I’ll just bet there’re a few other teachers who’ve tasted your nasty dick. Maybe other mothers, as well as who knows who else! Will we all be called whores? Or maybe we just begged you for it? You may be good and tasty, sweetcheeks, but you sure ain’t God’s gift to all women!

“Get the hell outta here, you fucked-up asshole! And if I see you before my son’s graduation or hear any new rumors about me, I’ll go Lorena Bobbitt on you a thousand times better. I won’t cut your dick off. I’ll let you keep it attached but sliced the long way! One big dick sliced into five or six pencil dicks. Let’s see you try to be a porn star like that...if they work!”

## Chapter Two

Eighteen-year-old Glen Jordan, no jock, made up for lacking popularity of sorts by being class clown in high school. He was not a mean prankster or a bully. He was primarily a jokester in getting people to laugh equally at him as much as others; schoolmates as well as authority figures, by imitating them, remarkably without exaggeration. He may have done it to his detriment, but even many those who were the subject of his jests admitted that he was very good at what he did.

Ostensibly, whether it was genetic or not, Glen was indeed just like his mother, in a sense. He was even physically attractive in his own way. His enigmatic charisma also helped in keeping him out of serious brutish

trouble without tangible bulk to back him up. His wits, bravado and plain old chutzpah also got him out of possible physical altercation.

Gwen Jordan was what has recently come to be known as a MILF. The letters originally stood for “Mom I’d Like to Fuck”. However it happened, MILF rapidly evolved from an acronymed parent into a single word for any attractive female that seemed “hot” enough to want to have sex with. This did not necessarily mean that they actually did have sex, only that the desire was there, at the very least from the male point of view.

In Gwen’s case, she was a MILF before the term was coined. She was beautiful in every sense of the word and she knew it. Yet she was not egotistical or vain about it. While she did marry and was still a notorious flirt, she always dressed to impress and express her vivacious body and playful personality. At home, it was not an uncommon sight to see her barefoot, wearing only a skimpy tube top and short shorts that spilled out her rear.

Gwen never was unfaithful to her mate but she always played the temptress as if she would. This was the observer’s perception and not her intention. Her actions were never meant as a probable invitation for something illicit. For a long while, after giving birth to Glen and raising him, he was the light of her life. She would do anything for him, and as he grew older into his teens, vice versa.

During his late teen years, several times she would show up at school looking scandalously sexy just for the joke, for either a given PTA function or just to give her son an occasional ride home. Looking the way she did, no one dared call Glen a nerdsy “Momma’s Boy”. In fact, it was the opposite, as his schoolmates envied him having a “Hot Mom”, when Gwen earned in hushed whispers the title of MILF.

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Yet the fly in the ointment was that while Gwen and Glen basked in all of the fun, Sam, the husband and father, ultimately reached a boiling point. He could tolerate, for the most part, his son’s antics, but not his wife’s. As neither had any desire to stop, Sam let public opinion rule him. He cared too much about ugly rumors about his wife being a slut and or a tramp. There was no foundation, much less proof, but Sam, supposedly knowing better, taking it personally, felt like a fool.

Sam was an average guy himself, neither muscle-bound nor milquetoast. He was just perhaps too sensitive where he could have been proud. Not that Gwen had a right to be the way she was. Only that she was and birthing rigors particularly on her body and subsequent motherhood did not take anything away. Gwen seemingly effortlessly regained her original shapely figure with even an additional bonus. While the breasts tend to enlarge as a matter of course for lactating milk for her baby, after Glen finally went to the bottle, Gwen’s milk ducts may have dried up, yet her

bosom remained huge and firm – a second, extra D-cup, their present size – adding more fuel to her beautiful fire.



Admittedly, men would constantly joke right to Sam's face about wanting his permission to 'do' Gwen. It was just talk; the same as they would say it directly to Gwen. But it all became too much for Sam and he divorced Gwen under "irreconcilable differences". Gwen always maintained her marital devotion but the way she acted was who she was; she could not and would not turn it off just because her mate felt uncomfortable. It was who she was before they wed, and indeed, what drew him to her. She said that Sam's insecurities were his own, not hers, and she always loved only him. Sam had it all in a beautiful mate. Yet over time, his uncertainties got the best of him and he was too stubborn to shake the monkey off his back, to simply be proud being Gwen's husband.