



Reluctant Press presents:

Outsmarted

Timothy O'Neil



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Outsmarted

By Timothy O'Neil

The soft, sensual fabric sifted slowly down over my chest. The bra fit tight, holding the newfound weight firmly in place. Even though I wore a bra all the time now, I was still getting accustomed to the strange sensations of the budding breasts. Fastening the buttons of the expensive, sleek, beautiful satin blouse, I checked out my appearance in the mirror one last time.

The lovely blouse had an unusual collar, sort of professional looking while still a bit informal. As I straightened out the collar, I wondered what style the pretty shirt was. With firm resolve, I vowed to learn all I could about the latest fashion trends. In the past, ladies fashion was not something I was interested in—that had changed now. Being new to women's clothing, I realized that I still had a lot to learn.

The skirt fit snugly, especially in the rear, giving me a sultry look, the kind that hinted, maybe even suggested, a desire for sex. The rich material was short, stopping above the knees by a good three inches. If the mini was any shorter than that, the sheer, black, French-cut panties encasing my hips could be seen. As I smoothed the fabric in the front of the skirt, I felt quite proud of the way it stayed flat. No sign of any telltale, hidden "agenda" beneath the cloth.

Thank goodness for small favors. And I do mean small.

Lustrous nylons, a dark gray shade with tints of sparkle, covered every square inch of my carefully shaven legs. On my feet was a pair of black high heels that I was still getting used to.

The shoes, like the skirt and blouse, cost a pretty penny, but Lisa insisted.

And, as you will soon learn, I could never refuse Lisa anything.

The makeup took another five minutes or so to come out right. By now, I was becoming quite an expert with application. Scrutinizing the results, I saw that the eyes had just the proper amount of shadow and liner—wanton but not too slutty. The lipstick, however, thick and deep red, gave a different impression.

After all, I whispered, Lisa and I were going on a double date. It was important that I look good. A tinge of jealousy also reminded me that I had to compete with the stunning and perfectly gorgeous Lisa—no easy task.

Lisa was going to be with Tony tonight—or was it Robert? It was hard to keep track of all her men. She had so many. The bitch could have her pick of any man. I should know. Once upon a time, I was one of them.

All my life people have claimed that I am one of the smartest people they ever knew. I suppose it's true—my intellect has taken me a long ways but I'm not certain that is necessarily a good thing. Nature didn't bless me with a masculine frame. Shorter than most men, I stand only five seven. I've always been one who tries to out think the other guy—a tactic that has served me well over the years, at least up until the last few months. Things had changed lately.

To coin a phrase, it all started on a bright, sunny, California day...

The first time I saw her, I should have realized that my fate would dramatically change but, alas, I did not. The only sin that Lisa, an exquisitely voluptuous beauty, committed that initial day was innocently bending over in the copy room. If I had only looked away rather than glance inside the room, maybe I would be in different shoes today.

All I know for sure is the way it did happen. The following is the story how a very successful, highly intelligent businessman became a mere toy to a simple, brainless, yet extremely erotic, woman.

Whatever the reason, I find myself in an extremely embarrassing pickle. The humiliating predicament seems to be irreversible and frankly, I guess I'm OK with that. Here I am, dressed in a frilly, sexy teddy...but wait.

There I was, clad in a three-piece, Brook Brothers suit, striding through the place like I owned it, when I got my first glimpse of Lisa. Let me explain—even though I didn't quite own the business, I did *run* the joint. Even though a strong case of humility usually suggests that I downplay my position in life, I am forced, for the sake of truth; to acknowledge that I am the president and part owner of a medium-sized office supply company.

The business has done very well over the years. Through strategic planning, we've done well throughout the decade we've been in business and as such, I've managed to maintain and enjoy a very comfortable life. Modesty prevents me from embellishing my role in the success I've had over the years both personally and professionally but suffice to say, my vastly superior intellectual efforts are the main reason the company has done so well.

Lisa, the young beauty I previously mentioned, was hired by one of my office managers to assist around the office at a low-level capacity. She was responsible for the mail delivery, typing out reports, and filing finished documents.

One particular bright morning, I was walking to my corner office, when I passed by the copier room. The door was partially ajar and I glanced in the room as I strolled by. Not expecting to find anyone in the room, especially someone as stunning as she, I was a bit surprised to see her. But there she was. Standing in all her glory, right next to the machine, was perhaps the loveliest beauty that I have ever had the pleasure of casting eyes upon. Stopping abruptly, I watched as she busily worked away.

My lustful eyes were immediately drawn to her almost inappropriately short skirt. The thin, shiny, pleated, dark blue fabric barely extended to mid-thigh. Of course it wasn't just the skirt that I was staring at. Extending from the minuscule piece of cloth was a pair of well-shaped, sexy legs that were encased in beige nylons. Just the sight of those heavenly legs could stop a clock.

Since I had a side angle view, I couldn't help noticing that the skirt had a small slit that split up the side, revealing an extended shot of her very pleasing upper thigh. Although the mini was brief, I couldn't help notice that it seemed to be made of high quality material.

Naturally, just the sight of those delectable gams caused the proud little soldier resting quietly in the safety of my trousers to rise to the cause. At times like these, the little warrior usually takes over—trying his best to assume command of the situation, believing anything female belongs in his domain. Because of his success in the past, I was inclined to go along with his desires, as carnal as they were. Besides, having stopped rather suddenly, I almost swallowed my envious tongue.

Aroused by the image of her stunning legs, I made a covert attempt to straighten the proud member. The valiant soldier was naughtily struggling in my pants, trying to join the front line and attack—his usual course of action. Finally, I tore my adoring eyes from the beauty and decided to walk away.

However, before I departed, everything in life abruptly changed. How was I to know at the time that the world was about to suddenly turn upside down?

Reflecting on the situation, I'm amazed that the only thing it took to change my whole world so substantially was a single incident.

The gorgeous young lady slowly bent over. In one simple motion, she created a lasting picture that would forever remain stuck in my heart.

Postponing my departure, I observed with interest the erotic performance. The slight bend forward seemed to occur almost in slow motion, as if she were fully aware of my stare and was acting for my benefit.

As this youthful goddess bent from the waist, the back of her skirt filled out nicely and her perfectly shaped globes popped towards me.

Jerking to an abrupt stop at the extraordinary sight, my mouth watered hungrily and I feasted my eyes on the most gorgeous backside I have ever seen.

To appreciate the situation, it should be understood that great hindquarters are my particular specialty—dare I say, quirk. Seeing this particular tail, I almost swallowed my tongue.

Her rear end was a perfect specimen. Round, full, curvy, sensual and gorgeous describe her posterior. On a scale of one to ten, this particular set of globes was an eleven, maybe a twelve, possibly even a thirteen.

My mouth actually salivated and I stared like a moonstruck teenager gazing at his first Playboy magazine. Cravings of oral worship, pagan rituals and abasing gestures entered my depraved mind.

There is just something about a great ass that gets to me. Certainly, I enjoy other parts of the female anatomy. A good set of long legs definitely turns me on, especially when encased in a sexy, tight, revealing skirt with shiny nylons and enhanced by a pair of wickedly high heels. A firm set of boobs will turn my head, especially when restricted by a clenching angora sweater, but for me, a nice, round, jutting rump is what it's all about. And this lady certainly had one of the best, and right now, it had my vote for the nicest-looking rear in town.

To be sure, Lisa was simply bending over. Yet that's all it took. Gazing lustfully at the dark blue, tight skirt that displayed the full curves of her cheeks, I felt an old familiar aching in my very psyche—one that hadn't visited for a while.

There was no denying that I wanted this woman more than anything in the world.

Almost in a euphoric daze, I remained watching—staring—yearning after that glorious backside. Remaining transfixed, I stood there for long minutes. The absolute perfect image of that gorgeous work of art will haunt me forever.

Trying to get my mind back on work, I fidgeted about my desk, thinking of a way I could find out who this beauty was. Sometime later, I was caught off-guard when the door opened. Just like that, Lisa walked into my office.

“Excuse me,” she said as she knocked. Preoccupied, I gazed up into her soft, brown eyes. Business plans forgotten, I was immediately smitten.

She stood at the entrance as though she were a queen posing before one of her subjects. Standing about five foot five, I towered over her by a full inch. More importantly, the gods had been kind, because her stunning great looks made a perfect partner to that lovely fanny.

Firm, pert and proud breasts, quite full and well rounded, stuck out at me and dominated her chest. Breast men would say her boobs were her best feature.

Her brown eyes were captivating, almost entrancing, highlighted by dark eyebrows that emphasized a deep, soulful penetration.

Her face was rounded, small, with a pert, cute nose and smooth, flawless skin. Shadows of freckles peeked from under a thin layer of makeup.

Her mouth was wide with nice ample lips, the kind you imagine wrapped around an important part of your anatomy.

Brunette hair cascaded softly over her brow, curving down and stopping just short of the eyebrows. At the sides, the strands fell gently to her shoulders, folding under.

Her legs were just as incredible as they were earlier, firm yet soft. Curvaceous hips, the kind you wanted to hold onto, accented sensually out from her narrow waist, giving her a sultry, lascivious look as though she was built for sex.

Sexuality and sensuality combined in her to create the kind of woman that men dream about when they need to sexually relieve their raging, lustful hormones. She was definitely the kind of voluptuous knockout who, with just a glance or a smile, is able to wrap a man around her little finger and transform him into a servile plaything, willing to jump through hoops and totally be at her beck and call.

Fortunately, I am above such carnal, physical influences and my powerful mental abilities enabled me to subdue these images and remain totally in control.

“Excuse me. I have your mail,” she repeated, a grin on her face as she waited for me to respond to her question. Returning to a state of consciousness, I realized that I had been staring at her and was lost in a cloud of lust. Quickly, I engaged my mental acumen, and regained my usual aplomb.

“Of course,” I stammered. “Put it right here. On my desk. In this basket.” Stuttering awkwardly, I pointed somewhere.

Smiling sweetly and with a quick bounce of her eyebrow, Lisa placed the articles in the designated place, bending over ever so slightly as she did. The movement caused her chest to swing the amazing mounds right in front of my openmouthed face.

Pausing just a second, her mouthwatering breasts hovered a scant inch from my eyes. Peeking out of the corner of my eye, I studied the gentle rise and fall of the delicious, abundant hills, my eyes devouring them.

Standing abruptly, she pulled away. As she walked away, I was finally able to draw a breath. Slowly licking my lips, I almost groaned out loud at the near contact.

Lost deep in a trance of raw lust, I watched as she left the room. The performance was worthy of a standing ovation. The little general definitely wanted to rise to attention.

My eyes stared at her perfect derriere. It was enclosed in her tight skirt, as it swayed back and forth, bouncing in a hypnotic manner. With my eyes pinned to her duff, she strutted boldly out the door.

Later that night I fantasized about her. I pictured the beautiful buns of hers right in front of my face. Kneeling behind her, my hands ran up and down her sensational legs. Slowly, I lifted the short, tight skirt. Naked at last, I tasted her, placing devoted kisses anywhere and everywhere.

The little general was asserting control. He desperately wanted to rise to attention, take aim at that perfect bum and shoot.

The images brought back suppressed memories. Reliving a part of me that I thought that I had buried in the past, I fought against inner demons. It was a losing battle.

Surrendering to the whim, I sought a suitcase from the closet. Rummaging through articles of feminine clothing, I felt the soft, smooth, silky fabrics of each, sometimes bringing a particular piece to my nose to inhale the sexy scent of forgotten perfume.

At one time, I had indulged in the shameful fetish of crossdressing. The compulsion began years ago, under the influence of a persuasive girlfriend. Convinced that dressing in panties would help me get into her panties, I quickly learned the art. In time, I got quite good at it, even appearing in public once or twice. After an embarrassing confrontation with a brutish fellow who kept trying to pick me up, we decided to confine our games to the apartment. When she left me for some other more masculine type, I put the clothes away, resigned never to travel down that road again.

I thought the impulse was gone—conquered, or at least subdued. For some reason, meeting Lisa caused the desire to return. The world of delightful women's clothes resurfaced.

Seeking out a pair of black, silk panties that I had borrowed from my last girlfriend, I held the soft cloth in my hands. Realizing I was taking a big risk, I stripped out of my masculine attire.

Heedless to the danger, I slipped the sinful cloth on. A familiar tingling wound its way through my veins. The little general, usually so proud of his masculine leanings, succumbed to the feminine sensation. At the moment, he felt more like a princess than a general.

An old pair of nylons quickly followed the panties. The sensual caress against my legs and the way the panties hugged my hips revived carnal, indecent emotions. The general was torn between hard arousal and soft surrender.

A tight fitting angora sweater felt sensuous. Reaching under the sweater, I toyed with a sensitive nipple, wondering what it would be like to have real breasts.

A transformation took place. There was no stopping the influence of the frilly clothing. No longer the confident, aggressive boss, I was becoming a helpless, passive woman.

Now dressed, I discarded all male pretenses and surrendered to a rapturous reverie of Lisa. Sitting coquettishly on the side of the bed, I envisioned myself next to the incredible beauty from the office. As her lover, I would slowly remove the skimpy miniskirt to gape at the wonders beneath. Trailing soft kisses down her neck, suckling at her incredible breasts, I would finally feast at the fount of her delicious womanhood.

During the fantasy, images of my last girlfriend flashed through my fevered mind and I recalled the blessed nights sharing lipstick-covered kisses and playing together as two girlfriends would. Rubbing the little general feverishly, I brought myself to a satisfactory climax.

The last thing I envisioned before exploding in ecstasy was the sight of Lisa bent over. In the fantasy, I was dressed as a woman, clad in a sexy nightie, on my knees, behind her. The delightful picture of Lisa's gorgeous tush pushing towards me was the image that helped me explode into the soft, sensual panties.

My goal now was to get Lisa to work closer to me; I called the office manager into my office and gave her my instructions.

Grinning to myself, I was pleased with my constant ability to outsmart the female species. As usual, I got exactly what I wanted—Lisa working directly for me.

Lisa joined me a few minutes later. She gave me a smile as she entered my office.

"Now...Lisa, right?" I asked.

"Yes, it's Lisa, Mr. Johnson," she answered very innocently.

"Please call me Tim. We'll be working together quite a lot so we can dispense with the formalities. Don't you think?"

As we spoke, a mental picture of Lisa on her knees, those full lips wrapped around my manhood, flashed through my head. Soon, she would be there quite often.

"OK, Tim. What would you like me to do?" Her eyes were opened wide and I felt myself drifting into the depths of those brown pupils. Shaking my head, I laid out a list of her responsibilities.

"There will probably be a lot of overtime too. Is that going to be a problem?" The question was purposeful.

"Well, as long as I know ahead of time, I guess," she responded.

"Good, let's get started."

The next Saturday we worked together at my home. It was a relatively hot summer day and I convinced her that we could get more done in the air-conditioned comfort of my large estate.

After an hour of work, I suggested a break. The maid had left us a nice lunch and I offered a quick bite in the back yard.

Sitting around the patio table, we had an excellent view of the swimming pool and my large, elaborately manicured back yard. After the meal, I brought out an expensive bottle of imported wine and set it on the table.

"I think this will taste particularly good while we bask in the sun." Unscrewing the cork, I smiled at Lisa.

"Oh, I don't know if I should. If I start drinking, I might lose my concentration," she said.

“Well, I think we’ve done enough for today. Why don’t we sit back and enjoy the rest of the afternoon?” The cork suddenly broke free and I poured the wine.

Lisa nodded and took a sip, smiling at me. A sense of confidence overtook me because I knew those sweet lips would soon be wrapped around the rampant, strutting, eager little general.

“Did you bring your suit?” I asked.

She reached into her purse and pulled out a black bikini. With a wicked grin, she waved the tiny piece of cloth at me.

“Well? Shall we?” Gallantly, I pointed to the cabana where she could change.

As I pulled my suit on, I thought to myself that I wished I had put a hidden camera in the cabana. Not normally a voyeur, I certainly would enjoy seeing Lisa without clothes. The little soldier responded to the image of Lisa’s naked endowments, creating a bulge in my swimsuit. Unfortunately, I was forced to flick the proud warrior rather sharply to bring him back under control.

Carrying a towel over my shoulder, I strolled back outside. Lisa followed soon after. As she walked out, I actually stumbled.

Lisa looked even better in a teeny bikini. The two miniature strings did very little to hide every asset of her voluptuous, well-developed, outstanding body.

Strutting to the chair, she casually bent over to lay her towel down. From the front she had been breathtaking. From the rear, she was magnificent.

Her suit bottom consisted of a simple, thin G-string in black. Barely covering the front of her womanhood, some hairs poked out from the edges. In the back, the cloth disappeared into the crack of her butt and very explicitly illustrated the cheeks in all of their unbelievable, glorious, gorgeous glory.

Suddenly my mouth grew very dry. Wetting the insides, I admired the unparalleled beauty. With mouth wide open, I was standing there, gawking like a complete idiot, when she finally broke the silence.

“You should wear one of those Speedo types of suits,” she said waving her hand at my baggy swimsuit.

“Speedo? How come?” I stammered.

“To show off your manliness,” she uttered as she dove into the pool.

For a moment I wasn’t sure what she meant. Although I don’t have an ounce of fat on me, I have never been considered manly. My frame was on the small size. It was unusual for women to respond to my physical presence.

Maybe Lisa was different. Maybe she preferred my trim, lean appearance.

Later that evening, we sat around the pool. Naturally, I brought out some expensive champagne. We both were a little tipsy that evening and ended up kissing and snuggling somewhat but unfortunately, that’s as far as I got that evening.

The next week I tried to get her to come over to my house every night. She put me off by saying she was busy and had other things to do. One evening, she consented to join me after I promised to take her to the most expensive restaurant in town. Persuasively, I slipped her a gift certificate for five hundred dollars. As she examined the present, I explained it would allow her to get an appropriate outfit for the occasion.

When I picked her up, Lisa was clad in a beautiful black dress. With her shoulders exposed, it hung miraculously from her succulent breasts. Clinging to her exquisite body as though painted on, the short, tight dress revealed every asset she possessed as if she were an advertisement for sensuality. Dark nylons running down into black high heels completed the ensemble.

After dinner, we returned to my place. Sitting on the couch, I made my move. Naturally, after all I spent on her, I expected things to go my way. Between the dinner and the outfit, I was out over a grand, so I wanted more than our usual smooching.

Events didn't go as planned. In the midst of a soulful kiss, I felt her hand accidentally brush against the little general. Noticing it's immediate response, she squeezed the little guy tightly and proceeded to unzip my expensive trousers.

The moment the proud general came into view, Lisa paused. Studying the little guy, she seemed confused. Wrapping her hand around the attentive soldier, he disappeared within her grasp. Using just two fingers and her thumb, she was able to arouse him to full attention.

"What is it?" I croaked out.

"Is this it? Is this as big as it gets?" she asked. Before I could answer, the little guy overreacted to the perceived insult and because of the embarrassment, blew his wad. Wiping the residue off her hand on my pants with what seemed to be a bit of a sneer, Lisa rose and left for the bathroom. Lying contentedly on the sofa, watching the firm rotation of her perfect ass, I believed I finally had her exactly where I wanted her.

The following day I insisted she move in with me. Demurring, Lisa put me off. Always far ahead of her, I felt an extensive shopping trip might provide the incentive to close the deal.

We bought many articles—dresses, shoes, perfumes and jewelry. Particularly intriguing to me was the trip to Victoria's Secret.

A sexy, satin, purple teddy with matching bra and panties was her final choice. Almost too anxious, I couldn't wait to sample her wares as she was dressed in the sexy outfit.

To tell the truth, I had a difficult time in the store. Lingerie had always been the key fetish to my past perverted behavior. In the back of my mind, part of me was a tad envious of her purchases and as I shopped, I couldn't help imagining how each garment would feel on my body.

Recalling some of the past that I kept carefully hidden, I wondered if Lisa would ever allow me to wear lingerie. More than once, I had discovered—much to my dismay and then humiliation—that women had strange opinions concerning their men in women's clothing. As I fondled the satiny fabric of the purple teddy, I decided that after I had trained Lisa fully, we could approach one of those scenarios.

Selecting various styles of panties, each one causing the general to stir, and nylons, we spent more than five hundred dollars at the store.

The shopping trip closed the deal. She moved in a few nights later; I helped her put her stuff away. Paying close attention to every piece of lingerie, I searched in vain for the sexy purple outfit.

"Lisa? Where is the purple teddy we bought the other day?"

"Oh that," she said dismissively. "It got tore. I mean it had a tear in it." With no more explanation, she busied herself with something in the bathroom.

"If it was defective, we should return it. After all, it cost a lot of money. Where is it? I'll take it back"

"Don't bother," she said from the other room. "I threw it away. There was gunk all over it."

Shaking my head, I once again thought that she had so much to learn. Throwing away a perfectly good outfit, even before we got a chance to test it out demonstrated her naiveté, if not downright stupidity. It was easy to imagine that it would look so incredibly sexy on her that one would want to tear it off.

Later that night, I felt it important to start the relationship off on the right foot. My initial thought was that we would spend a few minutes necking—getting her warmed up before springing my devious plan. Once simmering, I would further stimulate her by tonguing her nipples with artful manipulations. Finally, when she was boiling, I would gently ease her head into my lap. At this point, her exquisite mouth would welcome the proud general and be rewarded by the taste.

The night would set the tone for the rest of our time together. Maybe after a few nights of oral sex, I would treat her to a masterful penetration. But that treat would have to wait.

Lounging in my finest silk pajamas, I awaited Lisa's arrival. The feel of the smooth fabric reminded me of other garments. My first thought was panties. Nothing in the world feels better against your skin than the smooth, sensual sensation of a firm pair of silk panties.

Various other kinds of intimate clothing came to mind. Flashbacks of feminine garments raced through my mind. I remembered the kind of clothes I loved to wear when no one was around—the kind I used to wear so often before I learned to control the powerful urge.

The vision of my cute, sexy body clad in a satiny nightie with matching panties made the little soldier arch mightily against the confines of my pajama bottoms. He enjoyed the idea of being wrapped in some tight, pretty underwear.

Groaning out loud from the erotic visions, I forced myself to forget the dress-up images and concentrate on Lisa. Only the most gifted intellectuals are able to put such perversions out of their minds. With a flash, I dismissed the crossdressing thoughts from my mind

She seemed to be taking an exceptionally long time in the bathroom. Probably very anxious, I thought.

There was only one thing missing from my apparent victory. If only Lisa understood the pleasure I received from wearing her clothes, then life would be perfect.

Lisa entered the room and I was stunned at the vision.

Her outfit was a short, see-through, flimsy robe. The sheer fabric barely concealed her delectable breasts. It ended just below her waist, showing off her sexy legs. As she strolled over to the bed, a naked tuft of hair revealed her lack of underwear.

Her breasts thrust upwards, daring to be tasted, taunting me with their sheer voluptuousness.

In one instant, the earlier plan was forgotten. Wasting no time, I covered the nearest, delicious mammary with my mouth. Eagerly, I feasted on the firm mound, sucking while at the same time, licking the nipple.

Grabbing my hair forcibly to restrain my eagerness, Lisa slowed my efforts, guiding me the pace. To tell the truth, I found myself enjoying the control she exerted over me.

Playing with the magnificent boobs, my mouth cherished the blessed haven. Back and forth she guided my head as I feasted. Fully aroused, Lisa shoved my head downwards.

My sensitive tongue licked the soft skin of her waist, wanting to devour every inch of her spectacular body. Adoration became the name of my quest.

Lying in front of her crotch, I wrapped my arms under her hips and clasped the mounds of her soft, pliable rear. With my tongue probing the delicious folds, I licked the labia tenderly, almost with reverence.

Inserting my stiffened tongue into her womanhood, I penetrated the precious cavern of her vagina.

Yanking my head, Lisa showed me where she wanted my services. Following her explicit instructions, I was able to give her a delicious climax.

As she wound down, I continued lavishing her with soft lappings, my skillful tongue now soothing her.

She seemed content and allowed me my tender adorations. The skill and gentleness of my artful oral manipulations seemed to pay off and soon; we began a second trip up the path to another orgasm.

This time I performed slower, teasing her clit, licking around the area only to return to the pleasing action on the soft tip. Impatiently, she pulled me to her breasts to suck on her nipples. Her impatience excited me. The rough treatment helped create a rapture of submission.

Finally she shoved me back to her delicious pussy; I teased and sucked, tickled and tongued, licked and lavished until she erupted in a gigantic, moaning, head clutching climax. Almost as though plugged into her orgasm, I felt the shuddering flow through me like we were connected on some basic, primitive level. Once again, she held me firmly against the soft fur of her womanhood and I soothingly lapped her, tasting her orgasm.

The night continued in much the same manner, as I was able, through my artful oral skills, to bring her off time and again. Somewhere during the night, we fell asleep with my mouth still glued to the warmth of her pussy.

The next morning I awakened with my mouth still between her legs. Of course, I licked the hairs, parting them carefully to taste the dried remnants. Awakening under my movements, Lisa came quickly, shuddering once again.

Pushing rudely, she shoved me away, brusquely jumping out of bed and quickly dressing for work.

The day dragged by slowly and I found myself seeking Lisa out, wondering where she was. Finding her in the warehouse was a little disturbing. Amongst the rugged manual laborers, she seemed engulfed in the constant attentions. Her flirtatious behavior infuriated me. But surprisingly, at the same time it enflamed me. For some reason, the sight of her smiling at the large men, gently caressing the muscular arms, instead of angering me, began to turn me on.

The crude images stuck with me all day. At home I was so eager to get her to bed I could hardly wait. But the night followed the same pattern as the first. Surprisingly, I discovered that while Lisa was extremely fervent about my oral manipulations, she was unusually dense about anything else. Consequently, my own needs continually went unfulfilled.

A good example of the problem we were having was the time I waited for her, completely naked. It was the third or fourth night she had been living with me. She informed me earlier that she would be late coming home, that she was going out with some friends. Naturally, I waited up for her, anxious for my conquest.