

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Reviews

Jude Mason

Come, explore with me...if you dare!



~ An Older, New Love ~

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I'd seen her around the neighborhood for the past couple of weeks, usually walking, shorts and a tank her normal attire. Her short, salt and pepper hair bounced as she sped up the street, long legs flashing. At first I thought she must be in training for something, but then the gossip began. Her husband had left her, she'd had an affair and he just walked out, not even trying for reconciliation.

Nobody had seen him since. She'd been so quiet, almost a recluse when she'd moved in next door. Of course, the rumors hadn't just said she'd had an affair; it had been with a woman. So, she just walked; very few people spoke to her as she passed by them. There were a lot of stares and leering jokes, but there weren't any offers of friendly help or welcome.

Finally, I couldn't take it any longer. When I saw her working in her garden

that hot July afternoon, I decided it was time. A pitcher of ice-cold tea and two large glasses in hand I marched over.

I could feel the eyes on me, but damn it she was alone and so was I, so why not be neighborly? My sandals made hardly any noise at all as I approached. I got a chance to really look at her unobserved. She had an athletic body, slender, well muscled; but there were also the signs of wear and tear. The tell tale lines at the corner of her eyes, the slight dryness of her skin around her elbows and knees. I guessed her age to be late thirties or early forties, but she'd worked hard to stay in shape. I envied her long lean legs, I thought, eyeing her critically, but I had a much nicer ass. Her breasts, on the other hand, were perfection. Her nipples were high and the obvious bumps in the front of her blouses testified to her braless state.

I stood behind her and watched for a moment, her smooth easy motions as she knelt and tugged the few weeds out from around the hydrangeas. Watching a bead of sweat make its way from her hairline down to the cotton collar of her shirt had me wanting to gather it on my finger, and taste it. I became self-conscious then, spying on her.

"Ahem, would you like to stop for something cold to drink?" I asked, moving to her side so she could see me easily. A hand came up, shading her eyes and she smiled gratefully. My heart skipped a beat; she was beautiful.

"Yes, I'd love that," she answered easily. "You live just next door right? I'm Sue, and it's too hot for gardening but I hate to let it get away on me." Rising to her feet she brushed the soil from her knees and said, "Let's find some shade."

"Good idea, how about under that big Maple?" I offered, nodding towards it.

"Perfect, I'll grab a couple of chairs from the garage, be with you in two minutes." She turned and those long legs carried her to the garage and back in less than the promised two minutes. I had just reached the tree when she reappeared with the two deck chairs.

"I'm Pat, Pat Munroe, welcome to the neighborhood." I poured us both ice tea and in minutes, we were sitting in the shade of the huge tree.

"Thanks Pat, I was beginning to wonder if I'd become a pariah before

anyone had even met me. I guess you've heard all the rumors?" Her demeanor was casual, but looking closer, I saw the tension around her mouth. Taking a sip of tea she tried to disguise the hurt she was obviously feeling.

"Yes, it's all anyone can talk about. You're quite a celebrity here, the men figure all you need is a good screwing and the women are jealous of your looks." I took a sip and then settled back comfortably in my chair. The way she'd set them up we weren't facing each other exactly, but close. Her eyes traveled over me, taking in the largish bosom and the not as slender as I wished waist. The cut-offs were old and short, which left my shorter legs in full view. My streaked grey hair could have been hers, but mine was a bit longer just touching the nape of my neck

She raised her eyes to meet mine and asked, "Then why are you here? Gathering more juicy bits for the gossip mill?"

"No, nothing quite so dramatic I'm afraid. I'm as alone as you are. Husband walked out on me three years ago; I haven't wanted or needed a replacement. I thought we'd at least have something to talk about. The other women around here are married, happily they say, and I'm just tired of listening to them complain about it."

She was silent for a moment, as if digesting what I'd said; then began to laugh. It started as just a chuckle, but it took off. I think it must've been the first real laugh she'd had since the split up and it went on and on.

Sitting, watching her, I realized how much I wanted to reach out and hold her. Touch the soft skin of her upper arm; slip my fingers up the curve of her neck and draw her face towards mine. My belly tightened as I felt the familiar tingling in my groin, that itch I'd been trying to ignore. I noticed a small scar on the side of her mouth, God I wanted her

Her laughter proved to be contagious and soon we were both caught up in it. For her, I think it was a kind of release, for me, it was the joy of not being alone. Towards the end of her tearful mirth, she reached out and placed her hand on one of mine. It was as if an electrical current had touched me. I know my hand jerked, not away but jerked, and so did she

The laughter died slowly and we each sat back, deep in our own thoughts. The ice tea cooled us and we began to talk. It was as if we'd known each other for years. I spilled out how my husband had found a younger, more attractive wife. How hurt and angry I'd been when he refused to even talk about working on our ailing marriage. The pain of leaving, being alone for the first time in twenty years.

She listened and never judged, offering the kind of shoulder I'd ached for, for much too long. When I'd talked myself out, she sat forward and began her own tale. The cheating husband, the uncertainty of her bisexuality and about the woman she'd thought was perfect. It had only lasted a few short months when her husband had found them. The aftermath was gruesome, her lover had swiftly abandoned her and he'd walked out. A few weeks later a lawyer got in touch with her, the divorce had been swift and shattering.

We sat silently for a few more minutes, drinking the last of our ice tea. I felt closer to her than I did to people I'd known for years. I guess it was because I hadn't felt the need to hold back. I'd just talked and she'd listened as I'd done with her

"Come over for dinner tonight, Sue." I plunged in. "I've got steaks and this huge salad in a bag. If you've got a couple of potatoes that haven't grown eyes bring them and we'll feast." I held my breath, waiting for her to refuse

"Sounds lovely Pat, I'll bring wine if that's okay, I've got a bottle of dry white. Not the right color for steak, but who cares?" She smiled, making her whole face light up again.

"Oh yes, I haven't had wine with dinner for so long," I replied. My heart drummed against my ribs so hard I was sure she'd hear it. Looking at my watch, I did a double take; I'd been there for almost two hours. "Oh lord, if we're going to eat before bed time I'd better get home. Come over when you're ready, just tap on the back door if I'm not outside, okay?" I rose and bent to retrieve the half empty jug just as she leaned forward. Our hair touched and I turned my face towards her. Inhaling, the smell of sweat, as well as soft musk, I filled my lungs with the scent of woman flesh

She turned her head and we were close enough that I could see her nostrils flare. I almost leaned forward to kiss her. Almost. She didn't pull away, but I had to or I'd have never been able to leave her

With the pitcher clutched tightly against my belly and the glasses in my other hand, I turned towards home. My face was flushed and my hands shook, but I walked away

"I'm going to grab a quick shower and I'll be right over Pat." Her voice was slightly unsteady.

Turning my head, I called back in a voice no steadier, "Sure, see you in a few." My knees felt weak, but somehow I made it home without stumbling or embarrassing myself.

A half an hour later, I was freshly showered and had the barbeque on, getting ready for the small steaks. The salad greens were washed and I was slicing a tomato when there was a gentle tap on the back door. Moments later her face peaked around the corner, smiling.

"Where do you want me to put the wine?" She held a bottle of Chablis towards me. "I brought a loaf of French bread instead of potatoes, afraid mine are ugly, will that be alright for you?"

"Wine in the fridge, after you pour us a glass, and French bread is perfect." I smiled at her as she made herself at home in my small kitchen. I'd put glasses out and she quickly poured us each a glass then slid the bottle into the fridge. Finished with the salad, I took the glass from her and we toasted, "To our new friendship," I murmured and was surprised when she blushed.

"Yes, our new friendship."

"What?" I asked as I sipped.

"I feel like I've known you for years, not just a couple of hours."

"Yeah, me too. Maybe in some other life we were married or something." I grinned as I said that, both of us being so disappointed with marriage. "Or maybe we were at least lovers."

"I like that better."

"Let's grab some salad and go outside. I've got a blanket spread out on the

lawn in the shade," I suggested, stepping very close to get into the fridge for some dressing. Her hip brushed mine and I knew I felt her press back, trying to keep that contact with me. "Thousand Island or Italian?"

"Italian, I guess," she replied and I handed her the dressing.

"Okay, I'll grab the salad and the bowls; can you bring the napkins too?"

"Course, lead on I'll be right behind you."

I'd spread out a huge old blanket in the corner of my back yard where it was private and shaded. The temperature must have been at least ten degrees cooler and we both sighed with pleasure. I lay on my stomach facing the house; she stretched out beside me, our bodies almost touching

I speared a piece of tomato, and with my heart threatening to burst, looked at her and raised it to her lips. Delicately, she took it off the fork and chewed, all the time looking at me. Dropping her fork, she found a wedge of tomato and fed me with her fingers. Our meal became foreplay, feeding each other and licking the sticky dressing from trembling fingers. The wetness of her mouth wrapped around my finger had me shivering with anticipation. Her tongue swirled around then sucked it in. Drawing it out, I ran it around her luscious lips then leaning forward I stole a first kiss.

Meal forgotten, sensation and wanting took its place. Our breath became ragged as we gazed into each other eyes, tongues explored mouths. Pressing forward, I was soon atop her, where I'd wanted to be since I first saw her. Breasts flattened against soft breasts. Nipples like small pebbles dragged back and forth over sensitive breast flesh each time we moved. The cool dampness of the shower was replaced by a light sheen of sweat.

Gasping, I pulled away and smiled down at her whispering, "We better go inside or we'll be caught out here necking." Lust glazed eyes stared back at me, then focused.

"Yeah, once was enough for me," Then mischievously added, "Time to show me your etchings." She pushed me off and together we clambered to our feet. The bowls and dressing left on the table as we passed by, the barbeque turned off, freeing us to enjoy each other.

I took her hand and led her down the hall to my bed.

"Etchings, well I don't have any of those but I do have a tub I'm sure you'll love." I opened the door wide and she stood gaping. My bedroom had been the only room I splurged on money wise. My refuge. Not huge but well designed. Along with a queen sized bed I'd had a sunken tub installed. One entire wall was mirrored and at the end of the bed, just beyond the tub, were the sliding glass doors. A small, private patio lay just outside where I often sunbathed nude

"It's wonderful, it's heaven. What an incredible room." I let go of her hand as she wandered into the room. Touching this and that, I followed her letting her take it all in. Stepping past her, I opened the sliding glass doors letting the gentle breeze waft past me

"Yes, it's heaven all right; just a tiny piece of it, but it's all mine." I stood behind her once more and whispered into her ear. She turned towards me. Leaning forward our lips touched and my hands slid up to her shoulders, pulling her closer. Caressing her slim upper arms then across her chest, I was soon cradling her lovely breasts. Buttons fought my eagerness, but I wanted her skin against mine desperately. Hers joined in the struggle and then moved to mine until naked breasted we embraced. Nipples tight and hard rubbed against sensitive flesh, dragging sensually back and forth as our hands slid over each other. Our tongues tangled and twisted together, exploring mouths too long denied.

I didn't want it to stop, but I ached for her naked. I needed the taste of her flesh; so pulling away I moved my lips downward. Licking and sucking softly, my tongue made small wet trails on her chest. A nipple found and savored, her sighs of pleasure were my reward. I suckled gently, taking as much of her flesh in as I could while lightly running my fingernails under the curve of each breast. She shuddered, pressed closer and raked my back with her nails.

Gasping, I rose and arched towards her, feeling my nipples tighten as gooseflesh crept up my arms. Together, as if our movement had been orchestrated, we slipped our blouses off. We'd both been braless so were standing flushed and half naked

"More, please take off the rest," she whispered. Her voice was husky with passion and I knew mine would be the same if I spoke. My fingers went to the single button at her waist as hers found mine. Undone, the zippers slithered down; we let go and were facing each other in panties.

"Leave it, let me," I husked. The last unveiling would be mine. Trembling fingers trailed down her ribs over her waist then into the elastic of her panties. I slid them behind her, cupped her bottom, working that soft flesh before tugging her panties down. I knelt before her, kissing her soft inner white thighs as she lifted one then the other foot, letting me strip her bare. Her lightly furred mound was inches from my face. Inhaling, I leaned forward and slid my tongue over her, tasting her sweetness.

"Oh God!" her moans of pleasure were quickly followed by a hand tangled in my hair, pulling me closer. The soft sprinkling of pubic hair brushed my nose as I slid my tongue along her slit. Deeper I licked, tasting the dew as it trickled out of her, slaking a thirst I'd almost forgotten. I wrapped my arms around her hips; her soft ass cradled in my hands and pulled her onto my mouth. So wet and so soft, I wanted her spread before me but was unwilling to let her go, even for that. Her wobbling knees however, made it imperative and I reluctantly pushed her towards the bed.

I crawled after her pushing my panties down and off. Both naked, we clambered onto the bed. We wound up head to tail, her face inches from my damp clean-shaven mound. Her lashes veiled the lust in her eyes as she leaned in and licked me. I nearly cried out with pleasure. Raising my knee, I opened myself for her easy exploration and was soon being devoured

Not one to hold back I pushed her legs wide and moved in. Her pussy flowered open, the pearl waiting to be discovered and swiftly was. Found and plucked by my eager lips. My tongue twirled around it, flicking back and forth. Her hips thrust urgently forward just as her mouth encircled my sex and she sucked at me. I mirrored her movements and reveled in her muskiness. Passions flared quickly, my hands spreading and exploring her ass as hers did mine. Struggling to touch and taste all of her became a torment. We rolled back

and forth, each fighting to take the other higher, closer to the brink and over the edge. We soared together, bodies slick with sweat as mouths and fingers worked their magic.

Side by side it happened, her body tensed as mine did, pleasure gripping, tearing the world from us as we exploded. Flashes of light surrounded us; nerve endings jangled in the glow of it. Her inner muscles clamped on my fingers and tongue echoing mine deliciously. We'd forgotten to breath, too enraptured with each other's euphoria until oxygen starved lungs screamed.

Each of us dragged in a huge breath but refused to release the other until the spasms had slowed. Our faces were shiny and wet, slicked with the juices of newly discovered passion. Soft kisses and sucking noises continued as each of us explored. Not willing to let it end, the joy at finding each other held onto for as long as we both could.

"I'll fill the tub, yes?" I asked her finally. My arms were still wrapped around her slender waist, my breasts plastered against her body. I kissed her again, sucking at the flesh I was adamantly trying to memorize

Resting her cheek on my thigh she answered, "Yes, I want to bathe you and we have a lot to talk about, don't we?"

The End

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