

Reflections

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I'd do the same for you...

"You were wonderful last night."

Sophie squeezed my hand, pressing her arm into mine, trying to fuse herself to me physically, as she had done during the previous evening's long, passionate consummation. I looked at her and smiled, relieved that our long wait was at last over. It was mid-afternoon on the first week-end in January, and we were strolling in the local park, our hundred acre garden at the bottom of Sophie's road. A bright, low winter's moon was accompanied by an even lower sun, setting slowly in an almost clear western sky. The light of life cast its illumination onto the Earth's sole satellite, the only one that was visible, highlighting the dull grey pockmarks against a pale grey mass.

"It's amazing to think that man has walked on that," I said, looking towards the button-like disc. "We are hurtling through space at eighteen miles a second, yet look at how still everything is."

The trailer for "Independence Day" ran through my mind, when a huge vibration shook the moon's ashen surface, disturbing an astronaut's footprint, quickly consumed by a spaceship's monstrous shadow. They had arrived.

A mirror lake, reflecting a Constable scene of bare yellow trunks, punctured occasionally by an evergreen, was disturbed every now and then by a lone bird, etching a wake on the glass-like surface. The ground was still strewn with the bronze snow of autumn, the fallen leaves shrouding roots in a protective shield. A stretch of ice had been halted in its tracks by the sunlight's reach, its boundary matching the shadow cast by tree-line and hill. Ducks, geese and moorhens skated dangerously along the lake's edges, or seemingly had got caught out in a sudden freeze, finding their feet caught in an icy grip.

The shadows of the trees on our shoreline encroached slowly on the opposite bank, masking the beauty with a sad darkness, gradually snuffing out its existence until the next frosty dawn. I sat with Sophie on one of many benches along the gnarled path, pitted with roots, footprints and pram tyre tracks from recent visitors. The lazy folds of heath were punctured by molehills, a really bad case of meadow acne.

My mind wandered back and forth, flipping from two aspects of rare beauty, both physical and wonderful. At long last, after such a frustrating wait, Sophie had committed herself to me. Soft rolling hills morphed into Sophie's curves as she lay beside me; the gentle lapping of the lake against the shore

mimicked the slow rhythmic thrusts of our hips; the playful dogs mounting each other and yelping reminded me of an embarrassing habit; a huge ash, snapped at the base in a violent gust took on the resemblance of my spent manhood after only three rides; and frolicking children in rubber macs....you get the picture.

We gazed silently for a few moments at the wondrous landscape that spread out before us. The tranquillity soothed and consumed, embracing our senses with a huge silence that was almost deafening. Or maybe it was the sound of the planes at the nearby airport revving their engines before take-off.

“Look at the moon, I can see the Man in it!” exclaimed Sophie. It was true; his face was cocked slightly to one side, and he was laughing, hopefully with us, not at us. “A plane’s flying over it, see!” she continued.

“Oh, look, there’s the dish running away with the spoon!” I answered sarcastically, squeezing her hips.

We smiled as we drank in the vista.

“You know, we really should count our blessings,” I continued with my big philosophy. “When you look at this expanse of water, that we don’t even tap into, but just enjoy looking at; we breathe the clean air, and see the land that sustains us, we are so lucky. Did you know that over a third of the land on Earth is given over to producing food?” I’d seen it on a useless facts web-site.

Sophie just shook her head. She held my hand, and squeezed it, which I took as a sign to carry on.

“Just think if your nearest water was twenty miles away, and the nearest food was another ten, and you had to walk there and back in a day, just to survive. We really should count our blessings.” I repeated myself, to emphasize the point.

“What are yours, then?” asked Sophie, snuggling up to try to keep warm as the temperature dropped, and the wind got icier.

“You, my health, at least up until the last couple of days; my brains, my two children. And my nine inch knob,” I concluded, proudly.

“I knew that was coming, or at least I did last night,” murmured Sophie, oozing warmth as she swam in the memory of three deep orgasms.

The winter chill was banished as we wrapped ourselves around each other on the bench, lost momentarily in our own thoughts and recollections of the previous night’s love.

“I love you, Teddy,” she whispered, as I mounted her and slid home. She gasped, moving forwards to kiss me.

“Gently, Teddy, you are so big!” murmured Sophie, grinding her hips into mine. She moved one hand down and started to rub her clit. I could feel her heat and wetness increasing as she rubbed herself, reaching a deep orgasm in seconds. Her pussy muscles fluttered around my knob, which I pulled out, whipping off the rubber to jerk myself off. She gazed at me, stroking my stomach and balls, encouraging my knob to unleash a torrent of jizz between her tits. I collapsed onto Sophie and held her close, the warm ooze trickling between us.

“I thought only elephants came in pints,” whispered Sophie, basking in our afterglow. The intimacy, the completeness, the unconditional sharing of our bodies, apart from the essential yet intrusive sheath, was like I had never experienced before. My body was glowing, radiating heat and pumping out sweat to mingle with jizz to complete the love concoction.

I lay there with Sophie in my arms, reflecting on some recent experiences, with their foundation in physical attraction and lust, totally lacking any afterglow or intimacy. It was just two people getting their rocks off. I had always felt a shallow emptiness, physically satisfied yet emotionally bankrupt. Sophie was everything I had been looking for, and our bond was now signed, sealed and delivered.

“Fancy doing it doggy?” smiled Sophie, our loins stirring, ready for more.

“Woof, woof.”

“Shall we head back?” I suggested, as dusk slowly but relentlessly dimmed the park’s wintry glory.

We stood and headed for the park exit. Holding Sophie’s hand, and feeling complete, I thought back to how I’d felt with Gill. Whilst it was spectacular sex, it was also hollow sex. I couldn’t hold Gill like I had held Sophie; I didn’t kiss and stroke her hair, nor did I care much for what she was getting out of our frolic. It was pure lust, driven from the hip, in pursuit of physical gratification. No afterglow, no thermal heat generation, just temporary satisfaction at getting back at Sophie, for temporarily denying me my conjugals. It was pent up frustration on both sides, pouring out falsely as desire shrouding the real reason why we were both there. To get off on each other. Plain and simple. After which we would go back to our failing relationships with something to counter the monotony, even look forward to, the thrill of the next deception helping us to rumble along in respective ruts.

I hoped Jamie was managing to sort things out with Gemma. I wasn’t too confident for him though. I didn’t know her that well, but from what I had

seen of her, she was a single-minded woman, with a strong sense of values and loyalty. She wouldn't give in without a fight. I just hoped she wouldn't fight Jamie, but fight with him. Time would tell. Having been through a similar crisis with Helen, having limped on for ten years after it, I suspected what would inevitably be the case. Accepting that life wasn't a rehearsal and moving on, to be ultimately happy, was easy to say, but hard to do. If that meant being on your own to achieve it, so be it. Why let someone piss on your boots and tell you it was raining?

Basking in my completeness, I hailed Jamie as I entered the wine bar.

"Hi mate, how's it hanging?" I said to Jamie, as I entered the wine bar, relatively quiet for a Sunday evening.

"Well you look like a dog with two dicks," he replied. "Are you getting some at last then?"

"Is it that obvious?" I answered, ordering two pints of San Miguel. "Anyway, enough of my good news, how about you?"

"Don't ask. Christmas has been a nightmare. It's bad enough normally when we have ten days on the bounce together, but this time, trying to put a brave face on things to both sets of parents was unbelievably testing," said Jamie, disconsolately. "I just can't see it turning the corner. We're not sleeping together, and Gemma goes all distant and angry when I try to approach her."

"Well, I can understand how she feels, you have been screwing around behind her back, mate," I stated bluntly.

"Hark who's fucking talking!" Jamie grabbed his pint and took a long drink, as I scrambled for something a little less inflammatory.

"Sorry, Jamie, I shouldn't have said it," I apologised genuinely. "You've just got to give it time. I had to."

"So, have you sorted things out with the Deansgate Banana then?" asked Jamie, his mood brightening.

"I finished it, but it wasn't pleasant. I keep expecting some sort of reaction," I replied. I felt a pinch on my bum, and half expecting to see Sophie, turned round smiling to be greeted by Gill.

"Hi Ed, thought we'd find you here!" she announced triumphantly. "This is Mavis, my sister."

"What the fuck's that for a name?" said Jamie, unflatteringly. "Only lady boys and transvestites have names like Mavis or Phyllis!"

"Well these are real enough!" stated Mavis proudly, thrusting up her breasts with both hands and popping the birdie.

“They’re getting on well,” I smiled at Gill, looking gorgeous in a black lace see-through top and skimpy bra. “Get them in then,” I said to Jamie. “What are you having ladies?”

“Do you have to ask?” replied Gill, suggestively. “Two gin and tonics mate,” I shouted after Jamie, as he approached the bar.

“Like my new addition?” she said, sticking her tongue out and wiggling it. A silver ball glinted, as she drew her tongue back in and smiled. “Fantastic for blow jobs, Ed, you don’t know what you are missing!”

“I do, Gill, count on it,” I said as my brain switched location and headed for my trousers. The drinks arrived, as Jamie tried to engage Mavis in apologetic polite small talk, and I focused on Gill and her bauble.

“Had much practice?” I asked, expectantly.

“Always room for improvement,” replied Gill, taking an ice cube in her mouth and rolling it around lasciviously. “Why do you ask?” she continued suggestively, the ice cube assuming the role of a penis tip bulging against her inner cheek.

“No reason, but if you did require a volunteer, perhaps...?” I tailed off, hedging my bets on her reaction.

“You can sod off!” she said testily, and turned away from me, disdainfully.

“Sorry, Gill, I misunderstood,” I said, reaching over to her. She put down her drink, took my hand, and led me outside. We entered the dimly lit alley across from the wine bar. She yanked at my belt, pulling at my flies feverishly. Buttons were not conducive to a quickie. She grabbed my dick and started sucking and licking furiously, then slowed as she toyed with my bell end, running the ball around its rim in lazy circles. The combination of steel, skin and spit was amazing, like nothing I had experienced before, as I spurted deep down her throat. Gill stood triumphantly and walked back into the wine bar. I half expected to hear a round of applause, but as I walked back to our table, only Jamie clapped slowly, as if to say “You two faced twat.”

“Same again next week?” I whispered to Gill, as she finished her drink and grabbed her coat.

“That was goodbye for good, you selfish bastard!” she hissed, beckoning Mavis to leave.

I looked at Jamie. “Well?” he said.

“I don’t think it would be a great idea to ask Gemma if she’d consider getting her tongue pierced. Pierce your own and blow yourself, it is fantastic!” I announced, with a mile wide smile.

“How’s Jamie?” asked Sophie, halting the sort of the Prague photographs.

“You have real talent, you should take this up professionally, you know,” I said, encouragingly. “Right, bed!”

Taking my pre-retirement piss, I glanced down at my knob and was horrified to see numerous red streaks along my shaft. It looked like a piece of Blackpool Rock; all that was missing was “STUPID TOSSER” in bright red letters around the tip. Christ! I thought; I need to keep that under wraps. I slunk into bed, hoping that Sophie wasn’t expecting any attention. Fortunately, she just rolled onto her side, with a little nudge from her bum, the sign for me to cuddle up behind her.

I asked the only question in my head at that moment.

“Ever thought of having your tongue pierced?”

Ends

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