

Those Fingers

Janey had given me a scare. I know that she is brutally honest with herself. And I also knew that she has iron hard morality when it comes to the important things in life. But I never dreamed she was that pure and noble. The idea of Martin Van Dyke stalking her like she was some sort of prize game, and then actively attempting to seduce her was something that I promised myself Martin Van Dyke would live to regret. That moment would be in no uncertain future terms. But frankly, at that point in time Martin was not worth wasting a second's thought on. My brave, honest, loving passionate wife needed healing. She had tortured herself into a pathetic drowned kitten because she was afraid she had hurt me. She didn't have to tell me about it. I would have never known. But she had because she had that much respect for me. My only hope was that I could always remain worthy of this superbly honorable person.

She had arranged herself so that she was lying naked on her back on the bed. She looked apprehensive. I had stripped off my filthy sailing clothes and was lying next to her supported by one elbow. I looked into her bottomless hazel eyes, so overpoweringly deep and beautiful. I could see the intellect and strength playing across her soul like summer lightning on the horizon. I could also see her immeasurable passion crouching there like a predator. I felt her gaze pulling me into her with the feminine power that is the essence of woman, enfolding, and nurturing, ardent, restorative and strengthening. The power of her mind and her absolute humanity were all open and on display in those unfathomable eyes.

I put just one finger on her perfect cheek with its healthy natural beauty glowing like an orchard on a sunny fall day. I slid the little visitor past her narrow little nose to her wide sensuous mouth. Her lips were lightly colored with cosmetics, moist and full and at this stage of the exploration slightly parted. I touched her generous lips and she let out a very slight gasp, enfolded the tip of my finger and lightly touched her tongue to it. Then she released it and my little traveler passed on over the exquisite point of her chin. I traced down over the solid ledge of her jaw to that perfectly muscled neck. It felt both soft and hard at the same time, smooth dusky and exposed. It was exceptionally hot to the touch as the blood pulsed through it. She let out a much louder gasp and then a long sigh, steadily holding my gaze from the depths of her soul.

My finger moved across her collar bones, which anchored the chiseled muscles of her dancer's body, to caress her womanly shoulders. I felt the urge to kiss those vulnerable things, so small in proportion compared to the power of her hips. But the time was not right, yet. I moved up the swell of her left breast to the aureole. It had wrinkled to a much smaller area as her nipple hardened. But it was still as expansive and brown-fertile as a newly turned field. The nipple itself stood there, proud and quivering, round and high as a solitary castle at the top of a great mountain. I circled my finger around it, wondering at its symmetry. It grew redder and wider as her hot blood engorged it. This feature would require considerable special attention at a later time but the exploration wasn't done yet.

The breast itself was heaving with increasing passion as I passed down the impossibly long slope from the nipple to her ribs, where the breast folded in to create a vast horizontal space like a long crack in a canyon wall. My finger traced uphill along her rib cage, which rose rather than fell away from her breasts. My little traveler came to the highest point on her rib cage, where he encountered the deep drop off to the wide flat plain of her belly and hips.

It was a breathtaking vista, like coming to a cliff after a long journey and seeing an incredibly broad and fruitful valley spread out below you. The hip bones stuck up far in the distance and framed the valley's end. Her mons pubis stood out in the middle of that valley like a prominent distant hill. My traveler lightly skipped down from the height of her rib cage across the smooth muscles of her stomach. The ground that those muscles formed rippled wildly as my finger passed and little gasps and cries followed its progress. It stopped to explore the crater of her belly button, eliciting a short and very profound gasp and loud moan as it did. There was a small golden artifact attached to the skin at the rim, perhaps placed there to mark a special place of devotion by some ancient civilization, I would return there myself to worship.

The traveler moved over the undulating swell of her lower belly and into the exceptionally broad and bountiful expanse directly between her hip bones. It began to climb her mons. As it climbed the solitary finger passed across a well maintained lawn, like you would see if you approached a grand estate. On the other side of the crest of that little hill I encountered a hypnotically enchanting fissure. It was wide and deep, the folds were slightly brown reddish and they were

unfolding like a flower in front of the traveler's eyes begging to be explored. The female scent coming from that place was intoxicating in the extreme. The agitated moans and cries urged the traveler to plunge into the fruitful space between. But there was still considerable rich abundance to be examined before that could happen. So the traveler pressed on across her pubic bone to the considerable space at the juncture between her thighs and her hips. The traveler had a decision to make, right, or left?

The traveler chose left. He traced down an extraordinarily full and well-muscled thigh. The skin covering each of those highly defined muscles twitched violently as he passed, while she groaned in an agony of sensory overload. Because the traveler was in no hurry the journey took some time. She moaned, cried and groaned loudly during all of it, but she allowed the traveler to proceed. At the knee cap he traced around to the right bypassing the top of the knee and jumped over to the silky smooth skin of the shin of the other leg.

His change of pathways caused a yelp, a loud groan and a bucking of her hips. At that point the exploration included a short detour to trace the extraordinary bulge of the calf muscle. That exploration was complicated somewhat by the uncontrolled flexing of her powerful leg. The moans, gasps and pleadings became more frantic. The traveler paused to examine the feet. Because of the dance training, these were real working appendages not delicate little attachments, very muscular and utilitarian, high arching and solid with neatly painted red nails at the end of the toes. The toes themselves were tightly curled at the end of her feet, which were frantically pushing into the bed as she began to wildly gyrate her hips in the grips of a powerful orgasm.

He gazed into my eyes, as if he wanted to merge his soul with mine. When he looked there I knew that he could see the truth of my love in my most secret place. The longing and passion that I felt for him was flowing out of me in torrents. I normally cannot look him in the eye when we make love. That is because when he is in the process of loving me I am so totally lost in him, that I am afraid I will disappear entirely into the vast territory of his penetrating blue eyes. But this was special so I quaveringly held his gaze. He looked at me tenderly and placed a single

broad finger on my cheek. I know it is a cliché but the only way to describe that touch was “electric”.

He traced gently across my cheekbone, then down past my nose to my lips. He traced lightly along my upper lip and then moved down. I had already begun to pant so his finger slipped neatly between my lips. I gave it a faint kiss and touched it with my tongue. That simple gesture aroused me more than any kind of oral stimulation I have ever given in my life and I began to feel very hot and wet. However, he did not stop with my lips. His finger continued its feathery trace down and under my chin and onto my neck.

He shifted his glance to follow his finger and released from the thrall of his eyes. I closed mine, or maybe they just rolled up in my head. I began to experience his light touch on my neck. I felt a series of incredibly hot flashes pass through my pussy like lightning strikes. The lady in my head said dryly. “If this is the way you’re reacting when he touches your neck, imagine what it is going to feel like when he moves a little further south.” He moved over my collar bone still tracing with his one finger, across my shoulders and down my breast to my nipple. It was so painfully tight and hard I was afraid it would fall off. I expected him to start tweaking or sucking on it, like all other men have ever done. But instead he just traced a circle around the aureole. I sincerely thought that I would lose my mind at that point and I felt the juices leaking out of me. My need to have him inside me was getting to code red status fast and he had to be aware of that fact, but he refused to stop and I didn’t try to stop him.

He continued to trail one finger down my breast to where it folds over on my rib cage and then down my ribs to my belly where he hesitated. No doubt he was taking in the scenery down there. Then he traced down to my belly button and dipped his finger into it. That was the most intimate thing anybody has ever done to me. I would have totally lost it if he had remained in there for about a millisecond longer. But he abruptly continued down across my belly to the folds of my pussy. I was loudly moaning and gasping and begging him to put his finger, or tongue, or anything in it. But apparently torture was on the menu today.

He continued down the top of my thigh. Every muscle he touched contracted like he had tasered it. The sheer physical sensation of each touch was driving me nuts. Added to that was

the fact that I had been building a pent up need for sexual release from the time that he had first caressed my cheek. So each time he touched a new muscle I felt like I was going to light up in an orgasm to end all orgasms. When he reached my kneecap I was begging him in no uncertain terms and in very explicit language to fuck me. Instead he started tracing the length of my other shin. At that stage I was holding myself in a rigid bow, with just the crown of my shoulders and my toes touching the ground. My insides were churning like the Atlantic in the middle of particularly violent hurricane and I was about to come in ways that cannot be expressed in human language.

I estimated that the energy driving that orgasm was roughly equivalent to that of the super black hole at the center of our galaxy. I could feel it coming from miles away and as it began to build my little voice was sitting up there fanning herself saying, "Whew boy! This is going to be a BIG ONE!!!" When it hit, it felt like I was dematerializing. I have no rational memories of what happened for the next couple of minutes. But when I finally got my brain restarted I was absolutely mortified. I was thinking to myself, "You selfish little bitch! You just came so hard your back teeth melted out and he never even got inside you!!!" I couldn't even bring myself to open my eyes to see how much I had disappointed him. When I finally got the courage to look at him cringingly he was looking at me with absolute veneration. My little voice was rapidly fanning herself, while saying, "If I live forever I will never understand men".