



# Sensual Journey

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By Robin Wild

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Lindy woke to find her nightie pushed up to her waist and Trevor kneeling between her legs. Irritated, she rolled away from him.

He smacked her bare backside. "Come on, there's an eight o'clock sales meeting. I have to get going."

"So, go!"

"Just a quickie?"

"No."

"Why won't you tell me what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong!"

"Nothing was wrong last night, either, or the night before, or last week."

"I don't know what it is. It's just ... I don't get excited any more. Then you always get angry, and that makes it worse."

"There isn't an always! There hasn't been an always for months!"

"See? You're doing it again."

"Doing what!"

"Look, maybe I just need some variety."

Lindy got up, went into the en-suite and sat on the toilet. Trevor remained kneeling on the bed with his penis hanging out of his pyjamas. It seemed to be watching her accusingly.

She yawned and relaxed her bladder. "I mean, it's all so - boring."

"Thanks a lot!" He strode into the shower and slammed the screen shut.

A moment later Lindy joined him. She put her arms around his waist from behind

and gave him a hug. "I'm not blaming you. We'll work it out."

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While they dressed, Lindy tried to remember how it felt to be electrified with desire. There was a time when a rough quickie left her so excited that she spent the whole day craving for more. And after work they would fondle and caress from the minute they arrived home until bedtime. Now, that just annoyed him; he might miss something on the bloody TV! But when he came to bed it was a different story; she was supposed to be ready and waiting. There was a time when at weekends they stayed in bed for hours, not even stopping for meals. That was the best sex ever. Now, he spent every weekend playing golf.

These thoughts depressed her. Today, even her favourite maroon suit depressed

her. It was expensive, fashionable, shapeless - sexless. How could anyone feel sexy wearing that?

Trevor revved the car engine. His impatience didn't help, either. Lindy grabbed her handbag and locked the house. She got in beside him, but just as the car started to reverse down the driveway she had an idea.

"Trev, stop."

He hit the brakes. "What the hell -?"

"I'll take the train."

"That's silly."

"Maybe."

"All right, suit yourself."

She leant over and gave him a kiss. "I hope the meeting goes well."

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Within a few minutes Lindy had shed all of her clothes. In the back of the underwear drawer she found what she

wanted - the pair of black, open tights. She pulled them on, then studied herself in the mirror. What a disgusting thought; this sheer, nylon garment had no function other than sexual! Who designed such things? Men? Her exposed crotch and buttocks made her feel ridiculous ... and yet -

She unpinned her hair and let the honey-blonde tresses flow over her shoulders. Then she removed her make-up and re-applied it to make her eyes look bluer and larger, and her lips fuller. Finally, she wriggled into her briefest, flimsiest, red mini-dress.

While walking to Ringwood station the breeze teased up her legs and licked at her bare skin. Every movement seemed magnified. Every glance vaporised the brief dress. Waiting for the train were quite a few girls wearing outfits easily as revealing, yet Lindy felt that all eyes were on her. The men's hungry looks frightened

her, so did the danger of a sudden gust of wind, and of exposing herself whenever she sat down or stood up. But by the time she strolled through Melbourne Central and took the lift to the ninth floor Lindy felt very, very sexy.

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Throughout the morning, while checking invoices and answering telephone queries, the urge to touch herself was overwhelming. One hand remained almost constantly beneath the desk. With the hum of voices just metres away in adjoining offices, or while placating a customer on the telephone about his missing shipment of transducers, masturbation took on a particularly exhilarating intensity. Twice, people entered Lindy's office without knocking and almost caught her in the act.

At noon she walked to Chinatown in Little Bourke Street. By then, after being constantly aroused for so many hours, strolling in the sunshine through the lunchtime crowds felt incredibly stimulating.

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At the Flaming Lantern she and Trevor sat opposite each other in a small U-shaped booth. His mood remained comically petulant; he pretended not to notice the way she was dressed. Lindy took a quick glance around, arranged the white tablecloth to cover her thighs, then leant forward. "Feel me."

He stared at her questioningly, then touched her forehead. "You have got a bit of a temperature."

"Under the table."

"What?"

"Go on."

His hand brushed along her leg and slipped under the dress. Enjoying the surprise in his eyes when his fingers found naked skin, Lindy parted her knees. His hand touched the hair then abruptly withdrew. "Are you crazy!"

"Minis are back in fashion."

"Minis might be."

"You've always wanted me to wear these."

"Not to work!"

"I've been careful"

"You'll have to take them off. I mean on the way back to work you'll have to buy some proper pantyhose."

Lindy opened her legs wider and slid closer. The dress rode up to the top of her thighs. Her skin felt slippery on the smooth leather seat. "Feel me again."

"Behave!"

"I thought you wanted me to be more sexy?"

"Save it for tonight."

"I'm getting ready."

Trevor laughed nervously. He glanced around the restaurant and seemed to satisfy himself that no-one was watching. Suddenly, Lindy felt his fingertips again, squeezing this time, very gently, then immersing themselves. He withdrew his hand slowly and brought it to his nose. "I've been thinking."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I've been taking you for granted."

"True. So, what are you going to do about it?"

"You'll find out, tonight."

Lindy slipped her hand under the tablecloth and stroked Trevor's thigh. Ignoring his protests, she undid his zip. But just as her fingers gripped firmly there was a polite voice beside her: "Al'ays happy see you, madam, sir. Today special, giant sp'ing 'oll. Ve'y big, ve'y tasty."

Lindy squeezed. "Big?"  
"Ve'y big. Fill you up good."  
"That's just what I want."

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The afternoon went much like the morning for Lindy. What work got done, got done one handed, but an incident late in the day made her think carefully about the dangers of dressing so brazenly, as did the trip home on the train.

There were no vacant seats. Lindy had to hold onto an overhead strap. That stance pulled her mini-dress higher and made the men sitting nearby even less inclined than usual to forfeit their seats. Lindy was not sure how much they could see. She dared not look down herself, but gauging by the men's extremely slow rate of blinking and the venomous stares of some women passengers, she guessed

they could see plenty - and whenever the train jerked, plenty more.

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Trevor met her at the front door. That was a first; he never arrived home before seven. She could not resist teasing him. "What's wrong? Not feeling well?"

Before she could say more, his lips were on hers. As they clutched at each others buttocks, Lindy's dress rode up to her waist. Straining on tip toes she hooked her leg around his and rubbed her crotch against his thigh. He pulled the dress over her head.

She started to unbuckle his trousers but before she could finish he hoisted her over his shoulder and carried her to the sofa. He dumped her onto the cushions then knelt down beside her. Lindy unbuttoned his shirt. She tugged at the black curls on his chest and at the furry

trail that led to his navel. She undid his zip, took out his penis and clamped her fingers around it. Holding back the skin she rubbed it over her nose, sniffing its scent, then opened her mouth, but before her lips closed he pulled away. "Turn over."

Lindy rolled onto her stomach. She propped herself on her elbows with her feet playing in the air. Trevor produced a hair brush from somewhere and began brushing her hair. If he was trying to be more sensual, he was doing pretty good so far, but suddenly the bristles prickled her bottom. "Hey!"

"That's for wearing no nickers."

"Ow!"

"That's for wearing these tarty tights."

"Ow!"

"That's for playing with yourself when you should have been working."

"Ow! I didn't!"

"That's for lying."

"Ow!"

While Lindy squirmed against the cushion the firm bristles paddled each cheek in turn, then his lips touched the nape of her neck. "And this is for being naughty at lunchtime."

Lindy shivered. Barely touching the skin, his tongue teased down her backbone, over one buttock, one thigh, the back of one knee, one ankle, one toe. She wriggled and giggled and pressed her face into the sofa. Suddenly, his tongue filled her ear, then skimmed slowly over the skin of her throat, over one shoulder and ever so slowly down one arm to her fingertip.

Tentacles of need crept through Lindy's body, lapped at her vulva, teased at her clitoris, making it pulsate and strain against the velvet cushion. "I'm ready now."

"You'll have to wait."

"I can't."

"You don't like quickies."

"I do!"

"You didn't this morning."

"That was different."

Lindy tried to relax, tried to flow with the itching tension his tongue created as it washed the hollow of her armpit, slithered down her side to her waist - up again, down again, up again - working towards the middle of her back, first on one side then the other.

"Trev, please!"

"I'm re-discovering your body."

"Re-discover me later. I'm really, really horny."

He puffed hot air at the small of her back. "You know, it's really sensual, the curve from your shoulders down your back to your waist, the way it rises up over your bottom then down your thighs."

"What?"

"And the way the valley of your backbone curves down, dips between the cheeks, then swings all the way under."

Following that route repeatedly, very slowly, very lightly, his fingers traced the length of her spine. Next, his tongue followed the same trail, all the way from the nape of her neck, to the small of her back, then between the cheeks to her perineum - up again, down again. Each time his tongue skimmed over it, her anus flinched. Lindy felt a strong urge to shower, but a far stronger urge kept her right where she was.

He lapped the skin from waist to thigh. Each lick moved closer to the meeting of her buttocks until both cheeks were thoroughly wet. He left them cool and quivering and alert to the most subtle curls and currents of air.

"Trev! This is torture!"

"I love the way this groove between the cheeks goes under to your anus, then

starts again at your vagina to make the cleavage of your vulva. And this same groove, the one between your buttocks, swerves off here where your bottom meets your thighs, then curves under here, where your thighs meet your pubes."

Lindy squirmed as the thumbs of both hands slipped from the small of her back down the damp valley, ever so lightly over her anus, and around the bottom of each buttock. Then his mouth teased along the same route, kissing softly, first following the left cheek, then the right. Lindy let one foot drop to the floor and raised herself to receive his tongue.

But his tongue slid away, wetting the insides of her thighs, teasing slowly to the back of one knee and then the other. He kissed her calves and feet and toes, then licked in one slow sweep up the back of one leg, over one thigh, one buttock and her waist to her shoulder. Hot breath washed the nape of her neck. He sucked

each earlobe, tongued each ear and the sensitive skin behind them.

Lindy's heart pounded, her skin crawled, every breath emerged as a whimpering moan. She lowered her pelvis again to writhe against the velvet cushion, to wipe her clitoris from side to side in the slippery puddle beneath her. The ache was almost unbearable. She spread her legs as far apart as they would go.

"Trev, now!"

Moist breath wafted over the insides of her buttocks and thighs. His tongue swept past her anus and vagina - so hot, so close, barely brushing the skin, barely touching the fine hairs. Even they seemed to contain erectile nerves. Lindy's uterus moved. The full length of her vagina tried to snatch something into it; the entrance opened and closed. She pressed one foot into the carpet, her knee into the cushion, and lifted her bottom again, pushing back, trying to fill herself with - anything.

The tip of his tongue touched her perineum and flicked from side to side. Her clitoris burned. Her vagina contracted in thirsty spasms. The entrance flowed copiously, and tickled and itched.

Rolling onto her back, she managed to pull his pants and underpants off, then with her legs spread in the air, she grabbed his penis and tried to shove it in. He let her pull it close enough to feel its heat, but no closer.

"Now! Damn it!"

He showered her eyes, her lips, her ears, her throat with kisses, then his mouth roamed over her breasts. "They're so beautiful. So full and firm."

The flat of his tongue spiralled inwards, wetting them all over, but avoided the nipples, which stood up desperately. Lindy wriggled, trying to stuff them into his mouth. But his mouth slipped away, leaving a glistening trail to

her navel, then down, down, down, maddeningly slowly.

"I love the way your pubes bulge up then curve down to merge with your thighs."

He licked each valley between pubis and thigh. Lindy pressed against his mouth and suddenly shifted sideways, but not suddenly enough.

"Suck me!"

Hot breath washed into her vagina. She squirmed and thrust up, trying to touch his lips, but he kept them just out of reach.

"Mm. You smell so sexy."

His tongue swirled into her pubic hair, washed over the engorged outer lips, one at a time. But only his breath touched the inner lips. Itching, pleading, they reached out.

"I really can't stand it!"

His fingers meandered in slow circles, down, down, down. The hairs above her clitoris stood up, electrified. So did it,

pulsing, burning, straining, begging. He pulled at the hairs, one by one.

"The hair's so soft. I love the way it spreads away on each side, sort of framing your clit. Oh, and your clit's so big - "

Suddenly, his mouth made one sweeping anus to breast lick, detouring to avoid her vulva. The shock nearly made Lindy come.

"TREVORRRR!"

She rolled to the floor, pulling him with her, trying to mount him, but he squirmed around until his head was beneath her crotch. Her mouth clamped on his penis. He could not get away. It was time for journey's end! She thrust her vulva down towards his lips, but he moved his head sideways.

His tongue swept over her buttocks, making them tickle and itch. Groaning, she pressed back hard against his teeth as he nipped at each cheek.

Her mouth sucked feverishly. Her tongue twirled around and around, licked up and down. His mouth travelled on, nipping and lapping at her thighs and pubes, but after a few moments his warm mouth was replaced by cool air.

Clawed fingers raked through her pubic hair. Other fingers started at the base of her spine and slithered down between her buttocks. Then the tip of his tongue slithered down too, over her anus, to the skin behind her vagina.

He planted little kisses on the opening. Lindy pressed down, churned on his mouth. She needed pressure, PRESSURE, PRESSURE. He made sure she did not get enough.

"And there's another groove along here. It sweeps up from your vagina on each side between your big lips and your little lips, then over your clit. Mm."

The tip of his tongue slipped up and down the cleft on each side, around the top, over the hood.

Lindy slipped her mouth over his penis again. Trevor's breath accelerated. His tongue flipped her clitoris from side to side. Then he massaged it between his lips, sucking, stretching and releasing. Lindy was in heaven. At last, at last, at last -

"NO!"

"Mm. Now, here's where your clit - mm, the skin over it, merges in and around to blend with the top of your outer lips -"

"Shut-up-damn-you. Suck! Suck!" She bore down, muffling his voice.

"Mm. Feels nice. Arches over your clit. Sweeps down. Forms lips. They flow down. Merge with your vagina."

Sucking both lips into his mouth, he massaged them against each other, then

his tongue slipped between them and skimmed up and down.

"Now, your vagina - I can see right inside, see the little ripples and ridges moving." His tongue circled the opening, darted in and out. "Your vagina merges with this juicy hollow." He swirled his tongue around and around. "And here's your urethra. Then the juicy hollow merges with the inside of the lips. Mm, slippery, smooth. Their insides flow up to merge with the bottom of your clit."

Lindy groaned. Her body jerked spastically as the tip of his tongue explored the bottom surface.

"Mm. The front edges of the lips join at the bottom of your clit. Oh, I see, the edges separate. They blend with your clit but go over it, too, forming the front edge of the hood."

With a fingertip he slid back the skin then enclosed the fiery tip between his lips. He examined it gently with his

tongue. Lindy remained motionless, barely breathing. The sensations were too intense, too exquisite.

"Mm, and I can feel the little shaft, too, and it all blends in with the inside surface of the hood. You should feel how hard it is now."

When he sucked it again, Lindy squealed and her pelvis jolted. His tongue teased on.

"On the other hand, your outer lips also merge with your vagina, here at the bottom. But as I follow around these little folds - sweep up to become the grooves between your inner and outer lips -" His tongue teased up one side then the other. "And if I keep following them up, up, up I come back again to the top of your -"

Suddenly, he groaned and growled and squirmed. Lindy sucked harder, slid her lips up and down faster and faster while she bore down on his mouth. Then she

turned quickly, squatted over his penis and strummed her vulva with it.

Hot semen shooting against her clitoris pushed her over the edge. She mounted him mid-orgasm. Their slippery genitals slurped and smacked together as the contractions, excruciatingly fierce and deep, doubled her up. Lindy collapsed, exhausted and limp, her face pressed against his chest.

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The next morning Lindy woke first. She rolled over and teased Trevor's ear with gentle puffs of hot breath. "Better get up, golfer."

"I've got better things to do - haven't I?"

"Well, the grass needs cutting, then there's the pruning and plenty of dripping taps to fix."

"Will you wear those sexy tights all day?"

"Hm, I don't know. They got me into a bit of trouble yesterday."

"You call last night trouble?"

"Not that. At work."

He sat bolt upright.

"Calm down. It's just that when I went down to the storeroom, Fisher, the foreman, said I was sexually harassing his men."

"What!"

"Wetherby called me into his office. He asked me if Fisher's men were to come to work with equivalent amounts of their anatomy exposed, what would I think? Well, I got his point, then he said: 'In the storeroom please wear a dustcoat, my dear, but around the front office where I'm the only male, feel free to dress as you please.' The old fox!"

As Trevor pulled Lindy's nightie over her head he mocked Wetherby's voice.

"Around here, my dear, feel free to undress as you please." His lips brushed over her throat and down to one breast.

She slipped away, crouched between his legs, pulled his pyjama pants off and pushed his legs wide apart. "Mm, I just love the way this tiny seam starts behind your testicles, then goes along the middle and keeps going all the way along the bottom of your ..."

"Suck it."

An impish smile spread over Lindy's face. She got out of bed, went over to the dresser, and returned with a hairbrush; the stiffest, prickliest one she could find.

END.