

Tales of an English Rose

EXCERPT

The cell phone on the bedside table chirped, momentarily breaking the concentration of the beautiful blonde laying back against the mound of pillows piled up against the headboard. The second chirp sent one hand towards the intrusive device and the other hand between her legs where it firmly held the curly black hair of the resort's bartender in place. She pressed the little green button as the third chirp began.

"Just a minute, Bob-cuck. Why must you always call at the most inconvenient times?" The thin furrows of aggravation started to appear in her forehead. Taking a deep breath and letting out a long sigh, she let the bartender's long and talented tongue work its very own magic on the sweet spot between her thighs. "That's right...mmm...just there, Alberto...yes...ah, that's so good." She hadn't really bothered to cover the phone as she spoke softly to the man on the bed with her.

"Urm...sweetheart? Is someone there with you? It started pouring down rain and..."

Robert Hornsmythe, Jilly Hume's husband of five years was trying to hear his wife while he was being jostled around in the hotel bar by the rest of the golfers who'd come in after the sudden downpour started to soak the course. He kept his phone tight to his ear as he finally got to the bar and ordered a shot of whiskey and a beer. If she told him something important or asked him to do something and he couldn't hear, he knew there would be hell to pay later on.

Alberto had known as soon as the hot young wife met his eyes with her own appraising look the night before, that he would be enjoying her firm, fit body before she and her otherwise forgettable husband left after the weekend. It was no surprise when his phone rang late the next morning. As he said hello, he remembered their short encounter at the bar. He guessed her to be thirty-one, maybe thirty-two years old. (Not far off, Jilly had turned thirty-three only two months before.) The little black cocktail dress she wore revealed, among other things, that her breasts did not require a bra to look their finest.

They hardly spoke as the husband ordered, looking slightly uneasy as his wife flirted silently with the older, more confident man. He slipped her his phone number and room number at the resort hotel along with her Kir Royale. Her smile was all he needed. He watched her flirt with most of the single men at the bar before she and her husband left for the dining room.

His tongue was like nothing she'd experienced before; with a low moan, Jilly dropped the phone on the bed and forgot about it. His thick, strong fingers moved over her bare mound pulling back her nether lips and opening her vagina even more. He plunged his long tongue into her steamy depths as deeply as he could and then curled the tip back over the spongy flesh at the top of her slick walls.

"Oh my God! Oh, oh, Alberto..."

Bob's face turned a deep red as he listened to the sounds of his wife being pleased by another man. His phone slipped through his nervous, sweaty fingers, dropped down onto the bar inadvertently turning on the 'speaker phone' feature. A split-second later, all the boys around him – most of whom had met his wife the night before – heard exactly why their new golfing buddy had turned so deeply crimson red.

"Please, Alberto...enough...too sensitive..." The shock of hearing his wife's voice broadcast to everyone around him froze the obviously cuckolded husband long enough for one of the other golfers to grab the phone and pass it down the bar, keeping it out of Bob's hands.

“You know what I want, you sexy beast!”

The laughter exploded at the bar as Bob turned away, so deeply humiliated and ashamed.

“Fuck me, lover...give me that big, fat cock...oh...oh God! So full...fuck me now, baby...fuck me hard...fuck me like a real man, lover...it’s been so long...”