

Afterglow

by Donna M.

“You’re the team player, I suppose.”

He hesitated enough for me to know the score. “No, it’s not like that.”

“Okay, if you say so, but it’s obvious to me you’re the guy taking one for the team.”

This was too fucking awkward. Three men met three women in a bar. There was a natural pairing process that’s as old as humankind. I understood that, didn’t mean I had to like it. My friends Shelly and Jill were the blondes. They had the tits. They were younger than I was. I’m Kim: mid-forties separated mom with the shape to prove it. Seriously, I wasn’t bad looking, but with my ‘motherly’ hips and too many wrinkles I was past the MILF stage and knew it. Admittedly I was always prepared for being the third wheel when I went on the hunt with my best friends. Like I said, it didn’t mean I had to like it.

“Tell me about yourself, Greg. What’re you looking for?” I figured I’d ask the loaded question early and see how he stumbled through the minefield.

Yeah, he stumbled. When he opened with “There’s not much to tell...” I was already tuning him out. He wasn’t a bad looking man overall. He was tall and a bit gangly. He moved his hands a lot while talking—a minus, to me—and I noticed how big his hands were—a plus, if you believe in those correlations.

He pulled me back to listening when he said, “You’re not listening to me so why go on, Kim? You asked what I was looking for. Well, I’m

looking for somebody real—there aren't many of those any more, as I'm finding out. I thought you'd be real." His eyes were downcast, sad.

"I'm sorry, Greg, I've had a bad day, that's all." I lied.

"I'm sorry too. Let's finish our drinks, talk small talk, and go our separate ways." He looked around, adding, "I guess my friends and yours hit it off...they're gone."

I hadn't noticed. I hoped Jill and Shelly scored what they wanted. Both of Greg's friends were good looking and seemed to have money. See? —The two priorities for shallow, desperate women. Lord, forgive me.

"Look, I really am sorry. Most times I *can* be real, but maybe just not today."

"Apology from the pretty lady is accepted."

"If you promise to take it easy on the bullshit, I'll try to be real."

"What bullshit? That I called you pretty? Maybe you don't look in the mirror enough."

"Oh, I look in the mirror alright; I know what I see."

"Do you?"

"Yeah, wrinkles, fat, and sag. The killer trio for a woman."

"Now who's slinging the bullshit? You're not fat, and I sure don't see any sag. Okay, maybe a couple of wrinkles," he said, laughing.

"Funny guy."

"Not really. I try not to be funny as a rule. I usually fail at funny," he said with a sigh. "Funny, and women. Don't usually fail with anything else but those two."

"What *don't* you fail at?"

"You mean how I make my living? IT solutions, mostly; I'm a consultant in the dot-com world."

"Make good money, I assume."

“Ah, now a gold-digger?” He laughed, I didn’t. “Only kidding—see, told you I wasn’t good at being funny.” *Then* it was my turn to laugh. He continued, “I also tend not to fail at sports, I guess. Played some college basketball, nothing great but friends still don’t like going one-on-one with me. Decent golfer too...friends don’t like playing me on the links either. Tells you something about me, doesn’t it?”

“Tells me you hate to lose.”

“That’s me. I imagine I lose enough in the love department so I need to win at everything else.”

“You’re trying to pick me up with a line like *that*?”

“Pathetic sounding, right?”

“No, just too honest, I think.”

“Read me like a book.”

“I don’t think you’re that simple. I mean, I bet you’re more complex... like a long novel.”

He made a silly bow and thanked me for the compliment. “Maybe my novel is too long,” he said. He asked me if I wanted another drink. I figured *what the hell*? We talked, and I got a clearer impression of him. For a professional he didn’t exude a lot of confidence. Perhaps his self-esteem was only lacking in the ‘love department,’ as he called it. That didn’t create the greatest first impression. Was he telegraphing a sexual shortcoming to me, either physical or temperamental? Christ—exactly what I needed right now!

I said, “OK, so you want to hook up? Explain why you don’t win in the love game.”

“Jesus! You don’t pull any punches, do you?” He shook his head a bit and chuckled. “It doesn’t look like we will—‘hook up’ that is—so I may as well tell you. I’m not the type, I guess, to play the game. You know what I mean, being fake, saying things I don’t mean—things you’re thinking she

wants to hear. Maybe I'm too damn stubborn about being myself, warts and all."

"So, you have warts?" I asked, making a show at studying his hands.

He gave me this dumbfounded look before he realized I was kidding. Then we both laughed. "Oh yeah, I've got warts, the kind you don't see," he said, vaguely pointing to his head.

"Oh-oh, means you're dangerous? Women like that, the hint of danger."

"See, I'm so *not*-dangerous, women never look twice. I told you I fail miserably in the love business."

I tried to sound more serious. "You've never had anyone...met anyone...who seemed like Ms. Right?"

"I've known a few women who I felt attraction...affection...for, but they were all married, and I'm not the kind of cad who'd chase a happily married woman."

"I'm separated, but I'm still married. What about me?"

"For one thing, you're *here*, and being separated explains *why* you're here. But then again, you've already told me this wasn't going anywhere, so we'll chalk it up to a lack of chemistry or whatever the relationship gurus call it nowadays."

"Ready to give up on me so soon?"

"Now, that sounded like a coquettish tease. Something I didn't expect from you."

I felt bad about that—it was a tease and I knew it. "I'm sorry, Greg. I've been wallowing in self-pity a bit tonight. Kept me from seeing chemistry even if it's right in front of me."

His smile was natural with no trace of the self-aggrandizement I may have seen with other men if I said that to them. "Ah, chemistry. I doubt

you're one to mistake desperation for chemistry as I often do." His eyes—bedroom eyes, for sure—fixed on mine as he continued, "I like you very much, Kim. You're smart, witty, playful...and the wrinkles just make you prettier."

"I doubt that last bit, but thanks. You're a nice guy, Greg, and I'm sure you'll find the lady you're looking for real soon."

He smiled, and said, "Thank you, too. You've seen my desperation and have offered hope." We both laughed at that.

Our drinks finished, he asked if I had a ride home and offered to take me if I didn't. *Why not*, I thought. He certainly wasn't dangerous, and a piece of my subconscious mind seemed to be hoping he'd ask me for a date—a real one this time. His Lexus had me thinking gold-digger thoughts, but I pushed them away. Our conversation was relaxed and animated on the way to my house. I considered how easily I'd given him my address. Since my husband's affair—and his leaving—my house was too big and too lonely for my taste. As we neared my street, I decided to invite Greg in for a nightcap. Was he correct in assuming I wouldn't confuse desperation for chemistry?

He was a little wary when I invited him in. Maybe not so sure of my intentions, "I guess one drink is ok," he said, sounding more like surrender than success. His self-esteem again, I wondered, or simply that brutal honesty?

My answer was conveyed through his easy banter as one drink became two. We sat next to each other on my sofa, and I spilled my guts to him. It didn't seem to scare him at all. What do you know, a man who can actually listen! He didn't try to feel me up, simply sitting close and listening.

"You're a good listener," I said, or maybe it was the liquor talking.

"You're worth listening to. And that's big in my book."

"Your book? Your long novel of a life?" I giggled.

“I think someone’s had one too many. I better go.” He rose from the sofa.

I pulled him back down. “Dammit, will you kiss me?”

First kisses were always special, but this one was better than most in my life. Unlike other men, he didn’t try to fuck my mouth with his tongue. His played against the tip of mine before lightly caressing the rim of my parted lips. I imagined him doing that to my pussy, and my panties were wet in seconds. I knew then that I would succumb. He hadn’t yet tried to go anywhere else but my lips. One hand caressed the nape of my neck while the other lay easily at my side. Score another point for Greg—he *HAD* to know I was aroused, gooseflesh under his hand at my neck and me breathing like a panicked swimmer—yet he concentrated on the kiss. He knew what he was doing.

We never left my sofa. I whispered in his ear that he could have me. He disrobed me slowly and deliberately, until I was down to just my panties. My soaking wet panties. Then he kissed me again, longer than the first. His fingers insinuated themselves inside my panties and massaged my screaming clitoris. I didn’t realize his shirt was off until his light downy chest hair teasingly tickled my erect nipples.

I’d always marveled at the romance novel cliché where the first lovemaking is wild animalistic sex, and then the second time is slower and more exploratory. I was ready for animalistic. However, Greg seemed to have never read any of those novels. He was exploring me from the start.

I moaned, “Oh Greggggg,” at his touch.

He whispered, “Sssssh,” and began to move his lips to my nipples. When his tongue flitted against one of them my breath caught in my chest. “Mmmmmm” he murmured. I figured his fingertips just got a little wetter.

He eased me onto my back and his lips traveled slowly from my

breasts, down my belly, once around my navel, before settling somewhere near the top of my panties.

“Uhem, no sag anywhere. I wonder what she was talking about,” he whispered teasingly as he slowly eased my panties down.

“Oh Greg,” I moaned again.

My eyes were closed, so I didn’t know what he was doing until I felt his tongue flit ever so gently against my clit. I was climbing quickly—closer, closer.

Again, very much unlike other men I’ve been with, including my husband, he went about things differently. Instead of licking me like a child would lick an ice cream cone, Greg used the tip of his tongue like a quill—gently making his mark upon me.

This time it was more than a moan, as I cried out “Oh Gregggggggggggggg!”

His response to my orgasm was another reverberating “Mmmmmmm.”

His finger found my g-spot and I kept on cumming, one glorious spasm after another. I’d lost it completely, not conscious of anything but my climax, until his moistened lips found my open mouth.

He stopped kissing me long enough to whisper two words—“Kim” and “bedroom”—the last word inflected as a question. I motioned with my head which direction to take me. He picked me up effortlessly and carried me to my bed. *My marriage bed*, I thought, to be christened with another man’s semen.

My hand-to-size observation was prophetic—he was nicely endowed.

“You’re a woman in tune with her body,” he said, touching me here and there lying next to me. “I like that.”

“Y...you have a nice touch.”

“You’re beautiful in the afterglow.”

“Afterglow?”

“You know, the plateau following orgasm—the ‘afterglow’. It radiates all around you.”

“No one’s ever told me that,” I whispered.

“Because most men are apt to roll over and not pay attention when it’s done.”

“But we’re not done, are we?”

“No, and I’m not like most men,” he said, and went to work on me again. This time as he tasted me he tasted my orgasmic juices. He murmured “Mmmmm” again.

I spread my legs wide for him and he entered me slowly. I reached out and pulled his hips to me. He was deep, and I gasped at the feeling, one I hadn’t experienced in quite a while. His pace was slow at first, but he proved good at varying his thrusts for maximum effect on my g-spot and vagina walls. He expertly rode high to be sure to rub my clit on each thrust. My legs held onto him as my body raced to climax.

“Oh Kim, oh Kim, you’re so beautiful, I can’t hold it much longer.”

“Oh Greg, (pant) it’s okay, (pant) I’m cummminggg, ohhhhhhhh.”

He groaned and filled me with his seed while my vagina pulsed around his spurting shaft.

After, he collapsed to lie beside me. He nibbled on my ear while one hand lightly drew circles around one of my nipples. I held his softening cock while the last of his ejaculate dribbled onto my fingers.

“You’re right, you’re not like most men,” I muttered before we kissed. After, I whispered, almost to myself, “I feel soooo good.”

“The afterglow—you look great, so naturally you feel great.”

“I thought you weren’t so hot in the love business. You could have fooled me.”

“I wasn’t kidding. Maybe it’s because you’re more of a woman than the ones I usually try to impress.”

“Can you...impress...me again,” I whimpered longingly.

His tongue carved a trough over my tingling hot, post-orgasmic body, until I was magically pre-orgasmic once more. When he flitted against my clit I coughed out another groan. It wouldn’t take long. He nibbled and I came; the gloriously wonderful agony of my third orgasm swept over me like a tsunami over a battered shoreline. I screamed louder than I had before, heralding every contraction, every spasm.

How many years had it been since I spooned against my husband after fucking—and talked? That’s what Greg and I did. We talked of many things, including how wonderful a lover he was and how great I felt.

The afterglow—I had a name for it now.

“You still think I was taking one for the team?” He said, smiling.

I bopped him one on the arm, and said, “Yes you were...you just didn’t realize you were going to score a touchdown tonight.”

His smile faded. “I wasn’t looking for a ‘score,’ I hope you know that, Kim.”

My smile broadened. “I know you weren’t, I was simply being funny, but I forgot you don’t do ‘funny’ very well.”

“Ok, ok, I’ll try to loosen up,” he chuckled, “and I know I ‘scored’ because I found a fantastic woman, much more fantastic I’m sure, than the bimbos my friends went for.”

“Jill and Shelly aren’t bimbos,” I protested, but his smile disarmed me. He was kidding. “Well, ok, they can be a little superficial at times,” I lamely admitted.

“Something you’re not, I’m discovering,” he said before he kissed me once more.

I had no idea what time it was—two o'clock maybe? I didn't care; I wanted more of what he had to give. He sensed it before I said anything. My hand felt for his cock and he was tumescent. He had needs too. I wanted to be in control this time, so I made the first move and pushed him onto his back before straddling him. I eased myself down onto him and began to writhe. After a few seconds of undulating up and down, I wondered whether I was in control after all.

He smiled up at me, and said, "Damn, you're even more beautiful when you're like this."

Between halting breaths, I asked, "Like what?"

"Hot, and knowing what you want and taking it—a real woman."

"Shut up and let me fuck you," I panted. Unconsciously I had increased my rhythm. His hands at my hips, he raised up to meet me, all the while maintaining unblinking eye contact. The eye contact was mesmerizing. It was like his eyes were imbedded into me as well as his cock. Was that another woman who was screaming like a banshee, bouncing wildly up and down, up and down? Me? Solid, cautious, even-keeled me?

"I'mmmmmmmmmmmmm cummmmmmmmmingggggggg!"

"Oh baby, I am too," he groaned.

I felt it—the afterglow he talked about. The best damned afterglow I'd had in months, maybe years. I collapsed next to him and never knew I fell asleep until I awoke to the morning sun invading my bedroom. A man asleep next to me in my bed! The first man in my bed since I kicked my husband out! I watched him there, a peaceful smile on his face and snoring ever so softly. I guess I didn't know how much I needed some good loving, how absolutely horny I'd been, until the first orgasm. After that it wasn't lust, it was Greg. We had chemistry. I mean, I came four times in one night! That never happened before. Ever.

“Good morning.” He was awake and smiling at me. “You still ok with me being here?”

“Yes...yes I am, Greg,” I said softly. “I don’t know what it means, where we go from here, but I’m ok.”

He reached out and pulled me back down to him. This kiss was as passionate as the first one last night. “You’re so wonderful,” he whispered when our lips disengaged. “How did I ever find you?”

“Taking one for the team has its advantages. Sometimes there’s a diamond in the rough.”

“A ‘diamond’ huh. Is someone letting things go to her head?”

“See, you can do ‘funny’ when you want to, smartass,” I said with a laugh. “You know, I’m thinking I’d like to see you work on that ‘love business’ shortfall some more. How about it?”

“Let’s go shower, and maybe you can help me with my self-improvement there.”

In the shower he washed me all over, until every nerve ending tingled, especially my aching nipples. (Remembering what we’d done last night helped a little, I might add.) I was lathered and slippery when he kissed me again. The soapy slipperiness only enhanced the feeling of our bodies pressed together under the shower’s spray. I thought we’d end up back in bed, but I couldn’t wait.

I turned away from him and rubbed my ass against his stiffening cock. I’d worried that maybe he wouldn’t be able to get it back up again after our all-night lovemaking. Thankfully I was wrong. “Yes, oh, yes...right here, right now,” I moaned.

He took his time entering me, almost as a tease, so by the time he was beginning his rhythm I was bucking back roughly against him, begging him to go faster, harder. He did. Hips shoved, water splashed—it didn’t take

long at all.

“Oh, Kim, I’m...I’m...ohhhhhhhhhhh,” he groaned. I felt his ejaculatory spasms.

I screamed, “Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” which echoed loudly within the shower stall.

After coming down from our orgasmic highs, we washed each other again. While drying, I said, “I could eat a horse. Is there a gentleman around here who will treat his new lady to a Sunday morning breakfast?”

“Indeed there is such a gentleman, and he happens to know a fabulous place across town. More brunch than breakfast, but I’m sure my ‘new lady’ will enjoy it.”

And that’s how a tremendous love affair began. We’d made love over and over, and then had a fabulous (as he predicted) brunch. We ate like pigs, probably replenishing the energy expended in all our fucking. That first night and morning was prelude to our blossoming relationship. I almost didn’t let it happen, and it bothered me, but only for a short while. Greg and I, though we didn’t speak about it often, knew in our hearts that when my divorce became final we would be married.

Shelly and Jill are *still* carping on their luck that fateful night at that bar. After all, *I* had the afterglow now.

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