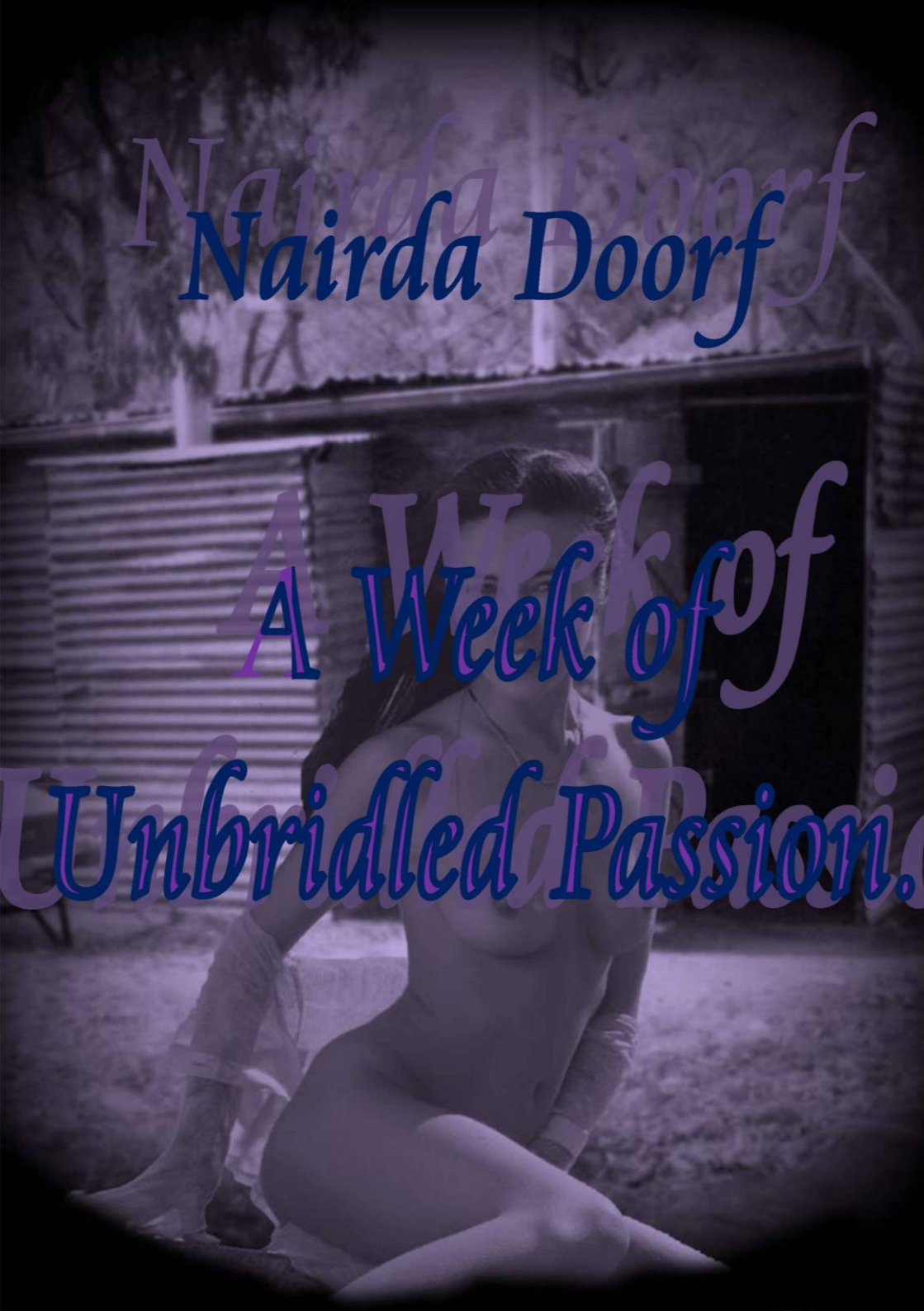


Nairda Doorf
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A Week of
Unbridled Passion.



A Week of Unbridled Passion

Prologue

The events in this narrative are based on a true story although the names have been changed to protect the innocent (?). It is set in the late seventies, a time of free love and sexual freedom and, of course, when the best music was around. Most people think of the sexual revolution as being mostly in the 60's having started in the 50's which was certainly the beginning but I think it wasn't until the 70's that women really woke up to the fact that they were truly liberated and could take control of their own bodies and emotions and not be enslaved to the wants and demands of the male. The 70's was a time of exploration and liberation. A time when we all finally realised that a woman enjoyed sex as much as a man. A time when pure, unadulterated lust was a very good thing indeed and passion was something to enjoy.

I hope you enjoy this little trip back in time.

As a warning, this book contains very graphic descriptions of sexual activity between consenting adults and may offend some readers but if you enjoy a good #@%&, read on.

Nairda Doorf.

The Party

It was a barmy Spring night in 1978. For reasons that escape me now, I arrived at a party at a house I'd never been to before. I knew no one there but in the 70's, that was the sort of thing that happened to a young man in his late teens. Word must have gotten around somehow that the party was on; there was no such thing as social media in those days to spread the word. I hopped out of my 1970 Landcruiser, long blonde hair flowing in the breeze (I was always a bit of a sixties child at heart), and continued through the gate and up to the door of this stranger's house, 6 pack of beer in hand. The door was open and the party could be seen in action so I just sauntered in, found the laundry tub full of ice to put the beer in and made myself at home.

I was never a very social person which makes it even more puzzling how I came to be at this party. Partying was not my thing, I'd rather be down at the pub with a couple of good mates drinking the odd pint and playing a few games of pool. Parties on the other hand, are places where you go to meet people and talk to strangers. Not my cup of tea at all.

So it was that I found myself in a strange house full of strange people (some of them were particularly strange), when I saw the most beautiful sight I had ever seen and will ever see. She was slim but curvy, long black hair, the most gorgeous breasts you could ever imagine, legs that just kept on going and a bum to die for. She had one of those tear drop shape bums that real women have rather than the rounded boyish bums younger girls have. Normally, I wouldn't even consider approaching let alone trying to talk to someone so obviously out of my league but I found myself inexplicably drawn to this beautiful apparition. You hear about chemistry and love at first sight but I didn't believe any of that. My previous experiences had all been pure lust. Just wanting to shag something because it was there. This however was different.

Everyone else in the house suddenly vanished and all that was left was this beautiful creature and me. The music stopped, the whole world stopped. If I had stepped outside then I'm sure the streets would have been empty too.

She must have noticed also because suddenly there was just the two of us looking at each other across the room. We walked towards each other and stood face to face for what seemed like an eternity until she smiled the warmest smile and said hello in a voice that would put elves to shame. Her face would make Aphrodite pale in significance with penetrating green eyes and gorgeous full lips. I struggled to think of a just reply and eventually stammered a hello in return that sounded more like the grumbling of a cave troll after the music of her first hello. Eventually I managed to ask her something deep and meaningful and blurted out that timeless question that all blokes ask a woman they just met at a party “would you like something to drink?” Fortunately she said she would and I dutifully trotted off to find something suitable. Even more remarkable was the fact that she was still there when I got back with drinks in hand.

I’m not one for conversation, if there’s something to say I’ll say it but apart from that you won’t get much out of me. That’s what makes what happened next even more remarkable. Without saying a word we both walked over to a seat in the corner of the room and sat there and talked for the rest of the night. What we talked about I have no idea except that I did find out a few things about my new found friend. To start with, she was Irish and had an hypnotic voice with that typical Irish lilt. Just listening to that voice was enough to make the knees tremble and the heart start thumping. One thing I do remember was that she told me her name was Colleen and she was on a working holiday and hadn’t been in the country long. After that I think I was too mesmerised or infatuated or both to remember much of what happened except that I spent a remarkable night listening to an angel.

Coffee

I don't know where the night went but all of a sudden it was 4 am and Colleen was asking me if I could take her home. Suddenly I came back to earth, realised the night had come to an end and agreed to take Colleen home so we walked outside into my truck and drove off into the night. We eventually pulled up outside Colleen's place and as she got out of the Landcruiser she leant over and asked me if I would like to come in for a cup of coffee. I was always a bit slow on the uptake and told Colleen that, as it was nearly 5 am and had to go to work in a couple of hours as I had to work Sundays, that I had better not. As she turned to walk away though, I thought, to hell with work and asked Colleen if the offer still stands. She said yes so I got out of the 'cruiser and walked Colleen to her door. We entered her apartment and Colleen made the coffee, I'm not sure if we got to finish it.

While the kettle was boiling, Colleen went to "slip into something more comfortable". It might have made her more comfortable but it sure made things hard for me. She walked out of her bedroom wearing a very sheer, wrap around nightshirt tied at the waist that almost covered that gorgeous bum I mentioned earlier. As she bent over to get the cups out of the cupboard, the nightshirt rose up to her hips revealing all her womanly attractions. That also answered another question, definitely not wearing any pants.

She brought the coffees over, bent over the table to put the cups down and gave me a nice preview of those firm, rounded, pendulous breasts. It was a time when breasts were real before silicone implants. Colleen was in that magic age group in her mid 20s and her breasts were at their peak being fully formed but not succumbed to the ravages of gravity, although pendulous, they held their own and still had that firm, supple, very touchable look. Colleen then sat next to me on the sofa where the top of her nightshirt revealed even more of her left breast exposing a very erect nipple with the right nipple easily visible under the very transparent garment. As she sat down, the nightshirt rode up exposing her rear and giving me a glimpse of that very alluring pussy. This was a time before shaving pussy was

fashionable and I don't know whether Colleen did shave or whether that was how her pubic hair grew naturally but she certainly didn't hide her pussy behind the shrubbery. The closest description would be to call it a Brazilian and I could clearly see the lips of her pussy between her slightly parted thighs. Her pubic hair was almost black, quite short and only added to the sensuousness of what it partly covered.

I tried to drink my coffee with trembling hands before putting the cup down and leaning closer to Colleen where I could smell that sensuous perfume and feel the heat from her radiant skin, blushed with sensual anticipation. She leaned in toward me as well and our lips met in that first lustful kiss. I imagined her lips being the lips of her moist pussy as I slid my tongue into her mouth and slowly slid it in and out while cupping my hand around that left breast that beckoned me so and gently caressed the nipple. As I did so, Colleen moaned with pleasure and pushed her tongue into my mouth and moved her hand down to my now very hard erection. I could feel the warmth of her hand through my jeans as she firmly grabbed my cock. I just hoped I wouldn't explode before I had a chance to slip my throbbing cock into that hot, wet pussy as she gently slid her hand up and down my erect penis.

I could feel my balls moving up, my scrotum tightening and my undies getting quite wet with pre-cum which only means one thing and that is that I'm rapidly approaching orgasm, so I gently take Colleen's hand in mine and guide it away from my throbbing erection. Colleen seems to understand why I've done this and whispers "sorry" in my ear which almost pushes me over the brink at the sound of her voice.

We slowly ease back on the passion of our kissing and gradually pull away from each other as I take my hand off her breast. Sitting back upright on the sofa, we turn to each other and start to laugh as we regain our composure. I suggest we finish our coffee and remember some wise advice from an old friend who told me that getting a bit drunk will help prolong sex by delaying orgasm. I suggest this to Colleen and she says she has some Glenfiddich whisky if that would be any help.

Being just what the doctor ordered, Colleen went into the kitchen to fix a couple of drinks while I sat back and tried to regain my composure.

Unfortunately, the whisky was in a top cupboard which meant Colleen had to stretch up to be able to reach it once again exposing that glorious bum. If that wasn't enough, she then had to bend over to get a couple of glasses out of another cupboard exposing not just the glorious bum but one very damp looking pussy with lips swollen with desire. It was with a great amount of will power that I didn't jump up and run over to Colleen and take her from behind so I closed my eyes and tried to think about something else, anything else.

With drinks in hand, Colleen walked over to me and carefully sat down beside me trying not to let anything fall out and get me going again. With shaking hands, we drank our whisky while talking about anything but sex and it seemed to be working as long as I didn't look below her shoulders. My erection was finally starting to subside and we sat and talked for a bit longer while we had a couple more drinks. I could feel the numbness begin to take effect and hoped I hadn't gone too far and wouldn't be able to get it up again when the time came. If you've ever heard the saying "brewer's droop", meaning that if you drink too much alcohol you have trouble getting an erection, it is all too true, been there, done that. I figured three whiskies should just about do the trick without going too far. Time to put the theory to the test.

Time for Bed

We finished our drinks and looked at each other with that unmistakable look of lust and, without saying a word, we both stood up and headed for the bedroom. Colleen had a bit of a head start in the undressing department and it only took a moment for me to untie the belt around her waist which then allowed the shirt to part slightly revealing that very tempting pussy and just a little more of those perfect breasts. I slowly opened the shirt some more to reveal Colleen's breasts in all their beauty with the nipples erect. It was just too tempting, so I took one of the nipples in my mouth and started licking and sucking while cupping the other breast in my left hand before moving up to kiss those voluptuous lips while slipping the night shirt over her shoulders and letting it fall softly to the floor. I stood back to take in the view of Colleen standing there totally naked in front of me. It didn't take long for me to once again go hard just at the sight of her.

Colleen then started to undress me, which took a bit longer, starting with my shirt then getting down on her knees and undoing my belt and unzipping my fly to slowly pull my jeans down to my ankles. I kicked the jeans away as Colleen started to slowly pull my underpants down. With my erection well and truly in the way she kept pulling my undies down until they finally made it passed the end of my penis. As she did so, my erection shot up from pointing to the floor to pointing at the ceiling so fast that some of the pre-cum that started oozing out of my cock again flicked out and splashed her in the face. She eagerly licked up some that had landed near her mouth and seemed to enjoy its slightly salty flavour. My undies were now down to my ankles, so I stepped out of them and stood there totally naked in front of her. My cock was now hard as a rock and throbbing with anticipation. Colleen lent forward and took most of its length inside her mouth. I could feel my knob hit the back of her throat as she slid her mouth up and down the length of my cock with her wet lips tight around the shaft. I was thankful for the alcohol and its numbing effect because I would certainly have cum in her mouth otherwise and I really wanted to hold on long enough to cum inside her pussy.

Standing up again, Colleen and I embraced once more kissing passionately, our mouths open and tongues exploring each other's mouths. I placed my left hand on Colleen's left buttock and my right hand on the upper part of her back and pulled her closer to me. My erection was pressed hard against her pubic bone and I could feel her breasts pressing against my chest. Colleen started rubbing her pussy up and down my iron rod of a cock and I could feel the warmth and wetness of it on my shaft as she whispered in my ear "Time for bed".

With a great effort we separated and walked over to the bed together. Colleen lay down and opened her legs invitingly while saying "I've got to have you now, I need to feel that cock inside me and your body on top of mine, love me like you've never loved before. I've never felt this horny before, if I don't have you now I'll explode".

I couldn't think of any words to say so I knelt between Colleen's legs and slowly lowered myself down onto her. I could feel the head of my cock touching her hot wet pussy and very, very slowly, pushed myself inside her. Colleen moaned the most intoxicating moan as I did so and I kept pushing deep inside her until I could feel the head of my cock touch her cervix. Then, I slowly pulled back out until the head of my cock was just touching the lips of her pussy and we both moaned as I pushed back in again very slowly.

Again I thanked the alcohol god for giving me the strength to go on. Without those few drinks I would certainly have cum by now, it felt so good to be joined together as one like this with Colleen. My body and hers were not separated anymore, everything we did and felt was as one.

I kept slowly thrusting in and out of Colleen as we looked into each other's eyes, I breathed in as she breathed out, my cock feeling like it was twice its normal size as it slipped easily in and out of that hot, wet pussy with Colleen thrusting her hips in time with me. Our breathing was starting to become more intense as the pace of our thrusting began to increase. I didn't want to cum yet, so I slowed down again and after a few more minutes, slowly pulled

out and sat astride Colleen with my balls resting on her pussy while I regained my composure.

Colleen looked at me and said “Don’t stop now, I’m nearly there” so I had to explain that I was “nearly there” too and didn’t want to cum just yet. When I’d settled down a bit, I eased myself back into position and pushed myself back inside Colleen. This was enough to set Colleen off and she started her first orgasm, arching her back and calling out my name as her pussy tightened around my cock with each spasm of her orgasm. How I didn’t cum too I’ll never know but somehow I managed to ride out Colleen’s shuddering body until she settled down again.

I lifted my left leg over Colleen’s right leg and lay across her on an angle with my head resting on the pillow next to hers. Then I slipped my right hand under her bum and pushed my hand down until I could feel her pussy lips with my fingers. As I started thrusting again, I could feel the shaft of my penis sliding in and out of her with the tips of my fingers and noticed how wet my cock was each time it came out of Colleen’s pussy. I pushed my thumb in between the cheeks of her bum and Colleen spread her legs a bit more so I could push my thumb deeper. Colleen started moaning gently again as I did this and I started thrusting more vigorously. I squeezed Colleen’s right breast in my left hand with my right hand still under her and started pushing my cock in as far and hard as I could until Colleen again started to orgasm. This time though, I couldn’t hold back and as she started to spasm with her orgasm, I exploded with mine. It felt like I was pumping gallons of cum into her as I ejaculated into her. This made her cum even more as she felt my hot cum inside her and we were both moaning and calling each other’s name in an orgasmic frenzy that seemed to last forever.

I slipped my hand out from under her and we put our arms around each other and kissed gently. I could see tears start to flow from Colleen’s eyes as she started to sob from the ecstasy of our love making. I pulled out of her and we lay face to face beside each other, holding each other tight as we enjoyed the post-coital bliss that such feverish love making gives. Colleen said “I wish this moment could last forever, I’ve never felt so relaxed and as one

with anyone before, making love with you seems so natural and easy". I held her tighter and we both slipped into a pleasant, dreamless sleep.

Play it Again Sam

I don't know how long we slept but we both awoke together, still in each other's arms. It was well past time I should have been at work. We smiled and kissed as I slid my hand down to her beautiful, firm bum. That was all I needed to start getting aroused again. Colleen smiled as she felt my cock start to rise and press into her stomach so I let go of her bum and grabbed my now quite firm erection and placed it between her legs and pushed it up to her pussy. It was Colleen's turn to be on top so she straddled me and took my cock in her hand as she lowered herself onto me. I lay back as she started lifting herself up and down pushing my cock as deep as she wanted. As she did so, I reached up and cupped both breasts in my hands and gently rubbed my fingers over her nipples. Each time Colleen lowered herself onto me her breasts would bounce in my hands which got me even more excited.

After a few minutes of this, Colleen lifted herself off me and turned around lowering herself onto me again still straddling me but with her back to me. This was very exciting as I looked down and saw my cock disappearing into Colleen's pussy as she rode up and down on it and I could feel myself becoming very aroused indeed and it wasn't long before Colleen began to climax. We then decided to get a bit more adventurous and tried a few different positions, some good, some a bit awkward but all quite exciting, Colleen climaxing several more times during our various experiments. I was still yet to cum, the first effort having drained my reserves somewhat but it still felt very nice.

We ended up face to face again with me on top. As we both became more feverish with our love making, Colleen began to climax yet again which started getting me more excited. I lifted myself up on my hands and started thrusting faster and deeper and Colleen arched her back as she reached orgasm. That was enough to set me off and I started to cum. There wasn't as much as before but enough that Colleen could feel I had cum inside her,

prolonging her orgasm. I lay on top of her for a while as we whispered softly to each other. When I pulled out of her, my cock had softened somewhat but was still semi-hard.

I lay on my back beside Colleen and she took pity on my diminishing organ and decided to take it in her hand and try to revive it. She is very good with her hands and soon had my poor little dick hard again, gently stroking it back to life. I could say my dick was like putty in her hands but it ended up like a steel rod. She didn't insist that I do anything with it; she just wanted to play with it, which was fine by me so I just lay there and enjoyed the experience eventually dropping off to sleep. When I woke, Colleen was asleep beside me, her hand still grasping my semi-erect penis. As I looked at my penis it began to grow again waking Colleen up. She smiled as she looked into my eyes her hand starting to slide up and down my erection again. I suggested that it may be a good idea if we went and had a shower and a bite to eat. Colleen agreed to this saying that I'd pumped her so full of semen she felt more like a submarine, so we got out of bed and headed for the shower.

Clean Up

We stepped under the shower and Colleen turned her back on me while I washed her back all the way down to those beautiful buns. Her skin felt so soft and silky with the soap making it wet and slippery. I washed each of her buns in turn and then started working my soapy fingers down between her bum-cheeks. She didn't seem to mind me touching her there and even bent over slightly so I could wash her deeper and moaned quietly as I rubbed my fingers up and down the full length of her bum crack, the soap making everything slippery. With an effort, I then worked my way down to her feet before standing up and starting on the front while still standing behind her.

Getting everything nice and soapy again, I started washing those perfect, firm, voluptuous breasts spending a little more time than necessary working around the nipples which were hard and slippery with soap. I then worked my way down her stomach to her pussy and started rubbing it gently with my fingers pulling her close to me as I did, my erection pushing in between her bum. If she started moaning when I was around the back end, she really got going now. I gently worked my fingers up and down over her pussy and then slipped one of them up into her rubbing her clitoris as I did so and working my cock up and down between the cheeks of her bum. She reached around behind her and put her hands on my bum to pull me in even closer, clenching and un-clenching her buttocks as I rode up and down.

Working my fingers deeper into her and massaging her clitoris, it wasn't long before she again climaxed. Sliding my cock up and down between her buttocks got to be too much for me too, especially with the soap making everything so slippery, I accidentally pushed the head of my cock into her anus. It was so tight and warm that I lost my load in her. I pulled out straight away and apologised but Colleen understood what had happened and even said she didn't mind as long as I didn't try to push the full length of me inside her. The timing was probably right too as she was in the middle of an orgasm.

So, I carried on showering Colleen working my way down her legs to her feet. It was now my turn for Colleen to shower me, so I turned around so she

could start on my back. Her hands felt so good as they massaged my back moving slowly down to my bum. I got the same treatment I gave her as she slid her hands between my bum and I could feel her fingers probing as they moved up and down until one finger suddenly slipped up into me. It was a bit of a shock but I figured she was only getting her revenge on me sticking my cock into hers. I must admit though, it did feel quite nice and I leaned forward to give her better access so she pushed her finger in a little deeper and slid it in and out a few times before moving on. As I straightened up, I noticed that I had started to go hard again.

Colleen then began working on my front but staying behind me as I did with her. She washed my chest and stomach before moving on to my still erect penis. Getting her hands extra soapy, Colleen began sliding her hand up and down my shaft and over my knob down to my balls. She then used the other hand to massage my balls while she worked on my penis. This was all very stimulating but I had no more to give so I just stood there and let Colleen work her magic on me. She was pressed in close behind me and I could feel her breasts on my back as she moved, gently stroking my shaft. After quite some time she moved on and finished washing my legs and feet before turning me around, standing on her toes and lowering herself onto my cock. Colleen had worked herself up while masturbating me and needed to ride my dick again until she came. I've lost count of how many orgasms she must have had since last night but it must be some sort of a record. We then rinsed each other off thoroughly and dried ourselves before going to the kitchen to find something to eat. Goodness knows, we need the energy.

Lunch Already?

We had no idea of the time and soon found out that we missed breakfast altogether and it was in fact lunch time. To preserve our modesty, Colleen decided we should “get dressed”. She put on her night shirt, the one that leaves so little to the imagination, and found another one for me to wear. On her, the shirt just covered all the good bits. On me, however, I had a longer body than Colleen and the shirt ended just above my dick and covered about half of my bum. I figured that I may as well go along with the joke and decided tying up the belt was a waste of time and left it on the bed. As I walked along, the shirt would float back behind me and leave nothing at all to the imagination. Colleen thought this was a great idea and promptly lost her belt with the same result.

Scrambled eggs sounded like a great way to get that much needed protein back into our bodies, so Colleen set to work on that while I busied myself setting the table and making some coffee, all the while trying very hard not to look at Colleen lest something escape from under that shirt and get me going again. It sort of worked, I was only semi-hard most of the time, mostly because Colleen kept turning around and staring at me with those “fuck me, I’m yours” eyes.

We sat at the table opposite each other and had lunch. Everything was staring at me, Colleen’s tits, my dick, Colleen’s piercing green eyes. If I had the energy, I would have carted her back into bed and started fucking her all over again. The mind said yes but the body said hang on a bit longer.

While we ate lunch we talked about various things including the evening’s activities and which positions we liked best. Neither of us could really decide so we thought it best if we try them all again later and take notes.

Colleen then declared that she had decided on a nickname for me; “I’m going to call you - me darlin’ hippy – because of your long hair and happy go lucky attitude”. I told her I was quite happy with that and declared I would call her “My little elf”. She was quite chuffed with being an elf, so that settled that.

After lunch, we sat on the sofa and talked about what we would do for the rest of the week. As I'd already missed one day of work (my working week started Sunday and ended Thursday), I suggested that I ring my boss and see if I can take the rest of the week off as part of my annual leave. Colleen seemed to like the idea, so I gave it a go...

"Hello boss, it's me. In case you haven't noticed, I'm not at work today."

"As a matter of fact, I did seem to think something was missing."

"Nice to know I'm appreciated. This might make the next bit easier then. Any chance of having the week off, you can take it out of my annual leave?"

"I think we can manage somehow. Who was this again?"

"Funny boss. Thanks and I'll see you next week."

"Don't shag yourself senseless."

I turned to Colleen and told her the good news. She was surprised at how good a relationship I had with my boss and could just take off for a week at no notice. Colleen didn't have much trouble either. She worked casual in an office and often had time off to go doing touristy things seeing she was really out here on a working holiday.

So, that settled that. All we had to do now was figure out what we were going to do with ourselves. It wasn't really so much *what* we were going to do but more like *where* we would do it.

The Weekender

While we let things settle down a bit, I'll fill you in on a bit of background info. A couple of years before any of this took place I had bought a bit of land in the upper Hunter Valley of New South Wales. It was an isolated property about 10 Kilometres out of a small country town on a dusty, dirt road. The property was 100 acres (40 hectares) of mostly uncleared bush with a couple of large hills (or small mountains). Between these hills, I built a tin shack that was quite comfortable and well furnished with a fuel stove for cooking and kerosene fridge, all the comforts of home. Being there was like escaping from the rest of the world, nothing else existed.

I had a dam dug to hold some water and with the intention of stocking it with fish and an access road carved into the hillside to get into the middle of the property where the shack was built. The property was about 4 hours drive from Sydney where I lived. With all the material I was carrying up to the property such as corrugated iron for the shack, water tanks, furniture etc, I ended up buying a Toyota Landcruiser to carry all this gear plus I needed the four wheel drive to be able to drive over the front mountain to reach the shack. It was a 1970 model table top and was one of the best vehicles I've ever owned. It was rough and noisy but would go anywhere and was a real workhorse.

Once a bit of ground was cleared and the shack built with a couple of water tanks for drinking and washing, the property became a weekender. Every opportunity I could get I was up there. The tranquillity was something very difficult to describe if you've only lived in densely populated areas. In the cities, there is no peace. There is always noise, 24 hours a day. It may only be traffic noise or dogs barking but it is always there. At the weekender, once over that mountain, the only sound is the occasional bird singing or the rustle of the wind in the trees. At night, the stars are so bright and clear they almost seem close enough to touch. You will occasionally get a visit from a kangaroo or an emu and at night you can hear the occasional wombat scuffling about. There are no cars going passed, no planes flying overhead, you could be the only person left in the world.

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