

SLIPPERY WHEN WET (Ebook One)

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Slippery When Wet

Collection of Short Erotic Stories

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GOLFING EXPECTATIONS

Frustration showed as figures merged into words, only to morph back before her eyes. A sound caught her attention, it was her mobile, ringing. Retrieving and answering it, It was him; making the best offer of the day, an escape from the wretched spreadsheet and the hot Inferno, otherwise known as the office. An opportunity to hit the golf course, the perfect escape providing peace and quiet, plenty of fresh air, along with stimulating conversation provided by one of her oldest and dearest clients.

"I'm on route!" she replied.

Driving into the club's car park, he was waiting with the golf buggy, just as he promised, lately, the buggy had become a necessity to aid his time restraints, he'd informed. The thought of him dominating her spread an unexpectedly a tingling sensation of warmth spread through her lower limbs and moistness appeared at the top of her legs. Sadly, she let out a long sigh as nothing could be done about it now. However, not the only one who had thoughts about seducing him, other female members of the golf club had similar ideas but knew that he was untouchable, a married man.

"Hey, you look good, what's the occasion?" He asked, hugging her as she stepped out the car. "Mmmm, smell nice too," He commented while grinning, getting a full nose of her scent. She flashed him an enormous smile as he unloaded her car, placing her golf bag onto the buggy. Taking the opportunity to change into more appropriate footwear as she kicked off her five-inch stilettos. In doing so, she caught him watching.

"Nice view." He commented joking, causing a fire to ignite inside her. A shudder erupted as his hand connected with her backside, gently caressing it. "Sorry, couldn't help it. "

"Don't worry about it," She said grinning. "Perhaps, we can do something about it?"

"And what would you have in mind, young lady?"

"Tell you what, why don't we play some golf," she remarked with a wicked streak, "and we'll see what you can do about it!"

Shocked at her comment, a mystified expression crossed his brow as she set up on the first tee, with over exaggerated gestures. Standing silent as he observed her, captivated as she shifted her feet and thrust her backside out while swaying side to side. Stopping in mid-address and directly look at him.

"Did you know that golf is a very suggestive game." At the same time gripping her own driver's shaft rather suggestively.

"No, whatever do you mean," He asked, as his hands stopped.

"Consider what you were doing a moment ago!"

"What?"

"That gesture, a few minutes ago," She replied, "do you consider the driver's shaft to be an extension of your penis?"

Looking at her, as she stood there with a serious expression on her face, he glanced down looking at his hands and then she cracked up laughing and the continued in the same grave monotone.

"Even when you're performing under par, it is still considered to be good, additionally, foursomes are encouraged, and this is the best bit!" Hesitating, before she continued, "did you know that your partner is not even required to hire a lawyer, should you decided to play with someone else, at it gets better, you don't even have to cuddle up with your partner when you've finished playing."

"Well fancy that!" He replied, "I hadn't actually considered that!"

"Okay then." She continued holding the driver shaft, "let's consider this long shaft here, which is extremely similar to that of your manhood," Grinning at him, " have you ever thought how we place our hands on the shaft, making sure that we don't grip it too hard or too soft."

Taking a pause before continuing with, "now the grip is essential, if you apply too much pressure, then you'll end up either slicing it or hooking it." As she finished talking, she looked directly into his eyes. Crossed over to him and immediately cupped his manhood.

"Similar to him, don't you think, he requires just the right amount of pressure, don't you think?"

"I wouldn't know, perhaps we might have to conduct some research!" he said approaching the matter in an equally serious tone.

"Even so, there is also the matter of this small ball, which too needs attention similar to foreplay, stroking and teasing, analogous to that of the shaft!" She continued, "Similarly to stroking your penis! Now while we need to hit the ball, that movement would be corresponding to the thrusting of your rock hard dick inside my hot wet pussy!"

He stopped in his tracks, looked carefully at her and replied, "No, really, is that true, well I didn't know, well do tell me more!" The words came out more like a stutter than a carefully composed question.

"Well, addressing the ball is all about teasing it, letting it know that you are in control and that you are going to hit it. Sending it home towards its hole. Now can you see the references towards sex?" She asked, pausing

before asking the bigger question, "Tell me where do you want to put your penis now?"

"In that tight little pussy hole of yours," he whispered low. "No, not really, so how does the address compare to that of foreplay?"

"It's all about the stance, finding that position, flexing the shaft" as she continuing in a deadpan tone, "as you would in sex, touching and rubbing the penis to make it larger."

"Okay, okay, I get it!" He said in fits of laughter, "grip, stroke, shaft, Jesus, I'll have a hard on at this rate, and yes, I want to put my dick inside you right now!"

"Sure, no problem, happy to oblige!" came out in a fit of giggles.

"I thought you would!" he replied grinning.

Resuming her position at the tee, she attempted to refocus and to place some seriousness back into her game. Now repositioning her stance, along with her grip on the long flexible shaft of her driver, wriggled her bottom, readjusting her grip again before unleashing the power stored within her back full swing and with the full force on her downswing, she hit the small ball and sent it flying straight down the fairway. Now standing with her golf club resting on her shoulder, she allowed a small grin to break out across her face.

Despite all the messing around, she didn't have to worry about where her ball landed, she had the utmost confidence in where it was going to land, as she'd seen it in her mind's eye. Walking away from the tee, allowing him to take his shot, he now took his stance and made his address, only for his ball to land short, by a few yards. He looked at her and shook his head in disbelief. Now reclaiming both their balls, he looked at her and

then back at his ball, considered something but stopped before turning to face her mischievous eyes and asked;

"Penny a hole, or do you want to make it more attractive?" He enquired.

"What've you got in mind?" she asked, sensing that he was planning something, as a look flashed across his eyes, she was curious now.

"Striptease golf!" came out with a deadpan expression.

"Striptease golf!" She laughing, "Where on earth did that come from?"

"Or do you fancy something else," he said, concerned that she wouldn't go for it, "or should we kind it at a pound a hole?"

"Well, to be honest, I'm intrigued," she replied, "Pound a hole is boring, as for striptease golf, it certainly could be interesting, in fact, it could be a real laugh, why not, I'm up for it if you are?"

"I'm certain game!" he said, looking her up and down realising that she wasn't wearing very much, especially in this hot weather.

"Okay then, striptease golf it is," She confirmed without understanding the complications that he'd probably win outright as she wasn't wearing much.

Taking his place in the tee box, she approached him from behind and placed her hand on his shoulder and began massaging it. Surprising her, he yields to her touch, taking advantage of the moment, she began massaging both his shoulders, allowing her to work on his tension knots. After a few minutes, he spun around to meet her eyes, holding eye contact for a few

seconds before placing a soft lingering wet kiss on her lips, before returning to the tee and took his shot.

Walking away from the tee and towards her, he gave her another soft wet kiss, as she didn't resist, he moved his free hand towards her skirt and lifted it up, stroking her leg slowly and then moving across her sex.

His actions caused her body to stir, especially between her legs. Leaning in closer to her, he whispered in her ear that he'd been having wicked thoughts about her long legs wrapped around him and that she'll be naked by the seventh hole.

Totally shaken by his confession, she crossed over to the buggy as he looked back and flashed a big smile, then mouthed to her "you're going to be naked soon." Selecting her club, she walked over to the tee, teed up and soon began her little routine. Addressing the ball, gripping the shaft, wriggling her bottom at him and of course, shifting her feet. Her thoughts wandered to his comments, she now began to imagine rolling around the sand bunker naked with him.

Just as she was about to take her shot, she noticed movement behind her, it was him and within seconds, he'd began touching her inner thigh. She let out a sudden gasp as his finger traced the contour of her thigh.

"Pest!" she uttered.

He continued to tease her, stroking the inside of her leg. Now unable to focus, he released her. Refocusing on the shot, she took a deep breath and exhaled slowly while trying to regain her composure. Focusing on the ball, she following with a wriggle and a shuffle and then applied the good old safety shot, which landed short of the pin. Despite all her best efforts, she wasn't too happy. As she walked past him, she shook her head.

He continued with his antics, attempting to distract her. As it happened, it worked, now she was unable to focus. In return she took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, all the while trying to regain her composure. Returning to the ball, she reapplied her attention back to the ball, followed it with a wriggle and a shuffle, and applied the good old safety shot, which just landed short of the pin. Despite all her best efforts, she wasn't happy and shook her head at him as she returned to the buggy.

"Looks like the skirt's coming off!" he commented.

"In your dreams, sweetheart!" she snapped at him.

Carrying on with their respective game as he attended the flag and continued to watch as she putt, gently tapping it, hoping that it would roll into the hole. Standing there holding her breath, watching it stop right on the lip of the hole. For a few seconds, neither one moved. She approached it rather heavy footed hoping for it that the momentum would cause it to drop it, it didn't, but continued looking up at her, laughing. He laughed at her but followed golfing etiquettes by allowing her to take the final shot and to tap it in.

"Oh, dear!" He said. "I believe that just might cost you a the hole."

Glaring at him as she walked away, she could see he was trying not to smile, but it was impossible. Knowing that he was smiling because it had cost her valuable points. As he placed the flag on the floor, he replaced his marker with his ball, now focusing and remaining calm, the pressure was on him, but as he was about to putt the ball, she leaned over and ran her fingers down his back. Thus resulting him to over hit the ball, and it ran past the hole and ended up at the green. He now looked up and her and glared as she smiled. Allowing him to finish the shot, they were now equal, so neither one won the hole. Therefore, it was just another drawn hole, this game carried on for the first ten holes, causing the game to grow in

intensity, as they continued to apply pressure on each other. But just as they were about to start on the next hole, he caught her eye;

"What!" she cried.

"Come here."

"Why?"

"You have something on your face!" he exclaimed.

Looking at him quizzically as she walked towards him, he reached hold of her, slipping his hand around her neck and placed a soft wet kiss on her lips. Her mind screaming, what was he doing she thought. The only had eight holes left to play, and she was more that determined to keep the pressure up, but her mind kept conjuring images of him standing naked and hard before her.

But she didn't imagine him now, his hands wandering all over her body, in her hair. Her body was demanding more. His soft citrus scent wafted up to her nose, causing her mind to forget the golf, sending sparks and ripples running around her body. She wanted him, now and here. She wanted to feel him inside her, to feel his hard dick inside her, she wanted him to fuck her right now. With her mind screaming at her,

"Jesus, what's wrong with him, it should be me teasing him, not him teasing me. Crap, I want him, right here and right now, out on the grass, yes, now." As wild and wicked thoughts continued to roam around herself;

"Come on girl, get a grip, control."

Overcome with self-control, she pushed him away.

"Whoa, steady on Tiger! There's a match to consider, and don't you think we need to talk?"

"Yeah!" came back his reply.

Returning to the land of reality, the little voice in her mind, telling her to focus on the golf and not on his dick! Taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling, quickly returning to the game, looked at the flag and the small ball in front of her. Hitting the ball, which appeared to be a clean shot, but as she turned to walk away, she noticed that it began to slice to the right and landed in the rough, in small woodlands to the right of the green.

Watching him tee off, they watch his ball fly down the fairway, hit the green, bounced and came to rest at the foot of the pin.

Driving down the fairway, towards the rough area. Finding the ball, considering her approach, does she take the safe shot, chip onto the fairway, and onto the green, or to take a risk, by going through the trees and onto the green. Before she could make a decision, she noticed movement to her right-hand side.

Before she had time to think, he slipped his hand around her waist and then moved in towards her. His other hand, under her top and massaged her breast, as his lips caressed her neck. His other hand moved down and slipped under her skirt, in search of her pussy lips. She responded by pressing her backside into him, allowing herself to feel his ever growing hard erection.

"What no knickers?" he exclaimed, stepping back and twisting her nipple sharply, causing her to grasp hard at his touch.

"Well, well, well, somebody is very wet!" He whispered. He continued to tease her, stroking her lips and clit, slipping a finger or two inside her until he was greeted with a reservoir of moisture.

"You like that? Don't you?" He commented, "so just image what my dick would be like inside you?"

Gasping, as he continued to touch her, finding herself unable to respond, as she becomes more and more aroused, he continued to tease. Rubbing her pussy, breasts and kissing her neck. After a few minutes, expectations rose and they became more and more heated, pushing her away spinning her around to face him.

"Would you suck my cock?" he asked.

"Y...Y...yes!" She replied to his question, looking utterly disheveled.

"Good, later maybe, but we've got a game to play," He replied as he walked away from her, "Hurry up and take your golf shot, and will you stop this messing around." He added with devilment dancing around in his eyes.

Approaching her ball completely flustered and phased. She began her usual set up and then hit the ball; as a result, the ball hit the first nearest tree, only to send it flying backwards deeper into the wood.

Taking her club over to the wayward ball, just as she was about to take aim, her club became suspended in mid-flight, pulling it as she turned, she saw him holding it, but her sex-addled brain didn't comprehend. Looking at him, seeing those wild fuck me eyes, as he him held the club. Taking the golf club off her, he then pulled her towards him and pushed her down to the floor, saying:

"For goodness sake woman, get it sucked!"

Without any hesitation, she followed his instruction, as he unbuckled his trousers, releasing his hard erection before her eyes. Resting his hand on her head as she took hold of it, with his other hand he helped guide his cock into her mouth.

"Get your hands of it!"

Releasing her hold of him, and allowing him to control how much of his cock that she took into her mouth. Making her lick the head of his organ, as he grabbed her ponytail and then he pushed his dick down into her mouth, slowly pulling it out, as she did so, he cried out;

"Mother, Mary of God!"

For the next five minutes, he made her lick and suck the head of his massive erect cock, until he pulled it slowly out of her mouth, she then took the opportunity to comment;

"What a beautiful penis you have, so hard and yet so soft, what do you want me to do with this proud member of yours?"

"Get it sucked," he groaned at her, "suck him hard."

Taking it back into her mouth, cupping his balls, only to massage them. Now taking more and more of his shaft into her mouth, soon it was touching the back of her throat. She allowed him to dominate her, controlling his speed and rhythm as he held her ponytail. Slowly and steady he began to climax, feeling his muscles tense, she released his balls and grabbed his backside, her fingers explored around, especially towards his anus. Pushing harder into her mouth. As she placed her hands on the lower end of his dick, he exploded with extreme force hitting her on the back of her throat. His seed continued to flow, running down the back of her

throat and out of her mouth, unable to swallow it all but kept sucking him until he was spent.

As he finished, he helped pull her up and in towards him, giving him a long lingering full kiss on her lips, now able to taste himself, whispered;

"I liked that, and I want more, now come on, we don't have all day!"

Walking away from her, allowing her to finish her shot, as she picked up her club. Hitting it out of the rough it landed on the fairway. Quickly looking around to see where he was, now there in front of her again.

"Nice shot" he commented.

Before she could do anything, he took charge again, pushing her up against the nearest tree. Looking at each other, holding eye contact for a moment, then kissed her with an intense passion. Before long, he moved to her neck, planting small kisses down the side, then slowly moved down towards her breasts. Stopping, he held her and looked up at her, as he grabbed hold of a hard erect nipple. Rolling and rubbing it hard, it continued to grow in his fingers. Watching her face, as he continued with his treatment, seeing that it was sending sensations throughout her body. Tingling sensations spread hard between the tops of her legs. He looked admiringly down at her breasts and remarked;

"My, what a fine pair of knockers we have here, madam, just a nice handful," removing her delicate lace top to expose her boned bodice.

"Nice, I like this."

As he rubbed his hands over her breasts, loosening the ribbons only to expose the nipples. Rubbing each one independently, after a few minutes, he had released all the ribbon and removed her bodice. Dropping it on the

floor and presented two decent sized milky white breasts to a gentle breeze and then to his soft wet mouth. Looking at her as he wrapped his lips and mouth around her the nipple, teasing it with his teeth and his fingertips tease the other. As his erection grows, she encourages it, massaging his balls at the same time. He continues to increase the pressure and sensations. It doesn't take long before a moan escapes the back of her mouth.

"You like that?"

"Yes, don't stop," She tells him.

"Don't worry sweetheart, I'm not finished with you yet!"

Stepping away from her, he quickly sheds his clothing and then returns his attention to her, removing her golf skirt. Once naked they stood silently checking out each other's bodies. He was hard and solid, similar to his erection, again standing to attention and demanding action.

She didn't need any words of encouragement as she took hold of his erection, but he stopped her, pushing her back up against the tree. Moving hard in towards her as he began massaging her breasts and kissing her neck. Heat emanated along with a sexual desire. Placing his mouth around the nipple, and began gently biting it. In return, causing her to squirm. Playing with the other, rolling, pulling and twisting it hard. She grabbed hold of him, stroked him back as she played with his hair or anything she could get hold of. His touch was causing some pretty intense sensations to pulsate through her body.

As his hand found her inner chamber located between her legs, fingers explored within, until three fingers began to fuck her.

"Somebody is very wet, think I might go for a drink!"

She watched him lowering himself down, and allowed him to lift her leg over his shoulder. His fingers found what they were looking for and he began to rub her clit. She couldn't help herself, she moaned out as his tongue licked her outer lips and pushed it inside. Lifting her leg wider and higher, opening her wider to him, allowing him to suck and nibble away on her wet pussy, drinking up her juices. Her body replenished what he drank. Fingers were inserted as he kissed her inner thigh, but they continued to send shudders and sparks through her body. His other hand caressed her nipples hard.

"Fuck me," she yelled out to anyone who could hear her.

"Patience, young lady!" he retorted, "Don't worry I intended to fuck you hard. However, we have plenty of time, but not yet!"

His hands stroked every contour of her body, but his mouth returned to the reservoir between her legs, soon his fingers joined him. Knowing that her climax wasn't far away, he rubbed her clit hard, while sucking and licking. As she came, she released more and more juices. Finished for the time being, he held her allowing her to regain her balance. Before they got dressed, they kissed long and profound. Hands explored each other's bodies, touching sensitive areas. Impatiently, she tried to guide his still erect cock into her wringing wet pussy, but he moved away, muttering "soon."

After dressing, they finished off the hole in silence. Communication was by different touch, or a gaze into each other's eyes. When arriving at the green, he took the first putt; having landed at the green's edge, while hers was a relatively easy putt. He won the hole. Finally, there was a loser, her.

This loss of the hole now officially gave him permission to remove her delicate lace top, which he did so slowly. As he removed the garment, he allowed his fingertips to brush against her skin ever so lightly. Once the garment was removed, he could now see her red lacy bodice. Looking at it, his groin began to tingle again. He could now see how her breasts pushed together, with the nipples sat exposed at the top, crying out to be sucked hard.

"Going to have to pull my socks up now, aren't I?" she exclaimed while viewing the oncoming fairway, "what with ten holes drawn, and now you've won a hole!

"Yep, I shall have your hole soon!"

She looked at him carefully, they both laughed. At the tee box, neither of them spoke. The hole was played in silence. Both shocked at the intensity of their passions, despite having enjoyed it. It was time now to keep focused. This whole she won and it was time for a piece of clothing to be removed from his body.

Moving on to the next hole, which was the easiest one of the course. The advantage was towards her. With each other's heads back into gear, they both played well and drew.

They both continued to distract each other, especially flaunting her over spilt breasts in front of his face. He was unable to resist, attempting to reach and touch them when she came close but quickly pulled away.

Down to the final two holes, the seventeenth would be the deciding hole. As the eighteenth hole, it was the deciding factor on who was paying for dinner and both need to be adequately dressed, as it was in full view of the clubhouse. Fourteen holes were drawn. Each player won a hole. He's dressed in trousers and she's attired in a bodice and skirt.

The deciding hole was a three shot hole, challenging with a steep ascending hill. The flag is dead ahead but not in view with two rough patches to the left-hand side and a sand bunker to the rear of the green. Winner of the previous hole stepped forward to take the first shot, as she stood to take her shot, she's immediately distracted as his hand slipped around her breast.

She dropped her club and instinctively leaned into him, his other hand heads down her legs searching for her wet pussy. Adjusting her stance, to allow him to slip his fingers inside her. Now she can feel his fingers touching her most inner private parts. His thumb finds her clit and he soon begins to rub it. Now moaning at his touch, he continues to circle her wet pussy lips and thrusts his fingers deeper inside her. She ends up pushing her backside into his hip, as she becomes wetter and wetter. Without any words of encouragement from her, he continued to keep the pressure up until she begged him;

"Make me cum, I know you want to fuck me."

"No, I won't, I just want to tease you."

Knowing that his actions had achieved the desired effect, knocking her off her stride, he then pulled his fingers and body away from her and swiftly walked away.

"Tease!" She cried out after him. "Sod it, I've had enough of this!"

Instead of picking up her club, she now slowly loosens the ribbon on her corset, releasing her breasts. She removes the corset totally, folds it up and places it on the floor. Placing her hands on her skirt zip, slowly unzipped it, allowing the skirt to fall to the ground. Steps out of the clothing, picks it up and folds it over, she then collected her corset and

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