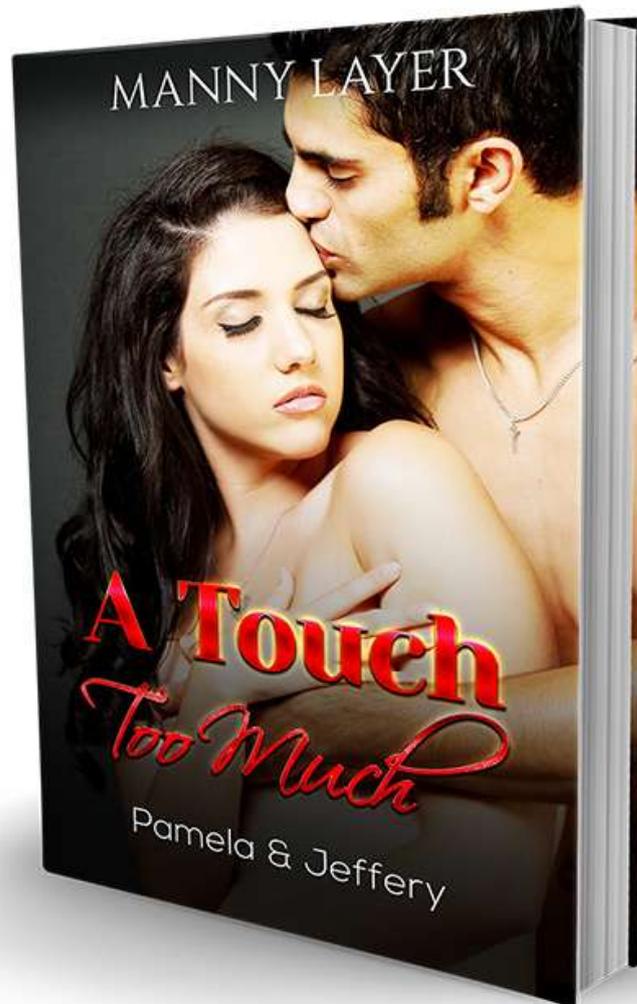




SWEDENFANTASIES

PRESENTS



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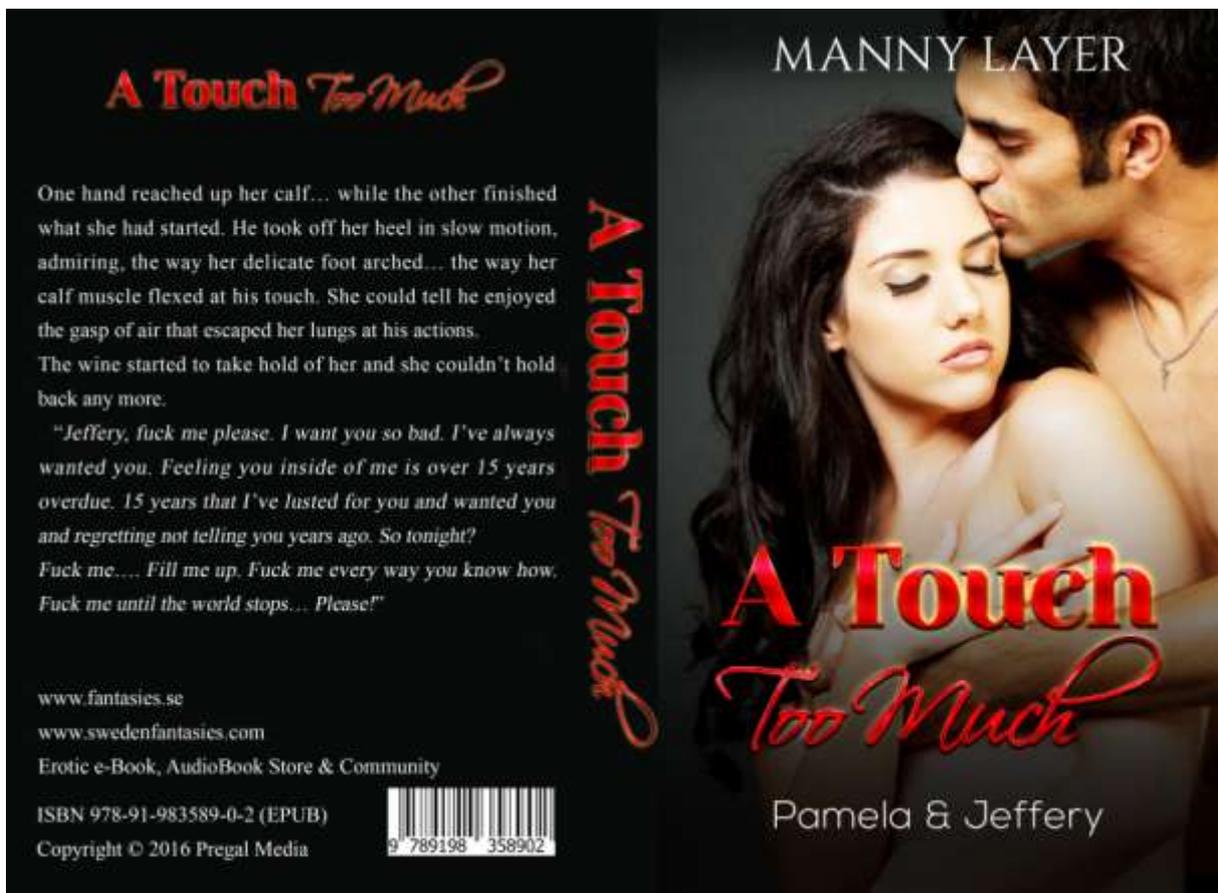
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A Touch Too Much

By Manny Layer

Chapter 1

Pamela walked into La-Fa-Da Doo’s, her own favorite Italian restaurant. She already knew exactly what she wanted to devour. A starting course of mussels drenched in a red wine sauce followed by succulent, fat, juicy scallops over a bed of angel pasta with a vodka cream sauce: Yeah...She knew exactly what she wanted. She always craved her favorite aphrodisiacs whenever she was at her, hmmm how do I say this...horniest.

Tonight was one of those nights; lonely, restless and in need of the comfort of the most delightful things to touch her palate. Pamela could almost orgasm without even touching herself whenever her tongue touched the things that she had been craving.

Jeffery? Was that Jeffery?

She could not believe her eyes! Maybe it was her mind playing tricks on her due to her current lustful thoughts. But it was definitely him. Just as handsome as the last time she saw him. Watching him from across the restaurant, her mind drifted to the last time she had the pleasure of laying eyes on him.

It was 15 years ago.... Graduation day from the college they had both attended. She had always had the biggest crush on him. Just the sight of him made her moist. But even then she had never been able to tell him. She was shy those days.... but now? Oh now was a different story. She had matured, her body, her mind and her confidence.

Rising from her chair, she smoothed her hand over her skintight pencil skirt, and loosened the top button of her blouse. She wasn't trying to go for the tramp look but she sure as hell was going to make sure that she was full force bombshell when she sashayed her way back into his life. She parted from her food for a moment and walked over to the host stand where he was waiting to be seated.

“Jeffery... is that you?”

He turned and looked at her. His eyes showed his excitement in seeing her. They drifted from her face, to her bosom... all the way down to her long silky legs. His mouth stood open in astonishment.

“It is you! How about you come eat with me... I would love to catch up!”

He obliged, the only words that had managed to escape his lips were,

“Wow... Pamela, of course I'll eat with you!”

She led him over to her table. She could feel his eyes glued to her sweet derrière and she made sure she swayed her hips with a little extra emphasis each step she took.

“So how have you been? What have you been up to these last loooong 15 years?”

They sat and talked for what seemed like hours; laughing and reminiscing. Congratulating each other on the accomplishments they had made through the years. It was like old times, but even better. There was no hesitation or shyness. She could feel him watching her lips as each word came out of them. He hung on her every word.

Why did he have to appear after she had ordered all of those sensual foods? The combination of him and what she was eating mixed with the wine that

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