

An Excerpt:

The R Series/Rated R for Roxanne

Bring Your Boots!

By

Camille St. Charles Mississippi

Chapter 5

The Secluded Place

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I went to his bag and began to clean up and gather something to drink. I asked him if he wanted some water or a bottle of tea.

He said, “We are at a tea party, so I would love some tea.”

I gave him some tea and a couple of muffins. I finished cleaning myself up and removed all of my clothing and just stood in the middle of the room with high heels on. Of course they were my CFMCS's (come fuck me church shoes), but I did not care. We talked for twenty minutes, and then I said to him,

“How can we are here and no one checks to see what is going on with this soft glow of candles?”

He told me that he had a friend that worked here, and he knew not to allow anyone back here while he was on the grounds. I did not care if he came here to have sex with other people; that was not my concern. I just wanted to finish with him and not have any more discussions about anything else. So, I started to kiss him again on his neck. He is so sensitive about being touched; seems like anywhere I touch him drives him crazy.

He looked at me and said, “Rox you’re the only one that I have brought here, so you need not worry your pretty little head about someone else.”

But little did he know that I could care less about him and someone else in a graveyard fucking. What type of woman did he take me for? Then we just kissed and kissed, and that felt so nice. He told me that he loved my wide ass. Plus, my breasts drove him crazy too, and he couldn’t believe that we were here. For me personally, I would rather be standing on a corner with the wind blowing through my hair and drinking a strawberry shake, plus, with no clothes

on. But here I was sucking Woody's dick in a fucking graveyard! My, my, my, the times have changed. Woody leaned against the tomb with his back to hold himself steady.

I grabbed his cock with both hands to hold me steady and prayed for all the moisture in my body to help my mouth out! I told myself, this time enjoy giving him head. Maybe he will let you jerk him off with your hands! I knew that I would not be that lucky with him like I was with Michael. Michael only took twenty hand jerks and he was done. All Woody could say over and over was his nickname while I was sucking on his dick.

He just kept saying "My name is Craven Morehead! Craven Morehead is my name, Rox!"

We heard that name used years ago, and we thought that it was quaint and it was odd just like the two of us. Woody grabbed my head and told me to stop.

"Why?" was what I asked him, but he told me to stop now, please!

I stood up and looked at him and grabbed his dick again.

He said, "Rox, I asked you to stop because I want to be inside you when I come. I don't wish to come on some dead man's grave! What type of man do you think I am?"

Well, needless to say, I did not answer that question on the grounds that it might not serve me at this moment to tell the truth.

He looked at me and smiled and said, "Do you want to keep your shoes on or off?"

I looked at him and said, "On please."

He then picked my ass up and laid me out on top of the tomb. He jumped up on top of me and stretched me out and began to fuck the shit out of me. My Woody's a big man, and I'm a big girl, but he melted my flesh like it was a piece of bacon on a hot griddle. He put his massive dick inside me like he was mad at me for something. He pressed me so hard to that marble or granite tomb that I was unsure if I would be able to walk out of here calmly. He tore my skin, and he was so forceful at that moment. I was wishing that my pussy was detachable and it could be removed so he could take it in the corner and screw the shit out of just it, not all of me. We finally found our sex groove, and we rode that bitch all the way out. All while Woody was still reciting poems to me. I did not know one word that he said to me after he threw my ass on that tomb. I might have gone into an unconscious mode, but he tore my ass up! He wanted to know if I wanted him to stop so he could kiss me on my pussy. I told him no. I was good for now, and maybe next time, we could take care of that first.

He said to me, "How many strokes, Rox? Tell me, how many strokes?"

To be honest with everyone, I told you that I am a selective counter, but not every aspect of my life is up for counting. But I knew he was putting in a full day's work on my ass, so I needed to let him know what a spectacular job he was doing plummeting my vagina. I told him that he was up to eighty-three strokes and to keep on going. I was really having a great time out here in this graveyard, and "Please, let's do it again." But I had no idea how many strokes he had inflicted upon me, but eighty-three sounded like a great number.

Woody said, "I'm going to try to make it to one hundred, could we come together this time, please?" I told him that I already came when he got in my car. It's true, I was already at a slow simmer during the funeral. And when he came and sat down next to me in my car, well, I was almost ready to jump out of my panties. I told him the sheer girth of his supersized dick was enough for me to pulsate with simple, simultaneous joy. He stopped moving and looked at me dead in the eyes and told me that he wanted me to enjoy myself. In my mind now, I was thinking, this man has lost himself.

Let's just look at this for four seconds now: I'm in a big graveyard inside of this family monument, plus, I'm naked and on top of a tomb. Also while on top of this tomb, my lover is force-fucking me. While I'm in the process of almost drowning to death from all the sweat that's coming off my lover's body, I'm counting his strokes so we can both come together. Not to mention also that I'm dangling on this tomb, and my skin has been pressed so hard that I now felt the words that have been engraved on the tomb joined to my back. My skin has been inserted into words on this tomb. And he wants to make sure that I am enjoying myself. Maybe if this is not fun, we should consider bloodletting next time.

Reaching up for his face and pulling it close to me, I asked him to kiss me and "Please don't stop, because I am enjoying myself. Please baby, don't worry about me now. I need to help you finish."

I kissed him hard, and I was praying that God would help this man come. Also, I was praying that we don't fall and hit the floor in the monument. But if we did fall off the tomb and hit the floor, we would both know what it is like to come and go! He kissed me back, and he stroked me eight more times, and then he came!

I was saying in my head, Thank you, God. Now please get this man off of me! I could not ask him to get up; he had to remove himself from me on his own. He lay on top of me for forty-two seconds; then I guess he was having an athletic flashback, so he decided to dismount me in one big jump. He stood next to me and told me that I held more value in his life than anyone else. Then his eye watered, and he smiled at me and told me that he had been waiting for me to show up, because he was so lonely. He had all that he needed in this world, but no one saw him as I did. I give him the best gifts to add toward his great life.

He said, "Roxanne, I thank God for lending me you!"

Sissell and I never talk about love to one another because I know my place in his life. But he knows his place in my life as well. He often tells me that love has nothing to do with the two of us. But I am aware of the secluded place where I live in his heart. And most times, that is more than enough for me. I know that I am his sumptuous treasure. And he holds a place in line for me in his life, and that is more than anyone else would do. He asked me if I was ready to go, and I told him yes.

Then I asked him to "Please help me down from this tomb before I break my neck."

Sissell grabbed me around the waist and removed me from my perch and placed me down on the ground. He then kissed me on the neck and held my breast tight to him. We kissed again, and then he put my breast in his mouth. For reasons not known to me, I wished that I had twelve squirts of breast milk to feed him. Because he seemed like he was hungry all over for me

again. Then he took his finger and inserted it into me. I moaned and leaned down toward his ear and said,

“If your dick gets hard again, I’m going to whip your ass.”

We both laughed, and I told him I must go. “I’ve been with you for the past five hours. I was supposed to beat a dinner for Lexus dealerships of the country. But no! I’m here getting fucked into a psychotic stupor. Sissell, I have got to go! Please, can we pick this up next week?”

We both laughed again, and he did tell me that it was getting late now and he needed to attend that dinner also. So, I took out my feminine hygiene towelettes and cleaned myself up. Shit, I can’t even stand a smelly pussy, so I needed to be very fresh and clean. To me, an unruly pussy smell could make you not find your own way home. I washed up three times before I felt perfect. Me and my kitty were purring as we got dressed to go home.

We both cleaned up our torrid room at the graveyard hotel. I don’t think there is a maid service there to get the smell of sex out of the air. Sissell repacked the bag that he brought with him. He reached in his pocket and turned on his cell phone to check for messages. He called his office at the Lincoln dealership to check in to see if there was any new crisis for him to handle. Things were fine at his office, and people thought that he was on his way to the dinner. He told his office manager that he would be late to the dinner, but he would be there. We both double-checked to see if things were in order. I walked around the room a couple of times to see how long it was and how many woman feet wide it was.

Sissell said, “Roxanne, we need to go now!” He placed his hand on my rear end and pulled at it. He said to me, “Did I tear that ass up, or what?”

I kissed him on his big forehead and then kissed his mouth. Damn, he kisses really good. Maybe because we are middle-aged people, tender moments mean a lot more now than ever. I was the person who never had romance in her life until Sissell. People think just because I’m married and I look like I have a nice life with Michael, I don’t know what it’s like to be alone; and that pisses me off because they think I don’t know what it’s like to have a broken heart.

But I know all too well, and every time I look at Michael and think of how I thought we were great friends, my heart breaks. The other life he had and his children allow my heart to break over and over. Shit! When we were first married almost twenty years ago, I thought that he was it for me. I’ve never been that person that thought he was my knight in shining armor sent here to rescue me. But I was his, and he was mine, and I never gave another man any serious thought. I loved my husband, and I would never do anything to shame him or myself. I was in our marriage for keeps, and I told myself that if I did everything that he requested from me, then maybe we would have a chance of being madly monogamous together. But, sometimes just living offers you up a new script almost daily, and the life that you think you have could change in the wink of an eye.

Sissell is my slice of romance, and he wishes to be in my life, and I love that! We kissed again, and he told me in my ear, “Roxanne, for a big girl, you are flexible as hell; and if we don’t leave now, I can tell you that I feel like fucking standing up!”

Well, needless to say, I grabbed my handbag and skipped my happy-go-lucky ass up out of there. I could not handle any more dick from him. We made it to our cars. He made sure I got

in safely, and he called the friend of his that works at the gatehouse and told him we were leaving. I lost count on the way back to my car of how many steps I took. Because Sissell was offering up his dick again, and I was not feeling like a collection plate anymore.

I started my car and looked out the window of my black Lexus and waved my hand in the mirror and saw Sissell smile as I drove off. Period, period, dot, dot. I had a pleasing time with him, but I had to get home in a hurry to change clothes and leave. I told Sissell I would see him later on tonight, but I reminded him that Michael would be with me. Then he told me his wife, Judy, would be with him also. We promised to keep away from each other for the rest of the night. As I drove home, I felt no guilt about what I had done with Sissell. It was a little too late for the bitch of guilt to show up now.

I now don't wait for happiness to show up and hang out with me. Whenever happiness shows up, I put a mask on her and hold her captive for long periods of time because she never seems grateful to be with me. So, I keep her until I'm ready to let her go! I had a fifty-five-minute drive before I made it home, and I put on some CDs to keep me up until I got home. I loaded five CDs into the player. They were Barbra Streisand, Sade, Minnie Riperton, Chaka Khan, plus Sting. I love to hear Sting sing to me, I really love that white boy's voice. I left Seal and Luther and Donny Hathaway in the office.
