

## “Observing Abigail Adams Day”

Arianna hit the brakes and stopped just inches from the huge fallen tree blocking their path.

She sighed. “So much for our spontaneous, romantic getaway. So, what now? We go back?”

Tim grimaced. “Not in this weather. But the cabin’s only half a mile. We can hoof it.”

She looked at the sheet of water flowing down the windshield. “We’ll be drenched. Look at how hard it’s coming down.”

“Yeah, but we’ve got dry clothes inside. It’ll be like college—when we came here when my parents were away.” He stroked the inside of her thigh. “Remember how we’d park along the road and sneak up to the cabin? We’d leave the lights off so the neighbors wouldn’t think some stranger was there. Of course, the first time you had multiple orgasms, you screamed so loud the neighbors’ dogs started howling and we almost got caught!”

She turned red and laughed. “Well, if it’s going to be like *that* again ...” She jumped out and took off like a shot into the storm. Her hubby was right behind her.

The pouring rain and wild winds were a double whammy. The couple were soaked to the bone. They shivered on the porch as Tim’s hands shook trying to open the door. Arianna shot inside and flicked the light switch. Nothing. “Trees down? Of course the power is out.”

“I’ll light some candles and start a fire. Why don’t you take a flashlight and get some dry clothes.”

“I’m on it, Sweetie.”

As Tim crouched down in front of the fireplace, Arianna dashed into the bedroom and opened the dresser drawers. “Uh oh.”

She returned to the living room with a disappointed look on her face. “Tim, do you remember the last thing we did when we closed up the cabin?”

He thought for a moment as he put more wood onto the fire. “Sure. We ... oh crap! ... we decided not to leave any clothes here because some critters might nest in them during the winter.”

His wife was shivering even harder. “You’re turning blue, honey. You’ve got to get out of those clothes. So,” he gave her a naughty wink, “I prescribe a roaring fire, blankets, and ...”

“... shared bodily warmth,” she finished the thought with a sexy smile.

The pair excitedly peeled off their wet clothes, climbed naked under the heavy blanket in front of the roaring fire, and hugged tightly. As they warmed, they relaxed and began rubbing their naked bodies against each other. Their hands roamed. He massaged her breasts and played with her pussy. She stroked his cock and teased his balls. They kissed passionately and moaned hungrily. As he got hard and she got wet, she laughed. “I guess it *is* going to be like college again.”

“Hi. My name is Tim,” he smirked. “We have a class together. You’re one of the smart girls in the front row, so you never notice me. But I have a feeling we can be good friends,” he added seductively. He cupped her ass and pressed her against him. His hard cock slid between her legs and settled against her swollen labia.

Moaning, she squeezed her thighs together and milked his stiff shaft. He groaned.

“*We can be good friends?* That sounds like a line some senior would use on a virgin freshman just to get laid.”

“Hey, I’m insulted. Do I really seem like that kind of guy?”

“Let’s find out.” She threw the blanket off and kissed her way down her husband’s cut torso. She licked the precum off the tip of his cock, then ran her wet tongue up one side of his

throbbing shaft and down the other. Leaning over, she took both his balls in her mouth and sucked hard.

His body bucked. "Jeez, Babe! That feels amazing."

She leaned back and smirked. "I guess I was wrong. You taste like a decent guy. So, if I agree to fool around, you let me call the shots. Right?"

He grabbed her, pushed her back, and climbed on top of her. Pinning her against the carpet, he spread her legs and nestled his hard cock against her wet and warm opening. "Absolutely. I'm a gentleman."

"OK. So, I'm good with anything but screwing."

"Screwing? I wouldn't think of screwing! Not on Abigail Adams Day!"

"Today's Abigail Adams Day?" She had a puzzled look on her face.

"Absolutely. Since you're a Women's Studies major, I'm surprised you don't know that. AA Day is a big deal on this campus. That's when we celebrate how special women are. So absolutely no casual, meaningless screwing is allowed on Abigail Adams Day."

She pursed her lips, thought for a moment and looked relieved. "Great. You can do anything you want, just so long as we don't screw."

"Don't you worry. There will be no screwing here." Then he immediately drove his cock deep inside her and moaned in relief. "God, I love this pussy!"

She wrapped her legs tightly around him and pulled him even deeper. "Oh, Tim! I want it all!"

He pounded into her. "Oh fuck, Babe! Oh fuck!"

She squirmed underneath him as her body began to vibrate. "Oh, Baby! Do me from behind!"

Grabbing her, he flipped her over and raised her ass. The sight of her ruby pussy, dripping with her juices and desperate for his cock was intoxicating.

“Oh, yes, Baby!” she yelled. “Give it to me! I want it hard!”

He spanked her sharply and slammed into her.

She squeezed her cunt as hard as she could around his shaft. “Baby! Harder!”

“Fuck, Babe! Oh fuck! Oh God!”

They tried to hold off coming. But they were out of control. Their hearts were pounding. Their breath was deep and ragged. Between the heat of the fire and the heat of their own passion, sweat was dripping off them. All that came out of their mouths were raw, guttural sounds. They exploded within a minute, screamed ecstatically, and collapsed on top of the blanket.

When their bodies relaxed, she opened her eyes, frowned, and poked him in the arm. “Hey! I’m mad at you! You agreed there’d be no screwing. You aren’t the nice guy I thought you were. You’re a bad, bad person. You just screwed a virgin without her permission.” She swatted him on the arm and struggled to hide her smirk.

He tried to look offended. “Wait a minute. I kept my promise. That wasn’t casual, meaningless screwing. On Abigail Adams day, only serious, meaningful *fucking* in honor of a great American woman is allowed. Do you think I’d dishonor one of the Founding Mothers by *screwing* you? I didn’t *screw* you. I *fucked* you. I even clearly announced that’s what I was doing.”

She pretended to look embarrassed. “I’m sorry. This was my first time having sex, so I didn’t know the difference between screwing and fucking.” Then she said coyly. “You know ... I wouldn’t want to make the same mistake again and get mad at someone for *screwing* me when they were *fucking* me. ... I’d like to know the difference. ... I know it’s Abigail Adams Day. ... and only hard core fucking is allowed ... but do you think it would be OK ... just this once ...if we engage in meaningless *screwing*?”

