

## **That time I met an angel**

*Part1 by Simon*

Half-way through my planned 10 kilometre stroll in the Piedmont countryside I was enjoying the sunshine and admiring the fabulous scenery from the small quiet road. I had not seen another person for at least 30 minutes and the only sound was that of birdsong. Without a care in the world, I was looking too much at nature and not enough at where my feet were going.

My right foot stepped on the edge of the asphalt and my ankle twisted badly. I stumbled and fell as the strong pain caused me to scream out in agony. As if waiting for my predicament to arise, a few seconds later I heard a car coming round the corner. I rolled as best I could towards the grass verge and now lay face-down with my eyes closed, on the edge of the road fearing that the car may hit me.

Thankfully, the car stopped before reaching me. I heard the car door slam shut and then a woman's soft voice asking if I was okay. A hand gently rested on my shoulder as the lady asked what had happened and whether I was in pain or not.

I gingerly turned onto my right side and opened my eyes. What I saw caused a stirring in my loins.

The woman had squatted down beside me in order to check my well-being. I could see the inside of a cotton dress.

In front of that I saw her feet and well-tanned lower legs. These lead on to her silky smooth thighs then her buttocks between which was a pale blue line. She was saying something, I don't know what she said but her thighs slightly parted revealing more of the pale blue cotton panties.

She lowered one knee allowing me to see even more. This was it; this was the proof. I had died and gone to heaven! Bliss! This was the view I was going to look at for the rest of eternity. Oh, no it wasn't! She swivelled her whole body, turning her legs to the right obscuring my view up her dress.

"I think you've seen enough of that for a while" she laughed with a reproving look on her face.

"Have you any pain?"

"Yes, my ankle hurts." My right ankle was throbbing with pain but everything else seemed okay.

She shuffled along the road to get closer to my ankle.

"It is badly swollen but there is nothing to show that it is broken. You certainly can't walk far with it. I think you need a lift home and a bandage put on it. If I help, are you able to stand? My afternoon is free, so I can drive you home."

She stood up, getting ready to assist my rising. I could now see that she wore a knee-length summer dress with a pattern of flowers all over. There were buttons all down the front and all were fastened save for one at the top, and one at the bottom. There was no belt.

"See if you can sit up then I will try to help you stand."

She had walked round to behind my head and stood facing my feet. I rolled onto my back preparing to sit. I didn't want to sit, or stand up. I wanted to continue lying exactly where I was. My rescuer with her hands on her hips was leaning forward. Her dress had swung forward, to a point where I could clearly see her thighs, her enticing panties and more. A small swelling above her panties showed her stomach but above this were swellings of a different nature.

She was not wearing a bra. From what I had seen before and could see now, she did not need to wear a bra. At this moment, the underside of her breasts was all I needed to see; I was in heaven again! She opened her legs, further preparing to help me. Not just panties, but a small cotton thong. A thong that nestled neatly into her pussy, a thong that was showing the signs of moisture at the front. A thong that revealed the fullness of her buttocks. Who was this angel of mercy? This angel of wondrous views?

Now I really felt uncomfortable. My prick was swelling and my clothing was far too tight. “OK”, I thought, “I have to stand up if only to adjust my shorts.”

After screams and the utterance of a few swear words, with gentle encouragement and helping hands, I managed to stand and hobble to the car. Carefully ESSE, for that was her name, helped me into the front passenger seat.

During this process and the subsequent drive we exchanged a few details of names and occupations, and pleasantries about the weather and countryside. ESSE was a journalist with her own radio show on a local radio station that, via the internet also attracted a world-wide audience. Her dulcet tones were clearly an asset on the radio, but I thought how much better it might be if her audience could see her as well!

ESSE told me that as she needed to bathe and bandage my ankle, she was taking me to her house which was nearer than mine.

As we progressed on our way two more buttons on the dress were unfastened. The hem of her dress could now fall open, revealing her shapely legs and thighs and because two buttons were now undone at the top ESSE was able to insert her right hand and gently caress her left breast as she drove along.

She continued talking and smiling all the time, occasionally glancing at me. I occasionally glanced at the road, but I was far more interested in her beautiful face and her legs; and especially, her left breast! Why was she doing this? I didn't care. I adjusted my shorts again. She smiled a little more.

Her nipple came into view and then her hand moved the dress aside, completely exposing her breast.

“Oh, I am so sorry, what must you think of me”, ESSE covered her breast again and placed both hands on the steering wheel. “I hope I didn't shock or offend you.”

“Absolutely not,” I assured her. “I enjoyed what I saw. I am grateful to you for ... for ... for giving me a lift home!”

“Oh it is definitely a pleasure for me,” she answered, “I so rarely have anyone in the car with me. It’s lovely to have someone to talk to.”

Now her left hand came off the wheel, moved inside the dress to her right breast and the caressing began again. Soon this breast was bare and the nipple was gloriously erect.

“Forgive me for being bold, but, do you like my breasts?” ESSE asked, “perhaps you would like to ... mmm ... just look at them or maybe do a little more?!”

“May I touch them?” I asked, feeling my face flush red with embarrassment.

“Oh, please, do. Show your affection for them. I’m sure they will respond.”

I slowly moved my right hand towards her breast. As I moved, the pain in my ankle returned. I swore again then apologised and resumed my movement towards her breast.

Clearly, ESSE sun-bathed topless. Indeed from looking right up her dress earlier I would say she either sun-bathed completely naked or with just a simple thong. Her whole body was golden brown.

The breast was soft and velvety and the nipple was firm and erect. I squeezed, caressed and ran my finger around her breast, now and again looking at her face to ensure her approval. She smiled and purred and amazingly managed to drive the car perfectly safely. Again, I was in heaven.

Dare I? No! Was it too much? Surely this was a dream. But if it was a dream, then why not? I leaned forward and gently brushed her nipple with my lips. I am sure it became even more erect!

“That feels lovely,” ESSE whispered, “do continue.”

I needed no further encouragement. My caresses continued on her right breast and then the left. I kissed her nipples, sucked them, and gently bit them. ESSE sighed, moaned gently and whispered encouragement.

Her right hand moved underneath me. I paused my activity. I wanted to see this. Her hand slipped under the dress and started stroking her panties. Soon a finger moved the garment to one side and another finger gently stroked her clitoris.

Oh this was unbelievable. I have fallen and twisted my ankle and because of that I am now watching a beautiful woman masturbate while driving me back to her house!

I undid my shorts and prepared to release my prick. “Do you mind if I make myself a little more comfortable?” I asked.

“No, that’s fine, but we will arrive home in about five minutes. There will be a few people around soon so we must look respectable.”

With that she covered her pussy and pulled her dress back over her legs. She then re-covered her breasts.

I quickly released my penis, readjusted my shorts and I was about to return my prick to its home when ESSE reached out and started wanking me.

“Don’t worry,” she whispered, “we will be home soon. Then I can tend to you needs.”

“Thank you,” I said, “that would be wonderful.”

“I was talking about your ankle.” said ESSE with a big grin on her face.

We chatted as we drove through the residential part of town. In my mind I was still trying to comprehend recent events. I was also trying not to anticipate what might happen. ESSE had made no reference to any husband or partner and for the moment I was not in a rush to investigate.

We arrived at ESSE's house on the outskirts of town. After parking the car in the garage and helping me out of the car, ESSE went ahead of me towards the house, swaying her beautiful bum as she walked. I hobbled along as best I could trying to watch where I placed my feet as well as admiring the view ahead. Fortunately, after the 20-minute rest in the car, the pain in my ankle had certainly reduced.

The house was modern and very tastefully furnished. I looked around the living area while ESSE ran upstairs to search for some bandages. She called me from above to check that I was okay.

"I'm fine," I replied, "I was just admiring your beautiful paintings. Did you paint them?"

"Oh no, but many are by a very good friend of mine. You will see the best ones on the wall by the stairs if you would like to have a look."

I wandered over to the stairs just as ESSE was descending. She paused half-way down and talked about the art on the wall. Of course, I was looking up at the paintings and at ESSE. It seemed that she had found her bandages, but lost her panties.

From where I was standing I was looking at the side of this angel of loveliness. I could sway one way and admire her beautifully curved bottom and most of her lovely smooth back both of which I wanted to smother with kisses. Or I could sway the other way and treasure the sight of her pussy, the lips of which were slightly parted.

ESSE remained on the stairs occasionally turning to her left, then her right, either to look at the paintings or to look down at me. Her bottom that had entranced me earlier as she walked ahead of me was even more erotic when seen from below. My prick certainly approved of the view.

The view up the front of her dress was no less erotic. Her sensuous thighs showed evidence of her fitness, obviously she exercised regularly. Her pussy was topped by a small tuft of hair and the slight change of colour of her skin was the evidence of the thong that she wore while sun-bathing. The art on display was clearly no match for the Venus-like body that stood above me.

“Now,” she said with a firm voice, “I need to look at your ankle. We can’t have you looking at my pussy for too long can we?”

ESSE descended to my level and bade me follow her to the kitchen where she could minister to my ankle. I sat on the table with a bowl of water beside me. ESSE sat on a chair in front of me with a towel and my feet on her knees. After washing, drying and bandaging the ankle she instructed me to remain where I was while she cleared things away.

She then returned to her chair, placed my feet either side of her and proceeded to undo my shorts.

“Well, you’ve had a good look at my pussy; I think that now I should have a good look at your prick! Don’t you agree?”

To be continued...