Confessions of a BoyToy Continues: Elizabeth Johnson

By seemywowzza

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In March of 2012, a 'chance' call from the daughter of one of my old clients, changed everything.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/hardcore/confessions-of-a-boytoy-continues.aspx

"Hello, is this Howdy?" the soft feminine voice on the phone asked.

"Well, I guess that depends on who is asking," I replied in a slightly flirtatious tone.

Veronica, my wife of over thirty years had only been gone a few days. The annual month long ski tour from Heavenly to several Colorado stops to Jackson Hole was under way without me this year. A nagging running injury had made me reconsider joining my wife and her two female cousins this time around. The only down side I could see by not joining them was not getting to watch her cousins run around the house near naked for a month. My wife's cousins loved running around resort condos half naked, teasing me relentlessly because they knew I couldn't, and wouldn't, do anything with Veronica close by.

But truth be told, honestly, I was tired of all the prick teasing by her cousins. Yeah, each night after all the flirting and 'innocent' flashing had left everyone, specifically me, frustrated, Veronica and I usually wound up having really great sex. That was well and good, but what I really wanted, was to get into her two cousins' panties in the worst way! I wanted those nasty cunts to team up on me and get down and dirty. Hell, for all I cared, Veronica could join in.

Admittedly, the last couple of years, my eyes, and occasionally my hands, had wandered outsides the vows and bounds of marital acceptability according to my wife. There had been a few opportunities where I could have relented and enjoyed all the pleasures a new woman had to offer, but up to today,I had resisted. My overtly flirtitious wayshad certainly given her reasons to question my fidelity.

So, I thought to myself, who the heck is this on the phone? Was it one of her friends maybe, one who's voice I wouldn't readily recognize, tempting me so she could report back to Veronica that I had fallen into temptation in her absence?

"Well? Are you Howdy or not?" the seductive voice asked more sternly, shattering my train of thought.

"Hmm ..." I started, then paused.

Then, out of the blue, it dawned on me, few if any of Veronica's friends knew of the nickname I used in my younger days. Maybe this was legit after all.

"Yes!" I answered, "This is Howdy. And whom might this be?"

"Well, Howdy. You don't really know me. My name is Elizabeth Johnson," she said.

Then, after a long silence, she added, "Not sounding familiar? You know, I am Abigail Johnson's daughter. Barbara Johnson was my Aunt. I think you used to affectionately refer to them as Abby and Barb respectively. Starting to ring a bell Howdy? Hmm?" she said as her voice trailed off a bit.

The first thing to race silently through my mind was to question if this Elizabeth Johnson girl might be my daughter, and now after all these years, was showing up for some nefarious reason.

"Of course I remember your mom and Barb. They were dear friends who I shared a lot of fond memories with. But that was many years ago."

"Don't worry Howdy. You aren't my daddy in case that question is bouncing through your head," she said with a giggle. It was almost as if she had read my mind.

"You were long gone by the time I came back from finishing school in Europe. After daddy and Uncle Micheal died in the plane crash, I movedback homewith mom and started watching after her and Aunt Barb. If you recall in fact, Barb and Michael never had children. Barb left everything to me, except all those exotic cars she left you. I guess if you had shown up for the execution of the will, you would have met me then," she finished.

"Anyway, I have some personal affects of Barb's you might be interested in. You know, some love letters Barb wrote to you, but never sent. I found them under a false bottom to a jewelry box in her closet safe. Seems to me you were more to her than just a good fuck, Mister. Mmm, please pardon the French! Secretly, she was madly in love with you."

I sat in silence as I listened to her.

"Would you like to see them, read them, or come get them? Or would you prefer I just toss them into the trash where anyone might come across them?" she asked in a mildly threatening voice.

"Uhhh, sure, let's meet!" I replied, "when is good for you?"

"Well, how is this afternoon looking for you, Howdy?" Elizabeth asked.

"Um, today is good. Two?"

"Do you remember how to get here? I live in Barb's old place across the street from where I grew up. Oh and Howdy, one last thing, it seems Barb kept some, mmm, old pictures of you in, rather compromising positions. Hmm, lots of pictures! I can't wait to meet you," she said with a devious snicker.

Dammit! My mind raced frantically at what this girl claimed to have found. Funny thing, I didn't remember any naked pictures of me, but hell, that was a long time ago.

Elizabeth didn't offer, nor wait for a goodbye, she just hung up, leaving my imagination to fill in the blanks.

"Great!" I thought. "That's just what I need floating around."

As I showered, my imagination took over. I wondered what this young woman looked like. Was she as hot and good looking as her mom and Aunt Barb? The thought that she could be caused my cock to stir under the torrents of hot soapy water. A few good tugs and it was hard, pointing upwards, ready for duty. I closed my eyes and fondly remembered some of the great times I had fucking her mom and aunt. The mental condition I was in was not healthy for my marriage, but somehow, that didn't really matter at the moment. I stared at my long and thick cock as I slowly stroked it's length. For a few fleeting moments, I considered jacking off, but I stopped. It was worth the wait to see if this chance afternoon meeting with Elizabeth could evolve into something, let's say, more fulfilling. I finished my shower and changed clothes.

Slipping behind the seat of one of the Porsches Barb had left me brought back a flood of great memories and emotions. I dropped the top on the factory slant nose cabriolet and headed towards Barb's. The immediate surge of the engine purred as I accelerated through the gears. I remembered how Barb used to get very aroused as the vibration from the drive train worked its way to the frame of her seat. When we went for joy rides in this car, it was never long before she had her hand between her legs and head tossed backwards as the wind and ride took her to another place. Inevitably we would wind up finding a secluded place along our ride and enjoy a fucking in the great outdoors. Sometimes she would simply lay her head in my lap and rub her face on my throbbing cock until I made her suck me off.

I turned the wheel on the Guards Red babe magnet and goosed it up the drive, stopping directly in front of the large front doors and just feet from the back of her Magnolia colored Bentley Azure. I revved the engine a couple of times just to listen to her purr.

The sexy tone of Elizabeth's voice had kept a healthy supply of blood pumping to my semi-erect cock during my drive over. A quick glance in the rear view mirror at my salt and pepper hair, mustache and goatee served to remind me I was no longer a spring chicken. Thanks to great genetics and a

disciplined workout regimen though, my body more resembled a man half my age. I brushed my fingers briskly through my hair before hopping out. Spring chicken or not, I was very anxious to lay eyes on Elizabeth. If she was half as good looking as her mom or aunt, I hoped to lay more than eyes on her.

With a fresh bouquet of flowers I had bought for the occasion, I bounced up the steps, eager to see what this Elizabeth gal looked like. I couldn't help wonder if she was a knockout like her mom and aunt were.

The same old chimes of the doorbell echoed through spacious entry way. The door was ajar and I leaned my head in, rapping loudly ona leaded glass panelwith the backs of my knuckles, announcing my arrival.

Elizabeth came around the corner, barefoot. Sure enough, she was just as beautiful as her mom and aunt. I made a quick survey of her ring finger, looking for signs of attachment. None I hastily surmised, at least no visible signs anyway.

A beautiful smiling Elizabeth greeted me like a long lost friend.With apeck to each cheek, a warm lingering embrace, a long thoughtful stare into my eyes, she slipped her hand around my arm to escort me into the great room.

Elizabeth wore a white semi transparent summer dress. The shearness of the fabric did little to hide her hour glass figure. Oddly enough, she carried a bottle of red nail polish in her hand. We walked into the great room and sat across from each other. We sat for a long minute or two taking inventory of each other, waiting for the other to break the proverbial ice I supposed.

She placed the nail polish on the table next to her chair, then looked at me. "After reading so much about you in Barb's letters, well, it seems like I already know you. I can see why mom and Barb were so fond of you."

"Forgive my rudeness, Howdy Would you like a drink?" Elizabeth asked softly as she smiled warmly at me.

"Whatever you are having is fine with me," I answered, giving her a long penetrating smile.

I felt the stir in my pants as our eyes did the communicating. We both knew what was being silently spoken. It was just a matter of time now before it manifested itself into something more tangible.

She stood and turned her back to me as she slowly walked across the room. The light from the large plate glass windows showed off the outlines of her legs through the shear summer dress. I studied her curves intently as she made our drinks. As she neared me, it was obvious she wore no underwear. Her large nipples poked proudly against the semi-sheer fabric. Plus, I was certain I noticed a nice dark triangle of pubic hair faintly hidden behind her loose fitting dress.

"Do you like my dress, Howdy?" Elizabeth asked, striking a silly pose as her voice took a sultry tone. "I really didn't know what to wear, so I picked this little ole thing."

She leaned slightly forward to hand me my drink, giving me a peek preview down her plunging neckline. We tapped glasses together and I leaned back in the chair, spreading my legs to show her my approval of her choice in outfits. The bulge in my pants didn't go unnoticed. Elizabeth sat back down directly across from me, studying me again. Her eyes darted back and forth from my face to my crotch. I took the liberty to 'adjust' myself a time or two when I caught her lingering stare at the bulge. Just showing off a bit I laughed to myself as my handslid off the arm rest and came to a rest, midshaft. I boldly, yet discretely set the trap.

She spread her legs slightly and stuffed the excess of her dress between her legs, before casually bringing one foot to the edge of the chair. Elizabeth kept her focus on my eyes. I guess she wanted to see if I would try to catch a peek at her smooth thighs, or more. Then without taking her eyes off of mine, she blindly reached for the nail polish. We made small talk as she opened the polish and studied it's color closely.

Elizabeth was as well versed in the art of 'tease' as her aunt had been. The nail polish trick was a new, but welcome treat. I was looking forward to watching her paint those pretty toes of hers. She wiggled her toes a few times. I guess to see if I would take the 'bait' so to speak. I bit hook, line and sinker. My gaze went back and forth from her pretty toes, to her scantily covered crotch. Her subtle gesture told me'two can play this game'.

We engaged in the usual small talk as she painted her toenails. She took her sweet time with each one, making sure it was perfect. Of course she constantly fidgeted about in the chair between brush strokes, giving me better and better views between her silky tan legs. Each subtle but calculated move brought her dress hem higher up her thighs. I had a raging hard on by then and fought to keep it under control. It was all I could do not to fall to my knees between her legs, shove them wide, and ravage her right there.

Elizabeth kept me at bay and off guard with meaningless chatter and countless questions. Finally, with her dress near the upper limits of her thighs, and my cock ready to explode, she proudly announced she was finished.

Elizabeth looked at me and smiled, then her eyes gravitated towards my hard on.

"So Howdy, you find bare feet arousing? Or do you have an affinity towards red polish? Or perhaps you saw something else that interested you?" she taunted in her sexy Southern draw.

She bit at her lower lip, then smiled innocently at me and said, "Please be a sweetheart Howdy and blow dry my toenails. Please?"

As she extended the blow dryer my direction, I pulled the ottoman between us and moved to sit closer. Our knees were barely touching. I sat straddling her legs, with my erection pressing it's head

her direction. Slowly, she lifted one foot, then the other, placing them on my thighs. She slowly pushed the loose fitting fabric between her legs in a vain attempt at modesty. I was now squarely between her legs. In the process of lifting her feet, I got the answerto my unasked questionregarding panties or no panties. There, proudly swollen and glistening lips, partially covered in a blanket of matted pubic hair, greeted my stare. As I took notice, Elizabeth pretended to be embarrassed, but she didn't seem in too big of a hurry to cover herself.

I set the hair dryer for warm and began to blow one set of toes then the other. One foot, then the other, rested precariously near my crotch as I took my own sweet time drying her toenails. Now, I'm not one that has a foot fetish, but her feet were off the charts pretty and very sexy. She seemed very happy at seeing the response her feet were having on me. Time and again, I thought she was going to let her feet run the length of my cock. Each time she neared my throbbing cock, she teasingly pulled away. She took advantage of this captured time to play '50 questions' with me, asking about all sorts of things, sexual and non-sexual.

Convinced her nails were finally dry, I set the blow dryer on the end table and slipped seamlessly into giving her a foot massage. Strong, firm-yet -tender, sensuous strokes up the bottoms of her feet made her squirm uneasily in her chair. She bit her lip in vain to keep from moaning and finally, she gave in to her emotions and let herself fully enjoy the massage. Her body was betraying her as she slid helplessly towards the edge of her chair.

Out of nowhere, I licked the bottom of one foot, from heel to toes. She moaned her approval loudly. Then I spread her toes and slipped my long slithering tongue between each set of toes. I tongued between her toes like it was the folds of her juicy cunt. Elizabeth nearly came unglued as she squirmed out of control.

With my eyes fixed on hers, I began to suck one toe, then the other. Her body was on fire. Truth be told, I was very aroused by this too.

She closed her eyes as she leaned her head backwards against the plush cushion of the chair. Her breathing was labored and she constantly nibbled at her lower lip as her body moved spontaneously to my touch.

Elizabeth pushed the fabric of her dress between her legs and held it firmly in place with both hands as her body began to writhe. My massage moved from her feet to her ankles, then to her calves. When my hands squeezed at each calf, her voice cracked as she began talking naughty. Her hips responded voluntarily. Her legs swayed back and forth as my hands worked her tight strong calves. Her mind and body had long abandoned any attempts of resistance.

The aroma of her perfume mixed with her musky scent as my hands moved further up one thigh, then the other. Elizabeth did her best to disguise the movement of her hands and fingers as her fingers pressed hard through the fabric gathered between her legs. Her hips moved in sync to my long firm caresses up her thighs.

My thumbs pressed firmly along her inner thighs, spreading them slightly with each slow long stroke upward. Each stroke elicited a groan or moanto accompany the spastic jerksfrom her hips as my touches drew near where her panties should have been. Her hips moved up and down, meeting the firm probes of her own fingers as they delved deeper. By now, Elizabeth's hemline barely covered her fur covered love nest.

Elizabeth peered helplessly at me through half closed eyes. They flickered as my hands pushed her legs wider with each firm deliberate stroke up her thighs. Her moans had become louder and more gutturally profane. With eyes flickering, she rolled her head from side to side as shewhimpered profanity each time my fingertips neared her swollen lips. Time and again, when my fingers neared her pussy lips, they bumped into her own fingers as she massaged her hungry womanhood through the flimsy material.

I sensed Elizabeth was so hot she could come at any moment. Then, unexpectedly, she abruptly sat up, shook her head and reached around my neck, pulling my lips into her open mouth. My cock strained against my pants, begging to be released. My hand slid up the front of her dress and cupped one tit. I held and squeezed it tightly as she moaned in my mouth. Then I pushed my thumb tip across its hard nipple several times, pinching it between my thumb and fingers. Her body danced as my hands roamed across her body.

We broke our lip lock on each other and sat there, breathing hard and wide legged, staring at each other. She reached between my legs and ran the backs of her fingers slowly up and down the length of my extended shaft. Dammit, that felt good. It wouldn't take too much of that to mess up one very nice pair of pants I thought.

"Another drink?" I mustered as we sat looking at each other. We laughed.

"Of course. Then the tour of the house?" Elizabeth cooed with a seductive smile.

I suggested finishing our drinks before starting the tour. She played it coyly and slumped back in her chair. Her legs were shoulder width and she rocked one leg back and forth as she again subtly played with the hem of her dress. Then she carelessly drew her feet to the edge of the seat, with her knees almost pressed into her breasts. I could not resist the temptation to peer at the invitation before me. There in full view, was herswollen lips,soaked in excitement, begging to be noticed.

"What are you looking at, Howdy?" Elizabeth asked in a sexy whisper, already knowing the answer.

Elizabeth licked at her lips and let me get a long unobstructed peek at those silky inner thighs before she pretended to have a shy streak and teasingly pushed the loose fitting fabric to cover herself. Her hand lingered between her legs as she held the fabric in place. She gently cupped her fingers under her, as if searching for something unseen. My cock was throbbing and was poking hard against my pants.

"Are you going to be ok, Howdy? Will you be able to take the tour of my home? she asked as her

eyes focused on my hard on .

"Your turn to fix the drinks, Howdy," Elizabethannounced with a wink.

She extended her glass towards me without leaning forward. I was going to be forced to stand in front of her with this raging hard on pointed at her beautiful face.

Her eyes were glued to my crotch from the time I stood up until I slipped past her chair, out of sight. I took the opportunity to readjust my hard member, giving it some room to breath so to speak.

I mixed us drinks, then walked up behind her and leaned over the back of her chair to hand her the drink. The view down her low cut top was a site for sore eyes. I wanted those nipples in my hands and mouth for sure.

Elizabeth looked up and over her shoulder as she caught my stare focused on her beautiful tits.

"Like what you see pervy old man?"

I leaned down over the back of the chair and brushed the long blond hair from the side of her face. She blushed as I ran the backs of my fingers from below her earlobes to the edge of her shoulders. My hand movement pushed the top of her dress off of her shoulder, exposing the top of one breast. Only her large hard nipple kept the blouse from falling off her heaving tit. Elizabeth closed her eyes in anticipation as her breathing quickened. I ran my fingers around the front of her throat, giving her a lingering firm squeeze before releasing my grip. Then I ran my fingertips into her cleavage before slowly retreating. She hungrily waited for more.

When she opened her eyes, I was seated across from her, staring at her as I smiled.

"Asshole!" she said under her breath as she pulled her dress back over her shoulder.

Elizabeth gave me a small smile and once again invited me to join her on the tour. This time I didn't hesitate and quickly stood to offer her my hand. She looked at my hand and ignored my offer to help her from her perch. This was going to be fun.

We started down the cavernous hallway towards Barb's old master suite. Not much had changed. Everything was still opulent and over the top, almost museumish really. Elizabeth's decorator tastes were quiet outstanding.. And of course, I complimented her on her style.

"You said Barb had left some things? Letters and some old pictures? Hmm, what kind of pictures, Elizabeth?"

"Howdy," Elizabeth stopped short of the double doors that led to her bedroom, then turned to face me. "I will happily turn over all of those items if you prove to me that is you in the pictures."

I smiled and crossed my arms. "Is that so? And just how do you propose for that to happen?"

"I don't know, Howdy. You tell me," she said as she slipped her hand into mine.

With a gentle tug, she led me through the doorway to the bedroom where Barb and I spent many many hours pleasing each other. Of course, the decor had changed but I still felt Barb's presence. I never thought I would see the inside of this room again I mused to myself.

Elizabeth took our drinks and placed them on the nightstand by the bed. She turned to face me. Her head tilted backward and her lips parted in an invitation to kiss her. The smell of alcohol and perfume mixed in my nostrils as I accepted her invitation. Our kissing quickly became consuming and our hands were all over each other. Suddenly, she pulled away from me.

"Howdy,just what is it with you and age differences? When you were young, you loved fucking older women. And now you are not so young and you want to fuck younger women. Why?" she giggled.

She reached inside the top drawer and shoved a picture in my chest. "Here, Howdy," she said, offering a sample picture of me.

It was me on Barb's bed, legs spread and my hand firmly gripping my cock.

"I think you should reenact that pose for me. Prove to me this is you," she said as sherubbed my shaft through my pants.

With a lustful hunger in her eyes she told me to undress.

Elizabeth stood there, nipples poking towards me as she gnawed at her lower lip. She slowly swayed back and forth as she waited for my response.

I walked around her as I unbuttoned my shirt. She turned to watch my steps, then followed me towards the bed's edge. I turned to face her as I pulled the shirt tails from my pants before finishing unbuttoning the shirt. Elizabeth swallowed hard as she took in my every move.

After removing my shirt, she moved closer, running her hands across my chest. Her hands quickly found my belt and released the belt and my trousers. She hurriedly pushed them over my hips and I kicked off my shoes as I stepped out of the pants. I stood there in front of her as her hands fumbled across the elastic waistband of my boxers. Her musky scent and perfume taunted me.

Her hands were warm as she slid the elastic over the large bulbous head of my fully erect eight inches. She licked her lips as she let out a deep moan. Her demeanor quickly shifted.

"Get on the bed, Howdy!" she ordered as she pushed me onto my back.

"Pose for me like you did for Barb. Is this what you did for my mom too, Howdy? Did you enjoy

fucking both of them? Did you have a favorite? Did you ever fuck both of them at the same time you mother fucking man tramp?" Elizabeth asked almost angrily.

It had been a long time since I had fucked another woman. Sure, I had had my hands on some tits, ass and pussy a few times, but my cock was straining to be exercised. I sure as hell wasn't going to blow it at this point.

I declined to answer Instead, I crawled across the bed and again turned onto my back as she had demanded. My cock sprang upwards towards the ceiling. It wobbled back and forth like a staggering sailor. I grabbed it midshaft and stroked a few times as I watched her expression.

"Like this, Elizabeth? Do you like me stroking my hard cock like this for you?" I asked.

Elizabeth watched intently as I smeared precum around the head of my cock. I wagged my cock in her direction, brandishing it towards her like a weapon, telling her how I was going to use it to fuck every hole she had. I told her she was about to become my new cum slut.

She was quickly out of her dress and crawling up the bed to me. Her fingers circled my shaft and began stroking me vigorously. Her moans were loud and her body was a writhing mass of hot neglected flesh. Between rubbing my cock all over her tits, she hungrily licked and sucked at my cock as she pumped me hard. Profanity and cursing spewed from her lips as she licked and sucked my cock. I could tell she was going to be the nasty little slut I hoped she would be.

I laid back on the bed and let her have her way with me. She fondled, stroked, licked and sucked at me for a good twenty to thirty minutes. I laid back with my hands folded behind my head and enjoyed every second, and admired her every trick. I watched her attack my cock like she was a starving two bit whore.

She quickly came for the first time as she fingered her cunt while she sucked on my cock. I grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her mouth off my cock. She looked at me in disbelief as her saliva dribbled from her mouth.

"Turn around so I can watch you masturbate as you suck me, slut." I told her with a tug of her hair.

Elizabeth quickly complied and turned to a sixty-nine position. Her sopping wet cunt was beautiful. I loved the 'au natural' look of pussy hair and hers was thick and matted with her goo. Her fingers slipped back inside her honey hole and she resumed her assault on her hot wet cunt as she licked and sucked me. I swatted her ass hard a few times as she grunted and moaned. She produced so much juice it dripped from between her fingers and ran down her thighs.

The sight of Elizabeth's wet hairy cunt just inches from my face made my cock even harder. I pumped my hips higher, trying to gag her each time she went down. Watching her asshole and pussy lips opening and closing was driving me wild. I was ready to feel either of them around my cock.

Like her momma and aunt, Elizabeth was a very vocal lover, which I loved by the way. She had nasty hot sounds for everything we tried. She also had a real potty mouth, which turned me on too. I loved it when a woman got so turned on she babbled incoherently and stammered in incomplete sentences, or finished her phrases with, 'Oh yea' or 'FUCK'.

I reached up and grabbed her rocking hips and yanked her cunt towards my mouth. My thumbs spread her cheeks wide and my long extended tongue parted her pussy lips forcefully and she let out a loud yelp. My tongue licked at her cunt as her fingers dug deeper. She was ready to cum.

I stuck my thumb in her ass as I licked and bit at her pussy and she came in a rush of profanity and gush of hot nectar. Her mouth came off of my cock and she screamed as she came. Her hand held a death grip on my cock as she feebly tried to continue stroking it. Her body tensed and shook hard as waves of orgasms rushed over her. With several violent squirts, her pussy pumped sweet juices across my face and chest.

I'm going to cum, Elizabeth!" I announced loudly. "Suck my cock!" I ordered as I slapped her ass hard.

A firm push between her shoulder blades told her to finish what she has started.

Once again she slipped my thick cock down her throat as she sucked me hard. One two three good hard thrusts and I unloaded in her mouth. Another strong wave of orgasms coursed through her trembling body. My hot cum gurgled from her mouth as spurt after long hard spurt erupted into her mouth and down her throat. She sat up, gagging, as it poured from her mouth, down her chin, and onto her tits. Without missing a beat she continued to pump my cock with her hands.

Her moans crescendoed as she watched my cum pour over her hands. She looked over her shoulder at me through her matted blond hair and turned to kiss me. I pulled her close as our tongues danced inside each others mouths. The taste of my own cum dripping from her mouth into mine was a new experience. The warmth of her hot supple skin was a reminder of years past. It was a reminder of how much I missed the feel of an unfamiliar woman next to me.

I pushed her hips towards my rigid cock. She understood the unspoken words and raised up to straddle the head of my cock. Gripping my shaft with one hand, she twirled the head around just inside her slippery wet lips before impaling herself on it's length. I watched as her slow descent onto my thick girth stretched her so widely I thought her perineum would tear.

Once fully inside her, she paused for a long minute, feeling me pulse inside her tight walls. A slight wiggle one direction, she then rotated her hips in circles to adjust to my size. With a rocking movement of her hips she lifted herself off of me. I watched as my long shimmering shaft slowly exited her pussy. Only the head remained inside her. Then she lowered herself again. This time with greater ease. Her ass cheeks squeezed tightly as she began to rock back and forth on me.

I clinched my ass cheeks, pushing my cock even deeper inside her, stretching the limits of her tight

pussy. Soon, she was bouncing on my cock, lifting herself higher each time before slamming herself back down on me. Elizabeth was a great fuck. I hoped to hell this would not be our only time together.

Elizabeth's pace quickened and she began cursing again as I gripped her hips firmly, holding her in place as I rammed my cock deep and fast into her. She leaned upright, still impaled on me and leaned backwards as she ground herself on my thrusting cock. Then she reached between my legs and grabbed my balls before feeling the length of my shaft pistoning inside her.

Elizabeth then slipped her middle finger inside her pussy and circled the base of my cock. That created an intense tightening around my cock that was incredible. She groaned loudly and her body shuttered uncontrollably as she came all over me. The feel of her hot fluids drenching me triggered my own orgasm and once again, I erupted inside her. I held her hips tightly as I ground the tip of my pulsing head against the back of her vagina. Spurt after spurt splashed inside her tight walls. Her pussy was spasming as her muscles gripped my cock.

She collapsed backwards on top of me, my cock still inside her. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her securely to me as we rolled onto our sides. Once again my hands slowly traced her curves. Elizabeth turned her head to kiss me, her hair covering most of her face. My cum had pasted her long blond hair to her face. I brushed her hair away as our tongues and open lips met. It had been too fucking long since I had been kissed like this.

I slowly ran my hands across the front of her body. There was no way one time with her would ever be enough. My hands cupped her gently heaving tits, tenderly squeezing and pulling at her large hard nipples as we kissed. Her body instinctively moved against mine. She felt my cock twitch inside her and she giggled. I ran my hand down her tummy and into her furry mound of pleasure. I pushed my hand between her legs, feeling the warmth of her wetness as she still held my semi erect cock hostage.

The feel of her thick bush felt natural in my hand. I played in her wet curls, as my fingers memorized her feel. A few subtle moves with her hips, a push from her ass into my crotch and we both felt my cock stir inside her. A beautiful smile consumed her face as her eyes beamed contentment.

"So, Howdy, I see why my mom and Barb had so much fun with you," Elizabeth whispered.

The rush of her warm alcohol-laced breath in my ear sent chill bumbs across my body.

"I certainly was the one who got the most pleasure out of this," I answered.

We laid mostly motionless for a long time, gently nibbling on each others lips and ears as we caressed each other. I could certainly get used to this I thought to myself.

I broke the silence.

"I hate to sound paranoid Elizabeth, but what about the pictures? Can I have them? I sure don't need

any of these surfacing you know," I pleaded as I pushed my cock a little deeper.

Elizabeth arched her back, pushing herself firmly around my shaft, increasing my penetration. She moaned her approval at my negotiating techniques.

"Well Howdy, let's make a deal. I will gladly hand over the pictures, but one at a time. Deal? Every time you come over, you get one more picture."

How could I resist such an offer? I swatted her ass and told her she drove a hard bargain. And speaking of hard bargains, I wanted some more of her hot pussy.

I pushed her off of me and onto her tummy. She leaned up on her elbows and leaned over to kiss me. As our lips met, I ran my hand down the small of her back resting my fingertips between her ass cheeks.

Elizabeth knew what was coming next, and opened her legs for me. I ran my hand between her legs from behind, cupping her wet hairy cunt. My fingertips gently brushed up and down her wet slit as her hips began to respond. Soon her body was a writhing mass of flesh, hell bent on enjoying another wave of orgasms.

Her clit was hard and hypersensitive. She protested slightly each time I barely touched it. I slipped two fingers between her lips, finger fucking her as my thumb tip laid pressed against her bung hole. As I began to roughly finger her from behind, her hips bucked wildly. Her hands were full of sheets as her body thrashed about.

"Finger my ass, baby! Finger it hard!" she begged.

I pulled my cum soaked fingers from her pussy and smeared her sticky goo up her ass crack and around her tight little starfish. As I pushed my fingers back inside her, she looked at me wantonly. I knew what she wanted and I pressed my thumb against her asshole. This time, I gently forced it inside her, past her first ring of resistance. Soon, I had my entire thumb in her ass as she fucked my hand like a sex starved sorority girl.

We both lost track of how many times we had sex, and how many times we came. All I remember is falling asleep with her leg draped across my waist and her in my arms.

The sound of my cell phone jarred me from my slumber. Elizabeth, quickly leaned over the bed and pulled it from my pants pocket.

"It's your wife," she said with a giggle.

She laid on her side, staring at me as I answered the call.

"Hey baby!" I said to Veronica. "Having a good time without me?"

"Oh yeah, having a great time. How about you? Are you behaving while I'm gone? Are you at home, honey?" Veronica queried in rapid succession.

"Yes, Yes and Yes!" I answered emphatically with a happy voice. "Of course I'm at home. Where else would I be?" I replied, hoping my enthusiastic response would end the questioning.

Guilt slapped me across the face at the brash boldness of me so openly lying to her. That was something I had never done, and it didn't set well with my spirit. I struggled to notconfess the truth to her right then and there, and then to shamelessly beg her forgiveness.

"Oh, I dunno, Baby. I guess I was just curious." Veronica said before I could tell on myself.

"So, you girls behaving yourselves?' I asked with a hard gulp, deflecting the conversation away from me.

"Of course, honey. You know you can trust me." she offered.

I did my best to ignore Elizabeth's hand as it slid down my chest and stomach. Then I nearly lost it as she wrapped her long slender fingers around my cock, giving me a few seductive tugs. She held her silence as she watched me struggle for words. She smiled deviously as she worked my cock hard again. As I talked to my wife Veronica, Elizabeth pushed me onto my back and lowered her mouth over my cock. All the time, Elizabeth never took her eyes off of mine.

'Oh my God,' I said silently to myself. Here I was, trapped between 'right and wrong' as both ripped me apart. What have I done?' I said, beating myself up.

I had little time for my self-imposed pity party. Elizabeth slowly licked up my shaft, and around the largepurplish head. She quietly sucked at me, taking the entity of my shaft in her mouth and down her silky throat. Then she took my balls in her hand and began to slowly tighten her grip on them, to the point of being slightly painful.

'What the fuck?' I thought to myself and reached for a handful of her hair.

She skillfully dodged my attempt and laughed quietly at me. Then she pushed my legs apart and rubbed her tits on my cock as I attempted to keep up a phone conversation with my unsuspecting wife.

Finally my wife had said her hellos and I love yous.

"I can't wait to see you, baby!" I said.

"Me too, Sweetheart. I'll be home before you know it," Veronica assured me.

We blew each other kisses as we finished our call, and hung up. Elizabeth roared with laughter as she crawled up my body dragging her tits on me as she did.

"That was fun!" Elizabeth giggled with evil intent. "Do you think she's suspicious of anything?"

I grabbed her by the hair and pulled her hard into me, kissing madly at her. My cock was raging hard again and we were both fully aroused at the thought of getting away with something wrong.

Soon, I was once again captivated by Elizabeth's charm. I took her soft beautiful face in both of my hands and drank in her wet kisses. I roughly brushed my fingertips through her hair as she straddled me and quickly guided my cock between her wet lips. She immediately sank down on me and began grinding herself hard on me. I reached up and took her by the throat. She stared at me with uncertainty as I thrust my hard on inside her. We both angrily fucked hard at each other. I slid my hand around the back of her neck and pulled her back down on me. Her kisses were intoxicating and addictive. Surely, I couldn't see my life without her.

We both came in a frenzied torrent of gushing cum that spilled from her tight cunt with each deep thrust. We once again laid exhausted, cuddled up to each other, occasionally pecking at each others lips and face. We showered and went for a dip in the pool. After fucking a couple of times in the pool, Elizabeth lay backwards against me in the pool and we watched the sun go down.

It was time to head home. Dogs needed fed and let out. There were chores to finish up at home.

I dressed as Elizabeth donned a sheer robe and walked me to the car. I leaned against the old red Porsche and she nestled into me. We shared some deep kisses before I climbed in for my trip home.

"When can I pick up another picture, Elizabeth? I asked with a smirk.

Elizabeth opened her robe, showing me all the reasons to make that date soon.

"Whenever you want, Howdy. You know where I live."

"I'll call you tomorrow, Elizabeth."

She leaned over and gave me a sweet kiss to the lips. My cock had begun stirring again at the thoughts of seeing her again so soon. I knew if I didn't leave then, I might not leave at all.

My trip home seemed to only last a scant few seconds. All I could think about was when I could see Elizabeth again. The taste of her hot kisses and pussy lingered in my mouth. As I neared my home, I hit the garage door opener and pulled the car into the underground parking garage beneath my home. I sat there for a while, admiring all the incredible cars Elizabeth's aunt had left me. They had become the core of a lifelong pursuit in collecting.

I came up the stairs into the house. That's funny I thought to myself, I didn't remember leaving a light

on, ormusic playing in the master bedroom. And what about the dogs? Where are they? Why hadn't they rushed up to greet me?

Quietly, I reached for a ball bat I kept by the back door. I tiptoed across the great room towards the master suite, searching the shadows for any movement that might reveal an ambush. As I neared the great hallway to the master bath, a sliver of light pierced the darkness of the hallway. Soft music played inside. I used my hand to quietly push open the door.

I was stunned to see Veronica laying in the middle of a bubble bath. She laid there with a sleeping mask covering her eyes. Hot water poured from the gold water fixture into the tub and spilled over the sides into the catch basin of the endless edges of the tub. She held a glass of wine in one hand, and her other hand was somewhere under the bubbles. The gentle motion of the glacier sized bubbles slowly moving back and forth from front to back in the tub, told me where her hand was.

I had made no sound what so ever, so you can imagine how shocked I was when she greeted me.

"Hello, Howdy. I was surprised to find you not at home, especially after you said you were. I was so hopingfor a warm welcome home and toshare this bubble bath with you, my faithful husband."

My gut churned at having been caught in a lie. Surely there was a whole lot of questions headed my way. After thirty plus years of living out my faithfulness and devotion to our marriage, in one careless act of selfishness, all the efforts of the years quickly evaporated into thin air.

I was F-U-C-K-E-D, both literally and now figuratively!

Veronica continued to run her hand along her body under the water. She took a long sip of her wine. Then her soapy hand emerged from under the water. She slowly sat upright, soapy water dripping from her hard nipples. Then she pulled off the mask, tossed her hair side to side, eyes fixated on the large plate glass garden window in front of her.

Completely void of expression, she licked her lower lip from corner to corner, and turned her blank stare towards me.

Veronica stared at me for a long time, then forced a smile, and chided, "So, Howdy, I hear we have a mutual friend?"