Arizona heat: Jenny's Story, Part 3

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Kate and Jenny struggle to keep things under control, and fail.

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As I writhed with pleasure, I slid further down the couch, my legs spread wide. Kate was nearly on top of me as she stretched for my left breast with her lips. Overcome with desire I reached up with my right hand and gently cupped her left tit. I had never touched another woman's breast before - the sensation was electric! Timidly at first, but with growing passion, I began to fondle her firm breast through her cotton top, rubbing her rock-hard nipple with my thumb. Kate moaned with pleasure, and pressed her tit firmly into my hand. I grabbed her tight ass with my left hand, pulling her up towards me.

"I want you Kate," I gasped, "I want you, I want you, I want you to fuck me!" The dam had burst.

As I slid down yet further on the couch, Kate raised herself off of her knees and leant foreword between my legs until suddenly, our swollen pussies collided through our soaking panties and rumpled skirts. We both shuddered and moaned with desire and began grinding against each other. I frantically pulled our skirts up out of the way as I threw my legs around Kate's hips, gyrating madly. The sensation of our pussies grinding together through the thin fabric of our panties was driving me insane, and I began grunting and moaning with lust.

Kate sat up and quickly spun me around so that I was laying along the length of the couch. She then mounted me, straddling my crotch, and began frantically humping our pussies together, riding me like a bronco while she reached behind her and undid the ties to her halter-top, flinging it away. I began to gasp and moan loudly as a powerful orgasm built inside of me.

"Fuck me Kate!" I whimpered, "Fuck me! Please don't stop!" I couldn't believe what I was saying, but I was so incredibly turned on I was beyond caring.

As Kate passionately humped my pussy, her pale, shapely breasts began bouncing, which fascinated me. I reached up to her waist and slid my hands up her gyrating body and felt the delightful touch of her firm, smooth tits. As I gently fondled them, Kate put her hands on mine, squeezing her breasts even harder as she let out a little squeal of delight. Our moans grew louder and louder, as the

unbelievable sensation of our colliding pussies drove us to the edge of madness.

As we began to climax together, Kate arched her back and squeezed my hands even more tightly to her breasts. At that moment we both experienced thunderous orgasms that sent our bodies shaking with ecstasy. Kate threw her head back and let out a loud ecstatic moan, as I went rigid, struck by the lightning of my climax. My breaths came in great sobbing whimpers, as tears of ecstasy streaked down my cheeks. The room faded away and white sparks danced in my eyes.

As I lay there, dazed and gasping, my surroundings swam back into focus. Kate lay sprawled in the pillows at the other end of the couch, in a similar condition, her legs intertwined with mine. We lay there for a while catching our breath and regarding each other with an erotic mixture of stunned disbelief and desire.

I slowly sat up on the couch, my eyes fixed hypnotically on Kate's. I crawled on hands and knees towards her, smiled, put a finger to my lips.

In a barely audible whisper, I breathed "Shhhhhh."

Kate smiled back and nodded. I then rose to my feet a little unsteadily, wearing nothing but my disheveled skirt. I closed my eyes and took a long, deep breath to clear my head.

"There's no going back now," I thought. "I want Kate to show me everything."

I smiled at her, extending my left hand. She took it, and without a word I led her away from the couch and down the hall, past the office, past the nursery, to the bedroom.

To our left, large window covered with heavy orange drapes overlooked the front yard. The afternoon sun hitting the closed curtains bathed the room in a warm orange glow, like firelight. A dark wood four-poster king sized bed sat beneath the heavily curtained window, its sheets and pillows unmade and disheveled. Mirrored sliding glass doors covered the closets on the far wall, giving the room the illusion of depth.

I led Kate to the side of the bed, then turned to her and gently caressed her face with my right hand. I then softly traced the outline of her neck and shoulder. She looked so incredibly sexy standing there topless, her wild red hair cascading down her shoulders and framing her angelic face. Her pert, pale breasts seemed to glow in the orange light, erect nipples rising from her small areolas.

Kate stepped closer and put her arms around my waist, unfastening my skirt and pulling down my panties, revealing my damp strawberry-blonde bush. I returned the favor, and beheld Kate's little red

triangle, moist from our earlier exertions. Finally, I reached back and released my hair from its pony tail, shaking free my long strawberry-blond tresses, which fell in long curving locks about my back and shoulders.

After we undressed, I climbed into the bed and scooted to the far side, slipping my legs and hips under the sheets. Resting my head on a pillow, I caressed Kate with my eyes as I waited for her to join me. She crawled onto the bed and lay down beside me, drawing the sheets up over her hips and resting her head on a pillow beside mine. We smiled at each other, savoring each other's beauty.

Slowly, gently and sensually we entwined our arms and legs around each other and drew together to kiss. As Kate's warm lips met mine, I thought my heart would bust from sheer bliss. Her lips were so soft and sweet, and tasted of vanilla. She kissed me with a sensual tenderness I had never known before. She traced the outline of my mouth with soft kisses, punctuated with tender caresses with the very tip of her hot tongue. She then covered my mouth with hers, and our tongues flirted gently before dancing together in a slow, passionate kiss.

I rolled on my back, pulling Kate on top of me as we kissed. I wanted her to take the lead; I sensed that this was not her first time with a woman, and I was determined to let her teach me everything. After several more minutes of passionate kissing, Kate mounted my left thigh and playfully pinned my arms to the mattress as she gently rubbed my naked and wet pussy with her left thigh. She broke the kiss and teased me with quick kisses and nibble on my face, and my neck. She leaned foreword and dangled her breasts in my face. I was lost in a fog of erotic delight as I kissed her pale, firm breasts and sucked her small rock hard nipples.

Kate playfully avoided my questing lips and teased me further by softly kissing, nibbling and licking her way down my collarbone, down my left shoulder, along my arm then across to my breasts. She kissed her way to my cleavage, burying her face between my tits. After a delirious few minutes making love to my breasts, she kissed her way down my squirming belly, swirling her tongue playfully in my navel before kissing her way back up to the underside of my right breast, all the while rubbing my pussy with her thigh or hip. Kate worked her way back to my waiting mouth and kissed me passionately, releasing my arms. We caressed each other as we kissed, our hands exploring each other's body in the warm orange glow of the afternoon sun. I had never been this turned on before in my life.

When Kate sensed that I was ripe for another orgasm, she slowly moved her left hand down the curve of my waist, up the line of my hip, then down to my soft blonde mound. She ran the tips of her fingers through my bush, and savored the excitement that was building in both of us. After a minute of this teasing, I whimpered a soft moan of desire through our kiss, spread my legs and began to rock my hips foreword, trying to force my swollen pussy to her hand.

Kate relented at last, and slid her hand between my legs, gently inserting her middle finger into the wet folds of my pussy, which was almost frictionless from my juices. Stroking gently from one end of my slit to the other, she gingerly added finger after finger until she was massaging my wet pussy with her entire hand. I shuddered with ecstasy at her touch and embraced her tightly as I let out a long moan of desire. Kate broke off the kiss to give me air, and began to nuzzle and kiss my throat as I threw my head back against the mattress, sighing and moaning with delight.

Kate’s strong and smooth bass-player’s fingers were ideally suited to this kind of love play. She was soon strumming my wet pussy like a guitar, playing notes on my labia, my cunt and my clit till I was delirious with ecstasy. When she sensed my climax was imminent, she drove her fingers deep inside my vagina while stroking my clit with her thumb. As she gently pinched her fingers and thumb together, I exploded into a screaming orgasm that left me breathless and squirming. Her skillful fingers knew just what to do to prolong my searing orgasm, and she held me at a plateau of ecstasy until I nearly fainted. She brought me to orgasm several more times with her amazing fingers before we took a breather and gently cuddled.

After we caught our breath, I sat up on my knees and pulled Kate up so she was facing me. We kissed, and as we did I leaned in and began to rock my shoulders back and forth causing our breasts to rub against each other in a way that was breathtakingly erotic. Kate matched my movements, and we danced slowly together till I leaned down and took her right nipple into my mouth. As my tongue teased her nipple, she arched her back and sighed with delight. The sensation of my lips on her breast was amazingly erotic. I lingered for several minutes making love to her tits, then I kissed my way up her chest and on to her throat before I finally took the plunge and slid my left hand down her firm abdomen.

As my trembling fingers encountered Kate’s soft bush, she moaned with desire and thrust her hips foreword. Kate’s pussy had been aching for attention, and was glistening with her juices. When my trembling fingers softly parted her labia she quivered and gasped with anticipation. I slid two fingers into her incredibly wet slit and began to slide them up and down, the way she had done to me earlier, but she was already on the verge of a powerful orgasm and wanted rougher treatment.

Kate whimpered and moaned with desire as she lowered her stance and humped my hand. With her

left hand, she grabbed my probing fingers and pushed them deep into her folds as she humped harder and faster against me, grunting and moaning as a climax built inside of her. I got the hint and stroked her with more vigor, fingering her clit with my thumb while pumping two fingers in and out of her vagina. Kate suddenly climaxed with a weird yelp, like a puppy whose tail had been stepped on. As she collapsed into my arms after her orgasm, I held her and fought the urge to laugh. I couldn't help myself, and a snicker escaped. Kate started laughing as well and we both fell into a fit of the giggles as we toppled back into the pillows, laughing and tickling each other.

After a playful wrestle Kate pinned my arms to my sides and threw her legs across my hips, straddling my abdomen. She leaned over me, both of us glistening with sweat and panting from our exertions. She fixed me with a loving gaze with her beautiful green eyes, a dreamy smile on her face. Kate gently brushed my tangled strawberry-blonde locks from my face, as I caressed her curly red tresses from her glistening brow. She bent down and kissed me long and passionately. She began to kiss her way down my body, lingering for a time on my breasts before teasing my navel again with her tongue. But this time she did not stop.

Kate kissed her way down to my thighs, which I obligingly parted. I could feel my body tense with anticipation as she nuzzled my soft mound. She moved down between my thighs, parted my labia with her fingers and ran her tongue up the length of my slit, causing me to gasp and writhe in pleasure. Kate buried her face in my dripping pussy, exploring with lips and tongue every nook and cranny, while teasing my swollen clit with her fingers.

I was writhing in ecstasy, my hands fondling my breasts and my hips grinding my wet and swollen pussy into Kate's face. I was whimpering and moaning with delight, teetering on the brink of an overwhelming orgasm. Kate switched her attention to my clit, sucking and kissing it with her lips, probing and teasing it with her tongue. She drove me over the edge with three fingers driven deep in my vagina again and again. Gripped with ecstasy, I arched my back and let out a long ecstatic moan as a shudder ran up my body.

I lost count of the number of times Kate made me come, but eventually she was sated and after one final climax, she kissed her way up my sweaty and trembling body and hugged me. I kissed her

fiercely, intoxicated by the taste and smell of my juices on her lips. I licked her chin and face like a cat, and kissed her hungrily again before sliding down and lavishing attention on her pert 34 C's. Kate was so turned on at this point she actually came as I sucked on her nipples.

Kate moaned with anticipation as I began to kiss my way down her abdomen. She writhed with desire as she spread her legs wide in welcome. My face was now inches from her slit, my hands on the inside of her thighs to either side. I could not believe what I was doing, but I was possessed by a lustful desire the likes of which I had never known. I felt like I was having an out-of body experience as, overcome by desire and curiosity, I slowly lowered my face to Kate's pussy and began to kiss, lick and suck her to bliss. Feeling her come while my tongue was inside her vagina was incredible! After she had recovered from her orgasm, she pulled me around to a 69 position. We made love to each other's pussies until we were spent.

Sex on the couch was frenzied, lustful and almost animalistic in its intensity. Sex in the bedroom, by contrast, was languid, gentle and unhurried. We lingered on every kiss, savored every caress and brought each other to climax again and again with deliberate, sensitive and lingering strokes. This was by far the most erotic and sensual sexual experience of my life.

After two hours of passionate love-play and about a dozen orgasms, we were completely exhausted. As Kate's last climax subsided, she fell back into my soft embrace, resting her head on my breasts. Warm, cozy, exhausted and with belly full of my milk, she was content as any baby, and in no time at all she was sleeping like one. I had the presence of mind to set the alarm for five before spooning with Kate and joining her in slumber.

I woke from a wonderful dream and found myself pressed up against the soft, pale skin of a girl's back.

"Am I still dreaming?" I asked myself.

As my head cleared, it all came back to me – Kate! My left arm was flung around her narrow waist, and I could hear her slow, steady breaths. She seemed deep in slumber, and the heady musk of feminine sex hung heavy over us. I sat up carefully and looked at the clock, which read 4:54. "Great timing." I thought to myself as I de-activated the alarm, being careful not to disturb Kate. As I moved I heard a deep bubbling growl, and realized it was coming from my stomach, which reminded me that I hadn't eaten a thing all day.

I slipped out of bed and put on my pastel blue robe before quietly padding out into the hall. As I was about to close the bedroom door, I paused to look at Kate, sleeping naked on my bed. She lay on her right side, curled up in the fetal position. She looked so peaceful, so beautiful – and so young. I considered waking her, but decided against it. I needed some time alone to think. I stepped back into the bedroom and pulled the sheets up over her shoulder, as the air conditioner was keeping the house quite cool and I was no longer there to warm her.

I carefully closed the bedroom door and walked to the kitchen, my emotions in turmoil. I decided I should first call mom and dad, and buy myself some more time. I managed to get through this time, and I told mom about my car breaking down. Dad said that he would come and help me. I suggested they come at 8:00, when it would be cooler outside. After hanging up the phone I went to the fridge and I fixed myself a tuna salad sandwich.

I wandered into the den, which was a shambles after the events of this afternoon, and pulled out one of the stools by the bar and sat down. I ate hungrily and the pain in my stomach subsided. I looked at the mess on the coffee table and started to tidy up, adjusting pillows and cushions, collecting discarded clothing and glassware. I suddenly realized I was just making busy work so I didn't have to confront the big issue that was staring me in the face. As I picked up the Johnnie Walker, I decided I needed another glass. I got some ice from the freezer and poured a few fingers of Scotch into a tumbler. I listened to the ice pop and took a sip as I considered my situation.

It was five in the afternoon, there was a naked, nubile teenage girl sleeping in my bed, and I was drinking Scotch. In two short months I had gone from chaste housewife to porn addict to a bisexual – maybe even lesbian – tramp. What had I gotten myself into? The more pressing question was, "What about Kate?" How will she react when she wakes and has this conversation with herself? Will she feel betrayed, seduced, used? Will she feel guilty for cheating on her boyfriend? Will she be angry with me? On the other hand, what if she becomes infatuated, possessive or obsessed? Either way, she could ruin my marriage!

My mind recalled the children's story of Goldilocks and the three bears. What would "Just Right" even look like in this situation? What if we both want to see each other again? To have some kind of secret no-strings attached affair, something that wouldn't threaten our relationships with the men in our lives? In my heart, I knew this is what I wanted. Kate had opened the door to a side of me I didn't know existed, and I wanted to explore it with her.

But not if it threatened Max's family. What if we both agree that it was "just one of things," and went our separate ways? What were the odds of that happening? I had no idea what Kate thought of our situation. I sipped the last of my Scotch. I decided that the safest course of action was to walk away

and just pretend it never happened.

I finished cleaning the den and took a shower in the hall bathroom to avoid disturbing Kate. As I stepped into the shower, I raised my fingers to my face and breathed in the aroma of Kate's sex. As the water washed her scent from my fingers I started to cry, suddenly overcome with emotion. After today, I would never see her again. That's just the way it had to be, I told myself.

After my shower, I crept into the bedroom with the intention of waking Kate and having "The Talk" with her, but I could not bring myself to wake her. As long as Kate was asleep, she was somehow still mine. Waking her would mean saying goodbye. I sat at the foot of the bed and watched Kate sleep, biting my knuckles as I tried to make some sense of my swirling thoughts and emotions. Hours passed as I sat tormented by the battle raging between my desires and my instincts. Eventually, the clock forced my hand.

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"Kate," I said softly, as I gently shook her shoulder "Wake up."

Kate opened her eyes and sat up, temporarily disoriented by the unfamiliar surroundings. She clutched the sheets to her breasts out of instinctive modesty - then relaxed as it all came back to her. She smiled sleepily at me as I stood beside the bed.

"You were *out* , sleeping beauty," I said with a smile.

Kate grinned sheepishly and rubbed her eyes.

"What time is it?" she asked, somewhat alarmed.

"It's almost 7:30," I said. "But don't worry, I finally got a hold of my mom and asked her to keep Max for another couple of hours. My dad's driving them over so he can help me fix the car. He said he'd be here at 8:00."

"I guess I should get going." Kate sighed.

"Yeah," I said sadly, "You have time for a quick shower though. I put out a fresh towel for you in the hall bathroom."

Kate frowned and said, "I don't know, 30 minutes…what if they show up early?" She looked around for her cloths. "Maybe I should just go."

“Don’t worry Kate,” I said reassuringly, “Dad’s ex Army. When he says he’ll be somewhere at twenty hundred hours, he will be there at exactly twenty hundred hours. I put your clothes in the bathroom too.”

She agreed to the shower – If she was anything like I had been, she was covered in the odor of sex and sweat.

As Kate was showering I changed into sweat pants, sneakers and an old t-shirt, and finished tidying up the den. I found Kate’s Soda in the kitchen and poured out the watery slush before re-filling it with ice and fresh soda for her drive home.

After a quick shower, Kate dressed and walked down the hall to the den. I had cleaned up and re-arranged the couch and coffee table. There was no sign of our passionate encounter; it was as if it never even happened. She met my by the bar and I handed her her sunglasses and bandanna.

We walked to the door in awkward silence, and Kate stepped into her flip-flops. As we reached the door, she turned towards me and smiled nervously.

“So…” Kate said.

I shifted nervously on my feet, my mind in turmoil.

“Stick to the plan,” I thought to myself, “this seems cold, I know, but it is for the best.”

I stepped foreword and gave her an awkward hug.

“Thank you Kate,” I whispered in her ear, “Thank you for everything.”

“Sure,” she said, forcing a smile as I reached for the door.

“Drive safe!” I said, as she stepped into the warm evening air.

Kate turned and forced another smile as her pretty green eyes desperately searched my face for some sign of the woman who had but hours ago been her lover.

I bit my lip as I waved her goodbye and slowly closed the door as my eyes started to tear up.

After I closed the door, I leaned back against the wall, my face in my hands as tears welled up in my

eyes. I felt like I had just kicked a puppy.

“Kate deserved better than that,” I scolded myself. “She rescued you from your broken down car, drove you home, saved you from an embarrassing hospital visit - not to mention giving you the best sex you have ever had in your entire life – and you practically shoved her out of your door like she was some cheap call girl.”

I never felt so low. I slouched into the kitchen, looking for a tumbler.

As I entered the kitchen, I saw Kate’s Big Gulp soda I had just re-filled sitting on the counter by the fridge, and an idea came to me as I had a sudden change of heart.

“Make things right!” my conscious chided me, “there may still be time!”

I grabbed a permanent marker from a drawer in the kitchen and hurriedly wrote my phone number on the white plastic lid to Kate’s soda. I grabbed it and ran for the door, hoping that she had not yet left. I burst out of the door and saw to my great relief that Kate’s van was still parked across the street. I ran over to the driver’s side door and saw Kate leaning over the steering wheel. As I tapped on the glass, Kate let out an audible yelp as she jumped in her seat.

I stepped back and laughed in spite of myself. Kate quickly rolled down her window with a puzzled expression on her pretty, freckled face.

“I’m sorry Kate,” I said laughing, “I didn’t mean to startle you like that! Here,” I said smiling, “you forgot this.” I handed her the Big Gulp. “I refilled your coke for you while you were in the shower.” I rocked back on my heels nervously and bit my lower lip.

Kate took the cup and as she did, she noticed something strange about the lid. As she examined it more closely, she saw the phone number. Mouth agape, Kate looked back at me with a look of shocked delight.

At that moment a beautifully restored red and white 57 Chevy rounded the corner at the end of the street and headed towards my house. I looked at Kate and smiled, rocked back on my heels, then gave her a little wave.

“That’s dad. See ya!” I said as I turned and ran back to the house.

“Yeah,” Kate said, a stunned expression on her face, “see ya.”

A huge smile came over my face as I entered my house and closed the door. For better or worse, this adventure wasn’t over yet.