

Cleo's Dilemma

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A fan's Fantasy. Does she or doesn't she?

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/cleos-dilemma.aspx>

She wanted him, but she was afraid. She wanted his world, but she was terrified. What if her family found out, what if her friends or co-workers found out. She, a woman almost 50. They could deem her depraved that she could want unnatural sex with a man other than her husband? Hell what was unnatural sex?

She was more confused than ever, her cunt oozing at the mere thought of this stranger, taking her, fucking her, using her for his own pleasure. Her body trembled at the thought.

Cleo's mind wrestled with the idea, both desiring and abhorring the thoughts that tumbled around inside her beautiful head.

Her husband had shown no interest in her for the last few years, and she needed it more than ever. Not just the sex, but the intimacy, the need to be desired. Every person needs that, male or female.

Could he really be as sexual as he says, would he make her beg for him to impale her with his cock? God, if only he would do this. Her thighs pressed together, trying to calm the ache and urge in her cunt. She could feel her nipples on her heavy 38DD tits hardening. Christ, I am a veritable slut, she thought. We have never really met, yet here I constantly want him to make me his whore.

Cleo looked around her classroom, wanting to see if any of her students could see her face flushed, her rapid breathing as her heart raced. Damn him, why does he affect me this way.

Soon the day school day was over and she headed home, fearing his e-mail, wanting and needing his email. What a dilemma, torn between her basic needs, and society's resolve to be normal.

Fuck, why can't I have my cake and eat it too, she wondered aloud, turning around to make sure her teenage kids or husband did not hear her.

Cleo went to the washroom, took a long look in the mirror. She looked damn good, her auburn hair

was shoulder length, her eyes had that sultry look, her red lipsticked lips drove plenty of men wild with lust, and she had sensed the effect she had on others.

But here she was with a man that did not desire anymore, and a man that she wanted more than anything, but scared he would turn her world upside down, and that scared the living hell out of her.

He told her he would push her to her knees on the first meeting, fucking her mouth as if it was her pussy, mauling her tits, making her fat nipples raw as he she sucked him. He would ride her cunt from behind, hard as if she was a mare needing to win that one big race, whipping her plump bottom, urging the filly on to the finish line.

Any other man saying these things would have repulsed her, but him, this stage of her live, both added up to a state of perpetual horniness. She lifted her skirt, allowing her fingers to slide into the top of her panties, feeling the silky strands of hair, making their way down to the folds of her now seriously moist cunt.

She purposely tried to avoid the swollen clit that protruded out, not wanting to cum too quickly. One hand on the vanity top, she leaned slightly forward, legs parted and her fingers open her labia. A warm gush of wetness ran down her leg. It was not enough, and Cleo moved to the corner raised the skirt higher and rubbed her panty clad slit up and down against the countertop. As she rocked, her tits swayed in her lace bra, her nipples raw, hurting, but she loved every ache in them. She was becoming a pain slut, as he told her she would.

Her thoughts drifted to his conversation about taking her virgin ass. She had told him never, no way anyone would ever experience that with her, and again as he kept talking, her mind changed and she allowed her fantasies to take over to the point she knew if they met, he would be her first and maybe her only, but he would do it, she was sure of that. Not just because he said so, but because she really wanted him to.

There was a dark sexual side that had been repressed in Cleo for too long, and she needed to release her inner self, to finally feel free to become who she was.

Cleo took off her glasses, tossed her head back and pulled her panties to one side. She turned around and sat her arse against the counter, and her fingers delved in and out of her twitching twat. She frantically fingered her cunt, and her other hand stroked her clit.

Her breathing became more raspy, her chest heaving as she neared her first orgasm. Fuuuuuuk, she moaned, hoping the sound of the fan drowned her out.

Her mind reeled, the thought of what this depraved sexual deviant would do to her, and worse yet, what he might not do. The talks of welting her ass, her tits made her nervous yet incredibly hot, the hot wax, the clamps, all of it, a world she had secretly desired for so long, now so close, yet so far and distant.

With images of his large cock slamming her ass, as he pulled her hair from behind, triggered another wave of cum juice trickling down her thighs. Her legs visibly shaking, she was brought back to earth by the sound of her daughter asking if everything was all right in there.

Cleo's voice shaking said yes, that mummy just felt a little ill, but she was okay.

She quickly composed herself, flushed her face clean, and exited to the curious looks of her daughter and son.

Once in her room, Cleo sat down and composed her e-mail.

I am sorry, I am not sure I can do this, please forgive me, and hesitated with her hand over the send key.