My Morning With Beth

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It was a Saturday morning, and my wife was away, so I was doing what I do whenever she is not home - searching for porn. It was early - only 7 AM - but it is never too early to jerk off. I was wearing what I sleep in - jogging shorts made of a quick drying fabric and a tee shirt of the same material. My penis was already tingling.

It was time to retrieve the newspaper, so I headed to the door, looked around to see if anyone was watching; they weren't, or at least I didn't see them, so I went out to the curb and picked up my NY Times. Yes, my slight erection was visible in my scanty shorts, but I thought I was pretty much alone. Then I noticed Beth's shade moving. She might have been watching. Oh, well.

I returned to my computer and, after looking at what was available, opened a link to a movie about an encounter between an African-American man and his white step-daughter. The story line had the daughter coyly mention to her dad that her girlfriends had been asking her if what they say about a black man's penis is true. In any case, the man eventually opened his pants, showed a really large erect penis, and then the two proceeded to fuck. I like scenes with at least a bit of seduction as this one had – even if I also want the hardcore. So there I was, lightly running my fingers over the head of my hardening penis – just through my shorts, no need to rush things.

Then I heard a knock on the door.

Shit, who could that be?

Our front door is mostly glass so, as I got closer to the door, I could see that it was Beth standing there. I placed my newspaper in front of my shorts, covering my erection, and opened the door half way.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"No," Beth replied, "I saw you a few minutes ago and wondered if you were alone. Can we get a look at the pictures?"

The pictures. Since our photo session, I had been sneaking time to edit the photos. There were a lot of them, and given that they were of Beth, I had to do my editing when my wife was not around.

“Sure,” I said. Then I put down my newspaper and let my hard-on show.

Beth’s eyes went to my crotch and stayed there as I led her in. Then she said, “I hope I am not interrupting.”

I told her, “It’s ok.”

She took off the light coat she was wearing and I could see that she, too, was in skimpy clothing. Her bottoms were also track shorts, but they were even shorter than mine, and cut to flatter her womanly shape. Her top was nearly transparent, and it stretched around her breasts. I could see the rough texture of her nipples and even the dark circles of her areolas.

I pulled up a second chair in front of my computer. Beth saw the movie running and the paper towels and lubrication. She looked surprised and said, “Oh.”

I said, “You can leave if this bothers you. If we look at the photos, I’ll get hard, so we might as well deal with my hard-on now.”

Beth said, “It's ok.” She stared again at my penis making a tent in my shorts, then reached over and let her fingers circle the tip. She said she likes the way the head of man’s penis looks and feels.

I said that if she does too much of that I’ll spurt, but said it feels great. I was starting to breath heavily, even twitching involuntarily as she rubbed my penis back and forth.

Then she stopped. I reached my hand over to feel her knee and then felt her leg up to her thighs. I guess I wanted to see if she would pull away. She didn’t. I moved even higher, grazing her pussy. She gulped but let me have my way with her. Her chest was heaving with arousal.

Then I returned to the computer. I opened up the folder with Beth’s pictures – I had made a slide show out of the collection, editing, cropping and enhancing where needed. I used a bunch of tricks to let the viewer move around Beth’s body, zooming in on different parts of her as my mood set the pace.

I started the show and we sat back to watch. I asked Beth if she wanted anything to drink; I said I had wine. She looked skeptical, saying it’s early. But I reminded her that we are already committing one

sin, so what’s another one. I got up, grabbed a bottle of wine from the kitchen, opened it, poured two glasses (of Riesling) and handed Beth a glass. She took a sip. I gulped mine down.

As the show proceeded, I asked what she thought. Beth said I did a really good job. She was able to appreciate her own beauty. I told her it takes a good body to make a good nude. I was fully hard now and, as I moved in my chair, the head of my penis started to poke out from the legs. I asked Beth if she minded. Minded what?

I put a bit of massage oil on my hand and started to rub my cock. I said she should try some.

Instead of grabbing the oil, she grabbed by hand and guided it into her pants. She placed my fingers on her pussy and had me rub her lips, pushing my fingers just slightly inside of her. She was slippery with her own lubrication. She said, "See, I don’t need any oil."

After just a few minutes, she began to shake and buck. She pushed my hand into her harder. Then a short yell and a gasp. “Wow!”

The slide show continued but now Beth said that it might be better if we were lying down. I agreed. I got up first, and slipped my pants off. Now I was walking around with just my tee-shirt. Beth stood up too – and pulled down her pants.

When they were off, I asked her to bend over. She asked, "Why?" I said I wanted to see her pussy lips from behind. She said I was a pig, but bent over anyway, put her hands on her knees, and stuck her ass out at me. I ran my hands over her ass, then stuck my index finger into her asshole, about half way in. I wiggled it around, pulled it out and decided to lick my finger.

I moved to where our stairs were, and ascended slowly. Beth watched me as my balls and penis bounced with my steps. She was smiling. Then she climbed the stairs and I watched her breasts jiggle through her shirt. Her breasts are small but soft and bouncy. And with the nipples erect, it exaggerated the motion.

I opened the door to our bedroom. Beth mentioned something about forbidden territory. I pulled back the covers, took off my shirt and laid myself down. Beth took her shirt off and lay down on my wife’s side. I turned toward her on my side and asked her to face away; that it might be nice to spoon. She said okay, and we moved together, with our bodies in a tight embrace. I pushed my penis in between her legs, and she reached down and grabbed the head, pushing it into her vulva, masturbating herself with my dick. She was wet, and the head of my dick was slick with pre-cum.

I said it would be great to come inside her. She said not yet; that this is far enough. I told her to go

slow or I will come. She said she would try. We moved together while she kept pushing my penis even harder into her. I started to bite the top of her shoulders. She began to convulse and let out a shout. My belly was twitching involuntarily, and then I released a few big spurts of cum all over her hand and pussy. I also made a mess on the bed.

Beth pushed some of my cum inside her. I put my hand on top of hers and felt the sticky mess as our hands explored her pussy and my shrinking and sticky penis.

Then it was over. Beth reminded me that I really need to wash the sheets. She said she had a great time. I said perhaps next time, she will let me in. She smiled but said nothing.