

Archie

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She was old enough to be my mother, but hot enough to be my lover.

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True story.

The first time I had a one night stand was amazing. Before that night, I had already experienced NSA sex on many occasions. But, that night was the first time I took a lady home whom I'd just met.

It all started when I decided to go to a local bar to have a few drinks and do some dancing.

I had already been drinking for a few hours before leaving for the bar. When I arrived I noticed a few hot ladies, but most were with a man already.

I purchased a beer and stood at a bar by the pool tables. I could see everyone in the bar from where I was standing. But, for some reason, it took me almost an hour to spot the lady I would be taking home that night.

I first noticed the tall girl with short hair, who was actually standing behind me. She was a total fox. I did catch her glancing at me a few times, so I knew she was interested. But, I took too long to make a move and some other dude chatted her up the entire night.

The other girls I payed any attention to were nowhere near as hot as that first one. Most of these girls were regulars and I had previously found that most were just teases and wouldn't go home with me unless I wasted a lot of time and money on them.

I soon started thinking my visit to the bar would be just a big waste of time, like many other visits to that same bar had been in the recent past.

But, then I spotted a lady who had just gotten back to her table and she looked very attractive. I watched as the guy who walked her back to her seat told her something and then left for the restroom.

I assumed that the guy was her date and paid no more attention to her, for the time being.

I kept looking for more prospects. But, I soon noticed that this attractive lady, who I'd spotted just some minutes before, was actually date-less.

It wasn't uncommon to see girls there without a date, but they usually arrived in groups, or at least in pairs. But, this lady was totally alone.

I watched as a few guys took her out to dance and I waited for the DJ to start playing my type of songs.

As I watched her, I started to evaluate her looks. She appeared to be older, but was dressed to show off her best assets.

She was short, but stood about three inches taller, thanks to her high heel boots. Those boots went up to her knees and left about five inches of visible leg skin between the end of the boots and the hem of her mini skirt. Her top was tight and the top half of her tits were spilling out of it.

Her hips were wide, her ass cheeks were high and round, and she had a small waist. Her hair was very short, but it fit her nicely. It was styled somewhat like that of Mia, Uma Thurman's character in the movie Pulp Fiction.

Overall I found her to be quite attractive.

Finally, the right song came on and she was sitting at her table, so I made my move. I finished my beer and tossed it, then walked over to her.

I crept up behind her and placed my hand on her shoulder. She turned and I asked, "Would you like to dance?"

She smiled and said, "Why, certainly."

She stood and walked to the dance floor and I walked behind her with my hand on the small of her back.

She turned to face me and I placed my hand on her hip. My other hand found her hand and we began to dance.

Her hand was small in mine. The back of her waist was high and tight and it felt nice to place my

hand there. I also enjoyed the moments when her breasts pressed against the top of my stomach, and slowly all of this was creating even more attraction toward this good looking older lady.

I wondered if she shared the same amount of attraction toward me. I hoped she did and that it meant that I would be able to take her home with me that night.

We continued dancing and I asked, "Are you here alone?"

She replied, "Yup."

I then asked, "Why?"

She explained, "Well, I don't usually go out by myself, but then again, I usually never go out. I don't have girlfriends to go out with, so the few times I do go out it's just me, by myself."

I felt sympathy for her. She probably stayed home most of the time and was probably bored of it.

"And, a husband," I asked, "are you married."

"Yeah, but he's in jail. He's been in for seven months now and he's serving seven years," she answered.

I nodded and frowned to show empathy toward her situation and we didn't talk for a while.

As we continued to dance she then started quizzing me, "And you? Are you married?"

"Nope," I answered, and added, "and I don't have a girlfriend, and no kids either."

She then told me, "I have three kids. The oldest is my son and he's 24."

I figured that her age was probably between 42 and 45. But, her body was wonderful and she was pretty, too.

She had thin lips, but a nice wide smile. Her age showed on her face, thanks to a few wrinkles, but her skin was smooth. And, her eyes were piercing.

I was growing more and more aroused by the possibility of taking this pretty older lady with me and making passionate love to her.

When the song finished, we walked back to her table. A few steps before reaching her table, I asked, "Can I sit with you?"

"Certainly," was her simple, yet satisfying, reply.

I introduced myself as Robert and she gave me her name as Archie. Her real name was Aracely, but she told me she preferred the nickname.

We continued talking, mostly about our personal lives. I told her about my job and she told me about her kids' jobs. She told me that her husband kept telling her he'd be out soon, but she knew it wasn't true. We discussed a lot of different things and we danced all night until it was almost closing time.

There were ten minutes left and she asked if I wanted to leave already.

I nodded and we started walking to the door.

Once outside, she asked, "Where are you parked?"

At that time, I still wasn't sure whether or not this married older lady would agree to go home with me. But, I was willing to work hard to convince her to do so.

I answered, "I'm parked at the end of the parking lot."

I waited anxiously to hear her reply.

"I'm parked right here," she said as she pointed to an SUV parked about ten feet in front of us. She continued, "Get in and I'll give you a ride to your car."

I agreed and excitedly got into her vehicle. It was a short drive and I just kept thinking about what to say to get her to go home with me. I came to the conclusion that I should just be forward and simply ask her if she'd like to go home with me.

We reached my car and I signaled to her that we were there, and I asked, "Would you like to keep this night going? Would you like to come home with me?"

She smiled and answered, "No. I can't."

I felt shock as she answered. I asked, "Why? I thought you said you have no one to go home to and no specific time to arrive home either."

"Yeah, you're right, but I just can't," she replied.

So, I turned to plan B.

"Can I kiss you," I asked her and I didn't give her much time to answer as I started moving my lips toward hers.

She immediately answered, "Yes," as I made it halfway to her mouth.

I quickly found her parted lips, after she agreed to a kiss. Our kiss was open mouthed, with a bit of tongue. It didn't last long because she pulled away to say, "Mmmm, how tasty."

She definitely enjoyed kissing me. This lady was so sexy and I just had to have her.

We continued kissing for a bit. Then a car drove up and parked behind us, and its driver started honking because we were in his way.

I told her to park off to one side so we could continue, but the car quickly found an alternative route and went around us.

I kissed her again, and asked, "Are you sure you don't want to come home with me?"

"I'm scared," she answered.

"Scared of what," I asked in response.

"I've never done this before," she informed me.

"There's nothing to be scared of cause I'm a nice guy," I pleaded.

"Well, how far do you live," she asked.

"Not far at all," was my simple answer.

"I just don't know....," she replied.

I figured she needed a little more convincing, so I wrapped her face with the palm of each of my hands and kissed her as passionately as I knew how.

And once our lips separated, I invited once more, "Come on, come home with me."

She finally agreed and I told her to follow me.

It really was a short drive, no more than five minutes. My dick was already getting hard as I drove home.

We made it to my house and she was still scared. She didn't get off of her vehicle until I walked over to her window.

She opened the window and asked, "Who's house is this?"

I explained that it was my cousin's house and that no one was home. I went on to tell her that I was house sitting for six months.

"And, are you sure no one else is here," she asked.

"Who else would be here," I asked in response.

"I don't know. I'm just scared that someone else is gonna show up," she explained.

I believe she was scared of getting robbed or raped or whatever else she was thinking could possibly happen.

I assured her no one else was there and finally convinced her to get off the vehicle.

I opened the door to the house and she insisted I go in first. I did, and she followed.

After I closed the door, I kissed her, but she quickly pulled away and said, "I really need to go to the bathroom."

I told her which way to go and off she was to go pee.

I was really excited to have her in my home, knowing that I would soon be getting laid.

She came back and I kissed her some more. Then I told her, "I need to go pee, too. Go ahead and lay down if you'd like."

We were still in the living room, but I had a mattress on the floor there because it was the room where I preferred to sleep in.

She responded, "Ok, I'll lay down, but first I'm going to sit so I can take my boots off."

And, so she did. I went to the bathroom and peed.

On my way back, I turned on the light in the hall. It provided enough light to see her standing in the living room with just her socks on.

I quickly unbuttoned my dress shirt and then pulled my jeans down. While I did so, I admired her tits, small waist, and wide hips. She did not have a flat tummy, but she didn't have a big gut either. Then I kicked my shoes off and removed my socks, leaving me in nothing but boxer briefs.

I embraced her and pulled her down with me as I plopped myself onto the mattress. I fell onto my back and she lay on her side, next to me.

She put her leg over mine and her knee rested on my crotch. I then felt her lean her body over me and she pressed her soft lips against mine.

We made out and my hand roamed over her body. I ran my hand over the side of her body, starting just behind her armpit and ending at her hip. I continued downward and found the fold where her ass cheek ended and her thigh began. I gave it a nice squeeze.

While running my hand over her hip, I had felt a tiny string of soft material slung tightly around her waist. I again felt the material when I moved my hand from her ass to her pussy. I had thought she was completely naked, except for socks, but she was also wearing a really skimpy thong.

I was so turned on by the moisture and the heat I felt when my fingers came into contact with the material covering the entrance of her vagina.

I rubbed her slit from outside her panties, but she wanted to remove them.

She laid back and said, "Take it off," and helped me pull her thong off.

I then placed my middle digit inside of her wet hole and lubed up. Then I moved that same digit over to her clit and started rubbing. She moaned and then kissed me.

She quickly pushed me away after just a bit of me rubbing her pussy, but continued kissing me and

began rubbing my dick.

She only rubbed me for a bit, from outside my underwear. She then asked me to remove them.

I helped her remove my boxer briefs and immediately she slung her body over mine. She was so eager to fuck and it caught me by surprise.

But, I was ready, so I lined my cock up with her pussy and she lowered her body down, engulfing the head of my cock with her wet, hot hole.

She gasped as her pussy opened up and she stopped before lowering herself down entirely.

It hurt me a little, since I was not circumcised and she had not yet pulled my skin back before sitting on my dick.

After that short moment of letting her pussy get used to the girth of my penis, she lowered herself completely.

Again, she paused when my dick was entirely inside of her. She moaned, in acceptance of the pain and pleasure she was simultaneously feeling, and then started fucking me.

She rode like a pro. What more would one expect, if not experience, from a lady her age. She moved up and down in perfect rhythm. I managed to keep up with her movement as I raised my head to take a nipple into my mouth. I sucked softly and again she moaned. She whispered through her teeth, "Oh yeah, suck on these tits. Oh yeah, that feels so good."

I then moved to her other tit and equally sucked on it.

Suddenly, she stopped and asked, "You wanna take over and get on top."

I answered, "Sure."

And so, we switched places.

It felt wonderful to kneel between this beautiful lady's legs.

I was so fucking horny by then and couldn't wait to get my dick inside of her again, so I thrust my hard cock inside of her pussy with one quick motion.

She gasped in response. I started fucking her at a mellow pace. I kept up the same rhythm for a while. Then I reached behind me and grabbed her ankles. I brought them forward and raised them up in front of me. I joined her legs and kept them raised at a 90 degree angle to her body.

At this point, I started pounding into her. She started moaning loudly in response to the hard fuck she was receiving.

I kept that up for a while, then released her ankles and rested her legs over my shoulders. I slowed down, but made sure to insert the entire length of my penis into her on the way in. On the way out, I'd retract my penis almost entirely, leaving just the tip inside the entrance of her vagina. Then I'd quickly stuff her pussy again in one swift motion.

I kept fucking her like this while kissing her on the mouth and then moving down to suck on her tits, occasionally. She was a wonderful kisser, so I always made my way back to her mouth after bathing her nipples with my saliva.

She then told me, "You better not come inside of me."

I asked, "You're able to get pregnant?"

"No, I'm fixed," she replied at first. But, she confessed, "Actually, I'm not fixed. It's better if you don't come inside of me because my husband would kill me if I got pregnant."

I kept fucking her, but I couldn't come. I figured I was too drunk and stopped trying after a while.

I got off of her and laid down.

She rested her arm on my chest and nestled her head into my neck. We cuddled like this for just a little while. She told me, "It's been seven months since I've had sex. That was wonderful."

I laughed and then asked, "And you don't pleasure yourself?"

"No, I don't do that," she answered.

She started playing with my dick and then asked me, "Do you?"

I laughed again and replied, "Yup."

She continued playing with my dick while asking, "Why don't you have a girlfriend? You're young and

very handsome, and you're a great kisser."

I simply answered, "I don't know." But, then I let her know the truth, "I just don't like commitment."

She then sat on top of me and started kissing me again. Her pussy quickly found my dick and we were fucking again.

She rode me harder than before. She kept saying, "Oh, yeah. It feels so good. Ahhh, I really needed it."

We kept kissing and she kept going, up and down, up and down.

When she got off of me, I immediately worked my hand between her legs. I stuck my middle finger inside her steaming pussy and worked toward finding her g-spot. Once I felt it, I started stimulating it and dropped my mouth to her slit.

I was fingering her pussy and licking her clit simultaneously, and she was loving it.

Soon after, I mounted her and we were fucking again. I knew I wasn't going to come because my balls weren't at all stirring up an orgasm. So, I grew tired after plunging my cock deep inside her.

I finally collapsed next to her. She cuddled with me again and we discussed doing it again, on another occasion.

I told her it was a possibility, but didn't give her my phone number.

She then told me she had to leave because her daughter still lived with her and she would soon be wondering why she wasn't yet home.

So, I watched her dress. First, she slipped her black, skimpy thong back on. Then she stepped into what I had previously thought was a mini skirt, but noticed, as she was pulling them up, they were actually really short shorts. She stood there looking wonderful with just her shorts on.

She couldn't find her top, so I helped her look for it. I found it and handed it to her. I took one last look at her beautiful, heavy tits before she pulled her top over her head and then her torso.

I handed her her boots, which she no longer bothered putting on, and I put my underwear back on.

I walked her out to her vehicle and she said, "We should do this again tomorrow."

I helped her open her door, and as she stepped in I replied, "Yeah, we should."

But, again, I didn't bother giving her my number, or asking for hers.

She asked me how to get back to the street the bar was on, and I gave her directions.

She drove off and I went back inside and quickly fell asleep.

When I woke, I instantly remembered the great night I'd had. I jacked off to the memories of fucking Archie and I had the best orgasm I'd had in months.

For the next week, I jacked off at least once a day thinking about her. Fucking her again wasn't out of the question, as long as she was OK with never exchanging contact info.

I had thought about going to the bar the next night, but didn't go because of a prior commitment.

But, it's Friday now. A week has gone by. I wonder if she'll be there.