Marie's young lover

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And when she had trouble with my zip, I helped her

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Marie, that's what I call her now - before I was appointed to redecorate her home.

It never ever crossed my mind, in fact quite the opposite, that I could ever see her as an attraction.

But although she was 55 and I was 30 years her junior it dawned on me, during the time I spent in her home , that there was a chemical attraction, something which you can't explain but there, whether it be because of her openness, her kindness I cannot say -maybe simply a bit of both but it did not take long for me to realise Marie was a very lonely lady - and when she told me she had only five years previously, lost her husband in a car crash I immediately felt empathy for her.

Not as though she harps on the fact, or ever admits she is lonely - she is not that type of woman and I admire her for that and perhaps the fact that something very unpredictable has happened, I have fell in love with this woman who is old enough to be my mum - I have even dropped Jeanne who was my sort of casual now and again girl friend just to be with Marie, because she is the type of woman who wants my all, all I can give and all she is able to take. She is my everything and more too and don't let anyone tell you a partnership where ages are so different can't work.

And now I live and sleep with her, she may not be your young girlie image gloating with sexual desire but to me Marie has an attraction all her own, and that means more to me than any other woman I have known.

I am so glad it happened, She was showing me her photograph album, she had no kin and expressed how she would have loved to have had kids, but Geoffrey, her late hubby, was unable to. Then in a couple of days the coffee offers lead to having dinner with her in her little kitchen.

One thing let to another quite unwittingly on both counts with me thinking of her as a mother figure and me assuming she was thinking of me as a substitute son she could never have.

But unbeknown to Marie and me something more was stirring and it was about sexual attraction, when after dinner, sharing the sofa with her and watching her favourite soap on TV she simply laid her hand on my left thigh in a very natural way, I looked into her eyes and there was nothing to suggest there was any motive there - but quite instinctively I moved my hand to cover hers - gently squeezing and do you know what? He whole face lit up - it really did and did me a power of good to think I could do this, make this older woman smile more than I had ever noticed before.

We chatted on about the characters in the soap called Neighbours, how they were always so perfect and glamorous, and we talked about relationships as well., she asking if I was with anyone and the like.

I told her about Jeanne but that she was only a casual friend.

She smiled saying she had heard that one before, it was like she was fishing maybe to see if I had any sexual attraction for her, she was not the type I realised that, to openly show anything so personal but I then realised that maybe unwittingly she was fishing

"Right, I did sleep with her, occasionally - but it was never serious." I admitted.

"But you never loved her?" she queried her eyes focussed on mine - "I mean as a man loves a woman big time?"

"That sounds like a line from an old movie" I smiled - "and yes, you are right, she was fun I wont deny that and I am a red blooded guy, it was good while it lasted but I am thinking with Joanne - no more?"

"No more, Pete? She asked, her face lighting up again.

"I have decided to dump her, Marie."

"That sounds awful, I hate that expression, like she was some garbage used and to be disposed of."

"Sorry" I offered.

"It's not you, I didn't mean that, it is just some of the modern expressions seem hard that's all. Pete."

It was the first time she called me Pete.

"Okay to call you Pete or would you rather Peter?"

"Pete is fine" I replied feeling her warmth coming through, realising at that stage she was more than a mother figure, much more. But how could it be, was I abnormal or something? Shouldn't I be attracted to someone nearer my age? But it was happening, I knew it and I believe she did too, and my assumptions proved to be correct.

I squeezed her hand again and this time she responded, squeezing back.

"You are a lovely guy, you really are, Pete" she whispered and I felt a wonderfully warm surge within, something quite frankly I would have felt with Jeanne but with Marie came the added splash of emotion.

Marie was an intelligent woman and she immediately realised my embarrassment saying not to be concerned, because she felt the same way too, that certain flame she had not encountered for so very long.

"You don't mind?" I asked cautiously.

She brushed her lips against mine, it was lovely, for an older woman her skin was fresh and I took in her perfume, not excessive but just a hint which for me was perfect. A sort of musk which created a very erotic atmosphere and for the first time in my life I felt complete, that Marie was my everything.

Her touching on my lips developed into a very long and intensive kiss. I heard little sounds as her hand moved under mine moved up my inner thigh, my hand still over hers. Still enjoying her kiss I felt just her fingertips so very lightly and teasingly touch me there, between my thighs, reaching the crescendo - instinctively I parted my legs - my carnal desires hoping, just hoping she would go further...

He lips parted mine and I heard her sigh so deeply. "Do you mind, Pete" she whispered, "it has been so very long and I have missed it so much."

The certain sound of her quiet voice coupled with her touch was the most erotic thing I had ever experienced and instantly I replied: "Marie you are gorgeous, I think I am falling for you, so please don't stop, that is absolutely lovely."

Now my passion grew rapidly and the way she explored me was like she was delving into my very soul,

And when she was having trouble with my zip I helped her and we both giggled like young teenagers experimenting.

"I do believe it is so important to laugh in the bedroom, don't you, Pete?" There was that certain mischievous look about her now and the hint was taken,

"Show me the way then?" I replied taking her hand. She lived in a bungalow so there were no stairs to climb, she looked down at me as we made our way and giggled again, "do you know you are undone?"

"Your fault!" I said stopping to do myself up.

"No need, Pete" they will be off soon won't they?"

We both giggled again, she was wonderful and I have never ever been so sexually and emotionally aroused as I was that day.

She was dressed in a cool silken overdress which enhanced her slim but well curved body considering her age and she was well groomed, the type of woman who didn't let herself go and cared for herself in every way, she only stood at about 5ft 1" but she was cultured and serene like and angel, that's how she seemed anyway.

She came to me as I stood there beside her double bed, her lips kissed mine again and her fondle was absolutely devastating.

"It has been so long I'd almost forgotten what it's like" she smiled = this time courageously easing me out from the secret hiding place.

"I do think it is time he came out for an airing, " she said standing back a bit and looking down, "he is beautiful, he stands like a guardsman on sentry duty, his head propped high and proud - you don't mind if I spoil him for a bit do you, Pete?"

I was getting more confident by the minute and managed to override my inhibitions when she prompted me to slip down my jeans but to leave my boxer shorts on and jump onto the blue duvet cover.

"Perfect" she said with a wonderful encapsulating smile. "Now just relax Pete and let me enjoy you, I want that, but please be patient with me, do you understand - I will be quite tight after so long."

"Wow! My thoughts were going haywire, this wonderfully mature woman was apparently meaning to go the whole hog and do you know what, I was hoping she would, because the idea of having her to the full was never more in my mind

She sort of placed a stool beside the bed, made herself comfortable by nudging her bottom on the stool, her eyes focussed on me there, starting to feel me but over my shorts, her delicate fingers doing mad things with me there.

If this is what it is like being with an older and more experienced woman I was starting to wonder where I'd had missed out, her touch was lovely, all the more appealing and sensual because of her obvious enjoyment.

Moulding and rolling me in the palms of her hand and still over my shorts she said per haps we should name him, that she would like that very much.

"What do you suggest, Marie darling?" I asked realising this was the first time I called her darling which came quite naturally - and maybe now we were a real item and I did not mind one iota being everything she wanted of me, then I felt sexual enough to be a little crude and daring suggesting "Cock?"

She almost creased up laughing which was a sort of relief because I realised she could have been quite offended.

"Trust a man to want' to call it by a common definition, of course that is nice when under arousal and we want to talk dirty but I was thinking generally, Pete."

This baby was full of surprises and knew the stirrings dirty talk can achieve.

"Tell you what, Pete let's have a closer look to see what name may suit?" she said easing down my boxer shorts in a way which felt so wonderfully sensual. She chuckled as she had to jerk the waist band over my now fully extended penis, taking in a very deep breath and announcing ;"what a big boy he is!"

For a bit it still seemed a trifle daunting just laying there like that, now completely naked but Marie made me feel so comfortable about it and the sheer joy in her expression said it all..

"I think Freddy, we shall call him Freddy - that okay with you?, he is so beautifully proportioned and I love him to death already"

I said I thought the name was perfect and watched her play with Freddy so very carefully, me saying I didn't mind if she wanted to be a bit rougher.

"Shh!" she replied, all in good time" and then she did something that really surprised me, my whole being shuddered as she took Freddy straight into her mouth no messing, like she was so hungry for it, and the wonderfully gently sucking which followed was simply out of this world coupled with her throat sounds made for the perfect combination as I brushed my fingers through her long soft hair.

The sucks became more intensified and there she was still sucking me after a good five minutes or so, it was like she was feasting on me down there, taking short breaks from my cock to garnish my balls with her licks and her tongue, so busy it was too -I really felt like she was devouring me, taking a breath and complimenting me, how good it felt, how perfect Freddy tasted and how firm my balls - and she called them that as her fingers moved down to cradle them, squeeze them as she sucked , then her fingers teasing downward along the contours of my thighs, nudging, squeezing and all the time her sucks constant, getting to the point of no return, time to tell her that, that maybe she should stop a while.

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She lifted her head looking a little disappointed, her face flushed, still moving her mouth like she was still having Freddy, now I am calling him that. I felt beautifully numb and she looked like she wanted me big time, but should I take her just like that, perhaps she wanted other things first, I had no idea but I needn't have worried, she has all the answers,

She got up and went to her chest of drawers, opened one of the top ones and opening a little case, which she called her box of tricks, which I would learn all about in good time she said, she took out something which I soon realised was one of those penis rings to slow down the process of ejaculation, me then realising she wanted the foreplay to go on a lot longer before reaching the finale - whatever that would be with her, but feeling her roll that over the length and breadth of my throbbing cock I knew we had only just started our love- in, that a lot more loving was in her mind, she was making up for lost time - she told me that and if she was making up that lost time with me I was more than happy, the wonderful sensual things she was doing and there she was, massaging me once more, running her fingers up along the length of Freddy and her mouth licking and tasting each sinew of her .'Big Boy' which became her 'hard throbbing cock' showing me just how she could talk dirty when the time was right - yet with her it seemed rather cultured and correct, I loved the way she pronounced cock and balls And fuck.

All this loving on a Sunday afternoon would want fulfilment, now I wanted some of her, I really did,

wanted to touch her and explore those still well formed nipples and that tight bum that particularly looked good in her tight crimson stretch trousers she wore beforehand, it was just crying out for attention - my attention and how!

I slowly remover her overdress, she stood there quietly, eyes closed, savouring the moment then she kissed me again, an exploring kiss, her tongue finding my tongue as, removing he bra, I rounded my fingers around her breasts. As I did so I heard her short breaths, her hand guiding mine below, beneath her silken panties - she was so very wet and soft, she sort of squeaked when I touched her there, her heed swung back as she pushed herself into my hand, I just chilled and felt her complete, running my fingers around and around, exploring her to the full, wanting that beautifully formed wet pussy so much She moved her butt in a circling motion as I massaged her wet pussy.

"Mary" she breathed, squeezing my cock as hard as can be.

"Mary?" I asked Then I caught on. "You want me to call her Mary, darling?"

"Among other names according to your mood" she chuckled, there was still the humour there despite her highly charged passion which was now demanding of my fuck.

"Let's us make our first time special, Pete," she whispered leading me t the bathroom.

And was it special, she pampered me like never before, I had never been bathed so well by another woman since my mum bathes me when I was a baby, but this was so different...

"Stand astride baby, to let me swamp you with wet pussy" the shower pouring over us as she sort of bent her body manoeuvring Mary between my thighs and rubbing up her Freddy in the most sexually inspiring way, then changing positions she asked me to crouch a little as she kneeled and held her head back between my thighs to lick me, down further Pete, smother me in wet hot cock!" and I did, that feeling was magic, rolling my cock and balls over her face and her lapping it up, I felt I was all cock and balls for her at that precise moment but that wasn't the end of it - "Now you turn" she submitted, ordering me to kneel and take her from below as she nestled so delightfully over my face, soon covered with the wonderful warm wetness of prime pussy, and I started to realise just how wonderful it could be with sweet Marie.

The hint of issuing me with orders was strangely arousing, this was going to be the start of such a wonderful; relationship I knew it.

And when she'd smothered me, when I smelt and tasted of her and she of me, we kissed each other by mouth so very deeply, it was the first time I had experienced that wonderful merge of our tastes

and scents.

I wanted her ass too, she knew that, hoped that - and what a lovely surprise was that. Her fuck was divine, she had no need to be concerned about tightness I soon took care of that with lots of idyllic massage and oils too, " Freddy is divine, I want him every day, come live with me Pete?"

I took her again, her on top this time, she manoeuvred herself to take me in different attitudes, sliding me so very easily between he cheeks I felt the magic of her anal fuck too.

I said yes, I wanted that, wanted to feel her fuck every night and all that went with it, she was one primed up woman, a woman to behold and we do make a wonderful pair.