Mardi Gras Mylf

By Sexymylf

Published on Lush Stories on 02 Jan 2013

The magic of Mardi Gras

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/milf/mardi-gras-mylf.aspx

My husband and I were vacationing last year, and experiencing "Mardi Gras", we found ourselves drinking a little too much, and getting caught up in the spirit of the moment. That was almost two years ago today.

I've never flashed any part of my body to anyone, not because of the thought of exposing myself to a stranger or strangers, but because I'm a little insecure about my body. Having had more then a handful of kids, they took the best of me.

Getting the chance to cut loose, dress a little slutty, and drink without having to watch the kids was a real treat. My husband has a fetish for legs and feet, especially when they are encased in sheer, silky hosiery. He loves stockings and pantyhose, so I decided to give him a little treat.

While my husband was doing some shopping at a small convenient store, I found my chance to get dressed to hit the crowded streets. I slipped into a silky, periwinkle one-piece lingerie nightie, that had sheer sides and a built-in thong panty. Looking in the mirror, I couldn't believe that was me. I sat at the edge of the bed, and rolled my fingers into a pair of sheer, silky, nylon stockings. I slid them onto my feet and up my legs. As I stood up to attach the stockings to the matching garter straps, I had a hot flush of feeling incredibly sexy.

When my husband entered the hotel room, I ignored his call. He called for me again, and I slipped one of my black nylon-covered legs out from the bathroom door. I dangled my heel, and said, "Here I am."

I stepped out, and I swear he looked like he was going to faint. He was in shock, and didn't believe it was me. I removed my masquerade mask, and he was still stunned. His hands were shaking, and I was sure his heart was beating as fast as mine was.

"Wow" he said. "You look so fucking hot, sexy, beautiful, mmmmmm."

We embraced in a long, wet, passionate kiss. His hands felt me up from my silky thighs, and up over my naked ass. He stepped back and adjusted my tits so that they were evenly covered with the lingerie.

He looked into my eyes and dared me to walk openly in my lingerie, without my over coat. He double-dared me to walk around with both of my breasts out. I was shocked, and yet very turned on by his dare. Not one to turn down a challenge, I said, "We'll see."

He pulled me close, and we began making out. He asked me a question.

"If we were to meet someone, say, a guy, if you would let him fuck you?" I thought for a moment, and then responded.

"I'll take the dare."

I slipped into a short iridescent rain coat, grabbed my husband's hand, and headed out. The crowds were shoulder to shoulder, body to body. I think it was the alcohol, the sexy outfit, and the sexual synergy that was emitted from the mass of sexually-charged people that caused me to do the unthinkable.

I told my husband that I was thirsty, but he resented the fact that he needed to push through the crowd of people to get me a cold beer. However, I'm sure he wanted to keep my buzz flowing, as he kissed me, and headed off. Within minutes I lost him, out of sight.

It was about ten minutes later when he was at the front of the line, waving to me. No sooner had he stopped, than the holiday parade started. There was no way that he was making it back to me until it was over. I was dying of thirst, and look around to see if anyone had anything extra. A younger, good-looking guy behind me noticed me looking around in despair.

"Can I help you?"

I hesitated.

"No, thank you." But I was so thirsty.

"I'd love a cold beer," I murmured.

I had become so hot that I contemplated removing my coat. I figured I could cool off and complete the dare. I slipped my coat off, and hung it over my arm. I immediately felt cooler, but still very thirsty. All

of a sudden, I felt a cold, wet object on the back of my neck. That good-looking guy had managed to scrape me up an ice cold beer.

I immediately greeted his ice-cold gesture with a heart warming smile. As he looked me up and down, he complimented me on my beautiful masquerade mask.

"I see you're with someone," he said. "But you won't see your friend for at least an hour and a half. The path through is blocked off until the parade finishes."

Bummed, I turned around and thought about my poor husband. Suddenly, I felt my new drinking friend get closer to me.

"Excuse me," he said.

I looked at him, and just thanked him for the beer. A minute or two, later he bumped into me again, but this time, it was different. I felt a bulge in his pants as he bumped into my naked thong-filled ass. This time, I let it go. He whispered in my ear.

"Sorry, it was the crowd from behind."

I turned to check out his excuse and was amazed. The crowds were packed double from when I had first arrived.

As I turned back around, my young drinking friend bumped me again, but this time he was still against me. My big tits were hitting the back of the woman in front of me, and I needed to excuse myself to her. The man's bulge happened to be pushing just below my tail bone. He whispered in my ear.

"Please excuse me, I'd like to say sorry again, but I'm really enjoying this".

Not knowing what to say, I accepted it.

"Are you going to repay me for the cold beer?"

I couldn't even turn my head all the way to answer him, so I asked, "What do you want?"

"I want to see your tits."

I went deaf for a minute, and then he said it louder.

"I would love to see your tits. There's nothing sexier than an older woman's tits."

I knew this moment would come, but I thought my husband would be next to me to share this. I turned my head sideways.

"I can't even move to show you." I thought that would end it. No sooner than I said that, he was forced even closer by the crowds.

"Okay," he told me. "In that case, I'd love to feel them. I'll give you a few pairs of beads if you let me."

He nuzzled my neck and waited for my answer. I must admit, the sensation of his breath on my neck, and his bulging crotch against my nearly-naked ass, made me feel weak at the knees.

"Okay, go for it."

He slid his arms around me like he was my lover, and pulled the front of my lingerie down. My 36D tits fell free. I guessed this was part of the double-dare. Nah, I needed to walk through the entire crowd with them out. I was just trying to rationalize with what was happening, I guess.

With both hands simultaneously, he began to play with my sweaty, milky tits. He rubbed his fingertips over my nipples, and they immediately became erect. In my head, I was thinking, *how long do I let him do this before I stop him?*

He suddenly removed his hands, bumped into me, and then slipped several strands of party beads over my head. They hung just below my tits, and actually furthered my arousal.

He put his arms around me again, and managed to surprise me with another cold beer. Just as my buzz was leveling off, I laughed.

"What do I have to do now?"

He slid his wet cold hands under the strands of beads and cupped my tits.

What he said next, blew me away.

"I want your panties as a souvenir."

I laughed again.

"I'm not wearing any. The thong is attached."

In a split second, I felt one of his hands feeling up my ass. I swallowed hard and figured he would realize, and stop. He could hardly slide his hand over my ass because we were so close. I felt him slide his hand over my nylon-covered thigh, to the front of my lingerie. His hand roamed all over until he reached my crotch. He began to gently rub it, all the while still playing with one of my tits. He whispered in my ear that I was right and I wasn't wearing panties. As he said that, his fingers helped to slide the front of my thong aside, and I felt it unsnap as he did so. Ever so gently, he pulled me back and inserted not one, but two of his long, thick fingers into my hot, creamy hole.

I arched my back, laying my head just below his chin, and allowed his fingers to penetrate me as deep as possible. I couldn't squirm, for there was not enough room. I was lost in the moment. All the drinking, colorful lights, and loud music fuelled this sexually stimulating moment. I shuddered, jerked, and found the stranger's open mouth with my willing tongue as I came all over hs hand. As intense this erotic, sensual encounter was, no one around us seemed any the wiser.

As the parade was finishing up, my drinking buddy added at least a dozen or more beads around my neck, and told me that I made his vacation.

"I'll look for you next year. Same time, same place."

We agreed as we faced each other for one last kiss. Still captivated by the moment, I managed to snap the crotch of my wet thong, and made my way through the thinning crowd in search of my husband.

I greeted him with open arms, with no jacket to cover up my sexy outfit, and my tits fully out, covered with beads. He smiled.

"I've never loved you more then this very moment."

We made love the entire evening, and into the early morning, and then again. As my husband made love to me missionary style, I told him of my very sexually erotic experience. He licked and kissed my achy feet, sucked my silky stocking-covered toes and brought me to climax at the same time as I did in my story.

---

xox The Sexy Mylf -

Copyright 2013 MJR All rights reserved. This written work may not be reproduced or distributed or published in any form without the express permission of the author. Copy request to email.