

# The Silent Fuck

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*When you are not looking, sometimes, the best adventures are found!*

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## The Silent Fuck

There had been a few playmates between her spouse and other longer-term relationships; dating one man exclusively for a few months, then ending it. And then a few flings before the next relationship. Often, those flings were one timers (also known as one night stands) and occasionally, a repeat, to find out if there had been promise. Sadly, more times than not, something was lacking, so she would then walk away. There is such relief when you can press "delete" on the cell Contact List.

This story is one of those flings. It became one of her most erotic memories, and dubbed in her mind, *The Silent Fuck*. She had not been looking for a playmate nor adventure. And as we all know, don't look and it will find you!

\* \* \* \* \*

She had decided to go solo to a Firm function being held at the local racetrack. The Firm had rented out the Clubhouse for a Racing Night Event - dinner, drinks and some betting. She was very well versed in the Art of Horseracing as her ex-husband had introduced her to the finer points of reading the program, the stats, and how to wager (hopefully) winning bets.

She dressed in a little black dress, with her favorite summer, Baker's Shoes, in black with an ankle strap and open toe. As is thoroughbred racing tradition, a fabulous large-brimmed hat, with black trim, completed with a black wrap. When she arrived, the bar area was full of the Firm's staff, and one of the students caught sight of her. He came over quickly, and offered to get her a drink. She gladly accepted his offer and mingled with a few of the lawyers on the fringe of the bar area. The student returned with her scotch and asked if she had a place to sit for dinner and the races. She said that she had not even looked there yet. He took her elbow and showed her to the table, where a number of students and new associates, were seated. She took a seat to his right. Dinner followed drinks.

Everyone was getting louder, as the races progressed, the placing of bets and the continuation of drinks. She definitely had the vibe from the student that he was interested in more than getting her a drink and the social conversation. She was debating in her mind if it was a good thing, besides working somewhat together and the 20 years difference in ages, not that that had stopped her before.

She looked up at one point, and surprisingly caught the eye of a very nice looking man, who was admiring her from across the room. He was not a part of the firm. He smiled broadly showing some terrific white teeth. He looked about 33-ish, wearing a dark business suit and a white shirt and dark tie. He had shorter dark brown hair, a chin goatee/beard and deep brown eyes.

During the intermission of one race to another, she got up to go place her bet, and, because she was watching him out of the corner of her eye, she saw that he immediately got up too. She wandered over towards the wicket. She stopped, looking at her form, and he stopped beside her. She looked up and smiled. He brought up his finger up to his mouth, indicating "*no speaking*". Her eyebrow went up. He leaned forward and kissed her mouth. She pulled back, a bit astounded. His hand was now at her elbow. He guided her towards the wicket. She felt a bit dazed, wondering if it was the alcohol or his presence or his kiss? She placed her \$10 win/place on a black horse "Fritz ". As she turned away from the wicket, and he smiled and pulled her towards him. She straightened up, backing away, and gave him her flirtiest smile. She turned and walked back to her table. Instantly, by his assertive ways, she felt herself getting wet rather quickly as she walked away. Closer to the table, she turned to see that he was watching her intently. The look on his face was that he was completely enjoying her ass as she walked away and the fact that she was flustered.

Back at the table, the student continued to be most gracious and interested. But, she kept checking out the phantom kisser across the way. His dinner party consisted of a number of other men and a couple of women. That phantom kisser, continued his interest from afar. Each time she looked up, she could feel herself getting wetter. Her nipples were hardening. When she got up to go to the washroom, he followed her. He was leaning against the wall, waiting for her out in the hall. When she came out, he again, motioned silence with his finger against his lips and guided her away from the dining area, down the hall, and into a janitorial closet.

There, he let loose his desire for her. Kissing her thoroughly, coaxing a response from her tongue and lips. He roughly pulled her closer, his hands roaming, petting and pulling. She was so overcome with lust. This man, without a word, had created a longing that was ready to burst into flames!

His hands and fingertips brush lightly over the side of her breast. His hands move down her body, pulling her closer so that she could feel his penis getting harder and harder, all the while, continuing to kiss her passionately on the lips. Then, his hands roamed down further, as special attention was given to her buttocks. Lifting her dress, his hand found the edging of her thong, pulling it down. As he

got on his knees, he groaned as he smelled her sex. That erotic powerful smell of wanting!! His head went under her dress, his tongue made a trail, his lips kissing along the way. His thumb slid by her clitoris. His tongue lightly touched her pussy. They both moaned. She leaned back against the table top and shelving unit. He moved her up onto the countertop, her bare ass against the cold surface. She parted her knees, exposing herself completely, and he needed no further invitation. His face dove into her bare smooth pussy, fingers quietly and softly pulling apart the wet lips. His tongue flicked at her clit, but needed to find more, and slowly entered her, tasting the erotic sex juices of her wanting. Her hands reached for his dark short hair, and pulled him in closer. He moved his tongue inside her, softly sucking, softly fucking her amazing pussy. She was so fucking wet! Her hips were moving against his mouth and tongue, continuing to build the tension. At last after enjoying his tongue fucking for some time, she held his head still and he felt her muscles start to contract and could hear her breathing change. A low moan was coming, as were the amazing sex juices from her cunt. Slurp. He didn't move as she came on his tongue. He held still. Lick and more soft licks. He lifted his head to look at her. She opened her mouth to say something, and his finger and mouth quickly moved onto her mouth. "No" was what she got from that movement.

She then felt his very hard penis rubbing through his pants onto her thigh, and she moved to unzip him. He dropped his trousers and underwear, and moved his very hard cock against her pussy lips. Her pussy was getting wetter by the second. He could feel the moisture of her pussy on the tip of his large penis head. He quickly opened up the condom package and rolled the condom on his aching cock. He then continued to tease her pussy with his cock as it rubbed back and forth against her pussy lips. His cock was so hard and fully erect. She was dying to have his cock deep inside her wet pussy. He pushed the tip of his cock inside her. He started to stroke in and out with only the head of his cock, teasing her pussy. He started to stroke another 3 inches inside her. Although she was used to cocks a bit bigger than 5 inches, the width of his cock stretched her love hole with pleasure and the pleasure was very intense. The heat of his penis almost sent her over the edge to an orgasm. He then pushed one hard stroke inside of her. *Ah!!!* She had been anticipating the thrust. She could not stop herself; that wonderful orgasm gushing wetness. Then, he pushed all 8 inches into her cunt. The tingle of pleasure moved up her spine. He continued to pound her pussy. She could feel another climax coming. He rubbed her g-spot perfectly because of the angle of the table. He kept his hands holding her knees open and it exposed the lovely view of a hard cock pumping into a bare smooth wet pussy. *A sight for the memory books!* She began to gush again as her pussy tightened around his cock. The pussy walls started to tighten more, with more gushy wetness, and that triggered him to cum. He pulled her closer, and leaned in to her, kissing her moan and coming with such force, he started to shake with weakness. He stopped moving.

*"That was the most erotic moment of her life,"* she thought.

He kissed her again, finding a cloth to assist her with the incredible wetness on her thighs. He tidied

up himself, and then, helped her off the table. He brought his finger up again to his mouth, and winked. She smiled. Still, not a word was uttered as they left the closet. His now familiar hand was on the small of her back, as they moved down the hall towards the ladies room. She turned, smiled, and mouthed "*muah*" and went into the ladies room to make sure she was presentable to return to the table. Looking at herself in the mirror, she was thinking - *how long have I been gone??* She readjusted herself and reapplied some of her makeup. But her skin was glowing. Would anyone notice?

She left the ladies room, to an empty hall. She returned to the table, where the students were chatting up a storm, with someone storytelling about a win. She snuck back into her seat, finding out that she had missed 3 races! The student turned and asked where had she been. She said that she had seen someone she knew over there and had gotten a bit carried away! There were only a few races left. She decided that she would leave, with a great memory of the stranger, and started to say her goodbyes to the table. The student got up and put on his suit jacket.

"I should head out now too," he said.

As they made their way out, she looked over and saw the phantom kisser wink and smile at her. She smiled back. As they left, she checked her ticket at the wicket to find out it was a winner! A winning of over \$130!

The student walked her to her car, and she was bubbling over chatting about the win and what a great evening it was. He opened the door to her BMW, and leaned in to her, kissing her on the lips. She stopped. Her heart beat very loudly. She quietly moaned against his mouth. He pulled her toward him.

"Let's go back to my place. I have been trying to figure out for the last two months how to ask you that!" he said to her.

She didn't think for more than one heartbeat.

"I'll follow you!" she said.

And he gave her a big smile and said, "Perfect!"