The Night That Changed My Life Forever

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Married lady gets erotic sex

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My name is Becky and this is my story. I'm 29 years old. I have a master's degree in business administration. I was a serious student and was on the Dean's List every semester, unlike my friend Sally. Sally was always more interested in partying than college, she was with a new guy every couple of weeks. In my final semester I met Jonathan.

We married shortly after graduation and have been together for the past 7 years. Before we were married Jonathan and I had sex a few times and although it was not very satisfying, I just assumed that it would get better and more frequent after we were married.

Jonathan is a wonderful husband; he frequently brings me flowers, and takes me out to dine at the finest restaurants. When he comes back from a trip he always brings me an expensive gift. One of my favorites is diamond studded ear rings. He is always telling me how much he loves me, and showed it in many ways.

Our sex life, however, is another story. It started out disappointing and only got worse. Jonathan thinks that sex once a month is normal, and when we do make love, it is never satisfying for me. Jonathan frequently climaxes as soon as he enters me and only ejects one or two small drops of semen. As a result I never got pregnant, not that I really cared all that much. Jonathan has never able to give me an orgasm. It is not my fault. I frequently masturbate bringing my self to a wonderful climax.

I tried wearing sexy outfits around the house, and have a closet full of sexy lingerie. One evening I even brought home an X rated movie, but nothing seemed to have much effect.

When we were first married I thought this was about average. I tried to convince Jonathan to go to a sex therapist but, he would have no part of it. Oh, did I mention that his penis is only about 4 inches? I think that may be part of the problem, he is very self conscious about it.

Most Fridays I have lunch with my college girlfriends, Sally and Sheila. Sally is married to a real hunk

named Bro. Sally is always bragging about her sexual escapades and never fails to mention how she loves Bro’s big cock which she says is an incredible 7 inches. Sally and Bro were both provocative dressers, always showing off. I loved to hear her lurid stories but in the end they only left me frustrated with Jonathan’s performance. I knew that I wanted more than just a big dick; I wanted a gentleman that would satisfy me and treat me like a lady.

Jonathan frequently traveled for weeks at a time on his business. Although I was disappointed in our sex life, I really enjoyed the lifestyle he provided and did not want to lose it. We have a beautiful home, two summer cottages, and exotic cars, a cleaning lady not to mention Jonathan’s 70-foot yacht. But I secretly longed for the sexual excitement that Sally had.

Sally has always been a bit of an exhibitionist, showing off boobs and ass to anyone that would watch. On one of our Friday at lunches, Sally confided that she and Bro had invited friends over, only to end up telling them that they were going to have sex, but they could stay and watch if they wanted! Sally took great pleasure in describing every erotic detail of the evening. Sally’s tale really got me excited; after lunch, I decided that I was not going to go through life in a sexual vacuum. I did not want to become like Sally, but I wanted more than what Jonathon could give me. I started to go to an upscale bar where a lot of eligible guys would hang out and play pool.

Lots of guys would try to make out with me; however, I decided early on that if I was going to do this it would have to be with someone special, a man that would treat me like a fine lady and satisfy my needs as a woman.

Week after week I went to the bar, lots of ordinary guys trying to make out with me but nothing special. Then one Friday I noticed a new guy at the pool table. He was about 6’4", slender build, but very muscular. His clothes were obviously custom tailored, the fabric looked very expensive and they fit him perfectly. He wore a rather tight golf shirt that really showed off his pecks and rippled abdomen. But what really got my attention were his pants, they were not especially tight but tight enough that I could tell he was very well endowed. I watched mesmerized as he finished the game. I could not take my eyes off him. I’m sure that he could tell I was watching, but he only glanced over once or twice.

He must have been thinking about me because I noticed by the end of the game his cock began to swell. It hung down well past his prominent balls and extended down his right pant leg.

After the game was over, he walked over to the bar and wrote a note. He then turned and walked, or should I say strutted over to me and asked my name. He then looked me in the eye and handed me the note, turned and walked out the door. He motioned to the valet attendant, and a few moments a black BMW 760i pulled up. Jock got in and sped away.

After he left, I read the note. It said, “Be here next Friday. Wear a tank top and white slacks”. It was signed Jock. Damn, the nerve of this guy. Telling me what to wear and I haven’t even met him yet.

After getting over being pissed, I spent the rest of the week shopping for a tank top and a bra that really showed off my D sized breasts. Oh by the way, let me tell you a little about myself. I’m 5’2’ tall and have long blond hair. I work out regularly at our extensive home gym and have held my weight at 115 pounds. My breasts are a generous D without a hint of droop. My body measures 39-24- 36. I guess I’m a little top heavy, but it’s mostly because my boobs are so firm they really stick out from my body. Thanks in part to Jonathan, I have never been pregnant, and my tummy is as flat as can be. My bottom is nicely curved but a little on the small side. The only thing I have had done to by body is have a “little” collagen inserted into by lips. Now they are a little larger than normal and quite plump. I’m really pleased with them, when I put on some bright red lipstick.

The days dragged by until Friday finally arrived. I arrived at the bar early that evening. I had lots of guys hitting on me and offering to buy me drinks.

Then just as one of them was getting a real hard on, Jock walked in.

He came over to me, gazed down my tank top for a moment and said "Thanks for coming Becky."

He then walked over to the guy he played pool with last week.

It was pretty common knowledge that there were frequently some pretty big bets riding on some of the games. Of course no one ever saw any money being exchanged, this was a gentleman’s game and betting was illegal. I overheard someone at the bar say that there was $10,000 riding on this one game. Jock walked over to the guy he played with last week, they talked for a minute, then shook hands and racked up the balls.

This time he wore what appeared to be a custom tailored pair of super skinny jeans. This time there was little doubt that this was the guy who was blessed by the sex gods. What he had in those jeans was a real behemoth.

I could not take my eyes off his jeans. Meanwhile, Jock paid attention to his game, only glancing over occasionally, never smiling or recognizing me.

After the game, Jock once again went over to the bar and wrote another a note. He walked over to me as I stared at the behemoth in those skinny jeans and said, “You will do,” and handed me a note.

As he left, I read the note, “Be at 120 Oceanside Drive Tuesday at 10:00 PM ”.

God, the nerve of this guy, he has never talked to me and he wants me to come to his place? I was not sure where Oceanside Drive was, so I punched it into my GPS and followed the directions. It turned out to be in a very exclusive part of town, many of the homes were built on a bluff overlooking the ocean. His place had a large circular driveway, a five-car garage and looked like a small castle.

Seeing his place made me feel better about him. He obviously has money. He probably just did not want to be seen picking me up at a bar. I thought to myself, "I bet when I get to know him he will be a perfect gentleman."

I tried on dozens of outfits trying to decide what to wear. I did not know what he liked so that was of little help. I was pretty sure that he liked my tank top. Judging from the fabrics that his pants and shirts were made of, he liked very sheer black materials with a lot of stretch.

In the end I selected a simple little black dress. It was cut quite low in front and barely covered the area around my nipples. The material was very clingy and made the most of my curves. I selected a pair of large hoop earrings that were diamond studded. I selected a heart shaped necklace with diamond inserts. I selected a chain that allowed the heart to dangle just above the cleavage of my breasts. I put on a good amount of perfume and some ultra red wet look lipstick. I figured that if this guy was as rich as he seemed, it would probably take a lot to get his attention.

When I arrived the door was ajar, I knocked on the door and it swung open. I walked slowly in calling out his name. Since he did not answer I made myself at home and began to look around. The entrance leads directly the great room. The rear wall of the great room was all windows and had a magnificent view of the ocean. There was a marble statue of a naked man. It was similar do the David statue and just as perfectly done, except his balls were much larger than on the David statue and perhaps a bit more forward. His cock looked like it was in the early stages of an erection, very long and very plump. It extended out over his balls turned downward, past the lower extremities of his testicles and then down another couple of inches. In this statue he had his hands on his hips with his elbows pointed backwards. That show off stance really accentuating his massive organ. I rather liked the statue but I could not imagine Jonathan allowing me to have anything like that in out living room.

I began to wonder what else was in the room as my eyes scanned around the room. I quickly realized that the entire room was decorated with erotic art, very explicit erotic art. Then it hit me that I had made a huge mistake coming here.

Suddenly I heard something behind me.

“Make yourself at home, you big cock loving fucking slut!”

I turned and could not believe my eyes. He wore a pair of black spandex stretch slacks; they had no pockets no belt. They looked a lot like the ones teen age rock stars wear. The material was ultra thin and wow were they revealing! I could very clearly see the outline of his cock which even though flaccid was massive in its length and girth. The head of his monster prick looked the size of a door knob!

H walked slowly over to me first looking me over from head to toe, and then looking me directly in the eyes.

“Becky, I knew from the moment I saw you admiring my jeans that you were one of those women that crave a big cock, and I have one bigger that anything you could have imagined.”

He stood in front of me looking down at my barely covered breasts. I guess he liked what he saw, because I could see his cock swelling larger and larger. At first it was pointed downward. Every few seconds it would pulse and get larger and stay larger. The sheer black material was fighting a loosing battle trying to contain his behemoth cock. Little by little it grew larger and started to overpower the sheer material straining to keep it in its place. Each time it would surge larger, the material would give a little more. Inch by inch it was starting to point upward. I watched mesmerized until the monstrous phallus was pointed straight up

Jock knew exactly what was happening and he knew that I was watching. I could feel the juices in my pussy beginning to flow just from watching his cock go from a large drooping sausage to a fully erect tower of strength.

“You like watching my cock don’t you slut.”

“I’ve, ah, I’ve never seen anything quite like it.”

“Enough talk, Becky, it’s time for you to suck my cock. I want fill your mouth with cum and then watch it run down onto your fucking tits.”

I thought, yeah, right then I remembered those massive balls, each one the size of a lemon. The thought of all that cum caused my pussy to squirt another load of love honey into my little black dress.

“Take off your dress so that I can see the horny slut that is going to suck my big fucking cock.”

I turned so that he could unzip the back of my dress. As it dropped to the floor, Jock slid his hands

under my boobs and began to caress them.

I then turned to face him. I looked once again at Jock’s skin tight spandex pants. His cock was now pointed upward it away from his body then curved back towards his abdomen. The head of his cock was the size of a small apple and the ridge around the head of his cock stood out prominently.

He put his strong hands on either side of my head and pulled my face to his and gently kissed me on the lips. Within a few seconds his tongue was deep in my mouth. I held back on the French kissing for a monent allowing him to explore my mouth. I'm one of those girls blessed with an extra, extra long tongue. Little by little I began entering his mouth. Jock had apparently never experienced anything like this before.

He became hotter and hotter as I gave him more and more. Now he would have some idea what it feels like to have a mouth full of cock! I kept ramming my tongue down his throat while he sucked it and groaned in extacy.

Suddenly, he stopped kissing me and pushed me back.

Looking deep into my eyes, he said, “Okay slut, here is what you have been straining to see.”

With that he peeled of his skin tight pants and out popped his monster cock.

I dropped to my knees and stared in wonderment. I estimated that it was at least twice as long as Jonathan's 4.5 inch cock perhaps even 10 inches. The head was the size of a door knob and the ridge at the base was very pronounced.

The several large blue veins ran the entire length of his mighty shaft bulged from the surface. His balls were indeed the size of lemons and hairless. It was an awesome symbol of male sexuality.

I started by running my tongue along the underside if his shaft starting at his balls and slowly working my way to that glorious head at the end of his penis. For the umpteenth time I realized just how big his cock really was and again the juices flowed out of my hot little cunt and down my leg.

Finally I worked my way to the head of his cock. I used the tip of my tongue to tease the ridge of his cock. As I did his pre-cum started oozing from the tip of his cock. There was so much it began to form a long tendril that hung down nearly a foot. I caught it with my tongue and slurped it up. Yum it tasted good, I wondered if there would be much more of it.

I then took the tip of his cock into my hot wet mouth. It was so big. Then I used my big red lips and

tongue to full advantage. I began gently sucking more of it into my mouth, Jock groaned an agonizing approval.

I reached out with my hand to grab the length of is cock; to my surprise I could not touch my fingers together. I estimated that it was at least three hands long!

I pumped my clenched hand up and down the length of his cock while keeping sucking and tonguing the end of his magnificent prick. Little by little I started taking more and more of his cock into my mouth. All the while I used that extra long tongue of mine to stroke the bottom side of his cock.

Soon my mouth and throat were completely full and I was beginning to gag. I looked down the length of his shaft and realized there was still another 6 inches to go.

I've heard of women deep throating a cock but I could not imagine how anyone could take this monster down.

As I sucked and stroked his cock, I could feel cock to begin to get even harder. His body began to stiffen. Jock began moaning and as his cock became super rigid.

Soon Jock moaned, “I’m cumming, I’m going to come in your mouth, slut.”

I kept sucking and stroking his cock as it became harder and harder. Then his body went totally rigid for a minute of so.

His balls tightened a little, then I sensed what felt like a fire hose beginning to fill, as the first load of cum rushed from his love nuts down that long shaft to the head of his cock.

Then I felt the first load of hot cum hit the back of my mouth, my goodness there was a lot of it. It tasted so good, so I started to move my tongue to get a better taste, but before I could, another load of cum hit the back of my mouth then another and another. I could not swallow it fast enough; soon it was flowing out of the sides of my mouth down onto my heaving boobs. He had said that would happen but honestly I had no idea it actually would.

Some of his hot spunk landed right on my already sensitive nipples causing them to stand out like thimbles, very hard very excited thimbles.

With each flood of cum his gigantic prick would swell larger and jerk upward. Keeping it in my mouth was like riding a bucking bronco!

I was simply overwhelmed by the amount of cum gushing into my mouth. I never expected anything like this. I pulled away form his erupting cock for a moment to catch my breath. As I did another volley landed on my nose, then another just below my eye and yet another on the edge of my lips.

By now my face was covered in cum, but I still wanted more, so I plunged it back into my mouth and savored the last couple of surges of spunk. I could have been wrong but I thought those enormous balls had delivered at least 9 enormous loads of cum.

I fell back bed on my back, my head spinning, as I trued to comprehend what had just happened. Jock laid beside me still groaning in ecstasy. Still not believing it was real I reached over and felt Jocks massive organ just to be sure. It was not hard like before, but felt like a very long fat sausage. My face was still covered in Jock's cum but I did even not care.

Jock looked over at me and must have seen the cum on my face. He gently leaned over me and began kissing me and using the tip of his tongue lapped up the cum on my face. After sucking all of the cum off my face he began to French kiss me. As his tongue plunged into my mouth a heavy flow of saliva and cum followed. It was a little like he was cumming in my mouth all over again. Each time his tongue plowed into my mouth it brought another load of cum-flavored saliva. As he did could feel myself getting hotter and hotter by the minute.

“Fuck me Jock; fuck me with that colossal cock of yours.”

“Becky, you are a hot little slut, but you aren’t ready yet.”

With that Jock moved me to the edge of the bed and began to slowly run his tongue down my inner thigh.

“Becky, you fucking slut, I’ve been watching the love honey pour from that sexy little pussy of yours all evening. Umm, you taste so good,” as he licked it up getting closer and closer to the aching lips of my pussy.

As I squirmed and moaned in ecstasy, Jock’s massive cock began to harden. As the tip of Jock’s tongue began to tease my clitoris, I could feel myself starting to climax. Jock’s steady motion brought me closer and closer the edge. When I felt Jock’s tongue probe the rim of my asshole, that was all I could stand. A wave of ecstasy poured over her my body. I felt massive lightning bolts shooting the length of my body. Without thinking I raked my long fingernails down his chest, I was sure that I left a pretty good scratch mark.

I did not know it at the time but it was only the first of many orgasms I would experience that evening.

“Okay, Becky, I think you are ready for some cock now”.

Keeping me on the edge of the bed, Jock lifted my legs into the air and began to work the bead of his monster cock at the opening of my vagina. He first worked it around the outside, then a little at a time he would press his gigantic cock head in a little at a time. Each time he would put it in a little a little farther and then a little farther.

“Give me more; give me more of that fucking big cock," I pleaded.

Jock was not about to be rushed, little by little he would give me a little more than back off.

At one point I thought it was nearly all in, but as I looked down, I saw that he still had another 4 inches to go! Meanwhile, Jock kept up his relentless drive, each time inserting a little more then backing off.

By this time I was wild with desire and starting toward another orgasm. Then when Jock only had about an inch to go, he firmly pushed his gigantic cock all the way in, I distinctly felt it hit the very innermost wall of my stuffed vagina. He then pushed his pelvis into me and ground it around keeping up a steady pressure. I screamed in ecstasy as my third orgasm engulfed my entire nervous system.

As my orgasm subsided Jock began to quicken the pace, taking longer firmer strokes. By now sweat was pouring out of both of their bodies, their breath grew shorter and shorter. My boobs bounced to and fro as Jock pounded away. Jock bent down and sucked the last of the cum from my boobs which were now hyper sensitive.

“Oh Jock, fuck me, fuck me harder, fuck me with that magnificent cock of yours.”

Then Jock passing the point of no return pumped faster and faster, his body began to stiffen, his cock went super rigid, and then the first volley of cum shot from his sperm cannon. His cock stiffened again, his hot sperm splattering into the very back of my cunt pushed me over the edge to another orgasm. As each load of cum blasted into my waiting pussy, a wave of ecstasy would pour over me. It was like one orgasm after another in rapid succession

Together our orgasms seemed to go on forever. Both of us were groaning in ecstasy, that tortured look of erotic pleasure on our faces. I could felt his huge cock jerk and unload at least 9 loads before subsiding.

He fucked me two more times that night. When I awoke in the morning he was gone.