All that Jas.

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“So what’s your thing, Pete, I mean what really turns you on, what do you like to see your woman wear ?”

Jas always does this, after a few drinks her inhibitions fade away and she starts asking questions like this. Last week it was sex positions, the week before it was do you prefer a hairy , shaven or somewhere between pussy.

Every Thursday we have a staff team bonding exercise, which generally involves us getting off our faces in the local pub. Jas has worked on my department for just over three months, she is a pretty mixed race girl with the most amazing hazel eyes and beautiful pouting lips and a shock of wild curly brown hair. Aside from her looks she is great fun to be around and never without something to say.

“Boots, Jas. I’m a sucker for a girl in boots, knee length at least, that’s what really gets me going.”

“Ooh kinky boy are we, Pete. Didn’t have you down for that, thought you were gonna say Nurses uniform or something like that.”

“Well nurses uniform and boots would be fantastic.”

Jas sips her drink through a straw, her deep ruby lipstick has attached itself to said straw, she has a really sexy wide mouth, one I often imagine sinking my dick into. “So you into fetish stuff Pete, whips and stuff, domination ?”

I let her know I’m not, just love a lady in boots. It all stems back to my first ever fuck with an older woman, she wore boots whilst we had sex, The memory has never left me.

“Do you wear boots, Jas ? I bet you’d look great.”

Jas shakes her head, “Nah, my husband is pretty straight, doesn’t go in for all that, a quick fuck on a Saturday morning and he’s happy enough.” She leans in towards me about and whispers in my ear “Wish he’d be a bit more spontaneous you know, fuck me from behind whilst I’m doing the washing

up or something.”

All the time I can’t stop looking at her melon sized tits gaping out of her low cut top. She keeps leaning in closer and her breast is brushing my arm, the smell of her perfume dominating my senses. I imagine taking her from behind whilst she’s washing up, an image I have to work hard to shake before I get a raging hard on.

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The following Tuesday and it’s lunchtime, I’m sitting eating my sandwiches and Jas walks in with bags of shopping “retail therapy” she says without me asking.

“Makes you feel better does it, Jas?”

She tells me things at home aren’t good and buying stuff is the best way to cheer herself up.

“What have you blown your wages on this week then ?”

“Well, lots of nice undies, a couple of sexy tight tops, and errm, these.”

She hands me an expensive looking bag, and I open it, my eyes light up, inside are a pair of black leather knee length boots.

“Sexy huh ?”

They certainly are, I can smell that they are real leather, not some plastic imitation. “Fucking beautiful, Jas.”

She told me that she wanted to spice things up between her and her husband, Scott and had decided to try the boots. “If he doesn’t want to fuck me in these then there’s no hope.”

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Thursday came around again, our usual get together, but I was taking it easy as I had taken the car into work. Jas as usual came and sat by my side.

“So, did he fuck your brains out then?”

She tutted and raised her eyes towards the ceiling. “Bastard fell asleep before I even got them on.”

“How on earth can anyone resist a girl in boots, especially one as sexy as you, Jas?”

“Oh so you fancy me then, I kind of knew, I mean you’re always looking at my tits, Pete.”

I admitted I couldn’t really miss them as she always had them on show.

“Cheeky bastard !” she said and slapped my arm.

We chatted for about another twenty minutes until I told her I was going home. She asked if I could give her a lift home, well as it was on my way I agreed.

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Jas barely said a word on the way back, but I couldn’t take my eyes off her legs. Her skirt has a high slit one the right hand side, meaning every time I changed gear I caught an eyeful of her creamy thigh. I’m sure she knew this as every time I looked again the slit seemed to reveal more and more. This coupled with her sweet perfume made it very hard to concentrate on the road.

As we pulled up outside her house, she turned to me, looked me straight in the eye and asked if I wanted to come in for a drink.

“What about Scott?”

“Oh, I forgot to say, he’s not back until tomorrow, business trip.”

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I sat in her lounge, a very plush affair, nice deep sofas, huge Plasma TV and a massive oval shaped dining table that dominated the room.

Jas comes in with two bottles of beer and hands me one.

“Scott treats you good, Jas?”

“Yeah, he’s a fine man, I get what I want from him, except in the bedroom.”

She was staring deep into my eyes, her beautiful eyes captivated me, her lips coated in that ruby lipstick seemed to be saying “kiss me” I moved in and my lips met hers, a sweet moist kiss which we

both seemed to be enjoying. Unfortunately she pulled away. “No Pete, it’s not right, I like you, you know that don’t you ? But as useless as Scott is, he is still my hubby.”

“Come on Jas, I can give you what you want, when was the last time you had a decent fuck?”

“Last week, just me my fingers and a vibrator, works for me.”

“Wish I could have been a fly on the wall, Jas.”

She looks embarrassed, and is tongue tied, something that rarely happens, I let the silence hand for a moment before she speaks.

“Look, you can’t fuck me, but there are other ways of enjoying ourselves.”

“Such as ?”

“Don’t try and act green, Pete - we could pleasure each other in other ways, I could suck your dick, or you could eat me out.”

There is one other thing on my mind - “You could wear the boots for me, Jas?”

A coy little smile lights her face, “I could, if you really wanted me too, I mean really.”

“I really fucking do, Jas”

Her delicate fingers caress the bulge now growing in my trousers, smoothing up and down the growing ridge, in no time at all she has my trousers and shorts pulled down by my knees and is stroking my growing length. As she is caressing my cock she looks me in the eyes and whispers “Your cock is so lovely, When I’m teasing my clit, it’s you fucking me that I imagine.”

She pulls back my foreskin to expose my throbbing helmet and engulfs me in one easy movement, she then releases me and with the tip of her tongue traces my length from base to tip and then back again. It feels like bliss and gets better when she takes me in her mouth again and takes most of my length and then gently squeezes my balls . He head is moving quicker, back and forth now and the sucking sounds she is producing is amazing. I can’t hold out any longer and pull Jas’s head of my cock, and she knows what is going to happen next.

“You gonna cum, Pete, am I turning you on ? You wanna cum all over my face?”

I don’t need to answer, she now has my dick in her right hand and is jacking me really quickly, her grip is tight. She moves her head in close and opens her mouth and extends her tongue. I’m there “Oh fuck yes, yes, I’m gonna cum Jas”

I just about managed to finish the sentence before the first jet of cum exploded onto her tongue, her wrist action did not slow and I shot jet after jet of my cream into her mouth. I grasped my member and managed to move my cock so the last three arcs of come covered her pretty nose and cheeks.

“Oh Pete, that was so dirty, I’ve never had so much cream in my mouth. I never normally swallow but I felt so horny.”

She pulled my trousers and shorts off and removed my socks before unbuttoning my shirt. I was now sat naked, she sucked my nipples hard and then kissed me full on the lips.

“Get that cock hard again, I’ll be back in two ticks.”

I sat there stark naked awaiting her return, she didn’t take long and I heard her voice “Close your eyes.”

I did as she asked, after about a minute she said “Open.”

She was laid back on the dining table naked except for the boots. Her hand between her legs, teasing her clit. “Come here and eat my pussy.”

How could I reuse, I knelt between her open legs and kissed my way up from the heel of the boot slowly trailing my tongue up the leather, savouring the texture and smell. I soon ran out of leather and my tongue was trailing against her smooth inner thigh, Jas seemed to like this and her whimpers of lust turned me on even more.

I licked my way up her inner thigh until I was close enough to smell the scent of her musky, hairy quim. I ceased licking for a second to admire her sex. Her lips were long and fleshy and topped by a lovely big clitoris. How on earth could Scott not to want fuck this lady, she was so damn sexy.

“Don’t stop, lick me, I want your tongue inside me.”

I teased her for a second kissing all around her lips, she ordered “don’t fucking tease me, eat me.”

Her pussy was now deliciously wet. I spread her dark lips and savoured the lush pinkness inside, my tongue went into turbo mode, delving deep into her sex before settling on her large clitoris. She

exploded as soon as I started tonguing her, it was if she hadn’t had sex for months as she seemed to be losing control. Her language was filthy as she urged me on,

I plunged two fingers into her soaking pussy and thrust them deep into her, crooking them and delving them deep upwards into her, she must have liked this as she opened her legs even wider and grasped my head pushing my face deep into her sex and fixing it there. My tongue was now lashing her clit and I added a third finger into her.

Her gasps were replaced by loud moans. After about another two minutes of my fingering and licking she was frenzied “Oh fucking hell Pete, right there, right fucking there, yes oh fuck yes!!”

Her orgasm was tumultuous and her whole body shook as she came. After a few moments I withdrew my face from her fanny and pulled Jas to her feet. We French kissed and she seemed to enjoy the taste of her own juices on my tongue. My hands caressed her large breasts and my cock was straining at full length again, my desire rising again.

“I want you so much Jas, I need to fuck you, right here, right now.”

She didn’t say a word. Just turned and bent over the table, her upper body spread flush over the table, and her legs splayed wide., her slightly flesh bum pointed upwards.

“Take me Pete, give me what I want, fuck me.”

I pressed my tip gently up against her lips and eased myself inside her. She felt tight and incredibly hot. I guessed she would be a girl who liked it hard so I sharply thrust my length deep into her, I was right.

“Fuck me hard, Pete, give me a good hard fuck, do me like Scott never could.”

This was what I wanted to hear and I soon built up a heady pace, fucking her sex deep and hard. She was so wet that my thrusts brought about a huge squelch every time my balls slapped against her.

I flipped Jas over and pushed her legs up and onto my shoulders. This way I could really give her the rough sex she wanted. I eased my length into her again and resumed my long fast strokes. As I did, I looked into Jas’s pretty face and it was a picture - eyed shut tight and her mouth gaping in ecstasy.

I was now fucking her with my whole length, her tight pussy felt incredible and I knew I wouldn’t be able to last, after three more forceful stroked I ejaculated another considerable load inside Jas.

I collapsed on top of her completely spent. A huge smile beamed across her face, as if a huge frustration has been lifted.

“Your pussy is so tight Jas, it was like being in a vice.”

“Thanks Pete, glad you enjoyed me.”

We dressed and I told her I had to go, not before another long passionate kiss on the doorstep.

“Lovely boots by the way.”

She had taken them off now, but I had high hopes I would be seeing them again in the not too distant future.