

Elementary Adultery

By Marc

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A story about a surprising fling with a 2nd grade teacher who introduced me to the subject of adulter

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We had just moved to our new city five months ago. I had accepted a transfer with my company and we finally made the move after a long delay. Brenda, my wife, found a new job too; she had started teaching 4th grade at the public elementary school in our district.

Over the course of the first several weeks of school, Brenda was really excited to come home and tell me how fun her job was. She had a great class and was beginning to make friends with the other teachers on the staff. One of the other teachers, Dena, was also new that fall and was teaching 2nd grade. Dena was on the “art committee” with Brenda and usually ate lunch with her. They became good friends.

In late September the school sponsored a teacher dinner. We attended and sat with Dena and her husband Jim. They were a great couple and we hit it off. It was like we had known them for years – like they were old college friends. During the course of socializing, Dena and I found ourselves abandon by our spouses as Brenda mingled with the other teachers and Jim went to the bathroom and then met a friend of his from high school. I didn’t realize we were alone at first because we were having such a great conversation. After we became aware we had been talking for almost an hour, we started looking around to find our significant others while continuing our conversation. Brenda spotted me from across the room and came back, somewhat apologetically. “I’m sorry dear; I didn’t mean to leave you,” she said. I assured her that I was having a good time and that we could stay as long as she desired. Jim also rejoined us; however, the party was beginning to die down. Jim looked at his watch and it was mutually clear that it was time to call it night.

That night in bed while I was half-asleep, holding Brenda from behind, she turned to me. “Let’s have Dena and Jim over this weekend,” she said. “We can cook out; it’ll be fun!” Without opening my eyes, I smiled and said, “Sounds good; make it happen.”

Saturday turned out to be a beautiful late summer day. When Dena and Jim arrived, it was about 80 degrees and partly cloudy. The most pleasant surprise, however, wasn’t the weather. Dena, came wearing a very tight red tank top that left her midriff exposed. She was also wearing a short blue denim skirt that looked very flattering. Damn! She looked HOT! On top of that, I didn’t think she was wearing a bra; if she was, it was one of those thin sports-bras. I came to this conclusion because her

medium sized tits were noticeably perky and shimmered as she walked. Dena handed me the fruit dish she had prepared, and I carried it off to put it in the fridge.

I had never thought of looking at her that way when I met her. She had dressed rather modestly at the teacher dinner. She was very good looking, judging by her face, but I was unaware of the toned and trimmed body she possessed. My thoughts about her immediately took off onto a new and lustful path.

I had to pull myself together and pretend nothing was different. Trying not to stare was very hard! That night we shared some fun, flirty, but mostly innocent conversation. Again, it was like we had known each other for years, but throughout the night I attempted several quick glances at her chest, trying to avoid being seen.

Anyway, we all settled in and I started grilling the food with Jim's help. We also set up the picnic table.

Dena helped Brenda in the kitchen, and the four of us enjoyed a few hard lemonade drinks while talking and preparing the meal. We ate dinner while complimenting each other on our fantastic food! After dinner we were all feeling pretty good, but a little stuffed. My wife suggested we all take a walk. She wanted to get the dog out too, but I wanted to let my food settle first. I could see she was getting a disappointed look in her face since I wasn't joining her; just then Jim piped up and said, "I'll go." "OK," Brenda replied; so off they went. Dena volunteered to help me with the dishes.

After they left, I started cleaning up the kitchen and Dena joined me. As we were washing dishes shoulder to shoulder with suds up to our elbows, she caught me glancing down at her still perky chest. "It's about time you noticed! That's why I wore this!" she said. I stood there in shock as I didn't know whether to be embarrassed or flattered. Before I could say anything, Dena asked, "How long do you think they'll be gone?" "At least 15 minutes....why?" I asked with a smirk on my face. Dena grabbed my hand and pulled me into the bedroom saying, "C'mon let's go!" Once we were there, she put her hand behind my head, pulled me toward her, and started kissing me. At first I just put my hand on the small of her back pressing her hips into mine while returning her kisses, intending to just mess around a little.

Then Dena moved both her hands to my shoulders and started rubbing them. She migrated to my shoulders and then reached under my shirt to rub my chest. I couldn't resist her any longer. I lowered my hand, reaching under her ass to lift her up; I carried her over to the bed and sat her down. I stood facing her while she had her legs spread wide enough to straddle me. I starred at her eye-popping tits that were just about poking holes in her tight red top. Dena put her arms behind herself and stretched while she flung her hair back. She was a damn good show-off and she knew it. "We gotta stop," I said. "They'll be back soon and we have dishes to do."

Instead of responding, Dena looked down at the bulge in my shorts and traced her tongue along her lips. She sat up and reached for the top button on my shorts. My heart pounded hard and fast; I felt like a teenager on prom night. She unzipped and pulled down my shorts, so I reached down and lifted up her skirt. Dena was wearing a very small thong, one that barely covered her pussy. She pulled it to one side and guided my granite-hard penis inside her with the other hand. She was so silky wet! Pushing off with my feet against the wood floor, I thrust myself into her, making the adultery official.

We knew we didn't have much time left so we started humping and fucking like rabbits on Viagra. I hadn't even started to play with her tits like I wanted to, so instead I watched them bounce wildly inside her skin-tight top. Dena was careful not to scream, since some of the windows were open, but she whispered and moaned "YES, YES, DEEPER! FASTER!" As I continued thrusting deeper, I rammed her cervix repeatedly which made her demand for more. I felt Dena orgasm as her wet silky walls quivered uncontrollably around my cock while she arched back smiling with her mouth wide open, panting for air.

I was treating her body like an amusement park ride, pumping her wildly; I just began to ejaculate when we heard the sound of the door opening! "Oh my God, we're busted!" I thought. We both had a terrified look in our eyes, As I was cumming, we pulled apart. Some of my cum hit her leg and the inside of her skirt. I also saw a few gobs land on the bed and floor. Since it was the only thing close, I pulled off my t-shirt and wiped her off, then me. Dena quickly pulled down her skirt, composed herself and hurried into the kitchen before Brenda and Jim got there. I stayed in the bedroom, cleaned up the rest of the mess, and put on another shirt.

Brenda looked at me a little funny when she saw me coming out of the bedroom wearing a new shirt. "Oh, I just splashed some dishwater and needed to change," I said. She seemed to buy it, but I actually think she was suspicious that Dena and I had some kind of flirtatious water fight in the kitchen. I went back into the kitchen to finish the dishes with Dena, while Brenda served coffee and dessert. When we finished, Dena, the perfect actress, winked at Jim and said, "Well... we better get going."

They got up and thanked us for the evening as we shook hands and hugged. "Let's do this again sometime," I said to everyone as I looked at Dena. She glanced back and replied, "Yeah, next time we'll have you guys over!"