The Christmas Party

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Minister's wife gets the best fucking ever while husband discusses Christmas gift giving

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THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Contrary to popular belief, all minister's wives aren't prudes. Take me; you could to if you were here with me right now because I'm sitting here naked with my pussy craving to be filled with your big cock. I love sex but it's the one thing that I never get at home anymore. My Man Of The Cloth firmly believes that God meant sex for procreation purpose only and any sex that doesn't have a chance of producing new life is a sin. In his eyes, even masturbation was a sin because it couldn't bring forth life. Me, on the other hand, firmly believe that if God hadn't meant us to enjoy sex for its own sake wouldn't have made having an orgasm feel so fucking fantastic. Anyway, to make a long story short, my husband stopped fucking me as our second child was conceived three years ago.

I was following in the family tradition when I married a minister because my father was a minister as were my grandfather, my great grandfather, and my great-great grandfather and they were all Southern Baptist and they all seemed to be really hung up propriety. My husband was always criticizing me on the way I dressed. My dresses and skirts were too short. My tops were to revealing. My panties weren't demure enough but his biggie was the fact that I never wore a bra. I stopped wearing a bra after our first child was born because my nipple had become so sensitive that anything pressing against them irritated them but I soon discovered that the soft fabric of my dresses and blouses rubbing against them made them tingle with the beginning of arousal and I loved the feeling. Besides that it really turned me on to have guys, even if it was in church during services, undress me and make love to me with their eyes. Some guys were so good at it that my panties would be sopping wt by the end of the sermon and I could hardly wait to services were over with to masturbate in the ladies room.

Paul was the best at it and I tried to sit with him and his wife, Clair, whenever I could. I should have been married to Paul and my husband to Clair because she was a prude. She came to church wearing stylish, but very long dresses that were always buttoned to the neck and she always wore stockings to church. There was never even a hint of nipples so she was wearing a bra under those dresses as well. Paul, on the other hand, always wore tight dress Jeans and shirts that showed off his body builder's physique. My eyes always kept drifting to his bulging crotch as my husband droned on

about sin, hell, and the need to come to God today. From the size of that bulge, I knew that he had to be hung like a horse. Paul caught me looking at his bulging crotch the first time I looked and smiled deeply into my eyes, his eyes telling me that he understood. Clair hung on to is every word and never noticed what was going on between her husband and me.

Every time we rose to sing and then sat back down, Paul was sitting a little closer to me until his left shoulder and arm pressed lightly against my right one. Soon after my husband started his sermon that morning, Paul stretched both his arms out on the back of our pew, his hands lightly pressing against out shoulders. Clair was oblivious to his touch, but it sent a shock wave of excitement coursing through my body like a powerful electric current. As the sermon progressed, the pressure of his fingertips on my bare skin increased little by little until he was holding me tightly against his side. My nipples grew hard and tried to thrust their way through the soft silky material of my dress. Paul caressed them with his eyes and I would start to tremble against him, my thighs parting so our thighs laid against one another. Careful to not be noticed, I moved my thigh against his causing his cock to grow hard and strain out against the Denim that held it prisoner. By the time the services ended and the coffee hour was to begin, we were both ready to cum. When we left the sanctuary, Paul always walked stiff legged to conceal his throbbing hard on and to keep from shooting his wad in his pants. Clair did notice that and he always told her that his leg had gone to sleep from sitting through the long sermon.

Every Sunday after that, Paul and I fucked each other with our eyes and minds as we sat through one long drawn-out sermon after another. It was a good thing that I always read my husband’s sermons at home because otherwise I would never have been able to discuss them intelligently during coffee hour afterwards. I never heard a word of the sermon as it was being given. I don’t think that Paul ever did either. I wanted to fuck Paul for real in the worse way and I finally got the opportunity at Paul and Clair’s Christmas Party.

I was very horny the night of Paul and Clair’s Christmas Eve party and I needed to get laid. I had spent the afternoon masturbating, thinking about Paul but masturbating has never satisfied me for long and lately all it seemed to accomplish was to make even hornier within minute of having an orgasm. I wanted to get laid and I wanted to get laid by Paul. Therefore, much to my husband’s disapproval, I wore a long sleeved, red velvet and marabous, off the shoulder mini dress with matching Santa cap and pumps. I had dressed to turn Paul on and it worked like a charm. In some ways, my husband was just as obtuse as Clair because he had never caught on to what had been happening between Paul and me right in front of him every Sunday morning.

It really wasn’t much of a party, oh there was plenty of good food to eat but nothing stronger to drink then coffee and Pepsi Cola. After dinner, Clair and my husband started discussing how most people have taken Jesus Christ out of Christmas and how we should be giving our gift to Him instead of to each other.

We were ensconced on two love seats. Clair and Paul on one, my husband and I on the other. The love seats were opposite one another so Paul see under my mini dress as I sat back and parted my thighs. I didn’t have much on under that dress, just a red velvet g-string. Paul licked his lips and it felt

as if he was licking my swollen pussy lips. It looked like Clair and my husband were going to be involved in their discussion for a long time so Paul asked me if I had ever shot pool
“No, but I have always wanted to learn the game”
“No better time then the present. Come on, Judy. I’ll teach you.”
He put a lot of emphasis on the word “come.” Putting his arm around my shoulders, he guided me towards the stairs that led down to the family room/home office in the basement. Walking over to his computer desk, he flipped a couple of switched, I heard Clair and my husband still deeply involved in their theological discussion. Opening what at first appeared to be a locked filing cabinet, Paul poured me a glass of straight Rum. I took my drink over to a very comfortable looking leather couch and sat down. Sipping my drink, I watched as Paul set the stage. He racked the balls, broke, and went on to sink a few slid ones and one of the striped balls. Laying his cue stick and the one that was supposed to be mine on the felt. As he turned and started over to me, I pulled the top of my dress down to my waist, baring my lust inflamed tits. Kneeling between my widely spread thighs, he ran his fingertips slowly up my trembling thighs. My body stiffened and arched upwards as he trailed his fingers across the velvet covering my throbbing pussy lips. His tongue had replaced his fingertips on my soft, sensitive inner thighs and I was soaring rapidly upward towards orgasmic bliss.
“Oh, sweet, Jesus. I’m going to cum Paul. Oh, God, I love you. I love you.”
Paul yanked my g-string off me. His hot, wet tongue flicked across my fully aroused clit. I thrust up against his mouth as he jammed his tongue all the way inside my quaking hole. I was seconds away from a violent orgasm.
Suddenly I was screaming in pleasure.
“Ohhhh….feels so fucking gooood. I’m almost there. Ohhhh….harder, Paul…tongue me harder….I need to cum fucking bbba…ohm… I’m…I’m… I’m cummmiiiiinnnggg.”
When my orgasm finally subsided and my body started to sink back down on the couch, I glance up towards the living room above us.
“It’s alright, honey, the floors, ceilings, and walls are sound proofed. They didn’t hear a thing.”
“Oh, Paul, you don’t know how much I needed to cum like that. Ohhhhh…Jesussssss.”
As I spoke, Paul had rammed his huge cock all the way inside with one swift thrust of his hips.
“You’re not done cumming yet, dearest. I’m going to make you cum so long and so hard that you are going to think that you have died and gone to heaven. I promise you.”
Paul started working his cock in and out of me like a piston slamming up and down inside the cylinder of a high performance engine. My hips flew up to meet his, stroke for mighty stroke. Our pubic bones were smashing together as our pubic mounds met, with a twisting motion he worked on my clit. Wrapping my long legs around powerful back, I dug my long nails into his shoulders, harder and harder as I start climbing up that steep slope to ecstasy. I could feel my impending orgasm building up deep in the pit of my stomach. It was getting stronger and stronger and I knew that there would be holding back my screams this time. I had never felt so aroused. I had never felt as if my whole body was about to explode if I didn’t climax soon. Then, with one final thrust, Paul pushed me up and over the edge. I was cumming again. My mouth open to scream but I sank my teeth deep into Paul’s

shoulder instead. Paul started shooting off deep inside me the minute I bit down on his shoulder.
I was climaxing in waves. I had never known such ecstasy. Just as I thought I had finish cumming, another wave of orgasms would wash over me, again and again until I lost count of the number of orgasms that I had had..
I think that I did suffer the little death and go to heaven because when I opened my eyes, my sweet, loving Paul was kneeling before me cleaning me up with a damp washcloth. He had already fixed his clothing. From the sounds of it, my husband and Clair were winding up their discussion and would be down to check on us soon.
As the door opened, Paul said loudly, “With a little more practice you be good at this. You just have to learn how to not scratch when sinking the eight ball..”
“Can I cum back for more lessons, Paul?”
“You can cum anytime you like, Judy.”