True Confessions: Intimate Touches Part 3

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Pregnant wife discovers a new erotic side to her husband

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Linda, Jessy's mother, and I had become good friends soon after Frank and I moved in the house next to theirs a year earlier. Our backyards were surrounded by privacy fences that prevented passerby's from seeing in or from us seeing into the others yard. Who had ever built the original fence had installed a gate in the common wall of the fence that separated our yards, so we could come and go without being seen from the street.

Linda had become like one of the family, coming and going as she pleased. I would hear her car pull in her driveway at a little after 8 AM every morning and would unlock the backdoor for her. She worked as a night ER nurse at one of the local hospitals. She came home, showered and then came over in slippers and robe to unwind over a cup of my John Wayne style coffee before going to bed. I once asked her how she could sleep after downing several cups of pure caffeine. In reply, she simply smiled and winked at me. I couldn't imagine what the wink meant because she had been divorced for several years and I knew she didn't have a live-in lover.

A few days after Jessy and I became lovers, Linda changed her routine. Instead of coming over in her fuzzy robe, she came over wearing sexy little baby doll outfits with nothing on under them except for matching vee-strings. She had a large collection of baby dolls—red ones, yellow ones, blue ones and white ones.

At first I attributed her change in routine to the weather because the days had become quite hot and humid. Then I started to wonder if there was something more to it when Jessy started coming over in the mornings with her. I saw the way Jessy looked at her, making love to her with his eyes. I saw the way she looked at him and smiled. I saw the way her body responded to his eyes, her nipples growing hard.

I had quite a collection of sexy lingerie of my own and I started wearing it around the house. I found myself competing with her for Jessy's attention. Frank noticed and he didn't seem to mind that I was letting Jessy see me practically naked. Linda and I soon stopped wearing anything under our lingerie.

At the same time Frank and Jessy started wearing nothing but their loose fitting boxer shorts that did little to hide their long cocks and huge nut sacks. The slits in their shorts always seem to gape wide open when they sat down giving Linda and me a good look at their thick shafts and hairy crotches. I was discovering a side, a very erotic side, to my husband that I had no idea existed and that excited me.

The morning of my 19 th birthday I walked out on the patio to discover that Frank had replaced all our patio chairs with two large, bean bag chairs that were made for two people or even three people to cuddle in. We had already dropped all pretenses and were coming together for our morning coffee wearing nothing at all except smiles. That morning we paired off. Frank and Linda, me and Jessy.

Linda rolled over on her side and took Frank's long, soft shaft in her hand, stroking it gently as she looked across to where Jessy and I lay.

“ Oh, Linda. That feels so good but I'm not going to be able to do much for you. It takes me so long to get hard enough to fuck that I will be ready to shoot off by the time I get it inside you. Ask JennyLynn. She always has to get herself off after we make love.”

Linda stroked him a little faster as his cock twitched and started responding to her touches.

“ That's OK, honey. There are other ways you can satisfy a girl. I'll teach you. Relax and enjoy yourself.”

Linda was gazing into my eyes as Jessy sucked my nipple to life. His cock had grown hard and started dripping his scalding hot precum on my trembling stomach.

“ Jenny, do you want to know how Jessy and I became lovers?”

I moaned softly and manage to nod.

“ Well, working the night shift in the ER didn't leave me much time for a social life, and that is social spelled S-E-X. It had been nearly six months since I got laid. Hell I wouldn't have had any sex life at all if it hadn't been for playing with myself and I never did feel satisfied after masturbating. I tried one night stands on my one night off but wasn't having much luck there either. All the guys I hooked up with were real fast guns in beds. All they seemed to care about was getting their rocks off and I always came home hornier than before going to bed with them. I was so horny and frustrated that I was becoming a real bitch, snapping at everyone around me — Jessy, other nurses, the doctors, my

patients — everyone for no reason.”

Linda stopped talking for a moment to swivel around in the bean bag lounge chair so her pussy lay inches from Franks parted lips.

“ Christmas Eve had always been a special time for us before my fucking husband left us. I would get all dressed up in this skimpy Mrs. Claus mini dress after Jessy went to bed. By the time we finished decorating the tree Bob would have a raging hardon from looking up my dress. I never wore anything under it and we would end up fucking all night long in front of the fireplace. I stopped wearing that mini dress when Bob ran out on us. Last Christmas Eve I found it lying on the foot of my bed. I don't know why I did it, but I put it on again with nothing on under it and came down to help Jessy decorate our tree. We never got to decorating the tree until Christmas morning.”

Linda was now using two hands on Franks slowly hardening cock. Massaging his balls with one hand while pumping faster and harder on his shaft with the other.

“ Jessy had placed Mistletoe throughout the house. No matter where I stood, I seemed to be standing under Mistletoe. When Jessy took me in his arms the first time I was expecting a kiss on the cheek, the way a son kisses his mother. When he kissed me hard on the mouth, my body went rigid in his arms and I started to push him away, but he pulled me even tighter against his hard body. He slid a hand slowly down my back, cupping my ass, pulling my crotch tighter into his. I could feel his rock hard cock pressing up between my long neglected pussy lips through the thin fabric of our clothing. Slowly my body relaxed in his arms, my mouth opening wide for his tongue as his hand slid under my dress to cup my bare ass cheeks.”

Frank's cock was starting to stand up now. Linda rolled over on top of him, her pussy resting lightly on his mouth. I could see her juices starting to drip between his lips. I watched in amazement as his tongued flicked out to catch the drops and then slip inside her. This was the man who wouldn't go down on me because he felt oral sex was abnormal.

“ Ohhh...Yessss...that's it Frank. That’s how you can satisfy me.”

I could see a drop of cum forming in the slit of Frank's cock knob and I knew he was about to shoot off all over Linda's beautiful face.”

“ Have to...finish...telling this. Ohhh...Goddd, Frank...so gooood. Oh...Jenny. Jessy ripped my dress off and fucked my brains out. Over and over again. All fucking night long. His cock felt so fucking good...I climaxed as soon as he jabbed it in me that first time. Ohhh...Frank...that's it...suck my little clit...need to cummm! Oh sweet mother of God...I'm cummming.”

I did too, the minute Jessy shoved his rampant steel like shaft inside me.

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Note to my readers: I want to thank all of you for your personal messages and for your wonderful comments on my confessions. For my reader that feels I have left out some crucial details, perhaps this part will answer some of your questions. Actually, this part is really Linda's confession, I'm simply retelling it as best as I can remember it.