Meeting A Stranger...the Sweet Seduction...

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Taking a chance on a stranger? I find out what it's all about....

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Author's Note: This one's 100% true, (names are changed) so enjoy the ride....

As a professional type, (psychologist) continuing education is something you never escape. At least twice a year I'm doing seminars or short classes to keep up on the latest developments. I kind of envy my husband as he's a graphic artist who simply reads blogs and magazines to keep up on the latest info about his work. The latest program I needed to take was being offered in only a few places, none of them close to home, so hubby and I sat down to determine the best option for me as far as him being Mr. Mom to our little girl, travel time, etc.

"Ugh, Milwaukee in November just doesn't sound like fun. Gonna be cold, miserable, and I hate the Packers, why would I want to go there?"

He chuckled at that.

"Well, the weather will be better in Phoenix, that's for sure, it'll be the easiest flight, too. Direct from SeaTac unless I'm mistaken."

"Yeah, but I'm no desert girl, I like my greenery. You might think I'm crazy, but what do you think of New York City?"

He frowned.

"It'll be a longer flight, more expensive for your hotel, more hassles, and a lot of other things."

"Yes, but we've only been there for layovers, and I'd love to see it. Shopping at Barney's, Sak's, Bloomingdale's, etc? What's not to like for a girl like me?"

He laughs out loud at that, knowing full well I'll come back with at least two new pairs of shoes.

"How much time off do you actually get for shopping, not that you couldn't make the most of a twenty

minute break?"

"The class is over at four, give me from four thirty to seven thirty over the ten days? Girl can get an AWFUL lot of shopping done..."

"Well, do take the time to eat and call us regularly. We'll miss you, big time!"

Of course they will and I'll miss them even more. My little girl is growing so fast and I love them both so much. However, the job does require this sort of stuff and I've resigned myself to it, so I might as well make the best of it, no?

Plans are made, and hubby is ready to be Mr. Mom, promising to handle everything perfectly with her, and she understands that Mommy has to be go to a school far away but I"ll return soon enough. The promise of a surprise helps as of course a New York souvenir will be brought back. We don't spoil her, but a steady diet of small things from other places (never more than a dollar or two) piques her interest in "other places to learn about". She knows the Empire State Building is in NY, that the Golden Gate is in San Francisco, and that The Eiffel Tower is in Paris. Better yet, she wants to see places like that.

I have an early morning flight, but I ah, don't get as much sleep as I'd like due to my still hunky hubby giving me one of the best oral sex sessions in ages. He takes me to orgasm 5 solid times, before finishing up with a great classic missionary fucking for my last one and his. We curl up together after a quick shower and drift off to sleep. I love my family more than anything, but travel is fun, New York City! Coney Island, shopping, Nathan's Hot Dogs, real delis, and I imagine I'll be able to find plenty of different Gewürtztraminers, my favorite wine. Plus, they usually start decorating the city for Christmas early in November, so it should be pretty neat.

Morning comes all too soon, and I have to leave my baby and my husband. We've had various separations for business trips over the years, and it's always the same, tears on my part. With hugs and kisses, I enter the terminal and check in. I saw them less than five minutes ago and I already miss them?

Security is it's usual pain, but my scan doesn't go right and it's time for the pat down, but a pleasant looking young woman is assigned to it and she gives me a "sorry, but it's my job" smile. I go for a laugh and moan quietly during the search and give her a wink. She gives a chuckle and thanks me for being a good sport. Too bad she'll never know it's not a problem at all, if she'd looked like Sandra Bullock, I'd have been thrilled to offer her a more intense search. Whoops, where was I?

An hour later and one horribly overpriced croissant later, I'm aboard. Window seat is mine as my usual choice, and I love to watch take offs and landings. Our route to Chicago doesn't allow me to see our area, but oh well, I wave in the direction of my family. My seatmate is an older woman who's heading to Chicago for a continuing education jaunt in the physical therapy field, so we swap stories about the education trips, etc. and before I know it, we're in Chicago. It's a short layover, and then it's back aboard for the final leg to New York. My seatmate is a twenty-something guy who seems to

think I'm a cougar on the prowl. Flattering, but sorry kiddo, even if I was, you're not my type at all. I like my guys older than me. Not...young enough to be my kids...ick. However, I'm a good sport and flirt with him as he's a pretty pleasant guy. The flight passes quickly as well, and as I collect my luggage, I realize I'd messed up the time zones, and I've got a full two hours before I check into the hotel. I'm being reimbursed for the flight and hotel and some expenses, but heck, I'll spring for it. I grab a cab and tell him to drive me around the city as my unofficial tour guide.

I luck out, he's a native, name of Richie, and a proud product of the Bronx. He shows me around, points things out, gives me pointers on the best damn pizza in the city, the best steak, and where to find the "finest gyros outside of Athens". He's charming, funny and a great guy. When he takes me to my hotel, he insists on carrying my luggage to the bellhop and orders him to "'take damn good care of the nice lady". I tip outrageously, and he thanks me. I tell him I'll request him after I check in and get some dinner as the stores are open still and I've got to to get a little shopping in, right? He winks and tell me he'll be waiting.

I check in and for some reason, even though I showered in the morning, I shower again. I feel grimy after flying no matter what. My room is lovely, if a bit small, but still very nice. I look myself over in the mirror and I like what I see. I'd gained weight with the baby but it's all gone, and my boobs have filled out a bit. Depending on who makes it, a C cup fits just right instead of my old B's. Not bad for an old broad, I think. Not bad at all. I change my mind, and fill the tub. They've thoughtfully provided me with various oils, powders, etc. I choose a few and get ready to soak in luxury.

I slide into the tub and sigh with pleasure. I've got a nice glass of Gewürtztraminer next to me, courtesy of room service, I've set up my iPod for the softer songs of the Beatles, and it feels so good in the warm tub. Naturally I think of my family, and well...my fingers wander. I stroke my lips gently thinking of my husband's gentle fingers and while I'd like him here, it'll have to do. I stroke myself for a few minutes before slipping my fingers in, while rubbing my clit with my thumb. Hubby jokes that I'm equally adept at masturbating with either hand and wonders why I can only bowl left handed when I'm so skilled at using both for other things. It feels so good as I think of his handsome face, his still toned chest, and his big strong arms that hold me so securely. I love him so much and we are perfectly matched. I pick up my pace and switch hands while I caress my breasts with the other hand. I'm getting wet even though I'm under water, but the oils I've chosen make my skin feel so soft and slick that's almost like being in a tub full of very thin lube. I reach for my custom molded clone of hubby's cock (there's a kit to do so ladies, well worth the investment) and slide it in deep as I let out a contented sigh. Not as good as all of him, but it will do, as I fantasize about him being here, his lips sweetly kissing me, his hands caressing my ass and filling me up with his rock hard cock.

I pump away and it's not long before I have a lovely orgasm. I sigh contentedly, start draining the tub, and shower up to finish off. I dress quickly, and head down to the restaurant. A delicious grilled cheese, fries and a soda, and I call for my ride. They promise Richie, and they deliver, as he's outside in less than ten minutes.

"Greetings, your majesty, and where may I take you tonight?"

He nicknamed me the Queen Of Seattle on our previous journey.

"Shopping my dear, serious shopping, Bloomingdales, Sak's, you know the stuff."

"Indeed I do, milady, I'll have you there in no time!"

"No scenery this time though, I've only got two hours before the stores close!" I quip and he promises me a quick trip.

He drops me off in front of Bloomingdales, and tells me if I'm done before 9 pm he'll still be on, but after that he's done for the night. I can't promise him that, but I still tip well and thank him for being a good driver and having a great sense of humor.

I wander in, oh my lord, this is shopper's paradise. My girlfriends and I could spend weeks here! The shoe selection is...marvelous, possibly better than Nordstrom's, formal wear is....amazing and I look at choices for a black tie event hubby's taking me to in February. I try on a lovely dark green floor length that's simple, but fits me flawlessly, and in the mirror, flatters my figure nicely. 4800.00? Not quite my range, damn the luck. I look at a few others, and head back to the shoes, where I find a silver pair of peep-toes with just a bit higher heel than I usually wear, but they will go incredibly well with my black and silver dress I bought last week (Raiders colors!!). 139.99 isn't bad at all and they're mine! I wander over to Sak's and it's equally impressive, but fancy dresses are even costlier, oh well, Macy's will have to do for the formal gown. However, there's a lingerie sale, and I find a pale green chemise set that's just lovely Pale and see though for the most part, with a slightly darker green material covering the breasts, with just a tiny hint of lace. I love it, and I know damn right well hubby will love it, so it's mine! Buying lingerie gets me thinking about him, and now I'm horny again. This is going to be a tough trip.

I'll be back in the hotel in a short while, but while visiting the sumptiously appointed lady's room, I feel a little reckless. Do I dare masturbate in a public place? Why not? The place is spotless so that's not an issue, so I let my fingers do the walking and I'm wet instantly. My clit is aching, and some intense stroking of it gets me close before I switch to fingering myself to cool off for a moment or two, stroke my lips, pull up my fingers to taste myself, and ooooh, it's nice. Back to the clit, and it's only a moment or two before I come hard, real hard, and while I'm usually fairly quiet while taking care of things myself, I let out a deep moan of pleasure. I gather myself up, use a sanitary wipe to tidy up and get my stockings and panties in place.

I open the door to my stall only to see two other women about my age. Standing in front of the mirror, one of them turns and smiles at me with a knowing glance.

I am soooo embarrassed.

"I, uh, well...." I stammer, but the one who turned to look just laughs merrily.

"Like we've never taken care of it ourselves, right, Michelle?" she says, nudging her friend with her

elbow.

Her friend laughs, and turns to me with a smile.

"I'm a teacher, and I can't count how many times I've done that at work, so no worries about doing it here. You're hardly the first."

"Well, that's a relief. I just bought some really nice lingerie and got to thinking about my husband, and sorta went for it."

They both laugh at that.

"And why not?" asks Michelle. "Guys will jerk off anywhere they please, so why not us?"

"Indeed. Be seeing you ladies!" I blurt out and practically sprint out of there. I hear them giggling as I leave. They were nice enough, but I'm still horribly embarrassed.

I've missed Richie's cutoff time, but a nice older man drops me off at my hotel and it's time for bed. I never sleep well in a strange bed, so I toss and turn a bit. Up early, a quick breakfast and off to school. Check in is smooth, and the instructor is very cool, and the first part of the class goes quickly. I grab a quick lunch with a woman named Patricia who sat next to me, and we quickly make friends as she's almost in the same boat I am. Her husband and two sons are waiting for her back in Houston, and she already misses them as much as I miss my family. We chat and decide on dinner and some wine tonight and I offer to show her around Bloomingdale's which she hasn't been to yet. Two peas in a pod.

The second part of the class is...interminably long, boring and as dull as any thing I've ever endured. Oh well. Patricia's eye roll matches mine and we both giggle, causing the lecturer to give us both a dirty look. This only leads to a smirk from both of us. Dinner is fun, we exchange life stories, talk about being mothers, compare our husband's good AND bad qualities, and in short, we become fast friends. More than a few glasses of win are had, she tries the Gewürtztraminer, I try her favorite Chardonnay, and we both enjoy them. Time for shopping, and she's impressed by Bloomingdale's and Sak's. She's not the shoe fiend I am, but buys a pair of jeans that look great on her. (Not that I tell her how hot they looked, I was just polite.) And then, because I"m still a little buzzed, I fess up about my adventure in the ladies room.

"Oh my god, you really did that?" she asks incredulously.

"Yep, don't know that I was thinking all that clearly. I just gave in to instinct."

"I doubt I'd have the guts to try that. Maybe a little fingering, but all the way? You are one determined woman."

"Horny. I was horny. And naturally, hubby's across the country in Seattle."

"Would you ever consider cheating?" she asks me.

"Never. I love him so much, and we have a perfect relationship. Would you or have you ever cheated?"

"Once, it was really stupid, and it almost cost me my marriage. I was drunk, and not thinking. Never, ever again."

"Smart girl. Keep the marriage going, and they do require a bit of work, but it's worth it."

"True."

We chat a bit more and finish off the shopping with some fine chocolates and share a cab back to my hotel, promising to get together for breakfast before class. Even though it's late for me, I call hubby and we talk for a bit, and my little angel is as chatty as well. I miss them both and say so, but hubby tells me he's as horny as I am under his breath. Eight more days of this? Going to be tough.

The new few days pass smoothly as more shopping is done and I do find a perfect dress and have it shipped home. Patricia and I are now good friends who are planning to meet up later as her husband has a business trip to Seattle in March and I can't wait to show her around my area. She's also met the fabulous Richie who dubs her the Queen Of Houston, and he jokes about being the royal driver. It's our second to last night, the class is almost done, but I'm still damned horny, despite masturbating extensively. We're having drinks at my hotel and we flirt outrageously with a couple of college guys who are cougar hunting and tease them mercilessly. However, our waiter brings me over a mixed drink I didn't order.

"What's this?" I ask.

" Peach Martini, courtesy of your bartender."

"Which one?" There's two guys working tonight.

"Anthony, the one on the left."

I look over and Anthony is not at all bad looking He's got a great, warm smile, and looks like he keeps in shape, even though he looks a bit older than me. He sees me looking and salutes me with a mocking grin. Damn. Just my type. I've had a few, but no, I'm a smart woman. This would be really dumb. Then again, I'm REALLY horny. Who would ever know besides Patricia, and as she's cheated before, I'm sure she'd keep quiet. I really shouldn't, but damn, I want it so bad.

I walk over to chat with him, no harm in that, is there?

"So, Anthony, you decided a peach martini was my kind of drink, did you? Didn't you notice we've

been drinking wine all night?"

Maybe if he's a jerk I'll forget this whole stupid idea.

"Hey, you're a beautiful lady. Try something new once in awhile."

"What did you do, put a roofie in it?"

He smirks.

"I don't need that to get you in bed."

The cocky bastard!

"You think so, huh?"

"Nope, just tell you softly how beautiful your eyes are, how perfect your lips look, and tell you how much I would love to kiss every inch of your body. You'd be more than ready for me then."

Fucking A! The nerve of this guy!

"It'd take more than that, a LOT more!" I counter back.

"Oh?" he says with a smile.

He reaches out and pulls my hand towards his face and gently kisses my hand. He then pulls it up to caress his cheek, and then kisses my fingertips, gently sucking my middle finger. Damn it. My pussy is getting wet. This guy is some kind of smooth. And handsome. Very handsome.

"As it happens pretty lady, I"m off right now, and I know you'd like to be off, to your room, where you will get off in so many ways. You know that's what you want, isn't it?"

It is what I want. Badly.

I take his hand and lead him out of the bar, only grabbing my purse and leaving a stunned Patricia behind. In the elevator to my room our lips meet, and he kisses divinely. He holds me sweetly as he explores my mouth, and I explore his. We reach my floor and I practically drag him to my room, fumble with the keycard and we stagger in, kissing furiously. We fall onto the bed and I've got my arms wrapped around him. He's very toned and in shape, and his hand slides up my skirt to caress me, and I love it, and I know I've got to be getting very wet, but I don't care. He reaches further and slides his fingers across my wet panties and pantyhose and gives a throaty chuckle.

"You know this is what you want and need...."

He's right, but I just don't care anymore. I slide out of my skirt and he continues to caress my legs up and down, and stroke me softly. We kiss while he does that, and then he unbuttons my blouse, and slides it off to reveal my bra. Why did I have to wear "sexy" underwear today? He unsnaps my bra and lets out an appreciative whistle when my breasts are revealed.

He softly blows on them and my nipples are rock hard. He licks them one after the other, very gently, and I respond with a soft moan. He goes to work on them, caressing them licking, sucking and stroking them, and I'm getting wetter by the second because he's damn good at it.

"Please, my pussy is aching, taste me, please?

"Oh is it? Well, let's just see..."

He reaches and slides hi hand under my pantyhose and panties and gently slips a finger inside of me, he rubs me for a second and pulls it out, and licks it clean with a smile.

"Yeah, you're just about ready...."

He slips them off of me, and I'm naked on the bed, and he pulls his shirt off to reveal a smooth chest that's so nicely toned. I reach out and kiss it before working my way up to his lips again, while I caress his body. I fumble a bit with his pants, but get them off to find he goes commando, and he's smooth down there as well. Interesting. I like the look, and I can't help myself as I take his rock hard cock into my mouth and suck it deeply.

He lets out a gasp, and says "What about the aching pussy of yours?" and pulls me around so we can 69. His tongue darts into my soaking pussy and I slurp down onto his tool again, and it feels so...right. It's now all about my pleasure...it's all I want. He licks me expertly, and in less than two minutes I come witha light orgasm, but I know there's more coming as he keeps up, teasing my clit and driving his tongue deeply between my lips. It's my first ever smoothly shaven man, and I like sucking his cock, it's different, but it just the right size for my mouth as I can take it almost all the way. I bob up and down for a few strokes, just taking the head and a little more, and then going as deep as I can. I wonder what it would be like if I were on my knees and having him just pump my face like I've seen in the pornos.

He doesn't appear to be that kind of guy as he brings me to another orgasm, this one much bigger and I gag a bit as I try to shout out with a mouth full of cock. He doesn't last much longer as he shoots a huge load into my mouth, and I miss some, but swallow most of it with relish. It's nice and salty, just like I like it....

We both come down from our orgasms, but he's hardly done, as he kisses me with passion, and I respond. Maybe this is wrong, but it feels sooooo good. I'm lying on top of him now and frantically kissing him, and rubbing against his body. Two orgasms won't be enough for me, as I slide down and take his cock in my mouth again. He's starting to get hard again, but it takes a few minutes of slurping and slobbering, and then he's ready. I climb back up and slam myself onto his now throbbing

erection. Oh GOD it feels good! I take him balls deep and grind myself onto him, riding him like a stolen bicycle, fucking him with abandon, and he moans loudly, grunting with each stroke I take. I'm making noises myself, like I rarely have before, but this is almost animalistic sex, there's no control, just raw, steaming sexual heat, and I love it!

I didn't even think of condoms, and I don't care as I want his hot jizz inside of me, dripping out slowly afterwards. Perhaps as I run my fingers in it and suck them dry, or maybe he'll lick me clean? Who cares, I just want the pleasure! We both last a good long time, and he flips me over and pulls my legs up as he hammers me missionary style, and he's not taking any care or concern, he's just pounding his woman until he get his own desire of shooting himself deep in me. After a minute or two, I come with a scream and rake his back with my nails which triggers his orgasm and he grunts loudly as he erupts inside of me while he frantically pounds out the last of his hot seed.

Spent, he flops onto the bed next to me, and kisses me roughly before rolling over onto his back.

"Oh god....you were just...fucking hot....I knew that's what you wanted...."

"I....did....it was...hot, very....hot....." I splutter out.

"So...what's your name....pretty lady.....?" he asks softly.

I think for a second before replying.

"Jennifer...."

"I like that one....good name....."

"Glad you do, hubby and I.....oh shit!"

"Hubby? HUBBY? I'm supposed to be 'Anthony', remember?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I..." and I can't go any further because I'm laughing too hard.

"I love you so much sweetie, but you really blew that line!"

I laugh even harder.

"I suppose I wouldn't have called 'Anthony' hubby, even if it was a slip. I just ain't that good of an actress, am I?"

My husband kissed me deeply.

"Maybe not, but you are one hell of a lover, that's for sure."

"As are you, as are you. I do have to say I liked the shaved parts. It's a different look for you."

He rubbed his chest with a laugh.

"This might itch a bit growing back, but I'm more worried about my balls itching. That sugaring does work pretty smoothly and painlessly. I can see why you do it for your hair removal needs."

"Hmmm..." I say, taking his handsome face in my hands," you might want to try life sans the mustache and goatee for awhile, you do look a bit younger."

"Why not?" he says with a smile.

"I DO Have a question or two for you, like who's taking care of our daughter while you're here, and how did you get to working behind the bar? That's pretty good cover for Seduce The Stranger."

He snickered.

"First off, my mother is entertaining her favorite grandchild and spoiling her outrageously I assume. Second, when I did that big corporate ID package for this very hotel chain, I spent five days at their headquarters going over everything, and I made friends with quite a few of them. One of them was a guy named David Kendall who was a huge Hawks fan, and we did some drinking together and become buddies. He's also the head of HR for the entire chain, and I asked if he could pull a string or two. He was happy to oblige, with the only drawback being that I actually had to make drinks for the two hours before you got here! Well worth the effort, no?"

We laugh, giggle, and cuddle for another hour before showering and going to bed.

In the morning, I introduce 'Anthony' to Patricia and explain our little game. She asks if I could help her set up something similar when her husband comes to Seattle, and I agree to help her have a little fun. She and hubby hit it off wonderfully, and he treats us to a magnificent dinner on our final night before we fly out the next day. All in all, a very successful trip for me. Say, when is the next continuing education class anyways?