A Passion for Penny - Chapter 2

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How a one-off encounter became a full on affair

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A Passion for Penny – Chapter 2
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This is the continuing story of a true life affair between two close family friends.

Its passionate beginning is told in my first story - A Passion for Penny – which has been more controversial than I had ever imagined it could be.

For those who haven't read Part 1, Penny and I are both in our early forties, married (though not to each other) and each of us has two teenage children.

Penny is a highly educated professional and, I suppose, not really one of those women you would immediately lust after. She's tall and pale, with short dark hair and brown eyes that are usually a little cold – but which for me became bright and exciting. Her body is angular - perhaps even skinny rather than slim, and bears the unmistakeable signs of having borne two children. Her breasts are small but round and surprisingly firm. Her face is full of character and distinctive, rather than beautiful and she has a commanding, somewhat aggressive personality which many find off-putting.

And she is without a doubt the most exciting lover I have ever had.

* * * * *

Not surprisingly, after Penny and I had spent those first incredible hours in bed together, the rest of the day passed in something of a daze. I drove northwards to my business meeting – a meeting in which I had to fight hard to concentrate – and Penny of course went to her work.

I simply could not believe that it had all really happened! But the memory of her wonderful body, the smell of her on my clothes and the hot soreness between my legs were all too obvious evidence for it to have been a dream.

For the first hour of my homeward journey, I felt as if I was riding a cloud! Barely noticing the heavy traffic, my mind raced back to the way Penny had looked in her silk underwear; how she had enticed me; how she had tasted; how she had smelt; how she had sounded. How different all these things were from my wife.

Oh God! My wife!

Suddenly an avalanche of guilt descended upon me. God! How it descended! A cold, almost painful fear gripped my chest and I began to sweat.

...How could I have cheated on my wife Jane?

...On my friend Paul?

...On our kids?

...Had we just destroyed both of our marriages?

...How on earth could I behave normally with Penny now?

...How could I see her again?

...And how could I not see her?

...How could I carry on at home as if nothing had changed?

...Did I want it to stop now and forget it happened?

...Did I want it to go on and on?

...What if Penny had an attack of conscience and confessed all to Paul?

...What if.....

There were just too many questions. My head span as I drove along, going over them in my mind as the miles passed by painfully slowly.

Eventually I realised there was only one possible way forward. Penny and I had to talk and talk soon if my mind was ever going to be pacified. I dialled her mobile with my hands-free phone. The ringing

tone echoed around the car as I waited anxiously for her to pick up the call, my chest aching with anticipation.

It rang and rang and then went to the answer phone. Penny's recorded voice, cold and professional, filled the car. I swore aloud and hung up. Ten minutes later I dialled again but with the same frustrating result. Reluctantly giving up, I turned the car radio on, increased the volume and tried to concentrate on the road.

The loud music and heavy traffic helped to make me concentrate less on my conscience and more on my driving as the weather deteriorated, so I was surprised about an hour later when my mobile rang once to tell me I had received a text message. I pressed 'show' and eagerly looked at the screen. It was from Penny.

'Saw yr calls. In meeting cant talk how do u feel?' I read.

As luck would have it, a motorway service station was only five miles ahead. I drove far too quickly towards it and parked in the far corner of the car park.

I took my mobile out of its holder and, clumsily typing with one finger, I replied

'cant believe it happnd' There was a long pause after I pressed 'send'.

'regret it?' eventually appeared on my screen.

'no but feel v v guilty' I replied, honestly.

'me too can we meet 2mrrw to talk it thru?' Penny asked.

'not easy 4 me wt time?'

'8am ok?'

'ok' I typed. There was an even longer pause.

'not sorry. Hope u r not' Penny's words twisted the knot in my chest further.

'I want you' I typed and pressed 'send'. I was aghast at myself. Where had the guilt and remorse suddenly gone?

After a minute, my phone beeped once again. I looked nervously at the screen.

'I want u 2 J"

There was a long, long pause before my phone beeped a last time.

'my hse 2mrw 8am . Gtg now xx'

I sat back in the driver's seat, staring at Penny's last message, bewildered.

Needless to say, after a very distracted evening and a night of broken sleep, the following morning found me once again in my car outside Penny's house. I watched and waited until Paul had left for work, taking the kids to school on his way. Again I drove quickly up the driveway and parked outside the front door as the automatic gates closed silently behind me.

I knocked on the front door just as I had done the previous morning and waited, pacing up and down on the driveway, still wondering what on earth to do for the best – my conscience and my lust in full pitched battle.

After what seemed an age, the door opened and a serious-faced Penny opened the door to let me in. I gulped. She was dressed for work in a smart dark blue, pin-striped skirt, a freshly pressed white blouse and dark blue cravat. She wore only a little light makeup. Her hair was brushed and shiny.

Whereas the previous day she had looked sexy and available, today she looked calmly professional; very cool; very intimidating. On a coat hanger in the hallway hung her suit jacket and her laptop computer stood in a soft leather case ready to be taken to her office.

I could barely relate this sophisticated academic with the hot, passionate, woman I had made love with so passionately only 24 hours before. And yet.....

"Hi" I said as I crossed the threshold, feeling the inadequacy of the greeting but unsure how to respond given our newfound intimacy. We pecked each other awkwardly on the cheek.

"Coffee?" Penny asked as if nothing had changed.

"Please!" I said, remembering that I never did get my coffee the previous day. The reason why made my loins stir. I tried to dismiss the feeling as I followed her through to the kitchen.

This time there were no spurious problems with the coffee grinder and in an awkward silence I

watched Penny's skilful preparation of the hot, strong drinks, trying to think what to say to the old friend who had just become my new lover.

In the end Penny saved me.

"I don't regret it, Tom." She said, characteristically coming straight to the point. "I had a bad night thinking about it, but I don't regret it."

I breathed a sigh of relief for so many reasons.

"I feel the same. I hardly slept at all. I just can't believe it really happened."

Penny opened the large American style fridge door and poured milk into the two coffee cups. She passed one to me and sipped her own.

"Cheers!" She said ironically, and sat down on a tall wooden stool at the kitchen table, staring slightly vacantly out of the window. It was a beautiful bright morning, cold but sunny.

She took another sip of the piping hot, strong coffee. I stood behind her, sipping my own tentatively. Our bodies were close; almost, but not quite touching.

"Did you.....did you enjoy it?" I asked, hating the gauche words but, like all men, needing to know – at least needing to hear the 'right' words whether they were true or not.

Penny smiled. "I'm surprised you need to ask." She swivelled on the stool until she faced me. "It was.....quite pleasant." My face must have betrayed my inner feelings because her mouth suddenly broke into a wide grin.

"It was fantastic. You know that." She laughed. "And don't fish for compliments again!"

I happily accepted the scolding.

"But is that it? Should we stop now before we do any lasting damage?" I asked. Penny stared out of the window again, apparently lost in thought.

"Do you want to stop?" She challenged, giving me no clue as to her own desires.

"I mean, where do we go from here?" I continued, trying to keep my voice steady, matter-of-fact.

"I wondered that too." Her voice was oddly flat, unemotional. "Where do you want to go?" She countered again.

I laughed awkwardly, but the truth burst out of me. "Right now? Straight back to bed with you!"

God! What a stupid thing to say at such a moment! I felt like hitting myself on the head with a brick. Or perhaps Penny would do it for me!

"What are you like?" Penny laughed and I offered up a silent prayer of thanks as she turned on the stool to face me again.

Our thighs touched. It was deliberate. It had to be!

Putting my cup down on the kitchen worktop, I placed my hands gently on her shoulders. Penny tilted her head to one side until it rested on my forearm. Her short hair was soft and silky. I could smell her perfume – today light and unobtrusive in contrast to yesterday's rich, heady seductive scent.

I began to relax as it dawned on me that perhaps everything would be alright.

"The right thing to do is to stop now and try to forget all about it." Penny continued almost objectively as if she was talking to one of her clients.

"I know." I replied, gently massaging her shoulders and neck. "But I'm not sure I can just go back to how things used to be. Not after – you know!"

"Just say it, Tom!" Penny said, slightly annoyed. "Say what really happened! After we made love – had sex – fucked each other yesterday! We'll never decide anything if we don't face facts!"

The sound of these crude words coming from this smart, intelligent, successful woman were unbelievably arousing.

"And the facts are...." I prompted her.

"The facts are that we both wanted it, we both enjoyed it and – frankly – we were both good at it - Ouch!"

I had continued to massage her shoulders gently as she spoke, but her words had distracted me and thoughtlessly I had pressed too hard. The unexpected compliment made me feel ludicrously pleased.

"So where DO we go from here?" I re-iterated the question.

Suddenly a car engine sounded close by in the street outside. Penny jumped up and went to the window to investigate. I followed, leaning forward over her to see, my body pressed against hers, but my head hidden from view – riddled with guilt although as yet we had nothing to hide from the world.

"It can't be Paul back this early." She insisted in a hoarse whisper.

"It isn't." I said looking down the long driveway at a long dark saloon parked across the end. "Whose car is that?"

Penny breathed out heavily in relief. "It's that nosy old man from next door in his new car. He's not very good at parking it yet."

"Or perhaps he just wants to know what my car is doing here at this time of day." I suggested.

We watched in anxious silence as the saloon reversed clumsily out of the gateway and drove away.

Penny breathed out theatrically in supposed relief.

"It's not as if we were.....doing.....anything..." She said, wriggling her bottom against my thighs.

Suddenly I felt overpowered by the warmth of Penny's body close in front of me. I pressed forwards slightly, my midriff against her firm, slightly bony buttocks. In silent response, she reached back with her hands until they rested slightly clumsily on my hips.

She leaned back against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her, all regret forgotten, all pretence of reluctance dismissed.

"We've both got work to go to." She said softly. From behind, I kissed her hair, nuzzling her ear as my arms drew her close into me.

"Well, soon. Anyway...Perhaps..." She whispered, giving me a meaningful look.

I took my cue. "I reckon so." I replied and stroked my palms slowly up and down her wiry upper arms, feeling the warmth of her body through the thin silk of her blouse. I bent my lips to her ear again and whispered "Have we got time?"

"Mmmm!" Penny murmured breathlessly.

I buried my nose in her hair as she leaned backwards against my chest, her firm buttocks pressing against my groin. My hands slid down over her hips to caress her taut cheeks and thighs through her smart skirt, teasing the hem of her blouse from under its waistband to allow my fingers to explore the smooth skin under her neatly pressed white blouse. My fingertips danced on her flat stomach.

I felt her shiver as her weight pressed against me, turning her head to one side, tilting her chin upwards and backwards to offer me her soft lips. I kissed her lightly, our lips barely touching as my fingers climbed towards her breasts.

Penny responded passionately - our mouths opened and our tongues entwined. My fingers climbed further up her flat stomach until at last they found small, firm breasts enclosed in a small stiff bra. Under the material, her nipples were erect. I slid them between my fingers and nipped them lightly.

Penny giggled, her back still towards me then, grasping the loose hem of her blouse with both hands, she slowly rolled it up her body and over her head. She pulled her slender arms out of the fastened cuffs before casting it aside.

I felt the warmth of her naked brown back through my neatly pressed shirt and the strain of my hardening cock within my pants. My hands fumbled with the central clasp of her bra, my wrists pressing on her nipples until I finally flicked it open and slipped it down her slender arms and away. I cupped her small, firm breasts in my palms. The touch of my fingers exciting her as she ground her buttocks firmly into my groin, my cock now a hard growing pressure in her lower back.

I let my hands slide down her slim bony body as I lowered myself to my knees on the wooden kitchen floor behind her. I looked at her long slender legs, loving the contrast between her pale skin and the dark smartness of her pin striped skirt. I ran my hands over her stockinged ankles and I saw her grasp the edge of the kitchen table in front of her.

Penny said nothing but I thought I felt her brace herself. I lowered my head and, as my fingertips began to stroke the outside of her ankles, I drew my tongue in a long straight line up the inside of her right calf, to rest momentarily behind her knee. Penny seemed to hold her breath, her body tense and eager.

I lowered my head again, and this time gently licked the back of her left calf, my fingers again stroking her soft nylon covered flesh as my tongue drew a cool wet line across her skin. Penny held the table more tightly still. Pausing only to adjust my position, I gently slid my palms up the outside of Penny's thighs to the hem of her skirt, then back down again to her knees.

I waited for a response and found it in a distinct hesitation in the rhythm of her breathing.

I felt bolder now, and began to run my firm, moist tongue up the inside of her thighs as my hands once again began their journey up their outsides. I paused as my face met the hem of her skirt and my tongue moved to her other leg, descending to her knees once again, the coarse mesh of her stockings contrasting sharply with the smoothness of her skin. Above me, I heard Penny sigh and felt her lean forward slightly over the sturdy wooden table top.

After a moment's pause, I began to ascend her thighs again, my tongue, now flattened, reaching far between her thighs to touch the soft flesh within.

To my delight, Penny opened her legs the merest fraction and I tongued deeper between her inviting thighs as she so clearly desired. My head once again touched the hem of her skirt, but this time when I paused, Penny reached behind and raised the skirt to her waist, opening her legs yet further and bending deeper over the smooth oak table top until her buttocks stuck provocatively outwards and towards my face.

My mouth was merely inches from her vulva, barely covered by her clean, white, g-string panties above the tight, dark tops of her hold-up stockings. As my hot breath reached her buttocks, I saw her cheeks open a fraction further as she bent low over the table, her moisture beginning to darken the narrow strip of cloth of her g-string as it passed between her long straight legs.

I placed one hand gently on each cheek and spread them further apart, at the same time boldly drawing my tongue between them, along the deep cleft and over her tightly puckered, silk covered anus. Penny gasped with surprise at the unfamiliar feeling and I saw her knuckles whiten momentarily as she gripped the table firmly. She opened her legs an inch wider in eager response, her long, slim pale legs now almost straddling my face.

Recognizing this silent invitation I slid both my hands up under her rumpled, waist-high skirt and gripped the sides of her g-string panties in my fingers. Slowly but firmly I drew them down over her buttocks to her ankles, kissing her bare cheeks on the way. Penny tried to kick them off, but her left foot caught in the elastic. I helped her free herself and threw the moist panties onto the table before returning to my knees behind her.

Her vulva now naked, Penny's sweet wetness was merely inches from my face again. I could barely control myself. Holding her buttocks apart, my lithe, active tongue darted forward to find between her short, tightly-curled pubic hair, the soft, moist, warm entrance to her most private place. I licked the full length of her exposed slit, beginning near her hardening clitoris, and then moving upwards between her swelling outer lips before diving deeply into her vagina. I moved my firm pointed tongue

briefly in and out of her slit, before moving again upwards and across her perineum. With the barest touch of my tongue on her anus again, I drew back a little and looked for further encouragement.

I was not disappointed. Penny's eyes looked dreamy and half drunk as she looked over her shoulder to see why I had stopped. She smiled and, dropping to my knees once more, I let my tongue slowly explore the depths of her vulva – first soft against her buttocks, then firm against the underside of her clitoris and finally pointed, penetrating her hot, salty vagina.

I felt her legs tremble, her knees involuntarily bending as they lowered her precious passage further onto my eager mouth. I could feel and taste her body moistening more and more and with one hand she began to stroke her own small, firm breasts as they dangled almost comically over the table. I licked her again, at first in long, firm strokes the length of her vulva, then in short sharp stabbing movements in and out of her vagina.

Penny's breath came in gasps. I could feel her getting hotter; I could see her hot, sweet body opening before me; I could smell her mounting excitement in my nostrils; I could taste her honey on my tongue; I could feel the bitter sweetness of her juices contrasting with the roughness of her pubic hair in my mouth. I could hear her beginning to pant and felt her knees trembling at my touch.
I needed her now.

Penny uttered soft sounds of disappointment as I drew my sticky face away from her vulva and rose slowly to my feet. The bulge in my dark suit trousers was now painfully tight and with relief, I unfastened my belt and slipped them to the ground. My cock, almost fully erect, burst ridiculously through the elastic top of my boxer shorts, strong and determined.

Raising herself upright, Penny turned to face me, her eyes soft and dreamy with her excitement. She kissed me then pulled back, licking her lips as she tasted her own juices around my mouth. Placing my hands on her slim waist, I lifted her gently as she backed her buttocks on to the table top, then leaned back on her elbows and spread her legs wantonly.

Wasting no time, I quickly took my place between her pale, open thighs, lifting her rumpled skirt high up and over her belly, concealing the small stretch marks that I found so incomprehensibly arousing. The paleness of her thighs below the dark material of the skirt, the darkness of her neatly trimmed pubic hair and the redness of her engorged vulva below made me harder and harder.

God I wanted her!

I took my cock in my right hand and, with my left below her right knee, positioned myself with its swollen head poised at her gaping entrance.

I sensed rather than saw Penny brace herself as in one smooth movement, I grasped both her legs below the knee and drove my full length in one hard stroke into her hot, wet opening. I heard her gasp out loud as I plunged into her, her hot, loose wetness surrounding my hard shaft. I felt the coolness of her buttocks pressing against my upper thighs and the heat of her vagina now surrounding my cock.

It felt simply incredible!

I drew myself back slowly and paused, before driving myself into her again and again, each time drawing right back so that only the head of my cock was still within her.

She was warm and hot around me as I quickly found my rhythm, sliding into and out of her vagina in time with the heartbeat thumping away in my chest. We quickly reached a plateau of pleasure – her soft moaning in time with my own quiet, breathless grunts. It was sweet, smooth and wonderfully uniting, the soft sounds of our love making filling the room.

But as the previous morning I realised that, after giving birth to two children, Penny's vagina was just too loose around my shaft to bring either of us to the rapid climax we both desperately desired.

Pumping faster and harder, I rammed myself deep into her vagina, hearing the slapping noises of our union grow louder and faster, driving her bodily up the table with each forceful thrust. Penny's face screwed up as I felt her trying hard to tighten herself around me, her eyes closed, her small breasts bouncing up and down on her pale chest.

It felt good – it felt truly wonderful – but we both knew more was needed. Today could not be a marathon love making session - we both needed to cum and cum quickly.

Then Penny did something amazing. It was so simple, but so incredibly effective.

To my instant delight, she brought her legs upwards in front of me, the back of her calves in front of my face, her legs almost straight in an impressively athletic position. She pressed her knees and thighs together and rested her legs on my shoulders, closing her knees and thighs tightly and squeezing herself around my thrusting cock.

The sensations, already powerful, increased tenfold.

Through her new tightness I could feel every ridge on my cock passing over every undulation in Penny's vagina as I plunged in and pulled out. Within seconds I could feel my head swelling hugely as it reamed up and down inside her.

We both knew what would happen next; and happen it did. I could barely believe the sensations passing through my body.

Penny's new tightness was burning me as I drove into her, but I loved the pain. Quickly the head of my cock began to swell and the familiar warmth of an impending climax began to grow high up between my legs.

I could hear the loud slapping sounds of my body against hers and could smell our combined juices as my pounding churned them into white foam around my cock.

At the same time I heard Penny's orgasm beginning. Her panting became grunting, her grunting became moaning and as her climax intensified, the moaning became repeated shouts of ecstasy. The volume increased as her passion increased and above the sounds of my own approaching climax I could hear her clearly calling my name.

"Fuck me, Tom. Fuck me hard! Make me cum!"

Once again, hearing these coarse, crude words springing from the mouth of this cool, sophisticated, professional woman drove me crazy. I lost all self control and, grabbing fistfuls of the skin above her hips, I hammered myself forwards, pulling her back onto my cock as hard as I possibly could, bending her legs back in an extraordinary contortion.

Beneath me, Penny moaned louder and louder.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she choked before her mouth opened wide and she flung her head backwards. I leaned over her, pressing her legs forward until her knees were almost in her face.

"Fuck me! Fuck my hot cunt, Tom. Fuck my cunt!! Make me cum!"

I simply could not believe my ears – or the effect these crude words had on me!

That a sweet married mother of two could say such things – and to me! It was just too much! I heard myself grunting even more loudly as the uncontrollable white heat of my orgasm finally burned through my thighs, my spine and surged into my cock.

The animal within me took over, driving my cock hard into her body with the full force of my thighs; loud slapping noises accompanying my thrusts faster and faster as my climax grew and grew before finally reaching its peak and I began helplessly to pump my sperm-free semen into her soft, fertile

body.

The power of my passion almost frightened me as my final thrusts drove her bodily up the table. Penny squealed as her body shook and her climax seemed to hit her at the same time as mine. Her features, already screwed up, grew more contorted still until, her eyes tightly closed, her legs trembled and her body suddenly went limp under mine.

Panting for breath, I slowly started to relax as my climax began to subside. I gradually stood upright, my softening cock still within her as her legs fell wide open either side of me, exhausted. My orgasm fading, I leaned forward over her, my cock slowly beginning to soften.

We stayed locked together for what seemed like an age; my hot, sweating body poised above hers; my hardness softening more quickly now. Sweat dripped from my forehead onto her bare breasts, my shirt wet and sticking to my skin, my tie still - ludicrously - neatly tied around my neck.

Eventually I leaned over and kissed Penny softly on the nipples then on her lips, and ran my fingers through her tousled hair. Very slowly, I began to stand up, gently sliding my cock out of her spent, sore body. As my limp cock slid out of her wide vagina, Penny seemed to grab the table top for balance and as the cool air in the room caught the wetness of her vulva, she shivered.

Slowly, carefully, she pushed herself upright, and then stood facing me, her smart pin striped skirt still in a rumpled ring round her waist, the dark cravat still tied around her throat. I must have looked ridiculous in my sweaty rumpled shirt and neat silk tie, my suit trousers and boxer shorts around my ankles, my cock, red and wet with our combined juices, hanging down below my shirt tails.

Penny leaned against the table and smiled at me, her eyes soft, her pupils dark and enormous in the afterglow of her climax. I held out a hand, taking her fingers in mine and drew her towards me. I held her close for a minute, her head against my chest. I could feel her heart beating fast against my breast and my own heart keeping pace with hers.

The clock in the hallway chimed eight.

"Oh God!" Penny exclaimed. "I've got to be in a meeting in an hour." She laughed. "Just look at me!"

She looked just perfect, I thought, imagining my semen deep within her slender body, at that moment deeply resenting the fact that another man had any claim over her.

"And you're not much better!" She continued. I looked at my trousers bunched around my ankles and couldn't argue. I grinned in sticky embarrassment.

I pulled my boxers and trousers up over my sore cock and Penny led me quickly upstairs.

We showered quickly in separate bathrooms and tried to get ready for work. While Penny dried her hair, I descended to the kitchen and made yet more coffee, waiting for her to join me. When she finally came downstairs, her face was still flushed pink from her orgasm and, in the tantalising 'v' of the new blouse she had chosen, I could see her chest was blotchy and pink.

She took a sip of the strong coffee and grinned.

"I guess neither of us was too overcome with guilt then." She said, her voice warm and friendly.

"I guess not" I agreed, stroking her hand as it rested the table – the table on which we had just made love.

"Are we having an affair?" I replied, as usual thinking myself stupid as the words tumbled out.

"Do you want to have one?" She asked, her eyes bright, mischievous and incredibly sexy.

This time even I realised that words were superfluous. I kissed her on the lips; lightly and lovingly.

I'm ashamed to say the word 'No' never crossed my mind.

And so a magical, one-off encounter grew into a full blooded affair.

For the first week we were like kids with a new toy, meeting and making love almost every day whatever the risk or danger of discovery. Twice more I came to her house in the morning, twice we went to a hotel at lunchtime, once we even made love in the back of her SUV in the dark recesses of a country car park.

We were both distracted at home, and to be brutally honest, rather sore by the following weekend. Fortunately we realised - just in time - that if we continued at this rate it would not be long before we were discovered.

It was difficult, but we agreed to see each other less often. The compensation was that we would be together for longer each time. Penny worked only a half day on Thursdays, usually spending the afternoon grocery shopping and in the gym. I run my own business and, with a little difficulty, could arrange to be 'out of the office' when I needed to be.

It took a shamefully short time for us to come to terms with what had happened and overcome the (considerable) guilt. Neither of us had 'cheated' on our spouses before. We both knew it was wrong – I offer no excuses - but we felt pathetically helpless to resist.

I know it sounds unlikely, but both of us loved our spouses and children dearly. Neither of us wanted to leave our homes or families, but the physical attraction and extraordinary sexual compatibility had brought a new and exciting dimension into both our lives which neither of us wanted to end.

As we grew more used to each other's bodies, so we relaxed more and more and the pleasures of the bed grew more and more delightful over the two years our affair lasted.

But that is a different story.