Andee Learns Just What Stays in Vegas

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Wife's husband sets up the start of her sexual adventure with a trip to Las Vegas

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Andee carefully removed the letter from the envelope. She had just come home from work to find it placed on her pillow, plainly marked *"Just For You."* She knew it was from her husband, as he had departed on his business trip earlier that day. And, as he often did, he had some scheme cooked up to add a little excitement to her life.

This time the plan was for her to travel to meet him at the end of his trip in Las Vegas. He was attending a trade show and managed to get an extra flight. What she hadn’t yet discovered was that the trip would be the beginning of a sexual adventure that would take her life in a very different direction.

Andee was looking forward to the planned weekend away. Her husband traveled a lot for his business, and she often wished she could tag along. Sometimes she wondered just what things happened on these "business trips." But, with two young children and a demanding career of her own, wishes didn't always become reality, and she would have to live vicariously through the tales he would tell on his return.

This time would be different, though. A free ticket to Sin City was waiting for her, and she had decided to make the most of the opportunity. The kids would spend an extended weekend with their grandparents while she would fly off and spend a few days in the sunshine at the hotel pool – or so she thought.

Andee sat on the bed, unfolded the letter and read it to herself. The first part was simple directions for her flight and travel arrangements, times, phone numbers and such. However, it was the last line that really caught her attention

“By the way ... you will not be meeting your husband in Las Vegas. On this trip, you are alone, and what may happen will depend entirely on how much you are willing to let go of your own imagination.”

The idea intrigued her, as well as left her a little unnerved. Andee's husband often chided her for being such a "Mom" and "wife." He would tease her on occasion about remembering she was also a vivacious woman – and a desirable one at that. Although she would scoff at his insistence that many men would love just one night with her, deep down inside, his claims excited her. She wanted to feel that way, but the conventions of being a wife, mother and long days spent working in a conservative environment always seems to win out.

In truth, Andee was a very desirable woman; a stunning 37-year-old brunette, with a killer body she had worked so hard to recover after childbirth. Perhaps her most alluring feature was her gorgeous dark brown eyes and a smile that could make a man crawl on broken glass if she said so. She never seemed to notice the looks she would draw when she would be out shopping, or even from men at work. She had the looks of a model, but the routine of life sometimes left her feeling something a little less than that.

She read over the list of items she was to pack, according to the instructions in the note from her

husband; turning the sheet over to see if there was anything on the back.

"I certainly won't need a big bag," she said quietly to herself. Other than the necessities of toiletries and make-up, there wasn't a lot. Her husband had pretty much lined things up so she would barely resemble the woman she was day-in day-out.

As she thumbed her way through the hangers in the closet, pulling out the specific outfits she was told to bring, she couldn't help think the weather better be nice. Every piece of clothing was a tiny dress, some items she had never been brave enough to wear for anything other than a few "boudoir" type photo sessions she had done with her husband for fun.

In a way, she found the prospect of dressing up this way for a weekend getaway a bit of a turn-on. She only hoped her feet would survive in the shoes she would need to go with the dresses.

Andee laid the outfits on the bed. Her mind was awash with both fear and desire. A few normal items were missing – other than a couple of her sexiest bras; there were no panties on the list. Not a single pair. Part of her was now saying "No way," while a different urge was slowly taking over her thoughts. She couldn't see herself pulling the whole look off ... she wasn't really this kind of wild woman, on the hunt for sexual excitement away from the quiet normalcy of subdivision living. And certainly not one to spend any length of time going "commando."

As she slowly packed her luggage, however, she found her mind and body playing against each other. She began the think of all the possibilities that the weekend away could hold; and began to really wonder if she still had it in her to capture the attention of other men.

She had a few imaginary flashes of Sharon Stone-like situations; sitting pantyless on a bar stool somewhere, casually and intentionally crossing and uncrossing her legs at the right moments; watching the reaction of the men she was momentarily exposing herself to.

Almost unknowingly, Andee began to caress herself; first with her fingers along her cheek, and then down the nape of her neck. Then she slowly unbuttoned her blouse and stripped it off. She ran her hand along the edge of her bra, feeling her nipple harden under the fabric. She closed her eyes and parted her lips slightly, moistening them with her tongue as if she was about to be kissed. Andee allowed her fingers to slip under the cup and across her sensitive nipple. The sensation shot through her body and straight down to between her legs.

Now she was really turned on.

Andee dropped her pants, and slid her now moist panties down her shapely legs and onto the floor.

Reaching behind herself, she unhooked her bra and let it drop beside the twisted ball of her underwear. Now naked, she lay on her bed and began to caress herself once again. As her right hand found its way to her moist pussy, Andee tweaked and gently massaged her nipples and breast with her left. Her fingers were working even harder now, rubbing and stroking her swelling clitoris as she grew wetter between her legs.

Her mind began to wander to some of her personal fantasies; ideas came flooding into her mind about the weekend ahead, the meaning behind her husband's note and the erotic thought of meeting a stranger in a casino bar. She envisioned the excitement of going with this man to a room and letting him explore her body.

As she continued to play with herself, Andee reached into her nightstand and pulled out her favourite sex toy. She needed to feel something inside her, something that would help bring the fantasy of this stranger penetrating her pussy to climax. In her mind she was now on her back in this imaginary Las Vegas hotel room with a nameless stranger kissing her body, sucking on her nipples, feeling the moist passion between her legs.

She fantasized she was completely at this man's will and pretended her fingers were his. As she played with herself, she dreamed about feeling his tongue on her, and then along her labia, and slowly working its way into her pussy. She wet her mouth, getting turned on at the thought of kissing the stranger after his oral pleasure and tasting herself on his lips and tongue. Her own tongue was then darting in and out of her mouth, as if seeking a taste of reality in this fantasy.

With her toy in her left hand, Andee began to rub the pink tip of the vibrating cock along her pussy lips, imagining the stranger was preparing to slide his swollen cock into her. She could see in her mind the erection of the stranger, circumcised with the large head glistening from sliding along her moist and swollen pussy lips. As the end of her toy became more and more wet, she began to slip it in deeper and deeper, letting her mind run with the image of his massive hard-on disappear into her.

Andee's right hand continued to caress and massage her clit in a circular motion, while her dildo inched its way into her now-dripping cunt. The vibrations from the toy really set her hormones on fire. She slowly began to arch herself against the toy with each inward thrust. It felt so good to have this toy cock inside her, but it also made her long for the real thing.

Her mind was alive with the idea of feeling this stranger fucking her. She wondered how it would feel to have a new cock working her, someone different ... how would it feel, or how they might approach the moment, kiss, all those things that she and her husband had done for the past seventeen years together. She fantasized about running her hands up and down his muscular arms, across a broad chest, pulling on strong shoulders so she could feel him on top of her. She thought about how she

liked it when a guy would be on top and she could put her hands on his ass cheeks and help force him deeper with each thrust.

As Andee continued to let her mind wander, she felt her orgasm building. Her fingers began to swirl faster, and she pumped her fake cock deeper and deeper. Within a few more strokes she felt her climax rising ... her breathing faster ... her moaning louder ... until it was there! Andee let out a long, deep gasp as her entire body tingled and twitched through her intense orgasm.

"Oh god," she said out loud, as she gently slid the still vibrating toy from her soaking pussy. Her juices slowly ran from her cunt, down between her ass cheeks, as she lay still for a few minutes.

"Damn, I need a good fuck," she finally said, as she sat up and saw the wet spot she left on the bed sheets.

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Upon landing at McCarran airport, Andee followed the arrival instructions carefully. She hadn't been to Vegas before, but found it was pretty easy to get to where she needed to be. A short cab ride to the hotel and in no time she was slipping the key card into the door for her room. As she opened the door and entered, she noticed it was relatively typical for a hotel. A large king-sized bed took up most of the space, along with the usual television/dresser combo.

Andee put her suitcase on the stand in the closet and made the routine check of the bathroom and view out the window. She wondered if her husband had even checked in himself, until she noticed his case discreetly tucked away beside the desk. She noticed another plain envelope on the pillows of the bed, and picked it up. It was also marked *"Just For You"* like the one back home, except this one was a little heavier.

Sitting on the chair beside the large bay window overlooking the Vegas strip, Andee opened the flap on the envelope. As she did, a plastic card dropped into her lap. It was a hotel "smart" card, she learned as she began to read the note:

"This card will provide you with everything you need on arrival. Use it at the hotel instead of cash, as all expenses have already been looked after."

Andee heard a knock on the door, just as she began to read more of what was written. She went to see whom it was, perhaps thinking her husband may be checking to see if she had arrived. Looking through the keyhole, Andee saw that it was a hotel staff member, and she opened the door.

"This is for you, ma'am," the smartly dressed young man said, handing her a garment bag from the hotel.

"Are you sure? I just arrived and haven't left anything to be delivered," she politely replied.

"I know, but a gentleman left me very clear directions to deliver this to this room once you had checked in."

She thanked the young man, and found it a bit odd that he refused her tip, saying that he was not allowed to accept anything from her during her stay. She closed the door and walked back to the bed where she lay the bag down and unzipped it. Inside was a sensational dress, one of the sexiest Andee had seen. A matching pair of shoes was also tucked inside, along with a note and another small package.

"Everything you need for this evening is found in this delivery. Other than your hotel card, you are not allowed to bring any other items tonight. That includes your wedding rings. See you at 8:00 p.m."

Andee flipped the card over, looking to see if there was anything else that might explain the strange delivery. The writing was not in a hand she recognized. She was intrigued, yet somehow felt very comfortable with the events that had been unfolding since the day her husband left on this business trip. She knew whatever was in the works, he wouldn't put her in harm's way.

Opening the small package, Andee gasped as a gorgeous necklace and earrings were found inside ... and then another small chain she figured was an anklet.

She went back to reading the first letter she had uncovered, mildly amused that the whole adventure was turning into something like a scavenger hunt. The note explained that she was to get ready for an evening of excitement and passion, with instructions of where she needed to be and when. Looking at the clock on the nightstand, Andee saw that she had some time to catch a nap and then get to work on getting ready for her first night in Las Vegas.

Upon waking from her nap, Andee had a shower and wrapped herself in a towel. She took the dress out from the garment bag for a closer inspection. It was a very sexy red number, and would definitely be tight-fitting. Andee's stomach jumped a little at the thought of having to put it on – especially since the weekend rules meant no panties. If she even twisted the wrong way in this thing, everyone would surely catch a glimpse of everything she had to offer, Andee thought.

After drying her hair and applying make-up, Andee stood naked before the mirror. Talking to herself, she tried to find the right words to build up the nerve to slip into her outfit and leave her hotel room.

The dress was tight, but Andee did kind of like the way it felt on her, and how the cut seemed almost perfect to make her assets look their best. She slipped the matching shoes on, and took a few steps around the room to ensure she wouldn't fall flat on her face. Fortunately, they were tasteful heels and not quite the "stripper" shoes she thought her husband might go for.

Finally, she put on the jewelry, grabbed her card, and took a deep breath. Looking at herself again in the full-length mirror, Andee could barely see any resemblance of the mother and wife that she left behind in Toronto. It would be pretty obvious to just about anyone who wanted to look that she wasn't wearing anything underneath the tiny slip of red fabric. Although, even she had to admit, with the way the dress was hanging and the shoes she had on, her legs looked amazing. And, no doubt, they would probably get a lot of looks anyway, since almost every inch was on display. Andee had never worn anything like this in public. The butterflies in her stomach returned, and she had to almost force herself out of her room and into the hotel hallway.

Emerging from the elevator on the ground floor, Andee was very self-conscious about the looks she was getting. In her mind, she imagined the other guests must think she was a "working girl." In reality, she was one of the most beautiful sites to behold. Men smiled at her as she walked past, and into the casino area. The floor was alive with people playing the slots and table games. As she slowly made her way to the casino bar, she could hear the occasional comment from some of the guys ... all of which were along the lines of "Wow!" and "Oh man, take a look at her."

She wasn't used to the attention, and could feel herself blushing a little. But she also was enjoying the feeling, and soon the butterflies had completely vanished. She was beginning to relish the new self-confidence she was experiencing at the moment. It had been a long time – almost too long – since she felt like a sexual being and not just a "Mom."

"Hello, Andee," the bartender said as he put a margarita down in front of her.

Andee was a bit taken aback, as she had never been in the bar before, and she had only just managed to get her butt onto the barstool without losing her dignity.

"Thank-you, but how did you ..."

"I know all about you ... and don't worry. I’m Rick, and I’m here to look after anything you need tonight," he said to her, waving his hand as she offered her hotel card. "Oh, and I do mean anything."

She figured her husband must have set this whole thing up. She smiled at Rick and turned around in her stool to face the rest of the bar. She scanned the room to see if she could see him anywhere, figuring he must be close enough to be watching all of this. It would be just like him to be sitting in

some corner somewhere watching the whole moment unfold.

As she scanned the lounge area, she caught a few of the men staring at her. It was a little peculiar, as she was flattered and on edge at the same time. Andee was definitely pushing the limits of her comfort zone and was starting to feel the butterflies in her stomach again. Although she was enjoying this game, she was also hoping her husband was going to emerge from the shadows soon and they could begin their weekend of fun together.

"I guess it would be a little too cliché to ask if you come here often," a voice asked from beside her.

Andee was a bit startled at the sudden realization that the voice was actually speaking to her. She turned to see a nice-looking man, whom she figured was in his mid-thirties, leaning in beside her barstool.

"Uh ... no, actually ... first time," she offered back in a bit of an awkward manner, but not wanting to be impolite. "I'm just waiting for someone."

Andee knew it sounded kind of lame. It wasn't the best brush off that she could offer, but she felt very much out of her element among the crowd in the casino bar. She was thousands of miles from home, living out a little fantasy and the other player in the equation was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, I see," the handsome stranger said in return. "Well, would you mind if I sat down and just chatted with you while you wait? I really hate to see such a beautiful woman sitting alone. Not to mention, I would love to shake the hand of the man who is privileged enough to meet you here."

Andee was amused by his quick reply, thinking all along of how much of a pick-up line the guy was trying to put on her. But she sensed if she didn't find someone to occupy her waiting time with, the lounge sharks would soon begin to circle ... and that made her even more uneasy than the idea of talking to this stranger. Besides, she thought as she looked into his eyes, he was kind of handsome.

"Sure, but I really am waiting for someone," she said a little more matter-of-factly.

He smiled and nodded. “Of course,” he said, sliding into the empty stool beside her.

The stranger introduced himself as Marcus. He made small talk with Andee, explaining he was in Las Vegas for a convention. Andee learned that he was also married – although that was something she had not divulged about herself – and was from a fairly normal life somewhere in Everyday, USA.

They talked for a while and Andee slowly became more comfortable with Marcus. She had

completely lost track of how much time had passed as they laughed and shared stories about themselves. And while she was loosening up a little, she was also careful to keep any important personal information to herself. Figuring she was here for fun, she made up little things about herself to tell Marcus.

When he asked her what she did for a living, Andee fibbed a little – well, actually a lot – and said she was a sales rep for a line of lingerie and adult marital aids. Her trip to Las Vegas was to investigate some new travel-friendly trends. They laughed for a bit as she told him about some of the "sales meetings" she had been too and some of the best sellers in her own product line. It was a pretty easy ruse for Andee, as her life back at home involved more than a few secrets around lingerie and sex toys.

"So, what do you do?" she finally asked Marcus, trying to turn the conversation back towards something hopefully a little more truthful and not as sexually-charged.

"Funny you should ask," he replied. "Not a word of a lie, I sell all the little things they put in bathroom vending machines. You know, the disposable tooth brushes, cheap cologne samples, feminine items ... condoms ... all that fun stuff."

Andee must have really gotten a strange look on her face at that last mention ... and she couldn't be sure if things were getting too close to the edge, when Marcus leaned in very close to her and asked what kind of condom she liked best.

She wasn't sure if it was Rick's margaritas or that she was finally in the mood to carry the moment to the limits, but when she heard herself answer Marcus, she was surprised at how easily the words came. Pausing a moment to look her new friend directly in the eye, then leaning ever so slightly to put her mouth almost right beside Marcus's ear.

"To be honest ... Marcus ... I like any type of condom, as long as it's wrapped around a nice ... hard ... cock," she said in a very low and sexy voice. Her heart raced as the words escaped her lips; it was not the kind of way she would have talked back at home.

"I have no doubt that a lady like you would ever see anything but," Marcus replied with a devious little wink.

At what seemed to be the almost perfect moment, Rick stepped up in front of the flirtatious couple, and slid Andee another drink. But this time, just under the edge of the glass was a small piece of paper, folded. Rick tapped the coaster and gave her a little look that indicated she needed to read what was written. Knowingly, the bartender engaged Marcus in some small talk about the casino

while she casually read the note.

"Something wrong?" Marcus asked her when he turned back to face her.

"Hmm ... Seems like the person I was supposed to meet here tonight will be a little delayed," she replied. Not that she was disappointed; she had been enjoying Marcus's company and the flirtation had reached a very intriguing level.

Andee asked Rick if he knew what time it was. As it turned out, she had been waiting and chatting with her Midwestern condom salesman for well over an hour, and Rick's drinks were beginning to go to her head. She asked the bartender if there was somewhere convenient to get something to eat. Rick answered that if she wanted to move to a table, he would arrange for some food to be brought out to her.

Following the accommodating bartender, Andee and Marcus ushered over to a quiet table for two in a less exposed area of the lounge. The atmosphere was a lot more funky than the main bar area, and less noise from the casino floor. Andee soon discovered another small glitch in the scheme though: the chairs were set low, making it difficult for her to sit without flashing half of the room. But by now, her inhibitions were fading fast and she smiled when she caught Marcus trying to catch a peek up the hem of her dress as she dropped into the chair.

"Enjoy that?" she asked with a little grin on her face.

"You're a very lovely woman, Andee ... I would love to enjoy 'that' ... and more," Marcus replied a little more matter-of-factly. His boldness shocked her just a bit, and sent a slight warm tingle through her body at the notion he was interested in such a way. It was the kind of validation she had been looking for at this point in her life.

Their conversation continued along that line as Andee snacked on the dishes that arrived at the table. As they chatted, drank and ate, she became much more relaxed and flirtatious. They shared some of their past sexual adventures, mishaps, and in her case some sadness in how time had gotten away and the excitement of being a woman – being a sexual partner in a relationship that wasn't always about being a parent – had seemingly dried up.

"That is a big part of what this weekend was supposed to be about," she said before sipping from her drink. "The person I was waiting for is my husband, who I was hoping to have the chance to reconnect with on an adult level … but work is in the way tonight, it seems."

Andee had hardly noticed that as they spoke, Marcus would shuffle and adjust his chair just slightly

ever few minutes. After Rick dropped off what must have been the fourth margarita, she purposefully watched Marcus's eyes as she reached for her glass. It dawned on her that as she would lean forward, her dinner guest would be able to sneak a glance into the top of her dress, and probably see right to her nipples. And when she would lean back, the hem would ride high on her thigh.

Feeling a little more playful now, Andee uncrossed her legs, knowing that when she would lean back, Marcus – and anyone else sitting in the right spot – would likely be able to tell that she had a nice clean Brazilian wax.

Andee parted her thighs just enough to allow Marcus a peek all the way up. She watched his eyes fixed on her legs, and it turned her on to know she was teasing the hell out of this guy. Keeping her legs just slightly parted, Andee pretended to pull down on the hem of her dress, knowing that in reality it would never cover things. She kept her hands on her thighs, and let her fingers gently stroke the insides of them.

She smiled a very sexy smile at Marcus as he licked his lips and then found himself locked eye to eye with her

"Caught you looking," she said in a very vixen-like way.

"Yeah, you did," he said, shifting in his seat. "I can't believe that your husband has left you waiting for this long. Pardon me for saying, but I wouldn't leave you alone for a second after seeing just how sexy you are; especially in a place like Las Vegas."

Andee smiled back at Marcus and eased into her chair. As she sipped on the last of her drink, she held her eyes on him and allowed her legs to part a little more. She thought to herself how turned on this new game was making her, and how much she was enjoying the obvious reaction she was producing in her new friend’s pants. For a moment, she wondered if it was obvious that she was horny.

"My, oh my," he whispered under his breath at the now fully exposed look he was getting from her. "If I was a braver man, I'd suggest we find our way to somewhere a lot more private."

"Isn’t this the place where what happens here stays here? So, what do you have in mind, Marcus?" Andee purred back. She leaned forward in her seat before she continued, "Don't tell me that you have a few product samples handy?"

She was almost giddy with how the moment was progressing, but tried very hard to appear calm and in control. The more she carried on with her new friend, the more she was also surprised with how

forward a few drinks had made her.

“More than you can imagine,” he shot back with a wink.

When Marcus met her question head on, Andee flashed a naughty half smile. “How does one decide which kind of samples go in one of those little machines? I wouldn’t think that items such as ... condoms ... would be a one-size fits all product. At least not from personal experience.”

Andee adjusted herself in her chair, gently stroking his calf with the toe of her shoe as she crossed her legs back together. Marcus let out a little sigh as she did. His incredible view up her dress was no longer there.

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So, as she found herself alone in the hotel elevator with this handsome stranger, Andee found it was quiet easy to engage in a deep kiss with Marcus as they rode up towards his floor.

He had pressed her against the wall of the elevator and with one hand on the back of her head, held her in a perfect kissing position ... and also left his other hand free to explore her body. Marcus stroked her breasts gently through her dress as he moved his hand down towards her waist. Andee was so turned on by the aggressive nature of this stranger that she hardly gave it a second thought as he slid his hand under the hem of his dress and fondled her moist pussy.

By the time the elevator came to a stop, Andee was completely turned on from the kissing and fingering Marcus gave her and anxious to take the encounter to a much more naked level. Like a couple of horny teenagers, they quickly made their way down the hall and into his hotel room. Almost as soon as the door shut behind them, they were on the bed making out.

Andee found Marcus was a bit of a rough kisser, but after the several drinks she consumed while they were flirting in the lounge, it was easily forgivable because she was in the mood for something hotter and wanting a lot more than just a little lip-lock.

As he there lay kissing her, his free hand quickly found its way between her legs. Andee spread herself wider to allow him total access to her pussy. She moaned and arched herself against his palm as his long middle finger slid from teasing her clit to inside her. Marcus continued to work his finger in and out of Andee's moist hole as he kissed his way down her neck and to her breasts. He gently nipped at her swollen nipples through the fabric of her dress, making them grow hard. Andee could barely stand the teasing a he added a second finger to the action between her legs, and pulled the plunging neck of her dress aside so she could feel her lover's mouth directly on her flesh.

After a few more minutes of this steamy foreplay, Andee broke off the kissing.

"Where are those samples," she whispered between moans.

Marcus got up off the bed and went to a large black case on his desk while Andee pulled off her dress. She rested on her elbows, wearing nothing more than her jewelry and high heels, not being too bothered to take the time to remove them. Marcus quickly stripped off his clothes and Andee finally got a good look at the stranger who had made her so wet and willing to cast aside her marriage vows for a few hours.

His cock was hard and pointing at her as he stood at the foot of the bed. He was nicely built below the waist. Andee figured he must be close to 7-inches long and thick. She was practically drooling as she watched him roll a condom down his shaft. She always loved watching guys handle themselves when they were turned on ... even more so when she knew she was responsible for their hard-on. In no time, Marcus was kneeling between her legs, and she felt him rubbing the head of his cock along her sensitive pussy lips. Andee raised her knees and spread herself just a little more. She lifted her butt off the bed slightly, inviting Marcus to enter her.

It was driving her wild, feeling the head of his cock just on the outer edge of her pussy. She desperately wanted to feel him inside her. She had longed for a good hard fuck and to her this guy was taking a little too long. She reached down with her hand and wrapped it around his condom-covered dick and started to direct him into her moist hole. It felt so good, sliding in deeper and deeper. It made her feel full, with his thickness and length. Andee loved the sensation of having a man enter her for the first time.

Marcus gently pushed himself all the way in, as Andee arched her hips against the penetration, tilting her head back and letting out a long moaning "oh god ..." She could feel his heavy balls against her ass, at first just gently tapping her as he began to pump in and out, then faster and harder as Marcus's cock filled her completely.

“Mmmm … that feels amazing,” she moaned from underneath him.

Like her fantasy, Andee caressed the strong arms of the stranger who was now buried deep inside her pussy. She put one hand on the nape of his neck and began to match his rocking motion, feeling the incredible sensations as the head of his cock would find its way to the end of her vagina.

Together they fucked like this, moaning, thrusting, and kissing. Andee was blown away by the stamina of this stud on top of her, and it made her want more. His cock was so hard, and it made her

mind run wild.

"I want doggy," she muttered between the deep thrusts that caused her to let out an uncontrollable little "uhn" each time Marcus pushed his steel-hard rod into her.

Quickly, he stopped, rolled Andee over and positioned himself as she got on all fours. Her ass was glistening from the moisture her pussy had let dribble down.

"Cute tattoo," he said, rubbing his hand over the Playboy bunny she had on her right butt cheek. "Kind of appropriate since it seems like you enjoy fucking like a rabbit."

Andee giggled a little and pushed her butt up a bit more, inviting him to find his way back into her.

Marcus slid his cock back into her and she thought for a second he might come right out her mouth. She hadn't felt this penetrated by a man before; he was so hard and big. The head of his huge cock rubbed against her g-spot, sending a little 'jolt' of excitement through her body. As he began to fuck her again, her mind was going wild with desire and satisfaction.

Just when she thought she had reached the point of ecstasy, Andee felt Marcus lightly playing with her asshole. She loved how her husband would fondle her from behind when they did doggy-style at home. Marcus must have sensed how much she enjoyed it – probably from the constant moaning – so when his thumb slid into her asshole, Andee let out a loud "oh fuck, yes ..." She felt even tighter now, with him finger-fucking her ass and still grinding away at her pussy. With each inward slide she would arch back against his pubic bone, forcing his cock in as deep as it could go.

Andee reached between her legs and began to rub her clit as Marcus continued to drive her hard. She felt his balls slapping against her hand as she played with herself. She loved how it felt, and how much this man was stretching her cunt. Andee's fingers moved faster, running along the side of her little love button, massaging that spot she knew would bring out an orgasm. The utter pleasure of being taken from behind by this massive dick soon started down the road to what she wanted.

She could feel her clit begin to swell, as blood rushed to it in preparation for the release Andee desperately wanted now. She knew Marcus could sense she was close to cumming because her grabbed her by the hips and started to fuck her harder and harder. She thought for sure he would split her open with his large member. Harder and faster she bucked against Marcus's cock as she worked her magic with her own hand.

"Oh yes ... yes .... yes ..... *fuckyes*!!!" Andee started to groan loudly as her climax began.

Her body shuddered and every muscle in her pussy twitched as her orgasm rocked through her. Her moaning had set off her sex partner, as his cock got unbelievably harder. Andee could feel Marcus was also close to cumming, and reached back to caress his balls. She squeezed her pussy muscles as tight as she could, still throbbing from her own orgasm. Her husband had always said there was nothing like fucking a "just-cummed pussy," and now she was beginning to think there was something to it.

Marcus felt so big and solid inside her. She could feel him as he started to swell to the point of shooting his load. Marcus started grunting, grabbing her hips hard and then with one final huge thrust, rammed his cock as deep into her as he could. Andee could feel every throb as Marcus came. She continued to massage his balls as they jumped up and down in her hand as they emptied his sperm.

Marcus slowly withdrew his still twitching cock from her pussy and crashed onto the bed beside her. She moved to lay her head on his chest and continued to play with his balls as his dick began to relax back to a semi-flaccid state. Slowly it came back to her mind - as it cleared from the sexual heaven it had drifted to - that she had just been thoroughly fucked by someone she had just met in a bar.

She lay beside Marcus for a few minutes, until the all-too familiar deep breathing of a man after sex began.

Andee slid off the bed quietly, and found her dress on the floor. Quickly, she slipped it back on, and snuck into the bathroom to rearrange herself the best she could and clean up what she could from between her legs. The one good thing about condom sex was no male cum dripping down her thighs, but her pussy was swollen and still quiet sensitive from all the action.

She gave one final quick glance to the guy that had just rocked her into understanding why Las Vegas is called Sin City, and quietly snuck out of his room.

In the ride down in the elevator, she was joined by a few other hotel guests and wondered if they could tell by her flushed face that she had just been naughty. She asked one for the time, and was shocked to learn it was now approaching midnight. She was supposed to meet her husband an hour ago in the bar, according to the note Rick had slipped to her with the drink.

She quickly made her way back to the row of bar stools and sat down in one.

"Nice to see you made it back," a familiar voice said.

Andee turned to her left to see her husband now sitting in the stool beside her. Her stomach jumped. She wasn't sure how to react, still wondering how much he knew, or saw, of what had taken place.

"I do hope you're not going to stick with that tired cliché of 'What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas'," he said before she could say anything, leaning in very close to her. Andee felt his hand high on her thigh, and before she could stop him, his finger sliding across her soaking pussy. She knew he would feel that she had just had sex ... a lot of sex.

"Because I want to hear every tiny little detail," he whispered in her ear as his finger slid into her.

Andee grinned that little grin she always had when she was feeling turned on and naughty. For a moment she wondered if her throbbing pussy could take anymore, and then decided it definitely could ... and would as she slid off the bar stool and took her husband's hand.

"Rick," she said, turning the bartender. "Save my seat. I'll be back for more before last call.

xxxxx

This is also one of my first stories that I wrote a few years ago. I hope you enjoy it as much as you have the others. Andee xoxo