Her First Affair III

By irishmik60

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Mrty's affair with me continues

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irishmik60

It seems I turned Marty into a woman that demanded sexual freedom. For so long she'd been deprived of good sex. Her husband didn't seen to give a damn about her needs, only his. He'd come home from work, lock himself in his den and watch porn. Never once did he ask if she'd like to watch as well: or even play while viewing. When he wanted sex, he didn't give a damn if she was ready. He'd simply fuck her with no foreplay, no preparation. Just in, get done, and roll over. Marty would either be sore from being taken in such a way with no lubrication, or just getting turned on when he'd end and roll over. That is why Marty was so hungry for good sex when we met.

We'd had two meetings so far and both times Marty acted like a woman possessed. On our 2nd date, she'd had oral sex performed on her for the first time in her life. Eighteen years married, twenty two in total with her husband, he'd never once considered eating her, telling her that was dirty. She was never to suck his cock either, to her husband that was dirty as well. But, he'd sit and watch porn where men and women performed orally all the time. So, that first orgasm she got while being orally pleased made her faint. I was pleased to have been the one to bring her there.

Marty told me the day before we were to meet a third time she wanted me to come by her house and get her. Her husband was out of town on a business trip and the house would be free of her boys as they'd both be at school. I threw all caution to the wind, being so starved for her passion. I arrived and she let me in. I told her I'd parked a couple blocks away as not to look bad to the neighbors. She told me she needed to shower and asked if I'd care to join her. How could I refuse? Here she was, a great looking woman in her late 30's. 5' 8", slender, with b cup breasts that stood proudly on her chest. Her nipples were already hard in anticipation of my arrival, poking into the thin fabric of her robe.

Looking down I saw a flash of her sparse pussy fur peeing from under her short robe. As she turned I

had a glimpse of her round ass as she walked from me. I followed her upstairs to the master bedroom. There, she turned, faced me, pulled my face to hers and gave me a deep lingering kiss. As her tongue was entwined with mine, her hands went to my belt, unfastened it, open my jeans, and pulled my zipper down. My cock already half hard from seeing her partially exposed body sprang forth. Her hands went directly to it. As she stroked my cock, I loosened the belt on her robe, allowing it to fall open, then pulled her naked torso to me. Even with my shirt still on, I could feel those hardened nipples poking into me.

Marty broke our kiss, removed her robe and naked, turned to enter the bathroom. It took me but moments to strip nude and join her. As I arrived in the bathroom the shower started. A large tiled shower stall, it was easy for the two of us to stand in the shower. Marty turned facing my and kissed me again. Her breasts now firm against my naked chest. My now completely hard cock laying against her belly, pressed between us. Pushing so hard against me, I had to lean against the far wall to keep from falling over. Her right hand behind my neck pulling my face to hers. Her left hand cupping my balls and stiff shaft. My hands were occupied with her ass and tits.

As we broke our kiss, Marty turned and took the soap in her hands. She lathered the washcloth and began to soap her body. I took the cloth from her hands and washed her for her. First down her front, hearing her moan as I washed across each breast, lingering at those hardened dark nips. A small gasp escaped her lips as I rinsed them and replaced the cloth with my mouth and tongue: devouring them. Like an infant feeding, I couldn't get enough of her breasts. As I suckled them, my hands drew down her body, over her belly, down to her pubes and pussy. It was more than water dripping from her snatch. Her pussy lips were already distended and reacted to my touch. When my hand dropped the washcloth and rubbed those swollen lips, she grasped my cock harder than ever. Fingers running from my thick shaft to my overheated smooth head. My hand on her pussy went around her hip, slid over her ass, and let my fingers come to rest on her asshole. Her pants and moans never stopped.

"I can't wait any longer!", she said as she took hold of my cock and led me from the shower.

We didn't even bother to dry off, falling soaked on her bed. Her and her husbands bed. Marty scooted up on the king sized bed and pushed my face towards her crotch. I guess she must've liked her pussy being eaten the week before. Not to disappoint her, I buried my face deep in her cunt, stabbing my tongue deep in her hole. From the foreplay and heat in the shower, this sent Marty over the edge to her first orgasm of the day. All she could do was thrash her head back and forth, groaning and moaning for me not to stop. Her hands on the back of my head, I wasn't even thinking of stopping. Drinking in her juice from her orgasm, I drew my tongue up and through her lips, pausing to take each labia into my mouth and caress them with my lips and tongue. Marty's hips were convulsing with mini orgasms hitting her non stop. I hadn't even arrived at her clit yet.

I took my hands from the back of her thighs, brought them up along her sides, over her hips, coming to rest on her tits. As my fingers arrived at those sensitive nipples, my tongue finally found her clit. Again, her thighs convulsed as another orgasm struck her. Stronger than the others, and continuing non stop as I sucked her clit into my mouth and lathered it with loving care. Small animal moans kept coming from her lips. Now, not just her thighs and hips, but her entire body was shaking.

I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled myself up along her body, my cock sliding up the sheets, between her legs, up through her thighs, until the head came in touch with her gaping pussy. As if in a trance Marty reached down, took hold of my shaft and aimed it directly at her opening. I teased her sticking just the head in at first, and holding still. As she thrust her hips up, I pulled back, not allowing my cock to fall out, but not allowing it to go any deeper. "God Damn it! Fuck me! Fuck me now!", she screamed.

I so wanted to just slam into her, but I thought differently. Ever so slowly I allowed inch after inch of my cock to slide in. The feeling of her tight, wet channel making this tease difficult to accomplish. I could feel her cunt walls gripping me, shivering around my shaft. Her wet thick cunt lips massaging me cock as I slid ever so slowly in. Finally, I could feel the head of my cock against the back of her pussy, nudged against the opening of her cervix. Now, just as I'd slowly entered her, I slowly withdrew.

Once just the crown of my shaft was at her opening, I paused but a moment then drove myself deep again. A gasp of air escaped Marty as she wrapped her legs around me, grinding her crotch into me. Now I started driving into her and withdrawing in a steady pace. Not fast, not slow, just a nice rhythm. As snug as Marty was, our mingled juices kept us well lubricated. Her pussy walls milking the life from me. I didn't want this to end, but at the same time I wasn't in control. Marty seemed to relish the feel of my cock deep within her. Our eyes locked on each other, I could see the pleading look. The need for both of us to cum.

As I began to speed up, my own orgasm taking over my body, I felt Marty thrust upwards with each stroke. Our pubic areas slammed together again and again. Pounding, as if to pull our mutual orgasms from our bodies. My hands went from Marty's side to her ass, clenching a cheek in each hand. y balls slapping her ass with each thrust. A grunt escaping her lips each time my cock bottomed out. The it hit! My thighs tightened, my balls pulled themselves up, and my come blasted Marty's insides. At the same moment her orgasm hit her. Her pussy spasming, milking my sperm from me. I pulled her against me and rolled us to our sides, refusing to let go or allow my cock to fall out. Jerking spasms shook me our mingled juices leaking out from around my cock, staining her bed.

After we rested for what seemed like hours, but was probably minutes, my cock slipped from her. We slowly arose from the bed and returned to the shower to wash off. This time we took but a short time

to get dressed. Marty got in her car and drove me to mine. We choose a spot where we could park her car so she could easily return on her own and her boys wouldn't know anything. This was but a start to our day. It was only going to get better.