Military Hospitality

By armywife30

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My husband and I were stationed in Italy. He was in the Army and we lived in military housing on the fourth and top floor. There were two apartments on each floor. A new couple had just moved in and after hubby left for work I went down one flight to welcome my new neighbor. Military communities, especially overseas, are very close. Everyone helps one another.

I knocked on the door around mid-morning and wondered what she would be like. To my surprise, an extremely well built and nice looking black guy in gray sweat pants answered the door. I could not help but stare at his smooth bare chest and thick neck.

It must have taken me a moment or two to recover, but finally introduced myself. I told him we lived upstairs and that I had come down to say hello. Then I asked if his wife was home. I was barely able to maintain eye contact, glancing down at his small waist. I could not help but imagine him on top of me.

I am sure he knew what I was thinking. He smiled broadly and told me that his wife was the one in the Army, already gone to work, and that he had not gotten a job yet. While he talked, I saw that he was taking inventory of me too.

I have red hair, light freckled skin, small breasts with large nipples, and kind of wide hips.

Suddenly I felt self-conscious. I wish I had dressed a little nicer. He continued to smile and I guess I was smiling back.

I told him that if he needed anything, just let me know.

He told me in his unpacking of crates he had not found the box with the kitchen appliances yet and he could really use a cup of coffee if I had some.

I told him that I would be happy to put a pot on and that it would be ready in fifteen minutes. He thanked me and said he would be up shortly.

When I got back into my apartment and closed the door, I had to lean against it to get my breath. God, I would like to have some of him.

I threw the coffee on and went to the bedroom to change. I put on one of my husband's shirts, fastened a couple of the center buttons, then tied the two ends together at my bellybutton. I did not want to over do it, so I didn't change my jeans. I knew that if I moved just right and bent slightly, he could get a view if he wanted.

Soon there was a knock at the door. I opened it and was disappointed to see that he had put a t-shirt on.

"Oh, you put a shirt on." I said.

"I didn't want to make you feel uncomfortable." He answered.

I pointed to the couch for him to have a seat and said, "Nonsense, it would have been alright. You looked comfortable and, well, natural."

He sat and I went for the coffee.

I came back with two filled mugs in one hand, powdered creamer and sugar dispensers in the other. He had taken the shirt off and was sitting in the middle of the couch.

"That's better." I said. I leaned over and put everything on the coffee table in front of him. I took my time and gave him the opportunity to look at me. Although I did not look at him while I was bent over, I could sense him adjusting his position to see as much of my breasts as he could.

I felt flushed, but could not help it.

"Sugar?" I asked.

"Yes."

I put two spoons of sugar in my cup, then two into his. He leaned forward as I was doing this and picked up the creamer. He face was close enough to look straight down my shirt. I knew he could see even my nipples because I was watching his penis grow under his sweat pants. He looked to be large.

"You want some cream?" He asked.

“Yes, please. I want cream.”

The air was very heavy. I could feel my tits rise and fall as I tried to breath. My nipples were hardening and could be seen pushing against the cotton shirt. His cock was hard.

He had taken off his shirt and I guessed he would consider that the first move. So the next move would have to be mine.

He had sat in the middle of the couch, so whichever side I chose, I would still be very close to him. Another good move on his part. So I knew it was decision time. I felt wet and knew that my pussy had already made the same decision his dick had. We were going to fuck. I was going to submit to this black man that I had met less than twenty minutes ago.

I sat down, awkwardly commented on his muscled chest then lightly brushed my hand over it. I did not lift my hand, but slid it toward his stomach. I said something stupid about his stomach, but was not sure what I was babbling because he put his hand on my thigh and gave a tentative squeeze.

I slid my hand under the sweat pants, found no underwear in the way, and curled my fingers around it. It was much larger than my husbands. He brought his free hand around, into my shirt and cupped my tits. Two minutes later his both his sweats and my shirt were off. Within another two minutes, my jeans and panties were on the floor.

Almost exactly twenty-five minutes after meeting this guy, I was naked on the couch, flat on my back, one leg over the back of the sofa and the other up in the air, being mounted by the largest cock I had ever touched or even seen.

It was wonderful. I gave myself to him completely. We kissed deeply as his cock stretched and distended me. My ass and thighs quivered almost immediately with an orgasm. I cum very noisily. Then I had another.

He plunged deeper and I stretched more.

When he emptied himself inside me, I felt like a complete woman. I was satisfied but knew I was going to want more of him very soon.

Until he found a job a few weeks later, he got his sugar and I got my cream every morning. Sometimes he would cum by for an afternoon session too.

My husband figured it out, but strangely, never made it an issue. Because I was so loose, I had to go down on him to get him off. He likes my sucking him. He likes the fact that I swallowed his sperm, then lick his balls afterwards.

Once, both my husband and my lover’s wife had to go to the field for five days. I spent two nights in his bed and he spent two nights in mine.

I don’t know how much longer this can go on. My husband has started hinting that he wants to watch me. My lover talks about bringing a friend over to join in. And on top of everything else, the woman on my floor across the hall has implied that she knows what I am doing.

I guess, I’ll just continue to enjoy myself and try to make everyone happy.