Never growing tired of her

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Her smell and taste now belonged to me

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This true story is about my ongoing love affair my own wife. By way of explanation, we spend long periods apart for professional reasons, and always have done since we were married. To add to the everlasting novelty of our love making, I have never seen her naked in full light or undress in that indifferent way that married couples do in front of one another once the honeymoon is over. Similarly, she has always allocated me personal privacy. We never discussed the matter. It just happened that way and we're both very happy with it.

For the purpose of this true story I'll call her Sandra to protect her true identity. Her real name has a similar ring. In spite of our mutual privacy pact, giving her oral sex means a I have a pretty good idea of her intimate topology. Her vaginal and clitoral shapes are elegant; her outer and inner lips are pronounced, but not flappy. Sandra is unshaven, and I wouldn't want her any other way. Her breasts are what I would call medium size and hang very slightly. Her nipples are small but highly excitable without being over-sensitive. In a nutshell, she's perfect for sex.

As for me, I'm definitely in the lower order when it comes to penis size. I prefer giving oral sex anyway. Sometimes I orgasm during this lovemaking without touching myself or being touched. Sandra delights in my giving her oral sex. If I can last long long enough before ejaculating, she will take me in her vagina or anus, usually both.

The night I am going to tell you about was a New Year celebration in a hotel where we were also checked in for the night. Being a New Year celebration, we were in that kind of mood when we finally went up to our room, but by no means drunk. We both new what we had in mind: we would be in a sex act of increasing intensity for two if not three hours.

It's that ideal phase in a relationship where both partners have the certainty of powerful orgasms, and both know they need be in no hurry to get there. That is why the bed is our playground. Quickies are not for us. We left the bathroom light switched on but turned the other lights off. This was our little bit of privacy and mystery about each other. We undressed on either side of the bed, partly hidden from each other's view.

As I mentioned, Sandra is unshaven. I also love to take her unwashed. If she had been using a public restroom, she would have taken a quick shower. As it was, our own bathroom had been closer to reach than the hotel's restroom during the festivities. She hadalways taken our room key, so I knew that every drop of pee, every smear, every token of arousal lingering in her white panties or pubic hairwas hers alone. Her smell and taste now belonged to me.

If she had been careless when wiping herself during the evening, I would have no objection. We have never bothered to talk about it, but Sandra knows that all I would ask is that any bodily excretions she carries are all her own.

Being still so unused to each other meant our kissing was intense and passionate. I spent a lot of time kissing her on the mouth because I knew that once I had been tasting her love juices I would not be returning there. After a while I was moving between her mouth, nipples, and tummy. I was also taking in as much fragrance as I could from her armpits. This was particulary arousing as her sweat had started to overlay deodorant during the course of the evening.

Using my lips and hands I devoted myself more and more to her tummy and nipples, occasionally returning to kiss her mouth with renewed passion. I settled down to lying beside her, kissing her tummy and massaging her nipples delicately but consistently. This is genuine sexual arousal for Sandra. As soon as I heard her first spasms of breathing irregularity, I knew that she was already collecting juice at the base of her vagina. Although my chin was not yetfurther down than the top line of her pubic hair, I was soon breathing in that special fragrance of female excitementcoming from between her thighs.

Over time I was paying more and more attention to her upper thighs and breathing in through her pubic hair, while still caressing her breasts and nipples with my fingers. Sandra's legs still happened to be closed, although her breathing and heaving of the stomach told me it would not be long before they parted. She was starting to groan in a subdued kind of way. Not high pitched or heavy panting; just the gentle mid-pitch gasps of a woman in so-called midlife who is going to lose control, however long the build-up will last.

I licked her skin where her inner thigh meets her pubic line. Her legs slowly strayed open. I could now press my lips to her inner thighs, alternating between left and right. This meant I could no longer reach ber breasts. My hands were now dedicated to a variety of massaging movements to her tummy and pubic region.

Sandra had instinctively started to caress her own nipples. I could see this from where I was between her thighs. I knew I had done the right thing in the way I had stimulated her breasts, but it stands to

reason that she could work herself a little better than I could. Her gasps were becoming more rhythmic. Of course I already knew enough about Sandra's lovemaking, yet every time she takes her breasts into her own hands it sends a tingling through me. At that point I felt I was making a heavy splash of precum on the bedsheet.

Sandra's juices had already overflowed from her vagina. There had been streams, partly on her inner thigh but mainly straight down. Even in the subdued lighting conditions I could see an oval wet patch of generous dimensions. I started to lick her intimately up and down and even a little deeper inside her. The bed had already absorbed a lot of her wetness, but there was still a lot dwelling on the top of my tongue and running sideways inside my mouth. I swallowedher gift of love, but not before rolling it around inside my mouth. I then pushed in with my nose into the lower half of her vaginal opening as a way of getting some of her juice to rub into the skin of my face.

I am sure that there are couples who talk dirty as a prolog to sex or during sex. Sandra and I hardly ever say anything. That night I just said, "Your form is beautiful and your taste is exquisite." I know she has heard similar matter of fact words from me before. Maybe not exactly the classic turn-on, but for us they somehow confirm just how the deepest love and utter wetness can blend in harmony. Her thighs pushed up briefly as if to say thank you.

The best was still to come for her clitoris. Sandra reacts almost instantly to my tongue on and around her clitoris. Hers is only slightly hooded, so I find it easy to navigate the shape with my tongue and get the most intense reaction. She loves a variety of circular and vertical motions, that as well as gentle kissing and sucking without violent movement. Sometimes I also suck in air immediately in front of the most sensitive spot. This causes some sensation of coolness which gives her extra gasps. This night she was enjoying it all while her stomach continued to heave and her vagina continued to deliver fluid. It was all real love juice, none of it pee. I wouldn't have minded if she had wanted to let go of her pee.

The slightly unwashed smell of the woman I love was mixing with a freshness of desire coming from inside her. It was an ecstatic combination. The heaving movement of her tummy was extending to her thighs and buttocks. I moved one hand to slightly support her bottom and with my middle finger of my other hand I felt the juice running down to her anal opening. I started to stimulate that part of her body with small circular movements.

On other occasions I have penetrated her anus with my middle finger, sometimes pushing it toward the vagina, sometimes massaging the muscle just inside the opening. Or I would just simply explore inside her. On this particular night I kept my finger just midway in the opening muscle. She was heading for a heavy orgasm anyway.

There had been air pockets building up inside her vagina. It was not the first time Sandra's vagina had expelled air during sex. She knows I don't mind in the least so she let it go without losing her orgasmic rhythm. I find the bubbly sound is a turn on. It's all from juices being produced for me.

Her cute rhythmic groans and gasps started to deepen in tone, In just one of those gasps she uttered, "I'm coming." So matter of fact, but it confirmed so concisely the certainty and devotion of ouryearning for each other. The heaving increased for a couple of minutes more and then her back went up in the air. The steady flow of wetness produced more ripples.

Sandra doen't squirt, even with vaginal pressure, but I'm sure she produces in total more sex juice than any other woman. I slightly raised the pace of clitoris and anal stimulation, but not too much so as to break her orgasm. Her anus was having contractions against my finger.

Sandra grabbed the sides of my head with her hands. This is her instictive movement so that I fully take her over the top but don't cause her pain in those critical seconds afterward. It must have been over two hours of real love and sexual devotion. Finally, with a sequence of now powerful groans, Sandra had climaxed. I had been leaving my own trail of wet spots. That was good enough for me. In the morning Sandra would see them and know that she had taken good care of me.

I remained for a while between her thighs just breathing her in. I kissed ever so gently her inner lips. I knew from the past that her clitoris was now far too sensitive for contact. Eventually, I moved back up the bed and held her in my arms. Tonight I broke my own rule. I moved my juiced face toward Sandra's. She understood me. I wanted our lips to meet again. Her eyes and lips were telling me yes. I kissed her, passionately. I love her.