# Secret Lovers

## By Stoneypoint

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*Husband on honeymoon has sex with slightly older woman who is married just before sex with wife*

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He sat there, rocking in the rocking chair on his porch. He'd been thinking in the past that day and suddenly the memory had come back to him. It was 1986. Life was grand back in the day, he told himself, while a smile finally returned to his lips. He had to recall all of it seeing as it was a memory he wished he could have soon forgotten.

At the time, he was 22. His new wife was barely 21. The wedding also was grand. Everything about that weekend when they'd gotten married was spectacular, he remembered.

However, the odd part of that first week of their honeymoon involving sex wasn't with his new bride and oddly he got away with it all too, which he never could believe. Plus he never really knew the woman he'd had sex with either he reminded himself. He smiled even more as he recalled everything about her. She was nice. She was sweet. She had to have been the prettiest looking woman around, he kept telling himself, and then he stopped himself at one thought.

He had to recall that body of hers. He had to. Wow, he had to recall all its features too.

How she smiled every time she's see him, each time she did she'd even wink at him too, and then before it all occurred that fourth day there she did the number one move which convinced him to stand up and walk over to their cottage.

Yes, it was his anniversary that day, but as he sat rocking back and forth in that rocking chair all he could do was remember her insanely intense eyes and that look Marge, the woman next door was giving him, and once he came to terms with it all, he broke down.

He undid his shirt and pants for her. He helped her undo hers too. And there they were, while he was on his first week of the honeymoon, and he was about to have sex with an incredibly beautiful woman who was even more beautiful then his own attractive wife.

He couldn't believe it at all. He'd gotten away with it. He had succumbed to the power of the passion

this woman held on him. Her eyes, her looks, her lips, her smiles, and those winks as well as her breasts and that body all contained evils he couldn't seem to conquer at all.

He fell easily and he fell hard and all the while it went on, his wife was again out shopping in town. Yes, it was soooo darn easy to go and do it, he told himself as the arms came up behind his head, and Mark simply smiled as he looked out at the street and saw all the girls walking and laughing and doing their own thing.

With his hands back behind his head, he'd been waiting for the grass to dry out. With dew on the lawn, he thought about that day. Tanya was upstairs. She never knew that it had happened. Why he couldn't get it up she never knew. That day, the first time ever, it wasn't with her.

It was with Marge although he did try and please his wife as best he could but he couldn't get it done. No, he couldn't do it properly. Not on their honeymoon he couldn't. This is how the story went.

They flew in and rented a car. They drove to the one cottage remaining on the beach. There were other cottages but those were already filled up. An older couple, he never saw at all was on one side while Marge and her "husband" were on the other. His eyes closed as he began to think about her. Another smile returned as he saw that face and then that body of hers. Yes, that pure and beautiful naked woman of 31 years of age.

On his third day there, he walked through the sand, and he knocked on her door and he never knew why he did in the first place either. He could still remember her name. He could still remember the time. He could still remember her voice.

He could recall all of it from that one special day he laid down with her and as he recalled it, she reached down as they stood just inside that door and she smiled into his eyes. Her sweet unrelenting smile did feel weird but he never expected what happened never to have ever happen at all.

He felt a hand on his crotch. Ever so lightly and ever so smoothly, Marge's hand brushed along his crotch, and yes, he did jump back a little once he felt it at first. "Mark, you are just so attractive" and then she possibly and purposely fumbled her words at that point. "I just, I just had to, I don't know" and he remembered how although she smiled, her eyes had closed but she opened them and went on to say "I just had to have you over, dear. You are so good looking. You are such a handsome man" she went on to tell Mark "I don't see how any woman can't find you soooo unattractive that they could keep their hands off you. I surely can't."

Mark instantly heated up. Her voice, what she'd said, how she said it, and that look on her face amongst other notable qualities had him wondering that day as he sat out on the porch. He wondered

where she was now and what she was doing too. Why, it wouldn't really matter would it. He was just a play thing to her, he kept telling himself. She needed something to do, I was there, and she took me and pleased me and I pleased her too.

He smiled some more seeing as he was a virgin at 24, still. He remembered how, after they'd had their one fling, and after she showed him her shaven pussy and that got him to thinking a little about it all too. "Women shaved their pussy's way back then?" he asked aloud. "I really didn't think they did that until much later, into the nineties."

But he remembered how she felt his crotch. It shocked him. He froze that Wednesday morning as he stood inside her house and how she looked at him as her hand moved up and down his zipper line and yes, he could feel her hand rubbing down and along his cock at that time.

"Ohhh wouldn't it be grand if I could run into another woman like her?" he whispered.

He immediately looked over to his right. Tanya wasn't there was she, he asked himself. He sure hoped she wasn't. He wouldn't ever want her to know that dirty detail of his otherwise clean life.

Then he thought about it all some more. "Did you like how that felt" she asked him.

He never knew why but he couldn't take his eyes off of hers. Seeing that he couldn't, he recalled how he then nodded his head as they looked into one anothers' eyes. She asked him if he'd like what she just did to him. He recalled how he stared blankly at her eyes, which at the time were overwhelmingly beautiful to him, and again nodded his head as he continued to stare at them. For whatever reason, he said yes and again nodded his head.

She smiled and that is when he allowed her, unknowingly to lean in and kiss him on his lips so delicately that he remembered how he easily could have pissed his pants. He laughed out loud at the memory of it all as he recalled that very moment inside her lovelier then ever cottage.

Their eyes, as she continued to smile at him, remained glued as if transfixing him, onto his eyes. "Mmmmmm," she said "I do like how you kiss also. Care to kiss some more?"

He hadn't even smiled yet but he remembered how he nodded his head. That's when she leaned in again and kissed his lips. That's when he recalled how he felt like reaching out and grabbing hold of her and taking her into his arms and kissing a woman he didn't even know and he felt like kissing her forever that Wednesday morning.

"Mmmmmm, I sure wish someone would do that with me all the time" she said.

Out of nowhere he heard himself say, just as his dick began tingling madly, “Me too.”

“Really, you feel that way too?” she went on to ask.

Mark remembered as they stood inside her cottage how he wanted her to jump his bones. He recalled, at that exact moment, how he wished she’d remove his clothing, and claw him to death and make love as if physical love hadn’t ever been invented as of yet and she’d show him everything there was to know.

“Make love to me, will you?” he said out of nowhere and he didn’t know why either.

“You dear want me to undress you?” she said as a smile approached her lips. “You want to see my breasts too? Would you like to see all of my naked body as well dear?”

He said yes as he didn’t realize the upcoming potential sexual storm he was about to enter. She finally smiled, gently, and as she did he felt her hand take his. She led him to her bedroom. She told him to stand there quietly as she would undress him, button by button, and make him feel at home.

He stood there in a naïve way as he felt her fingers on his shirt and she undid his buttons while her eyes remained focused on him. His heart’s beat raced wildly. His dick tingled more and more. He felt something going on down there and he didn’t know, at first, what it was. His dick was getting harder and more erect already as she undid his shirt and as she removed it off his body.

“Mmmmmm now that’s what I call a nice chest, dear” she said. Then she said “By the way, I’m Marge and you are?” He told her “Mmmmm, I like the name, Mark.”

That’s when, as her hands gently slid up his upper body and rubbed his chest, she leaned in and kissed his lips again. “Care to undress me?” she asked, smiling.

Mark still sitting in the rocking chair, thought back. He remembered just how it was too. His eyes slowly lowered, as he began to look at them, and she did nothing to stop that from happening. Mark smiled at the memory.

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He recalled how he soooo wanted to reach out and feel her bosoms even though her shirt was still on. He didn’t care. He didn’t really know what a woman’s, a desirable woman’s breasts, actually felt like.

That day, way back 25 years earlier, was the day he would find out too. He leaned back in the rocking chair with his arms back behind his head and he tried remembering as best as he could what hers felt like that very first time he touched and felt her up.

“Go on, I know you want to. So do I Mark honey” she told him.

His eyes lifted only to see a smiling beautiful Marge’s face. So he did it as she requested. Ever so lightly, Mark reached out. He put a little pressure on her breasts. He looked at them and then at her face as his hands remained on her boobs even though her shirt was still on.

“Mmmmmm, it always gets me when a man puts his hands there” she told him.

He didn’t know exactly why but didn’t ask. She told him, when a man feels her boobs, and he does it nicely and in a loving manner, it always makes her get aroused like he was doing it just then.

“Now, would you care to take off my shirt, honey?” she said.

He said yes and he tried pulling it off her. He had trouble getting it off so she smiled and helped him take it off. His eyes, upon seeing her gloriously beautiful laced bra, grew big. His face did the same thing. His dick rumbled, instead of tingling, crazily.

“Ohhhhhhh lord” he said as he referred to how he felt upon seeing her in her bra and upon seeing her impressive looking cleavage on top of that too.

“Is something troubling you?” she asked.

“Oh uh no uh I don’t know” he said as he sputtered his words.

‘Now here’s what you can do, dear” she told him. “Take your index finger and run it slowly and softly between my breasts. Mmmmmm, now that is such a huge arousing turn on if ever there was a turn on to me. It makes me really aroused” she went on to tell him.

So he did and he did it just as she told him.

“Oh my god, Oh my fucking god” he groaned as her head went back and her eyes closed and her breasts reflected a sensual war path of sorts for his libido. He was soooo horny he didn’t know what to do.

“I’m taking it that you are probably hornier then ever from that” she said “so let’s do this honey. Let’s get completely naked, lie down in the bed, and I’ll take care of all your ills.”

His eyes grew even bigger once she said that. She removed all his clothes and then most of hers. The only thing she left on was her underwear. The first thing he noticed of course was her big and blessed tits.

Then Mark smiled from ear to ear as he sat back and remembered them. Her nipples were huge. Her nipples were large. Her nipples appeared to be already hard as well. He could not take his eyes off her nipples nor those tits.

“You seem to really like these” she said as her hand came up and she cupped her boobs.

Without saying a word, he nodded his head. She asked him if he’d like to feel the real thing. He nodded his head again. She told him to go ahead but he didn’t move at all. She took his open hand and placed it on her boob. He simply closed his eyes upon that event. He took a very deep breath as his hand laid flat on her boob.

Mark, remembering that, smiled as if it was yesterday. He took a deep breath and wished he knew where that woman came from so he could possibly go and see her if she lived anywhere near by when he was that young man of 24 or possibly 25.

“Do whatever might come naturally but do it well” she said softly. “Make me a happy woman this morning.”

So he played and he played with them some more and soon enough he discovered the art of lightly and seductively sucking on a woman’s tit. It truly was a phenomenon she was surprised and excited about. He also licked them and handled them with great brilliant dexterity throughout it all.

Marge was impressed and then she said “Would you love to discover something else?”

Handling her breasts and having a great time at it as his cock tingle while remaining hard and erect he looked up. “What is that?” he asked.

“I want you to reach down and before you do, I want you to feel my stomach, and then gradually reach in beneath my underwear and feel my vagina. I want you to feel its tender loving softness. It’ll bring life as you’ve never known it before.”

“Oh god” he moaned. “Oh my god” he said again almost frantically.

So he did what she told him to do and to her he did it flawlessly. He caressed her tummy. He caressed it well. He caressed it softly and during that time, he caressed it slowly. She would moan and purr and she would murmur sweet nothings while feeling his hand purging that line of her underwear.

“Mmmmmm uh ooooooh uh ohhhhhh” she said as his hand and fingers gradually made their way into an area they’d never been to before. “Ohhhhhh Mark oh Mark honey yes dear” she said. “Keep going. Keep on doing just that sweetheart.”

So he did. That’s when he first discovered a woman who shaved the hair around her vagina. It was amazing to him. He didn’t stop and soon he was the master at it all. He’d felt her pussy. He felt along her pussy’s lips. She loved it too. He slowly moved in to an area he’d never been to before ever in his life and his fingers finally went down inside it.

He was flabbergasted by it all. Here he was, naked, and feeling not his wife’s pussy but some other woman’s beautiful body like never before. He was feeling Marge’s pussy and she seemed to love it too. God, to him it was terrific.

She then taught him the “art” of eating out a woman. He learned how to tongue her. He learned how to eat her out as he licked her pussy out for the very first time in his life. It was amazing. She tasted great he thought as he licked inside her pussy and he found he couldn’t stop whatsoever.

Out of nowhere, the woman orgasmed once, once he started licking out her pussy. He was so “jazzed” up by it all he knew what he wanted next. He wanted to have sex and momentous sex at that with this woman who lived next door to him and his wife. That is of course if she would do it with him.

“Can I ask a favor?” he said and she asked what. “I’d love to have sex with you. Would you have sex with me?”

“Of course I will. Get on top of me and put your penis, your cock up against my vagina, and let’s have some fabulous fun this morning. I’m having fun and hope you are too.”

He smiled for the first time ever and with that said he took hold of his raging hard dick, planted his body up against her fabulous looking figure, and she showed him exactly how to do it all.

It went in, slowly. He felt the beautiful warm fluffiness of her insides and knew instantly that it was a great thing he was doing as he knelt over her, with his cock inside her, and he slowly but surely began having sex for the very first time in his life with this woman.

The more time that elapsed the more comfortable he had become doing it all with her. He had her buckling and even crying out for more of the same actions. He had her grabbing hold of the bedsheets or him as he began momentously fucking his neighbor harder and faster and even better as the minutes ticked away.

She told him that it all was great at the end of it. He was whipped by the end and he, like her too, was sweating from all the fun of it, but still he hadn't cum as of that moment.

"You are still hard?" she said. "Scoot up here" she told him. "Let me show you a trick."

He scooted up, she gently took hold of his hard cock, and she began stroking it. Before he knew it he came and Mark came hard. He exploded all over her smiling face and even a little on her chest.

"Come here" she told him. "Snuggle with me. Let me hold you a while."

So he did. They lay there as his eyes seemed to focus on her two beautiful boobs and her ultra hard nipples. She watched his eyes as he laid on her lovely curvaceous slender figure. She rubbed his hair. She caressed his back. He fell asleep on her and in an hour or so she woke him up.

"Honey, you know something?" she said. "Can you believe it? I'm still very horny. You think we can do this one more time?"

It was exciting but he didn't know. Still, she was able to get him hard one more time that day and the young Mark came one more time but this time he came inside her swollen hard pussy. She loved it. She kissed him intensely and she kissed him a lot as well.

It was time. He knew he had to go and so he got dressed and so did she. He left and she thanked him and he thanked her as well. 30 minutes later his wife came back.

"So honey" Tanya said. "What have you been doing this morning?" He gave her some bullshit line. He never told her. "You know what" she said "I think I'm in a mood you may like actually. Come here" she said with a smile. "Follow me" which he did.

They walked down the hallway and headed to the bedroom. "I want to make love to you. "Make love with me, okay honey?" she said.

He knew he already had had sex twice that morning. Three times he thought. That has to be impossible. He smiled, played along, but Mark failed that morning with his wife miserably. He couldn't

get it up. She couldn’t figure it out and to this day Mark couldn’t ever tell his wife he had sex with the woman who lived next door to them while they were on there honeymoon.

“Hi honey” she said. “What are you doing? What are you thinking about?” Tanya his wife of 25 years asked as she walked out on to the porch.

“Ohhh nothing really” he lied as visions of Marge’s breasts rang out in his memories.