

Bella continues on her journey (Part 2)

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Bella never thought it would ever come to this!

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Part 2 of Bella's journey of discovery, at the request of her husband Fernando.

If you read part 1 you know that Bella is a beautiful young woman, married, with a husband who would love to have her act out his fantasies of her having sex with other men. It's finally happened, and now Bella has found that she loves it, loves having sex with her new lover, Rico, but she still loves her husband, Fernando.

In case you've forgotten, or haven't read the first part, Bella is of average height and weight, with a full firm ass that still has a jiggle when she walks and tits to die for. Her long auburn hair and lovely light brown eyes complete the package.

When we left our lovers they had just fucked each other to the point of exhaustion. It was Bella's first sex outside her marriage bed and she couldn't be more happy.

Bella could feel Rico's cum beginning to dribble out of her still tingling pussy, tickling her ass cheeks as it leaked down, the pulsating walls of her cunt squeezing it out of her in thick creamy globs. She wriggled her hips and Rico moaned. "Wait, Bella, wait a few minutes until I catch my breath." She laughed, and the muscles of her cunt tightened even more.

"I was just getting comfortable, my lover," and she flinched as soon as the words were out, but it was true, Rico was her lover now, and she his, and she was very comfortable now, lying here beside him, wet from their love making. No, from their fucking, not love making, she reminded herself. She pushed gently at his shoulders and he rolled to the side, Bella feeling him slipping from her tight velvet grasp until she was empty save for his remaining semen and the memory of his hardness within her, the feeling of his cock still alive on her sugar coated walls, a phantom pulsating cock inside her. Reaching between her legs she dipped a finger into her font, raised it to her lips, tasted it on the tip of her tongue and then kissed Rico. "That's us, that's what we taste like," and she pushed her tongue into his mouth, then out, "and I want more." She made her way down, took him in her hand. "I want to taste you now, just you," and she licked him clean. "Now. Just you."

Bella took him into her mouth. He was nearly hard now from her licking him, but soft enough that she could take all of him in, and she did, sticking her tongue out to make room in her throat, her lips closing around his shaft beneath the ridge, her fingers playing at his hairy balls, a finger tickling between his cheeks. Never had her mouth been so full, felt so satisfied. In a minute he was hard and deep in her throat. She could barely breathe but the excitement was what was really breath-taking. She swung her body over his, straddling his head with her damp pussy, the cum drenched fuzz tickling his nose as he licked the sugar-coated lips.

Their bodies heaved and rose and fell, mouths locked on each other's sex between each other's thighs, the pleasure almost painful, every nerve alive and screaming for release. Bella knew that no one could possibly feel this good, that she was the only woman, the only person, in the world to feel this and she thought that if she were to die in the next instant she would die happily with a smile on her lips, lips that were stretched wide from his girth.

Each time Rico felt her body begin to tremble, felt her thighs begin to tighten, he'd stop for a second, take a breath, then begin again. Not to be outdone, Bella would take the increase in his stiffness as a signal to slow, let him escape from her throat, from her mouth, and lick his shaft, or his balls, and once, to her own shock, his asshole. That almost got her into her orgasm but she held back, wanting to feel him fill her mouth when he finally let go.

She sat beside him, intent on watching the head of his glistening cock emerge from her pumping fist, then be hidden again, and each time that it reappeared she wanted to take him into her mouth again, to savor the taste and feeling of it. She finally did, leaning to him, gripping tightly, feeling the throbbing, placed her lovely lips on the tip, her tongue poking at the tiny hole, then opened her lips as his hips strained upward, until again he was in her throat, making her gag, saliva running from the edges of her mouth, her fingers at his balls and asshole, her other hand between her legs, her three middle fingers thrusting deep into her cunt as he bit her clit. And as she pleased her lover and herself she was finally aware of the power she had over him, and over her husband as well. She could give pleasure or withhold it, or tease with it, she had no idea how far she would or could go but she knew that with this night her life had changed.

Bella crawled on top of Rico, never letting him out of her mouth, then began taking him in until she was gagging with him past her tonsils, now up until her pursed lips were kissing him again, each time her mouth feeling each ridge and vein and hair, until she knew his cock by heart and could know in advance what she would feel in the next second, and the next.

Rico flipped them over, he now on top, spreading her legs wide, his tongue piercing her lips, searching for her hot spot, stuffing her full of his tongue and fingers, opening her wider, his tongue between her ass cheeks, licking her there, a finger probing gently, "Just the tip, my love, ... , for now," and then he licked there, his tongue pushing in, soft and warm, listening to her moaning, her mouth filled with him.

He knelt beside her, pulling her up onto her knees, leaned to her and sucked her nipple, bit it until her moan became a series of small cries, his teeth holding her there as she tried to back away. He pulled her to him, sucking gently now, his tongue swirling around the bruised bud. His hand went to her head, he kissed her, their tongues tasting of sex, pulled her to him and down, then held her head in both hands as he fucked her mouth, fast, deep, and Bella was gagging, coughing, then groaning as she felt the torrent flood her mouth, now trying to swallow, Rico pulling away, the strings of cum splattering on her face, then her tits and belly. Bella had never let anyone cum in her mouth or on her face, not even her husband; she had always thought it was disgusting, but with Rico it was magical!

She knew that she'd allow him to do anything with her, to her. In fact, she would demand it.

They were laying together, both wet with his cum, which was beginning to dry. "We'll be glued together, Rico," when her phone chimed. Bella dug it out of her purse. Opening it she saw that it was Fernando, her husband. "I should answer it or he'll think I'm in trouble."

"Yes, I'm fine, I'll be home in an hour." Rico watched her, so calm as she spoke with her husband, naked, covered with his cum, her hair disheveled, her face glowing with sated lust. He saw her smile as she listened to what her husband had to say.

"Oh, that's too bad. Well, I'll see you when you get back then. Don't forget to have something to eat. Ciao, Fer" using her pet name for him. She turned to Rico. "He's out of town, has to stay until tomorrow, or maybe longer." Her smile told him she was not disappointed at the news. (Of course, Bella knew, by the sound of the background, that Fernando wasn't out of town, but was, in fact, at home.)

Bella came to him, her lush body beautiful in the first glow of moonlight that filled the room through the open curtains, her long auburn hair brushing her shoulders, her dark nipples tilting upward and slightly outward, her belly firm beneath the soft flesh, her pussy dark with her trimmed bush, her legs long and shapely.

"You heard?" Bella asked. Rico nodded, smiling. "Now, can I have you inside me one more time before we sleep, or must I leave now?" She crawled up to him on the bed, like a giant cat about to pounce on her prey, and he could smell her, the remnants of her perfume mingled with the aroma of her pussy, and the pungent scent of her cunt cream mixed with his fluids, and her sweat. An intoxicating mixture, an aphrodisiac, to be sure. Despite their almost non-stop sex he was beginning to get hard again, and straining his muscles he was able to give a little twitch, which didn't escape Bella's watchful eyes.

"Oh, someone is glad to see me, I think!" and she continued crawling until she was astride him, her plump nipple at his lips, then as she kissed him, only the tip of her tongue going into his mouth. She rocked her hips so that her wet pussy was rubbing his cock. In a minute he was hard enough so that she could hold him and push the head in, then settle back and with the sensation of her warmth and wetness he became fully hard and drove in, and they were fucking . . . slowly, lovingly, kissing and murmuring, her strong shapely legs around his, her ankles locked behind his knees, her head back, his hands gripping her wrists beside her head, "fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," until first Bella and then Rico came, her orgasm bringing on his, and lasting until both were still, panting, a soft chuckle from Bella.

During the night Bella awoke, wondered for a moment where she was, then felt the warmth of Rico's body against her, so different than Fernando's, unfamiliar. She lay beside him, gently fondling his soft cock, then slipped beneath the sheet that covered them, sucked him into her mouth, gently, her fingers caressing his chest, her fingernail scratching his nipple. Soon he was awake, but groggy from the excitement of the evening. He lay there, groaning softly as Bella sucked him, softly, relishing the texture and stiffness of his manhood, until Rico pulled her on top of him, spreading her legs to eat her pussy again, licking gently, probing with his fingers and tongue; they were like old lovers now, nicely acquainted with each other's likes and wants. Rico came, Bella swallowing as the spurts splashed against her tongue, not as copious as before, but more than enough to fill her greedy mouth, then licked him until he was empty and satisfied. She came up to him, nestled against him, purring like a kitten full of milk.

"Bella, you didn't . . . ", but she pressed a finger to his lips.

"Shhh, I feel wonderful; I'm saving it for later. I want something special from you in the morning."

Bella opened her eyes, the early morning sunlight having replaced the magical moon beams of the

previous night. Looking with dismay at the empty space on the bed beside her she could hear water running, so she padded, naked, on bare feet, into the bathroom, finding Rico shaving, his jaw covered with the remnants of the thick fragrant white cream. She kissed the back of his shoulder, her hand resting affectionately on his hip, watched silently the mirrored image for a moment, then sat on the toilet and peed, feeling very erotic to be doing it as he watched and listened, the tinkle of her flow musical in the otherwise quiet apartment.

"Bella! I didn't want to awaken you, you were so beautiful sleeping there, that angelic smile on your naughty lips." He rinsed his face, pulled her to him, kissed her, his hands on her ass, massaging the tight buns. She pressed her body against his, wriggling her hips as his fingers dug in, groaning as her tongue found his again.

"Since you're shaving, maybe you'd like to shave me," and she moved his hand to her cum encrusted bush. He smiled, then rummaged around in a drawer below the sink, found an electric clipper.

"Here, you can take the first layer off, then I'll shave you properly with my razor." She saw his cock twitch, took the clipper from him and sat on the edge of the toilet seat. Spreading her legs, she pulled the thick hair at the sides of her lips taut and pressed the clipper at the juncture of her thigh.

"Ohh! That tickles, but it feels nice!" and she wanted to tell him about her toys, but decided to show him sometime instead. She carefully ran the clipper up her labia, and in a few minutes she was satisfied with her work. She had also trimmed above so that her mound was still covered but not so thickly. "Now, the rest is up to you, my lover." She liked the sound of that very much.

Rico lathered his hand, then applied the scented cream to her nether lips. Bella watched closely as the razor began to do its job, long swipes taking the lather away, and the stubble beneath it as well. He shaved in one direction and then the other, pulling the frilly folds to get all the hair, and soon he was done. "Ah, even more beautiful than before, but I think I'll leave that lovely fringe around your pretty rosebud. You should rinse now, Bella," using the word to describe her beauty rather than her

name, "and you really need a shower anyway, you reek of sex." She punched his upper arm playfully and they got into the shower, blushing at his comment about the soft fine hairs that surrounded her asshole. She thought of shaving him, his balls and around the base of his cock, but decided she liked the masculinity of his hair.

They washed themselves, then each other, Rico getting hard from her very thorough soaping of his cock and balls and ass, Bella, now wet within as well as outside from Rico's sucking her tits and washing her pussy and ass, being careful to get to all the cracks and crevices, and from him telling her how beautiful her newly shorn pussy was. He gave a few experimental licks, declared the job a success. "Later, after breakfast, we can really put it to the test."

Bella couldn't wait, didn't want to wait. She turned from him, placed her hands on the tiled wall, spread her legs and leaned forward, her wet hair plastered to her head. She looked over her shoulder to him, her face smiling, her eyes half closed with lust. "No, Rico, I can't wait, fuck me now." Her pent up arousal from the middle-of-the-night fucking and her not climaxing had to be released, and his playing with her pussy as he shaved her had made it even worse. She was aching to feel him inside her!

Rico knelt behind her, spread her cheeks and licked her now nude soft smooth lips. Her fingers were there already, investigating her clit, which was now protruding from the protection of its hood. "Oh, Rico, it feels so wonderful!" She moaned as he ran his tongue down through the newly naked furrow, flicked his tongue across her tight little star and pushed his middle finger into her pussy. She rocked her hips as he added a second finger. She was close to cumming but wanted to hold off for as long as she possibly could.

"Rico, you remember saying that you wouldn't put anything but your finger in my rear, for now?" He hummed something that she took for a yes. "Well, I think it's now; now would be a good time, do you think?"

"Ummhmm!" He spread her cheeks with both hands, opening her to him and licked her asshole, long wet warm swipes, the tip of his tongue like a small hard cock pushing into her tight crevice. Bella turned to face him and he thought she had changed her mind, but she kissed him.

"In bed, let's go to bed again," gripping his hand. They dried hurriedly, both wanting to see how far Bella would take this. It was her decision, something she had long resisted but long wondered about. Too, she knew that this might be their only day together, this might be not only the beginning but also the end. Today she would break one more taboo. Would it hurt as much as she thought it would? Would it still feel good despite the pain? Would this be going too far for her husband to tolerate?

Rico had her lay on her belly, her luscious body spread before him like a banquet. He had fed from her mouth, her breasts, her pussy, and now he would devour her last remaining vestige of virginity, her ass! He pushed a pillow beneath her belly, raising her hips off the bed, spreading her legs a bit wider, and kissed each perfect round cheek. His fingers traced soft designs on her lower back, and he could see the fine hairs there standing to attention, wanting their share of enticement. He ran his hand up her spine, then down, watching her tight little star pucker in anticipation. Finally, unable to tease her any longer, he touched the tip of his tongue there, "Ohh!", and reached back to spread her cheeks wider, opening her ass to him.

Rico licked, from her ass to her pussy and back, several times, the fine strip of flesh that separated her love chambers now was her most erotic zone. He caressed her ass as he licked her there, began pushing his finger tip into her, "Ohh, Rico!", his thumb into her pussy. Her hips were wriggling, she wanted to feel him fill her, all of her. "Please, Rico, fuck me there, I'm ready now."

"Fuck you where, my sweet? Where do you want me? What do you want from me, tell me."

"Fuck my ass with your beautiful cock, fuck my virgin ass until I scream and cum!" There, she'd said it, and the relief spread throughout her body. "Rico, I really want you to do it, please, I want to do it, to feel you in my ass! To feel you fill my ass with your cock and your cum!" She looked at him over her

shoulder, her smoldering eyes begging him. How could he not?

His licking had gotten her wet, but he wanted to be sure that she was sufficiently lubricated so he reached to the bedside stand and found a tube of lubricant, not being new to this game. He squeezed a dollop of the viscous gel on her asshole. "Bella, rub it in for me, get your beautiful ass ready for me." He watched as her hand reached between her outstretched thighs, her middle finger pushing the gel in. "Rub it in well, my sweet, in deep," and the tips of her two middle fingers disappeared, her cheeks clasped closed, a soft moan from her as she began to finger fuck herself.

"Rico, it feels so good! I never imagined it could feel this good." She was jamming them in completely, and he dripped more gel on them as they slid in and out. She was panting now.

"Use your thumb on your clit, Bella," and immediately she began moaning loudly as her slick thumb nudged her love button. "Push it into your pussy, fuck both holes," and she began straining with the pleasure. "Enough, I want to make you cum now," and he pulled her hand away, her fingers sticky from the gel.

"I'm ready, my lover, but go slowly, please, at first, go slow," and she gripped the sheets above her head. He straddled her, his cock pushing into her dripping pussy, surprising her. "Rico, no, please," and finding its target as if by scent, on the next thrust he slipped from her and she moaned as she felt the thick head at her dark entrance.

Rico leaned over her, took hold of her wrists, "Relax, sweet one, relax. Breath out, and ... " and as she did he pushed forward.

"Ohh, Rico! Stop!" He did, for a moment, and then pushed again. With a few more attempts she cried out as the thick ridge of the helmeted head was in, her sphincter closing around it, tight around the

top of his shaft. "Ahh, you're inside me, you're in my ass, oh my god, you're in my ass!" They began to move, Rico kissing the back of her neck, her shoulder, still holding her wrists, feeling her straining against him. "Yes, fuck me, oh god, fuck me!"

Rico sat up, his cock now gliding effortlessly in and out of her oh so tight tunnel. He moved her arms until her hands were by her hips, pulled at her wrists, pulling her up off the bed, her back arched like a bow, her asshole tightening on him. He let one wrist go, grabbed a handful of auburn hair, pulled until her cheek was beside his. She turned her head to him, her mouth open, and he kissed her. "I'm going to fill you with my cum, fill your sweet ass." He reached around her, his middle finger finding her clit, now swollen and super sensitive. He rammed into her ass relentlessly, and as he did he rubbed and pinched her clit and in a few moments she was cumming, screaming his name and he was cumming in her ass, his seed mingling with the gel, so slippery now, squishing, and they fell to the bed.

After a few minutes, Rico's lips at her breast, Bella sighed. "Rico, my love, we must do that again! Soon!"