

A whole new world.... (part 1)

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A MILF discovers her passion needs to be satisfied.....

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Dianne was 46 when she and Will bought their vacation home. They had been married 25 years and in some respects it was a testimony to them making it that long. After all, they had gotten married at the tender age of 21. But more than 25 years and three grown kids later, they were still together.

Was it a perfect marriage? No. But it was a relatively good one. Will worked too much and they were just not as affectionate as Dianne would have liked. But in truth, it was really both their faults. The pressure of day to day living, Will's work, Dianne's jewelry business and truth be told, the simple familiarity of each other was the problem. After all, it had now been almost 29 years counting the years they had been together before getting married. But he was good to her, kept her safe, secure and affluent. And in this day and age, that counted for a lot.

Their sex life had been good if not great. When it came to sex Dianne was fairly shy. As a teenager, she had had only one boyfriend before Will. But other than some kisses from him and some juvenile groping under her bra, that was all there had been to it. Will had been different right from the start. Dianne had somehow just known they would be together. So before they had gotten married, she had allowed him pretty free reign - except for intercourse that was. Intercourse was saved for after the wedding. Will had been pretty good about it. Without intercourse he had pushed hard for oral sex. And although he had happily attended to her, she simply could not bring herself to reciprocate. She wanted to, she just couldn't do it. All this time later and all she could bring herself to do was kiss him there once in a while. It didn't slow Will down at when he was younger. He had a lot more energy and drive in those days but the last ten years or so, he had seemed to fade in terms of his interest in sex.

In some ways the vacation home was supposed to be a way to rekindle and spark their lives together. It was located in the Phoenix area and while beautiful, actually represented a compromise between the two of them. Dianne had wanted something in Florida . She loved the ocean and Phoenix just seemed so far from it. But in the end Phoenix had won out. Will had made the money from a huge deal he had put together and Phoenix was his dream. So in the end Dianne agreed to the location.

The house was a typical southwestern open style, all on one floor. There were four bedrooms, each with its own bath, a living room, dining room and a big kitchen/great room combination. Off of the great room was a beautiful swimming pool enclosed by a screen house. The house was in the back of the development and the pool area overlooked the desert. The privacy of the back yard was one of the things that had attracted them both to the house. The land behind them was zoned as protected and would never be built on.

One of the other things was the master bedroom suite. The bathroom was huge. There was a luxurious full sized shower which had multiple shower heads coming from three walls surrounded by clear glass. Also, there was a huge sunken tub built for two with hundreds of mini spa jets. When buying the house Dianne had visions of the two of them enjoying both the shower and tub together and perhaps jumpstarting their stalled sex life together.

But it hadn't worked like that. In the almost four years since they had bought the house, they simply hadn't had much time alone there together. It seemed like one or both of them would have commitments. And if not, then one of the kids would come along to join them. So while she loved the house, it wasn't exactly what she had thought it might be.

After the holidays Dianne decided it was time to escape for a couple of weeks. She did her homework, checked some flights and found some that were inexpensive. Then she asked Will if he would take the time off and come. But he claimed to be busy with work and encouraged her to go ahead anyway and enjoy herself. Dianne thought about going alone and would have but as it turned out, during a phone call with Debbie, one of her longtime friends who lived down the street, she asked

Debbie to come along. Debbie was thrilled. Her two kids were both away at school and her husband Gary wasn't going to have any time off early in the year. So the flights were booked and the two old friends flew out for two weeks of exercise, shopping, sunbathing, swimming and relaxing.

On the flight out, Dianne suggested that on the first full day they hike to the top of Piestewa Peak . The small mountain had formerly been known as Squaw Peak and been recently renamed after a female soldier who had been killed in Iraq . Dianne explained that the hike was about 1.5 miles long and was rather strenuous up to the 2,600 foot peak. "It'll get the blood flowing and jumpstart or time there," she explained. Debbie agreed. After arriving late the two friends opened up the house, shared a bottle of wine and headed off to bed.

The next morning they had a quick breakfast and headed out to the mountain. It was a warm morning, about 80 and climbing slowly. They both wore shorts and t-shirts along with sneakers and each carried a bottle of water. They started up the trail around 10:00am.

The climb was longer and harder than either had imagined. Because so much of it was uphill they had to stop frequently to catch their breath.

"I think must have enjoyed the holidays just a little too much," Debbie mumbled as they neared the top.

"God, I know what you mean," Dianne panted. "I haven't been in the gym since Halloween."

At the summit they rested in the bright sunshine. The view was spectacular and while enjoying it they chatted comfortably back and forth. As the hour neared noon Dianne suggested that they head down since the warm temperature was bound to go up even higher and they were both sweating freely after the climb. The downward trek, if not easier, was certainly faster and in 45 minutes they were in the air

conditioned car headed for the house.

They decided to get right into the pool when they got home and within fifteen minutes they were both cooling off, gliding around the pool. After a bit Debbie got out claiming she had had enough sun on her skin for a while and was going to take a shower.

“Why don’t you use the spa in the master bathroom?” Dianne suggested. “It’ll feel wonderful after the hike and if you feel like I do, it’ll sooth some of your sore spots.”

Happily Debbie agreed and went into the house.

Thinking to give her some privacy, Dianne got out of the pool and stretched out on a lounge chair. After about forty minutes dozing in the sun, Dianne figured she had given Debbie plenty of time and she went inside. She went into kitchen to pour herself some wine and smiling, noticed that Debbie had already helped herself. The door to Debbie’s bedroom was closed so Dianne assumed she was in there changing. She moved into her bedroom and peeled off her one piece swimsuit. Naked she walked into the bathroom and almost dropped her wine glass when she realized that Debbie was still in the spa tub. She quickly grabbed a robe and slipped it on to cover up as Debbie started apologizing.

“Dianne, Dianne, Dianne, I’m sooooo sorry. I kept meaning to get out but it feels so good in here. It’s soooooooo relaxing.”

Blushing “Umm, no, no, it’s okay,” Diane mumbled. “I should have realized. Please don’t mind me, I’ll just wait until you’re finished...”

“Wait, wait!” Debbie stammered. “This is your tub, I’ll get out. Please hand me a towel.”

Dianne realized that Debbie was naked in the spa just stopped.... After considering for a minute she stepped to the tub blushing. “No one needs to get out, after all it’s made for two.”

“But I have to say, this feels a little silly,” Dianne said shyly as the robe slipped off. Naked she quickly stepped down and slid into the water. Her leg slid up against Debbie’s and she giggled a little nervously as she moved it away. Their eyes met and they both laughed out loud.

“This is ridiculous,” Debbie said. “Two grown women and we’re nervous about taking a soak together. I mean what’s the worst thing that could happen?” They both laughed and relaxed more deeply into the soothing hot water. The bubbles surrounded both of them and they each sipped their wine.

They chatted and eventually the discussion eventually circled back to their husbands. Dianne opened up a little about the slow down in their sex life and how disappointed she was with it. “Will’s a good guy but he seems to have lost his interest.”

“Well,” Debbie asked, “not to be forward but is Will having trouble getting it up?”

Dianne was taken aback a bit. “Ummm, well, sometimes,” she said. “But I don’t think that’s the real problem.”

“What do you think it is?” Debbie asked. “ Gary seems insatiable. And I know I’m dreaming but if anything to he seems to have gotten even bigger over the past few years!”

“Bigger? Bigger? You mean he’s putting on weight?” Dianne asked.

“No, no I mean his pecker,” Debbie laughed. “He’s always been rather well endowed but now he seems even bigger.” she said.

Looking thoughtful, Dianne didn’t answer for a bit. Then searching a little she finally asked, “Exactly how big is he?”

‘Well,” Debbie answered. “We actually measured him once when he was, umm, well when he was excited. He was just shy of eight inches.”

Dianne gasped. “Eight inches? Really? Will isn’t even close to that. Does bigger feel better?”

Debbie sat up a little straighter. Her boobs slide a little above the water line and her leg moved directly against Dianne’s. “Well I know the politically correct answer is it doesn’t make a difference . . . but I think so. Still, Gary is the only guy I’ve ever been with so I guess I have no way of comparing.”

Dianne looked thoughtful and said, “Yes me too, I have no way to compare either, but he makes up for it with his mouth, which when he did it more often used to be just magical,” she sighed.

“Used to be?” Debbie inquired.

“Well, like I was saying, we haven’t had much time or energy for that lately.”

Both women were quiet for a while deep into their own thoughts.

Dianne started absently scratching her leg. As she reached lower, she realized that the back of her hand was moving against Debbie’s thigh. With a start she realized that Debbie was not moving away but had actually settled against it. Their eyes met and after a brief moment of embarrassment, they laughed again. Dianne pulled her hand back and folded her arms across her chest. Given the conversation and the warm bubbly water, she was feeling a little horny, but she didn’t want Debbie to get the wrong idea.

Debbie on the other hand was disappointed and moved her hand down to Dianne’s leg. She rubbed it and asked, “How do you get these so smooth?”

“Umm, well I shave every day and I use this really expensive moisturizer. I also wax higher up, umm, except for a little at the top. I started doing that because it just felt so good when Will would use his mouth on me,” she smiled shyly.

Debbie laughed and said, “Really? I’ve never waxed, is it really worth the pain? Is it really that smooth?”

Dianne blushed and nodded her head vigorously. “I waxed yesterday before we left and it’s very smooth if I could show you”

They looked into each others eyes and were both quiet for a moment. Then, making up her mind, Dianne took Debbie's hand and placed it between her legs.

"Don't get the wrong idea," she said. I just want you to see how smooth I am."

Debbie's hand started to touch her lightly and with hesitation. She quickly realized that her touch needed to be firmer to feel how smooth Dianne really was. So she rubbed a little harder and realized that Dianne was very smooth.

"How much area do you actually wax?" she said, her hand touching Dianne all over.

"Umm, uhh, well, um, yes all over there....."

"Ooooo, it's very smooth," Debbie said and without trying she touched Dianne right there .

Dianne couldn't help herself and she moaned softly. Debbie was a bit startled but Dianne reached down and pressed Debbie's hand firmly against herself.

"God, please don't think I'm sick or anything but it just feels so good and it's been sooooo, long when it was anyone other than my own hand," Dianne murmured.

Debbie felt a little strange but taking pity on Dianne's obvious need, started to caress her under the

warm bubbly water. Dianne's hips shifted and slowly raised themselves out of the water. Debbie, now able to see what she was doing, continued rubbing Dianne, concentrating on the places she herself liked best. Dianne's moaning grew a bit louder and she sat up on the edge of the tub. Dianne's hands started caressing her own breasts, taking her nipples between her fingers.

She looked down at Debbie and blushed. "I hope you don't think I'm gay or anything, it's just that this feels so good and it's been so long since Will has paid attention to me. I've sort of gotten worked up here without even trying. I really can't help myself."

Debbie looked into her eyes and seeing her need, smiled. "It's okay. I've never done this except to myself, but I'm happy to help you out. I know what it's like when the feeling comes over me."

She continued touching Dianne in all the places Debbie loved to be touched, firmly where she knew it should be firm, gently and lightly when not. Dianne was very wet with more than just water from the tub and very slippery. Debbie marveled at the close up view and watched Dianne's pussy blossom with excitement right in front of her. Suddenly she felt Dianne's hands pulling her head closer. She looked up and Dianne mouthed, "Please, please....."

Debbie took a deep breath, leaned in and kissed her between the legs. Dianne groaned this time and held Debbie's head even closer. Debbie started thinking about how Gary did this and she started licking and kissing Dianne's pussy. Dianne opened her legs wider and held Debbie's head tightly against her. Debbie tongued Dianne's clit and hummed a little making her tongue vibrate. She could tell from the pressure of Dianne's hands on her head that she was really enjoying it. So Debbie reached up with her hand and put two fingers into Dianne.

Dianne immediately gasped and started spasming. Debbie realized that Dianne was climaxing as her legs shot straight out and she arched her back. Debbie sucked on her clit feeling it throb in her mouth. Dianne's moans were inspiring and Debbie realized she was enjoying this more than she would have thought.

After a few moments Dianne's breathing returned to normal and she slid back into the spa. She was flushed and embarrassed to look directly at Debbie. But at this point Debbie was also excited and she took Dianne's face in her hand leaned over and gave her a kiss. "I don't even have to ask if you enjoyed that," she murmured.

Dianne blushed and smiled.

Debbie then rose up out of the spa and said, "Now it's my turn!"

End Part !

