

Mrs. Crane's Fountain of Youth (11)

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After a weekend of pure lust, Shirley feels guilty hubby is worried. But he bears guilt of his own..

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Chapter Eleven: Mr. Crane's Affair (Princess of the Niger) In her kitchen Loraine opened her oven and dished a tray of hot fresh food, and then fetched a bottle of red she had kept on ice. With three glasses carefully placed on the tray, she carried the food upstairs to her hungry lovers. If her plan worked as she was certain it would, Shirley and Jamal would be spending the entire weekend with her. The party was just beginning... ***** Lagos, Nigeria 24 Hours Later Jack Crane laid in bed covered only by a quarter of the smooth satin covers , exhausted from the rigorous round of lovemaking he had shared with Adora, his so-called Princess of the Niger . Adora herself was splayed out with her legs wide open and his semen dripping from her clean shaven chocolate pussy. She was so spent from the delicious bump 'n grind session with her Crane Operator , as she called him that she couldn't be bothered to get up and get cleaned up, at least not until she had taken a short nap. Jack was getting worried again; he had been out by the early morning flight to Port Harcourt for a meeting with security operatives, and elements of an organization called MEND. As team leader for a critical engineering sub-group tasked with mending damaged pipelines in the creeks, he was put in the loop to familiarize himself with the ideology of the Movement for the Emancipation of the Niger Delta or MEND, a militant organization in Nigeria's oil rich Delta region which had sworn to disrupt all oil exploration and production activities. Working in Nigeria had always been a high risk undertaking, especially more so lately but having served his tour of duty in Gulf war 1, Jack wasn't a man who was easily discouraged by the taking of risks. What had him bothered, and kept him awake at that ungodly hour was in fact a different matter. **** He had called his wife, Shirley back in the states just right after he returned from his meeting the previous night and got the answering machine. He had left her a message asking the usual, how was she doing; what was her progress like and so forth. He had also asked her to call him when she got the message. When she hadn't called him by noon he had started to get worried; Shirley didn't socialize that much and hardly at all since both he and their son had left home. He tried calling her about three times that afternoon but she obviously wasn't home. His guess was she hadn't returned home since the previous day. He was even more worried by the fact that he

couldn't actually establish just how long she had been gone. He was suddenly overcome by a sense of guilt. He felt guilty that he hadn't called her in over a week; "what if something bad had happened to her, perhaps she had taken ill and been taken to hospital, he wondered as his thoughts began to run amok. 'No,' if she was that sick or had been in a car crash, someone would have contacted him by his listed emergency contact number. That realization however didn't bring him much comfort as he wondered out loud, "where could she have gone?" He had been so engrossed in his worries that he hadn't even noticed that Adora had been standing by the door watching him. She cleared her throat to get his attention, and then she approached him with a soft understanding smile on her beautiful chocolate face. Her eyes were kind and supportive even though she didn't know yet what troubled him so. It was an essential part of her nature that she showed empathy and kindness in such little ways that most people didn't even realize were important. She took the newspaper from him and set it down on the coffee table and then sat down next to him on the back porch of his staff house, which looked out to a beautiful little garden. "What troubles your heart my darling Crane Operator?" she asked using her nick name for him that never failed to make him laugh. He looked at her face and then smiled, but the sadness in his eyes stayed put. Adora knew then that he would talk, but only when he was ready to do so. She reached out and gently patted his hand just to let him know she was there for him if he needed her. Jack watched Adora get up and walk into the house, she had promised to spend the weekend with him and it goes without saying that she would be doing some cooking too. Unlike most Nigerian girls who studied abroad, Adora was a great cook, and Jack quite enjoyed every one of her meals that he had tried so far. As she walked away, his eyes were trained on her awesome derriere. She was a tall woman of 5'10" with a lithe sexy body that boasts curves in all of the right places namely her chest, hips and full round buttocks. Everything was so perfectly proportionate that some greater power must have spent extra time working on her body. Despite the stirring in his loins however, Jack's mind soon strayed right back to Shirley. 'Why isn't she answering the phone or returning my calls,' a rather unpalatable thought crossed his mind, but he quickly pushed it aside. He was bothered as well by the fact that her cell phone was also switched off. That nasty thought crossed his mind again, this time he had to admit it had some merit in the present scheme of things. Whereas it was crazy and improbable, it couldn't be completely ruled out yet that Shirley hadn't just decided to leave him and finish their two decade old marriage. The questions that attacked that possibility however were first of all, why would she do that? Secondly, had things deteriorated that bad that she wouldn't even have the decency to wait until he came home to tell him to his face? Despite her struggles with depression or mid-life crisis as those crazy shrinks called it, he was certain that Shirley still loved him. She also must realize just how much he loved her and how he would have loved to stay back and take care of her. He had in fact taken a job abroad because they had both agreed that she needed time to be on her own and sort through things by herself. Yeah, that sounded like a prelude to a breakup but they both knew that wasn't what they had intended... "Damn!" he thought out loud again. The whole damn thing was so confusing and worrisome. 'Perhaps I should call our son to travel home from college and check up on her,' he thought but quickly discarded the idea. They had managed to keep their difficulty from him so far and there was no need

to get him all worked up now; Shirley would hate that anyway. ***** Back in the states meanwhile, Shirley walked back into her house after she had paid off the cab and went straight to check for messages on her answering machine. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed as she listened to the fifth of several messages her husband, Jack had left her. He sounded concerned and by the time she had listened to his sixth message his concerned tone had turned into a panic. Shirley felt so guilty and ashamed that she hadn't spared a thought for her poor husband who was working so hard and far away from home too. Jack had been nothing but nice and gracious to her all through her battle with her condition. He had endured months of sexless married life without the slightest complaint, and yet there she was being a total bitch and making him suffer even more. While she was out cavorting with her fuck buddies, poor Jack was worried sick about her. She should have called him but her cell phone battery had gone flat and ... she carried on thinking until her conscience cut her off. 'Oh shut the fuck up you inconsiderate slut! That man would have moved mountains for you and this is the treatment you mete out to him?' Shirley felt suddenly so weak and she slumped into the nearest chair. The tiny voice inside her head continued; 'as if it isn't bad enough that you're cheating on him, now you're making him sick with worry too, and over what, Ugh? You were detained by some oversexed bimbo who tied you up and beat your worthless ass silly?' Shirley wanted to scream at that voice to shut up! Just then the devil on her shoulder took charge. "Well at least you're no longer depressed and wondering if your life is over... plus you gotta admit, since you met Jamal the sex has been great, more so now with Loraine and her oh so hot sex games.' Both voices were quiet for a moment while Shirley calmed herself a little more. Suddenly the devil on her shoulder continued, "As for Jack, he loves you, so he would understand... just pick up the damn phone and call him, tell him you're sorry and figure out what else you wanna say.' ***** "Hello darling, I'm so terribly sorry I got you all worried about me. I was invited to a party at a friend's home and I had so much to drink. Remember how you never liked me driving when I've been drinking, well it was late and rather than call a cab, I was offered the guest room, so I stayed." Shirley explained to her husband a thousand miles away in Africa. Jack was so relieved to hear she was alright that he gladly accepted her explanations of not calling him from her cell phone because her battery had juiced out, and she didn't have her charger to hand. He however was also relieved because his guilt felt suddenly lighter as his eyes wandered to the ebony beauty sleeping right next to him. He and Adora had made love twice already that Sunday morning. It was 11.00 a.m. and they were still in bed. Jack smiled at his good fortune, meeting Adora had given him the opportunity to make up for all the lost time too. His smile soon turned sour though; after hanging up the phone, he thought about his life at that point. He should be happy, after all he was enjoying the best of both worlds but the reality of things made him wish for a different possibility. Back home he has a wife who loved him, and whom he loves with all his heart. In Nigeria, he has Adora, a very intelligent woman who loved him deeply, and whom he had come to care a great deal about as well. 'Oh how wonderful it would be, if only I could bring these two separate parts of my life together in harmony,' he thought. His thoughts quickly flashed back to his time working on an oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico 15 years earlier. He had heard stories about some of the guys he worked with, but always dismissed them as wishful thinking. One day his buddy on the

rig, a redneck with a happy-go-lucky attitude whom he had befriended told him about him and his wife being swingers. Apparently after catching Jack reading a magazine with wife sharing stories, he had thought he might interest the young engineer in a little bit of the “lifestyle” as he called it. Jack had been non committal and eventually the issue had been dropped. Jack was however so turned on by the idea of swapping wives with other friends, that he had broached the subject rather elliptically with Shirley at the time. She had shot down the idea as awful and dangerous, and he had promptly dropped the matter, even though he fantasized about it for years afterwards. ‘Now if there was a way to get my two beautiful women together without starting a world war, that would be the greatest treat in the whole damn world,’ Jack thought. His manhood was awakened from its slumber by the thoughts of threesomes and foursomes involving his wife and girlfriend too. He threw back the covers exposing his darling Adora who was laying face down on the bed. Her legs were parted and he could see her pink slit closely guarded by her lovely pink pussy lips all tightly packed together and sandwiched by her chocolate mound. Her big round ass cheeks were parted wide enough for his eyes to take in her tight brown eye too. He eyed her lean fit beautiful black body lasciviously; from her sexy well toned legs to her trunk where her breasts popped out at the sides from the weight of her body laying down on her chest. Jack could simply not resist the temptation any longer; he shuffled over and took up position in between her open legs and then he buried his face in her hot chocolate sex. He commenced feasting on her cunt with tender the licks of his tongue. He licked and probed her sex teasing her lips apart and exploring her moist folds. Adora was recalled from the land of tranquil, dreamless sleep, and then held in suspense in the twilight zone between the world of dreams and reality. Her moans were soft and deep as she wriggled her waist and fed him even more of her juicy honey pie. When his tongue found her hardening clitoris and then circled it in slow wet and tantalizing strokes, her moans went a couple of octaves louder. Adora was a real life princess, so posh and savvy from her high priced British college education too, but when it came to sex, she was totally unpretentious with her feelings. She was an avid screamer and for Jack that was a coup. He loved to make love to a responsive woman. The moaning, groaning, sighing and gasping that precede and intersperse the screams of pleasure all did something really great not just for his libido, but also for his male ego as well. She was wide awake and moaning like a bitch in heat, and she had eased her ass up in the air allowing Jack greater access to her soaking wet sex. Jack sucked her entire pussy into his mouth and then he licked her swollen lips whilst keeping up the suction still. “Oh daddy, please eat my hot wet cunt.... Yesssssssss” she moaned. Jack let go of her pussy and then licked up and down her slit, it was something he had come to realize she enjoyed. It was his prelude to escalation of her pleasure too, as the next move he made was to spread her cunt lips apart with his tongue and then lick her hole with the flat of his tongue. Suddenly he stabbed his tongue into her hole. He did it again, and again as he began to tongue fuck her. “Aghhhhh,” she gasped and then moaned her approval, and encouragement for more of what he was doing to her. “Oh yeahhhh.... Give me more, go deeeper please.” Jack had only been tongue fucking her cunt for a few minutes when her walls closed around his tongue as she shuddered and groaned deeply, and climaxed. She came all over his tongue and he swallowed her nectar which seemed to have the effect of driving the

hardness of his member from hard wood to steel. He shuffled on his knees and positioned himself for smooth deep rear entry into her tunnel of carnal pleasure. He slipped his cock into her tight cunt easily and got right down to business, feeding her his sausage in short sharp strokes. He groaned and drove his cock deeper and faster in and out of her pussy as he sought to establish the best rhythm that would bring them both to a bone rattling orgasm. Adora responded to his every thrust with one of her own as she threw her big shaking ass right back at him, daring him to go harder and deeper. "Oh fuck yeah... I love thisssss," she moaned as she reached for her crotch and began to rub her clit while her mature lover pounded her cunt again and again just like she wanted. Adora was fast approaching another orgasm, but she was holding her horses, she loved it when she timed her climax to coincide with Jacks. He didn't have the greatest sexual stamina in the world; his low staying power was however made up for in his attention to details. He ate her pussy better than most men she had been with and he was never in a hurry to get the pussy eating done and over with like most younger men were. The only person currently in her life who ate her cunt better than Jack was Sade, her girlfriend, Jack of course knew all about Sade. He had accepted the fact of Adora bisexuality with grace and dignity and unlike most of the men she had entrusted with that knowledge before him, he hadn't asked to have a threesome with her girlfriend either. The idea excited her though, and she'd probably do it too when the time was right. "Oh fuck I'm so close!" Jack groaned, Adora's thought of a threesome with Jack and Sade had snapped the cord that held her control lever, and then she lost it. "Oh yessss... cum for me, daddy, cum with me...." She let of a breathless moan just as she began to shudder. "Aghhhhhhhh... yessssssssssssssssssssss ohhhhhhhhhh." Adora's orgasm hit like a hurricane leaving her trembling like a leaf in the wind. Adora's quaking pussy walls immediately set off Jacks fuse and he exploded shooting a short squirt of hot cum in his lovers well used sex. ***** After the couple had rested, Adora leaned over and kissed Jack on the cheek. "I see you have finally heard from her. You look and feel happier, I'm glad she is alright." Jack looked into her eyes, he wondered how she could tell so much just from looking at him. Although he had decided to tell her he was worried about not having been able to contact his wife back home. She had been fast asleep when Shirley had finally returned his call. 'Oh well, I shouldn't be surprised really, she had always been able to read me like a book, right from our very first meeting.' He concluded and then smiled at her and said simply, yes Thanks for your concern too. To be continued...