

# Maid Dulce

By marcosurbina

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*She had not only caught me brushing my helmet but she also had problems in removing cum stains.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/maid-dulce.aspx>

This story I'm about to begin happened many years ago, as I was in High School, a 19 yo., I reckon. This event has triggered my enthusiasm for matures ever since, mad in the hunt for matures especially if they are portly and big.

This way I was initiated for the first time into this new world of mature women. Her name was Dulce, a Spaniard who had begun to work as a new maid at home. I can't reckon with accuracy how old she was, probably 40 yo.? A round woman with enormous incredible tits - DD cup- I had ever seen in my lifetime.

She was a blonde, showing beautiful features -not a beauty though- although her wicked smile was always backed up by her mischievous small eyes, shaped like those of Asian people. I used to stare at her dressed in that small outfit at work, and a massive bubble ass, outlined clearly through the maid costume. Her enormous boobs couldn't be contained, mean a bra inadequate to held them, slipping out. I behaved like a pervert staring at this maid as she bent, ignoring me.

This stuff had now turned worse as I came in her bedroom on one occasion -a room where maids change into new clothes- and I run into her bra here. Fuck a duck! They were so huge I had an instant hard on, as hard as blue steel. First thing first, I took it to my nose and began to sniff both panty and bra, to sense Dulce's scent. Of course I had begun to jerk off using her underwear, seized by frenzy madness, taking my dick out to begin a furious jerk off, would cum into the bra. My desire and appetite to possess those tits kept growing within me; I had to hand washed her beautiful bra, then put it into the washer with a clothes' load after I cum in them.

My manners had changed now and I began to gaze at the maid with special eyes, always grinning at her, wishing to convey love and affection, while she had already become conscious about my innocent social relation. My attitude was different now since I had masturbated for the first time that day holding her bra. She used to reciprocate, kissing and hugging me; it's difficult to explain what I felt as she stuck her body to mine, though, along with the spectacular big boobs crushed against my

chest. She would say:

“Oh, darling, no more hugging or I won’t have the time to cook dinner for you.”

I loved her way to address me, using these words like honey, darling; it sounds erotic, and my reply came back complimenting her like this:

“Oh, my Dulce, my precious sweet lady.”

My masturbations using her panties didn’t cease, and were now daily, submerged within a full ecstasy as I kept shooting my cum load on her underwear. A disastrous outcome would come up soon, as you’ll see here, I was delighted though.

Dulce told me I should learn some housework, she’d teach me how to perform fine at these duties; saying this she kept grinning wickedly. I gladly accepted not knowing about her plotting and machinations at all. She said:

“Oh, darling, I’m gonna teach you how to hand washed some pieces, thus stains will come off easily after you have transferred them to the washing machine... no remnants of any spot anymore, you know what I’m talking about, don’t you?”

Damn, she was obviously talking about those cum spots in her bra and panties!! I replied:

“Uh, ah, of course, to wash what? Uh, but... now?”

On noticing my nervousness, she said:

“Well, perhaps a guy here has accepted.”

I just wished to play the weenie and said it’s ok with me.

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Dulce walked towards a drawer, took out a bra off the drawer and handed it out to me. According to her directions for hand washing, I should focus on the stains. That’s why she had been talking to me little by little so I would understand. She insisted... and got me nervous, of course. She was my partner in the crime by localizing a spot herself in the bra, winked me and said:

“First thing first, gotta rub hard slowly, but strongly enough or stains wouldn’t come off at all.” She

said, grinning like daydreaming:

“You know, Marcos: something weird is happening to my brassieres. I WONDER WHAT THE HELL COULD BE SOME WHITE SMALL SPOTS ON THEM, LEFT OVER IN THE BRA. As far as I know, I’m not breastfeeding any more, ha, ha, ha!!, and I’m not producing breast milk either.”

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The word “milk” had no sooner been uttered out of her mouth than I became pale, with a problem of a dick beginning to get hard, engorged within my pants, while Dulce kept on rubbing hard, scrubbing the piece. She at last had been able to rinse it to finally hang it to dry at the tube’s edge and drained. She said:

“Here it is, it’s your turn to take care of it; watch out, it would stain again. Well, if this happens you know how to wash, don’t you darling? It’s a no brainer.”

Uf!! I was more too embarrassed as she stared at the bulge within my pants and opened wide her small eyes for a split second, saying:

“If you’re just standing around with your finger up your ass you might as well lend a hand here!!” As I told her I’d take a shower, she left the bedroom, offering assistance in case I needed something. I just wanted to get to the bathroom to be alone and get my dick out to perform a gorgeous jerk off under the shower. My dreams became true as the lady got in the bathroom to warn me there weren’t any clean towels here and she saw me naked with a tremendous hard on. I tried to cover without success. The big rascal said:

“Here’s the new towel. Don’t stain it with your jiggle, ok?”

Stunned, speechless as I was now, just nodded and she left, but turned around to say:

“What a pity you waste your jiggle on some clothes darling. What has inspired you? Was it me?”

I didn’t deny it and nodded again. She reciprocated by kissing me tenderly in my forehead, and hugged me like she always did, except that this had been a special close in. My dick had plunged into her thighs accidentally. Once again my fly was unzipped and my cock was hanging out and it was hard. I thought I must have been dreaming. She said:

“Fuck a duck!! Oh, my God! What do we have here?” seeing a cock throbbing. “A playful cock!! Well, I’d like to play too.”

A gray, viscous liquid coated its pink head. Her hand got down off my back and rested directly onto my dick and balls.

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Dulce had begun to do a hand job, keeping a firm grip on my rod up and down while I kissed her in the neck and cheeks. Finally, found her mouth and kissed her madly. Her big boobs were displayed before me after she had stripped off her dress, bouncing and shaking them within the bra. They were huge, and the adorable bra I had figured out so big, seemed to be incapable of holding those marvelous tits; they looked bigger now, and she asked:

“Is it what you want, honey?” bouncing her tits. “Wanna be breastfed?” I shouted: “Yesss, yesss, please!!”

After kissing me warmly in my forehead, this mommy pushed my head down to her meaty boobs, while skillfully releasing one bra strip and rubbing my dick still doing me a hand job. Suddenly, her left tit got out, exposed, out in the open, and I almost fail, like in a state of total euphoria... knew I had gotten to cloud 9, my heavenly location. I had never had had such wonderful sight in my lifetime, of an enormous dark brown tit with a huge nipple and pink areola with caramel tone. My mouth went to the maid’s nipples where the fat maid had begun to suckle me with tenderness, saying:

“Suck, darling, come on, keep suckling, honey... Lady Dulce is here to suckle you, darling.”

She quit masturbating me as I grabbed the right tit and took it out all at once. She said:

“You’re really hungry for tits, boy.”

She kept stroking my back and asscheeks as well at the same time as I sucked. This Spaniard lady had been aroused at the touching of her sensible nipples and slid a hand under her undies to take it out dripping a minute later, and forced me to suck her fingers. She said:

“Hence forth you’ll suck my liquids!!”

She stepped back and told me to sit down on the floor... slowly she began to duck, sliding her panty to show me a gorgeous hairy cunt. Oh, I didn’t mind the hair at all, for a lip smacking and strong scent came out of her wet box. She parted her labia whispering:

“Suck here, darling, eat a pussy for the first time... oh, my liquids!!”

I obeyed her moaning and licking at a faster rhythm. She said:

“Come on, tongue fuck my pussy.”

Out of the blue, she began to moan and wriggle from pleasure. Maid Dulce had got in a squatting position at once and put in my dick all at once within the big dripping snatch, but it is now as she is really getting mad, uttering muffled moans so curious neighbors in the building didn't hear such strange wails coming out of a window. She said aloud:

“Oh, darling, please, don't you cum inside me or... please, announce if you're about to cum!”

I figured out she had been worried about getting pregnant if I'd cum inside her, but I was damn wrong, since the moment I informed I was too close she stood up to move into a new position. She said:

“Lie down on the floor, darling.”

Got on her 4-s, putting her cunt pushed against my face at the same time she gobbled down my dick. I figured out this was a 69 sex position, which turned out to be a marvelous stuff in the end; I'm talking about a point when this woman made me a blow job for the first time, in this new sex position. In this French soixante-neuf, she aligned herself so our mouths were near the other's genitals and performed oral sex. I buried my nose and my mouth in her muff and she swallowed my pecker, taking it into her warm, wet mouth all the way into the hilt. It wouldn't take long for us to enjoy our orgasms.

I had no other choice than lick her clitoris through the clitoral hood giving her direct stimulation. My spasms warned her I'd cum soon and explode into her mouth, but the round maid speeded up her pace instead. When I came playing 69 it was sooo delicious! The muff-covered slit between her legs was like heaven.

She swallowed cum spurts while my face was being washed by her liquids due to her wild pussy eating. It's hard to describe such sensations, so much sensuality. We hugged, and she thanked me but were interrupted by a phone ringing. She answered that. I dressed up quickly, picked up Dulce's panty and put it back by sliding it up each massive leg. She finished the conversation with her sister; the lovely maid kissed me tenderly and said winking an eye:

“Marcos, I hope you've finally learned this lesson on how to treat a weak and frail exquisite underwear piece,” and headed for the kitchen, to resume her duties here. My affection for Dulce had turned great by now, until she had an argument with my mother -some disagreement spurted- and my

mom fired the maid. I wasn't at home at the time these problems surged, and as I learned this, I tried to defend the maid. I was too upset, saying she deserved another opportunity but my mother refused after a long quarrel.

Never saw Dulce again... until I got a call some time later. She said on the phone:

"Oh, Marcos, I miss you a lot."

She sounded sad, still I said, confused:

"Smile, what's the use of crying, Dulce."

She said:

"We'd better stop seeing each other, Marcos. You've been so special, I'm sure any woman who got in your way would be happy the same way I rejoiced your caresses."

THE END