My mother in law: longing for sex

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Apr 2009

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/my-mother-in-law-longing-for-sex.aspx

My mother in law from Spain, hungry for sex
This happened at some locality in Spain.
My father in law, named Francisco, is a wealthy man, 69yo. I met him ten years ago at an international forum, held especially for enterprise management presidents. We liked immediately each other -same race- regardless of different ages -he was 35 years older. Well, I figure out he was impressed to see a guy like me with the balls to manage my own company. This way, our closeness grew fast, a genuine friendship. We used to see each other, or meet, induced by professional reasons, and this is how I met his daughter, falling in love with her.
Mr. Francisco never objected if I dated his daughter. It wasn't a secret this love affair was only meant to merge funds, making thus one sole corporation - a convenient marriage. One year later, after my wedding, Francisco's wife died in hospital; a year more later, he announced pompously, on having returned from a business trip, he had married secretly -secret nuptials- another woman who was totally unheard of to his family. She was25 years younger. I stillrecall that moment, as my wife got mad as hell, in the middle of a jealous rage.Totally shocked, she was an extreme moralist. I think that's the reason why Francisco had postponed the moment for introducing her new wife officially to everybody.
Francisco wasan honest man, and told methe story in advance, honoring our friendship, communicating the secret to me, confessing Sandra (this was her name) had been of great consolation, comfort to his life. I thought it would be betterif I gavehim some advice, and Francisco accepted to take her wife to a social reunion held at his mansion, to introduce his new wife to all guests –my advice did work here.
Ifigured out my wife would take it, with necessary wisdom to manage this, and would behave in a better manner, now in the middle of a public reunion… but I never anticipated I would be the real problem here, a menace myself, forI began to realize how Sandrawouldcatchmy attention since first I saw her, a high class -refined woman, slender, precious face, that matched her age quite well. She was 45.
She was wearing a short, tight dress at the reunion and noticed she didn't have panties on, plus my favorite, my weakness: high heels –black steel. This bitchappeared possessed by lust, pleasure, evil, and later I learned she loved to crawl on top of tables to stir males.I din't know I'd soonbend her overtofuck hercunt and ass together.

Her sculptured shaped gorgeous body made her appear a woman of 30 though. It shocked me more when getting my first sight of hers: dressed in a tight white skirt that fit closely to her body, low neck, to show off gorgeous breasts. One could guess they were firm and big, the owner of fantastic gym legs, endless pretty legs with silver high heel sandals, too luxurious indeed.
As I saw her I immediately fell in love with Sandra. I promised every effort, every progress I'd make on her, would be bound to only fuck her. It only took me seconds to classify that milf as a sex anxious bitch. She was a desirous slut looking for a company her husband Francisco had been unable to give her on the bed, judging from his old age, not to mention Francisco's inclination and taste for alcohol.
As I kissed her in the cheek -we were introduced first- it took me quite an effort to control, and my hand began to make unconscious movements, beginning to lower down along her back to her ass crack, until it got to a nude, uncovered spot by the dress, close to the limit of her ass curve. I sensed as this lady acknowledged and denounced this movement of my hand.
She probably thought, after a split second, this was not that important or somethingworthbe taken cared of… probably it had been her imagination, exaggerating or it had been an abuse a stranger touched her like that?
Well, at the end she kissed me back, saying hi, while addressing my wife: "Oh, congratulations. You're in fact more beautiful than that. Your father says you're extraordinarily pretty. You deserve this gallant husband."
This utterance as she complimented me, meant only a massage bound for my intelligence: she undoubtedly had gotten my move, and had accepted me. I began to be important here.
That had been an endless night, coz Sandra's smile of a white perfect teeth row had me possessed and haunted. Her eyes were of a deep blue like a doll, and a limp straight hair fell to her shouldersas she walked.This looked more to a beauty parade show of leggy women.
Sitting at the bar, my elbows resting on it, I noticed my dick had already gotten hard as having images of myself licking her sandals and penetrating that milf asshole which I wasn't able to see in my dreams, obstructed, covered by a luxurious thin thong that run along the asscrack.
Francisco was happy, a well-off man, but had a problem: he drank too much, and obviously Sandra wouldn't be fucked that night by her husband, missing good sex. To imagine how this mature deserved good fair sex, it drove me mad, perturbed.
My wife and I were the last persons to leave the party and no sooner we got home, I began to fuck her wildly,looking for relief; an innocent victim used as a respite. I don't recall having fucked a woman like this in my lifetime, least my wife, so shehad to pay for consequences; I wastoo horny that night, cunt eager and she was the one handy at the time on my bed. I gave her a good beating with my rod, no doubt. I couldn't catch up my sleep thinking in Sandra, so I waited until my wife was soundly asleep and began to stroke my dick, having fantasies with Sandra on her 4's, doggy style, my favorite, taking her ass first thing. My feelings around this milf were eternal.
All couples had to attend each and every one cultural event in the city, among them: Charity dinners, business reunions, picnics, or would spend one afternoon at Francisco's mansion, where Sandra looked as if the Queen, a model. No matter how she dressed up, high heels with metal tip, or sandals,

she always made me horny and wild. I never had a chance to get near her though… until out of the blue, an opportunity showed and I had an idea on how to get near her: would wait until Francisco left on a trip he had announced.

Her husband’s business trip came up so quickly and urgent that I only could afford the time to consider or plan ahead, just hada few minutes to make adjustments when leaving airport where I had dropped Francisco to catch his flight.These plans were intendedto harass and court Sandra,and this made me to havea hard on immediately, not realizing I was already there, parking my sedan insidemy father in law's big mansion.

Sandra met me at the door step, showing surprise in her look, at this inconvenient, andhaving problematic moment as well. I thought differently though. Another attitude, thinking this visit had been fine, ok, particularly at the sight of Sandra dressed in a tight mini skirt, at the door step, wearing white high heel shoes.

She showed me inside and offered whisky which I helped myself. As she turned around to fetch the drink, she again offered me a stunning sight, which I began to enjoy here: spectacular, awe-inspiring waist and figure. I lost control; slowly, approaching on her behind, put my hand around her waist and began to kiss her neck.

This made her shake; turned around and said: “Oh, what are you doing?”

I hadto make my move fast: told her a whole account of my desires, but didn’t let her go, or step back, to keep a body contact and get a hold of her any moment, if necessary. I felt her aroma; noticed how my body became hot, what look like an infinite heat.

She stood there, silent, still; but said, looking me in the eye with tremulous voice: “Oh, Marcos, this is not good, you know we can’t…!”

I noticed she was a desperate, frantic woman eager to get fucked by a male like me, so I insisted, pressed on and pulled her against me, while my hands searched for an ass! “Oh, no Marcos. Not here, please! She uttered. “Servants… uh… let’s go to my bedroom.”

She pushed me to separate and walked straight to the elevator not forgettingthe bottle of whisky which she rushed to grab with such a sensuality never seen in any woman before. She didn’t resist or struggled as I hugged her immediately after the door was closed behind us. Our tongues played with envy, whilst my hands tried to embrace her body, ardently and decisively.

Spaniard Sandra didn’t waste time and began to unbutton her top. Breasts popped out free of this prison, firm, hard and protruding like piercing. I switched to the skirt and there she was: wearing only a thong and white high heels, standing in front of her man. I couldn’t take it anymore, holding my pretentious dick, full of pleasure and anxious: “Easy does it, man. Make your day, cool, you’ll fuck her ok!” I thought. “Haste makes waste.”

I lied on the floor where I began to lick her feet and shoes. She poked her fingers in her cunt slit while stroking her breasts herself with the other hand. I stood up with a cock almost ready to explode and jet a cum about to spurt, so the only way out of this was to lay this mature on her back and penetrate within her. I immediately felt how Sandra’s vagina muscles gripped around my shaft like tight baseball gloves, adjusting wonderfully. Only this muscle adaptation brought her to a great cum, moaning into

my ear:
“You would never imagine how I was begging to have this rod inside me, Marcos.” She said:
“Francisco is always drunk from frustration due to a no working penis. The only man available here is you, hovering around, harassing me.” She said.
I replied to this: “Do you like this cock, little bitch?”
I jammed into the pussy deeper. She always begged for more: "Oh, yes, Marcos, like this, please, don't stop." If she made a break was only to drink more whisky, then resume. This was like a dream to me, fucking the rich milf full of passion, intoxicated, while my eyes kept on admiring her, a state of the art, fine body.
By this time she had become my mistress and our lives were totally transformed into an eternal hunger for sex withonly one difference: impediment and difficulties were a problem here, and wewere obligedto love each other clandestinely, at hidden places, a married woman pretending she was normal; this passion made us to loveeach other furtively.
Being a superb dick-licker made her a cum addict too. She drank it avidly while I fucked her pussy both ways: softly, like a gentleman, and violently, furiously at times, rammed into the deep pussy, sometimes rude, again. This woman from high society was as nasty and ordinary like any hooker, a pervert, licentious, lewd.
I got back home late and exhausted. Next day she called me at noon: “I’m waiting.” I no sooner heard this on the cell phone, than I made advances to get a license for my afternoon off. I had something in mind now: I’d fuck her on a pool table!”… and I did, after she put on a tight short dress, not wearing panties, plus my favorite weakness: black steel high heels.
She had begun to crawl on top of the pool table in order to stir me up, so I didn’t waste time: She never complained or said: “Oh, stop, stop it!!” and would make a break to drink whisky instead, to resumed with more lust and energy than before, totally drunk.
It was becoming late to get late and I should leave soon. A beauty, at the beginning, was now transformed into a staggering woman saying good bye to me at the door step, beaten by the two enemies: alcohol and exhaustion together. Her beauty wasn’t lost though.
As Sandra’s husband was back here, we would be restricted, and Sandra would have to hide her nourished passion. As a matter of fact, this was her opportunity to show her courage and keep cheating her couple beyond limits. She wouldn’t renounce, for my rod belonged to her-she thought- and she would fight to keep it. My dick was a necessity, so would rub her ass against it whenever there was a chance behind Francisco’s back, or stroking my manhood under the table at parties. We would fuck at lady’s bath rooms… went to other person’s homes, in the middle of chaos.
Sandra was a real, enthusiast cheater, by having her husband drink lost of wine at parties or during lunch time. This unusual amount of wine, plus a possible narcotic poured into his glass, made Francisco to nod, doze slowly, and utter incoherent words out of his mouth. While this happened, Sandra’s free hand jerked off my dick under the tablecloth.
In one occasion, Francisco felt asleep soundly, in his chair, his wife sneaked under the table and gave me a hell of a blowjob. At the moment I cummed she didn’t waist a cum drop, swallowing it all.

Sandrawas a Queen at parties, and my eyes always looked for her everywhere.
Finally, at nightfall, I used to have my dessert by having her riding astride me, moaning wildly without any restraint; no one around to criticize, while I stroked her waist -she riding on top- in ecstasy, at the sight of hersculpture like body.
Today, as I recall all these facts, telling you this account, I still have images of hers, parading around the room, naked, wearing high heels, like a perfect pro. I wonder if she did this with intent, trying to turn me on more, then ride my dick madly in endless punishment, an audacious, daring a womangetting more immoral each time. She would creep into my office, aways awayfrom undesired bystanders using one justification, dressed up formally, like a lady. As we were totally alone, shegot on her knees to suck my dick, a fervent respectful lady.
To have and to keep a mistress is not an easy task. This stuff sometimes gets out of control, too difficult to avoid unfortunate mishaps leading to a disaster, especially with Sandra so wildly in love with my monster dick: a perturbed but keenly amorous lady.
I didn’t want Sandra to continue this lifestyle, cheating her husband, so what a relief if it would be if they didn’t lay the blame on me anymore, responsible for her cheating. Francisco died and I wouldn’t worry from now on, not making this guy’s life miserable. She was horns woggle, indeed. On the other hand, what possible justification would I have to visit Sandra after Francisco had passed away? On the other hand, my wife never accepted Sandra -couldn’t digest her totally-so she prohibited me tohavecontact with the amorous Sandra. No point in visiting her, but I stil wantedher pussy!
Sandra didn’t take it, she needed a daily dose of sex, to the extreme she began to behave like an insane and madethis mistake: told my wife the true story, an absolute account of our affair, including a part I had ignored: Sandra was pregnant.
I began to pay for consequences! My wife filed a suit for divorce, and I lost everything on a court trial. She let me ruined without a red penny, all my savings -2 years work. A judge ruled I can’t get near my home 2 kms a distance. All this mess caused me to ignore Sandra completely, I swore never see her again in my lifetime.
I happened to learnabout Sandra's whereabouts from an old friend: Sandra never gave that child to birth, and had become a courtesan prostitute at the mansion Francisco had left her in a will, practicing sex, fucking clients of high society. She also had become famous -he said- and high class executives would boast, exchanging money for pleasure, having sex with lustful Sandra.
This didn't bother me: My only worry now is to get early to my work, punch card on time, at the local slaughterhouse, or got dismissed, becoming a new beggar, tramp, hobo, in this city!!

THE END
(Only a life lived for others is worth living).