

The Start of the Affair

By OldGeezer

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How I met my lover, and started a long term affair.

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She was in her early 40s, just a couple of years younger than me. We met at a celebration party when my wife's course at the local university had ended. It was the usual drinks and snacks sort of do, and my wife was introducing me to various people as we were moving around, and spending time chatting to various people that we'd met before. Suddenly amongst one small group that we joined, she was there, tall and slim, though well rounded, her neat waist giving her a real old fashioned hour-glass figure, and more than anything else, a great smile. I found myself untypically tongue-tied, feeling awkward, and afterwards my wife remarked that I was quieter than usual. We chatted briefly together, and moved on to talk with others, but I knew that she was still in the room, and managed the occasional glance around to locate her. Once or twice I saw that she was looking over as well and our eyes met briefly. Was I fooling myself that I saw a spark of interest in her look, or was I really acting out the infatuated teenager? The next day at work, I found myself thinking about her, even though I hadn't caught her name. My office was in the city centre, and at lunchtime I did as usual and crossed the road to a small sandwich shop. As I was turning to leave, I bumped into someone entering the shop, and with an almost electric shock realised that it was she. Stumbling over my words to apologise, she took advantage of the hiatus to apologise for dashing into the shop without looking. And so we got talking, and ate our sandwiches in a small park near the city centre and just talked, and talked. Time passed, and I was oblivious to everything except her, until my mobile phone rang reminding me that I still had a job to do. We arranged to meet again a couple of days later for lunch, and parted. Sarah, which was her name as I had soon discovered, was married, but had no children, and a husband who was away a lot, which was why she was at that party alone. She was a junior partner in a firm of solicitors in the city. Lunch happened, and another, and it was clear that the attraction was mutual, and having had perhaps a little more wine than usual, we made arrangements to have dinner rather than lunch. I often had to entertain clients so I could hide the fact that this was not a client meeting easily. We met at a restaurant out on the coast, overlooking the beach and the waves breaking on the rocks. I decided to make the first move, and told her how much I was attracted to her. She smiled and looking into my eyes, she told me that she was thought so, hoped so, and then just waited for me to continue. "This isn't easy, you know", I started, "but ever since I first saw you, I just simply wanted to make love to you, so very much. You are the most amazing woman that I

have met in a long, long, time, and your attraction is much more than physical. I feel I can tell you anything". "Oh thank goodness", Sarah replied, "I was wondering when you would say something. I would have jumped into bed with you after our first lunch, had you asked, but it didn't seem that you were ready". "No, I don't do casual relationships", I added, "and so I wanted to be certain that my feelings for you would last long longer than just one meeting. Now I am sure, I want you in my life". "Good", she said, "but let me set a few ground rules. I will never leave my husband, I am not looking to become your wife, and whatever we have must be kept discreet". "I don't have any problem with that, I have no idea where this may go, but if we can manage it, that would be ideal for me too.", I responded. As we ate our meal after that, it was as though a cloud had been lifted, our hands would touch, and hold, my fingers stroking hers, and as we left the restaurant, my arm was around her as we looked over the railings at the moonlit sea. We kissed for the first time, and the world stood still. All my consciousness was focused on the sensation that our lips and tongues created. It is a corny thing to say, but that kiss in the moonlight was just magic. A week later, I was "away on business", driving some distance away to a small country hotel, where Sarah was waiting for me in the car park. We took our bags upstairs, and as the door closed behind us, she turned to me and melted into my arms. Our first then kiss was tentative, exploring, but soon turning into a deep, tongue tangled, sensual, full tasting of each other. Her body molded into mine, her firm breasts pushing against the cloth of my short, while her pelvis ground against me. "I've waited long enough", she said as she broke away from me, "I want you and you want me, so let's wait no longer". And so saying she started to unbuckle my belt, her hands like quicksilver as they freed my now erect penis from my pants. She held my erect member in her hands, slowly rubbing her fingers along its length as she blew warm air onto its tip. Then extending a pink tip of her tongue she tasted the very tip of my penis, the saliva on her tongue making the touch amazingly sensual, and the sight so very erotic. "Mmmm....", she murmured, "now that is tasty". Slowly she swallowed me, starting with just the head, and then with each movement she took a bit more of me, she then slid back until just the tip of her tongue was licking my head, and then with her eyes fixed on mine, she would take another centimetre or so. I wanted to push my hips forward, but her restraining hand told me to stay still and let her make the pace. Once she had taken the whole length of my penis, she then reversed the process, and slowly withdrew, each movement letting my cock slide a bit further out, until her lips were just placed in a circle around my pee hole, and her tongue tip working it over. This was a beautiful and exquisite agony, as I held back my instincts to grab her and just fuck her face hard. After she had once more surrounded my root with her soft and undulating lips, she then started to speed up, her tongue working on me, curling under the rim of my head, and sending delicious sensations pulsing through me. Then her hands worked harder as well, slipping under me to caress my balls, and squeeze them in time with her sucking. "Slowly", I warned, "else I'm going to cum too soon", but she sort of shook her head and if anything speeded up, drawing me further into her throat with each movement. It was the most wonderful feeling, but one that could not last, and as the familiar sensation of tightness in my balls started, my hand went to the back of her head and held her down on me as my semen pulsed out, and she took it all in her throat and mouth and dribbling down her chin. Still licking and

sucking me, she gulped down my seed, and as my penis started to soften, eventually released me. I lifted her up and kissed her deeply, saying that now it was my turn. It was still early in the evening and the light of the setting sun turned her body golden as I slowly undressed her. My mouth kissed each and every part of her body as I slowly undid her blouse and slipped it off her shoulders. My tongue slipped under her bra seeking out her most sensitive parts, and as my hands released her bra, the lacy garment revealed her firm and high breasts, topped by large areolae and long nipples. I told her the truth when I said that I was so pleased that her nipples were like that. I just love long hard nipples, to play with and to suck, and I did all of that, the slight roughness of my tongue across the tip of her nipples driving her wild. My hands fitted her breasts well, and with one in each hand, I fed first one nipple and then the other to my hungry mouth. While my mouth was busy on one nipple, my fingers were stretching and twisting the other wet and slippery nipple. She was writhing and twisting under the twin assault, and gasping for breath, she finally pushed my away, telling me to stop, else she would cum too early. "Why too early?", I asked. "Because usually I can only cum once, and I want you in me when I do", she said. "OK, my sweet, if that's what you think, why don't you just lie back and let me show you that you are wrong". I pushed her back on the bed, and hooking my fingers in the waistband of her skirt, dragged it down, over her slim hips and down off her legs. She was smooth and lovely, and I wasted no time in kissing her nipples, and slowly working my way down across her stomach, and heading for her mound. My hands were still on her nipples as I kissed her gently there, and then down the inside of her thighs, my head forcing her legs apart before I then switched to kiss up the other thigh. The skin there is just so smooth I find it irresistible, and I licked and kissed her skin for ages. I think I surprised her as I saw some initial disappointment in her eyes as once more I moved up her body. But when my mouth took in her right nipple, and my hands replaced my lips in paying her inner thighs the necessary attention, she groaned and moved so that I could gain closer access to her. My lips were sliding up and down her long nipples, my teeth nipping gently and I could feel her enjoyment. So when at last I slipped a finger between her pussy lips, and stroked one side and then the other, with just a slight touch to her clit as I changed direction, she groaned loudly and crossed her legs in a spasm, trapping my hand. "Oh, god, that feels so good", she murmured, "I want more of that!". "And so you shall, my lovely woman", I replied, as she came down from her high. Leaving her breasts for now, I slid down the bed to kneel beside the bottom, and tugged her down to me, so that I had full and easy access to all of her. It was my turn to extend my tongue and slipping it easily between her pussy lips, I tasted her juices for the first time. "Mmmmmm", I mumbled, "Nice.....". I had her legs over my shoulders, her knees bent, so her feet were flat on my back, as my hands stretched her pussy lips apart to let the broad width of my tongue lap at her, and it was clear that this was getting to her as well. Moving aside slightly, I slid first one finger and then a second into her and relished the tightening of her pussy around them. Sliding in to press upwards, my tongue now moved to her clit, hard and erect like a miniature penis, and played circles around it as my fingers stroked and pressed. "Oh yes..that's it..yess...oh..oh...OOOOHHHHHHHH". My hand was almost ripped off as her body convulsed in a much more powerful orgasm than earlier, and my mouth was drenched with a spurt of her female cum. "You do taste wonderful", I told her, as I rose up for air, and

to hold her tight against me as her spasms subsided. She kissed me then again, and breaking apart said “Mmmm....yes, I do don't I? I don't usually cum twice, but that was fantastic, I hoped you would be good, but you really know how to get me going”. “I haven't finished yet with you, my sweet”, I told her, “but let's just take it easy and see what you really are capable of”. Somewhere along the line I had lost my clothes as well, so there we were, in the dying rays of the sun, naked, her body curled against mine. By now, of course, my penis was filling again, and pressing against her bottom. She reached behind and stroked me fully into life, and then pressed herself back into me so my cock was pressed up against my stomach and nestled in the crack of her ass. She moved so as to gently slide my cock up and down her ass, squeezing me as she did so. This was a great sensation, and it would have been easy to force the pace, but it seemed right to go slowly, and so I just enjoyed the stimulation, which she seemed happy to carry on doing, without raising the heat or slowing down. Then, from somewhere, she groaned deep, and moving her right leg up and back over me, and her body into position, with a deft press of her hand she slid me easily into her vagina. She felt so good, tight, hot and so beautifully slippery, the tactile sensation was wonderful. We moved slowly and deeper, our hands playing with each other, a highly charged sensual feeling all through, me as we moved in the language of love. Each squeeze of her pussy walls on my cock was rewarded by my cock moving in such a way as to stroke her front wall, and gently, slowly, our heat built. Finally sensuality turned into passion, and I turned her over without leaving her and as she rose up on her hands and knees, my speed and force increased until all that could be heard were my pants and her groans, and the noise of a thick cock pistoning into a wet and slippery tight vagina, as our bodies bucked against each other. She came first, her head dropping to the pillow to stifle a guttural scream as her orgasm burst through her body. I slowed my pace to let her down, and as her head came back up, we tumbled sideways and then over, so that she was above me, still impaled on my erect organ. Her eyes looked heavy and slightly glazed as she took up my pace and started to ride me to my own orgasm. Her rhythm was perfect, her full breasts available for me to kiss and to feel as she bent down to tease me with them. The sight of her riding me was itself the subject of many a wet dream, and as she raised herself almost off me, her pussy clenched and squeezed me, before giving me that glorious silky sliding sensation all around me and all along the length of me. Again I felt that fullness in my balls, and then the heat of my sperm rising to spurt deep into her body, again and again, until she had squeezed me dry, and finally collapsed on top of me. I think we then dozed for a while, and then I became aware that it was well past 9pm. We ordered room service, along with a chilled bottle of champagne. The taste of her juices mixed with the champagne was heavenly, so you can imagine where I was drinking it from! In the shower together, I got first to soap her all over. Standing there, my hands gliding down her body was a great, and it soon got me aroused again. Then it was her turn to spread the shower gel all over me, soaping me all over, down under my cock, which she held with one hand while the other washed my balls, and even further round. I jumped a little when her finger hit my asshole, and she moved away again to caress my balls. Then with a giggle, she once again found my asshole and whispering “got to shower well”, worked her finger into me. The soapy suds made it easy, and I have to admit that it was a great feeling, and told her so. “My turn now”, she said,

and turned round, so I could soap her back, over the sexy swell of her buttocks, and parting her cheeks work my finger in the same way as she had done to me. "Oh Chris, yes, oh yes, please.....", she almost begged, as her body bent to give me better access. Again the slippery soap was a great lubricant, and working it round and round her tight rosebud was a joy, especially as it clearly was giving her so much pleasure. I could feel her tight ring start to relax, and when I pressed my finger against the centre it slipped in with no difficulty, other than making Sarah gasp loudly, and press back even further onto my finger. I was all for trying a second finger, but Sarah told me that that was enough, and when I looked a bit disappointed, she turned to kiss me and whispered "for now!". Back to bed, and Sarah surprised me by falling asleep almost immediately. I also felt a bit disappointed, as my cock was hard again after the shower, and it seemed a bit churlish to masturbate with my lover lying next to me. But if she needed her sleep, then she should sleep. And eventually I did as well. Early the next morning, it was still dark when I slid into that half-awake, half sleepy state that sometimes happens first thing. It was in that stupor that I was conscious of a warm feeling on my cock and balls, and something soft being dragged across me. My morning woody was well in place, and then I felt heat, wetness, and finally clarity came as Sarah woke me with a deep and slow blow job. "Morning", I said, and she grunted, not being able to say much with my penis deep in her mouth. I grabbed her arms and started to tug her round, not that she needed much encouragement, as she settled on top of me, her knees either side of my head, and her mouth deep on my cock. I could smell her, and with a simple movement, started to lick her pussy as it was offered to me so willingly. I do enjoy 69 and with my hands around her bum cheeks I eagerly ate her out. She ground her pussy into my face, and allowed me to move her around to lick her deeper, and stick my tongue as far into her as I could. Then I wondered about the time in the shower, and rather than use my fingers, just gently slid her forward so that I could reach her asshole, sliding my tongue along her perineum until her tight rosebud was within tasting distance. Licking her there somehow took her attention away from my cock, which was probably a good thing as I was starting to get close. Balancing herself backwards now, she let me lick her while my fingers played with her pussy and clit. "Oh fuck, Chris, I've never felt anything like that before, it is so, so,oh I don't know, just so fucking amazing". She started to work herself back onto my tongue and was moving her hips round as my pointed tongue pused into her. Eventually, she just sort of crab walked down the bed until she was positioned above my erect cock, and then lowered herself onto me. Looking over her shoulder, she said "I wasn't ready last night, but if you want my ass now, then I'd love to feel you deep inside me there, filling me up". The simple eroticism of her words raised my cock even higher, and holding her hips, I lowered her down onto me, and guided her to put one hand around me and control my penetration. Anal penetration is so different to vaginal, the pressure on the end of my penis unlike any other as she tries to relax and allow it in. The tight ring of muscle resists, and then expands, and the grip around the end of my cock is amazing. My licking had relaxed her sufficiently and given some lubrication, so the complete feeling of her giving in to me, as the bulbous head of my cock popped through followed by the heat from her anal passage, and tightness of the grip of her sphincter around me., almost made me cum there and then. It is a fantastic feeling, both physical and mental, and very obviously one that she enjoyed as

much as I as her nerve endings were stimulated to an extreme level. “Oh that feels so full, it sort of hurts a bit, but not really, and oh, yes, do that again, yessssss..... yessssss” Sarah was on fire, it seemed, and we frantically fucked this way until I could feel her body tightening. I rolled her over then, and holding her hands above her head, down on the pillow, raised her onto her knees, and once again slid easily now into her anal passage, to pound her body with mine, harder and harder, faster and faster until in a moment that surprised us both we climaxed at the same time. All too soon it was time to get up, but not before we had showered together once more. Her hands on me were gentle and soft, caressing my penis and slowly kneading it into life. With the warm water raining down on us, she dropped to her knees, and she started to blow me, working on me with her mouth, tongue and lips. Then a hand crept around me to finger my ass again, but this time driving in, deep enough to press on my prostate, which for me is an almost unimaginable sensation and which causes me to climax in short order. It didn't matter that I had cum in her only a half hour before, I don't know where it all came from, but my spurts were heavier than ever, as she opened her mouth to let me watch my penis discharge stream upon stream of sticky white into her. We parted after breakfast, very reluctantly on my behalf, and I somehow drove back to the office. I knew that I had found someone whose sexual urges matched mine very well, and whose lovemaking was not just a sexual act, but a sensual art form. I was lucky, and knew it. We've been lovers now for some 6 years, and still manage to meet irregularly but frequently, at least very couple of weeks, and have so totally explored each others' desires and needs. I may tell you about them in due course!