

# Manolo's Parting Gift To Me.

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*The exchange student exchanges some body fluids with me*

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Finally the last of the guests had left.

We had hosted a party for a group of friends our foreign exchange student knew. He had been living in our guest cabin on the farm and was headed back to Portugal in two days.

Manolo was bright, articulate and made a lot of friends in the short time he was living here. Some of the local girls would miss him too. He was very popular with his rugged good looks and athletic body. I should know. He spent many an afternoon in our pool. If I were 25 again, I would have made a play for him too.

I was in the kitchen alone now trying to clean the last dregs from the lasagna pans before throwing them into the dishwasher.

It was quiet in the house. My husband had an early surgery to perform in the morning and had gone to bed an hour ago. I was nursing a nice Pinot Noir now, having switched from the rum punch that had been a tasty change from my typical KetelOne on the rocks. I needed nothing more to drink but hell, it was the holiday season and I had months before I needed to start thinking about putting on a bikini again.

I watched the last of the logs burn out across the room in the fireplace. I could see moonlight illuminating the snow on the lawn behind me from the reflection in the large mirror over the mantel across the room.

Tom Waits' new live CD – Glitter and Doom - played background music as I lip-synched along to "The Part You Throw Away." I heard footsteps on the back porch as he started into "Trampled Rose." It was Manolo.

"I came to say how much I appreciated your hospitality while I was here. A friend will be picking me up early tomorrow to take me to the airport and I was afraid I would not see your or Dr. Adams."

"It has been our pleasure (with a slight slur I noticed). We will miss having you around."

"Well, I wanted to give you some gifts from Portugal as a way to show my appreciation. Please give this Galo De Barcelos Cork to Dr. Adams for me. He will find it useful on those evenings when you still have wine left in your bottle. I want you to have this Spooone Rest. It is made from glazed pottery and no two patterns are alike. Now you will not need to use that chipped one I watched you use."

"That is very sweet of you Manolo. We did not expect anything like this."

"These are not expensive and not fancy I know but they are native to Portugal . I had one more thing I wanted to give to you to Mrs. Adams. This necklace was handmade by my uncle and I like all the different colors in the beads."

It was indeed beautiful. My hands being deep in dishwater I did not hold it.

“Take this necklace off for me and put your’s around my neck Manolo. I don’t want to get dirty dishwater on it.” His large hands fumbled with the clasp at the back of my silver strand necklace but soon unclasped it and put his around my neck. I looked at the mirror across the room.

“Thank you. It is gorgeous.” I noticed his hands had not strayed from my shoulders. They felt good there but it was a bit awkward.

“I am glad you like it. I thought I would give it to Carla, but you are prettier and sexier than any of the girls I dated.”

I enjoyed the compliment from this young stallion, but was a bit unsure at how to respond. I felt his hands move just over my shoulders now and his long fingers draped over and just above my neckline.

“Manolo. Thank you very much. I will miss having you around. Well, I guess you need to get back to packing. You have an early morning.” I reached for the dish towel to dry my hands. His thumbs were making small circles on the bare skin at the back of my neck.

“Manolo, you should go should you not?” No answer, as I felt him lean in to my bottom.

“Mrs. Adams. You are incredibly sexy. I have craved you ever since I arrived. I have laid in bed at night thinking of coming to your bed when Dr. Adams was working late. I have taken photos of you working in the barn, in your riding clothes, lying by the pool. They are all around the wall of my room. I

masturbate and cum on them daily.”

“Manolo, I don’t believe I want to continue this conversation. You should leave. I am a married woman and am 20 years older than you!” His thumbs moved under the thin straps of my sweater on my shoulders and pulled it off of my shoulders. This was the wrong top be wearing. It has a deep plunge front that zipped to my waist and was skin tight. The ribbed material was thick enough and supportive enough that I did not need to wear a bra.

His hands moved around and caressed my throat as he leaned into my full ass. I said nothing. I was in shock. I feared what my hot-tempered husband would do. Just as I began to scream, the dishtowel was stuffed into my mouth and cinched behind.

His hands were now moving under my armpits and pressing into the sides of my tits as he start dry humping my ass. I was too strong to resist. One hand tugged on the zipper to open my sweater as I felt his other hand moving behind my ass and undoing his belt and the button on his shorts. I hear them drop to the floor.

He pulled the sweater off of my body. His hands moved to my tits.

“Your nipples are huge. I bet they must be sensitive.”

He rolled them in his fingers. Oh my god. I do have sensitive nipples and always take pleasure in having them played with and sucked on. I always brush them with my fingers when I masturbate. It makes an orgasm very easy to accomplish.

Hands now moved under the short skirt I wore. He pulled it up and over my ass, exposing the thong I wore.

“I knew it. I never saw lines under all the skirts and slacks and shorts you wore. I knew you wore sexy lingerie.”

He tugged at the thin lace material and tore the thong away from my body. I felt his – it was huge – cock pressing against my bottom. He continued to play with my tits and nipples and I was ashamed to find myself getting wet.

“Mrs. Adams, I am not going to hurt you. But I am going to fuck you. I am not going back to Portugal without cumming in you.”

I stood there now completely naked except for my Dansk clogs. I reached up behind my neck to the knot on the dishtowel and pulled.

“I am not going to scream, Manolo. Keep going.”

His hands reached down and he pulled my ass cheeks apart and pushed me a bit more over the counter. I felt the tip of his cock pressing in to my pussy. It slid in easily.

“Stick your finger in my ass.”

I heard him licking a finger and soon press and ease it in. This felt so good and is something I cannot get my husband to do enough of. My hand moved between my legs and I slid my finger in my pussy alongside his cock.

His thrusts grew wild, hard and fast, pushing in me doggy style. I urged him. I thrust my ass against him harder. I heard his hard breathing and his groans as he sought a release of himself deep inside me.

I rubbed his cock inside me with my finger and moved to my clit. He doubled his thrusts and I heard a cry welling from his throat as hot jets of cum exploded from his cock deep into my pussy.

I bit my lip to keep myself from crying out and arched back and into his loins, my round ass cheeks flattening against his loins. My pussy tightened around his cock milking the cum from him as my own juices flooded over my fingers and down the inside of my thighs.

We paused. His strong arms holding me. Catching our breath.

He gently pulled out.

“Dr. Adams is a deep sleeper, Manolo. Let me come back to the cabin and help you pack a bit. I would like to see your photo collection.”

I pulled on a heavy coat, without putting my clothes back on. I gathered them up to put on later. I grabbed my camera and we headed out the door across the field to the cabin.