A young man's beautiful boss

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Sex with the boss only happens in dirty movies... right?

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At the interview I hadn’t really realised how attractive my now-boss was. It’s probably because she wasn’t my boss at the time but since I have started at work I can’t get enough of looking and talking to her.

Yeah, yeah, the sexy female boss thing is such a cliché but there must be something in it because, while I wouldn’t look at Jackie twice in the street, it’s different at work. Add to this her extremely down-to-Earth and playful nature and I ended up with a boss I do some serious fantasizing about.

Maybe another thing that turned me on was her accent, if you’re familiar with English accents it was strong Manchester or ‘northern’ and that just made her seem a bit more... accessible. I’ve said to friends before that if she and I are alone in a room together, it weirdly seems like there is sexual tension but I was convinced it was all one way, ie me thinking she was hot. But she had always been slightly, how should I put it, motherly. She was always remarking how she loved how polite I was, and how she’d like a son like me. Saying that bothered me because she was only 38 and I hoped she didn’t consider the difference in our ages to be that great.

Either way, I had always just kind of felt like it was a stupid, typical infatuation with my first boss. After all, she wasn’t a supermodel by any means but there was something about her...

She wasn’t tall at only about 5’ 3” but wore two or three inch heeled ankle boots most days. Me being tall, this shortness I found kind of cute and it certainly suited her. Despite being short you couldn’t really call her petite, she had curves in all the right places and a chest to match.

She usually wore her golden-brown, tightly curled hair up in a clasp and dressed smart-casually but her gorgeous brown eyes the colour of a deep, dark wood grain looked like those of a much younger woman. They were somehow innocent and pretty but when she smiled, which was often, became

wicked and kind of sexy.

I had contented myself with idly looking at her when she couldn't catch me and occasionally fantasizing about her but put the idea of some porn-film-like, ludicrous office fuck out of my head. That wasn't going to happen, surely.

For the first 6 months of work, it was just that, work. The others in the lab were a nice bunch of people but all had their own families and their own lives, including Jackie, and we didn't even go out at Christmas.

There was a feeling in the early months of the new year though that it was a shame we never socialised outside of work and, surprisingly, one of the technicians got around to organising a lunch away from work one Friday.

This being the case, when that Friday rolled around, I eschewed my work boots and company shirt for casual boots and a button-down and a couple of the other guys did, too. Jackie being the supervisor, she usually wore smart-casual clothes anyway and came in quite tall but conservative black leather ankle boots, really quite tight black trousers and a ridged, turtle necked sweater just snug enough to accentuate her really quite large breasts. Saying that, she would have had quite a job hiding them.

Leaving work on quite a high, simply because we'd never done this before, we made our way to an American-style diner nearby because their ribs were 'famous' and it was a convenient place. Standing in the car park at work I reminded everyone that I came in on the train every day and would need a lift. Everyone who was driving offered but we were standing closest to Jackie's huge sport model 4x4.

With a little bit of joy I declined the other guys' offers and said, "Jackie's car is closer, I'll just jump in here if that's..." I looked at Jackie.

She laughed, "I offered didn't I? Get in the fuckin' car!"

She did have a bad mouth, at least as bad as any of the guys, but I did kind of like it.

I was enjoying just being in the car with her on the 5 minute drive there. The interior did smell of her very womanly and expensive smelling perfume. Her husband must have had a pretty good job too for her to be wearing it and driving a car like this.

I cast a sidelong glance at her legs as she worked the pedals, appreciating the snugness of her pants and struck up idle conversation. She was engrossed in driving, just making short but not

unfriendly answers, disappointing me slightly as I felt I had missed out an opportunity to have her pull over and tell me she'd always wanted me. Why did I always think stupid stuff like that? Why would that happen? Realistic or not it did very quickly make me semi-hard and I was glad of sitting down and being able to conceal it.

As we neared the restaurant however I got nervous that it wasn't going away and that just made it worse. Was I ever going to get rid of it? As I hopped from the car I'd just have to hope she didn't notice. I was 'adjusting myself' when she came around the bonnet of the car quicker than I'd thought and saw me trying to sort myself out. I instantly held my coat in front of my crotch and she hesitated, eyebrows raised for a very tense second before making some joke about not understanding why men were always messing around down there.

'Fuck, I'd love for you to mess around down there,' I instantly thought. But laughed politely and apologised in an embarrassed tone instead.

As my other colleagues had gone in before us we took the only two spots left at the table, next to each other on a wall bench. I stood back and let her in first. She laughed lightly, teasing "Ooh, what a gentleman. You could all learn from this one, fellers!"

I could have sworn she checked out my crotch as she slid her ass along the bench. If she had she'd have seen the semi-hard outline of my cock.

It wasn't easy for me to talk to anyone else as I was on the end and I started to feel a little apprehensive that I would only really be able to talk to Jackie. It dawned on me that people had been talking for a while and I hadn't said anything until Jackie turned an almost sympathetic smile on me. Everyone else was discussing the menu and I blurted out an offer of a drink.

I instantly felt stupid. I offered to buy my boss a drink, in front of everyone but I luckily extended the offer to everybody almost instantly so it looked like I was just being a good sport. When I looked back to Jackie however, those gorgeous brown eyes were still smiling at me and I think she knew that I'd only wanted to buy her one.

Excusing myself and walking to the bar I cursed myself in my head but when I glanced back at the table everyone was in deep conversation, except Jackie... who was watching me go.

I muddled through the drinks order and was told they'd be brought over so walked back to the table, sliding in to my place.

I now found it easier to join in the idle chit-chat and was fairly relaxed by the time the drinks came. As

Jackie’s was set down I almost jumped as she softly said, “Thanks, Joe,” and put her petite little hand on the top of my thigh, giving it an oh so slight but undeniable squeeze. I instantly looked down to where it lingered for one...two... three seconds! Then my eyes shot up to hers and she was smiling a smile I could only describe as truly affectionate.

The lunch went on as I suppose you’d expect, conversation swerving inevitably to talk about work but I got the distinct impression, hoping it wasn’t wishful thinking, that Jackie made a special effort to talk to me. I enjoyed it and she was easy to talk to, with a wicked sense of humour that I could fully take advantage of to make her laugh every minute. With most of her laughs she put that hand back on my thigh with an affectionate squeeze.

Some people were just tactile but she usually wasn’t and it felt almost like she was testing to see if I’d object. Was that a shy look I detected every so often? It was almost like she was unsure of herself even though I’d always assumed that she was an in-control sort of person.

Leaving my mind racing, we paid the bill and left. To the surprise of everyone present, Jackie announced in the car park that she had to go. She seemed flustered somehow, like something was on her mind, and kind of in a hurry. So we all exchanged confused glances and shrugs and wished her a safe drive home. I jumped in to one of my colleague’s cars and tried to hold a normal conversation on the way back to work.

It wasn’t helping that he was asking, “What was up with her? What’s got in to her? She wasn’t meant to go home at lunch time. I thought she was doing a full day today.”

I couldn’t provide any answers and those questions were the ones swimming intensely around my head. I worked the rest of the day in a daze.

The next week or so passed without event; so much so that I managed to convince myself that nothing had happened. The only unusual thing, which I tried my hardest to put out of my mind, was that Jackie started to wear a little eye make-up.

She also wore ear-rings and for the first time I’d ever seen she wore a moderately low cut top, although nothing unprofessional. It was obvious she was wearing a new bra which was really very enhancing, giving her the breasts of an 18 year old. I’d never thought they looked at all bad. In fact I’d spent a lot more time than I should admiring their size and roundness underneath her tops and jumpers. This new push-up underwear certainly drew the eye but the fact that the other guys mentioned it and said it wasn’t suitable for a 38 year old kind of made me angry. Didn’t they see that she was actually extremely attractive?

I, somehow, managed to push the events of that lunch out of my mind and got back to admiring her as an unattainable fantasy until it came around to my night shift.

I came into the lab and dropped my bag in the break-room. I bent down to sign in and noted on the rota that the guy I expected to be in with hadn't. He was supposed to be there before me and I sighed heavily, despairing that he'd forgotten to turn in and that I'd be on my own.

It was then that I noticed a signature in curled, feminine script. Reading across the sheet I saw it was in the row reading 'Jackie' and double checked the signature itself. It was definitely hers.

I took off my coat and went into the lab hesitantly, hearing the tapping of a keyboard from the doorway of the office. I paced across to the doorway and leaned around to see unbound, tight, pretty brown curls with blonde highlights just about resting on narrow shoulders and slender calves in snug black trousers visible below the chair.

"Hi, Jackie."

My voice cracked stupidly like a teenager's and before she had even turned around I had time to figuratively but violently kick myself in my mind. I had to quickly catch my breath though as an elegantly made-up face with deep black mascara, subtle brown eye shadow and a lipstick a shade darker than her natural complexion turned to face me with an adorable smile.

"What are you doing here?" I continued and she frowned mockingly.

"Sorry, 'boss'. Fucking he-"She paused and looked incredibly shy. "I mean... Sorry 'boss', but I can do what I like."

Was she trying to play down her 'common' accent?

"Sorry," I laughed. Instead of nervous I actually felt genuinely happy to see her, her smile put me at ease. "Right, I'll get right on it then."

"Sure," she said. Adding, "Coffee in an hour?"

"Sure thing," I agreed and with a smile, left her to her work while I went to get on with mine.

For half an hour I was counting down the minutes. I was impatient and I wanted to talk to her, just look at her, be in the same room as her. How did this admiration from afar turn in to that feeling you get around girl you want to be with? But when there was only 15 minutes to go I got nervous. My

mind had wandered and images of her bra slung over the back of a chair in the break room while we made crazy love on the floor flashed ridiculously through my mind.

No matter how silly, these images had made me harden. I made my way to the break room and paused at the door, checking myself. It was obvious, really obvious, that I'd been thinking about things I probably shouldn't at work and at a loss for what to do, tucked my now quite large erection up in the waist of my jeans.

Opening the door I saw her sitting in the nearest chair, smiling up at me. I smiled dumbly back and went to the counter to make coffee, her not saying a word behind me. It began to dawn on me that she was feeling more awkward than I was.

I turned and set the coffees back on the coffee table and sat heavily in the chair next to her with a fake deep sigh trying to trigger conversation.

"Bet you were wishing to get some peace and quiet!" She began, nervously. "You know... no women around. Get away from your girlfriend."

I rolled my eyes, "Yeah, tell me about it! Things hadn't been going great on that front for a while, but no, I'm glad you're here."

I glanced up at her eyes to find them fixed on me. I felt shy. Were we flirting like teenagers?!

"Aww, well she's lucky even if she gets on your nerves." There was that playful, youthful, beautiful smile. We definitely were flirting like teenagers.

Jackie shifted a little in her seat and reached for her coffee, giving me a second to 'check her out' for want of less juvenile phrase. I didn't regret it.

She was wearing a tight white tee shirt, her arms modestly covered by a thin black cardigan but her breasts looking fuller and larger and more pert than ever. Just enough cleavage was showing so as to be tasteful but when she leaned down the very top of a royal blue coloured full-cup bra was visible encasing one of her beautiful tits.

My eyes snapped down to her usual tight black trousers and black leather ankle boots and when they came back up to her eyes I was suddenly flushed with embarrassment to see that she'd been looking at my eyes for a few seconds. We both laughed and her cheeks flushed a little as she sipped from her cup.

“Sorry.” I smiled. She knew, there was no point trying to pretend I wasn’t looking.

“Don’t be sorry for looking,” she sang, suddenly confident, “just be sorry for being so bad at hiding it... I’m much better at it.”

I raised an eyebrow, “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah... you haven’t noticed me once.” She put her cup down and we were finally at an understanding. I shifted closer to her and she dipped her chin shyly, her face tilted a little side but her eyes turned to look full in to mine. I explored them for seconds that seemed like minutes, so much youth and happiness in those chestnut brown eyes. I leaned in.

They were the softest lips I’d ever kissed and as they touched mine, surprisingly cool, she barely perceptibly kissed back. My hand rose to slide under her pretty curls, tousling them slightly and cupping her cheek, my other hand leaning across the space between us to rest on her opposite thigh.

She moaned a little moan on to the light kiss, the sort of satisfied little noise one makes at the release of some kind of tension or suspense. It just felt right. I caressed her slender little thigh tenderly and pressed her bottom lip between mine, intensifying the kiss a little as I toyed with her pretty hair.

We kissed for minutes in the silent room, forgetting that we were in work, forgetting that we were anywhere, the only noise the soft sounds of our lips parting and connecting. She tasted sweet, of lip balm, and smelled only subtly of her usual perfume. I broke the kiss to look in to her eyes once more, dropping them to take in her heaving chest as her breathing deepened. She dropped her eyes too to where my cock had hardened to such a degree that it had slipped from my waistband and lay thickly across the top of my thigh under my jeans.

Another little appreciative moan escaped her lips and she asked coyly, “Should we go to my car...?”

There was all the excitement of a teen’s first time in her gorgeous eyes and I smiled at the near role reversal, her timidity and wanting. I simply nodded. She stood up and, taking hold of my large hand with her little one, tugged me up and I stood tall over her, taking hold of her hips and leaning her back and kissing her deeply. She flicked her hair and giggled, pushing open the door of the break room, pulling me down the corridor and out the building.

She turned to look at me and giggled, breaking in to a skipping little jog, her heels clicking over the tarmac of the car-park towards the large dark shape of her car. I felt giddy, striding behind her until we reached her car and she turned suddenly, leaning back against the car door and pulling me in for

a kiss. My hands slid down her sides and around to cup and squeeze her perfectly round little ass, making her squeal a little and throw her head back, opening up her neck for me to kiss and nuzzle, laughing while I did.

Her hands ran up the fronts of my thighs and over my fairly firm stomach untucking the front of my work shirt with a tug. She suddenly bit my lip and tugged with a little feminine growl as a cold little hand slipped up the front of my shirt to play over my tense stomach.

I laughed and, encouraged, she growled again and scratched just a little with her nails, pushing me back, turning me around and pushing me against the side of the car bonnet. It seemed she'd suddenly found her confidence and was showing herself to be incredibly feisty as she looked me up and down with a raised eyebrow. When she moved back in, allowing me to run a hand up the side of her stomach to cup a magnificent breast, she kissed and nipped at my neck. She untucked the front of my shirt completely and, provoking a very sudden and involuntary gasp went straight for my belt.

Her fingers deftly worked the buckle and I couldn't help but glance around the deserted car park as I leaned against the side of the bonnet, my hands back against the cold front wing as the boss I'd fantasized about was excitedly trying to get in to my pants.

I glanced back down at her stunning cleavage, rising and falling heavily as her hot breath steamed a little in the cold and she sunk to her knees.

My jeans slid down only very slightly and the front fell open to reveal the hugely bulging front of my trunks. Those deep innocent eyes, twinkling by the faraway lights of the buildings looked up at me as she took hold of my waistband.

A long tug down and my already completely solid shaft came free with an appreciative moan escaping my mouth and a pleasantly surprised gasp escaping hers. I could feel her steaming breath on my large head as her warm soft lips hovered tantalisingly close. She had paused to gaze at my achingly hot, hard cock and tentatively raised her hand to softly cup my smooth balls and with a long low "mmmm" and a glance in to my eyes she then wrapped her fingers gently around the base of my shaft.

I groaned and tousled her beautifully curly hair as she ever so softly began to work my cock, her hand gliding gently up and down, each downstroke pulling back my skin and revealing my head dripping with precum.

"Mmm," she smiled again, "this will do very nicely."

She bent to kiss a drop of wetness off the tip of my cock before she parted her perfect, warm, soft little lips to engulf my cock head in a velvet mouth.

I gazed down at her breasts, her cleavage full and her nipples straining against her tight tee shirt. The perfectly wet, hot dream of her mouth glided easily down the first 3 or 4 inches of my shaft provoking a long growl from me as she began to massage my balls.

She swirled her tongue delicately but hungrily around me and enveloped the next inch, and the next. With the seven inch thicknessof my cock disappearing between her lips I felt myself press against her throat. Fully withdrawing my cock from her mouth smoothly and steadily she used her arms to plump up her already impressive breasts and run the underside of my shaft slowly up and down the top of her cleavage.

I groaned deeply and took her hand from where it held my shaft. “Get in the car.”

I whirled her around as I opened the back door, grabbing her hips and hitching her up on to the leather seats, getting in after her. The door slammed behind us and we both shivered from the cold, my body inches above hers.

I instantly pushed the cardigan from her shoulders and slid my hand under the small of her back, the other wandering over her upper thighs, trying to find the buttons of her trousers. Our lips met again passionately and she giggled as I found her buttons and tugged at them enough to loosen the front of her pants.

Her tongue darted along my lips and slid between them as my hand slipped between her thighs, beneath her pants but over the royal blue lace of her knickers. My mouth dropped to kiss and lick along the top of the cups of her bra and she pushed her chest up in response, giggling at the sensation on her now cold skin.

I rubbed the damp knickers over her warm soft mound in small circles as she scratched her nails across my broad back under my shirt and kissed my ear, breathlessly whispering, “Oh God, just do it.”

I leaned up a little to shift her pants down the silky skin of her legs, kissing the insides of her warm thighs as I went then back up to the lace at the tops of her legs. I nuzzled and kissed between her thighs before she ran her hands through my hair and mewled desperately, “Stop fucking around. Fuck me.”

My throbbing cock twitched at those words and I moved back up her body, taking the bottom of her

shirt with me to just above her large tits, revealing them encased in the elegant bra. Dropping my hand to back between her thighs I lowered my hips and pulled the crotch of her knickers aside.

The underside of my shaft slid easily along her now soaking slit, stimulating her sensitive clit and bringing a little fit of moans, giggles and mewls. Looking down her body I could see she was very neatly trimmed and her hot clear juices of desperate excitement were glistening all up my shaft. Her little body shivered and I ran a hand up the now bare smooth skin of her tummy to one of the lacy bra cups. Firmly caressing one of her now very sensitive tits I looked at her pretty face. She smiled shyly but it turned in to a sexy little grin as I gasped at the sudden sensation of her small hand wrapping softly around my solid, pulsing cock.

I let out a low moan of sheer delight and smiled in to her eyes, working my thumb over her bra cup where her solid nipple was causing it to bump before I lowered my hips and plunged my thick hard, head between her pink little pussy lips.

She arched her back and pushed her tits up and on to my mouth. I yanked down one cup of her bra to suck hard on a stiff nipple as my stomach tensed and I deeply growled at the feeling of her perfect pussy enveloping my raging shaft and her hot juices running down it. Her body bucked and wriggled as I smoothly entered her, having to push my hips really quite hard to get in to her surprisingly tight slit.

“Fuck, Jackie you’re so god damned tight!” I growled on to her pink stiff nipple, sucking and biting on it.

She mewled and uttered, “Ohh, you have no idea how long I’ve fucking wanted this perfect big cock inside me,” the sound of her breathless voice and accent turning me on even more.

Sinking the final thick inches of my cock in to her right up to the base, my swollen balls pushing against the bottom of her pussy I savoured the moment. Laying my sexy, cheeky, quite clearly dirty little boss down on the plush cream leather back seats of her husband’s car and impaling her soaking, hot little pussy with my aching hard rod was hotter than I’d ever even dared to imagine.

She pulled up the bottom of my shirt to stroke and lightly rake her nails across my bare chest and stomach and I helped her by taking it all the way off and slinging it over the driver’s seat. She gazed sexily at my young smooth torso, drawing swirling patterns with her nails while she moaned little contented moans at every intense twitch of my firm cock deep inside her. Every tiny movement I made with my hips made it feel like her perfect pussy was hotly and wetly caressing, massaging and so tightly enveloping my large, throbbing shaft and head.

I bent my head again to her immense cleavage, burying my mouth in its softness and pushing a bra strap off one of her narrow shoulders, pulling down one cup so that a beautiful breast was fully exposed to the warmth of my wandering lips and tongue.

I withdrew my cock smoothly only half way, my stomach tightening hard as it felt like every inch eased out with a rippling caress of the inside of her amazing pussy. She giggled then even squealed with ecstasy as my cock head stretched and stimulated her.

I felt her little hands wrapped around me, over my shoulder blades and as I began to push my hips back with a deep sigh, they dug in to me skin, intensifying the sensation. As I filled her out her body reacted with strong bucking of her little but curvy hips and I placed one large hand firmly on the bottom of her tummy to keep them down.

Holding her body down in the perfect position but feeling it writhe and resist the strength of my arm as she almost lost control, I began to fuck her very slowly but rhythmically, getting used to her tightness as she got used to my very thick cock.

Nuzzling her chest and sucking on her nipple still I moaned on to it, “You feel so fucking good; I’ve always wanted to fuck you hard.”

She dug her nails in hard at these words and grabbed my face with one hand, pulling it up to kiss me fully and passionately on the mouth.

“Fucking do it then,” she said in to my eyes.

Kneeling up slightly with one of my hands on the back of the seats, the other holding down her sensitive, wriggling, bucking little body I took longer strokes, penetrating her balls deep over and over.

One of her hands clawed at the leather of the seat beneath her and the other tried to pull my hips towards her, desperate for my solid thick inches but not strong enough to control my pace. She gazed wide eyed at my midriff tightening and tensing with every deep thrust in to her and I could finally get a clear view of her whole, sexy little body.

With the thumb of the hand holding the bottom of her bare, smooth tummy down, I began to work her clit through her knickers which I’d roughly pulled aside. Letting my eyes wander from her beautiful pussy, lips now parted and stuffed with my aching cock, they roamed over her curved hips, her cute little tummy and her enormous but perfectly round tits. They were now bouncing in rhythm to the intensifying fuck, the whole of her magnificent chest responding to the pounding of my cock. As I

fucked harder and deeper, tightening my grip on the back of the seat and holding her down more strongly my balls slapped firmly against her slit. It began to feel like I was pinning down and using this fucking amazing little body I'd wanted for months to pleasure my desperate, sensitive, large cock.

And she was loving it. One of her hand slammed up against the inside of the door above her head to steady her own body, to let me get deep. The other began to tug at her exposed nipple and massage her bare breast. She gazed up in to my eyes with hers, beautiful and deep, and implored me in a breathless and desperate moan to "Penetrate me deeper, harder, don't fucking hold back, use me."

My thighs and stomach tensed hard as I watched her soft, pretty but dirty little mouth form those words. My thumb slipped under her knickers to work her sensitive clit and even against the immense pressure of me holding her little body down it bucked and rolled.

I couldn't control her body any more as she began to gasp and cry my name, screwing up her eyes one second and opening them to watch my body work above hers as I slammed my cock closer and closer to orgasm.

I was struggling to hold on but the flashes in her eyes and the jolts through her body told me I wouldn't have to hold it much longer. She bit her lip and squeezed one of her bouncing tits hard. I watched her thick outer pussy lips and her delicate pink inner ones resist, then part for the unstoppable piston of my huge cock over and over, making it drip with her hot heavy juice, mixing with precum and coating her inner thighs.

I saw the delicate muscles in her thighs and tummy ripple and a gasp of my name broke in to a loud squeal of sudden and piercing pleasure. Her hips shuddered violently and I gazed in to her face as reckless submission to incredible pleasure washed over it. I felt the pulses radiate outward from her hips and her whole little body was racked with passionate electric jolts.

I felt and even saw her pussy tighten hard, sudden streams of her juice flowing out around my buried shaft and soaking her knickers all over again. I couldn't hold on any longer.

With her body in the midst of a wild, passionate and full-body orgasm I growled her name as pleasure took over me. I immediately erupted a torrent of intensely hot and thick cum deep in to her, bringing on another, harder wave of climax in her.

I held her down hard while I filled her perfect, impaled slit with huge spurts of fresh, hot cream. Unable to control my rippling body as it unloaded jet after jet of semen deeply in to her. With us both coming violently we watched each other's bodies as they tensed and shook animalistically, taking in the wonderful power of each other's passionate orgasm.

Her tightness began to subside but her pussy rippled over ever contour of my cock as aftershocks still shook and paralysed her hot little body, a tear running down her cheek from the intensity. Each ripple brought forth another shudder of my hips and deep throbbing pulse of my cock as I unloaded my balls inside her. Cum and her hot juices began to pool on the leather underneath her as it flooded from her overfull pussy.

For minutes all we could do was let our tight muscles relax, our bodies now glistening with sweat in the car that smelled hotly of sex mingled with her beautiful perfume.

Eventually I dropped my body so that I lay on top of her, my arms either side to hold up my weight, my cock still buried in her. I stroked her cheek and brushed her hair away, kissing her softly on the forehead then on the mouth.

“Oh that was perfect,” she sighed, dreamily.

I laughed lightly, still a little breathlessly and smiled widely as I saw her glazed over eyes light up and she returned to reality.

“You’re incredible,” I agreed as I slid out of her with a deep sigh. I slid her to the side a little and lay across the seat beside her, slipping an arm around her little shoulders and bringing her body on top of me a little in a cradling hug. My large still semi-hard cock rested against her beautifully smooth thigh and we kissed deeply again.

“I’ve wanted you for so long,” I whispered.

“Well now you fuckin’ got me,” she smiled, beginning to return to her cheeky self, “and am I fuckin’ glad you did,” she added. “We shouldn’t stay here, I could fall asleep and that wouldn’t look good for us in the morning when the car park fills up.”

I agreed but held a little tighter and kissed the top of her brown curls, content to lie a little longer.

“Just a little longer...” I sighed contented to hold that beautiful, feisty woman that I’d wanted for so long in my arms. Breathing in the scent of the gloriously passionate sex we’d just had and relishing in the feel of her gorgeous little body against mine we both accidentally drifted off to sleep...