

Fucking Married - Part 1

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Chase is a dirty little slut who loves fucking

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I didn't know he was married the first time I fucked him. I was waitressing in a bar and he was out with friends, drinking. It wasn't that late; early evening, in fact. He was so handsome. Tall and chiselled, broad shoulders, smouldering eyes. He struck up conversation while I was serving them drinks. He was the whole package... charming too. He told me his name was Paul and that if he had his way he would have my number before he left that night. Some men just have a way to fluster a girl. He was one of those men. When he left, he came right up close to me, so I could feel my breasts against him, and he whispered in my ear... "Thanks for servicing us." He then presumptuously bent down and kissed my earlobe. He had to bend down, as I am far shorter than he is. When I shivered, and placed my hand on his chest and whispered into his neck, "My pleasure sir," we had an intense moment of breath... It's the only way I can explain how the room disappeared around us and we were in one another's space so intensely. He whispered again, "When is your break?" I whispered back, "In 10 minutes." I could feel his lips smile against my cheek. "I'll wait out back for you then," was all he had to say to have me hooked. I've always fancied myself a dirty little slut. Chance sexual encounters turn me on. I obviously exuded these signals, as I often find myself available to just these situations. When I walked out the back door, he was standing against a slick silver Jag, carelessly smoking a cigarette. I walked up to him and took his cigarette, taking a deep drag from it before throwing it on the ground. He had the sexiest smile. He grabbed me by the ass and pulled me in for the first kiss. A hard, passionate, tongue-probing kiss; dirty, just the way I like it. I remember pressing myself against his crotch hard. I couldn't waste time, I was on a smoke break. I wanted to fuck. He sensed my urgency. He picked me up and held me against the cool metal of the car. Pulling my panties to one side he inserted his fingers into my cunt. I was already wet and sticky. He rubbed my clit with his thumb, and smirked as I squirmed and moaned my satisfaction. But this was wasting time. "Fuck me" I told him. To which he obliged. His cock was enormous. Not big, not huge... enormous! The biggest I've ever had. It was a bit of a shock at first but that didn't stop him from pounding hard into my tight pussy. I was gushing in mere seconds. He had to hold me up so I didn't fall onto the floor. It didn't take him long either. I felt his hot load fill me up, and his cock pulsate as it released the hot sticky cum deep inside me. Leaning against me, leaning against the car, we both heaved for breath for a few minutes. Then he said "What was your name again? Chase? How about that number now... I'd like

you to meet my wife.” What the fuck? I had never had that happen to me before. It knocked the wind out of my sails a bit but I did give him my number; I wanted to feel that enormous cock again and I just hoped he was joking about the wife part. That he was married suited me just fine, in fact, as it meant no commitment expectations. I liked fucking too much and a variety of fucks, at that. I was not a one man type of gal. I didn’t wait for his call or anything. Like I said, my sexual needs are always met. When I want sex, I find sex. I’m open to it and always seem to be satisfied. When he called though, I was glad. Excited, even... It’s always dirtier when the man you’re fucking is cheating on his wife. I eagerly agreed to meet him again at a hotel room, in his car and a few more times in the back alley after drinks with his friends. “You are a promiscuous little slut. I find you delectable. I wonder just how adventurous you’re willing to get?” Paul said to me one evening while we were smoking a cigarette in the back alley after another mind blowing fuck session. “You never know, baby... I might just surprise you,” I cheekily replied. “My sweetheart... I think you might just surprise yourself,” he said and left it at that. He was interesting, this one. I couldn’t help but wonder where this was all going. That is, until I got a call from his wife. “Hello... is this Chase?” she asked. “Yes, that’s me,” I replied. “Hi, Chase. This is Tam. I’m Paul’s wife. I got your number off his phone.” I was quiet for a second and then quickly replied, “Paul? Who’s Paul?” She laughed on the other side of the phone, “Don’t worry, hun... I’m not phoning cause I’m busting you. I know Paul fucks other people. I believe you are his flavour of the month. I just like to meet his girls.” She really didn’t sound angry at all. Again, what the fuck? This was a very weird relationship. She told me how they have always been open. She fucks other people, too. Their only rule is that they are honest with each other about it. He had told her about all our meetings “in great detail”, she told me, but didn’t actually repeat the detail back to me, thank God. I don’t get shy easily but this made me shy.... to be continued