

# Kara and Pete

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*A tryst between an older woman and a High School Football Player in a Motel*

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Kara lied casually on the bed, an arm behind her head, her feathered brown hair rubbing against the pillow. Her red blouse was open and she was naked, her legs slightly apart showing her dark black bush. She was smoking in bed with a 1920s cigarette holder. Her body was thin, but her breasts were plush and laid nicely to the side. Her lover, Pete, looking a little younger but strong, with short-cropped dark hair, enjoyed lying with her. He let him make love to her as much as he wanted. She silently watched TV as Pete sat gawking at her body. He leaned down to kiss her stomach and worked his way up to her breast, lightly licking the nipple and sucking it. Kara reached for the remote and turned off the TV. She watched Pete focus delicate attention to her breast, the way she liked it. It took enough telling him what to do for him to get it right. Now he was just amazing. Who said lovers were born and not made? Kara felt her body relax, her arm lazily over her head as Pete flicked rapidly yet tenderly at her nipple then swirling it. He would repeat the process. I may look like white trash but the doesn't mean I don't enjoy loving done properly, she thought to herself. Pete was a very apt pupil. Despite people calling him a jock because he was in football, he was actually quite tender and attentive. She liked that. Strong and sensitive and unselfish in his love-making. Pete moved to the other breast and allowed his lower lip to casually touch her nipple. Then he repeated the process. Kara took another drag on her cigarette and casually blew out the smoke. She liked watching him perform on her, appreciating her body properly. Too many guys go too fast. They underestimate the power of foreplay. She loved it. She both wanted to mother him and screw him all the same. Pete looked up at her silently. She kissed him, smoke breath and all. They lapped up each other's tongues for a few moments, then parted, looking at each other. Kara finally put out her cigarette and sat up on her knees. She took Pete's face tenderly in her hands and kissed him like a lost love. The warm light cast a beautiful dust speckled glow into the bedroom. His tongue was soft at first then became very strong and firm in her mouth, controlling her tongue movements. She liked that in a man. A strong kiss, in command, but tender enough to not be a jerk about it. The sensation made her heart flutter and the fluids below started to flow. Kara leaned her head back sensuously, feeling the soft tickle of his hair against her skin along with the soft wet pecks down her neck and across her collar bone. Pete left a trail of wet pecks down between the center of her soft fleshy breasts, stomach and navel. As he nuzzled his nose into her bush, the sharp tickle of his tongue along her clitoris sent the juices

coming forth even more. She gasped sharply, instinctively wanting to clamp his head between her legs but thought the better of it. Instead, she felt her legs opening wider, flatter against the bed as Pete diligently probed deeper with his tongue. Her fingers lodged into Pete's hair and she began gripping it, letting out a low bestial moan. He was persistent and attentive. Her stomach pulsed rapidly up and down with her short gasps of pleasure. Pete was unstirred, constant. His absolute steadiness in her state of un-tempered ecstasy only excited her more. He was in charge, in control during this state of chaos, and perfectly at ease and she liked it. She loved it. Pete lifted his head slowly and moved his head closer to Kara's. She braced herself for the smell. It was awful. The taste was worse. There was nothing like the taste of your own pussy on someone else's lips which they felt the need to share back with you. But Pete was a champ about it, un-phased, engrossed in his duty to please her. She took it like a woman and kissed him, tongue lodged in her own juices. Pete leaned back on his elbows, one leg propped up and looked back at Kara quietly, a bit slyly. His large erection laid patiently against his stomach. Her fingers squeezed the squishy yet hardened shaft, the muscles inside adjusting and retracting slightly. When she slid her hand up and down along the shaft, the skin pulling and bucking with her movement, his penis thickened in a steel-girding manner. Her lips came over the head and down the penis, careful that her teeth didn't graze him too hard, but she couldn't help it. He was thickening by the minute. Was her mouth too small or was he too big. What if she got lockjaw? That would be hard to explain. The sides of her lips began to moisten. Saliva usually did the trick. Pete moaned. He was ready. So began her ritual, bucking and pulling the skin of the shaft, slightly faster as she went along. Thankfully, more moisture came to help. Kara felt the bed sheets beneath her pull and buckle as Pete's pelvis began to move in rhythm to her stroking. Thankfully, they were soft movements, slowly getting stronger, but not thrusting into the back of her head. He was hardening. Then suddenly, the sheets stopped buckling. Pete froze and then the soft effusion of a lightly salty fluid slowly trickled onto her tongue. Pete groaned and became soft. Kara removed his member from her mouth, slid off the bed and spit into the sink. Pete heard the hard rush of the water turn on, Kara slurping the water, spitting again, and turning off the water. A part of him felt saddened. His life-generating mates, those millions who'd been part of him, disappeared into the netherworld of the Motel 6 sewer. He knew Kara didn't swallow, but he secretly wished she did. He wasn't sure why. While he had no intention of fathering a child, least of all with a woman whom his parents would kill him over if they found out, there was just something instinctively right about semen entering a woman's body instead of going out of it. His seed. His potential progeny. He could produce more. But those were gone forever. They slept for a minute, then Kara lazily began toying her finger over his stomach. He became hard again, as she wanted. She straddled him, her wet clitoris pressing nicely on his very hard bulge. Pete reached to insert himself in her, but she stopped him. A quick wrinkle of wrapper, a little slide. Now they were prepared. He was inside her, deep and thick. She gasped loudly. This part always managed to surprise her. Then she began to rock him, allowing his member to brush against her engorged clitoris as much as possible. She adjusted slightly to get the right angle. It felt good when he hit the right spot. She'd moan. And he'd love it. Pete rested his hands gently on her slender waist, right on her iliac crest just at the hips. Kara loved that feeling when a man

held his strong hands in this spot, propping her up, supporting her like a goddess. It made he feel incredibly feminine. Pete smiled when she told him this. It made him feel that much more of a man. Virile. Strong. Anything to provide his woman the pleasure she desired. He felt good that she relied on him, succumbed her inhibitions to him, allowed him to care for her deepest, innermost need. It was powerful and adoring all the same. He loved that she depended on him at this very moment while she, in turn, gave him mutual pleasure. He was in control, but he didn't have to be a tyrant, although at times he felt the greedy urge to do so. He refrained. Focusing on her need. The sensation in Kara's vagina began to build. Riding him was becoming easier as she became more moist. Her legs felt weak, out of her control. The swelling sensation built up into her stomach, overwhelming. She was powerless to stop it, completely vulnerable. "I'm going to cum," she managed to eke out between a rushed breath. This was the signal Pete needed. He had to satisfy her. He thrust deeper and faster into her because his own sensation urged him forward, demanding it. The thrusts were deep, fast and strong inside her, surprising, yet it felt good. It felt right. He was in charge and he was showing her whose boss, and she let him do so because it was too good to pass up. He was banging her strongly, quickly, and she wanted it. She wanted it deep like that, touching her inner being with its demanding force. Before long, she wailed, bucking and arching her back. Pete groaned loudly along with her. Their juices both sloshed but never met due to the rubber curtain. They both regained their composure. Pete relaxed inside her, and Kara felt a slight sadness. The presence was gone. The thickness of his being, filling her, rubbing and engorged against her vaginal walls, disappeared. He retracted himself from her. Kara readjusted herself on the bed, still feeling the wetness of her pulsing vagina. She was finished, but it was not. She couldn't blame it. The sensation was magnanimous. For a split moment, she wished to bear his child. His penis was strong and powerful. Definitely virile. He could impregnate any young woman he wished. His body was specific proof. But children were not part of the goal here. It could not be one between them. Many troubles could result from it. They took enough of a risk as it was meeting like this. Nonetheless, he made her feel good in that secret spot. Kara rolled onto Pete, her healthy breasts pressing her nipples into his flesh. She kissed him again like a lost love, tongue wanted that strong sensation from him. He wasn't up to it as much as before. He was clearly tired. She rested her head on is chest and listened to the strong rapid thud within. Her head tingled from the sound. She had excited him as he did her. She listened closely for its beat to slow. It was strong, sonorous. Pete's diaphragm rose and fell slightly with each breath. Kara sat up, her arms supporting her against the bed, her fleshy breasts hanging heavily from her chest. Pete liked those breasts. They weren't fake. They were naturally big. They responded to gravity the way they were supposed to, especially when she rode him hard. He liked to watch them flop up and down, a clear sign he was giving her the right momentum and attention. When she was in that zone, he wished to suck on them or squeeze them, but why impede with physics when the both of them were ready to climax? Multi-tasking was especially difficult in that moment. Pete squeezed her breast and played with her nipple. Kara sighed silently, enjoying the attention. No words were necessary to summarize their recent experience. It was self-explanatory. She bent over and kissed him gently on the lips and smiled at him. Kara glanced at the clock. Reality set in now. Boy Wonder had to go home

before things got suspicious. "6:30," she said. "Shit," Pete replied, easing himself off the bed and putting on his clothes. Kara did the same. Once he put on the letterman jacket, he was a high school kid all over again, a stranger. She was just the big-breasted secretary in the auto hobby shop where Pete got his Trans-AM fixed, the car his Dad passed down to him from his high school days. Pete knew she did everyone in the shop. In fact, she had to get back to her regular beau who thought she'd gone to the gym to get some exercise. Well, she did. Kara didn't normally do customers, but she found Pete's youthfulness appealing. When he didn't blush at the dirty jokes she cracked amongst the guys, she felt there was something more to him. The day he caught her fondling her own boob while she leafed through a magazine peaked his curiosity. After two weeks, this afternoon encounter had become a ritual. "Let me look at them," Pete said, watching Kara button up her blouse. She looked at him for a moment then undid her blouse again, exposing her fleshy bosom. Pete gently placed his hands on her waist and kissed her passionately, sliding his hands to her boobs and pressing them, fondling them. She loved his boyish yet mannish attention. He was a doter. And she loved being doted on. When they parted lips, Pete shook his head rapidly, trying to stay focused. "I better go." Kara laughed as he opened the door and left. She closed the door and smiled to herself, her fingers to her lips in self-satisfied admiration. It was long time since someone had a crush on her. Why not enjoy the attention?