

Maria's Secret

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A short story about a woman with an unusual, yet wonderful, ability.

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I'm getting on in years now, but thankfully my libido hasn't waned, and I can still maintain a rock hard erection. I've been lucky in that I have travelled widely, mainly in my work, to many parts of the world, and this has given me the opportunity to experience a number of discrete liaisons. I always preferred a lasting relationship with my lovers, and only when all that was on offer has it been a quick wham bam and thank you ma'am. I have always treated them as friends and they have befriended me too. As a result, while I wouldn't say I was a great connoisseur of women, I think I have gained a fair bit of knowledge. One of the aspects of sex that I have become fascinated with is the feeling of my cock inside a lover's pussy, and how this varies. Some are tighter than others and that increases all sensations, some are shorter in depth and grip differently as a result, some more velvety in feel and some rougher, some have stronger muscles and can use them well while others are just softer. All, of course, are just wonderful to slide one's penis into, and join in the dance of love, and each experience is unique. I met Maria in Barcelona, and despite her name, she was from Thailand, a petite and slim woman of about 28, with long slim legs and a face that would be most men's dream. I had to give a presentation to the management of a Bank about my company's services, and although I do speak a bit of Spanish, the management team wanted to be addressed in Catalan. I asked our local office for help in this, and an interpreter was arranged, who turned out to be Maria. She had been an interpreter in Brussels, but had moved to Spain to live in a warmer climate. After the business was done, we all went out to lunch which in Spain tends to start late and finish even later. The wine flowed freely, though I tried to keep a clear head, as after all I knew that business is never finished in reality. The older of the senior managers sat next to Maria, with me on her other side. I noticed that she kept squirming in her seat, and I deduced that he had wandering hands that were not appreciated. When the meal ended, and as we got up to leave, Maria latched on to me, I thought as a defence mechanism. The taxis duly arrived, and she got into one and urged me to get in as well. When the taxi driver asked where to go, she looked at me and gave an address. I expected that we would go there and I would take the same cab back to my hotel, but when we arrived at her apartment block, she asked me to come in with her. We had got on pretty well during the lunch and talking in the taxi, so I readily agreed. Her apartment was on the 20th storey of 24, and had great views over the harbour, and a balcony that looked out to sea. We sat there as the sun went down, and drank some

more wine. I thought she was an amazing woman, and told her so, and was pleased at her reply as she told me that she loved older men and also tall men. As I am 6ft 4, and then was 52, I was naturally flattered, but hoped that our initial friendship might lead to something more. The next day I had arranged to take her to dinner, so after work in my company's local office, I arrived and she let me in to her apartment. She was wearing a silk dress, with very narrow straps, which clung to her body, leaving little to the imagination. I bent to kiss her hello in the continental style, but to my surprise she met my lips full on, and we kissed. The touch of her velvet lips on mine was wonderful, and as the kiss went on, her tongue just flicked out along my lips. The frisson of excitement that went through me started at my lips and ended in my crotch, as I started to get a hard erection. Because of the disparity in our heights, after all there was nearly 18 inches difference, our bodies were not tight together so she didn't feel my cock swell but I think she got the message as I returned her kiss with interest, our tongues dancing over each other, over and over, and my hands went to caress her back, moving down to where her hips swelled from her slim waist. We moved onto the balcony where Maria had a chaise longue, and we collapsed onto this, and continued to kiss, while our hands moved over each other. When she slid her hand up my leg and touched my now hard and trapped cock, she gave a soft sigh, and pulling away from the kiss told me that she wanted to look at my cock. I readily agreed, and her hands moved to my belt, and undid my trousers, slipping them down to my ankles. I gasped as the pressure of my trousers released me, my penis springing out to rise like a flagpole. Her slim hands went around my length, and she stroked me gently, her fingers working until the veins stood out and my cock was at full size. Her slim thumb stroked across the tip of my cock, rubbing my slippery pre-cum around my glans, while another finger stroked underneath me. Looking at me straight in my eyes, she licked her lips and told me that I had a lovely cock and just right. I certainly hoped it was, and was up to whatever task she had in mind. I was just happy to put myself in her hands, literally as it was right now! She smiled at me, and bent down, closer until her soft lips touched my cock, and again with a deep sigh, she opened her mouth wide and encircled my cock head, her slim hands still around my length. The feel of her tongue, hot, wet and just slightly rough, lapping across the tip of me was just wonderful, and I slipped off her shoulder straps as she bent down to her task. Without letting my penis leave her mouth she wriggled and, with my help, she managed to let her dress drop down, so I could see her body for the first time. Her breasts were small with dark areoles and long nipples, which I stroked as she continued to suck me deeper and deeper. Her mouth was so wonderful that I was close to orgasm and told her so, expecting she would then slow down, but the exquisite feeling intensified, and she squeezed my balls hard. Gripped deep in her mouth, her tongue working underneath my length, I started to spurt, the spasms coming every couple of seconds, each time a jet of my hot seed hitting the back of her throat. Maria somehow managed to swallow and keep sucking me, so that the usual reaction to ejaculation of a softening penis didn't happen, and she kept me very hard. Once she was sure that my erection was not going to go away, she let me go, and stepping away from her dress, lay back on the chaise longue, and asked me to fuck her. I expected her to be tight, the disparity in our sizes making that likely, and I could feel just how tight she was as my cock pressed between her pussy lips. I could feel, see, and smell that she

was very wet, and as my cock paused at her opening, I stroked and pressed on her now hard and erect little clit. Everything on this woman was on a small scale, but my word, how amazingly she reacted to every touch. My cock head was now dripping in her juices, so I moved to enter her. I didn't want to hurt her, so I paused, but she urged me on, saying that it would be worth it, and not to worry about her. Slowly I pressed myself and slowly her pussy lips opened, and then as I pushed a little further, I felt a very distinct ridge as my penis moved in, no more than an inch inside. The closest feeling that I could think of was that first feeling of resistance that you feel as you push and pop through the ring of muscle at the anus. But this was no anus, this was a glorious naked pussy, being stretched by my straining penis. A bit puzzled as to what I was feeling, I paused, but she again urged me on, pushing her hips hard up towards me, so that my cock soon was deep inside her. As I had gone deeper, I had encountered this same feeling five or six times, and with my whole length securely inside her, it felt like my length was gripped harder than I had ever felt in a number of specific places along my length. I stayed there, letting myself get the feel of her, and for her get the feel of me and then started to slide back out a little. There they were again, a ridge and then another and another. I said to Maria that this felt lovely, but a little different, and she said as she responded by squeezing me really tightly, that she had an unusual vagina. I had first thought that it was just a series of very well developed inner muscles, but as well as those that were very nicely toned, it seemed that she was really corrugated. What I do know is that she was the most amazing woman, and my cock had never felt such pleasure as it moved through these series of concertinaed rings. As I moved inside her, I told her that she was just wonderful, and how right she was to have encouraged me, at which she just smiled, kissed me and used her inner muscles even harder. Well, I didn't last as long as I would have liked, but long enough to have given her two body wracking orgasms, and then I couldn't stop myself again ejaculating hard into her. We never did get out for dinner, but just snacked on some tapas that we ordered and had delivered, and a bottle of cava. As we sat naked in the late evening sun, her body so light on my lap, and our arms around each other, we talked about what we had experienced. She had thought for many years that she was deformed. Her first lover, back in Thailand, when she was completing her Masters, had been so shocked that he had run away, leaving her shocked and despondent. Several other lovers had not been helpful either, it seemed, so she had left Thailand and taken a job as a translator in the EEC. She had visited a private gynaecologist in Brussels, and been reassured that while she was unusual, she had all the working parts that her Dr would have expected! She found that Western men were more open to sexual variety, and as she had then been able to talk about her body, she had enjoyed a succession of lovers. I told her how she had felt, how her corrugated vagina gave me such pleasure, and how unique and wonderful I thought she was. This was no deformity, this was a pleasure machine par excellence. She reminded me that she had told me that it would be worth it, and that she had sucked me first to orgasm, and that it was always best to get the first ejaculation over and done with, so that both our pleasures could then last and last. We made love again twice that night, each time her body sending sensation after sensation through me, as her pussy gripped and worked on me. It gave me a succession of squeezes, each inner ring being able to operate independently, and she could control them so well, it was like she played arpeggios

along my cock. My size filled her totally, and the tightness emphasised her unique ability to send me into ecstasy, and also gave her the most amazing orgasms. I guess there was just a lot more contact as my cock stroked through her. Each time I returned to Barcelona for several years after that, I stayed with Maria, and enjoyed her unique ability. We have kept in touch after that. She eventually married a Spaniard, and had a child, apparently without any problems, though she told me that childbirth had caused her to temporarily lose her muscle control, but it was back after working on it, and she could now work her magic again, just as she had with me. He's a lucky man!