

# Missing Ray

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*Ignored by my husband, I imagine happier times*

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Ray was hot. Even now, years after our affair ended, I could think of him and get wet. There is no two ways about it. Ray was hot.

I'm Anne. I'm a mom to two kids, college student, and general housewife. I have a figure I am normally quite pleased with, although the necessary surgeries left their marks over my abdomen. Even so, I'm a petite blonde with a 34D chest, a slightly chunky waist, but still about 28", and full 36" hips. When I was a bit younger, my figure compared to Marilyn Monroe's, but my waist was smaller. I am now 30, and time combined with gravity has started to affect me, but I still have great tits, if I do say so myself.

My husband has been ignoring me. It seems whenever I get into my horny streak as he calls it, he isn't interested. I am the woman who needs sex multiple times a day when in the right mood. These moods last from a week to a month, and I am insatiable. I will find every chance I can to get myself off just so I don't go rape my husband. It's days like that when I really want to see Ray again.

Here's my story. My favorite day-dream of Ray, told as of the day after.

I was horny and frustrated. My children were with their grandparents so I went for a walk. I love hiking, but I wasn't going to go too far. I have a bum knee and didn't want to hurt it again. I was out about a half-mile away and I heard a familiar voice behind me. "I want breakfast with you in the

morning. Should I call you or nudge you?" I turned, my heart leaping. It was Ray.

I hadn't seen the man in years. My eyes traveled his length, taking in everything. His shaved head, those amazing eyes, his very capable mouth. He was jogging and without a shirt. I took notice of his tattoos, his lean and muscular physique. At his crotch was already a noticeable bulge. His legs looked just as strong as ever. "Hey beautiful," he said in his soft, sexy voice, "I miss you." With that, he wrapped those arms around me. As I breathed in the male scent of sweat, his cologne, and the musky essence that was pure him, I replied, "I've missed you too. You back home for a while?"

He grinned. "For a while dear, but I can't be gone long. Where do you live now?"

"Would you like to stop on by, for a drink or a nibble?"

"Annie, I'll nibble you for as long as you can handle it."

We held hands, and took our time on our way to my place. We kept up an endless stream of chatter about nothing important, just seeing how the other's life had changed over the years. He was still in the Army, and his hard body showed the discipline he kept himself to. I was sure he noticed my arousal, and I noticed his.

I let us in, and got him a drink. He just wanted ice water, but I knew those ice cubes wouldn't stay in the glass. Not with Ray. We kissed hungrily, nibbling on the other's lips and occasionally our tongues dancing together. I felt as if he had never been gone, but the growing ache inside of me reminded me how long we had been apart. "Ray," I began.

"No, Annie, no words. No regrets. Just feel. Just me and you. Together again the way it should be."

I took his mouth again. His hands were caressing me. He grabbed my tit and broke off the kiss, surprised. "What?" I asked, confused.

"You said you had surgery, but plastic surgery?"

"No, honey. They're still all natural. I gained weight, but didn't lose it again from my chest. Nice, aren't they?"

"Woman, you know I am all about the big titties!"

I took off my shirt and bra so he could get better access. He went after my chest as if he would die if he didn't suck my tits right then and there. I turned to straddle his lap. He brought his head back up to kiss my mouth and then asked me to finish stripping for him.

I stood up, slowly moving and taking off my heeled sandals, my short white shorts and my pink lace panties. I laid down on the couch, and he decided to strip for me. OMG! His very hard cock popped up as soon as he had his own shorts down far enough. He had been going commando, a fact that if I had known would have had us fucking on the sidewalk. I reached for his cock as he kneeled.

He wasted no time in his search. He put his incredibly skilled mouth to work on my wet pussy. I could feel the tension rising as I stroked him. I knew Ray had all the control needed. He wasn't going to rest until he had brought me to multiple orgasms. So I stroked his cock and moaned aloud at the pleasure he was giving me. He nibbled, and he sucked. He used his tongue as a small cock and fucked me with it. The tension was so tight inside of me I wanted to explode. Ray knew where I was at, and backed away, offering me his hand.

“Baby, how about a bed? My old bones would feel much more comfortable in a bed. Lead the way, my angel.”

I held his hand and half dragged him to the bedroom. I laid down on my blue satin comforter and he joined me. We arranged ourselves into the 69 position, and I swallowed his cock as much as I could. However, at 7” long and as big around as my wrist if not bigger, his cock leaves little to be desired. I couldn’t fit it all in my mouth, but I made up for the difference with my hands. Soon we’re both moaning around the other’s sex. I knew I was getting close, and I knew how much Ray loved to hear me scream as I came, so I released his cock from my mouth and let him know I was close.

Ray redoubled his efforts, fucking my pussy with his mouth for all he was worth. I screamed that I was cumming, and he lapped up my juices. As I came back down to earth, Ray just lovingly held me. “Baby, that’s still the sweetest pussy I have ever tasted.” We kissed, and I could taste myself on his lips and tongue.

I smiled and climbed on top of him. I rubbed his head along my still dripping slit. “Well, you’re still King of the Tongue,” I claimed. “Now it’s time to really fuck me.”

I slowly slid down, impaling myself on him. My goodness, did his cock feel great inside of me. I bounced and grinded, and Ray’s face was a study in beautiful ecstasy. I leaned forward and kissed him more. Ray wrapped his arms around me like he never wanted to let me go. He rolled us over and was pounding my pussy from on top. I felt so full. He bent me a bit in half, hitting my g-spot. Soon I was screaming his name again, as a second orgasm tore through my body. Ray then got a devilish smile and reached for the drawer that he knew had my toys and lubes in it. Out came my bullet. He placed it on my mound, just over my clit so that it wouldn’t overstimulate me. He slowly started pumping again, the bullet in-between our sweat-slicked bodies. Soon we were both to the point of no return. Ray kissed me and asked me to look into his eyes. A few pumps later we came together, the simultaneous release shaking both of our bodies with its force.

He stayed in me, his cock softening a bit and kissed me.

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I know I might never see Ray again. However, until then, I have my imagination and my memories.  
Lots of love and luck, sweet Ray. I miss you and can't wait until you come home.