

# Stacy Gives In to Cheating Part 2

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*Stacy calls again...*

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It had been last weekend that Stacy had turned up at my house and cheated on her live in boyfriend by fucking me on my couch and it had been difficult for me to think of much else. It was Thursday afternoon and I was just getting home from work when my phone rang. I pulled it from my pocket and looked at the screen, it was Stacy. "Hey," I said. "How are you?" "I'm okay," she replied. "Are you still at work?" "No, I just got home," I answered. I was kinda hoping she would ask to come over. "I just wondered what you were doing tomorrow. I thought maybe we could meet for a coffee," Stacy said with a hint of seduction in her voice. "I've been thinking about last weekend." "Me too," I replied. "I have the day off. How about Starbucks around 11?" "Sounds good," she replied. "I gotta go. I'll see you tomorrow." "Wait." I said. "What are you going to wear?" "Huh?" She asked. "I don't know." She paused. "What do you want me to wear?" "Something hot. Surprise me," I said. I heard her sigh as if she were anticipating our meeting as much as I was. "Okay, I will," she said. "Shit! I gotta go. See you tomorrow." And she was gone. The next morning I got to the coffee house just before 11am and ordered two coffees. As I picked them up and turned around, I saw Stacy walk through the door. She wore a short, pleated skirt which came to just above her mid thigh, a button down blouse which was thin enough to give a hint of the outline of her bra and a pair of black, semi-casual heels which made her slim legs look even sexier. Stacy's dark brown hair fell around her shoulders. She smiled nervously at me. I smiled back but made no other move in case she saw someone she knew. She took a quick scan of the coffee shop and her face relaxed a little. I turned and walked towards the stairs, leading the way to the stairs and up to the first floor seating area. As we walked out the door I was pleased to see that only three of the tables were occupied. I lead the way to a low table next to the window. The table was more secluded than the rest and couldn't be completely seen by anyone else in the room and being on the first floor we were well above the eye line of people in the street. Stacy sat in one of the padded arm chairs while I took the other. "You look great," I told her. "Thank you," she replied. "How long do you have?" I asked her. "All day," she replied. "Brendan is at work

then he's driving up to see his friend. So I have all night too." She looked nervous as she said it. Stacy looked up at me. "I have to tell you I feel bad about this. I really love Brendan but I get so turned on by you and fucking you last weekend was amazing." I felt the same. Just looking at her turned me on and it was hard not to reach over and touch her. "It was amazing for me too," I told her. "But I understand if you want it to be a one time thing." I didn't want it to be that way but I wanted her to know that I understood. "That's just it, I don't want it to stop yet," she said, looking down at the table. "I don't either," I said. "Good," she replied, looking into my eyes. Then she gave me a cheeky smile. I decided that was enough talking. "What underwear do you have on?" I asked her. She looked taken aback but she quickly recovered. "It's a dark blue thong with a matching....." "No," I interrupted her, "I want you to show me. Take your panties off." Stacy's face flushed but she looked around the room to see who was looking. "Where is the bathroom?" She asked. "No. Do it here," I said, smiling. She looked surprised and hesitated. Then after another quick look around the room she reached up under her short skirt and, lifting her ass off the chair slightly, pulled her panties down, sliding them down over her slim, pale thighs and off over her heels. "Give them to me," I told her. Screwing the small thong up in her hand she passed it over the table trying to hide it. I took the panties from her and looked at them, running my fingers over the lacy front and down to where her pussy had been pressed. "What are you doing?" She laughed nervously. "Give them back." "Not yet," I said. "Maybe later. Give me your bra, too." "Rich, I'm really not taking my bra off here. Someone will see." She looked at me. The look on her face told me she was nervous but excited. "I'll do it but only in the bathroom." I agreed and Stacy stood and headed to the bathroom. I watched Stacy as she walked back across the room. I could see one hand was held down at her thigh, her lacy bra scrunched up inside. Her firm breasts moved a little more freely under the thin material of her blouse now and I could see the faint rise of her nipples. As Stacy walked past me she dropped her bra into my lap and sat down. "Now what?" She asked, feigning annoyance. "Show me your tits," I told her. She had obviously decided that being bad felt pretty good and she popped two of the buttons on her blouse, flashing me first one breast then the other. Her perfect pink nipples were hard and the curve of the underside of her breasts turned me on more than she could know. She buttoned up her blouse again before anyone could see. "Now your pussy." Stacy looked nervous again but she pulled her skirt up her thighs a couple of inches and opened her legs, giving me a good view of her tight, pink, shaved pussy. The teasing was getting too much for me, I needed to feel her. I stood, leaned over and kissed Stacy on the mouth, my tongue parting her lips as my hand reached for and gently massaged her right breast through her thin blouse. Stacy sighed but it still wasn't enough for me. My hand left her breast and dropped down, easing her legs apart and moving up under her skirt, gently stroking her pussy. The room was quiet but no-one was paying us any attention. "Fuck. You're really wet," I whispered into her mouth. "I know," she whispered back. "I've been wet since Saturday. I keep making Brendan fuck me but when he does all I'm thinking about is you." "Let's get out of here," I told her. "Where are we going?" She asked. "My place. Let's go." "Can I have my underwear back?" Stacy asked. "Nope," I replied and took her hand. As we headed down the stairs we agreed that we shouldn't be seen out together so once in the street I took the lead and Stacy followed me to my car. I

reached my car first and hitting the central locking I opened the door and got in. A few seconds later Stacy opened the passenger door and climbed in. I leaned over and kissed her. "Are you still wet?" I asked. "I guess so," she replied. "I want to know. Touch yourself." Stacy did as I asked, apparently still enjoying being a bad girl. She slide her hand up under her skirt. When she withdrew it again her middle finger was wet. "Yep," she smiled. I looked at her sternly. "Good. Just don't cream on my seat." Stacy hit my shoulder. "Fuck you," she cried. I smiled and started the car. Pulling up outside my house we got out. The street was quiet and we weren't worried about being seen. I walked to my front door but before putting the key in the lock I turned to look at her. "Show me your tits again," I told her. Stacy looked surprised and her face flushed a little but looking around to check no-one was watching she quickly unbuttoned her blouse and opened it exposing her perfect little breasts to the fresh air. She stepped closer to me in case anyone walked past. I opened the door for Stacy to walk through. I stepped through and closed it behind me. As soon as it closed I stepped over to Stacy, pushing her gently against the wall, our mouths pressing together, our tongues searching for each other. I slid her already open blouse off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. My hands moved to her skirt, undoing the button and zipper, it too falling to the floor. Stacy was now naked in front of me except for her shoes. She started to kick them off. "No, leave them on," I told her. I kissed her again, my hands gliding over her body. "Be rough with me, Rich," she whispered. "It'll stop me feeling so bad about this." It's not in my nature to be rough with a woman but I did as she asked, pushing her back against the wall, nipping the flesh on her neck and shoulders. I grabbed her tits and massaged them forcefully while my knee forced her legs apart, my thigh rubbing against her pussy. Stacy moaned and wrapped her arms around me. "I want to fuck you," I told her. "Fuck me, Rich," she cried between hard kisses. "Go to the stairs and bend over so I can fuck you from behind." Stacy did as I told her, walking to the stairs and bending over, putting her hands on one the stairs. I quickly removed my t-shirt, kicked off my shoes and socks, pulling my jeans and boxers down together. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was bent at the waist, her tight ass looking amazing, the slightest hint of her pussy showing between the gap at the top of her thighs, her heels making her legs look even slimmer, if that was possible. My cock was so hard it ached and I touched it as I walked to her, feeling how wet the end was from the hour of teasing at the coffee house. I reached her and put my cock at the wet opening of her pussy. Stacy turned to look over her shoulder at me. "Fuck me, Rich. Fuck me as hard as you can..."