

Stacy Gives In to Cheating Part 4

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Nov 2011

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Stacy calls Rich again having lied to her boyfriend.

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After two years of flirty texts and phone calls Stacy and I had finally met up and had sex. She lived with her boyfriend but it seemed that the idea of no strings sex appealed to her. It was Friday afternoon and I was sitting outside a coffee shop enjoying the warm summer sun. Stacy and I had been flirting on and off all week since the last time we'd met up, spending all afternoon and all night naked at my house. My phone buzzed. It was a text from Stacy. Stacy: I'm horny!! Me: Really? Stacy: Yes!! Me: I may be able to help you with that. Are you around? Stacy: No. Brendan will be home in about half an hour and then we're going to see his parents. Me: Pity, you could have come to my place and we could have gotten naked and sticky again... Stacy: Don't! If I could get away I would. I really want to see you. Me: Can I call? Stacy: Yes. I hit the call button on my phone. Stacy answered after one ring. "Hey," she said, sounding a little nervous. "Where are you?" "I'm sitting outside Starbucks. You remember Starbucks, right? I think the last time you were here I had your underwear in my pocket and I got to see your tits and stroke your pussy" I said, referring to the last time I was there with her when I'd convinced her to take off her underwear and give it to me. Not that she took too much convincing. "Yes, I remember," she sighed. "Where are you?" I asked. "At home on my couch," Stacy replied. "And Brendan won't be home for half an hour?" "No." "Get undressed," I told her. A quiet sigh which could have been a moan escaped down the phone. "It'll have to be quick. It'll look weird if I'm naked on the couch when he gets home," she said. "Fuck, I'd love to find you naked on my couch," I said with a smile. Luckily the outside seating area was almost deserted. "Let me just put my phone down for a second," she said. I heard the phone being put down and the sound of Stacy quickly taking her clothes off before the phone was picked up again. "Okay," she said, "I'm naked." "Are you sitting on the couch?" I asked. "Yes." "Send me a photo," I said, hoping she was horny enough to do what I asked her. "Rich, what if someone sees it?" She asked sounding nervous again. "I'm not going to show anyone and you can delete it off my phone when you come to see me again." She sighed when I mentioned coming to see me. "What do you want a picture of?" She asked

quietly. "Your tits," I said. "But I want to see your pretty lips in the pic as well." "Hold on," she said and the phone went quiet. After a few seconds she spoke again. "Okay, I sent it." My phone vibrated against my cheek as the message came through. I opened it and was greeted with a photograph of Stacy's perfect, pert breasts. Her left hand gently cupped her left breast and at the top of the picture I could see her full lips. They were slightly parted and reminded me of how they looked while I had been undressing her the previous weekend. "That is an awesome picture," I sighed down the phone. "Now what?" She asked, sounding as if the tension was getting to her. "Now I want you to touch yourself. Imagine my mouth is between your legs, my lips kissing your pussy, my tongue teasing your clit." Stacy moaned quietly. "Fuck," she sighed. "Tell me what you're doing," I told her. "I'm stroking my pussy. I'm doing it how you did it to me, I'm dipping my fingers inside, getting them wet then drawing them out and over my clit." "Are you wet?" I asked. "Yes," she moaned. "Let me hear," I said. "Put the phone down between your legs and let me hear how wet you are." Stacy didn't protest, I just heard the phone move down. I listened and could hear the faint sound of her fingers slipping in and out of her wet pussy. Suddenly she was talking again. "Talk to me, Rich. Tell me what you want to do to me. I want to cum. Make me cum," she groaned. I began to tell her how I wanted her. How I wanted to lick and suck her clit before sliding my cock in to her inch by inch until I filled her. I told her how I wanted to suck her tits and grip her ass as our bodies ground against each other. I told her I wanted to feel her cum, that I wanted to hear her moan and say my name as she came and how I wanted to cum inside her. At the start Stacy had been whispering back to me, telling me how much she wanted me, that her nipples were hard. But now she was quiet except for labored breathing and soft moans which were becoming louder. I kept talking, only stopping to tell her I wanted to know when she was going to cum. I told her how I wanted to take her body and turn her over, pressing her down into my bed as I fucked her from behind. Her breathing was loud now and the moans seemed to be coming from further back in her throat. Suddenly my description was interrupted as I heard her, louder now. "Oh, fuck. Rich, I'm going to cum! Rich, I'm cumming!" She called down the phone, her breathing filling my ear. Stacy's breathing began to subside but I could hear that her mouth was still open. "Rich, that was great. But I just wish you'd been here," she sighed. "Me too," I replied. And I did. "I'm going to have to go," she sighed, "but when can we meet up again?" She asked. "I need to see you." "I can be around whenever you can get away," I replied. "Are you sure you can't get away tonight?" "I don't know, maybe. I want to. Can I call you later?" "Of course," I told her. "You don't have to ask." "Okay. I'd better pull myself together before Brendan gets home," she said, sounding a little sad. "Oh, crap." She suddenly exclaimed. "What is it?" I asked, a little worried. "I just looked down and there's a wet patch on the couch between my legs. I'm going to have to try to clean that up, it looks so obvious." She giggled. "I'll try to call you later," she said. We ended our call but I was pretty sure I wouldn't hear from her for the rest of the day. I sat and finished my coffee, enjoying the warm sun. I hadn't decided what to do this evening but I could tell it was going to be a warm. I left my seat and walked to a couple of stores before heading back to my car. I got in and started driving home. My phone rang, it was Stacy. I answered and her voice filled my car on the hands free kit. I always enjoyed getting calls from her but there was always a part of me that thought she might be calling to

tell me that Brendan was becoming suspicious and she had to end it. I didn't want that. "Hey," I said as I hit the talk button. I wanted to say something dirty but I never knew who might be within earshot on her end. "Hey," she said, sounding a little nervous. "Are you still around tonight?" "Of course, but I thought you had to see the "in-laws" tonight," I said. "I've managed to get out of it. I told him my friend wanted to meet up because she'd split up with her boyfriend." I smiled to myself, kind of enjoying the fact that she was lying to get a few hours with me. "That sounds great. Not for your friend though, I hope she's okay." "You're an ass," she giggled. "Can you pick me up?" She asked. "No problem," I said. "Wait! Don't come to my house, though." She sounded a little panicky. "Duh, okay," I said in mock sarcasm. "I'm going to get him to drop me at that bar that's around the corner from where we worked. Can you meet me there? I'll call you when I'm outside on my own. It'll be about 45 minutes." I agreed looking at my watch and ended the call, a smile forming at the sides of my mouth. I think we both felt bad about what we were doing but it was so hard to stop. We'd both tried on a couple of occasions when all we were doing was sexting but within a couple of days one of us would give in and text again. I looked out the window of my car at the sun. It gave me an idea so I headed home. I pulled into a side street just down from the bar. I would be able to see when Stacy got dropped off but I knew that her boyfriend wouldn't have to drive past me arriving or leaving. It was still warm outside but the AC kept the inside of my car cool. I listened to my iPod while I waited. Stacy and I didn't really share musical tastes which was one of the reasons I didn't think we'd actually work together as a couple. The good thing was I thought that she felt that way too. It was sex that was the bond between us but I also enjoyed holding her after, feeling her pressed against me when we were both spent. I saw a car pull up outside the bar and after a few seconds Stacy got out. She was wearing a pair of faded jeans which hugged her tight little ass and the heels she'd worn the last time we'd been together. On top she wore a low cut V neck t-shirt which showed the slightest hint of her cleavage. She didn't have large breasts, just a little too big to fit into one of my hands, but they were firm with small pink nipples which got hard when I stroked them. It looked as though she was wearing a push up bra. She stood there for a second, waiting for Brendan to leave but he was obviously waiting for her to go inside. I decided to mess with her a little. I went to the recent calls screen on my phone and hit her name. After a couple of seconds ringing came through the speakers in my car. I watched Stacy as she realized her phone was ringing in her purse. She pulled it out and looked a little flustered but recovered well. She must have told Brendan that it was her friend calling and she answered. "Hey," she said, trying to sound bright and chirpy. "Hey, gorgeous," I said slowly. "You look good enough to eat, especially that tight little ass you've poured into those jeans." "Okay," she replied, trying to sound casual. "I'll see you in a bit." And she ended the call. I smiled, feeling a little disappointed that she hadn't let me play longer. I watched as she said something to Brendan before he pulled the car away from the curb. I waited about 30 seconds to make sure Brendan wasn't going to spin the car around and come back. I was about to pull away when my phone rang. I answered. "Where are you, you bastard?" She asked, trying to sound pissed but I could see the smile on her face. "Across the street, in the side road," I answered. She looked over and started to walk towards me. I watched her. She got in my car, leaned over and kissed me, biting my lip as she pulled away.

“Shit!” I exclaimed. “What was that for?” “You know perfectly well what that was for, you bastard.” I laughed. “I was just playing,” I said, trying to look hurt. “Yeah, well I nearly had a fit when I saw your number. I had to answer because he asked me if it was Jeanie calling me.” She punched me in the arm, playfully. “Wow, I thought we were going to have an evening of sex but it seems like you’re intent on damaging me.” She stuck her tongue out at me and reached for her seatbelt. She buckled it up then leaned over and kissed my cheek. We had been driving for a few minutes, talking about how she had gotten out of seeing Brendan’s parents to spend the evening with me. She suddenly looked a little coy. “I told him I might be out late and not to wait up,” she said, looking at the floor. “Great,” I said. “I had no intention of dropping you back too early anyway,” I told her, not taking my eyes off the road. We continued talking when suddenly Stacy looked around. “This isn’t the way to your house,” she said. “We’re not going to my house,” I told her. She smiled but didn’t ask where we were going. I drove on, the roads leading out of town into the countryside. I turned left into a narrow lane which led up hill. After a couple of minutes the road opened out onto a wide open area. Low bushes were spread around, narrow grassy paths intersecting them. Stacy looked at me with a half smile on her face. “And what are we doing here?” She asked. I smiled. “Well, I figured that we had sex at my place twice now so I thought we would try somewhere different.” Stacy looked a little shocked but the smile she was suppressing told me she was open to the idea. “Sex in your car, huh? And I thought you were worried about messing up your seats,” she said, referring to my comment the previous Friday about not creaming on my passenger seat. “I am,” I said, looking at her, “that’s why we’re not staying in the car.” “What? Are you kidding?” She tried to sound shocked but I knew she was excited about the prospect. “Nope. Not kidding,” I said, leaning over to kiss her. She kissed me back, her tongue sliding into my mouth. I sucked on it and she moaned. My hand went to her breast, squeezing it gently over her t-shirt and bra. Our kiss became harder. “So, are we getting out?” She asked. “I want you to do something for me first,” I told her. “Okay,” she replied. Her excitement was giving her courage. “What is it?” “I want you to strip and walk in front of the car,” I told her. Stacy looked at me for a second before scanning her eyes around outside the car. The whole area was deserted. She kissed me again, her hand reaching between my legs feeling my cock through my jeans. It was getting hard and she could feel the bulge. “I will,” she said, “but you have to take your cock out for me.” I undid my belt, our eyes never leaving each other’s. I lifted off the seat and pulled my jeans down. “Take it out,” I told her. Stacy reached for the gap in the front of my boxers. My cock hardened more at the touch of her soft hand. She gently pulled, slipping it out. She looked down as her hand slid down my stiffening shaft. She let go and lifted her t-shirt over her head. The white push up bra pressed her breasts together. She looked at me innocently, her lips pouting. “It might be difficult for me to get my jeans off in the car.” “Well I guess we’ll have to think of a way to overcome that,” I said. “I have an idea,” she said, looking at me. Stacy turned and opened the door. She climbed out and walked to the front of the car. Looking in at me she began to slowly unbutton her jeans. Once the last button had popped she began to lower them, stopping as I saw the first glimps of her white panties. She held up her index finger as if having just had an idea and, turning, she began to slide her jeans down over her ass, revealing that her panties were a thong. I watched as she slowly bent over, sliding

her jeans down her legs. My cock was pointing straight up and was aching, the sight of that small piece of material tucked between her creamy, firm ass cheeks causing the tip to glisten as the clear liquid escaped. As her jeans reached her ankles Stacy realized that her shoes were going to prove a problem. She looked over her shoulder at me and grinned. Turning around she shuffled towards to front of my car, giggling at her awkwardness. I laughed too. She turned and placed her ass just above the grill. I saw her lean forward to pull her jeans over her shoes. She was obviously struggling because without turning she held up her index finger again. I laughed again. Stacy stood and turned, smiling, holding her jeans in her hand like a magician's assistant holding up the newly produced rabbit. I smiled and she threw them onto the front of my car. I looked at her as she stood there in her white underwear and heels, the sunlight warming her skin. Stacy pointed at her bra as if asking a question. I nodded and she reached behind her back to the clasp. Slowly she slid her bra down her arms, revealing her pretty breasts. I could see that the excitement had made her nipples hard. She threw her bra on top of her jeans. She pointed at her panties, also a question. I nodded but she shook her index finger slowly at me. I held up my hands to ask what she meant. She pointed at me then at the front of the car. I knew what she meant. I pulled my jeans up enough so that I could walk and got out of the car, my hard on still poking through my boxers. She watched as I walked around the front of my car, her eyes moving from mine to my cock. I leaned on the front of my car, the sun and fresh air feeling nice on my hard on. She took hold of the waist band of her panties and slowly lowered them. My cock twitched as I saw the first glimpses of her soft pussy. Her legs were slightly apart and I could see that her lips were exposed. She stepped out of her panties, the movement causing her pussy to open slightly. Stacy stood in front of me, allowing me to look at her naked body in the sunlight. I made a move towards her but she held up her hand. I stopped. "You have to do something for me now," she said, seemingly at ease with her nakedness. "Okay," I said. "I want to watch you stroke yourself," she said, making eye contact with me as she always did. I'm sure she knew how much it turned me on. I took my cock in my hand and started to slide it along the length. As Stacy watched, her hand moved to her breast and began to massage, her fingers gliding over her nipple. Her mouth opened slightly and her eyelids fluttered. I stopped stroking and Stacy looked at me. I reached for my t-shirt and pulled it over my head. Stacy stood and watched as I stripped off too. We stood looking at each other. Stacy raised an eyebrow questioningly and looked down at my hard on. I smiled apologetically and began to stroke again. "That's right, keep stroking for me," she said. "But you're not allowed to make yourself cum. That's my job." She smiled as she walked towards me. Stacy took my cock in her hand and slid it between her soft thighs. We kissed and she started to move her hips, the silky skin of her inner thighs moving along the length of my hard shaft. I felt the tip leak a little more pre-cum. "You remember hearing me cum earlier?" Stacy asked. "Of course," I said in between our kisses. She pulled back and looked at me. "You wanna hear me again?" "Hell, yes," I said, my hands massaging her breasts. Stacy stepped back and took my arms, making us switch places. She lay back over the front of my car, propping herself up on one elbow. Her other hand slid down over her stomach to her pussy. She stopped, motioning again for me to stroke myself. I began to slide my hand along my hard on again and watched as Stacy slid her fingers into her pussy. She sighed as they disappeared inside

her soft opening and whispered, "Remember, no cumming." I kept my movements slow as I watched her sliding her fingers into her pussy and drawing them up over her clit, making it wetter, the sun glinting off her wet skin. Her movements became faster and her legs spread wider, her free hand moved to her breasts and started massaging. "Oh, fuck, Rich, I'm close," she moaned. "Cum for me, Stacy," I sighed as I continued to stroke myself. "Rich, I'm cumming," Stacy called, her fingers squeezing her nipple, her leg moving up onto the bumper of my car, opening her pussy wider. She kept stroking as her orgasm swept through her. I watched, waiting for her body to relax but it didn't, her fingers kept moving, stroking her clit with the same speed, her fingers still pinching her nipple. "Oh, Rich! I'm gonna cum again." I watched as another orgasm flooded over her but still she didn't slow. Her breathing was still shallow and fast and her fingers still worked at her clit. "Rich, do it for me," she cried. I dropped to my knees, my hands sliding under her warm cheeks of her butt and lifted her up the front of my car. My tongue slipped inside her wet pussy then slid out over her clit. I began licking, matching the speed her hand had been moving at before I took over. Within seconds Stacy was cumming again. Her legs wrapped around my shoulders as she called my name. I reached up and grabbed her breasts, massaging them. Her hips bucked and her pussy moved under my mouth as I kept up the pressure on her hard clit. Stacy began to relax as her orgasm subsided. I had begun to slow my tongue when her legs tensed again. "No, Rich. Don't stop," she called as her body shook again. Her stomach tensed and her head lifted, her mouth open, gasping. Her hands gripped the back of my head and she called my name, sounding as if the pleasure she was experiencing was almost too intense. Suddenly her hands were just resting on my head instead of gripping me and her head was falling back onto the windshield of my car. Her legs moved as if she didn't quite know what to do with them. I stopped licking her clit but I held my mouth over her pussy in case another orgasm started. It didn't but as Stacy relaxed small convulsions caused her body to jerk involuntarily. She fell back onto my car, her eyes closed, her mouth open. I remained kneeling between her legs, preventing her from falling to the floor. "Rich?" She called. "I'm here," I said. "Rich. Fuck me?" she said. I stood, lifting her slender legs over my shoulders, putting her pussy at the edge of the hood of my car. I pushed forward. My hard cock slipped inside her with one movement, her pussy lips pressing against my pelvis. Stacy called my name. I thrust into her hard and fast as she sat forward her legs dropping and wrapping around my waist. She grabbed my ass, pulling me into her as we kissed. "Cum inside me," she whispered into my mouth. I groaned. "Does my pussy feel good?" She asked. I nodded, knowing it wouldn't be long before I came. "Tell me how it feels. Is it hot and wet?" She asked. "Yes, and tight," I replied as I kept thrusting. Our bodies were pressed against each other and I was only pulling half way out of her, the pleasure around the tip of my cock was amazing. I knew I was going to cum. As I felt my orgasm build I whispered her name. The sound of my voice seemed to galvanize her and she wrapped her legs tighter around me, her arms around my shoulders. I pulled her closer. "I'm going to cum," I groaned as I felt my cock swell inside her. "So am I," she cried and she held onto me, her body tensing. She fell back again onto my car with me still inside her. We lay like that for a few minutes, kissing occasionally. As my penis softened I felt it slide out of her. "I think there's going to be a pretty serious wet patch on your car," she giggled. "Don't

worry about it," I said, looking at her. Stacy smiled at me. "We can stop off at the jet wash on the way back, you can take care of it then." "Fuck, you," she laughed. "Give me a minute," I responded. She giggled. I looked down at her pretty face. "Are you warm enough?" I asked. She nodded. "I don't want to get dressed yet," she said. I agreed. I pulled away and stood up, helping Stacy off my car. I walked, still naked, to the back of my car, opened it and pulled out the two blankets I had picked up from home. I walked back to Stacy and put one blanket on the ground. We laid down together and I pulled the other blanket over us. Stacy curled up next to me, her head on my chest. We stayed like that for a while, talking and kissing. The warmth of Stacy's body felt good on mine. One of her legs was draped over mine and I could feel her vagina against my thigh. She started to gently grind it against me, her mouth nibbling my shoulder. I felt my cock stir under the blanket. I turned my face to kiss her and she rolled on top of me, her hand reaching down, finding my cock and sliding it inside her. With her hands on my shoulders Stacy began riding me, grinding her clit against me. Suddenly her phone rang. "Shit! That's probably Brendan. I'd better get it or he'll think something's wrong." All her words were said breathlessly as she continued to ride me. Suddenly she rolled off me and went to the car. She pulled out her phone and answered it. It was the first time she'd seemed self conscious about being naked. "Hey. How's it going?" She asked. I reached out and took her hand, pulling her back to her ground with me. As she talked to Brendan I kissed her mouth. She tried to push me away but was smiling at the same time. I began kissing her breasts, sucking her nipples into my mouth. She was still trying to talk but I could see I was distracting her. She tried to silently protest but when I didn't stop she gave in. "Keep talking," I whispered. I began to kiss down over her stomach, watching her face all the while. Her eyes closed and I heard her voice. "Huh? Yeah...I'm listening," she said to Brendan, trying to concentrate on his voice rather than my tongue which was stroking over her clit. "What do you mean, why is it quiet here?" She asked Brendan, trying to push my head away from her pussy but I resisted. "Oh, uh, I'm in the bathroom. It's kinda loud..... out.....in the bar." She was struggling to hold the conversation but she had also given up trying to stop me from going down on her. "Yeah. I'm. Not sure.....what time I'll be.....home. Don't wait up, Uhh..... Jeanie is pretty down. No, I. Won't. Wake you. Huh? Ok. Yeah, okay. Bye." Stacy snapped her phone shut and squeezed her legs to my head. Her own head falling back onto the blanket. "I can't believe you just did that, you bastard," she whispered as she came again.