

What a party

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A boring party just got exciting

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He was at a celebration party, and he was bored; all his playmates were there but they were with their partners and behaving themselves. He looked around for someone interesting to talk to, but unfortunately no one could be found. At the bar he waited patiently for his drink like a good boy. An elegant and expensive looking lady walked over and stood near him. He caught the smell of her perfume, sweet and seductively alluring. They looked at each other and smiled. "You look as bored as I am," he said politely to her. She looked over her fat husband and his management buddies. "I wish he was more interested in me tonight. All the effort I went through to look nice for him and he ignores me." Seizing his chance, he took her drink from her and placed it on a nearby table, then led her to the dance floor, a little bit taken by surprise she didn't resist. They playfully danced with each other to a classic disco song. As they twirled and spun around holding hands, he accidentally ran his hand over her bum and thigh and felt her suspenders. They looked into each other eyes. She grinned and said, "They keep my tights up. Do you like them?" With a nod and a smile he told her, "You know what they say about gorgeous women with fat husbands who ignore them?" "No, what do they say?" she asked. "They say these women are dangerous and wild," he told her. They both laughed. He noticed how great she looked, slim but curvaceous. "Does he treat you like a trophy wife, showing you off to his friends? Because you two look kind of odd together," he said cheekily. She smiled. "I guess so. I look good on his arm and my clothes look good on me because of him." After the dance they stood and talked. She told him she wished she could have more excitement and take more risks in her life but she accepted that he was older and he wasn't like that. "Get your phone and meet me back here in 10 minutes," he said and walked off. Ten minutes later they met back in the same place. "You look far too good to go to waste tonight. Take a risk with me, a private risk that only we will know about," he said to her. He took her phone and fiddled with it, then handed it back. "Are you willing to have a night of excitement and take a few risks?" She held her phone then glanced at her husband and finally back to him. "No one will ever know?" "No one, only us," he said confidently. She studied him for a few seconds. "What do I do?" "Go and sit down and I'll tell you," he said. She returned to her seat and shortly received a message on her phone. GO TOILET, TAKE YOUR KNICKERS AND SUSPENDERS OFF, WHEN YOU HAVE DONE THIS GO AND STAND AT THE BAR, I'M WATCHING AND WAITING. She calmly stood up and went to the toilet and removed her knickers

and suspenders. When she was at the bar, he walked over and took them from her, then led her to the far corner of the dance floor. He pulled her close and ran his hands over her pert bum. "You have a great bum; when you sit down I will send you another message," he told her. When she was seated again another message appeared on her phone: GO TOILET AND TAKE A PHOTO OF THE AREA WHERE YOUR KNICKERS COVERED AND SEND IT TO ME. Once more she went toilet and took the photo, she had a tiny patch of short dark pubic hair cut into a landing strip. When she sent him the picture, she added the message, TAKE YOUR PANTS OFF AND SHOW ME YOURS. She watched as he disappeared. He had sent her a photo of his semi erect penis and the words, I DON'T WEAR PANTS. GO TOILET AND TAKE A PHOTO WITH YOUR LEGS OPEN SO I CAN SEE INSIDE YOU. She was shocked at this request, as she'd never done anything like this before. After looking at him from across the room for some time, she stood and walked out. His phone played a tune to show he had received a message. She had sent him photo of her wet pussy. He could see the juices on her lips; she looked small and tight. I WANT A PHOTO OF YOUR FULLY ERECT PENIS was the accompanying message. Without hesitating he responded. He was solid and stood proudly, and had added on the bottom of his message, NOW I WANT A 15 SECOND VIDEO OF YOU TOUCHING YOURSELF. She was still in the toilet and replied immediately. He could see her fingers stroking her clit and sinking into her hole. The sounds of her wetness and deep breathing turned him on. Moments later she sent him a message. I WANT A VIDEO OF YOU MASTURBATING TO WHAT I SENT YOU. Seconds later he'd sent her a film of himself stroking and rubbing his shaft. MEET ME ON THE DANCE FLOOR NOW, he sent her. They met and hid in the far corner again, grinding and rubbing against each other. She rubbed his cock through his trousers, while his fingers slipped inside the slit in the side of her dress and touched her wet thighs. "Go sit down and I'll message you in a minute," he told her. He went outside to where the tables and chairs were stored, and was happy to find that the room was left unlocked. MEET ME IN THE STORE ROOM - 2ND DOOR ON THE LEFT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. I'M WAITING FOR YOU, she was informed. A gentle knock on the door and she went in. Immediately they started hungrily kissing tongues, tasting their mouths. He pulled her dress up and began to finger her. Her thighs were wet and he slipped in easily, she leaned back against a table and spread her legs. She was tight on his fingers and started to moan. "God, I want this so bad. Please don't let me down now - make me cum." His fingers rammed inside her faster and deeper and harder. Her nails dug his hair as she grasped his head; she grunted loud in his ear as she squirted and ejaculated over his hand and wrist, spurts of her cum going everywhere as she orgasmed. "Now get your cock out and fuck me like a wild dangerous man," she told him. They undid his trousers and she rubbed him roughly. "Put it in me," she barked. She sat on a table and he pushed into her, her wet thighs around his waist. Fast and passionately he fucked her. The harder and more aggressively he went, the more she seemed to like it. He spun her around onto her belly and kicked her legs open, her knuckles white as she gripped the edge of the table. He could see her cum shining as it ran down her legs. Forcefully he pounded at her wet dripping pussy, digging his fingers into her waist to pull her back onto him. Again she began to moan; he was close to coming as well. He leaned forward and stroked her pussy with a hand, rubbing her clit. Her legs wobbled as she

moaned, "Fuck yeah baby, that's good, stroke me there, this is so hot." When he could feel himself building up to cum, he removed his hand from her pussy and pushed two fingers in her tight greasy bum hole. She groaned as he stretched her. "How do you like that?" he asked. "Do you like the way I make you feel? Alive and wanted?" She didn't respond, but he could feel her tense her bum hole before she shrieked and screamed as she exploded over him. Her cum was running down her legs as they wobbled, her pussy was throbbing, her breath was short. He shot his sperm deep inside her with big thrusts. Grunting as he pushed hard into her, he sighed as he emptied his balls. Her cum was everywhere - his trousers were wet, her legs were soaked, her expensive shoes were wet. He took a step back and let her stand up. She was panting as she turned to face him. "That's never happened to me before, I've never experienced an orgasm like that. I've read about them and wondered what it would be like. Thank you for showing me." She kissed him very gently on the lips and smiled. "I guess I'd better sneak out and make myself as presentable as I can after that." They left separately, taking care not to be seen together. A short while after they sat down at their respective tables, he got the following message on his phone: I CAN FEEL YOUR SEMEN SLIDING OUT OF ME. MY HEART IS RACING AND MY HEAD IS SPINNING. I CAN'T BELIEVE WE DID THAT, I'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED THESE FEELINGS BEFORE. He smiled as he read it. I HAVE YOUR UNDERWEAR IF YOU'D LIKE IT BACK, he messaged her. KEEP THEM AS A REMINDER. THAT WAS THE BEST 20 MINUTES OF MY ENTIRE LIFE, THANK YOU, she sent back to him. Her husband hadn't even noticed she had left. They stared at each other for the rest of the last hour. Finally a slow song came on. MEET ON THE DANCE FLOOR 1 LAST TIME, PLEASE, I NEED TO BE NEAR YOU, TO SMELL YOUR PERFUME AND FEEL THE TOUCH OF YOUR SKIN, he sent her. Carefully as not to be noticed they danced politely, only briefly touching. They shook hands and parted. The last time they sat down, he received: I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, I WANT MY KNICKERS AND SUSPENDERS BACK, CALL ME WHEN I CAN GET THEM. I DON'T WANT TO BE CELIBATE ANY MORE, I WANT MORE RISKS AND EXCITEMENT WITH YOU. I WANT TO BE LOVED AND FEEL ALIVE. He smiled, looked over at her and nodded. Then he sent her his last message of the night. COME WITH ME NOW AND SHARE A TAXI HOME WITH ME. I'LL LOVE YOU IF YOU LET ME. As she read it, she clasped her phone in both hands and stood up. He stood as she walked over to him, then held out his hand and took hers. That was five years ago. They are married and in love. She doesn't have so many expensive things anymore, but she has what she craved, intimacy and passion.