

Common Interests, Part Two

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Brenda plots another visit to my place, the sex is hotter than ever, the orgasms even more intense.

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I last wrote of an adventure of adultery and its reasons of the why it happened, how sweet the advent of the act came to pass and outcome of climactic orgasms and then how it had returned to a time of friendship; one not lost with the powerful pleasures we had shared, amazingly. I had thought that would be the end of the tale, nothing else worthy of the readers of my stories to read; I was wrong. God help me was I ever wrong. It had been two months since Brenda and I had committed the sin of adultery, our spouses none the wiser, our coworkers never had a clue as things returned to normal for us, or in their minds remained the same as always. It had been rare to even think of whilst we worked or even when on break in the small area for us to get away from the hectic schedule of labors and the ever demanding public, much less discuss the forbidden act. So it was that when Brenda asked me to give her a lift on a Friday evening last week that my jaw virtually fell in awe of the simple request spoken in privacy. "Umm," I stammered as the words of simple request soaked in, "Yeah, I can give you a lift," and raised my eye brow as I asked a question of my own, "Just a ride, Brenda?" as my heart throbbed and rose into my throat with the sudden thoughts that filled my mind and body with anticipation of her answer. Her smile spoke the answer more fully than any words could have, yet she did answer in a whisper, "Well, yeah, I want you to give me a lift, or let us give each other one Jerry; if you're willing that is. I know Jane is working again tonight and Brian is off at the casino in Oklahoma City with some of his buddies." She smiled a twisted smile and I knew she had plotted to find us a time to share our space and bodies once again without coming right out and saying she had it all planned out. That conversation sent me into a mind set unplanned and torturous with the fire she lit in my loins and thoughts. That was at about 2:00 o'clock, she was scheduled until 4:00 as was I. I struggled to maintain a focus on the labors of the job even though each time we passed by the other our eyes seemed to shine a bit brighter than our norm. This time it would be different than the last; a simple matter of walking out casually as usual and her slipping into the SUV unnoticed, a feat she was surely up to. I handed her my keys at 3:45 without hesitation, no one knew and it would remain that way. I managed to stay until a couple of minutes after my shift's end, dallying more than anything

else as I told Jane I was going to go down to the lake to take a few pictures if the flowers were in bloom, which I knew they had not yet but that was of no consequence; a ruse to give her the time required so go unnoticed into her friend's vehicle and me to have a reason to answer only my cell if Jane had need of me. At ten after I walked to the parking lot and straight to the driver's door, unlocked as expected as I opened it and climbed in half expecting to see her ducked into the foot well of the passenger side; she wasn't, yet the keys were sitting on the seat beside me. I heard her voice, a whisper of her breath as she said, "Just drive and keep quiet until we get out of sight of the store," and giggled as if excited by the clandestine nature of our rendezvous. I looked in the rear view mirror and couldn't see her though I knew she had to be just behind my seat. As I pulled out onto the road in front of the store I picked up speed as our destination and destiny seemed sealed. I couldn't help but react as any man would with a hot horny woman ready to jump his bones, I was aroused by the fact she had planned our joining in secret, and that soon I'd feel the lush body I had known only once but would again. After only a half a mile I felt my seat pull backwards just a bit as if she were pulling herself up with it, my assumption that she would climb into the front seat was almost right as her arm slid between the seats; her hand, so small yet so empowered seeking out my thigh, or to be more precise, my rapidly growing dick. As she slid her hand over my lower abdomen she cooed seductively and rubbed over the confined beast she craved. I finally spoke, almost a squeak to my voice as she grasped the broad head and squeezed it into her hand, "Brenda, tell me you didn't somehow plan this ahead of time; did you?" I heard what had to be the most sultry snickering I may have ever heard as she replied, "You know the store posts schedules three weeks ahead as well as I do," and snickered again as her hand slid deftly over my swollen meat, "yeah, I planned, or hoped, but couldn't say anything until I knew he'd be out of town for the evening, but," as she unzipped my pants, "I want that big cock again, I need to feel it fill me, stretch me like no other ever has." She managed to undo the button on my pants as well before her head appeared beside my right hip, hair draped over her head to where I couldn't see her face, but it was pretty obvious what she intended. I gasped as the semi rigid pole was pulled from the briefs I had worn that day was stroked gently with one small seductive hand, and groaned as her tongue caressed over the fluted edge of the swelling crown as I gasped in a large gulp of air. I somehow managed to keep the car on the road and the next thing I knew she held the head and a bit more in her warm wet mouth as her hand jacked me off with slow gentle persuasion. I made the turn from the highway and headed south towards my place as she sucked me with no seeming intent of bringing me to climax; not yet anyway. Her head rose, body raised up and she slid into the front seat, her eyes glued to the now fully erect cock she had felt before and had now sucked at least a little of into the wettest, warmest chamber that ever surrounded its head. I was amazed as small as her mouth appeared that she could open wide enough for its girth, but she had and as I drove the last mile before my place my dick quaked with spasms of pure desire, bounding forth and back slapping my abdomen as she watched without touching it; my hands kept a firm grip on the wheel. Brenda was quite the tease; I sat in agony while she slid her fingers over the fly of her jeans and pushed two of them over the seam that marked the slit I wanted so badly to fill again, just the way she wanted me to. When I pulled up the circular drive I was so anxious I shut off the engine

and turned to face her in one move. My hands pulled her close and I planted a kiss on her mouth like it would take root; our tongues danced the dance of want and lust as I let my hand fall to join hers in her crotch. She moaned as I pulled her fingers tighter against the hidden prize of her pussy. "Let's not wait to go upstairs," I said in commanding tones, "I want you right here and now." Her eyes got big, with bucket seats the act of sex is damned near impossible unless she's on top; a smile crossed her face as she pulled her hand from beneath mine and unfastened her pants, forcing my hand to part from the warmth of her groin so she could unzip. She squirmed out of her pants and bikini panties as I watched in awe of her flexibility with the task at hand. My cock was hot and hard waiting to be deep inside the tight youthful gash as she quivered wanting us to do just that. I opened my door and heard her gasp in alarm, my dick swaying as I walked around the SUV and opened her door just as she lifted the shirt over her head. With just her bra on she was the most beautiful sight a man's eye could imagine. To her surprise she wasn't going to have to climb on top; I turned her in the seat and pushed her knees apart as I stepped between them. "No foreplay for you right now Brenda, you made me way too hot," I revealed with commanding authority. I lifted her knees and pushed against her petals with the hot velvet steel she had wanted. Her body leaned back as I entered the tight wet muscle, stretching it open as she knew it would. She whimpered but pushed against me to take it in; which she did in one long slow thrust, inch by painful inch as I filled her channel with cock. I couldn't go all the way in, the angle was off, so worked my meat in and out with only the first five or six inches as she dripped with the beginnings of climax several times. Her legs surrounded my hips as I pulled her torso up and drew her into my arms; her arms clutched at my shoulders as her pussy slid more onto my shaft and she groaned as we stood in the drive way enveloped in the passionate, heated joining. My hips thrust upwards as she pushed down against them, at least eight inches of thick eager cock stroked her wet wondrous wiles as she creamed again, and again over its length with whimpering gasps of the approaching climax. I turned and walked, pants around my thighs, Brenda enveloping my erection, her arms carrying the weight of her body as she flexed her hips in time with my steps towards the front door; her pants, panties and shirt abandoned in the SUV she whimpered as she knew we were about to ascend the stairs as she fucked me deep inside her vagina and womb. I stopped half way up the stair and allowed her feet to fall to the step above mine, she smiled and asked, "Can't make it the entire way up Jerry?" with a giggle. I pulled my dick out of her and turned her forcefully around pushing her upper body down in front of me, her hands grasped the stair three treads above her feet as I pushed them apart to open her for my invasion. One foot on her step and one on the step below I guided my crown to her wet petals and shoved the entirety of my length into her willing hole; she cried out with the new angle slamming along her engorged clit with the lengthy base of my meat raking past it in long firm strokes. Her climax came again as she coated my cock with honey sweet nectar, I was about to blow my own wad I was so revved up and pulled out to avoid it. She gasped again at how willing I was to empty her channel until she felt me kneel behind her and scoop her honey out with my tongue; she came again all over my face and I couldn't help but love every delicious drop. As her climax ebbed I licked her clean and whispered, "Now let's go upstairs and fuck," with a chuckle to my tone. Her body was weak from the multiple climaxes but managed to

climb the rest of them with hands and feet to make her way. I stripped from my pants, shirt and shoes before going any higher and then joined her in the upper hallway. I tossed the door open to the studio and though the satin cover on the bed had been cleaned of the remains of our last visit, it looked exactly the same. She headed straight for the bed without pause, her naked ass swaying and jiggling with the walk and anxious need to be taken to at least the same level she had known already. I watched as her thighs became coated with the dripping remains of the climaxes she had already found and wanted so much for her to know even more profound reasons to want me again and again. She stopped beside the bed and turned to face me as my hands grasped her waist and drew her close; our mouths met with electrically sizzling heat and we each groaned into the joined cavities as our tongues plied each other's with want. While we kissed I unhooked her bra and pulled it from between us; now fully naked flesh met naked flesh as I, and she, quivered with excitement. My wet cock nestled between us on her abdomen pulsing with my rapid heart's beating. "Brenda," I whispered, "last time I took you the way it seemed to be needed at the time," kissing her cheeks and neck as I continued, "I want you as badly as you want me, we both know that. How do you want me baby?" I asked in an effort to satisfy whatever thoughts or fantasy she may have had while planning out our adventurous time shared. Her voice was cracked and throaty as she gasped wanting to me taken, she didn't seem to care so long as she felt my cock pounding deep inside her tight willing abyss of glory. "I," gasping for a breath, "want you any and every way we can tonight Jerry," and pushed her abdomen against the hot pole between us as she gasped with need. Her body stiffened as she turned and leaned onto the platform bed, her torso and face flat against its surface as she presented her pussy and ass to me like a cat in heat. Her feet slid apart and I watched in awe as her channel seemed to wink at me, I knew she wanted to know how deep I could thrust from behind now that we weren't on the stairs. I voiced a deep garbled chuckle as I grasped the shaft and pressed it up and down the parted petals of her snatch, sure to touch the eager swollen nubbin of her clit with each taunting pass and raising it high enough to slip the round curve of its head over her sphincter. Each time she felt me touch her virginal cavity's opening she shuddered and whimpered; 'another time' I thought silently as I lowered the head between the hot wet petals of her flower and pushed the head into the grasping quivering muscle of her vaginal cavity. Her hips rose backwards as she felt my entry and groaned softly as she knew the familiar stretch of my cock's girth with glee. Her channel was wet as I pushed deeper with each slow delicious stroke. Four inches and then five filled her as her arousal grew; six and then seven as my cock found the cervical muscles tight grip and I shuddered at how talented her inner muscles were to draw me ever deeper into the haven of her feminine core. Eight inches found my body quaking with eager need to know her full depth and I pushed hard the balance of my ten plus inches into her body's spasms of joy no unlike my own. My mound pressed against hers as I paused to revel much the same as I had when we fucked the last time; her pussy had to be the finest, hottest, most lush place I had ever found. My body shook as I allowed our trembling bodies to create the only moves needed. She cried out and came hard from somewhere deep inside as her body was wracked with tensed spasms and her hips pushed against me to draw me farther inside, but alas from behind only will allow so much. I began my rigorous tempo of thrusts with half or more

of the meaty invader as her orgasm began to take on the familiar peak to peak of arousal she had known on our first encounter. Ten minutes and then another ten; I fucked on with varied angle, tempo and pressure in and out of her flesh as her hands gripped the satin covering and her mouth bit into it to muffle her cries of pleasure. I stayed on the verge of climax and felt that edge with pure delight as my cock grew thicker with arousal and the veins became distended along the shaft to provide even greater sensual tactile touch within her walls. My lungs burned with need for air as I continuously gasped with the heated pounding we both felt from head to toe. My heart raced at twice or three times its normal rate and did hers, we had arrived at the plateau of glory, yet I wanted her to know even more. "Brenda," I gasped as I continued to pummel her wet gushing pussy, "I want to take you as the butterfly," gasping again as I pulled my dripping meat from its haven and shook with the chill of emptiness while she lay gasping for air yet in the throes of orgasm. I could not let her fall from the precipice of wonders as I pushed her onto the bed fully and rolled her to her side straddling the lower leg and kneeling above her. I lifted the upper leg and pulled it straight as I hugged it tight to my upper body; her foot perched over my shoulder and head as I worked my knees closer to her gaping cavity of want. Her eyes glazed with the cataclysmic joy of orgasm looked to me, not fully aware of the pose we had assumed, perhaps it was not one familiar to her, but soon she would know of its worthiness. My dick was swollen half again its norm, now over two inches thick as I pushed the head back into the outer ring of her chamber. My cock knew the path well by now and I angled its entry to do what needed to be done. She had said she wanted me to fill her with cock as only I could, and I would oblige that wish ten fold if I could. My stokes were firm and straight in and out of her walls as they gripped at the invasive shaft, one after another filled her, each deeper than the last until she felt all she had known thus far; the hilt brushing against her clit and mound with each intense thump. I looked to her eyes as they rolled back during the onslaught of yet another peak in her endless orgasm, my cock drove harder and then harder still as I began to vary the angle of entry to rake over the swelled clitoris my fingers also prodded eagerly. Her eyes rolled back in her head as another wave crashed through her and I thrust deeper than I had gone before and held myself in her as we both quaked with pure lust filled glory; only my pre-cum had seeped from the tip of my dick as yet, but I was more than ready to give her my heated seed. I pulled out only a couple of inches and thrust again to her depths as my arm lifted her hip from the bedding; her cavity opened to welcome me and I pushed farther still, my sack joining her inner sheath as well, taught with need to erupt, tight lay the flesh some call a man's scrota, eager to know her heat as well as I lifted her higher yet and felt my sack go beyond the outer muscle of the heavenly chamber of womanhood. She screamed as I filled her beyond her measure, the voice was pitched somewhere between the purity of hellish pain and absolute pleased orgasm, though some might argue that they could be one and the same. Her burning gush flowed along the thick plug that stretched her walls almost to ripping apart, the flood hot and slick as I quivered in restraint and gasped out, "Cum," a gasping breath, "CUM...WITH...ME... Bren...da." Our bodies convulsed and erupted, each with a mighty flow, "Holy crap!" she cried out in an exasperated gasp. I let my own lava hot serge fill her deepest recess with sticky man juice, not once, nor even twice did the streams of semen fill and overflow her, but three times as she quaked in

the totality of her continuous cataclysmic orgasm. Even with my grunting breaths gasping for air I could not help but smile wickedly. I lowered the leg I had held so tightly against my abdomen and chest but did not retreat from the vast depths of her heavenly channel; instead I caressed the junction of our bodies with tender caress over her mound and breasts while my cock quivered in the aftermath and she ebbed from the might of her wondrous fulfillment. I smiled as my breaths came to more normal and spoke softly, "Now you have met the Venus Butterfly Brenda, I trust you enjoyed the provocative filling it provides," and chuckled sensuously. I lay back, our bodies locked together as my legs lay front and back of hers and her legs the same along me, leaving my dick deep inside her, though the sack had slipped from the grip of her outer muscle. For now we shared as two women connected by a double ended dildo would, groin to luscious groin. Our bodies quivered with the lusty feel of completion with shared heart rates and quaking rhythm to our body's fulfillment. I couldn't help but feel a bond with Brenda, now more than or interests shared; our bodies perfectly matched in every position, yet the connection at that moment stirred me beyond normal physical boundaries. I chuckled sending a vibration through us both into the deepest recesses of mind and body, she responded unexpectedly. "Jerry," she cooed, "damnation, I thought you were going to rip me in half with that cock of yours. I can't believe how good you felt," giggled and continued, "Still feel inside me. The damned thing still feels hard as a rock and soft as velvet babe; if I had the energy I'd do it all again," and laughed lightheartedly. I laughed along with her at the hint of us making love again at the moment, I looked at my watch and it was already 6:00, we had taken 15 minutes to get here and fucked for over an hour. I laughed again, louder this time as I responded, "I know just what you mean Brenda. I wish you had just a little strength left, I'd love to know if you could cow-girl up," and chuckled. Each word, and certainly the laughter sent waves of wondrous vibrations through the both of us in all the right places to arouse even weary flesh and organs. My hand slid over my own abdomen and found our connecting groins, my fingers plied over her still engorged clit and I heard her moan sensually and felt her hips quiver with growing desire. "Help me up Jerry," she said in low throaty tones. The very sound caused my dick to tremble with passionate want. I stretched my arm down and caught a hold of her fingers and then hand as we pulled against each other, my cock slipping into the lush folds of her womanly cavern. I groaned softly as did she. Once sitting up her legs still lay along my torso front and back, I raised my hips to allow her to draw her knees under her, my dick sliding sultrily against the gripping walls of slick hot flesh and muscle. A gasp echoed from the walls as I knew she would do the improbable and try to ride me. "Let me lay on my back babe," I gasped as her body began to move in undulating rhythm over the connecting pole. She raised one leg and let me turn enough to be between her knelt and parted thighs. She rose slowly from the shaft, all but the head slipping dangerously close to leaving the haven of her body completely. With equal slow deliverance she lowered her pussy over the stiff rod she had grown to want more and more with each time she felt its girth and length. "Oh God Jerry," she gasped as again the entirety of my dick filled and stretched her channel. Her body rose again and fell onto the pleasure pole, and again as her arousal was renewed in full. I felt her body's craving for climax even then, but within two minutes her core flooded with heated nectar to coat our joined genitals; her pace increased sending me to the

edge of the volcano stirring within my sack and rod. I grunted with each time she impaled her hot tight snatch over it and gripped her thighs to maintain what little control I could of the fate of filling her with my seed. I struggled as her hips moved forth and back, circled the prong as she ground her mound to mine. One hand moved to her clit and pinched it ruthlessly as I knew she was also at the brink of a full blown orgasm just like I was. "Oh...holy shit Brenda," I groaned with what little air I could take in as my hips rose again and again to thrust against her every move. "Slow down baby, I'm gonna cum," I gasped loudly as she drove her pussy over my cock hard and exploded around it with searing heated cream. "Damn," I yelled as her wave of heat forced me to explode as well, rope after rope streamed into her depths as her body frantically fucked me with a wildness I couldn't believe, but reveled in. I pulled her torso down atop of mine and bit at her tits and throat, harder than a nip, milder than a bite that would leave marks, but she knew she had brought forth the demon as my body rolled atop of hers and began pounding savagely into the wet abyss. She screamed until her breaths no longer could as her body convulsed with the same intensity as my own. I could not cum again, my sack drained, but each move drove the erotic tactile contact to force even more delights to be felt than that of ejaculation, which all too often is a short lived happening. I collapsed atop of her gasping for air, just as was she. Our hearts raced until the soothing time of slowed motion allowed them to calm, our lungs once again could fill and drain of much needed air with greater ease at last. My watch beeped and I knew it was 8:00 and had to laugh silently, we had now fucked for over three hours non stop, and my dick was still hard enough to push and pull from her worn but willing channel. I pulled from her and rolled to my side beside the best lover I had ever known, and though I hadn't made a habit of dishonoring my marriage vows, I would confess I had from time to time extended myself to a woman's desires, well several to be honest. My hand lay on her tummy as she turned her head and gazed into my eyes, her expression filled with awe of the multiple climaxes she had received and said, "Damn you Jerry!" with commanding words and tone, "How in the hell am I supposed to be satisfied with what Brian can give me if you fuck like a porn star every time we're together?" I laughed aloud, as much as my weakened body would allow, "Porn Star?" I chuckled, "I'm no star, only a man with a goal," and leaned over to kiss her swollen parched lips gently before admitting, "The only thing I want is to know your joy Brenda and I think I saw a bit of it tonight." My mouth again swept over hers with a brushstroke of tenderness, her lips parted to slide her tongue over my mouth and had we not both been exhausted that very act would have seduced me to fuck her again right then; alas, fatigue had overtaken us both. "I've got an idea," I said with a suggestive tone. Her mouth opened in awe, "Surely you aren't suggesting we do it again, are you?" with complete sincerity. I laughed softly, "No baby, only that we take a shower and clean up before I take you home," and kissed her cheek as my fingers played over the swollen areola and nipple of one breast. "Whew," she breathed with a sigh of relief, "That's a relief, I don't think I could take any more of that thing right now Jerry. I'll be lucky if I can walk tomorrow." "Well, just so you've gotten what you wanted out of our clandestine rendezvous," a smile covering my face, "Let's go take a shower, I'll wash your back and you can wash mine. It'll be time to go and pick up Jane by the time I get you home. I sure hope Brian hasn't gotten back yet," and chuckled as my hand squeezed her tit gently. She rolled over to her side and managed to sit up

at the edge of the now coated satin cover, slick with a mixture of her creamy honey sweet nectar and my own offering of jism that would dry crusty if I didn't clean it soon. I rolled over to the edge of the bed and sat beside her for a moment before struggling to my feet, "Damn it's a bitch getting old Brenda," I said with a faint chuckle as I held out my hands for her to join me. She laughed aloud as she took my hands and stood face to face with her lover, no longer could we even consider ourselves just friends with a common interest. We walked to the half bath and I turned on the shower, nicely warm, but not too hot, before we stepped into the enclosure side by side. As offered I washed her back, along with the rest of her, even kneeling to scoop the remains of our pleasures from her core with my tongue and fingers. That, by the way, sent her over the edge once again as my mouth filled with creamy honey. I finished washing and rinsing her and she returned the favor, though she didn't suck me to full arousal, she did take a few moments to suck and lick the mix of our fluids from my withering shaft before she applied the soap to it and the sack below. Our shared time had come to an end, the journey to her house was spent discussing our opinions of the positions we had tried, and ones that we each wanted to try the next time, if ever there was one. Somehow we agreed that we just had to find a way. When I pulled up in front of her house I turned and we kissed, long and leisurely, sultry and loving were the moves to seal our new fate as lovers. We both knew that nothing could change at work, but we would find a way to be together so long as the risk was tolerable. She walked to her door as I watched from the SUV, she turned and looked at me as I put the car in drive and then went inside. We'd see each other on Monday, but not before; it was going to be a long week end.