

Sons mother in law 2

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Published on Lush Stories on 19 Sep 2012



Peter is invited to dinner

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/sons-mother-in-law-2.aspx>

I drove back to my hotel with vivid images of my freshly committed infidelity running through my mind like a movie. I really wanted to hate what had happened, but instead I felt quite an annoying sense of pride. I've had so many friends that cheated on their wives and suddenly found themselves single again in their forties. Then, after a couple of years of shooting their seed into whatever they could lay their hands on, end up spending the rest of their lives trying to find someone to spend the rest of their lives with. I already had a beautiful, intelligent sexy wife whose very presence sent blood surging into my cock making me hungry for her. The sight, smell and feel of Victoria still got me as excited as the first day we met. So what the fuck did I think I was doing here. I decided that as much as I had loved what had just happened, I would not return to the house until Jack and Jennifer returned. As I drove along, I tried so hard to refill my mind with thoughts of my wife, images of her smiling at me, sucking me, fucking me, but try as I might, I couldn't lose the stupid fucking grin on my face that Rita had put there. I pulled into my parking space just as my mobile phone signalled a text message. I flipped the cover open and scrolled to my text messages and saw Victoria's name at the top of my inbox. "Hi sexy, hope everything's O.K. I'll call you at 7." it said. Even though the message was brief, I was just relieved to hear from her and at once I felt closer to her. The anticipation of speaking to my wife that evening momentarily cleared my mind of any thoughts of the slut that I had watched gagging on my stiff cock earlier that morning. With spring in my step, I strode into the hotel lobby, stopping at the reception desk to collect my room key. "Room 41 please" I said. The cute receptionist turned around to get my key. "One message for you Mr Walker" she told me, and straight away I guessed it was Victoria telling me again that she was going to call. I thanked the girl and walked toward the lift, slipping the key into my pocket as I went. As I entered the lift I turned the message card over to read it. "Dinner at 8. Rita." "Oh fuck off" I muttered, and I made my way back to my room, eager for the phone to ring. I entered the room and placed my key on the table along with the message card, which I couldn't help reading again. "Dinner at 8. Rita." My chest began to feel light and hollow and my heart started to gather speed. I was determined to get this fucking whore out of my head and climbed into the shower to wash any trace of her from my body. As I was rinsing the shampoo from my hair I could hear the phone ringing and clumsily stumbled from the bathroom to answer it, desperate to hear my Victoria's voice again. Suddenly it occurred to me that it was the hotel phone that was ringing, not my

mobile. "Hello." I said. "Hello Peter." said a sultry voice that I instantly knew was Rita's "Did you get my message?" "Yes." I said, and before I had a chance to make an excuse, my mind began to replay the vivid scenes of my hard cock slamming in and out of her beautiful face. I was instantly turned on and could feel my resistance slipping away. I was standing naked and soaking wet and my cock had already swelled to its full length and was sticking out in front of me. I took it in my hand and slowly began to stroke it as I tried to imagine what this fucking woman had in mind. "Peter! Are you still there? What are you doing? She asked, snapping me out of my daydream. "Are you thinking about what you did earlier, you fucking adulterer? You fucked my face,do you remember?" she teased devilishly. "You flooded my dirty mouth with your hot cum, didn't you?" By now I was pumping my fist ashamedly up and down my hard cock as I listened to this filthy whore audaciously recalling our crude encounter. I wanted her to keep talking, to remind me of every detail of the misdemeanor we had shared, from the moment she had "accidentally" bared her tight round ass to me, right down to the last drop of cum that spilled onto her ample chest. " See you at 8 then. Don't be late." She called, and hung up the phone, leaving me feeling rather high and dry. "You bitch, you fucking teasing bitch" I blurted, and I flopped onto my bed, too infuriated to finish what I had started. "Fuck dinner and fuck you" I added as if she could hear me. What was this little fucker trying to do to me, I was beginning to lust for her more and more. I lay there for a few minutes before deciding to get back into the shower and freshen myself up again. I got dressed and took a walk to the coffee shop at around 6:45 looking forward to my phone call from my darling wife. I wished more than anything that she had come on this trip with me, then this whole fucking mess would never have happened. I adored her and right now would have given anything just to hold her delicate body against mine, to have her hug me back and feel a bond so strong it could not be broken. I ordered my coffee and sat down, then, as the time passed I ordered two more but still the phone didn't ring. It was now almost 7:30 so I decided to call her instead, but frustratingly all I got was voicemail again and again. I left the coffee shop and headed for the hotel car park, I was getting hungry and decided to drive into town to get a take away. I shut the car door and I began to think of my dinner invitation, it would be almost ready by now. As I recalled the things Rita had said to me on the phone that afternoon and how incredibly hot she made me, my car almost drove itself straight back to my sons house, though I did manage to stop at a supermarket for a bottle of wine. The front door was open when I arrived so, slightly unsure what to expect, I stepped inside and made my way to the kitchen. Rita looked incredible in a navy blue velvet strapless dress and 3 inch heels, as she rushed around the kitchen trying to make sure she didn't burn anything. When she saw me standing in the doorway she stopped in her tracks. "Hey baby" she cooed, and she walked over to greet me with a slight sway in her hips. She hugged me pressing her chest into me, exhaling with a purr as she did, then kissed me on the neck with her right hand on the side of my face. It was as if we had been lovers for years, it all felt so comfortable and the nervousness I felt on arrival began to diminish. Gone was the slut spouting filth down the telephone to me. Tonight she seemed classy, friendly and demure. She had tied her hair up in a ponytail and her makeup was perfectly applied. The high hem of her dress showed off her long shapely legs, but sadly did too good a job of covering her wonderful ass. "I hope I didn't get you too worked up earlier ."she

teased. I felt myself blush slightly as I looked sheepishly back at her. "Are you going to pop your cork? She quipped and she laughed cheekily, pointing to the bottle of wine in my hand. I chuckled and placed the bottle on the table, reaching for the corkscrew that she had placed there. I filled two glasses and sat down as she served dinner. She proved to be a fantastic cook and, as I plowed my way through everything she placed before me I felt glad I had accepted her invitation after all. We laughed and joked for some time and shared stories about Jack and Jennifer when they were kids. We continued to talk as she cleared the table but at no time did we mention the mornings events, although I was so turned on watching her strutting around the kitchen in her heels, I would have fucked her there and the if she had asked me to. She sat back down next to me and we talked some more and finished our wine. Suddenly the phone rang and Rita stood up and leaned over to the worktop and hit the speakerphone button "Hello." she said "Hello Jennifer darling, how are you?" came the voice that I had been longing to hear. "Its Victoria" "Oh hi Victoria it's not Jennifer, it's Rita. I'm house sitting for a few days while Jack and Jen are camping" she answered. I stood up, dying to talk to the love of my life but I was unsure what she might think about me being alone in the house with Rita. " Hello Rita, I haven't spoken to you for ages. Listen, I don't suppose you have seen Peter have you?" She asked. " I've left my phone at work and I don't have his mobile number. I tried calling his hotel room, but he's not there" Wearing the same slutty smile that she had on this morning, she got hold of my belt and pulled me toward her. She gestured to me to speak, but thinking how uneasy my wife might feel about me being here alone with Rita, I shook my head and kept quiet. " Yes." said Rita. "He dropped by this morning hoping to see Jack and Jen. I told him they were away so we had a cup of tea and a chat." she continued. "Oh, by the way, France sounds fantastic" Rita turned to face away from me placing her hands on the perfect globes of her ass, her bright red nails digging slightly into the velvet, then she moved her hands upward sliding the hem up to expose a pair of black lace knickers that half covered her beautiful bum. "Yes it's lovely, you will have to come out and see us sometime." Victoria told her. Rita's face lit up and her mouth dropped open, she leaned on the worktop and with one arm and straightened her legs to stick out her ass. She then slipped the other hand into the back of her lace underwear, and shamelessly slid it round to reach her wet cunt, all the time continuing to make small talk with my fucking wife. "Oh I'd love to "she responded. "Do you think Peter would mind?" Looking over her shoulder with a wickedly cocky expression, she gestured to me to remove my trousers, and staring mesmerized at this fucking whore, I obliged, all the time listening to my wife's voice on the phone. "No, I'm sure he would love you to come" my wife assured her, not realizing quite how apt her words might be, and went on to tell her of some of the places we might take her. Rita had to bite her lip as she turned back to face away from me and carried on talking as her hand began to quicken beneath the stretched lace. I was so excited by this whole taboo that I thought I might cum at any time, then without being asked, I removed the rest of my clothes and stood holding my cock in my hand. Looking back once again to check on my progress, Rita looked delighted to see me completely naked and reached for my cock taking it gently in her free hand and working it back and forth. This was just too much, my wife was casually talking to this fucking whore that had my cock in her hand, and I felt a slight tremble in my legs and back as I took in the scene.

With both hands busy, Rita was forced to stand upright with her legs bent outwards and had to move her right hand to the front of her knickers to comfortably continue fucking herself. I could see her climax building inside her as she started to twitch and quiver. That was it, grunting slightly, I thrust my cock firmly through her lightly gripping hand and shot a long string of white cum onto the black lace target in front of me, watching as it splashed onto the blue velvet. This immediately focused her attention on me and she pushed her ass closer to my groin to catch every drop of my seed on her ass as it continued to spurt from my still hard rod. Rita looked gleefully at my face as she worked attentively on my cock, mouthing the words "Naughty boy." as I looked guiltily back at her. This hot little fucker was unbelievable. I loved the fact that I could hear my wife talking as shot my thick spunk over this little slut, It was almost as if she was in the room with me, allowing it to happen. "Its been lovely talking to you Rita but I must try to get hold of my husband. Speak to you soon" "Bye Victoria" Called Rita with a sense of relief, and hung up. "Oh my fucking god,that was soooo hot." she screamed. Elated with her performance, she grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it over her head, exposing her well rounded tits to me or the very first time. She cupped them in both hands then slid her hands up so that her fingers brushed her nipples, causing her to shake a little. I reached for a chair but my harlot grabbed my hand and placed it on her bare chest, rubbing it from side to side across both her soft tits, she had already resumed working between her own legs. "I need to cum now." She whispered huskily. "With that, she sat down on her chair and started to lick my cock, holding the base with her other hand. Her nipples looked like pink thimbles and I grabbed one between my thumb and forefinger, pulling it up towards me so that it bared the weight of her heavy breast. She squirmed in her chair and started to slap her own face with my stiffening cock, moaning quite loudly and making it stiffen still further. I grabbed the other nipple and pulled on them both so hard that she had no choice but to stand up, which she did with a shriek of pain, grabbing her tits to soothe them as I released my grip. I reached forward and pulled at the bottom of her panties, sliding them down to her knees. Turning her around to face the kitchen table, I placed my right hand between her legs covering all of her intimate area, my little harlot was soaking wet. I turned my hand so that the knuckle of my thumb was rubbing the entrance to her cunt and then with one swift movement, pulled my hand backward and shoved my thumb straight up her tight little ass. She whimpered slightly and arched her back as she was caught off guard. She blew out slowly as she recomposed herself. Then I extended two middle fingers and repeatedly pinched her swollen clitoris between them making her legs lightly spasm as she let go of my cock and grabbed the table to steady herself. My two fingers then plunged into her hot hole so that I was now holding my slut like a fucking bowling ball and I slid my forefinger onto her engorged clitoris making her exhale loudly. "Make me cum you cheating bastard!!" She shouted. I started to rock my hand back and forth with my fingers held firmly extended, so that rather than sliding in and out of her, I was stretching both holes slightly with my action and rubbing gently on her clit at the same time. "I'm gonna cum." she said hoarsely, making my hand rock faster as her climax neared, "Oh fuck....oh fuck." she wailed as she tried to dig her fingernails into the edge of the table, expecting to explode into a shattering orgasm but instead I dropped my hand and slid my fingers from her. She stood there bent over the table, panting

in shallow disappointed breaths, not knowing what to expect. This filthy little fucker was turning me into something I never thought I would be, and I was awash with feelings of guilt, lust, loathing and even love for her. I angrily and lustfully slapped her ass with my hand so hard it made a bright red mark across her firm cheeks and caused my fingers to sting and tingle. "ooooooooooooohhhh." She cried and drew her elbows into her sides. Then she sighed softly in pure pleasure and her arms relaxed once more. Seeing her like this made my lust and even my love for her soar, outweighing any other thoughts I had. I took my cock in my hand and guided it to her waiting cunt, pushing it firmly all the way, making her groan in appreciation. I stood still for a moment but such was her eagerness that she began to fuck me, thrusting her hips back at me, letting me know that she needed to be fucked. I grabbed hold of her hips and began to drive my cock forcefully into her hungry body, wishing strangely that my wife could be there telling me that it was alright, wanting and willing me to fuck this filthy whore. "Fuck your little slut." Rita commanded. "Fuck that little cunt you cheating bastard." I imagined my wife spitting those filthy words at me, and suddenly I felt my body tense and shudder, then ease as my cock pumped streams of thick cum deep inside her body. Rita began to buck and spasm violently and an intense orgasm ripped through her entire self as she groaned and shrieked, clawing at the table. The moment subsided and she lay there limp and exhausted and I rested my chest on her back while my legs were unable to support my weight. I kissed her between her shoulder blades and slid my hands slowly down the length of her arms and held her hands. It felt so comfortable, so natural and so right. "So, your gonna give me a tour of your little french town are you?" She smirked playfully. I blinked a few times, cleared my head and stood up, smacking her ass again lightly as I rose. "Mmmmmmmmmmm" Came her reply. Rita rolled over onto her back and then sat up on the edge of the table. "I had better be going." I told her as I got dressed. "You could stay." She tempted. "No really, I think I should get back to the hotel." I reluctantly answered. "Victoria might call." "O.K well I had better try to wash your cum off my daughters dress before it dries." She said. I leaned to kiss her and she reclined back onto her elbows. "Kiss my cunt." she asked, coyly I lowered my head and stretching her skin upward slightly with my left hand, kissed her just above her clitoris. "Night night baby" she cooed, and laid back down.