

A present from MaryBeth

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A practical solution leads to some interesting fun.

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True story? You decide A couple of years ago, I decided to lose weight and bought a bike for exercise. A few years later, I got a gym membership. Last Christmas, because I got tired of riding the bike in rush hour I got an elliptical machine. Between the workouts at home and at the gym and the long bike rides, I was, if I do say so myself, turning into middle-aged stud muffin. As I was trimming up, my wife of fifteen years was making no headway. She was always on the heavy side. With the passing of years, she kept gaining and gaining weight. Finally, I had enough and with the kids off to college I sued for divorce. About the same time I divorced, a friend of mine, MaryBeth, finalized her divorce. MaryBeth and I worked at the same company but in different offices. Our paths didn't cross often, but when they did cross, we never exactly flirted, but we obviously enjoyed each other's company. When MaryBeth learned of my divorce, she sent me a congratulatory email. I responded with a "let's celebrate over lunch" email. (We are both cube people, so everyone would know our business if we made our date by phone). With our work schedules Lunch didn't work so we made it dinner. As fat and wide my wife had become, MaryBeth was skinny. As she was so skinny, her breasts were a lot smaller than the ex. I like big breasts, but I will forgo the breasts for a pretty face. MaryBeth did have a pretty face. A classic face. A face you would see in one of those classic romance movies. Yes she had a most kissable face (not like the ex's). MaryBeth's hair was always styled. She must have spent a small fortune at the hairdresser. Normally, I don't go for fancy hair styles, really the ex's long hair was just fine, but with MaryBeth's classic face an ordinary haircut just wouldn't do. Yes, MaryBeth was lovely. She had a beauty that harkened back to era of innocence. MaryBeth, however, was no fragile woman. If she felt she had been wrong, she could swear like a sailor. MaryBeth was always spot on with her work, seeming to have intuition about things. (The ex got many awards at her work, so it was a draw on that point -- I just couldn't be interested in a woman for whom a job was just a job). Having now been divorced and without a woman for months, and with MaryBeth, the lovely beauty that she was, my dick wanted to screw on our first date, but my brain won out. MaryBeth would either forever be a friend/coworker or a committed relationship. She would not be a quick lay in the sack. The first date led to a second, which lead to a third. This time dinner at her house. MaryBeth was a great cook (the ex barely could barely cook toast). After dinner, we sat side by side on the couch, in front of the TV. MaryBeth asked if she should put on a movie. She had

cable and I nearly suggested we order a porno, but I want our first time to very special. No porno, no quick lay. The TV stayed off and we began to kiss. We had a few quick pecks before, but this was our first passionate kissing. They were strong hard kisses. With my eyes closed, I imagined what we looked like; yes we made a "cute couple". A middle age couple getting it on like teenagers while the parents were away. Kissing is fine, but at some point, it is time to move on. MaryBeth was wearing a simple buttoned down shirt. While our lips remained attached I unbuckled one button, then the other, then two more. I moved my hand insides her shirt. I cupped her small breast inside her bra. Even though it was warm, her nipple was as hard as if she were topless in Minnesota in winter. With her small body in my arm and my lips attached to a wonderful face, my dick got harder than it had been for months. The ex had gained so much weight that it was almost repulsive to hold her. MaryBeth on the other was extremely feminine. I felt more manly around her. But as I said, MaryBeth is no dainty flower. At work, she is not afraid to go for what she wants. Now she wanted my dick. Her hand grasped me through my pants. She rubbed my dick through my slacks. Oh her lovely hands, not the large hands of the ex. MaryBeth had soft, feminine hands. MaryBeth unbuckled my belt. My cock sprang out of my pants. MaryBeth went down on her knees. Just as she put her cute little mouth over my dick the phone rang. We ignored it at first. The answering machine droned on with its outgoing message, "this is MaryBeth, I'm not in right now or I'm busy and can't come to the phone." Busy she was indeed, her mouth had swallowed my cock. Then a voice came on, "Mom, I'm drunk. I need you to come get me." MaryBeth ignoring my raging hardon, dashed to the phone. I quickly grew limp as I queried her daughter about where she was and who she was with and explained how soon she would be there. Marybeth asked that I come along, but I deferred. The next Saturday MaryBeth had a wedding to go that Saturday, so it two weekends went by before our next date. During those two weeks, even though it was strictly against the rules at work, MaryBeth sent me suggestive email after email. My work day revolved around those emails. I responded by telling her pretty she was, how lovely her breasts were (I was trying to talk myself into accepting her small breasts). I wrote about her hair. I wrote how I wanted to kiss her where I had never kissed her before. The Saturday morning before our date, I took a long bike ride. I needed to work off some of the tension that had been building for the past two weeks. Near where I live there's some farmland near with rolling hills. It is quite beautiful, especially by bicycle. Some of the hills are a real challenge to bike up, but going downhill I can easily do 40 miles an hour. As I was going down this one hill, out of nowhere a farmer in his pickup darted onto the road. I had to swerve to miss him. I lost control of the bike. I had my helmet on, but it went flying after my head hit the pavement. My head hit the road at least twice after that. The farmer didn't even bother to stop. Fortunately, the next car that came by did so. An ambulance was summoned and I was taken to the hospital. My head ached. Imagine every headache you ever had in your life happening all at once times and you begin to know how I felt. After this test and that test, I was finally settled into a hospital room. I was able to mumble something to a nurse about having a hot date and I asked her if she would call MaryBeth for me. I awoke the next morning with MaryBeth holding my hand. A little while later the doctor came in. I motioned for MaryBeth to stay in the room. The doctor explained that with my naturally low blood pressure, risk of stroke, etc., he

couldn't put me on such and such medication and had to put me on this other medication. I said to myself, "whatever you say doc." Then came the kicker, the medication would leave me impotent, not permanently, just as long as I took the medication. For the next three months, unless I wanted to have a stroke, I had to take this certain medication. "Normal function" I was told would slowly return once off the medication. After the doctor left the room, I looked at MaryBeth lovingly. She could tell I needed to rest, she kissed me lightly and said, "I will think of something." I had no idea what she meant, but was glad she was doing the thinking as even with the pain killers it felt like my head had hit pavement at 40 miles an hour, which, of course, it had. Two weeks later, minus the customary morning boner, I was my normal self. To celebrate my recovery MaryBeth invited me over for a light dinner. After a lovely dinner MaryBeth gave me a gift-wrapped present. (Momentarily I thought I was brain damaged and had forgotten my own birthday). Undoing the wrapping paper, it was clear this was not a present to open at the office. It was a strapon dildo! Did she want to take my ass? Hmm, never thought of that. No on closer inspection it was for me. My non-functioning dick would find a home inside a not inconsiderable hollow dildo. This could be different. Surprisingly, I was not offended. MaryBeth is a practical person and she found a practical solution to "my problem" -- no shame in that. I went off to the bathroom off to try the contraption while MaryBeth went to the bedroom to "slip into something more comfortable." I spent considerable time in the bathroom threading and adjusting straps. Finally, I got the thing on I looked in the mirror. I looked silly, but sexy at the same time. I called, "you promise you won't laugh?" MaryBeth replied, "I'm so horny, I'm sure I won't laugh." That was MaryBeth blunt and to the point. I stepped in the bedroom. MaryBeth was standing by the bed wearing a see-thru nightie. She was exquisite, even her too small boobs were lovely. She looked down at what was between my legs, rushed over and gave me a big kiss. My artificial cock poked her pussy through her panties. She took an immediate liking to it. As we kissed and fondled, she rubbed against the fake me. I enjoyed rubbing my hand over pantie-covered ass. I thought someday, when "normal function" returns, I'll have to take that ass. MaryBeth's ass was a 10, while the ex's ass was a, well let's not even think about. As we stood there, MaryBeth continued grinding against my attachment and caressed me all over. While my dick didn't feel anything, the rest of me certainly could. It was like a blind man having acute hearing. Because my dick wasn't working, the rest of me was more alert to sensations. Every stroke on my lick, kiss on my lips, ever grab by her on my ass was more intense. As the fondling felt so good, I felt more, not less, masculine because I had a prosthetic penis. MaryBeth was so feminine, so pretty, yet so wanton. Tonight she made it clear she was going to get satisfaction. Satisfaction she had desired for some time. (In one email, she had told she was disappointed -- and ever so frustrated -- because I hadn't tried anything on our first dates). I broke our embrace just enough to get my hand into her panty. She would need to be good and wet to take my hard and thick attachment. Wet she was. I teased her clit with my finger. She pushed it away and said, "No tease me with your cock." She sat down on the side of the bed and off went the panties. She held her ankles above her head. I was tempted to slam into her, but as she had asked for teasing, teasing is what she got. I took my artificial member in one hand and began, gently, rubbing it up down the length of her pussy. While I couldn't feel anything, except my hand on a rubber

cock, MaryBeth was obviously having a great time and this made me happy. Sometimes I made little motions over her clit, other times, I teased the entrance. She was squirming below. As a mental turn-on as this was, I was still hesitant, the girth of my new attachment was considerable MaryBeth was such a small thing, could she really take it? As if she had read my mind, she said, "I'm ready." Slowly I pushed myself or rubber self into her vagina. Each inch brought a new "ahh". It was like anal sex in a way, best to go slow at first. Only for one brief moment did she tell me to stop. She got use to the size some more and I got going again. Finally, my prosthetic self was all in. I was careful at first, partly because I didn't want to hurt MaryBeth, but also want didn't want to lose the straps. However, only one small adjustment to the straps was necessary and I was ready for hands-off operation. After the initial adjustment, I was able to thrust as fast or as slow as I wanted at will. They say sex is 90% mental. Well my brain was working overtime. MaryBeth shouts of "oh my" and "oh God" and "fuck me harder" were mind blowing. Harder is what she got, but then I went back to gentle and slow. With my new dick I could cycle between fast and slow all night. For a change of position, I had MaryBeth crawl up onto the bed on all fours. I positioned myself behind her. With my hand helping out and with MaryBeth eagerly backing up I was inside her again. I was banging her hard and fast. I reached around and played with her clit as my new found self rocked inside her. She was screaming now. I accidentally slipped out, she cried back, "put it back in." I began anew. She was done with soft and gentle. A hard fucking is what she wanted and what she got. Then just to see how sex-craved she was I stood perfectly still. She backed into me. She fucked me abandon. However, eventually she complained her arms were getting tired, so I rolled onto to the bed, with my artificial me pointing to the sky. I could have stopped right then. She had given me one hell of a mental orgasm, however, she was not done. She began lowering herself on my shaft. She inclined backwards with knees bent and fucked me slowly. I propped two pillows under my head so I could see the action better. I have to admit it looked weird, but she was so sexy. We were so at ease with one another there was no shame. I was giving my woman what she wanted, what she needed. It was great sex even if my dick wasn't able to join in. Slowly she wound down. There was no great climax (she had several already). She just slowed her pace and then eased herself off. To make sure she didn't hurt me in the process I held my prosthetic dick, damn it was wet. As cuddled she up beside me, I deftly undid my straps. I was unenhanced once more. The feeling was not unlike going soft after great sex and great sex is what we had.