

A Passion for Penny - Chapter 3

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Silent sex with friend's wife while families sleep upstairs

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A Passion for Penny – Ch. 03 Suburban Sinner 2008 This is the continuing story of a true life affair between two close family friends. Its passionate beginning is told in my first chapters - A Passion for Penny 1 & 2 – which proved more controversial than I had ever imagined – I even received hate mail - so please be warned: This is a true story of two married people having an affair. It lasted two exciting years before it ended. If you are distressed by stories about 'cheating' then this story is not for you. Please do not read it and send abuse. For those who haven't read Parts 1 and 2, Penny and I are now in our mid forties and married, though not to each other. Each of us has two teenage children and Penny now has a mischievous toddler too (more about him in a forthcoming story - if I get that far!). Penny is a highly educated professional and, I suppose, not really one of those women you would immediately lust after. She's tall and pale, with short dark hair and brown eyes that are often a little cold – but which for me became bright and exciting. Her body is angular - perhaps even skinny rather than slim, and bears the unmistakable signs of having borne two – now three children. Her breasts are small but round and surprisingly firm. Her face is full of character - distinctive rather than beautiful and she has a commanding, occasionally somewhat aggressive personality which many find off-putting. She's a woman used to being in control and getting her own way! And she is without a doubt the most exciting lover I have ever had. ***** For over a week after the events told in Chapter 2, Penny and I were like kids with a new toy. We had sex almost every day – sometimes more than once – in whatever circumstances were available; in her house, in mine, in my office after hours, in a motorway hotel, once even in the back of her 4x4. Deep down, we knew we were being recklessly irresponsible and after one evening when we came perilously close to being discovered by her children in 'flagrante delicto' on their playroom sofa, we finally realised this and reluctantly agreed to put some structure – and some safety - back into our lives. After a few weeks of missed assignments and disappointments, we eventually agreed to meet every Thursday in the early evening. Penny used to work late one evening a week anyway, so could easily make that night part of her routine, and it was my regular night to go to the gym close to my office. If other opportunities presented themselves we would try and take advantage of them as and when they arrived but at least we knew we had some time together on a regular basis. This way we hoped to balance our desires for each other with the responsibilities of our family lives. It sounds selfish and calculated, but I suppose that's how we

both are. This story takes place during the Easter holiday, not long after our affair had begun. Our two families were on holiday together; all eight of us spending a week in the wild but staggeringly beautiful Welsh countryside - a place Jane and I had always loved. To make it even more perfect, we were staying in an old stone cottage in a very isolated spot in Snowdonia, where there was plenty of good walking, exploring and good bike riding for the kids. Sadly though, the local restaurants were poor so we were eating all our meals in the cottage. The cottage itself was over three hundred years old and had no mains power, relying on an old, petrol driven generator. Like many old houses it had thick walls and small windows. The heavy, lined curtains kept out almost all the light, and of course being in Wales, the rain clouds allowed little moonlight through anyway. When the lights were out it was very dark indeed. Our two families did, on the whole get on very well, having known each other since the kids were babies. Penny tried hard to enjoy the outdoor life - something my wife Jane and I had been brought up on, but which did not come easy to her - and Penny's husband Paul, as usual, tried to keep her happy all the time. The holiday had been arranged before our affair had begun and I was anxious and uneasy about our likely behaviour during the week. How would we cope with being so close for so long? Would either of us do anything to give our secret away? I was sure that Penny - efficient, confident, businesslike Penny - would remain calm and composed but would I? I had watched myself like a hawk day by day, perhaps over-compensating and appearing more distant to Penny than was usual. In fact, Jane had more than once asked me if Penny and I had fallen out over something and I had been obliged to tell a series of small lies to conceal the big truth about us. Amused by my awkwardness, Penny had added to my discomfiture by making occasional comments which for us could have had at least two meanings, accompanied by suggestive looks from her bright, flashing, intelligent and arousing eyes when she was (almost) sure no one else could see. To this day I don't know if she was being 'deliberately careless' (if I can put it that way) with her clothing, but eight people living in the same cottage with one shared bathroom presented problems for someone with a guilty conscience. More than once I had been given the opportunity to see her small, still delightfully firm breasts either before or after showering. I had seen her in her bra and panties almost daily - and surely the lingerie she was wearing was much nicer than one would normally wear on a family holiday. Perhaps these small 'incidents' would have happened before our affair and passed unnoticed. Perhaps not. In truth, there were no signs of either Paul or Jane thinking anything was different, but it all led to a mounting feeling of frustrated desire which was becoming hard to bear. It was Thursday night, a night when, had we been at home, Penny would have been 'working late' atwell, at her place of work, and I would be 'at the gym' near my office, comfortably distant from home. In fact, of course, we would have been together in one of a number of anonymous business hotels in a nearby city, trying not to use the same hotel often enough to become familiar to the staff. The weather had been very good that day, and after a long walk along an old railway track, we were all hungry and thirsty. The four kids had eaten their dinner earlier and had gone into the cottage's games room to play darts and pool. To my relief, Penny had been behaving herself much better and there had been few moments during the day when I had feared giving myself away. There was only one more full day of the holiday left and I was feeling much more relaxed. Paul and I had cooked

dinner for the kids which they had consumed with gusto, and we were now preparing a meal for the adults. Thanks in part to liberal doses of red wine, we had taken much longer than we had confidently predicted at the beginning. As a result, by the time dinner was finally served, our two wives had drunk much more white wine than they were accustomed to and were, as Jane put it 'quite squiffy'. Perhaps as a result of this unaccustomed tipsiness, It took me much longer than it should to realise Penny was quite deliberately touching me on my thighs and calves under the table. I tried to ignore it, but when I looked up she gave me what could only be described as a suggestive grin. Her eyes sparkled with mischief and I quickly looked round to see if Paul or Jane had noticed. To my relief, they were both poring over a map, planning the next day's excursion. I could feel my erection straining painfully against my jeans. Half a bottle of wine later and the conversation after dinner had roamed widely. As it was prone to do when alcohol featured, it had touched briefly - but only obliquely - on sex. Jane had heard that a mutual friend had disgraced herself at a recent business awards ceremony by getting drunk and spending the night with two men after her husband had gone home. We all expressed the expected amount of outward shock and horror – genuine in Jane and Paul's case - but across the table I could see Penny smiling at me again, and felt her fingers toying with my kneecap. So there was something of a sexual frisson in the air as the plates and cups were cleared. Penny insisted on making more coffee and on helping me wash up in the kitchen, leaving Paul and Jane together in the lounge to continue with the excursion plans. I was standing at the sink as Penny entered the room with the empty cups, my arms deep in warm soapy water. "Are they OK?" I asked. "Deep in conversation. Paul's trying to flirt with Jane but she's having none of it." Penny laughed. I frowned at the thought. Inside I knew it was hypocritical of me to feel jealous when Paul was simply flirting with Jane, when I myself was in having a passionate affair with his wife, but I wouldn't have been a man if I could have helped it. Penny crossed to the sink and placed the cups one by one into the warm water as I washed the few remaining dishes. Our fingers touched. I paused and Penny slowly drew her wet index finger up my arm, leaving a shiny wet trail up to my elbow. I pressed my thigh against hers and she leaned over to whisper in my ear. "Tom! I can't stand it! I'm going crazy. I can't bear being so close to you for a full week without having you." I clutched her hand tightly under the water. "So I've noticed! Trust me, I feel frustrated too. It's impossible to live in this place with you around all day and yet not being able to touch each other." She squeezed my hand again under the water and pressed herself against me. "And you're not exactly helping the situation are you? I feel like I'm going to explode." Penny grinned. "So you did notice then?" "I'm not blind, Pen!" I replied. "But I hope those two are!" I said, nodding towards the lounge where her husband and my wife were discussing alternative car parks. "What can we do? We can hardly go upstairs together and leave them down here." "Jane won't want to be left alone for long. Especially with Paul in his seductive mode." I said laughingly. "If only she knew." Penny pondered, taking four large mugs out of the tall cupboard. There was a pause while I washed the remaining glasses and the kettle began to boil. "Tom, surely we could find some way to....." I thought for a minute, then shook my head. "It's just too risky. Apart from those two, there's the kids. We can't risk them finding out, can we?" "But Tommm!" Penny teased. "I neeeded you!" She whispered in a fair approximation to my wife's accent. I laughed. "Be

realistic!" I chided her quietly. "You know I want you too but.....PENNY!" I gasped in surprise as Penny's hand suddenly slipped down the front of my jeans and grasped my cock. "You DO want me, don't you! Some things you can't hide, Tom!" She said archly, gripping firmly the erection that made denial futile. "You know I do!" I responded, her cool fingers on my hot skin. She bent close to me, her hot breath on my ear as she whispered. "I want you to fuck me hard Tom. Here. Tonight!" "WHAT?" I exclaimed, looking around the room in panic just in case anyone had heard. "Shhh!" She continued, looking me deep in the eyes as her fingers slipped down and cupped my balls. "I want you to make me cum, Tom!" My knees trembled a little, hearing these crude words coming from the mouth of such an educated, professional, and to me unbelievably sexy woman. She squeezed my cock again until it almost made me cry out. "But Pen, we..." But my words were cut short. "I want (squeeze) You (squeezing harder) To fuck me (tight grip on my scrotum) Tom! And with that, she released my cock, pulled her hand out of my trousers and walked out of the kitchen to rejoin her husband and my wife in the lounge as if nothing had happened. A few minutes later I carried the tray of coffees into the lounge and placed it on the low table. I sat down and sipped the hot liquid very slowly to avoid having to make conversation while my mind was racing so fast. Jane looked at me in a meaningful way inclining her head towards Paul. I followed her direction with my eyes. He must have drunk even more wine while Penny and I had been in the kitchen because his words were distinctly slurred. Abandoning the map, he slid along the sofa to Penny and his arm snaked around her shoulders. He kissed her on the ear. In spite of myself I felt a wave of jealousy rise within me. "Come on Penny!" Paul slurred. "It's time for bed." The tone of voice was unmistakable and to me, horrifying. Paul wanted sex with his wife and wanted it now. Penny turned her coldest, most unforgiving look upon him. "I'll go upstairs when I've finished my coffee!" She said slowly and precisely. Paul completely failed to take the hint and began to slide his hand over her thigh. Again a wave of jealousy washed over me. I tried to suppress it but it must have shown because Jane looked up at me strangely. Penny put Paul's hand back on his own lap and stood to take a coffee to Jane who was sitting at the dining table with the map open before her. We finished our drinks accompanied by more talk peppered with increasingly direct references from Paul to the sex he clearly expected to have very shortly. To my surprise, Jane snuggled up to me on the sofa and unexpectedly stroked my thigh. I was so intent on watching Paul's clumsy fondling of Penny that I almost – but not quite – missed the uncharacteristic sexual intent in my own wife's understated actions. I held her hand in mine and squeezed it, then stood and gathered the cups. Placing them back on the tray, I returned to the kitchen and placed them in the sink. "Come onnnnn!" A male voice complained from behind me. I turned to find Penny walking towards me with the milk jug while Paul watched impatiently from the open door. "You left this." She said, handing me the jug. I took it and was about to turn towards the fridge to put it away when I noticed Penny mouthing silently a few words. I raised an eyebrow in incomprehension and she repeated the words in a low, almost inaudible whisper. "Tonight. Here. 3am. No lights." I must have looked puzzled because she said, a little louder still. "Be here, Tom!" At this point Paul weaved his way across the room, took Penny's arm and half dragged her out of the room. Calling out his 'goodnights' they went upstairs to their room. Left alone, Jane and I went into

the games room where the four kids were snuggled up in their sleeping bags. The younger two were already fast asleep. "Goodnight kids. No talking after midnight . We've got a long day tomorrow." Jane said softly, in the certain knowledge that all four of them would be asleep within minutes after the day's long, tiring walk. Jane and I went upstairs to our own room where we undressed and slipped into the narrow double bed. Her hand reached out to grasp mine and she gently pulled me closer. Silently I rose over her and beneath me, her legs parted..... We made love, slowly and silently, giggling a little as we listened out for the sounds of drunken sex we both fully expected to hear coming from Penny and Paul's room. Surprisingly, none was forthcoming. Afterwards, as usual, Jane fell deeply asleep while I went to the bathroom to wash myself. ***** For the next two hours I lay awake in bed, jealous thoughts flying round my head as I tried to hear the sound of Penny and Paul making love. But I heard nothing. With difficulty I dozed, waking every few minutes until my watch on the bedside table finally showed 02:55 . I silently slipped out of the bed and, in my boxers and a T shirt, carefully opened the bedroom door and sneaked downstairs in the pitch dark. The solid fuel heating had kept the kitchen surprisingly warm. I stood still in the pitch darkness and waited for Penny to arrive. In the stillness of the night, a watch somewhere in the cottage beeped twice to indicate the hour, its harsh, unnatural sound shattering the silence. Timed to perfection, the door handle creaked as it turned, and a familiar tall, slender shape entered the room. "Penny?" I whispered. "Shhh! Yes." She hissed "Where are you?" "By the sink. Feel your way to me." "Ok." I felt rather than heard Penny running her hands over the kitchen worktop to find her way towards me, gradually moving around the room until finally I felt the heat of her body close to mine and reached out towards her. Our hands touched first and I grasped her fingers between mine, pulling her towards me, barely able to distinguish her features in the gloom. My free hand fell to her waist and I felt her hot breath on my cheek as she raised her face towards mine, I bent to kiss her, our noses at first colliding awkwardly, making us giggle quietly before our arms wrapped around each other and our embrace became more passionate. After what seemed an age, our lips parted. "How's Paul?" I whispered hoarsely in Penny's ear. "Fast asleep." "Did you....you know? With him?" I asked, despising myself for wanting to know the answer but unable to resist asking the question. "Did you...you know? What with Jane?" Penny countered, slightly annoyed, her voice a parody of mine. "I asked first." I insisted, trying to make light of my jealousy and stepping back a little from our embrace. With a small exclamation of protest, Penny quickly grabbed my hand and pulled my arm back around her waist. She turned to face me. I could just make out her face in the darkness by its slight paleness, and was about to ask her once again, when with a passion that took me by surprise, she kissed me hard on the lips. Immediately forgetting my concern, I returned her kiss equally strongly, eagerly answering her demands with my lips and tongue. As our kissing became more passionate, her pelvis pressed against my waist and I realized that, despite my recent encounter with Jane, I already had a huge erection pressing against my boxer shorts. As if on cue, the moon began to shine through the high narrow windows turning the room into a black and white movie in which we were starring. Never shy to make the first move, Penny boldly slipped her hand between our bellies and down the front of my shorts, grasping my shaft firmly. I heard myself moan with pleasure and surprise. My hands fell to her

waist, then to her buttocks and I pulled her firmly against me, squeezing her hand, still wrapped around my cock, between our two stomachs. My eagerly searching fingers found the hem of her short night gown and lifted it, exposing her bare cheeks to my touch, delighted that she wore no panties. I kneaded her firm, taut, naked buttocks as she hotly massaged my erection, pulling her cheeks apart and running a finger lightly up and down her cleft, each downward stroke bringing my fingers closer to the base of her vulva and her precious hot core. As my invading fingertips touched her moist pubic hair from behind, Penny whimpered softly, rolling her hips against them. I felt dampness beneath my touch and my hands moved outwards as I brought my palms under her buttocks. She ground herself against my erection, making me harden still further and as I pulled her closer, my breath came faster and her gyrations became more frenzied. With a sly smile, she pushed herself away from me and almost theatrically lowered herself to her knees, her hands dragging my shorts down with them as they descended. I felt my cock trapped in my shorts, bend painfully downwards, then 'pop' out as the elastic waistband suddenly released it from its captivity. In an instant, Penny's hot mouth was around its head and her hand was cupping my tight scrotum. Her sharp teeth lightly grated against its firm sides as her active tongue smothered my sensitive head. I moaned with pleasure and was rewarded by Penny's hands finding my buttocks and pulling me deeper into her mouth. Her tongue was all over and around me, finding the sensitive groove behind my smooth head and toying with it until my knees weakened. Thinking back, this could only have been the second time she had performed this beautiful service for me and her proficiency was simply astounding. As her head bobbed forwards and backwards in time with the motion of her hands on my buttocks I realised that unless I stopped her immediately I would cum in her mouth and leave her unsatisfied – for I knew that even this one encounter was a risk and we couldn't wait for me to recover for a 'second round'. I held her head in my hands, slowing her movements until they stopped and tilted her face towards mine. Her eyes in the moonlight sparkled with mischief. I took her hand and pulled her gently to her feet. We kissed, her lips pressed hard against mine, her mouth open, and her tongue seeking my own. My hands once again found her buttocks and, as I slid my middle finger again down the cleft in her bottom, over her tight anus and deeper down between her thighs to reach the lower edge of her vulva, I could taste myself faintly on her lips. I felt warmth and wetness in my palm and, as the tip of my finger parted her inner lips, a sudden weakness in her knees. Penny's arms tightened around my neck and I felt her weight resting on me. My hands returned to beneath her buttocks and I lifted her slender, hot body off the ground. She wrapped her legs around my upper thighs as I carried her forward, staggering a little in the darkness until her buttocks were perched on the edge of the large antique oak kitchen table. Feeling the cool of the wood beneath her, Penny inhaled softly and released my waist. She lay back in the semi darkness, her night gown around her waist, her legs apart, and her neatly trimmed pubic hair in the shadow of her thighs. I could make out the outline of her slender body in the silver grey moonlight. My hands quickly found her knees and my fingers ran slowly down the inside of her thighs towards her waiting vulva where they brushed against the triangle of short, wiry hair. I briefly paused, my fingers very slowly exploring the opening of her slit, before slipping confidently into her moist opening. Penny moaned as my long middle finger slid its full length into her vagina until my palm

rested against her mound. I began to move it around in small circles inside her body – as I knew she loved - feeling her warmth and wetness; hearing her mounting pleasure as her breath caught in her throat. I felt her body tense then relax and slowly, carefully slid a second finger alongside the first. A low groan told me it was welcome and, turning my hand over, I thrust my fingers as deep into her body as I could, withdrew them and thrust them in again. I could feel her loosen with every forceful stroke. “Deeper! Nnnngh!” She hissed in the darkness. I worked my fingers in and out of her body, curling them upwards towards her pubic bone; seeking the rough patch of her G-spot. Penny's hips bucked slowly but forcibly back and forth against my hand, her back arching, soft moans coming from her mouth as if she was biting her lip. “More! More!” Giving birth to two children had robbed Penny's vagina of much of its youthful tightness, so I carefully inserted a third finger and then most of a fourth, thrusting my hand deep into her until my knuckles stretched her inner lips tightly. With a low moan, Penny pulled her knees apart with her hands, spreading wide her pale, athletic thighs in an almost obscene manner and croaked. I could feel her cervix against my fingertips and I toyed with it, the mere thought if it driving my passion even higher. “Oh God! Yes! Fill me! Stretch me! Hurt me!” She grunted, her words, though low, cut the silence in the room like a knife. “Shhh!” I whispered softly. As always, crude words coming from this educated, professional, upper middle class mother turned me on even more. I began to rub my thumb in little circles over her clitoris while my fingers, deep within her, rubbed her G spot (or where I thought it was) rapidly. “God!” She whispered, almost choking on her words. “It'sso.....my cunt....so good.....my cunt....Oh my God!” The voice, low and hoarse, was barely recognisable as Penny's and my erection, flailing about in the darkness was now making its presence clearly felt. A cloud passed over the moon and the darkness became almost absolute, but I could still feel Penny's heat; hear the soft, wet, slurping sounds of my fingering – almost fisting - in the silence and increasingly smell the hot scent of her wet vulva. I felt her tightly stretched vagina contract suddenly as her body convulsed with pleasure. My palm filled with sticky pungent wetness as Penny shook with the force of her first small orgasm. “Don't stop..... Ohhhh!.....Fucking hell....Fuckfuckfuck!” She bit into her own knuckles to try and keep silent. A second spasm passed over her and my arm felt even wetter as more fluids dribbled through the hairs on my inverted forearm. Her body writhed on the table top and her splayed legs kicked uncontrollably. My erection was now almost vertical and painful and I was beginning to worry about the noises Penny was making. I slowed my hand until her climax subsided a little and, as she gasped for breath, I gently slipped my fingers out of her stretched vagina. I heard a short bleat of protest and softly shushed her. Dropping to my knees between her thighs, I quickly leaned forward and licked Penny's flowing slit with a long single stroke from its base to her clitoris. She gasped! Her hands reached down to grip my head tightly and hold my tongue against her body. I licked her again, this time my tongue firm and pointed. Penny's fingers entwined themselves in my hair and held me firmly as my tongue began to dart eagerly in and out of my mouth and up and down her slit, first in long strokes along her inner lips, then in short rapid movements across and underneath her clitoris. Penny began to moan and writhe again on the table, her back arching. I could feel her excitement increasing and slipped two of my fingers back into her vagina, rotating them as my active tongue ran under her clitoris again. Her body

twitched and her breath came in shorter and shorter gasps. I could hear her, feel her, smell her, even taste her, but could barely see her. The excitement was hard to bear. Fearing premature ejaculation I decided it was time to do what she had asked me to do. It was time to fuck her! I slowly rose to my feet, watching her closely as she panted on the table; her pale skin just visible in the darkness in contrast to the dark wood of the old oak on which she lay. Leaning over her, I gradually introduced the tip of my cock between her open inner lips. I placed my palms on Penny's smooth white knees and firmly pushed them upwards and apart, noticing for the first time that she was wearing short white socks to protect her feet from the cold stone floor. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Tom!" She growled. "Fuck me hard!" "Shhh! Penny! Shhh" I hissed again. In an attempt to bring things to a swift but pleasurable conclusion, I drove my cock into her with my whole weight, hearing a small gasp of intermingled shock and pleasure in response, and feeling her body slide up the now slimy polished table top. I slipped my hands under her knees and pulled her back towards me then, wrapping my arms around her long, slender legs, I began to slide myself confidently in and out of her - first in long, slow, silent strokes, then with increasing speed and vigour. Her vagina was very loose around my shaft which was a blessing because otherwise I would have cum instantly despite having cum once already that evening. I felt her try and tighten and my excitement grew and grew. Leaning over to look down into what I could see of her face, I began to thrust harder and harder. Twice more, my driving thrusts pushed Penny too far up the table and I had to pull her bodily back to the edge. Her back arched beneath me again, tightening her grip on my erection, and we both began to pant. I felt rather than saw her fingers seeking out the edges of the table and gripping them tightly. She began to make small animal noises under her breath and relaxed her hips further, letting the power of my thrusts open her legs wider and wider. The table began to make small 'bump bump' noises as my hard thrusts drove it and Penny gradually along the tiled floor. Realising this would surely wake up Paul who was sleeping directly above us despite his drinking, I held back on the force of my thrusts and pressed Penny's knees and legs together with my hands, tightening her around my cock as hard as I could to bring us both to orgasm faster. The effect was instant and gratifying – at least for me. Penny's eyes flew open and I gasped as my climax flooded in on me. Powerful spasms convulsed my body as my hips drove forward and backwards as if beyond my control. Forcing her knees even harder together, I pulled Penny's legs firmly, forcing her buttocks down onto my driving cock. Its base burned as I began to cum inside her, biting my lip to stifle any sound. I could hear the sound of my balls slapping against her firm buttocks and her muffled, hard, guttural moaning in time with my pumping. Finally my semen scorched me as it surged along my erect cock and – it seemed - poured into Penny's waiting body as she writhed on the hard wooden table top. I thrust hard half a dozen times, feeling her wet, wide vagina all around me. Eventually my thrusts slowed, then stopped and I rested, breathless, my knees weak as my cock gradually softened inside her. My breathing slowly returned to normal and I sought to hear Penny's sweet breathing underneath me. Silently, I ran my palms over her legs, thighs and buttocks, stroking her soft skin in the all-encompassing darkness. Finally, slowly, I drew myself back and my softening cock flopped messily from her hot, sticky body. After a minute of heavy breathing from both of us, I groped in the darkness for Penny's hands and

gently helped her sit on the edge of the table. She massaged her thighs and bent backwards to stretch her spine. "Oops!" She whispered, suddenly looking down between her legs. "I'm leaking." "I'll take care of that." I reassured her quietly, stroking her cheek with my (rather sticky) finger. She leaned forward against me and hugged me firmly to her before whispering in my ear. "Did I do what you wanted?" I asked, uncertainly. "Did I make you cum?" It had certainly seemed that way but after all, one never really knows. "It was just what I needed." She replied and kissed me on the lips without sentiment. "Thank you." "I hope I'm always just what you need." I said stupidly. "Corny!" Penny teased me. "But I know what you mean." She kissed me again, this time our tongues met. She tasted salty. Unconsciously, she licked her lips after our mouths parted as if savouring the taste of herself on my lips! "We'd better go back to bed." She said, slipping off the table and standing unsteadily next to me. She pulled her nightgown down and we hugged again for what seemed a long time. I nuzzled her hair, feeling the silence of the old house in the night. "Better not push our luck. You go first. I'll tidy up." I said, nodding at the table where the damp evidence of our lovemaking was glistening in the soft light. "Okay." She said, uncharacteristically a little embarrassed, straightening her nightie over her bottom again. "I'll give you a few minutes, then I'll come up too." I said. A thought suddenly occurred to me. I bent my mouth to her ear and whispered even more softly. "You didn't, did you?" "Didn't what?" "You and Paul.....didn't....do it... tonight?" Penny laughed mockingly. Her hot breath was on my ear as she replied. "If you couldn't tell from where you were, I'm not going to help you." Her voice was light now, amused. I wished I could see her face better. "OK Pen. I.....I lo.....I.....enjoyed it." I gave her one last hug and kissed her on the cheek. "I lo.....liked it too, Tom. Goodnight." She blew me a kiss and was gone. I heard her footsteps in the corridor outside, then padding quietly up the stairs. There were a few tiny taps above me, then the floor creaked as – I imagined - she slipped into the bed alongside her husband who presumably was still asleep. I waited in the darkness, recovering my breath and thinking as the room grew colder. Gradually it dawned on me that I had made love to both the women in my life in a single evening. It had been wonderful but I also knew that we had taken a ridiculous risk – one we must not take again. Reaching towards the sink for a damp cloth, I wiped the evidence of our lovemaking from the table top, hoping I had found it all in the dark. I would make sure I was first downstairs in the morning to check. I threw the cloth in the dustbin, not wanting to make noise by turning on the tap. Finally, I picked my shorts up from the floor and pulled them back on. They were cold and damp and my sticky cock stuck to the material. Silently, I made my way upstairs. In bed next to a soundly sleeping Jane, I lay awake in bed for a long time. My cock was pleasantly sore and my head was full of images of what had occurred. Had we got away with it? How on earth would I behave normally in the morning? Taking risks like this we would surely be discovered soon. It was definitely time to go home.