

# One Magical Evening

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*A young wife has an affair with her boss*

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I have always liked mature gentlemen. They treat me better, their conversations are more interesting, and they have more of an air of mystery about them. But I never thought Paul would respond to me the way he did. Paul is a 50 year-old VP in my company, ultimately my boss. He seemed conservative, married with a family, but even so I was attracted to him from the day we met. I flirted with him lightly, by text messages and in person, and he responded, but not eagerly. I'm half his age, petite and good-looking, so I figured he could not resist. He chatted about Paris and Rome, about classic cinema, about good food. I listened, and said we should go on a trip to Paris, just the two of us. He said it would be his dream. It was then, I knew he was interested in me. Our flirting from then on got heavier, with more and more innuendo. He commented several times about how hot I was. I even went into his office a couple of times, where we kissed and embraced briefly. I don't remember how we finally got to it, but we agreed to meet in a hotel room in town one evening. He got the room and waited for me to show up. I had second thoughts about the meeting, thoughts of my own husband and family, but I was curious. How would it feel to make love to another man? How would Paul be in bed? Gentle, I thought. Maybe too gentle. And I wanted to feel like a bad girl. After so much of my husband's puppy love, and the good-girl image my in-laws and family had of me, I just needed a nice man who would give me a good fuck. I didn't want anything rough or kinky, just a good jungle fuck. I got my courage up and went to the hotel room. Paul received me with a long, passionate kiss and a tight embrace. "He's a good kisser, at least", I thought. He looked into my eyes and pressed his hard manhood on my belly, and I started to get turned on. "I love the way your hair smells" he muttered, as he kissed my ears and neck and simultaneously caressed my back. I could feel his passion through his tongue in my mouth. His muscles were still strong and firm, I could feel as I caressed his chest. He slid down my jeans and ran his hands over my butt, cupping both cheeks with his manly hands. He commented on my thong, on how firm I was, on how he wanted to get into my shaved, wet pussy. He made me feel special, wanted, so I resolved to give myself up to him completely. I pulled down his pants and held his hard cock. It felt much bigger and thicker than my husband's. Paul looked into my face as I stroked him. "My, my, you've got a big dick" I said. He smiled and kissed me gently as I stroked him. "It's all yours baby" he responded. He lifted me up and put me down on the bed, where he continued kissing me and grinding his cock against my thigh.

Slowly, he moved down to kiss my neck, my breasts, and my belly. And then he kept moving down! Nobody had ever gone down on me before! Paul was about to be the first man to lick my pussy, on our first time together! I got nervous and tried to hold his head to stop him, but he pushed my wrists aside firmly, and said "Just let yourself enjoy it, baby." I was going to let this experienced lover do whatever he wanted. He was certainly not as conservative as he seemed. He started licking my pussy, which was thrilling enough, but after a few moments he started sucking my clitoris. It was like HE was giving ME a blow job! The feeling was as powerful as anything I had ever felt before. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Eat my pussy!" I came hard while he sucked my clit whole in his mouth, his tongue snaking all around it. I grabbed the back of his head and shoved my pussy into his face as my body shook uncontrollably, but Paul didn't seem to mind. He had just given me the most intense orgasm I had in years, and he just smiled at me from between my legs. I looked down at his rock-hard erection and motioned to grab it, but he pushed my hand aside again, and said "I'm not done with you yet. I want to give you another orgasm before I fuck your brains out. I like the way you taste." "Wow", I thought, "This is going to be a great evening." The smooth dirty talk was great, and it kept me excited. He talked briefly about how he liked my petite tight body, as he caressed my breasts. Then again, he put his head between my thighs. He licked my clit a few times, enough to make me shiver with pleasure. What he did next was something unexpected. He sucked on his index finger until he got it wet with spit, then he rubbed my clit with it, bringing out my moans of pleasure. He stuck his finger inside me, and rubbed the inside of my vagina. I could feel his finger pressing inside my pussy, bringing me excruciating pleasure. Then he sucked on my clit again, and I exploded. "Give me more baby! I love it! Eat my pussy! Make me come again! Oh, God, don't stop!" I felt like such a slut! Here I was, having my pussy eaten out by my boss, and I loved it! I could hardly breathe as I came harder than ever before. There were fireworks going off in my head! I pulled Paul up and kissed him hard. I could taste my own cunt juices on his lips, and my whole body was quivering. I wanted to please him as he had me. I wanted him to come as hard as I had. I wanted him inside me! Paul was funny, witty. I asked him where he learned how to make love. "Youtube", he responded. And "I studied linguistics." Already, I had two big orgasms, but I wanted more. He said he understood me. He said I was tired of being a good girl and that I wanted to behave like a bad girl for a change. He liked me as a good/bad girl, but he had made me feel like a veritable slut, and we weren't even close to being done. After a couple of minutes, he positioned himself on top, and slid his cock inside me. He moved slowly at first, then picked up the tempo. "Ohhhh, I loooooove your dick! Fuck me like that!" My swollen cunt tightened around his cock, giving me wave after wave after wave of pleasure. Then Paul paused, lifted me up by the legs effortlessly, and slid a few pillows under my hips. He pulled my legs over his shoulders so my ass was raised, and then he continued pounding me. I could feel his balls slapping against my anus. He leaned down to kiss me as he fucked me, and as he moved his tongue in my mouth, I felt like a stuffed turkey, penetrated in both pussy and mouth, full of Paul. It was so dirty! The feeling was so intense, my toes pointed to the heavens as if to thank the gods for giving me this man, for giving me the ability to come again and again. "Oh yes, oh yes, oh, yes, oh fuuuuuuuuck!" I screamed as I came again with his big cock deep inside me and the weight of his body on the back of

my thighs. I didn't care if the neighboring rooms could hear me. I didn't care if the whole world found out that I was having great sex! I had come for a third time, and Paul was still erect! We turned so that I was on top, and I rode him hard. I ground my vagina into his loins while he squeezed my breasts. Soon I felt I was about to come again, as I leaned forward and pressed my body against his. He hugged me hard with one strong arm, and slid the other hand over my butt, slipping the tip of his finger into my anus. I had only been fucked there once, a long time ago, but I didn't mind Paul fingering my ass just then. This would not be the last time we fucked. It was just too good. I wanted to take him in my mouth, I wanted him to fuck me in the ass, I wanted him to make me his bitch. I came again, a record fourth time for me, riding Paul's cock. "God, I love your dick! I love the way you fuck." I kissed him long and hard again. I was almost in tears, I was so excited. We had another pause, and we talked openly, yet briefly, about our sex lives. We were both unsatisfied at home, and he said this was just about the best sex he had ever had. We wished we had met before. Neither of us had met anybody else that was so compatible. He talked about an oriental girl he had fucked in college, a one night stand, and that had been his best experience before me. He didn't even remember her name. I wanted to make sure he would remember mine! He told me to get on my knees, so he could take me from behind. I indulged him, gladly. Doggy-style gives me an intense sensation, especially when I arch my back and raise my ass. I dug my face into the bed, and turned slightly so I could see him fucking me from behind. I was so sensitive, it didn't take much for me to come again, a fifth time. "Are you coming, baby?" he asked. He was just holding together until he was sure I had come again. Then he released a huge load inside me, with a loud roar. "Ohhhhhh, baby, I'm coming inside you! Aaahhhhh!" I felt him fill me up with his hot seed, then collapse on top of me. He stayed like that for awhile, and then I began to squeeze his penis a few times with my ass to milk every drop of his semen. It felt so good just lying there, prone with this man on top of me, after having great sex. I felt... relaxed... safe... appreciated... mmmmmm. Several minutes passed. We talked more, it was so easy to talk to him. I felt like I could open up about anything. He had already fucked my brains out, there was no point in holding back. He said I was the best lover he ever had, that I brought out the best in him, that he liked it when I was dirty. He said he owned my pussy now, that this would not be our last time together. I said I wanted more too, which was certainly true. It was just too good. I felt like a slut, and it felt good. Only Paul and I knew that I was a slut and that he was an unfaithful bastard, and we both felt fine about it, so that was all that mattered. It was the start of a great friendship. We would always have Paris. I went home that night and slept like a baby.