

The True Tales of an Ex-Player: Vol. 1

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Published on Lush Stories on 21 Jan 2010



The attraction was so powerful he had to come back...

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/the-true-tales-of-an-explayer-vol-1.aspx>

The Comeback

I woke up from my nap to the faint sound of several inebriated women engaged in the most explicit conversation. I confirmed my suspicion by the continued slurring of words like dick and pussy and cum and facials, followed by bouts of hysterical laughter and the occasional sigh.

Upon investigation of the ruckus I discovered a group consisting of a total of seven well dressed women, all looking to be in their early thirties. Most of them extremely beautiful, but at least two of them gave me the impression they just won the blue ribbon in a tournament of champions dog show.

The introduction was short as they all yelled "Hi!" in unison after my Aunt Lisa referred to me as her little "Sweet Pea". I hated when she called me that as a child and despised it now, especially considering her age was just past double digits when I departed her eldest sister's womb. I contributed the age difference to the closeness of our relationship though. The fact that she allowed me to live in her house rent free while I completed my final year at UNLV made the horrible nick name more tolerable as well.

I politely shook the hands of the other six ladies one by one, noticing Stacy's grip appeared exceptionally long and flirtatious. She happened to be the most beautiful one of the six, wrapped in dark caramel skin and draped with long black flowing hair that rested at the summit of her voluptuous breast. Her eyes are a mild shade of brown that most would agree was the centerpiece of her stunning beauty. Our embrace was interrupted by Lisa's snarling sound that signaled she was holding my hand longer than my aunt desired. I turned my head toward Lisa and managed to provide a look that conveyed my innocents.

Stacy responded by saying "I'm not going to hurt him"

I peered into those big beautiful eyes and arrogantly said "I don't think it's me she's worried about."

“I see!” She said while still holding my hand. “You keep that up; I might have to put some hair on that nice chest of yours.”

That reminded me I was only wearing the jeans I fell asleep in while recouping from the eight hour bus trip from California.

The episode ended with me in the kitchen pouring a glass of water from my aunt’s bottle of Figi, wondering if Stacy’s body matched her incredible face. I overheard some of them agreeing about how nice I looked to them and what they would do to me if the opportunity ever presented itself. My smile slowly disappeared after hearing Aunt Lisa demanding, what she referred to as “all of you horny bitches” to leave her “Sweat Pea” alone. Apparently she doesn’t talk to my mother about the many women I have conquered since the last time her and I lived together. I was a man now and prided myself on how well I performed man duties. But the love and respect I have for my aunt would perhaps prevent me from pursuing the advances from the beauty eye fucking me from her living room.

Temptation has its place at some point in every person’s life, but it’s strangle hold on my conscience is depriving me of rational thoughts. I am in Vegas now, where the choices of women are plenty. But the thought of Stacy’s flirting popped in and out of my mind causing my curiosity to reach its climax, or was that my fantasy of Stacy climaxing, while my dick popped in and out of her pussy?

I was jarred from my daydream as all the women were starting to stand and gather their jackets and purses. I then realized the dressy attire was not a coincident due to the fact that one of them was yammering about how much fun they are going to have at Karen’s bachelorette party. She was one of the champions. I suppose love is blind or maybe her Fiancée had a vision problem.

As a gentleman does, I held the door open and watched as the lady’s walk through the door single file into the cold Mid-January starlit night. I heard Stacy commenting on how she would freeze tonight without a jacket to cover her arms. She hurried back to the door appearing to be exaggerating the chill, asking if I had a jacket she could borrow just for the night.

“Of course!” I said trying not to let her see me stare at her firm round ass. I was ecstatic to see the rest of her perfectly matched her face.

Aunt Lisa stepped in and said “I’ll bring it back when I get home tonight.”

She thwarted any attempt of us conspiring to make the jacket an excuse to have a secret rendezvous. Stacy thanked me for the jacket and Aunt Lisa emphatically forbade me to become

romantically involved with any of her friends, especially Stacy. She continued trying to convince me by informing me Stacy had been in a long relationship until recently and may just be on the rebound. I assured her I was a big boy now, but would respect her wishes and only fuck Stacy in my most wildest of fantasies. At least I'll give it a legitimate effort I thought as I watched Stacy in amazement as she slowly walked to her friends black Escalade.

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I turned the volume down on the television trying to listen closely to what I assumed was the ring of the front door bell. Ding dong! I jumped up from the Lazy Boy recliner I was so comfortably laying in and started to reach in my jeans pocket to grab the cash I was using to pay the pizza delivery driver.

I yelled "I'm coming!" as I reached out to turn the brass knob of one of the heavy ten foot doors. I looked up and to my surprise there was no pizza man in sight...there was just this 5' 8" angelic figure maniacally grinning from one ear to the other. She was wearing form fitting black neoprene exercise pants that garnered three white stripes down the sides that carefully followed the lines of her curvaceous shell. The matching top held her perfect sized breast in place while extenuating her protruding cleavage. I welcomed her to enter the house with the wave of my arm and told her to hang my jacket she borrowed last night back up in the closet of my room. I left the door open hoping she would just leave after returning it. I quietly returned to the position I was in, reclined, patiently waiting for my dinner to arrive.

I sat there wrestling with my conscience trying to convince myself that fucking Stacy one time might be worth Aunt Lisa's temporary anger. I just hoped Stacy would not put me in a position to choose between keeping and breaking a halfhearted promise I made, or having sex with the most beautiful 30 year old, I have ever laid eyes on. Knowing myself, I will lose that battle every time.

My concentration was broken by the sound of the front door closing. I surprisingly felt a rush of disappointment stream through my body, accepting the fact that I genuinely cared for her.

I strained to pick up the starting sound of the Accord she drove, but it was suddenly drowned out by a voice asking me what I was watching on TV. Shit! I thought as Stacy walked down the steps that led into the family room, holding an unfamiliar jacket in her hand. I tried to stay strong and remind myself that she is completely off limits.

I said "Nothing yet. Just flipping through the channels."

She smiled at me and asked if she could sit in the recliner next to me.

I replied with "You're more than welcome."

She went on to tell me how the gym she works out at is not far from my house and decided to return my jacket herself considering my Aunt Lisa forgot it in her car. She looked away because she noticed I could tell she was not being completely honest.

"So you had nothing to do with this at all?" I said pointing to the leather jacket she placed on the sofa.

"I may have conjured up a scheme that benefited my desire."

She not only was gorgeous with mannerisms that eluded sexiness, but had the brains to accompany her numerous other attributes.

I curiously asked "What desires might you be referring too?"

"Just my desire from the first time I laid eyes on you to turn you into my boy toy." She admitted.

With lines like that, she seemed to have reversed the rolls and gave me an understanding of how a girl may feel from being pursued by a guy she was attracted to. But little did she know I was a fierce lion waiting to pounce on this unsuspecting gazelle and devour every ounce of her passion and leave her wrecked body to recover from the hours of getting her pussy pounded.

I starred in her eyes mesmerized by her beauty and reluctantly said "You know we can't do that."

"Why not!" She said leaning back to recline. "I'm not going to tell anyone."

"You know why not!" I explained.

Our conversation was cut short by the knocking on the front door. I informed Stacy that I ordered pizza and that it would be plenty for the both of us to eat.

After paying the delivery driver for our pizza I walked back to the family room with the hot pizza box and two small plates in my hands. Suddenly I had to gather myself for a moment, surprised by the sight of Stacy sitting in the chair with her right leg resting over the arm wearing nothing but her skin.

She was lying back, gently rubbing her clit in a circular motion with the middle finger of her hand. Her pussy was so wet already I could see a bead of her liquid essence dripping down toward the hole of

her ass. My heart starting pounding through my chest as a tidal wave of impure excitement crashed through my body.

She rhetorically asked “Do you know what’s better than eating warm pizza?”

I took a long deep breath, fully accepting my weakness and answered with “Eating hot pussy!”

I sat the pizza on the floor and dropped to my knees in front of Stacy and immediately leaned in and pecked her soft lips with my mouth slightly open. She grabbed my head and slowly stuck her soft tongue in my mouth reconfirming our attraction for one other. Her tongue fondling mine followed by the sound of a soft moan that intensified our kiss. I made my way down to her breast and circled her firm nipple with my wet tongue. I slid my tongue across her chest and licked her other nipple in the same way. I opened my mouth and started to suck her breast while simultaneously squeezing them with my hands. The lower I made it down her body the more excited she became. I licked in a straight line down the center of her stomach leaving a trail of saliva pointing the way to her clit. I began to slowly flick it up and down with my tongue which made her arch her back indicating the pleasure she was receiving. I gently placed her clit in my mouth and began to softly suck it. She cringed and gasped at every suck holding the back of my head forcing my mouth to press harder against her wet pussy. She deeply moaned, rapidly gyrating her hips at a faster and faster pace. I opened my mouth still sucking her clit and stretched my tongue down to the opening of her pussy.

“Oh shit, oh shit! Here it comes! Here it comes!”

She started squirming, moving her hips toward my face, before she screamed out an emphatic

“Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!” gripping the back of my head and not letting up until her orgasm subsided to a tolerable level.

“Whoa!” She said rubbing my earlobe and trying to catch her breath. “I have never climaxed that fast or hard before.”

I looked up at her eyes and said “One more!”

I stuck my tongue out after lifting her legs back far enough to slide it up from her ass to the entrance of her leaking pussy. Her essence tasted sweet and I licked it up like ice cream. I stuck my tongue as far as it would go inside her pussy and held it there for awhile massaging the crevices of her love muscle, tasting more of her sweet nectar. I pulled my tongue out of her pussy while still holding her legs and stuck it deep in her ass feeling her flinch a little. I persisted and she relaxed as I pushed my tongue rapidly in and out, forcing her to succumb to the incredible sensation. I took my hand and her

clit while I molested her hole with my stiff tongue.

“Oh shit! Oh shit baby!

She inhaled a long breath through her teeth making a sucking sound before letting out a second “Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!”

She sat for a moment absorbing the ecstasy of her second intense orgasm.

She lifted my head up, looked me in my eyes and whispered “It’s my turn to taste you...stand up!”

I lifted up off of the ground giving her nipples a licking before fully standing. Stacy then proceeded to unfasten the buckle of my belt, but suddenly froze in delight.

She was noticeably starring at the bulge in my pants and slowly looked in my eyes asking if I could see it too. She curiously poked the bulge, testing to see if it was real.

“Oh my goodness!” She said.

She started to pull my jeans further down my legs until they hit the floor. My dick popped out and almost poked her in the eye. She yelped like a puppy, just barely avoiding it.

“Oh my god!” She said holding my hard dick in her hand and admiring the size.

She seemed to be encouraging herself and wondering where to begin. After a long pause, she stuffed it in her mouth and proceeded to suck my dick with the enthusiasm of a porn star. After a few minutes of sucking she got used to the size and tried forcing it all the way down her throat, gagging as saliva dripped to the floor. She was rubbing it, sucking it, licking my balls, returning the favor I gave to her. She was intently trying to make me explode and blast her with my essence. I grabbed the back of her head, holding it while I fucked her mouth.

“Damn, this feels so good!” I said trying to keep my balance.

She pulled back and said “I want to taste your cum...cum in my mouth baby!”

Her mouth was so warm and wet around my dick. Her lips so soft and powerful. She was sucking harder and rubbing both hands up and down my shaft, using her saliva as lubricant. Stroking it with the precision of a professional. Ignoring her body and fully concentrating on making me shoot my cum. She stuck her finger in her mouth to lubricate it and slid it under my nuts until she reached the

beginning of my ass hole, rubbing it softly. My dick began to throb in her mouth and she noticeably became more excited. She leaned back in anticipation of me reaching my climax.

“Here it comes!” I growled.

She replied by saying “I’m ready for it, baby! I want it all!

I squirted my essence in the back of her throat. Squirting again and once more before she put my dick back in her mouth sucking the remainder of my juice from it, swallowing every drop.

I stood in amazement at the sight of Stacy licking up and down my still erect dick, giggling at me wincing to how sensitive it was.

“Did you like that?” she asked

“More than you know!” I replied

She leaned back and said “I have to have you in me now. I’m so horny for you. Put that monster in me baby!”

“Do you have a condom?” I asked

“Yes! Look inside my jacket pocket”

I reached in and pulled out a three pack of ribbed Trojans. I ripped one open preparing to put it on as she reached her hand out and said

‘Let me do it.’

She put the rubber in her mouth and rolled it down my dick as far as her mouth would let her. She laid back in the recliner holding her pussy open with one hand and motioning me to come here with her other finger. I stepped closer kneeling between her. I grabbed my dick and started rubbing it gently up and down her clit. I then rubbed it down until I could feel the wetness of her thick pussy. She grabbed her breast and squeezed it firmly. I then slowly began working my dick further and deeper inside her, surprised at how tight she was. The wetness of her pussy helped ease it in until I reached the bottom, watching her shiver in pure delight. Her pussy feels like it was molding around my dick as the intensity of our fucking increased. She was sucking on my nipples, demanding me to fuck her harder. She wrapped her legs around my waist, squeezing every time I went down, assuring me it feels so wonderful to her. She came, as I held my dick deep inside her feeling her pussy contract. I pulled my

dick out and immediately shoved it back in extending the length of her orgasm. She put her arms around my neck kissing me while I went in and out of her, stroking her fast and hard, then slow and long as she whimpered with joy. She held on to my ass and rapidly lifted up as I went down and, groaning as she came again. I stroked her tight pussy with more conviction and enjoyed how good she feels to me. I continued making love to this amazing woman until the both of us came in unison, harmoniously bonded to each other for all time.

She stopped me as I tried taking my dick from inside her, and whispered she has been yearning for my love since the first time we met. I admitted the feelings I felt for her was the cause of my sudden move to California, separating us and preventing me from betraying someone I deeply cared about. I laid there still inside her savoring our passion for as long as we can.

I looked up and thought I noticed the dim light of Aunt Lisa's key chain searching for the key hole of the front door. "Fuck!" I said startling Stacy out of her moment of reflection.

"What! What is it?" She asked.

"Lisa is home early." I said as I lifted up and grab my jeans off of the floor.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" She kept repeating while scrambling to find her clothes.

I ran to the bathroom and shut the door as Aunt Lisa finally got her key in and pushed the door open with her shoe. I closed my eyes, waiting to hear her scream at Stacy for being naked in her house. I stood there concentrating but heard nothing. I assumed Stacy got her clothes back on before Aunt Lisa saw her and realized we were using her recliner as a making love seat.

I just stood there, overwhelmed with different emotions as a tear fell down the side of my face. How could I do this, I thought to myself? I felt sick to my stomach as my mind thought of what Stacy and I just did. I cringed at the regret of betraying the only person I truly loved in this world who turned me into the man I am today. How could I do this to him, knowing this will break his heart into a thousand pieces? How could I ever make love to a woman that is married to my only brother?