



# Making It With Your Best Friend's Dad

Vol 1

by Dick Johnson

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Volume I

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## Chapter I

Chanile and her husband finally found a cute little two bedroom Cape Cod style home in the suburbs of Fort Lee, NJ—a hop and a skip from the Big Apple. She had been searching and searching for their new nest and finally found it.

Chanile, a sexy married 29 yr old Jamaican gal, with maybe ten extra pounds in her mid section, not only was looking for a new home, but she was also unconsciously looking for some risqué adventure.

As a single gal, she had previously lived in the city and occasionally dated—that is if and when she could find someone who wasn't gay. The first few relationships she had never went anywhere. It just didn't seem that the guys her age knew the first thing about what turns on a woman.

In the back of her mind was always her first relationship when she was just 16 with her best friend's dad. She now appreciated it more than she ever thought she would.

Her first experience with someone her own age was Jerome—a handsome 20 yr

old black dude. She called him, Pretty Face, in her mind. He was a sheer representation of sexuality. When he walked, he seemed to say, 'I'll fuck you like butter.' Chanile and he dated a few times. He actually was on the shy side and when it came to romance, Chanile had to take the lead. She thought she was in kinder garden with him. She wanted him to fuck her like he carried himself—like her best friend's dad did years ago. And when she finally gave him enough cues to take down her panties, he got super excited and ejaculated even before he entered her.

Chanile looked for the bright side and thought this would be a great opportunity to train him to be the lover she longed for. But, it didn't happen that way. They never got past his premature ejaculation and when she hinted that he could suck her pussy, he just didn't do it right—his sucking actually irritated her pussy.

She didn't give up on him—he was a 'diamond in the rough' and they dated another few months until he took a transfer and moved to the west coast.

A few months later, another handsome jock hit on her and they started dating. He knew what he wanted and by the second date he was fucking her. They woke up in the morning, he kissed her good-bye and that was the last she had heard from him. She wondered what went wrong—what was wrong with her.

Then along came Joshua. He was tall and skinny with size 12 shoes. If she knew anything, she knew that big shoe size meant big dick. She decided that since the last jock only wanted to get fucked and make her a mark on his 'fucking belt,' she was not going to make that same mistake again. She played hard to get.

Chanile dated Joshua about four times and subconsciously got drunk so she could excuse fucking him. They fucked alright. He sucked her tits, got her hot, and then just fucked her. He got his climax and she was just lying there wondering what happened. She thought of him as the 'Road Runner,' --fast, quick, and then gone. Joshua had no sexual finesse and she decided that he was actually a narcissist. Everything was about what he wanted and when he wanted it. He had little if any consideration for Chanile.

She broke the relationship off from him and was really disappointed with city fucking. She was looking forward to one day getting to the suburbs. She was hoping she could find someone with experience in the love making area. Her thoughts always went back to her best friend's dad. With all the sexual experiences

after that, she had become apathetic towards sex and fucking.

Then she met Jonnie. He seemed perfect. He was motivated, wanted to make something of himself, romantic, and the best lover yet. Her parents really liked him and they got married and had two children.

They decided to move to the suburbs and start a family. Her reasons now to move to the suburbs were different. She was feeling maternal.

But as time went on, Chanile's wild fantasies of really being fucked like she experienced when she was 16 were ignored. Jonnie, was a good lay, but something was missing.

## Chapter II—First Day in the Suburbs

Her first day in her new home starts now:

Chanile writes:

“I moved into the house next door to an older couple, Jim and Alice, and I started to unpack my things. You're on your porch watching me unpack boxes in my house. I come out on my porch and you watch me bend over and lift a box by myself, you have a silly grin--kinda getting a little pleasure watching me work up a sweat. As you watch my sexy body, you're stroking your dick through your pants. You enjoy watching my ass and as I bend over far enough you get a glimpse of my sexy black thong. You didn't want your wife, Alice, to see you getting excited. So, every time she came out on the porch, you would put a dish with a sandwich on your lap. It was the sandwich that you only nibbled on a tiny bit at a time making it last forever.

I finally finished with the boxes. I was exhausted. I wanted to call my hubby to make sure everything was OK at home with the kids, but couldn't find my phone.

You had gone inside with Alice. Every now and then I caught your eye glancing out the window in my direction. Even though it was obvious you were much older, there was something about you that was appealing. I tried to remember who you reminded me of. And then I remembered Janine, my best friend in high school. You reminded me of her dad. It was my first experience with a man.

I had fantasies of somehow being left alone in Janine's home with her dad. I had watched him and Janie's mom. They had something my parents never had. I imagined him kissing me like he kissed his wife. I would see him in the kitchen pulling her mom close to him. He'd grab her ass and pull her close and give her a long deep kiss. I longed for that.

When I'd go to the bathroom, I'd walk by their bedroom and peak in. They had a canopy bed and I imagined him making love to Janine's mom. Then, I dreamed of him laying me on the same bed and making passionate love to me too.

And then, one night while Janine and I were hanging out in the living room watching a movie, he came and sat down next to me. Janine's mother was staying over with her mother who was ill from food poisoning. My heart leaped when he sat next to me.

The three of us shared popcorn and then Janine dropped off to sleep and it was just he and I. He was sitting not too far and not too close to me.

The popcorn was on the table in front of us. When he reached for the popcorn, his hand brushed past my knees and I froze. I assumed it was unintentional and at the same time, hoped it was intentional.

He then went to pass the popcorn to his sleeping daughter and brushed against my breasts. When he realized she was asleep, he said, 'She's out for the night,' and took the popcorn back.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him looking down at my bare knees and then over at my cleavage. I was wearing a short skirt with a skimpy top. My

heart was fluttering with excitement. I couldn't believe that anything might happen.

We were watching the first 'Back to the Future' movie. During the scene when the bully got popped, Janine's dad put his hand on my thigh and left it there. He didn't move it. He was waiting for my response. After a moment I reached down and put my hand on his. I didn't push it away but kept my hand on his. I wondered what would happen next. I knew what I wanted to happen, but what would really happen?

We both had our eyes glued on the TV screen and he slowly slid his hand up my thigh. As he came higher, his hand went on the inside of my thigh and eventually he touched my panties. I did nothing and I hoped he wouldn't stop.

Janie was in a deep sleep. His fingers lifted the elastic from my skin and slid inside my panties to touch my pussy. My heart leapt ten beats with excitement. Our eyes were still glued on the TV screen. My pussy became so wet, so fast.

He then took his hand out of my panties and stood up in front of me. He reached down to grab my hands and pulled me to get up. He led me down the hallway to the bedroom. I followed him in to the side of the canopy bed that I had often imagined him making love to me.

He pulled me close and lifted my top off of me. He then unbuttoned my bra. I was impressed with speed and accuracy. I could tell he had done this many times before.

He took my hand and placed it on his belt as if to say, 'You know what to do!'

I began opening his belt but was stumbling and getting nowhere. He had already dropped my skirt and was pulling my panties down. I could feel his cock through his pants.

Within seconds, he had dropped both his pants and his underwear. It was the first time I had ever seen a cock standing at attention.

He had me lie on the bed and said, 'I'm going to fuck you like a man.'

He kissed my breasts and nibbled on my nipples. I felt tingling feelings running down from them to my pussy. My pussy was hot for his cock.

My pussy was creaming and throbbing. He slowly mounted me and I could feel his body on mine. We were about to become one. He knew it was my first time so he took it slow at first.

I could feel his cock separating my pussy lips and slowly coming in. It was hard. It was an incredible sensation of feeling his bare cock in my bare pussy. And then it hurt. I mean it really hurt and I flinched.

He said, 'That's part of being a woman. The hurt will pass as your pussy relaxes.' He took it slow and he went deep in my pussy. It felt like his cock was going to come out my mouth.

As he was slowly fucking me, he'd reach down with his mouth and nibble on my nipples from time to time. As he came all the way in, I could feel his balls landing against my pussy. As he took his cock in and out it felt like he was going through layers inside my pussy. He was in every cavity I had. He was right! His gentle loving relaxed my pussy and I was groaning and moaning with pleasure.

He was telling me how great his cock felt inside my pussy--how tight my pussy was and how exciting it was for him. He kissed me deeply and then whispered in my ear, 'Now I'm going to fuck you like my bitch.'

At first I was a little scared, but everything so far was so so good and I couldn't imagine it being any better. I had cum three or four times already. His thrusts became faster and deeper. It was like his cock was totally ruling my pussy as now I felt his balls banging against my ass and pussy.

I had seen a porn film or two with Janine, and this is what they called 'Fucking.' This was the real thing. His cock was totally controlling my pussy. My pussy was just like a piece of meat and he was ripping it apart and the amazing thing is that the harder he fucked me the more I wanted it. Again, I started cumming and he said, 'Remember this, you're my bitch.'

I was about to scream with pleasure when he put his hand over my mouth to



muffle the sound so Janine wouldn't wake up.

After I thought there could be no more, he withdrew and had me roll over and get up on my knees. He was going to fuck me doggie style. I had heard of it, but never seen it done.

His penis found my pussy and slowly entered my pussy. He thrust it deep inside as he pulled my hips back to him. Before I knew it, his dick was thrusting and thrusting deep inside my pussy. I could feel his balls banging against my ass. For a 16 yr old, I thought I was in heaven.

Finally, he ejaculated inside me. But he didn't stop. He kept on fucking and I kept on cumming. I ended up with a huge cum load in my pussy.

After a few minutes, he withdrew and I saw his cock just hanging there limp.

He laid on his back and I couldn't help myself. I started running my hands through his hairy chest and let my hand wander down to his limp cock. It was dripping from his cum.

He was beat and tired as I stretched my body across his, kissing him deeply as I held his cock in my hand. It felt so good holding his junk in my hand. I felt like a big girl.

After I kissed him, I ran my tongue down over his chest to his stomach and then down to his wet cock and kissed the head of his cock. He reached down and was running his hand through my hair as I then took his limp cock into my mouth. It tasted a bit salty, but I love the feeling of having his cock in my mouth. I ran my lips over his cock and took all of it in my mouth.

My pussy was wet with his cum juice. I wanted to keep it in there forever, but it gradually leaked out. I put my panties on and they ended up completely soaked with cum juice.

We then heard Janine stirring. We quickly got up and got dressed only to find that she had just shifted position on the couch.

I was looking forward to this happening again and again, but it didn't. A week or two later Janine announced that the family was moving away.

Fucking her dad was an incredible experience and I was looking forward to finding a boyfriend to take over where he left off. But I had no idea, that fucking was an art and that Janine's dad was the master artist and everyone else I'd eventually fuck wasn't even in the class room. That all happened nearly 15 years ago and had since become a long lost memory. I had given up on the idea of ever finding a master love making artist—especially since I was married and had two children. ‘

Back to moving in:

‘I knocked on your door to ask to borrow your phone. I had seen your eyes peeking through the windows at me. You opened and I asked to borrow your phone so I could use it to locate mine. I told you that I felt so stupid and you said that you understood that you lose yours frequently too. Alice had already gotten ready for bed so you told her you would come help me find my cell. Alice, a very friendly lady with an incredible glow and smile, was glad to meet me and told me that she wants me, my husband and kids to come over for a cook out. She assured me that you were an expert at locating lost cell phones, as you've had a lot of practice and that you're a perfect gentleman to be with. We had some small talk about my husband and kids waiting to hear from me and she told you not to waste time and find the phone quickly.

As we entered my new home, I started to call my cell with your phone and you followed me trying to listen for my ring tone—two ears are better than one. We are now in my house. I excused my mess and said ‘Don't bother with the mess I am moving everything around.’ You said that you understand and that you were sure I'd have everything looking differently in a few weeks.

We hear a faint ringer but couldn't pin point where it was coming from. I bend over looking for it under the couch, I already changed, showered, and am now wearing a short black skirt and tight white tee. You were very curious to know if I had another thong on so you looked as I bent over. To your surprise I had nothing under my black skirt and you're thinking how lucky my husband is to be tapping my pussy.”

## Chapter III Finding the Phone

Jim writes:

“As I notice that you have nothing under your skirt, my heart starts leaping with sexual excitement. I get down on my knees aside you looking for the phone under the couch. I reach under the couch and you likewise reach under the couch and your hand touches my hand. At first, I'm startled and give a slight jerk and then stop as you hand is on top of mine.

I turn to look at you and you turn to look at me.

You pull my hand from under the couch to you.  
Where do you place my hand?’

Chanile writes

‘Your hand and mine are touching each other while still on our knees. I go to get up and you assist me to my feet with both hands. You say, ‘Call it again, maybe its not coming from this direction.’

You reached for your phone that you had put on the couch. You accidentally brushed you hands against my ass. I didn't move, even though I felt it. I sat on the couch in frustration and you sat next to me to comfort me. You placed both of your hands on my knees and tell me that everything will be OK, ‘We'll find it.’

Suddenly, I have a deja vous reminder of my experience years ago with Janie's dad.

You dial my phone again. Again, I hear it ring. It seems to be coming from behind some boxes. I start to look behind the boxes as you stand behind me trying to look as well. You're standing so close to see if you can help me locate it that your hand accidentally touch my ass. You say, 'Sorry, I was reaching toward the box.'

I say, 'Its fine, you're doing me a favor of helping look for this damn phone.'

You have a smirk on your face and want to see how far you could get before I tell you to back off and take your sorry old ass home.

Again, as you see me bend over in front of you, you can't resist and you reach toward my ass. This time your hand makes it to my bare naked ass and you keep it there.

I didn't say anything as I was searching for my phone. You wondered if I felt your hand.

I didn't move. Your dick instantly started getting hard as you thought how great it would be to teach me a good fucking. You were hoping to get lucky. It had been years since you fucked another woman and you were pussy hungry.

You decided to go for broke and moved your hand down between my legs and brought your fingers up to feel my bare pussy.

I didn't move, but I did moan a bit as my pussy started throbbing. Your fingers went deeper in my pussy and I just stayed there' I couldn't believe that I was letting this happen. You felt my pussy tighten and suddenly I started creaming with your fingers as I continued to moan.

I hadn't been fingered since I first started dating Joshua, and it felt great. I backed my ass up closer to you and stood up.

I pressed my ass in your crotch and my back against your chest. You moved your hand up under my shirt and reached for my big tits. You then unsnapped

my bra and removed them from my bra and squeezed my nipples. I moaned a little. You whispered ... 'Your pussy feels so good baby. I'm going to fuck you like a good neighbor should.'

## Chapter IV The Neighborly Hello

Jim wrote:

“You look at me and say, ‘What about your wife?’

I reply, 'She knows I'm doing you a favor and believes I would never do anything like this—remember, I'm the perfect gentleman. Besides she really likes you.' We both laugh.

I turn you to face me. We then kiss each other deeply with my one hand on your ass and a finger from my other hand in your pussy.

I'm stimulating your clitoris and you're gyrating. As my finger parts the lips of your pussy, it slides in your wet creaming pussy. You have images of me in your mind sucking on your pussy, but the stronger image right now is that you're wondering how my dick will feel in your pussy as I'm fucking you.

You're reaching down to feel my cock which is starting to come alive.

You unzip my pants and reach in and ask 'My, what do we have here?'

I reply, 'Your papa has finally come home to you.'

I had just showered before you came to the house and I'm wearing some Old Spice.

You take in a deep breath of my Old Spice and say, 'Whatever papa wants, papa gets,' as you are stroking my dick.

You then undo my belt and button that were holding my pants up, and they drop to the floor. I don't have any underwear on either. You smile and ask, 'You were hoping for something to happen?'

I reply, 'I'll never tell.'

What do we do next?"

Chanile writes

“Hmmmmmmm....

I hold your cock in my hands and firmly start to jerk it off as it feels better and better. I love to feel your junk. I can feel you pushing harder and harder in my pussy with your fingers. I want to scream but you muffle my sounds with your tongue. You press me against the wall and shove your hand so deep in my pussy and ask me, 'Does it hurt?'

I say 'Yeah!'

You reply, 'Good,' with a smile.

I'm pleading for you to let up, but you just replaced your fingers with that fat cock of yours.

I then have second thoughts, remembering I'm a married woman and say, 'No we can't do this. I changed my mind.'

You say, 'Shut up you've been asking for this all afternoon. You've been parading around with a thong today and now without panties—you've been advertising for a good fucking and I'm fucking this pussy until you cum and cum and cum.'

You place your hands against my tits and squeezed my nipple hard and say, 'The more you resist, the more it will hurt.'

You suck my nipples while your cock is fucking me. My legs were wrapped around your hips. Your hands against my throat. You telling me, 'Your my little bitch now!'

Muah.”

Jim writes:

“You're riding my cock and I walk you to the couch. You say, 'Don't, let's stop--it hurts.’

I drop you onto the couch and say, 'I'm going to fuck you the way a man fucks you--until you feel it coming out your throat. Not the pussy way your husband probably fucks you!'

You pretend to resist by putting your legs together. I spread your knees apart and position my knees on the couch between your legs.

Your pussy is wet and lubricated and I slowly enter you and slide and thrust it deep. You say, ‘No, let's stop.’

I say, ‘It's too late, we already did it.’

You think for a moment and realize you can't take it back—you've done it--that I'm right, and you're kind of glad I'm right.

I say, ‘We'll stop when you can't stop cumming' as I cover your mouth with mine and kiss you to shut you up. You really get into it and suck my tongue out of my mouth as you totally give into me to fuck and fuck. You're hoping for the best fuck of your life, as you're wondering what life will be like living next door to me.

Your mind drifts away momentarily as you start creating fantasies of how we can fuck in the future with your family around and my wife.

I slowly start moving my cock in and out of your wet creaming pussy. After your pussy relaxes and it stops hurting, you finally say, 'I need this, I want you to fuck me, Jim, but you don't have a condom.'“  
What happens next?”

Chanile writes

“I gasp because I was so caught up with how good your bare cock was feeling sliding in and out of my pussy.

My mind flashed back in time to Janie's dad. It was like deja vous—just like it was with her dad. I was finally getting fucked and I needed it so badly. I forgot all about condoms or any kind of protection.

I quickly thought the situation through and knew I was safe. The only person you've been fucking was your wife and the only person I've been fucking was my husband.

You then said, 'This is my pussy now, and I'll fuck it the way I want to without a rubber.'

I loved hearing you say that and nodded as I replied, ‘OK, however you want to take me. Just take me. I love your fat cock. I'm jealous of your wife.’

You replied, ‘Na, I can't fuck her like this, she has a back condition and I so miss fucking. I'm glad you're moving in next door to me. You can have this as much as you like as long as we don't get caught.’

You fucked me skin to skin so I can feel every little move and you feel all my juices making my pussy so inviting to your cock. My legs spread wide making it easy to take your cock in my pussy. This is better than anything I've ever gotten from my husband. I'm thinking to myself, 'I'm really getting laid.' I'm pinching myself to see if I'm awake and it's not a dream. Yes, I'm awake and it's real.

You pull my hair back and kiss me passionately along my neck and tease my breast. You keep moaning as you're looking into my eyes telling me how this is now your pussy and you say, ‘You should feel it. Let a real man fuck you good, you're my little bitch now and for as long as you live next to me.’

It sounded great hearing you talk dirty to me that way and I knew we bought the right house.”



Jim writes, “After the rough stuff, I slow down. It's too soon to ejaculate and I want to feel the skin of my cock feeling the skin of your pussy as it moves pass the crevices of your pussy. You are totally at the mercy of my cock as it slowly moves through your pussy and you keep taking it. I then pull it all the way out for a moment and you panic. You want it back. I nibble on your nipples and suck the hell out of your tits. Tingly electrifying feelings run down to your pussy and you got to have my cock back. You angle and squirm your body down to get closer to my cock hoping to have your pussy catch it and take it in.

You beg, ‘Please, please, I want you back. I need to feel that fat cock inside me. I want to feel your balls banging against my ass and pussy. I need you.’

When you think nothing is going to happen, I ram it in and say, ‘Take it bitch’ as I fuck you real hard and fast. You start cumming and cumming, and I pull it out again.

The couch isn't the most comfortable place to fuck and I don't want to stay too long to avoid my wife wondering where I am.

I have you get up and bend over in front of me with your hands on the couch and I enter you from behind.

You're bent over so you can see my cock coming into your pussy and you take your other hand and guide it in.

I know you like me to talk mean to you, so I say, ‘Leave it alone, bitch, it'll find its way,’ as I enter your pussy and take control. You take it all the way in and I just leave it there like a pole up your pussy. You want more action and begin moving your butt out and in to make the action.

You're going faster and faster, but not fast enough.

I grab you by your waist and start fucking your real fast. Again, about the

time I think I'm going to cum, I withdraw. You feel so fucking empty. You want me to cum inside you. You want everything and are glad that you have an IUD.

I then take you and sit your bare ass on the couch. There are some pillows on the couch that I put on the floor in front of you for my knees. I bring your pussy to the front most part of the couch. You can't wait for my dick in your pussy again. But I don't fuck you. Instead I take my tongue and run it slowly up your inner thigh. You feel the stubbles on my beard rubbing you skin—it's a real turn on.

Much to my surprise, your pussy is totally shaved—not a hair or even a stubble. Your pussy lips are the fattest I have ever seen. Of all the pussy I had in my life, none ever looked like yours. None had excited me that much. I suddenly knew why I felt an extra layer that my dick passed through. It was like fucking you was a double fuck in one. My cock was massaged by your fat pussy lips and then again inside your pussy as it passed through the muscles in your vagina.

I push you back on the couch as I only want your pussy. I separate those fat pussy lips and start licking your clit. You start cumming right away. This is like the seventh inning stretch in a base ball game. And it's a tied ball game.

I run my tongue inside your wet creaming pussy as I'm playing with my cock with one hand and the other on one squeezing one of your nipples sending vibrations down to your pussy. You have never been sucked and fucked like this in your life—even better than Janine's dad. Only if your husband knew how to do this, but you pussy is now throbbing for my cock.

I'm sucking and blowing in your pussy and you continue cumming. You have to muffle your voice so it doesn't carry into the summer air to awaken Alice who has already drifted asleep in her four poster canopy bed in my bedroom right across from your living room.

I keep tonguing and sucking until you can't cum any more. I keep my dick hard by playing with it and then I straighten up and put my cock on your clit and move it around teasing you.

You demand for me to fuck you and I say, 'In time.' After I drive you crazy with desire, I slide it in your pussy. It's like fireworks going off in your head. It's not the longest cock you've ever had, but it's like a baseball bat. Since we had stopped fucking, your pussy tightened up and it hurts as it goes in. You give a muffled shriek, but it feels great and I say, 'Here bitch, your pussy is mine tonight. I've sucked you and now I'm gonna fuck you right.'

As you're creaming, I bring my cock inside you and we start fucking so close. I grab your ass and pull it tight to me as I give you a commanding deep passionate kiss. We're couch fucking. I fuck and fuck but I don't get enough traction to really fuck you. So, I get up, grab you by the hands, pull you up from the couch, leaving the pillows on the floor, and command, 'Take me to your bedroom.' It's like I have a mission to accomplish and nothing is going to stop me. I'm going to fuck you until your pussy is sore.

We run off to your bedroom. Standing next to the bed, we embrace and we kiss as you stroke my dick and I finger you. You love holding my junk in your hand. You go down to your knees and start licking the head of my cock. You let your tongue run along the shaft of my cock to my balls and back to the head of my cock. You then take it in your mouth and go all the way down on it as you are cradling my balls.

As you suck on my cock, you're claiming it as yours to suck and fuck from now on.

Your hand is on my inner thigh running slowly up to my balls. After a few moments, I have this urge to fuck the hell out of you and can't take the sucking any longer.

I take your shoulders with my hand, and pull you up. Our lips meet and I can taste my cream on your lips. We kiss as I finger you. You start creaming again and groaning as you feel my hard cock with your hand. My cock has a mind of its own and wants to finish you off.

I then toss you into the bed lying on your back. I spread your legs wide, put a pillow under your butt, and enter you missionary style. This time, after a few

slow deep thrusts, I get up as high as I can on my knees and finger tips and increase the speed of my rhythm. My cock seems to be growing as it is now taking control of your pussy. The only thing you can feel is this base ball bat wrecking the hell out of your pussy. My balls are banging your pussy lips driving you crazy. You're crying, 'Fuck me, fuck me, give it to me.' This goes on for what seems like an eternity. This is unlike anything you've ever experienced in your fucking life and it's just the first day in Fort Lee. You wonder what else the General has in store for you.

An old joke comes to mind. What a weird time for a joke you think, but it's there. This old bull and young bull were standing on top of a mountain. In the valley below were a bunch of heifers. The young bull says to the old bull, 'Let's run down and make love to one of those heifers.'

The old bull looks at the young bull, and says, 'You got it all wrong, let's walk down and make love to all of them.'

You smile inside and think to yourself as you start cumming again. 'The old bull has arrived and now I know why Alice has that incredible glow and smile on her face—she gets a steady diet of this old bull.'

and just about the time I would ejaculate from the longest, fastest, pussy wrecking fucking you ever had,....'

What happens next?

Chanile writes:

'Just before Jim ejaculated, there was a knock was on the door. Suddenly they became super quiet and both rushed to get dressed. Chanile quickly put on her top and pulled up her skirt as she went to see who it was. She looked like she had a bad hair day, clothes were all wrinkled and they are breathing like it was a marathon. Jim's hair was cut too close to look any different.

Jim grabbed his pants and his shirt while he was quickly buttoning his shirt, zipping his pants and putting on his belt—he had a lot more to do.

'Guess who is at the door,' Chanile cried, 'It's Alice—your wife. Why is she here?'

'Oh shit,' Jim whispered as he was making last second adjustments to stuffing his shirt in his pants.

As Chanile opened the door, she was blocking the view of Jim pulling his belt together.

Alice announced, 'Just came over to make sure everything was OK, and that you found your cell phone.'

'How sweet,' Chanile replied as she grit her teeth. She didn't want to get Jim in trouble, but she so much wanted his cum inside her, so she said, 'He was a great help, we found some things I've been missing for years, while searching for the cell phone.'

'What was that,' asked Alice?

Chanile was sorry she offered that tid bit and was trying come up with a quick answer, when Jim interrupted, 'Honey, Is everything OK? Nothing happened to aunt Claire, did it?'

Chanile took a sigh of relief as Alice replied, 'Yes, uncle Joe called to say that they just took your aunt by ambulance to the hospital. She's had another attack and I thought you should know right away. This could be the one that kills her.'

'Oh, no,' cried Chanile, 'If I can help in any way, please let me know.'

'That's awfully sweet of you,' replied Alice, as Jim was making his way to the door.

As Alice was a few steps ahead of Jim, he giggled in Chanile's ear, grabbed that ass one more time, and whispered, 'Remember whose pussy this is.'

Days went by and Chanile hadn't heard or seen him. I guess it's true what they say is true, 'Absence makes the heart grow stronger.' He had affected

her in a way she never thought possible.

She couldn't stop thinking about that old bull. Even when she was fucking her husband she would think about him and orgasm instantly. Her husband thought that he had found some new magic, but only if he knew she was thinking of the old fella fucking her while they searched for her phone that night. The 'Six ways to Sunday' that the old bull commanded her pussy. The way his dick just made its presence known in her pussy. 'Uhhh,' she thought as she reminisced that evening in her mind.

But days and days passed by, and Chanile finally came to realize that Jim just wanted to fuck her really good and forget about her. She felt used and sad.

Rather than wait for him, she thought of an excuse to go see him. Bravely she knocked on the door to offer a cake she baked for Jim helping her find her phone and find out how his Aunt was doing, but nobody answered.

She felt so alone, especially since her hubby and kids went to visit his mom in Virginia for an entire week. She had kinda engineered this week to be alone in hopes of connecting with Jim. She thought of so many ways she could fuck Jim but nothing was going to happen because he wasn't even home. Jim and Alice's home was empty of life.”

## **Chapter V The Lesson Jim Learned from His First Sexual Experience**

Jim writes:

“Two days passed by, and Chanile settled in for a lonely week. She had a romance novel to read and when she got to the juicy part, she had to put the book down. It reminded her so much of her time with Jim that she didn't want to lament him anymore.

But no matter how hard she tried not to, every night she ended up masturbating and she'd be thinking of him taking control of her pussy with his tongue and then his fat dick.

It was the third day and she had practically given up on seeing Jim during the

week.

Then, after breakfast, she heard a garage door opening. She glanced out her dining room window and noticed Jim's garage door coming down. Her heart skipped a few beats as she was quickly trying to figure out where they went—probably something to do with his aunt--and how she could salvage this week she had alone.'

Chanile writes:

'Chanile's heart was racing just as it has been in the past when she would see Jaine's dad. She couldn't help herself but all the old feelings came rushing back and her body got an instant warmth. She paced back and forth trying to think of a reason to go over and see him--just a glance would be sufficient. Even though deep down she wanted him to grab her and give her a kiss to steal her breathe away.

She decided to remain home and try to forget that he was back. She figured that if he was really interested, he knew where she lived.

Later that night she took the garbage out to the curb and noticed Jim sitting outside on his porch swing, 'Good night,' she chirped. He didn't answer so she moved closer and again with a strange guttural sound repeated, 'Good night, is everything OK??' She hoped he wouldn't pick up on the nervous sound of her voice. It was weird, she felt as though she were just 17 yrs old talking to Janine's dad.

Jim replied, 'No not really, my Aunt is not doing too well so Alice stayed with her while I take care of some business here.'

Chanile's heart jumped with the thought of him being all alone. She asked, 'Were you close to your aunt?' as she started walking up the steps of his porch.

He slowed the swing and slid to one side as she sat down to comfort him.

She sat next to him and listened to his stories of his aunt and soon his sadness became a smile.

It was getting late and the evening breeze turned into the cold night, so Jim asked her to come inside and offered her a beer. They sat on the couch watching TV, drinking beer, and just talking--like an old married couple. Chanile thought to herself that Alice has the best guy ever. He fucks like a machine, can hold a conversation, and makes her have butterflies.

Before Chanile knew it, the beer got to her and she dozed off. Jim went on talking and when Chanile didn't reply, he noticed that she had fallen asleep. Her enticing breast peeking out of her shirt. As usual, she wasn't wearing much. He leaned to his side and lightly touched her nipples. They were so hard and ready to be licked and sucked. He wondered why he hadn't been paying attention to business all this time. Instead he had been yakking away about his aunt.

His mouth was watering for her nipples, and his hand moved up her legs so gently so she wouldn't wake up.

Before he knew it, his dick was hard. The thought crossed his mind of how great it would be to have her suck on it. He remembered how Chanile devoured it before and wanted to push it into her mouth. But she was fast asleep and enjoying him gently touching her.

She made sexy moans as he gently kissed her nipples and ran his hand up her thigh. He wondered if she was dreaming of having sex. He also wondered at what point, she'd wake up.

As he was gently touching her a memory of long ago came to mind. He had never shared it with anyone.

It was back when he was in college. He had partied one night, got a bit drunk, but not too drunk to drive back to his apartment off campus to take a shower. As he headed up to his room, he realized that he totally forgot to tell his roommate, Rob, that Rob's sister could sleep in his bed for the week-end. Jim was planning on getting lucky that night, and not needing to go back to the apartment.



Rob, was not home either as of the two, he was the one who actually got lucky and wasn't coming home for the night.

As Jim walked into his room, he saw Rob's sister lying in his bed at which point he remembered promising his bed to her. She was only two years younger than both of them but she looked amazing in that oversized T-shirt. She had gone to a frat party earlier that evening, made out with one of the frat boys only to be dropped like a hot potato when the guy's girl friend showed up and clobbered him.

Jim couldn't help to smell the liquor on her breath. She was passed out cold. He thought she was so cute so he sat beside her on the bed. He saw her hard nipples piercing through the shirt and her sweet pussy exposed.

She had been at the apartment before with her parents to visit Rob. Even though she flirted with Jim, he never paid her much attention. She was always dressed conservatively as dictated by her parents. But, tonight, the clothes were gone and she was only wearing an oversized T shirt with no panties.

Jim sat on the edge of the bed looking at her. He ran his fingers over her lips to see if she would awaken. Nothing. He gently tickled her nose. She blew through her lips as if to blow off what landed on her nose, and kept on sleeping. He then leaned over and gently kissed her on the lips. She moaned and groaned, but didn't open her eyes or wake up.

He put his hand under her loose T and touched her hard nipples. She moaned and groaned some more. He was confused. 'Is she dreaming or semi conscious and enjoying it?'

Young Jim writes:

For years, Jim had been hoping to get lucky—but generally no cigar. He hadn't actually noticed Rob's sister that much. He had been way too busy trying to make it with Becky—one of his classmates. But here he was and there was no one else around except Rob's sister with her pussy exposed. He

felt like jumping right on, but that was a pipe dream that might land him in a lot of trouble.

He looked at her pussy and so much wanted to touch it but was so afraid. While he had stopped to think of his strategy, she had stopped moaning and groaning.

Part of him was afraid that if she woke up and was surprised, she might tell on him and make him sound weird or get him into trouble.

He decided to risk it and this time his hand went for the inside of her knee. She did not move. He gently let his hand move up the inside of her thigh. She began to moan and groan as she also began gently wiggling her body in a seductive manner.

Her hand was by her side as he slowly moved his hand further up the inside of her crotch. About the time he was at her pussy, he felt her hand on his leg. Her eyes were still closed and not even a smile, but she was moaning again.

He gently touched her pussy. It was his first time he had ever touched pussy. He was very gentle. She slowly took her other hand and put it on top of his hand and pushed his hand downward. She lay quietly with her eyes still closed. He thought, 'she can't be sleeping and dreaming, she must be awake.' But he wasn't sure.

She moved his hand aside and took one of her fingers and opened her pussy and rubbed her clit and then took his finger to see if he had paid attention to what she had done.

He had, and she began whispering directions: rub it harder, put your finger inside, deeper, and so on as she started creaming—eyes still closed.

Then she quietly commanded in a whisper, 'Suck my nipples,' and he pulled her T all the way up and began to suck on her nipples as she continued groaning and moaning.

And then suddenly, she started screaming and spasming. At first he was startled and took his finger out of her pussy and sat up. She immediately grabbed his fingers and had him put it back in. He had never seen a woman cum before and it scared the hell out of him.

He kept stimulating her and she kept cumming with her eyes closed. After a few minutes, she moved over to the far edge of the bed and pulled him in to lie with her.

Finally, she slowly opened her eyes and kissed him deeply. She gave him tongue like he had never had before. She had learned well from the frat boy earlier in the evening.

She was basically naked and he had his robe on with a hard cock inside his robe. She reached inside his robe and rubbed his cock and made a groaning sound as she held his tools in her hand.”

What happens next?

Chanile writes as Rob's Sister

“Jim has never felt this feeling before, yes he jerked off many times, but it was never like this. Her soft hands moved in his robe aggressively massaging his hard cock and his balls. She kissed him on his neck and around his collarbone. He was so horny he would've cum in his robe without his cock ever tasting her pussy, but he had great self control. That turned her on even more. She moved the robe out of the way and wrapped her lips around his cock. She started the swivel her tongue round and round up and down. Every movement she made he loved. She sucked his cock like he never seen on any of the porn he watched.

‘Where did Rob's little sister learn these techniques,’ he wondered? She always appeared so innocent which is why he never really paid her any attention. Jim thought only whores would be able to do this, but she was far from that.

What she was doing to his cock made him so so excited that he was about to pop off. She sensed his excitement and whispered, 'No, no, no, not so fast.'

She took her mouth from his dick and had him lie down on the bed. Her lips worked their way up his thighs around his balls and tickling his tummy. He was as naked as she was. She climbed on and straddled him with her legs so her pussy was right over his dick.

She took his hard dick and used it to massage her pussy using it to separate her pussy lips. He could not believe what was happening. He sobered up quickly. He thought that she must be drunk, but he didn't care. He just enjoyed every minute of it. He wondered if he had died and gone to heaven.

She raised up a few inches and took his cock and started to fuck him, taking him in all the way and popping the tip of his dick in and out her wet hot pussy. She got so wild screaming, 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck my pussy.'

He was so scared and didn't know what she wanted him to do. The most Jim knew about fucking was what he seen on those videos and it didn't look to him that he was doing his part. In fact, the sensation of her sliding her pussy over his dick made him instantly ejaculate.

She was still hot and horny wanting his dick, but he was too excited and couldn't hold back. The worst thing she could of said was, 'It's OK, you'll get better with experience,' as she rolled off his body and dick.

To add insult to injury, she pulled out a vibrator and started to massage her clit making herself orgasm, as Jim watched her in amazement.

He felt like a failure—he finally got lucky and it was over before it started. He swore to himself that he was never going to let another woman make him cum without fucking the shit out of her pussy first.

After she was done cumming, they fell asleep in each other's arms. It was about 3:00 am and both of them were wiped out.

Something inside him—perhaps his horny self—awakened him about 4:00 am. Robs' sister was lying naked next to him. He looked at how peaceful and beautiful she was. She was lying on her back.

He was hoping for a repeat performance as he started gently running his fingers over her lips and cute little nose. There was no response from her. He then ran his fingers over her hard beautiful nipples. Again, no response. He leaned over and gently sucked on one of her nipples. Again no response. He started wonder if she was alive and became a bit scared.

He became very quiet and was happy to see her chest moving as she was breathing.

As he did a few hours before, he reached down to her knee and gently brought his hand up the inside of her thigh to her crotch and began gently massaging her pussy lips. Again, no response, except: She slowly spread her legs as he continued playing with her pussy. He now knew about her clit and slowly stimulated it. She began to moan and groan as she had hours before.

He inserted his middle finger deep inside her pussy and she moaned a bit louder. He wondered what it would taste like and he got on his knees and leaned over to her pussy. His tongue at her pussy lips. He gently put his tongue between her lips and stimulated her clit. She rewarded him with louder groans and moans.

He then spread her legs wider and repositioned himself with his knees between her legs and began sucking more on her pussy. He could taste the sweat and his cum from a few hours before. It was a little fishy. He thought, 'Uhhh..This is what pussy smells like!' She continued groaning.

She reached down with her hand and rubbed through his hair as he was eating his first pussy.

His cock was hard and he was wondering when he should stop licking pussy and get down to business. It was about that time that she reached for his

shoulders and pulled him up on to her.

His cock found it way inside her pussy and she pulled him all the way in. This time, he decided to take it slowly, which he did for a little while. But, before he knew it, he was kissing her deeply and his rhythm had speeded up, as he felt that he was about to ejaculate.

He quickly withdrew as he felt his cock throbbing. He lucked out, he didn't cum. She was still hot to fuck, so he went back to fingering and kissing her.

After ten or so minutes of fondling, kissing, nipple and breast kissing, he remounted her again and his dick slid right back in her pussy. Again, he started slowly feeling every move. He would put his dick in deep and hold it there. When he felt it throb, he pulled it out—all the way out for a moment or two as he kissed her deeply. As his cock stopped throbbing, he'd put it in again.

She wanted more action, but he was taking it slowly—intent to make things last.

He did this for twenty or so minutes—making slow love and every time he started to feel the urge to cum, he withdrew.

They were both getting a bit sore from all the action and he finally decided that he'd give in to her and fuck her.

He again entered her with his cock, and slowly began making love. But this time, he decided to go all the way. He started making his thrusts deeper and harder as she again pleaded, 'Fuck me, fuck me.' His rhythm increased and at the point he felt he was going to cum, he gave it everything he had and thrust deep inside her pussy and ejaculated at about the same time she began to cum.

He kept his cock there a moment as she was cumming. He went to withdraw, but she wouldn't let him. She pulled him back in as she was still cumming.

He lay there for another few moments until he collapsed and fell off of her to her side. They again fell asleep in each other's arms.

But that wasn't the end of the night, nor the end of fucking. Being a young buck, he recovered after another hour of sleeping and they fucked again. Each time was better than the last. Finally, they were both so sore from fucking they couldn't do it again. .

When she left in the morning, no plans were made to meet again. He thought he'd call her in a few days and they could connect the next week-end. But when he called, he found that she was moving with her family that very week-end to another state. He was surprised as Rob had never mentioned anything of the family moving.

Over the years, before he met and married Alice, he fucked maybe fifty or sixty different women—he married and divorced three of them. With each lover he honed his fucking skills and pretty well knew his way around pussy.

Chanile was going to feel all the experience he accumulated over those decades. In fact, he thought his fucking days were over and, even though he had looked at young women in grocery stores or where ever, he never thought there would be another opportunity—particularly since he was happily married to Alice.

Alice and he had gotten into a rut of love making the same way. Sure it was great, but he missed how he had fucked many of his lady friends over the years.

As he sat there, he continued to tease Chanile and listen to her moan in her sleep. The moaning excited his cock. He was going to touch and tease her until she awakened and then he was going to have her his way. Those words of Rob's sister, 'It's OK, you'll 'get better with experience,' were way in the back of his mind. But he loved the idea of a redo.

With all the women, over the years, that he had fucked, this was the first time he had one fall asleep on him as Rob's sister had. It was sweet reminiscing as

he was sitting there with Chanile—no Alice to interrupt him tonight. He had already spoken by phone with her and he knew she wouldn't be calling again.”

Jim writes:

“He again gently ran his fingers over her lips and nose as he took in her quiet beauty. He kissed her nipples and gently sucked on them as he slowly ran his hand up the inside of her thigh to her pussy.

Her pussy was dry as he gently prodded with his finger to part her pussy lips. She began moaning and her legs naturally widened.

He decided to have some fun and see how far he could get before she opened her eyes. But with what he chose to do, he wouldn't be able to see her eyes anyway.

Tonight, it was going to happen,’ he thought to himself. The first time he and Chanile fucked, Alice had interrupted them just as he was about to ejaculate and, even though he fucked Alice a couple times since then, he was carrying a special load of cum juice for Chanile.

He took two large pillows from the couch and placed them on the floor in front of her between her legs. He then kneeled down on the pillows with his knees and gently took his tongue to the inside of her knee. He slowly ran his tongue up the inside of one leg to her crotch. Then he withdrew. He looked up to her eyes--no response. Then he took his tongue to the inside of her other knee. So far, no response from her.

He ran his tongue slowly up the inside of her leg to her pussy. He pulled back and straightened up for a moment to take in the view of her beautiful voluptuous fat pussy lips. He hadn't really gotten to appreciate them the first time they fucked. It was so much going on that night and he was so fucking horny that he only noticed they were a lot different than Alice's' pussy lips. But, he did remember, the feeling his cock had going through those lips. It was like a double cock massage or a double fuck. He wasn't in a hurry now, and could devour them with his eyes.



He took his finger and parted those voluptuous lips and then brought his tongue along for the ride.

She groaned and moaned, but nothing more.

'Was she playing possum,' he wondered?

He gently massaged her clit with his tongue—again nothing but moaning and groaning.

As he was inserting his tongue in her pussy, he opened his belt, popped the button on his shorts, and dropped his Bermuda shorts. He could feel his hard cock begging for pussy. He wasn't wearing any underwear--again, no response other than moaning and groaning.

He withdrew his tongue from her pussy and straightened up. Her crotch was at the edge of the couch and his cock was right there.

With one hand he massaged her nipples and with the other hand he began to use his cock to separate her pussy lips and massage her clit. She moaned and groaned more, but no eye movement and just as he was about to enter her, she passed a loud fart. He felt the air whipping past his balls and the smell was really bad. So bad that he had to get up and get a breadth of fresh air.

His sexual desire was quickly gone and his hard went right with it. He looked over in her direction and she was deeply asleep on the couch with her.

'So much for fucking,' he thought to himself. After the rank smell had gone from the room, he went back to her at the couch. He first thought he'd carry her to her bed and as he went to pick her up from the couch, she was just dead weight. He put her arm around her neck and reached in behind her back with his arm under her legs, but he got nowhere.

He assessed the situation and decided to simply get a cover from her bed room and cover her.

He went to the bathroom to take a piss. 'What a disappointing end to the day,' he thought. 'At least there was nothing to feel guilty about being away from Alice,' he thought.

He locked his front door, took a shower and went off to bed. As he lay in bed he thought about the evening while she was asleep on his couch. He was thinking that there was too much talk and no action. He wouldn't make that mistake again, that is, if he ever got the chance again.

And he thought, 'But what were the chances of a stinky fart?' ruining the night. 'Must not have been meant to be!' He hated that kind of thinking as it always seemed like an excuse to him, but here he was thinking that way.

If he ever told this story to anyone, no one would ever believe him, but really, you can't make this stuff up.

After a few moments, he drifted off into a deep sleep. Around 3:00 am he began dreaming of Alice. He was on his side and dreamed that she was in bed spooning him from behind and that she had her arms around him as he slept. His dream was surreal as he could feel her hands gently passing over his midsection. He groaned as he felt her hands on his chest and slowly moving down to his abdomen.

He then dreamed that Alice was slowly stroking his cock and that it was hardening as he groaned and moaned. When his cock was hard, he felt a gentle tug on his hip pulling him over onto his back.

He slowly rolled over onto his back as he was slowly being awakened from his dream. As he slowly opened his eyes, Chanile was placing her knee on the other side of his body to straddle his cock.

Around 3:00 am she awakened to relieve herself from the booze she had drunk earlier and noticed that he was gone and she had been covered. She also noticed the pillows on the floor in front of her and began wondering what she had missed.

In the soft light of night, she quietly made her way into his bedroom where she lay down beside him and decided to get her due.

And, as he opened his eyes, she was mounting him. She began rubbing her pussy over his cock. 'What a pleasant way of waking up,' he commented. He squeezed her nipples as she rose up to come down on his cock.

As she came all the way down on his cock, she leaned forward and gave him a deep tongue kiss lasting a minute or two. She was hot and quickly began to cum. She just gyrated her pussy around with him all the way inside.

After a few moments of cumming, she rose up off his cock and then slowly came down on him taking it all the way in again. She fucked him slowly like this for about five minutes.

Jim was just lying there enjoying his cock being fucked. As she lifted, he then began to lift too. Chanile was going crazy with more cumming as he now got involved with fucking instead of being fucked. His hips were thrusting his cock deep inside her pussy.

When he was about to ejaculate, he lifted her off of him as it was too early to ejaculate. He had her turn one hundred and eighty degrees so she was facing away from him and had her straddle his hard cock. He put his hand on her ass and raised it up and he then slowly brought her pussy down on his cock. He enjoyed watching his cock disappear inside her pussy as he brought her down.

She leaned forward and could also look at her pussy taking in his cock. Her pussy lips just swallowed up that hard cock as she sat all the way down.

Chanile loved this position. She rode his cock like a cow girl riding her horse. They fucked like this for twenty or so minutes. Every stroke was better than the last.

As she was watching his cock going in and out she became hungry. She got

off his cock and turned toward him rewarding Jim with a huge deep throated kiss. She then ran her tongue slowly down his hairy body. First stopping at his nipples where she sucked and licked.

He just laid back and enjoyed the treatment she was giving him. Her tongue then ran on down slowly to his penis. She ran her tongue over its head slowly licking all around it. She ran her tongue down the shaft of his cock to his balls. She loved the taste of his cock after it was in her pussy.

He had an image in his mind of her taking his entire cock in her mouth and was surprised when she ran her tongue down to the base of his balls and found his sweet spot. Very few women know of this spot and he was surprised when she found it. It's the equivalent of a woman's clit in terms of sensitivity. He moaned and groaned as she stimulated his sweet spot with her tongue.

Then she came up and once again ran her tongue over his cock and then took it in her mouth. Slowly, she took his cock all the way in her mouth and she used her lips to stimulate his shaft as she sucked and stroked his cock.

As Jim was lying there, he was missing her pussy. He thought of how great it would be to suck on that fat lipped pussy. He reached down to her and pulled her to straddle him with her pussy over his face as she kept stroking his cock with her lips.

A few hours before he was licking on her pussy and now he was again. 'Surely, there's a God,' he thought. Only difference was that Chanile was wide awake and they had a smorgasbord of sex.

He licked, sucked, tongued and blew into her pussy as she groaned and came and came some more.

The way she was sucking on his cock, he knew that she was trying to get him to cum in her mouth. But, Jim was not into doing that. As far as Jim was concerned, there's only one place to cum and that is inside pussy.

But not yet. He wanted her to walk bow legged the next morning. When he felt like he couldn't take it any longer, he put his hands on her hips and moved her away from him.

Sixty-nine wasn't his favorite position. Lifting his head to get his tongue in her pussy was a bit of a strain. But he had an answer. Alice's and Jim's bed was higher than usual with a very thick mattress and spring.

Jim jumped out of bed and had Chanile lie on the edge of the bed with her ass at the very edge. As he stood up, he grabbed her ass and pulled it to the very edge of the bed. He then got down on his knees on the carpeted floor. He took her feet and placed them on his shoulders as he ran his tongue up the inside of her thighs to her pussy.

He parted her fat pussy lips with his fingers and then gently took the tip of his tongue onto her clit. She instantly began groaning and moaning as he licked her pussy and ran his tongue all the way from the bottom to the top where her clit was.

He inserted his tongue into her pussy as she continued cumming and cumming. Jim ate her pussy and all her cum juice as his cock was hard and lonely. She began crying, 'fuck me honey, fuck me.'

He stood up, placed her legs over his shoulders and with his cock in his hand, slowly stimulated her clit sliding his cock up and down her fat lips. She was horny as hell and began wiggling her ass closer to the edge of the bed in hopes of swallowing his cock.

When he felt she was sufficiently horny, he slowly entered her as she slowly moaned in relief. He slowly stroked her pussy with his cock again and again for nearly twenty minutes. Each time he entered and left, it felt better than the last. Every now and then, he'd ramp up the thrusts and speed and they'd fuck hard and fast.

He was priming himself for finally delivering his load. He then withdrew and had her move further back on the bed and placed a pillow under her ass for

maximum penetration.

She sensed that she was now finally going to really get fucked and take his load.

He climbed on the bed and mounted her in missionary position. His cock knew exactly where to go as he entered her. They kissed deeply as they fucked. His thrusts were deep and regular.

He'd move a few degrees one way or another to create new simulations. When he got the right position, Chanile began cumming for about the fifth time. He raised up so that the only body part that was touching Chanile was his cock.

He began thrusting faster and deeper and faster. To him it felt like his cock was totally filling and controlling her pussy. He was ripping her pussy apart and she wanted it that way: harder and deeper.

The rhythm was faster and deeper than she could ever imagine. It seemed like it would go on forever and she loved every second of it. 'How can he keep this up,' she wondered as she hoped he wouldn't collapse with a heart attack.

And just about the time she thought her pussy couldn't take it any longer, Jim ejaculated deep inside her. His ejaculation seemed to go on and on as both of them kept cumming.

With sweat running down their bodies, he finally finished leaving his cock deep inside her. She figured that he'd roll off her and go to sleep as her husband always did. She certainly wouldn't blame him as Jim fucked her ten times more than her husband ever did or, any other man, except for what she remembered of Janine's dad years ago.

Much to her surprise, Jim didn't roll off. There was still muscle left in that cock and he didn't stop using it. He kissed her gently and romantically as he slowly stroked her pussy with his softening cock.

As he slowly fucked her she began feeling the soreness in her pussy from all the fucking—surely she'd be walking like a cow girl in the morning.

Eventually, when he was completely soft, he rolled off her and lay beside her. He ran his fingers over her sexy slightly puggy mid section as she did the same to him.

Too tired to take a shower, they fell asleep in each other's arms.

He awakened early in the morning and started breakfast as she slept.

When she awakened, she was surprised to find a robe by the bed. She put it and walked to the kitchen to find Jim finishing the bacon.

'You're awake,' he greeted her. 'Breakfast is ready—how do you like your eggs?'

'I was going to take a shower, if that's OK?'

'Let's eat first—it's ready and we'll shower later.'

She nodded in agreement.

He made her eggs to order and they sat at the kitchen bar to enjoy the food as she sat in his cum juice.

He sat next to her, and from time-to-time ran his fingers up the inside of her thigh to her pussy and she'd reach over and grab his dick.

She asked, 'What happened to you last night? You were on the couch next to me and then I woke up in the middle of the night and you were gone?'

'You won't believe me, if I told you.'

'Try me.'

'Well, here goes! We had a few drinks and it looked like you were asleep on the couch, but I wasn't sure. I thought I'd have some fun and see how much stimulation you could take before you awakened. So, I thought maybe I'd wake you up with some couch sex. It was all romantic and everything. I was on my knees with you on the edge of the couch.

You were groaning and moaning, so I figured you were playing possum and enjoying me licking your pussy. I was thinking you'd wake up any second and smile at me. Just about the time that I was hard and about to play with your pussy with my dick, you passed the biggest, loudest, and stinkiest fart I've ever smelled or heard in my life—like you ate a dead rat.'

'Na, you're bull shitting me. That didn't happen!!'

'Oh yes it did. You can't make something like that up. The fart was so big that it almost blew off my balls as the fart blew past.'

'I don't believe it,' as they both began to laugh and laugh.

'I can't believe I did that.' she commented.

'I couldn't believe it either. I had to jump up to get away from the stinky fart and I instantly lost my hard. You were totally zoned out and asleep. I found a cover, put it on you and then left. I was going to try to carry you into the bedroom, but you were like a dead weight. So, I just left you there.'

They laughed some more and she said, 'I'm sure that's one for the story book.'

'Yeah, if I were a writer, it would make a great story, but then Alice would probably find it and read it.' They laughed again.

They paused a moment, and then Chanile changed the subject. She was embarrassed and didn't want to talk about farts any more at breakfast.

To change the subject, she said, 'I've never done this before.'



He thought she was going to say that she's never fucked a neighbor, and said, 'Done, what, fuck your neighbor?'

'Well I've never done that either, but what I meant to say, is that I never sat in cum juice before.'

'Really? Do you like it, don't like it?'

'It feels funny, squishy, but it's a great feeling. I think I'll sit in it all day.'

Jim was amused at the idea of this young beautiful chick sitting in his cum juice all day long. You're going to wear panties, right?'

'Of course, otherwise, I'd be dripping it on my dress all day.'

As they finished breakfast, Jim took her by the hand and led her to the bathroom.

Jim got her a towel and a wash cloth and then turned on the shower to run the water to a warm temperature. She entered and turned to him and took his hand to pull him in.

He dropped his robe and walked in the shower with her.

She washed his back and he washed her back. He stood behind her and reached around her to coddle her breasts. He then reached down to finger her sore pussy as she reached back to stroke his dick.

She turned around into him and they kissed deeply as the shower flooded them with water.

They grabbed each other's asses pulling them into each other tightly. His dick was punching at her pussy as she was trying to get it in.

She turned around and bent over exposing her pussy from behind. He pulled himself up to her and as he held her hips she guided his cock into her pussy.

The water from the shower helped quench the soreness from all the fucking earlier in the morning.

He fucked her for several minutes, but didn't want to cum again. He withdrew, shut off the water, they dried off with the fluffy towels Alice had recently purchased, and ran off to bed again.

He wanted to fuck her good and hard before they parted. He wanted her to sit in a double load of his cum juice.

Sore, yes, but his cock was even harder than earlier in the morning. He remembered ankle and wrist straps that he used a few times with Alice. He retrieved them from a nearby drawer and attached them to her ankles and then to her wrists.

He mounted her and fucked her in this position like she had never been fucked before. The position added a new level of excitement. After her pussy and his cock couldn't take fucking any longer, he ejaculated deep inside once again. His penis slowly softened as he continued stroking his cock in and out.

He then undid the wrist straps and rolled away in another pool of sweat.

They lie there a few moments, kissed gently, and then got up to shower again.

As Chanile was about to leave, the phone rang. Jim answered it. It was Alice, calling to say, 'Good morning.'

As Jim took the call, Chanile blew a kiss and left quietly through the front door.

Alice informed Jim that her aunt was feeling better and that they had found an aide to fill in so she could come home the next day. 'I miss you so much, I can't wait to come home and sleep in my own bed with you.'

Jim was hoping to have a few more days to romp with Chanile, but that wasn't going to happen.

He and Chanile would have to be creative from now on out.

That night, Chanile had Jim over for a romantic dinner. This time he had her watch her wine consumption.

After dinner, they went to the living room and sat on the couch. She asked him, 'Now what were you doing last night with me on the couch?'

'I'll be happy to show you providing you don't fart on me again.'

They both laughed as she said, 'I still can't believe that happened. I promise to control my gas.'

'I hope so, Alice is coming home tomorrow and we'll have to be creative as to how we get together in the future.'

'That goes double,' she announced. 'My husband is also coming home in two days. So, do show me what you were doing when I fell asleep.'

'Gladly,' he replied as he continued with, 'First, I got two pillows and placed them here.' He then placed them in front of her as she sat on the couch and then kneeled down.

As usual, she didn't have any panties on and he began to play. He did everything he wanted to the night before. They had couch sex and then went off to bed to fuck for hours.

Chanile made him breakfast in the morning. He left with just enough time to pick up Alice from the airport.”

Chapter VI The Affair Continues.

Jim Continues Writing:

“When Alice came home, life went on as usual. Opportunities to connect with

Chanile were seemingly nonexistent.

Then Jim learned that Alice was planning on visiting a friend outside of town one afternoon the following week. During one of Chanile's evening visits to Jim and Alice's, the subject came up. Alice volunteered the specifics and as Jim walked Chanile to the door, they planned on hooking up that afternoon. Chanile would take off an afternoon from work while the kids were at day care and her husband at work.

That night, as Jim made love to Alice, he was also thinking of holding Chanile in his arms again and how it would feel to fuck her fat pussy again. His mind kept going back and forth from making love to Alice and doing Chanile and he was thinking that all of this didn't exist weeks ago.

A week later, the day they planned on meeting, Chanile went to work in the morning and took off in the afternoon for a the fake dental appointment.

Alice had left to meet her friend and Jim jumped in the shower to get cleaned up for his clandestine meeting with Chanile.

She called him around noon to let him know that her train was canceled and that she'd be taking the next one in a half hour.

She was due to arrive home around one in the afternoon. He was anxiously awaiting her thinking of all the great kissing, fingering, sucking, and fucking they'd do. The expected time came and went. Minutes passed. He called her, and there was no answer. Then hours passes and still no answer. He couldn't figure out what happened to her. He felt so empty. What happened? His worry grew stronger by the minute.

Around 4:00 pm he peered out the front window to see Chanile's husband arrive with the children. Normally, she picked them up around 5:30 pm from the sitter and her husband never got home until 7:00 pm.

'This is all wrong,' Jim thought, 'what's happened?'

Jim went out to sit on the porch in hopes of learning more. Chanile's husband came out of the house, looked over to see Jim, and walked over to his porch.

Jim greeted him and asked, 'Is everything OK?'

“No, my life and the kid's lives are all upside down now. Chanile was in a train wreck this afternoon and she didn't make it. She's gone. I don't know what I'm going to do.”

It took a bit for all this to make sense for Jim. He was stupidified.

“Holy shit, I can't believe it. She was so young, a great mother, and such a energetic person. This is unreal – just can't believe it. If there's anything Alice and I can do to help, please let me know. We can watch the kids whenever you need time to take care of anything.”

“Thanks, I just might take you up on that.”

Jim was mentally processing this disaster. If he hadn't planned this afternoon with her, she'd be alive. His mind went on to, “If Alice hadn't left to see her friend, this wouldn't have happened.” He realized, “this is a tragedy, and my mind is trying to make me feel responsible and guilty.” And it was doing a damn good job of succeeding.

He mourned her loss and also his loss and was twisted with guilt. He hoped that Alice and Chanile's husband would never learn the truth. He'd have had enough time living with it himself, but if they knew, he'd just be devastated.

'Was this God's way of punishing him and Chanile for their sins?'

This God thing always confused him. Jim was never a religious person, but why did this happen? He began to question his not believing.

Even though he only knew Chanile for a few weeks, he felt that something had died within him as well. He could understand her husband's loss.

Chanile's husband said, "I'm going to take my devastation for now, and yes, I would appreciate it if you could watch the children from time to time. I don't know, I just don't know. Instead of planning a trip for us all, I'm going to be planning her funeral. It's just sucks.

Fortunately, her mother is around to help out with the arrangements and she may be coming to stay a while and help with the kids."

"We're here, anything we can do, just call."

Chanile's husband walked away on his path to making some semblance of what was left of his life.

Jim was left with his guilt and anguish. He didn't know which was worse and this was a secret he'd have to keep until his dying day. If Chanile's husband or Alice ever discovered his shenanigans with Chanile, he'd really feel like a chump.

Helping out with Chanile's children was the least of what he could do. After all, they were all that was left of Chanile—the only contact he'd ever have with Chanile.

He, the old bull, had actually fallen in love with Chanile and he'd never be able to tell her. She was gone.

Later, that evening, when Alice got home, Jim shared the terrible news. Alice couldn't believe it. She practically collapsed in Jim's arms. She had become attached to Chanile in this short time another way—as a surrogate mother.

"Why did this happen," Alice asked?

Of the two of us, Alice was the religious one. She was the church goer. Jim went on to query, "Why did God take Chanile from her two children? What purpose could it possibly serve? Did he punish her? But for what? And if he did, why punish the children by taking away their mother?"

This just didn't make sense to her as she searched for a something to make sense out of this nonsense.

Jim said, “Honey, of the two of us, you're the more religious one. Seems that religion looks at this in one of two ways of which neither make sense to me. First, like I said, God is punishing her or someone who loves her for something. But why punish the children?

Secondly, God has a purpose for her in heaven. He’s taking her to a better place. Really, a purpose better than being a mother to her children?” he asked satirically.

“Which could it be,” asked Alice? “Neither makes any sense to me.”

She added, “Maybe God is testing her husband?”

Sure, Jim replied facetiously, “Yeah, like God might be testing the children too. That testing crap sounds kinda stupid to me. Why in the hell would some super “all knowing deity,” be so insecure that he’d need to test anyone? Does he test dogs and cats too?”

Both of those reasons depend on God being some kind of deity that follows the actions of every one of us—that's millions and millions and millions of us not only in the now but for all of history and all of the future. And then, does it stop there? There are all of our animals and pets. And if it extends to them, why wouldn't it extend to each and every bird, rat, or even insects?”

'Yes, she exclaimed, he'd be watching everything!'

Jim just hated the crap that Alice always brought up to explain crap that happens like it somehow connected with God.

“But honey, from your perspective, God is a very powerful being. He created the universe. He's the smartest of all of us. So, I have a problem.”

'What's that Jim?'

“It’s the same problem I always have. I'd have to be one egotistical son of a bitch to believe that the most powerful deity in the universe would give a shit about what happens to me. Why would I be any more important than the ant I stepped on? No, I don't believe that there's a deity figuring out ways of testing us or capable of “divine intervention,” to save our asses if he’s feels we deserve saving. I don't believe that there's a being that determines our purposes in life. I think it's up to each of us with free will to find our purpose in life.”

“Believe me honey; what you say brings up some questions I haven’t wanted to address. I’ve always been a scripture person and went by what’s in the scriptures. And, I’ve poopooed your disbelief, but as I’m getting older, maybe I should step back and be more open minded as I try to make some sense of it all. So, what do you think, honey?”

“Well, I do not believe that anything happens for a reason. Things happen because of how the laws of physics, gravity, and so on come together. Some mechanical or human error happened on that train. No god stood by to teach the survivors of all those who died a lesson to take those who died to a better place where he needed them. That’s just plain stupid thinking. Let me ask you a question.”

“OK, what?”

“You believe in the bible, right?”

“Yes, I do!”

“OK, when the bible was written centuries ago, did anyone who wrote or interpreted the many versions of the bible know anything about gravity?”

“Well, no gravity wasn’t understood until 16 centuries later.”

“So, we can say that no one during the biblical era knew anything about physics, mathematics beyond simple arithmetic, chemistry, biology, or even



probability?”

“Guess so, why?”

“It seems to me that throughout history whenever man could not comprehend how something worked, he attributed it to a god of some sort. In this case, the one and only Jehovah, God. Can we think that instead of God being a who, God is a what?”

“What the hell are you taking about? Are you going bonkers? The bible says we’re created in ‘His Image.’”

“So you assume that means that God looks human?”

“Yes, what else could it mean?”

“Check it out; even theologians of hundreds of years ago didn’t believe that phrase meant what you just said. They really don’t know what it means.”

“I think we’ve gotten away from the loss of Chanile and into space someplace.”

“Yes, you are right, but I’m trying to put all of this together. I read a book titled, Prosper with the Power of God on Your Side by some guy who as a youngster was very religious. He says that rather than try to interpret what the bible says which has been done for thousands of years by thousands of monks and scholars resulting in thousands of versions with different meanings even for simple words, it’s more important to study the history of the church – how all this came about.

For instance, the bible you hold close to your heart is the King James version. In it, it proclaims sex out of wedlock to be a sin, correct?”

“Yes, having sex before marriage is considered a sin.”

“Right, but do you know there were two sects of the Catholic Church back

around 300 AD? One sect of the Catholic Church that believed Christ was a gifted person as opposed to being 'one with God.' That sect also used their nuns as prostitutes to generate funds for their building projects. I'm not going to get into all the details, but the bottom line is that there are hundreds of inconsistencies in the interpretation of the scriptures.”

'I've never heard of that,' proclaimed Alice!

'Most of us don't study history, we listen to ministers who are supposedly experts on the bible—but that's limited to their interpretation of the monk's interpretations. Anyway, that sect was wiped out by the emperor Constantine in the first Holy War - totally obliterated. Well, they may not have called it a Holy War at that time, but it was in the name of God.

Getting back to what I was saying about mathematics, physics, and so on. We all agree that God is 'all knowing', right'?

Alice nodded. Alice didn't know where this was going with this argument, but it was something different to think about instead of the hurt from Chanile's passing. But then her brain was too overwhelmed by all of this.

'Then, wouldn't God know everything there is to know about mathematics?'

She nodded again with a grimace on her face that said, “so what!”.

'But how much did mankind know about mathematics when the scriptures were written? Very little? Would God know everything there is to know about physics?'

She again nodded and again asked, 'So what?' This was getting boring to her.

'Well God would know everything about not only mathematics and physics, but also about chemistry, biology, probability and so on. These are the laws of nature—the laws of the universe.

In the book, he explains that these laws define how everything happens in the

universe. Two thousand years ago we knew very little about these laws. In fact, as I said before, if ancient man didn't understand something, he attributed to or blamed it on some god.

Today, we know more about these laws but still maybe only 20% of all there is to know about these laws. Hell, I mean there are physicists who claim that space can fold, universes thrive in black holes, worm holes exist that can be used for galactic travel. The author says that all laws are related; so instead of having many laws, they are only one law as the 'law of the universe.'

If God is the 'law of the universe,' then, what happens to us is about how we interact with these laws. The tornado is the laws of the universe in action. If we chose to build a home where tornadoes are known to exist, then there's no deity aiming it to our house for a purpose, it just happens. We took a gamble by building there—the probability of them happening is very high in certain areas. And the law of probability is part of the 'law of the universe.'

The young child that falls into the swimming pool and drowns is not because a deity is calling the child home to heaven, it's because the child defied the laws of gravity (a basic law of the universe).

Chanile really didn't die because she was being punished or for a purpose of some deity, she died because the train crashed because of the laws of the universe. The law says that if the engineer drives the train too fast around a curve, it will come off the track which is what happened – a human error.”

'It's all so confusing and over whelming,' cried Alice. 'If what you say is true, then you are a manifestation of God (the laws of the universe) and in a sense you are God. And, then, I'm God. Everyone is God.”

“Holy shit, honey, that's only the tip of the ice berg. Everything is a manifestation of the law of the universe including every living and non living thing and every planet and universe, and intelligent or living forms on all other planets.”

“Get this: The ways that the law of the universe came together to make

mankind also resulted in free will and intelligence beyond other living things we know, so that we may discover more about how the law (god) works and with our evolving brain, create the purpose of our lives, creativity to solve problems, intelligence to learn how to improve our chances of living with the law. For instance, building stronger homes to resist tornadoes or monster hurricanes, predict earth quakes, tame flooding rivers, learn to improve and lengthen life span and so on.

But things don't happen for a reason – no f'n way. They just happen according to the laws of the universe. It's up to us to either be destroyed mentally by tragedy or turn it into something else or maybe even benefit from it. All this has to do with mankind discovering how the law of the universe works—not a deity using humans as chess pieces on a board.”

## Chapter VII—The Shocking Truth

Alice writes:

‘You're sounding like some kind of preacher beyond New Age. But, my darling Jim, (in a facetious tone) I put it all together and I know that Chanile died because you were having an affair with her, and she took off early to meet you while I was out of town visiting my friend?’

Alice saying that was like a dagger in Jim's heart. Here all this bull shit about religion, God, and the laws of the universe became a blip in his mind. Alice just blurted out the truth that he hoped she and no one else would ever suspect. What was he to do?

The answer was simple, he squirmed in his chair like a 6 yrs old again. His mind flashed back to when he was 6. He had just discovered the pleasure of playing with his penis. One time, he was in his bed thinking his mother was downstairs. He started stroking his dick and suddenly his mother walked in on him. He felt so ashamed and just squirmed His mother just laid down his laundry or his dresser and left. Never a word was ever said. But certainly this time, words would be said. He was hoping he could think of something to say to save his sorry ass, and thought, “Christ, the gig is up, this could also be the end of my marriage.

His mind went reeling about what all this would mean if Alice dumped his sorry ass. He'd probably have to find a place and move out. He was the one that fucked up. "What a stupid shit am I? I lost Chanile and my wife in one f'n day. Guess I'm going to hell if there is one."

He quickly decided that rather than try to make little of this or deny it or explain it, he'd just come clean. Maybe it was the guilt that got to him. He could not imagine how bad this could get but, somehow his life would go on. He was thinking, "I just wish humans weren't so fucking frail and possessive and could just be grown ups instead of babies being possessive. So, he just acquiesced and said, "Damn, honey, I can't hide anything from you. You're so damn perceptive and yes, I feel guilty as hell because she died coming to see me."

"I knew the first day she moved in and lost her phone that there was something going on between the two of you."

Jim started thinking, "This is going to be the beginning of the longest berating ever," and followed up by saying, "And you never said anything, or got upset?"

"At first, I had a twinge of jealousy, but I've known you most of my life, and if I love you, I love everyone you love too. As I got to know her, she found a place in my heart too. You also seemed to come alive again with her around. I liked that newfound excitement. Even though you probably thought of her a lot, our love seemed stronger and new."

"Holy shit," he thought. "My wife is incredible. I can't believe this. I can't say I'd not be jealous as hell if she found some young stud and was fucking my wife!"

The effect of all his fears still lingered in his brain and he wasn't quite sure of what to say. He was just afraid he'd say the wrong thing and all the hell he feared would come true.

But, still feeling guilty as hell, he admitted, "Losing her is terrible, she was

also an incredibly fantastic person.”

“ I never thought I’d say anything like this, but in a way, she was a gift for both of us, and we’ll both miss her. We’re going to mourn her for a long time, and we have each other.’

“I have to admit that I honestly thought that if you ever found out, you’d hate me and want to cut off my balls.”

'Well, the thought crossed my insecure mind, but then my secure mind took over. It actually seemed that your love grew stronger for me as you were seeing her. You were even more attentive and charming than you usually are. But, aside from that, I don't look at your love as something you owe me. Na, not at all. I feel privileged to have you in my life. I don't own you and you owe me anything. I only hope that you also feel privileged to have me in your life.

And as long as you choose to love and be with me, I'm a very privileged lady. Not to say that should you ever decide to leave me, I'd be very disappointed and very hurt. Not because of you leaving or going with someone else, but because I let my self esteem and who I am be connected to being your wife and I'd have to disengage that myself from that and move on.

And besides, what are the chances of another hot sexy chick moving in next door?'

“Jim had to sit back and think about the incredible things she said. He thought he was progressive in his thinking, but Alice was wiping up his ass with her realization of how our relationship was connected to her self-esteem. He just had to ask, “Where in the heck did that progressive thinking about self-esteem come from?”

“Well, you are not the only person that reads a book from time to time. You’re going to laugh but I found this silly book on Amazon. The title was so cute, I just could not resist reading it”

“Really, what was the title and who wrote it?”

“I don’t remember the author’s name but it was co-authored by Dr. Joe Vitale and I know he’s written tons of books. But the title was strange, My Dog Got Run Over by a Rainbow. It was something about self-esteem. I had to read it three times before it all made sense to me.”

“Uhhh,” muffled Jim as they both had an uncomfortable strange laugh to break the ice of the moment. “Strange that you should say that. I've always felt privileged to have you in my life too. But if the shoe were reversed, I'm not so sure I could handle it as well as you did. I might become unglued. But I'd always love you! I know I've become addicted to having you in my life.

You know, we're speaking a strange language here? Most couples can't do this. They get into blame and calling it cheating and being very possessive. They go on and on about their marriage vowels and so on.”

Alice responds, “I'm glad we're not like most couples - we have something special in our relationship. From the spiritual perspective, from what you said before, you are God and I am God. And God can't be hurt by anything you can do. I can only choose to be hurt. It would be my choice to feel hurt. You can't make me feel hurt or blame it on you.”

“Wow, your perception of this has blown me away. Getting back to Chanile: Yes, Chanile was a great person, and I know my relationship with her would have never impacted my love for you. Guess she was like a seventh inning stretch in our marriage. Eventually, it probably would have ended.”

There was a long pause, and then Alice popped out with, 'Or, it might have gone on forever. Who knows, we might have had a threesome.'

“Ah, now you're being naughty.”

“And I know, my sweetheart, Jim, you loovve naughty, and your bucket list has one less thing to do,” and they both chuckled.

“Uhhmm,” uttered Jim

