

# TANGLED AFFAIRS SERIES

## Part 1 (M/F)

### The Greeting and Day One

With my spouse out of town, I have the house all to myself. I didn't mention to anyone about him being gone; no one except for my exclusive lover Richard. He has occupied my dreams and occasionally a hotel bed for the past three years. We began our slow burning tryst seven years before that; therefore it is almost like it is our tenth anniversary.

There isn't anything we can't tell each other. There isn't anything we would not do for each other. Well, that is not exactly true, we won't leave our spouses and we won't hurt them for anything, not even each other.

We have discretion down to a science, we don't travel in the same circles, dine at the same places, and we don't even attend the same movie theaters.

This was going to be the first time that he came to my house to stay more than a few hours. We were planning to spend five nights together and never leave the house in between.

I have grocery shopped and sex toy shopped, along with paying for lots and lots of minutes on my favorite porn streaming site. All the shades have been pulled down and new candles strategically scattered through the house for atmosphere.

I have everything in place for when he is to be dropped off by a taxi which is scheduled to arrive in one hour.

Time for my shower, while shaving my legs, I give shaving my pussy a try. I had picked out some new lotion called Bewitching, a kind of spicy sexy smell. After my shower, I coat my entire body with it before rolling on a pair of thigh high leggings; each leg goes almost to my crotch from my ankle. I got the ones with the heart shapes embedded in them. I don't do high heels so I bought the ones that have no feet; he loves to lick the top of my foot anyway. On goes some red polish on my fingers and toenails and a couple of toe rings, and I am set from the thighs down.

I decided earlier that instead of a classy expensive nightie that was going to get ruined in the frenzy tonight, I am wearing one of his pure white collared shirts that comes down right past my red snug boy shorts underwear. I have my long deep grey pearl necklace on over the shirt. I can't wait to wrap my pearls around his wet shaft, swirling them up and down. I have put a loosely hanging braid on each side of my head with grey pearls that run through them, they will make awesome handles for him, later.

I check the clock and only minutes to spare, I walk throughout the house lighting candles, turn on the oven to start the homemade lasagna and wait on the couch. Time seems to stand still before the doorbell rings.

As I open the door, Richard takes two steps back mumbling, "Whoa!" then I step aside so he can enter. He lifts the bottom of the shirt to gaze at the boy shorts and stocking tops. As soon as I shut and lock the door, he turns me around and pins my back to the cold door.

His kiss is maddening, filled with so much desire. His right hand has a firm grip on my jaw as he thrusts his tongue inside, possessing me completely.

When we come up for air it is only because the timer is going off in the kitchen, it is time to put the French bread in the oven. I have the tray ready so when we get to the kitchen I just reset the timer for ten minutes and put the tray in the oven. I turn and say, "Richard, we have ten minutes, what would you like to do?"

Without any words Richard saunters to me, grabs both sides of the collar and leans in to kiss me. He instructs me to turn around and touch my toes. As I am bent over he begins rubbing my ass cheeks before he suddenly yanks my underwear to the floor. I hear him breathlessly mutter, "Nice, so smooth, I love it Shannon," as he notices that I have shaved for the first time.

Pulling on my braids, I need to stand up and he points for me to climb up on the kitchen island as he declares dessert before dinner. Once I climb up, he runs his hands inside my thighs, and then gently pulls my dampening lips apart. The hidden pearl at the top of my valley is throbbing as he lightly blows cool air on it. He tells me not to move and goes to the freezer for an ice cube. Drip, drip, and drip the very cold drops land on the valley until he suddenly thrust two fingers and the ice cube deep into my pussy.

As I am gasping, he tells me to pinch my nipples through the shirt. He says he wants to watch while I watch him suck the water and juices that are flowing out of me. I am so close to cumming as we are locked on each other's eyes.

Suddenly, I am startled by the oven timer going off which makes him rise up and abandons my needs. He tends to the stove and tells me to put my undies back on so my juices don't soak my very sexy stockings.

After a nice meal, we clean up the kitchen while we rub against each other, tweak body parts that pass by and make lewd comments about protruding body parts. I cannot stop from gawking at his huge shaft traveling down the left side of his shorts.

I wish Richard's shorts were shorter; I would love to see the tip poking out the bottom. He must have known what I was thinking as he told me to sit on the coffee table edge in the living room.

While he walked towards me, he released his monster and dropped his shorts on the floor. Standing a foot from me, he begins stroking his dick, pushing pre-cum up and out of the slit. He swipes the liquid with two fingers and holds his digits towards my lips, then quickly pulls them away. As I start to protest, he sucks his fingers off himself. All I can do is groan; it is so hot seeing him do that.

I figure a little payback is in order and thrust two fingers inside my pussy rapidly swirling them around. I stand up to bring my fingers to his lips but when I leave his mouth open with no reward, he looks on, anticipating me sucking my fingers for him. Instead, I swipe my wet fingers over the head of his cock and while he is still moaning, I lower my mouth onto his shaft and suck it all back off.

I sit back down on the coffee table as he reaches for my braids. He begins wrapping the hair around his hands and pulls tight. As Richard steps forward he runs his glistening cock along my jaw line, my

cheeks and nose. I open my mouth and stretch my tongue out flat, awaiting his magnificent log. He slides his shaft back and forth a few times on my tongue before yanking his hands towards his hips, causing me to gag. He holds his cock to the back of my throat tightly with the braids, bouncing his hands to create a gyrating effect. When he releases his grip and my mouth slides off his cock, thick saliva stays connecting us both. He leans down to kiss me.

He then guides me by the braids to the end of the couch forcing me to bend over it. I can feel his hands sliding up from my ankles to my ass. Down went my underwear again. In went his tongue, right up my ass crack. He pushed outwardly from the inside of my knees as he began to fuck my littlest hole with his piercing tongue. I was already holding my breath as two fingers searched inside of my pussy lips and grabbed a hold of my clit. He pinched my clit so hard that I winced, and my reward was the flat of his tongue on my asshole and three fingers fucking my pussy. As I came, he withdrew everything and put his face as far inside my pussy as he could to drink my juices. The feeling was incredible.

Without removing his face, he lifts my legs as he stands up and once he is balanced, he trades his face for his bone hard cock. While he pounds away in my pussy, he pulls my right braid and brings my face to his. He is growling for me to lick his face clean.

Richard continues slamming into me until he shoots his load deep in my womb. He drops my legs to the ground and quickly lay on the coffee table trying to catch his breath. "Shannon, bring that incredible twat over here and let me taste our cream pie we just created," he begs. As I stand there with body juices seeping out of me, I watched his

dick slowly coming back to life. I want to wrap my lips around it as it is growing so that I can feel it expanding. I straddle his face and try to lean forward. He put his muscular arms around my thighs, effectively locking my body over his face as he pulled down tightly. He sucks and licks and moans inside of me, drawing out all of our combined fluids.

I can feel the orgasm in me building. The combination of his enthusiasm and looking on in awe as his cock reaches rock hard status once again. There is a slight change in his grip on me and then a slap on my ass as he yells more, he wants more. I groan and can feel my belly contracting as the thrill washes over me, expelling his “more”.

Slap, slap, and another slap rings out as he sucks as hard as he can on my already overused pussy. I glance back at his raging hard on just in time to see it explode on its own. He is so completely turned on that he actually came without any friction.

I am overcome with lust as I stand up; swing my leg around so I could look at my man. With a Cheshire grin, I ask, “Tongue bath or hot shower?” I am a little relieved that he wants hot shower because I need one too.

While the water is warming up, I lick all over his chest and stomach. I give special attention to his nipples although liquid sugar hadn't reached them. Richard moans with delight as my nipples rub down his abs on my way to sucking sweet goodness out of the thicket of hair just above his prized meat.

His voice sounds strangled as he announces, “There is cum on the top of my right foot and between two of the toes.” I don't see any but humor him by sitting on the floor and raising his foot to my mouth. I

reach up to pet his balls with my left hand. With my right hand, I position his foot with toes pointed down and began running the flat of my tongue all over the top of his sensitive foot. I feel as his balls start to tighten while I poke my pointy tongue between his big toe and the next one. His dick begins to rise faster and faster as I rapidly dart between each toe.

The room was filled with steam by this point, I turned the faucet to warm so we could climb in and bask in the still hot water from the double heads protruding from both ends. The lust in his eyes is breathtaking, he looks straight at my nipples, “Cum for me by just touching your breasts, I want to watch you, Shannon.”

I grabbed both nipples and stretched them out as far as I can. I begin pinching the meaty flesh on both breasts, leaving red marks randomly all over them. I hold my left breast tightly from underneath and begin slapping the top of my wet tit. My head is thrown back, eyes closed and approaching a climax when I feel a sting across my right breast. In shock, I open my eyes to find him wielding a very thin green ribbed anal vibrator and he begins slashing at my breast. He aggressively grabs my left hand and yanks it out from under my breast. He moves forward and puts the vibrator between both breasts as he whips the stick from left to right, torturing just the tips of my nipples over and over.

My orgasm explodes with such force that I see stars. At some point, I pass out and he must have carried me to bed. Here I am waking, in the dark, curled up in his arms in my bed. I begin to cry, as this is the first time we have ever spent the night in the same bed.

For ten years, we have lived off of stolen moments or if the stars aligned right for a couple of hours. I start to drift off to sleep, content after my little breakdown.

Awakening once again to confusion, I struggle to get my grasp on reality. The unmistakable smells of breakfast are filling the air. Just as I am about to come out from under the comforter, he walks in carrying a tray. The aroma is heavenly, and the sight is pure heaven. He adorned my frilly short apron and nothing else. Clearly, making breakfast made Richard very excited.

I close my eyes, in an attempt to burn the image into my mind. The strong smell of maple syrup causes me to open my eyes and then my mouth. This lovely man that I am so in love with, has a strip of syrup covered French toast displayed over his incredible cock at my face level. I stretch my tongue out to lick the syrup as it drips off his slit. His groan is so deep in his throat that I can't stop myself from taking another swipe. I turn my head to the side and suck up the mouthful of syrupy bread.

While I am chewing the tasty treat, he starts shaking a can of whip cream. I realized he had to have brought it with him because I didn't buy any. He asks me to lay back; as I do he comes towards me armed with the whip cream can and chocolate syrup. The very cold sensation of both flavors as they hit my nipples is incredibly sexy.

That sensation pales in comparison as the huge ice cold strawberries are dipped into each color and pushed against my mouth. I can only eat half of the oversized berry. He double dips before eating the remainder of it. A gasp escapes my lips as he roughly strokes my right nipple with the bumpy strawberry before taking the first bite. I



thought he was going to give me the second bite, however instead he scoops up the pre-come from his dick tip with the berry before feeding it to me. While I chew, he sucks my breasts clean.

He feeds us with utensils until the meal is done. When I ask for a drink, it really hits me just how romantic this glorious man actually is. I watch as he takes a cup of orange juice then leans it up, meanwhile tilts my head back as he lets it drip down into my wanting mouth. It is beyond my wildest dreams; this is the most erotic meal that we have ever shared.

“Is it alright?” he pauses, “If I put my penis in your delicate mouth?” He suddenly seems shy although I don’t know why. I nod and grin letting him know that I like the idea.

He lifts me up so my back is against the headboard. I watch in amazement as he balled up the comforter and threw it to the floor in haste.

Starting at the foot of the bed, he climbs up, wobbling just a bit. He begins to chant a strip tease tune as he playfully moves the apron up and down, side to side. I can’t believe I am sitting here, watching him be so carefree and silly as he is giving me glances of his hard cock and full balls. As he unties the apron, he is egged on by my cheering and clapping. He removes the apron, twirls it and sailing across the room it goes. As it hits the door knob to the bedroom door before falling to the floor, I turned my attention back to his naked body.

He gyrates his way up to my gaping mouth as I await the soft velvet skin that is covering his hard dick to be placed between my lips. I

run my tongue around the underside of the crown. Round and round I roam until he screams, “Stop!”

Looking up at him, I can see him anguish over his predicament. My mouth visibly open for him to use, he has both his hands on my head, gripping tightly just under my ears. He whispers, “Shannon, you are the most beautiful woman that I have ever known. It scares me that I know that I can lose all control so easily.”

“I want to look into your eyes as you lose control with my body,” I assure him.

As he begins thrusting his engorged dick into my mouth so hard, my head hits the headboard.

I am mesmerized by the need in his eyes as his dick is going further and further down my throat with each attack. The constant pressure at my throat is made tighter as his cock flexes when I can hear him yell, “Drown in it bitch, take all of my cum!”

I swallow as best I can with the head lodged down my throat while a steady stream of cum fills my stomach. When he releases me, I gasp for air and slouch down a bit.

As he drops to the bed, he sits across my legs, with one knee on each side and his butt on my knees. Tears fall from his eyes as he chants how sorry he is as I try to figure out what his regret is about. Holding his face, I kiss him passionately before he pulls away to say, “I have never called you or anyone a bitch before, I feel so bad, please forgive me,” he confesses as he leans against my naked chest.

Here I am, having had one of the most erotic encounters of my life and I need to convince him that I am more than fine with it. “I know the passion took over Richard. That was incredible, I got to see the lust take over in your eyes as you went to a place I have never seen you go. It was amazing, thank you,” I reason.

We hold each other for quite some time when the silence is broken by him, “Would you like to watch a movie with me?”

“What kind of movie?” I wiggle my eyebrows while I ask.

“Vixen!” he exclaims, “I brought a DVD copy of every movie that we ever had to see separately for the last ten years. Pretty corny, huh?”

Will this man ever run out of surprises? I am so in awe by his romantic side, and clearly his sexual prowess. Wow, ten years of gathering movies in the hopes that someday he and I would watch them together.

He flips open his suitcase, sure enough, oodles of unwrapped movies. He picks one and we make our way to the living room. We lounge around sipping sweet tea and occasionally eating from a meat, cheeses and cracker tray I had prepared yesterday. For most of the day we relax and watch several movies, taking a couple of cat naps in between.

As the sun heads off to set, we get things arranged for an enjoyable evening in the backyard. We light the Tiki torches, start the grill, and get the hot tub heating up. Steaks had been marinating for hours, baked potatoes, and corn on the cob are all waiting in a line to get tossed on the grill.

I had put on my long gray pearl necklace over my white tank top and white gym shorts. It looks stunning as I am wrapped in his arms since he was wearing a black tank top and black gym shorts.

As I sit on a bar stool drinking a longneck beer and rubbing the cold drippings across my white shirt at the nipple high level, he watches me intently. I offer him a beer and after a couple swigs, he places it on the barstool between my legs as he turns to flip steaks on the grill. As the bottle begins to sweat, the moisture is absorbing into my crotch. The coolness of the fabric is feeling great against my protruding clit.

I am watching the bubbles in the hot tub as he approaches and over exaggerates his grasp for his beer, thereby rubbing the back of his hand along my crotch. Just as I turned to look at him, he took the beer bottle away from his lips and let all the beer fall from his mouth onto my shorts.

With a grin befitting a Cheshire cat, he tips the beer bottle and places it over my right nipple. As he tips the bottle up and pushes harder onto my nipple, it reaches out on its own to stretch up into the bottle. The feeling is indescribable. He pulls the bottle away while allowing some beer to run down my chest. Richard lunges forward and sucks his beer off my shirt and then repeats it on the other side. As he sucks the beer off of that tit, he pours the remainder of the bottle all over my lap.

Chuckling at my discomfort, he suggests that I take my wet clothes off. I quickly say, "I will show you mine, if you will show me yours!" Somehow, he is naked before me and picks me up over his shoulder before climbing into the hot tub.

I stand up in the water in haste due to the quick temperature change. He laughs uncontrollably and points at my breasts. My shirt had suctioned on so tightly that my nipples appeared to be the size of mini marshmallows and hard as gobstoppers. He isn't laughing anymore when I whip my shirt off and shove my nipples in his face with incredible speed. I straddle his crotch and begin rubbing back and forth as my shorts refuse to allow his dick to climb inside its hiding place. I hear his desperate pleas in a shattered sentence but keep grinding on him as he begs for me to take my shorts off.

I decided to take pity on him and climb off his lap, peel the shorts out of my cracks and crevices then push them down my legs. As soon as my ass is exposed, I feel amazing warmth between my ass cheeks. I try to look behind me, but I can't twist. The heat is not his tongue, all fingers accounted for as they hold tight to my hips, I'm at a loss as to what it could be. As I run out of ideas, I feel that same heat from my clit straight back almost to my puckering backside hole. I am able to look down and see that he is rubbing beer bottles through my crotch after they have been heated by the hot tub.

Suddenly, he shouted for me not to move, my first thought being that a spider was close by. I couldn't have been more wrong; he has heated a beer bottle in the water and begins fucking my pussy with it. He tells me I am lucky we are drinking beer and not wine because he would be drilling me out wider and deeper with a big wine bottle. I cum with such force I worry I might break the glass.

I never saw where he put the bottles but when I settle down after that mind blowing orgasm, I am empty as I climb in his lap to rest. It is difficult to get comfortable in his lap due to the raging boner that keeps

throbbing. With almost no strength available to me, I turn to straddle his legs with my back to him.

I reached my right hand up behind his neck and pulled him forward so I can talk in his ear. I tell him I can't move, I am spent, so if he can do all the work, I would like him to fuck my ass while I sit here like a ragdoll. He didn't need to be asked twice, he shifts just a bit and suddenly I am skewered on his dick. He starts lifting my body at the waist and pumping up and down so ferociously that water is lapping over the sides of the hot tub. His hands slide up to my jolting tits and he grabs on tight. A nipple pokes thru a set of fingers on each hand as he squeezes the ample flesh so tight they don't jiggle as I slam down on his cock. His moaning becomes more desperate sounding as I beg for him to shoot off in my ass.

He is cumming with such force it seems to surprise even him as he bites down on my shoulder just as hard, to steady his body. Richard begins to slouch back against the side wall as he pulls me to him, not releasing his shrinking penis.

I must have nodded off because my eyes fly open with a startling revelation, dinner! I try to leap off his lap to go and check on the dinner but he won't let go. He assures me it was turned down onto warm before we got in the hot tub.

As the tension subsides, I become aware of some discomfort on my shoulder. I reached up and run my fingers over the tender area. I start laughing as I recall his struggle to gain control of his earth shaking orgasm by holding on with his teeth.

As I shift to look in his eyes, there is man looking at his woman with all the love that is possible. It is a heart stopping moment for me, how can I let him go in 3 days?