

CFNM Seduced By The Asian MILF Neighbor

At 21, I'd already had a lustful crush on my hot Asian MILF neighbor Kim for a few years, her voluptuous body driving me crazy every time I laid eyes on her. She was somewhere in her 40's and from what I'd heard around town, a very popular woman when she was younger, and it was easy to see why. Even now she was still a real head-turner, her full curves, and heavy breasts tapping into something primal, making you just want to bend her over and take her right there on the spot. Kim knew she was sexy too and had no problem dressing in such a manner as to drive all the men wild, Her massive natural breasts always threatening to spill out of her low v-cut tops, the midriff cut out, exposing her stomach, her tight shorts worn low on her hips, the bright red of her sexy panties clearly visible on her hips, her thick black hair draped casually over one shoulder as she walked, her toned well-shaped thighs pumping. Many of the women in her age bracket hated her, probably not liking the not so subtle looks their husbands would cast her way, but my Mom, who I lived next door to Kim with, was single as my Dad had left the scene years ago and they were friends. Sometimes Kim would join my Mom for a few drinks and they would spend the afternoon laughing together and I would find excuses to hang around, perverting on Kim. Kim surely knowing how horny she made me but never crossing any lines with me, especially in front of Mom. I understood why I was off-limits to Kim but it was still frustrating, I'm 21 and a man. I work out and look after my body. I'd love for her to look at me with the same hunger in her sensual almond eyes that I have for her, but the most I've ever got was a flirty smile and maybe some bending over that was more for me than for picking something up, or at least seemed so at the time, my cock instantly swelling at her rump's full display, but that might just be my overactive lust creating signals where there are none. My Mom was going out for the weekend with some workmates and so I was standing in the driveway saying goodbye as she got in the car, a list of things for me to do and especially not to do getting rattled off as she powered down the window. "I know, Mom, it's ok. The house will still be here when you get back." "I know sweetie, I can't help it, I'll always be your Mom." "Haha, ok Mom, have fun." "You too," Mom replies as she looks over her shoulder and backs out, Kim walking down her driveway and waving as well as Mom leaves. "Hi Jake, Where's Cynthia off to?" Kim says as we stand there, Kim looking sexy as fuck as usual. "Some kinda weekend retreat with workmates," I answer, my eyes sweeping her voluptuous body, every inch of her oozing pure sex appeal. "Oooh, does that mean I'll be hearing a party all night?" Kim asks with a smile. "Haha, I wouldn't dare, Mom would kill me. Probably just chill out I guess." "Ok then. See you, Jake," Kim says, turning and heading back to her house, her ass absolutely perfect, my eyes glued to them as I simply stand there enjoying the view. Turning around, Kim busts me staring and smiles, my face blushing as she disappears inside. Heading back into my own place, I sit on the couch and grab a controller, but after an hour or so feel too static and decide to go for a jog around the block once or twice. Changed into jogging gear, I set off, keeping a mellow pace, my thoughts wondering as I update my local neighborhood info, a small part of me keeping an eye out for reversing cars coming out of driveways, a leftover trait since a near miss a few years ago, while the rest of me feels the breeze, hears the sounds and enjoys the day, my heart rate slowly building. Doing a lap I pass my house, still keen for more, the sun pleasant on my face as I jog. Kim standing in her yard, watering some plants sees me and we exchange a wave and a smile. Fast forward a little and as I'm passing my house again I decide on a third lap, another wave and smile exchange with Kim happening as I pass, feeling a little comical now. Finishing the third lap with a sheen of sweat, I slow to a walk coming up my driveway. Kim's gone, presumably back inside or maybe watering some plants in her backyard. Entering the cool interior of my house I peel off my clammy shirt and make my way for the shower, dumping my sweaty clothes in the hamper and turning the water on. Showered and fresh, I wrap a towel around myself and head for the kitchen, keen for a cold drink. Bending over to grab a glass my towel becomes loose and drops off as I pour. Home alone I shrug my shoulders and take a sip of my drink, not caring I'm now naked. Cutting through the silence of the house is the louder than normal-sounding ding of our doorbell, the house filling with its chime. Scooping the towel up from the tiled floor, I hold it over my cock and walk to the door, opening it just enough to show my face, my naked body hiding behind it. Oh, hi Kim," I say, seeing Kim standing there, a smile on her face. "Hi, Jake. Is Cynthia home?" "No, she went to that workplace shindig, remember?" "Oh!" Kim says, tapping her forehead, "I can't believe I forgot, I was right there when she left too, haha." "No problem, Kim. Is there a message you want to leave?" I ask, my eyes roving over her sexy body, her small outfit making

my cock stir, a wooden door the only thing from stopping Kim from seeing just what effect she's having on my body. Frankly, I'm keen to jerk off while this image will be fresh in my mind, her perfume filling my nostrils and alluring me, her eyes smokey and sexual. "Hmm, it's a little bit complicated, would it be ok if I came in? It might take some explaining and the sun's really starting to bite," Kim says, running her hand down her neck and chest, stopping just short of trailing her cleavage, my eyes drawn to her full breasts. "Oh, sure, yeah. Just gimme a sec, I was in the shower, I only have a towel on actually-" I start to explain as Kim walks in, pushing the door open. Freaking out a little, I try to wrap the towel around myself properly but fumble and drop it instead, now standing naked in front of Kim, my cock half awake and now growing, the situation mortifying to me but apparently very arousing to him. Bending down, I finally get the towel right and wrap it around myself, my boner jutting awkwardly, obvious to anyone. During this entire ordeal, Kim simply stands there watching, a playful smile on her face, as I finally get the towel on, closing the door and feeling my face go beet red. The door closed and my throbbing cock straining against the towel, Kim finally puts on a 'woops' expression, "Sorry Jake! I shouldn't have just barged in like that, I didn't realize you were masturbating when I rang the doorbell." "I wasn't masturbating!" I say almost in a squeak, before coughing and trying again, "I wasn't masturbating, Kim." "It's ok, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Perfectly normal, especially for a fit young man such as yourself," Kim continues with a smile, obviously not believing me, my cock, if anything, now throbbing harder at the sound of Kim's mildly sexual talk, "Can we talk?" Kim continues, seeming to ignore the fact that I'm standing before her in just a towel with a pounding erection tenting it. "Uh, sure, of course," I answer, trying to make my cock less conspicuous but worried that I'm going to loosen it again if I fiddle too much. "Jake, honestly, don't worry about your boner, it's natural. Try to relax hey?" Kim says, a broad smile on her face, obviously enjoying my innocent blushing as I feel overwhelmed by this more experienced and mature woman, feeling out of my depth, a mouse caught in the hungry gaze of a cat. "Umm, yeah, ok," I answer, still trying to catch up, following her as she walks into our living room and sits near the middle of the couch, patting the spot next to her, inviting me to join her. Sitting down, my towel opening and sliding off one leg, my tent throbbing to my heartbeat, Kim openly looks me up and down, sending a shiver of excitement through my body, seeing her looking at me in a sexual way for the first time, no longer just the kid of my Mom, but an actual young man. "So, uh. What did you want to discuss, Kim?" I ask, my eyes meeting hers, her smile making me tingle and my cock redouble its throbbing. "Maybe later, Jake. Tell me, have you ever heard of Cee Eff Enn Emm?" Kim asks, her thick lips moving as she spells out an acronym. "CFNM?" I repeat, saying it out loud as well, testing it in my mind but coming up blank, "No, can't say that I have." "Really, I assumed boys your age spent every waking moment looking at dirty videos, haha. It stands for Clothed Female Nude Male and it happens to be my utmost favorite kind of porn, Jake," Kim explains, her eyes locked with mine as she seems to try and gauge my reactions to her suddenly talking dirty to me for the first time. My heart beating a little faster as I hear the mildly smutty words fall from her lips. "Clothed female nude male? How does, umm, like how does the porn happen if she has her clothes on?" "Haha, often, the kind of porn you're referring to, doesn't happen. That's not to say there isn't an opportunity for the man to have...a very nice time too though, as it were." "I suppose a blowjob can still happen, can't it?" I say, creating a scene in my head where I'm completely naked and making out with a woman on my bed, all her clothes still on, "Dry humping and stuff, I guess?" "Blowjobs, certainly, if the man deserves them, not much in the way of dry-humping in my experience though, Jake," Kim says, enjoying my complete lack of knowledge on something she obviously likes and partakes in, "Does that sound like something you might be at all interested in?" "Haha, it looks like I'm actually almost doing it already, Kim," I say, referring to my body being wrapped in only a towel, my cock proud and pulsing. "Yes. Yes you are almost there already, aren't you, Jake?" Kim says, a hunger coming across her face, her bottom lip bitten as she once again sweeps her gaze over my body, making me ache with desire for her, "Stand up, Jake. Stand in front of me." Looking at her and hearing the subtle yet definite change in her tone and the slight flushing that's now coloring her cheeks. I get up from the couch slowly and stand in front of her, my cock tenting the towel awkwardly as I stand there, wishing I had pockets to put my hands in, eventually opting to clasp them behind my back as Kim sits back into the couch, her legs seesawing open and closed, her crotch right before me, the bulge of her sex apparent in her tight little shorts. "Drop the towel, Jake," Kim says simply, her voice becoming a purr, "Drop the towel and let me see that handsome cock of yours again." Her words hitting me like a physical blow, a gasp a little, shocked but extremely turned on, her legs seesawing like she's excited and can't wait, the idea

of a mature MILF like her wanting to see my cock so badly helping me act as my hands grab my towel and loosen it, feeling as it swishes down my legs and I stand before Kim, completely naked and feeling vulnerable, once again not sure what to do with my hands until I clasp them behind my back again, my cock pointing at Kim and pulsing to my heartbeat, her eyes locked on it, watching as it throbs. “Yes. Yes, Jake. Very good. You have a beautiful cock, thick and heavy looking,” Kim purrs, her legs seesawing faster, her cheeks flushing, “Come stand a little closer.”

Taking a step, and then another, Kim stops seesawing her legs and leaves them open, inviting me to come another step closer, bringing me between her legs. “You like me, Jake? You think I’m attractive?” “Yes, Kim,” I say, feeling exhilarated at admitting it to her. “I thought so, I’ve seen you watching me. Perving on me,” Kim purrs, watching my cock as it throbs for a few seconds before continuing, “Have you ever jerked off while thinking about me?” “Yes.” I say, my throat suddenly dry, my answer coming out in a cracked squeak. “Yes? How many times, Jake? How many times have you stroked that big fat cock of yours while imagining it was sliding inside my tight little cunt?” Kim asks, her words making me shudder with pleasure, hearing her talk so bluntly such a turn on. “I...I don’t know, Kim. Lots of times.” “So many times you’ve lost count?” Kim asks, her voice a honeyed purr. “Yeah.” “Mmm, that’s nice,” Kim says, a hand sliding up her belly and cupping her breast, me watching as she squeezes it, her thumb and forefinger pulling her nipple as she gets more excited, “Jerk it for me now, Jake. Let me see you stroke that handsome cock of yours.”

Looking at her, spread wide on my couch, her hand fondling and massaging her breasts, her expression one of such complete and utter horny lust, I don’t need asking twice, my hand wrapping around my cock and stroking slowly, my other hand grabbing my balls, keeping it all tight as I stroke, my pre-come getting spread along my shaft as I crank for Kim. “Mmm, yes. That’s it, Jake. Jerk that cock for me. You like that, don’t you, jerking off while I watch?” Kim purrs, her voice getting lower as she squirms a little on the couch, her hand rubbing her tit at the same pace that I’m jerking off slowly. “Yes, Kim,” I admit, excited at this new experience and enjoying it immensely. “Mmm, play with your balls while you stroke, Jake, play with them for me.”

Doing as she says, I fondle and rub my balls as I jerk off, Kim’s eyes feasting on my display, her cheeks very flushed now, her pelvis squirming in her tiny shorts. “Yesss, yes, that’s it. Yes, very good, Jake. So nice,” Kim purrs almost under her breath, sitting up on the couch, her lower half rocking on the seat as her hand plays and tweaks with her nipple through the thin fabric of her top, “Get on the floor, Jake, lie down.” She adds, leaning close, watching my cock from just a few inches away, her eyes fixated on it. Hearing her need, I get down onto the warm carpet of the floor, laying down, wondering if she’s maybe going to forget the CFNM thing and ride me now. Stepping over me, one foot planted non either side of my thighs, Kim looks down at me, her figure beautiful and a little imposing from this angle, “Keep stroking, Jake, I want to watch you come on yourself,” Kim tells me, letting me in on what she wants.

Watching her hips and pelvis gyrate slowly in silent lust, her hand still on her breasts, I start to stroke myself again, holding my balls with the other hand as I watch her as intently as she watches me. “Mmm, that’s it, Jake. Stroke it. Make it come. I want to see your cock exploding. Make it explode for me,” Kim purrs, her free hand sliding to her shorts and slipping down the front of them, her fingers clearly circling her clit a moment later. Watching my fantasy MILF play with her pussy right in front of me kicks it up a gear and I stroke myself faster, turned on beyond belief, listening out for her quiet and subtle moans of pleasure as she gyrates above me, her fingers toying with her bud, presumably wet and coated in her lust. Feeling myself get close, Kim senses it too, perhaps the way my body starts tensing, or maybe my face gives it away. “Yes, Jake, yes! Go on, come for me, show me your load as it splashes all over your stomach,” Kim purrs, her teeth clamping on her bottom lip again and again as she swirls on her clit. Hearing her order, I lose control and start coming, my hand pumping and my body tensing and shaking as I spurt, hot ropes of come shooting from my cock and splashing heavily on my stomach and chest, my toes curling as I screw my eyes shut in orgasm. But the effect is immediate, Kim suddenly grunting feverishly, making me open my eyes and watch as she climaxes above me, her stomach tensing as she bends almost double around her orgasm, her arm a blur as she diddles herself, her eyes locked on my erupting cock, her other hand squeezing her breast, her nipple pinched. Her legs trembling I wonder for a second if she’s going to fall on me mid-orgasm, her body shaking, her mouth a desperate ‘O’ of pleasure. Buckled over, Kim slowly comes to a stop, her pelvis pumping the air as my own orgasm ends, thick jets of come drawn up my stomach, my own breath a little ragged as Kim steps over me and back onto the couch, panting happily. Hooking my towel under a toe, she lifts it to me silently, flashing me a satisfied grin as I take it, daubing at the mess I’ve made on myself. “That was perfect, Jake. Thank you,” Kim says

after a while once I've cleaned up, standing and wrapping the towel back around myself, a few darker patches the only proof of my orgasm. "You're welcome," I say in return, not sure what else to say, "So that was CFNM?" "An element of it, certainly. If you'd like to experience more you can come back with me to my house, unless you had other plans, of course?"

Hearing her invite, I think about spending the next couple of days with Kim, remembering that she said blowjobs are possible in CFNM and relishing the thought of getting her plump lips wrapped around my shaft, plus the curiosity of learning more about this CFNM kink makes my answer a foregone conclusion. "Sure, sounds great," I answer enthusiastically. Thinking back to just minutes ago when Kim was squirming in orgasm above me. "Excellent, put on some clothes so the neighbors don't stare haha, and let's go," Kim says, rising from the couch, adding with a wry grin, "Don't worry too much about what to wear though, you won't be in clothes for long." Getting excited again, I go to my room at double speed and put on a quick outfit, joining Kim for the 30-second walk from my front door to hers, Kim letting us in and closing the door behind us, leaning back against it with a playful smile as I look around, it being a few years since I last saw inside her house. "Clothes off, Jake," Kim says simply, leaning on the door and watching me. Complying, I get undressed, holding my clothes in a bundle in my arms, Kim stepping forward and taking them from me. "I'll just store these in the hallway cupboard, you can have them back when it's time to go," Kim says as she walks down her hallway, stopping at a slender door and opening it, putting my clothes inside and closing the door with a small click before turning back to me, her look playful and hungry. "Follow me, Jake," Kim purrs as she leads me to her kitchen, sitting at her dining table, her sex thighs crossed, "Could you get me a glass of orange juice? Glasses are behind the third door to your left." Turning, I open the door and fetch a glass, Kim's eyes on me like a hawk, apparently drinking in my every move. Opening the fridge, I look about for the orange juice, seeing it stored on the bottom shelf of the door, I bend over to pick it up. "No, Jake. Squat please if you need to get lower," Kim says, breaking the silence of her kitchen. Smiling at her request, amused and turned on that I'm somehow turning her on, I squat down, my heavy balls and cock dangling as I do. Looking over my shoulder as I grab the orange juice, Kim's eyes are glued to my swinging junk, her thighs flexing as she squeezes them together, her hand once again sliding up to her chest, her nipples starting to make small tents in her top's fabric. Standing up, making sure to flex my legs for her, feeling good right about now that I live a relatively healthy and athletic lifestyle, I get more and more into it, figuring if a man doing a small chore naked is part of what makes Kim wet, then let's enjoy it. Putting the glass on the counter and filling it with juice, I return the carton to the fridge, squatting this time without being told, the pleasure on Kim's face as I do it without being asked obvious, her eyes twinkling. Walking over and handing it to her, my cock swinging as I step, unrestrained by underwear, Kim looks me up and down as she sips the drink, before placing it gently on the table, her finger circling the rim. "What I'd like to do now, Jake, is wake him up. But I don't want you to touch him yourself, ok? This is very important. While you're in my house you can only touch your lovely cock when I say you can. Agreed?" Turned on by this unfamiliar territory, I nod my agreement. "And no matter what I might just happen to be doing to you, you have to keep your hands to yourself, ok? No touching me unless I expressly say you can, yes?" Again, I nod. "Good. Trust me on this, Jake. It will be very much worth it, your orgasms will be...grandiose," Kim says with a grin, licking her lips and leaning forward, bringing her face inches from my cock, her warm breath immediately making him twitch, aware of the hot MILF in his close proximity. Coming closer, her lips so close I can feel her body heat, Kim starts blowing warm air on my ballsack, making it contract in pleasure as I watch, controlling my urges to stroke her hair or grab her head. Turned on, my cock starts to slowly rise, first standing outward, making Kim move her head to one side, then continuing up until its pointing towards the ceiling, Kim's pursed lips close to my balls as she continues to tease them with her warm air. One hand on her breast, Kim slides the other down her shorts, uncrossing her legs and spreading them wide as she plays with herself, her head moving around as she continues to softly tickle my nuts, my cock now throbbing, begging me to grab it and pump, my balls shifting as the pleasure washes over me. Sitting back a little to admire her handiwork, Kim plays with herself as she watches my cock pulsing to my heartbeat, my hands behind my back and my every urge wanting me to pump my hips at her, desperate to have my shaft touched, stroked, anything. Watching her masturbate in her chair is torture, I so badly need to do something and it's obvious from Kim's face she knows exactly how I'm feeling, my sexual frustration translating into her sexual pleasure, her eyes glued to my needling and twitching length. Taking her hand from her breast, Kim slowly reaches out, looking up at me with a grin, seeing my anticipation at finally getting

something and giving a small chuckle, her fingers stopping short of my shaft as instead she ever so lightly runs a few fingertips over my tight scrotum, as light as a feathers touch, but feeling so good compared to the nothing I had before it, making me moan, surprising myself that such a tiny amount of contact could be so intense, erotic and pleasurable. Stroking the underside of my balls softly, like they're plums hanging from a tree, Kim bites her lip and smiles as she watches my cock jerk and throb desperately, the need inside me written all over my face., her hand swirling around her clit down her shorts. "He's so hard, Jake," Kim purrs, her fingertips teasing my balls, going up the back of them, making me moan, her caress lighting up nerves all over my body. "Yeah," I answer, watching her watch my cock.

"You'd like to fuck me, wouldn't you, Jake? Slide that fat handsome cock of yours inside my tight little pussy and fuck me, yes?" Kim whispers, her hand getting faster beneath her shorts, but her hand on my balls maintaining the same slow, tantalizingly frustrating pace. "Yes, Kim," I breathe out, her words making me shudder with anticipation. "Mm-hmm. That's right. I've seen it every time you've perved on me, thinking you're being subtle, staring at my ass, staring at my tits," Kim continues, her fingers on her clit, her face flushing but her ballbag hand excruciatingly the same, taking me to 7 out of 10 and leaving me there, squirming in frustrated sexual need and lust, my cock pulsing, a bead a pre-come forming at the tip, my heart hammering, desperate to grind myself against her, feeling that I could come if she would give my cock just one pump, please. "Mmm, yes. Look at him. So hard. So, so hard, Jake," Kim coos softly, watching enraptured as the bead of pre-come trickles down my throbbing shaft, ticking to my heartbeat. "I want you so much, Kim," I say in a groaning sigh, unable to help myself, hoping she'll hear my need and give me my release. "Yes, I can see that," Kim answers, her eyes not leaving my pulsing length, her fingers always just caressing, never quite stroking my balls, my cock aching now as I stand there, my hands clenching behind my back, trying to make myself come now through sheer willpower as her own hand crawls further down her shirts as she starts fingering herself right in front of me. "Yes, you'd love it if I wrapped my mouth around this fat cock of yours, wouldn't you," Kim says in a clenched purr, seemingly as much to herself as me, her excitement rising, her face flushing even further, "Make your thick cock erupt right in my mouth, swallow all your hot come as you fuck my mouth." Her talk getting more intense along with her own fingering, she maintains the same pace on my balls, driving me insane with lust and need as I watch her take herself closer and closer to climax, her back arching as she dips her fingers frantically deeper into herself. "Yes. You'd love...to bend me over this table...wouldn't you...take me deep in my ass...fill my ass...with that hung cock of yours...fuck...me...nggggh....nggggh!" Kim manages to say before it hits her, her eyes glued to my pulsating cock, her hand down her shorts as she brings herself to orgasm, thrashing about on the chair, her hand leaving my balls tortuously alone as it grabs at her breast, tweaking her nipple hard as she pounds her sex with her hand, her shorts damp with climax as she bucks on the seat. Watching her come, my every instinct telling me to grab my cock and jerk off and come with her, knowing it would take literally just a few strokes, I force myself to hold back, enjoying the display of a total MILF squirming in orgasm before me. Panting, leaning against the table, Kim recovers from her climax slowly, wiping at her forehead and taking a sip of her orange juice. Getting up from her seat, ignoring my sexual frustration, Kim gives me a smile, "Let's go watch say TV, Jake," She says as she walks past, leading me to her bedroom. Hearing the word bedroom and thinking maybe this is my turn, I follow gladly, Kim smiling as she watches my hard cock sway as I walk after her, my balls tight and full. Pulling back the blankets and sliding in, Kim invites me after her, keeping the blankets low, only covering our feet and such as she grabs a remote and powers the TV to life, crossing her legs and getting comfortable, one hand under her head as I lay there throbbing, wanting to snuggle and rub against her like a horny dog in need. Ignoring me and seemingly enraptured by the program on the screen, I eventually start to calm down, although it takes a long time, my cock finally starting to lose it's tight look as it begins to deflate a little, my ballbag relaxing, hanging lower between my legs as I start to focus on the screen too, instead of pretending I am while waiting for something to happen. "Oh dear, we can't have that," Kim says suddenly, turning on her side to me, her face still watching the screen while her hand slides over and rests on my lower stomach, before she creeps her fingertips down to my shaft and then, using just the very tip of her index finger, trails up and down the underside of my cock, immediately bringing him back to life. Her touch, so ethereal and light having the same impact as deepthroat or somesuch, my entire cock pumping and twitching under her touch, once again fully ready to fuck and explode. Her work done, Kim takes her hand from my pulsating shaft and rests it on the bed, her eyes on the screen the whole time, my eyes on her, begging her with my look to please finish me off,

my frustration at a level I've never felt before. An amused smile crosses Kim's face and I realize finally this is all part of it, my need, my desperation is like her foreplay or something. Seeing me want her so badly but not being able to take her gives her pleasure. Understanding a little bit better, I find that it doesn't make the ache in my crotch die down any though, my cock angry and wondering why I haven't stroked him yet. Trying to enjoy the program, accepting that I won't be able to come until Kim decides I can, I interlock my fingers together and rest my hands on my chest trying to relax, seeing if there's an angle to this pulsating, throbbing rod of frustration that I can enjoy. Lying there, my cock like a headache, my pelvis twitching as I micro-buck with desire, I feel myself understanding a little the appeal, the allure of not always immediately indulging yourself the moment your cock is hard or you're horny. Until now I've never wasted any time excusing myself for the bathroom or my bedroom and taking care of business, but as a result, I've never felt this level of arousal before either, my cock possibly harder than it's ever been. Starting to enjoy the warm glow emanating from my crotch, I smile as he finally starts to wane a little, resting against my belly, but still throbbing, Kim's hand sliding over silently, to trace up and down my shaft again, this time continuing past the base and tracing circles on my full plums too, my cock obeying her wordless commands and once again ticking to full strength, another bead of pre-come forming, before slowly stretching down to my stomach, Kim dipping her finger in it and then making small circles around the head of my cock with her slippery digit, making me moan loudly as the sudden burst of pleasure takes me by surprise, my cock's sensitivity apparently turned up to 11. Her job done, Kim's hand goes back to the bed as she rests there, watching the screen, looking very pleased with herself. This goes on for several hours, Kim making me hard, my lust keeping it there until finally, it needs to take a break, only for Kim to quickly re-energize my arousal, keeping my cock in a state of throbbing readiness all afternoon, my pre-come practically constant. Every hour or so, Kim's attention going from the TV to my cock, whereupon she watches me throb desperately while playing with herself until orgasm, Squirming on the bed next to me in climax, so near and yet so far, her other hand squeezing my thigh during her latest orgasm as she held on, her other hand shoved down the front of her shorts, making herself come. I notice the light is starting to leave the day, my erection beating all previous records in terms of duration that I've ever set by a wide margin. Glancing at her lock, Kim turns to me. "Wow, where did the day go. You want something to eat?" "Sure," I answer, following her to the kitchen, where she asks me to stand while she makes us something light, stopping every now and then to stroke my balls or run her hands over my body, only stopping when my pulsating member is back to full mast again. Eating while standing and sporting a boner, another first for me, Kim watches from her seat as she eats, reaching out every now and then to caress my balls, never letting me get distracted from my task of being aroused and frustrated. Leading me back to the bedroom, my head swimming at this stage with what must be arousal fatigue or something, Kim gets closer this time as we lay down, her body very nearly touching mine as she faces me, a big smile on her face. "You've been very well behaved today, Jake. Would you like to stay the night?" "Yes, Kim," I answer, feeling her warmth, wanting her more than I've ever wanted anything in my life. Stroking my thigh, getting a little closer to my aching hard cock each time, Kim slides her other hand down her shorts. Knowing the drill by now, I can see Kim is ready for another orgasm and is about to use my powerless need to drive herself over the edge when she surprises me. "Would you like me to make you come too this time, Jake?" She says in a low purr, her almond eyes smokey and brimming with sexual hunger as they bore into mine, opened with shock and disbelief, as I search her face for a sign that this is just another level of her game, that she doesn't mean it. Seeing the questioning look. She smiles wider, her hand sliding from my thigh to trace a fingertip along the underside of my shaft before she delicately wraps her hand around my shaft, giving me my answer. Not stroking or squeezing, simply holding my cock and yet filling me with more pleasure than I've ever felt from a woman before, this one act almost finishing me off, Kim diddling herself as she watches me react from her gesture, biting her lip as my eyes almost roll to the back of my head as I enjoy her warm hand on my length. Holding my cock, careful not to pump and make me explode so close to the edge I am, Kim's hand down her shorts gets faster and faster as she rapidly brings herself to orgasm, feeling my cock pulse in her hand, knowing that I'm only a few strokes away from blowing a record load. Rubbing and squirming, Kim opens her mouth, looking at me and nodding, a benign expression on her face. "Ready, Jake? 5...4...3...2...ONE!" On 'one' Kim grips my shaft and pistons her hand rapidly, the shock of the sudden intensity making me gasp and fold up in pleasure, my body curling around my crotch as she goes from 0 to 100 on my length, making me come immediately, my grunts and exclamations of climax filling the room, joined a fraction of a second later with Kim's, as my orgasm brings about hers,

both of us writhing on the bed, her hands rubbing and jerking frantically, a handjob from her feeling better than even the best sex or blowjob I've ever had before now, Kim's skill at leaving me on the very precipice of the edge all day leading to this orgasm, my entire body exploding, not caring how loud I am or how much I thrash, my every fiber consumed in the moment. Lying there panting, a massive load shot all over my stomach and chest, I stare at the ceiling, my heart beating harder than ever as I wait for the tingling throughout my body to subside, my head light and dizzy, barely aware of Kim to my side, purring and snuggling in close, getting my come all over herself and she wraps herself softly around me. Although it's still a couple of hours earlier than I would normally fall asleep, I fell so completely spent, so totally drained that my eyelids start getting heavier, the buzz of the orgasm wearing off only to be replaced by the warm afterglow, my muscles like butter, Kim stroking my chest, apparently not caring as my come glistens on her skin. "Today's Friday, Jake. There are another two days of this, if you'd like," Kim purrs softly in my ear, her hand sliding down to my finally wilting cock and stroking it delicately, "If you can take the wait, tomorrow I'll help you with my mouth. And Sunday? Well, let's just say if you can stick it out until Sunday," Kim pauses, bringing her lips an inch from my ear before continuing in a sultry whisper, "Then on Sunday, I'm going to want you to fuck me, Jake. Fuck me hard." Shaking with anticipation at the thought of actually getting to fuck this perfect MILF, I nod slowly, already counting down the hours until I can feel my cock inside her, 48 hours having never seemed so long before, but knowing it will be worth every minute. Reaching down, Kim pulls the blanket up, signaling an end to today's fun, my spent shell happy for the chance to rest now, knowing I'll have a long day ahead of me tomorrow in the best possible way. Snuggling in close, obviously intending to sleep wrapped around me, I close my eyes and enjoy Kim's warmth and start to drift off as well, sleep coming easily...

END