



Old Ladies and Thong – The Series

Old Ladies, Thongs & Hotel Hot Tubs

Pictures of Tyler and Janie were flashing across the screen as their favourite song played in the background. You could see that picture of them when they first met at a party, years prior, arms around each others' shoulders, looking young and fresh faced, their whole lives in front of them.

The pictures told the story of their courtship, from high school into college. The first few pictures showed the early days of their relationship, showing the tentativeness and nervousness in their eyes, but the love as well. Then sitting next to each other at a football game, happy to be together. Pictures of them hanging out at her house with some of their friends, young and in love. Them curled up together at a ski lodge, cheeks red from the freezing cold, but so happy to be together.

The pictures showed them growing up together, filling out and becoming young adults. For Tyler, gone was the gawkiness of youth as he became a handsome, fit, athletic young man. And for Janie, these pictures tracked the growth from a lanky teenager to the stylish, pretty young woman she had become. It showed them in their graduation gowns, so excited to have escaped high school and move on to the next stage of their lives together. The peak of their happiness was showing them at college, freshly moved into their respective dorms, so happy,

so excited, so ready for the future. From the first few months of college the pictures maintained this happiness, pictures of them in the dorms, with new friends at a party. All of them showed the young couple and they looked so happy together. So in love.

But then the pictures changed.

Her happy, excited smiles lessened. The lightness behind her angelic face dimmed. And he sensed the change in their relationship's tone, as his smiles and posture seemed more unsure, as if he didn't know what was wrong. And for her, the pictures showed her discomfort, as if she wasn't sure this is what she wanted. In the last picture of Tyler and Janie, she was barely putting in the effort to pretend to look content. The discomfort in her was obvious looking at it now. Something was worrying her. And whereas before the happy romantic song playing in the background seemed to match the excited tone of the young couple in the photos, now, it seemed sad, singing out for a relationship on the rocks. Something had gotten to her, something that was changing their relationship forever.

"I hate this fucking song," Carlos said, changing stations on the radio.

Tyler was shaken out of his reverie by his friend doing this. He pulled his eyes from his phone to look at the road. He had been, once again like he had the last few nights, looking at pictures of him and Janie together. What once was, but was no longer.

He and Janie had broken up.

He studied the last picture again. Was this the point where she had already decided to do it? To break it off with him. Even there, in that last picture, he could see the hurt in her eyes. It was as if she didn't even know if she wanted to break up with him. As if she was being pressured into doing something she herself didn't want to do and break it off with him. Tyler kept studying these pictures, looking for hidden meaning.

"Dude, I am ready to pass out," Carlos said, rubbing his eyes, trying to keep them open as he drove through the repetitive darkness of Florida highways.

"Dude, I appreciate the help, but... we don't have to make the whole drive in one day," Tyler said. "Let's just find the first hotel we can and crash for the night. Start fresh in the morning."

"Yeah, sounds like a good idea," Carlos relented, veering onto the off ramp. Tyler glanced over from the passenger seat at his friend behind the wheel. Even though he could see his exhaustion, Tyler appreciated what he was doing for him. How he was helping him out. How he was helping Tyler in his quest to win Janie back. A few minutes later, the two friends were pulling into the parking lot of a hotel. They stepped out and stretched, having been cooped up in the car all day. As they got a room, got settled and began to finally relax, Tyler reflected on what brought him here.

Tyler had never been this spontaneous before.

A few days prior, the 19-year-old was at school, ready to head home to meet up with some friends for his first ever College Spring Break alongside his girlfriend. But now, after having driven almost 1000 miles with his buddy, Carlos, he found himself in the middle of nowhere, at a crappy hotel in Florida, sitting in a gurgling outdoor hot tub, planning out what he would do to win his girlfriend back.

It had been a crazy few days. It seemed like out of nowhere his longtime girlfriend, Janie, just dumped him. They had been together since high school, and things had been going well even as they both went to college together. But her new group of friends never really seemed to like him and Tyler had no

doubt that this sudden decision was spurred by them. He just knew they were always in her ear, trying to get her to dump him, for whatever reason, and they must have finally just wore Janie down and convinced her that she should be single, like all of them were. Tyler had been absolutely shocked and heartbroken by this, because he loved Janie. He was already imagining marrying her. But these new friends of hers were a rougher, worldlier crowd than their friends from their Midwest home.

She had claimed during their terse, sudden break-up phone call that they were both young and they had lots of time to explore and be young and crazy. Plus, she didn't want to stay in a relationship with someone who was still so conservative and tame when there were people out there who could be spontaneous and wild. He could hear how she hesitated saying these words. How unsure she seemed. Tyler had known Janie for years, and he knew this wasn't her talking. This was her evil friends. They had put some bug in her ear that he wasn't worthy of her. That he was too nice and boyish. They convinced her that she needed to find a man. He could practically hear them whispering to her on the other end of the phone.

Janie was an angel to him. They had many common interests, like being outdoors, reading books, and having complex intelligent discussions about the world and the people in it. She

was a blonde with a golden tan, shimmering curly hair, an innocent sweet face, and a fit, athletic body. They had been each others' first, both in dating and sex, but with them, it truly felt like making love. It seemed like a storybook type romance, like something out of a movie. Then, out of the blue, she dumped his ass and marched down to Spring Break in Florida with her skanky friends.

The one complaint he could make was that she was a bit gullible. She believed and trusted everyone. She could be convinced of things pretty easily. Sure, he had had some fun with that, playing light pranks on her, but clearly, this had gotten him into trouble here. Her new friends had gotten to her and convinced her to dump her long-time love.

At first he didn't know what to do. He was ready to just go home and meet up with some friends when he ran into his buddy Carlos. Carlos wasn't a close friend of his. In fact, Tyler in some ways didn't really like him, because Carlos was more the party guy, who would rather drink and fuck than even try to get a good education. But Carlos was there for him, and he told him what he wanted to hear. He told Tyler to go after her, to go down to Florida, find her, and win her back. If he wanted be with her, show her with a grand romantic gesture, like from the movies he and Janie would watch.

The funny thing was Carlos didn't even like Janie too much. He had always found her to be a bit prudish. A naïve, Midwestern princess. But he was the one who made the offer to help, and offered his car as well, and now he and Tyler had driven a thousand miles down to Florida so Tyler could try to win her back.

Tyler was afraid of coming across as too stalkerish, but they had scouted out her Facebook and figured out where she had gone, so they had a destination. They had driven most of the way in pretty much one straight shot, but lack of food and pure exhaustion had eventually forced them to stop at the first hotel they could find. It was a backwoods, shady looking place, but they didn't exactly have a ton of money to spend, so it would have to do. Of course, by the time they got their room, their exhaustion had suddenly lifted, and neither was ready to just crash out for the evening, so they talked and planned out the rest of their trip. They were close enough to their destination where they planned to arrive early in the morning, and get a fresh start in looking for Janie once the party got going in town. But for now, they planned to just relax. The long drive had them both feeling a bit stiff, and had the soft churning waters of the hot tub near the hotel pool sound like a siren's song. So, that was how the two friends found themselves sitting back and relaxing in the broiling hot tub, the tension leaving them.

"Just how I imagined my Spring Break," Carlos began, leaning his head back over the edge of the hot tub. "Sitting in a hot tub with another dude." Tyler smirked.

"I do appreciate you doing this," Tyler told his friend, genuinely.

"No problem, bro," Carlos said. "At least there's something in it for me. I just want to get to a place with some girls," he said, scanning the seeming desolate hotel area. "Carlos needs some action," he added, reaching down beneath the surface, no doubt grabbing himself, indicating his need. Tyler looked away, uncomfortable with talking like this with his friend. Sensing his friend's discomfort, Carlos spoke up. "And if things don't work out with Miss Janie, then, well... trust me, we'll be drowning in pussy tomorrow. You'll be just fine." Carlos always seemed to call her Miss Janie, like she was some prissy, conservative, plain, unlikeable authority figure, and not a girl his own age.

Tyler looked away. He had only ever been with one girl, and while he didn't normally think like Carlos did, he did see the point. He was feeling a bit down over this whole thing, and if it didn't work out, would it be so bad as to lose his sorrows in the arms of a drunk little vixen? No... no! Tyler didn't want to think that way. He was gonna get Janie back. He had to. That's how

their love story had to end, with her accepting his gesture of love and leaping into his arms in joy. Tyler closed his eyes and leaned back, trying to focus on what he would say to get her back.

"Uh oh," Carlos said, breaking the silence. "Looks like we've got a party."

Tyler looked up and opened his eyes, just in time to three figures in white, fluffy robes approaching. Three women.

"Hey boys!" One of them called out to the two young men in the hot tub. As the three women got closer, it became clear to Tyler that these were three older women. Like, not obscenely old, but like, a little older than his mom old. There were three of them, one with honey-colored blonde hair, another with black hair, and the other was an older Latina woman with brunette hair. The three made their way towards the hot tub, padding over in their flip-flops.

"Hey ladies," Carlos said, schmoozing these older women.

"You mind if we join you?" the blonde called out with a hungry smile. As they got close, Tyler could take them in. The blonde

had honey-colored hair falling down to her shoulders. Her skin was very tan, as years in the Florida sun had clearly had its affect, leaving her skin golden and only slightly sun-worn. The black-haired woman came across as very stern as her lips were curved in a steely, disapproving sneer. She had her black hair done up tightly on top of her head, and her face was very heavily made-up, with eyeliner and lipstick, which was odd considering she was heading for the water. The Latina woman had long, dark brown hair, long enough to reach between her shoulder blades. She was looking at the two young men pointedly with her striking eyes. All three looked older, and they weren't, like, old actresses, who hid their age well. No, these woman had some wrinkles and age marks, but nothing too crazy.

"Not at all," Carlos replied, amused by this turn of events while Tyler was nervous and unhappy with this intrusion. The three older women entered the area around the hot tub through the gate. They moved up the steps onto the wooden porch surrounding the hot tub, before moving towards the deck chairs and setting down their towels and slipping off their flip flops.

"Don't see boys like you around these parts too often," the blonde woman said.

"You three ladies from around here?" Carlos asked with a shit-eating grin.

"Oh yeah," the blonde replied, easily charmed. "Just having a bit of a girls' weekend." These were far from girls, Tyler thought to himself.

"Out on the prowl for any young college studs who happen to slip into our clutches," the blonde brazenly added with raised eyebrows.

"Oh yeah?" Carlos replied with a smile, raising his eyebrow at Tyler.

"What are you doing?" Tyler whispered to him, confused. Why was he enjoying this so much? Carlos gave him a bit of a look, a glance telling him to just play along for now, as if this was a game.

"Well, you found us," Carlos replied. "And the water's fine."

"Sounds good to me," the blonde stated. The three women looked to each other, and then, as if in sync, they each pulled their robes apart and let them fall to the porch. And despite the

fun Carlos was having with this whole thing, both his and Tyler's jaws dropped. The three older women were wearing teeny, tiny bikini's, which looked absolutely indecent on their voluptuous, curvy frames. They looked absolutely filthy.

The blonde... to put it honestly, she didn't exactly have a traditional bikini body. She had maybe 15 or 20 extra pounds, at least, leaving her with soft, fleshy curves in places where most women in bikinis like this were taut and fit. She wasn't overweight, just very thick and curvy. Her legs and thighs were curvy and meaty, her butt was large, firm and round, and her breasts... wow, her breasts. They were absolutely enormous. They vaulted out from her frame like overfilled, tanned, fleshy water balloons. They jiggled with every movement she made. They almost didn't seem real, those suckers were very real and all-natural. And this woman, this woman with such, uh... generous... proportions, she was wearing a string bikini.

It looked like pure filth on her. It was a little green number. The bottoms were a tiny triangle, clinging to her, digging into her soft flesh, barely covering her vagina, leaving little to the imagination. The tiny green strings holding it in place clung to her, digging into her lush, tanned flesh, riding high over her prominent hips. And her top was just as tiny as the bottoms. Two tiny green triangles straining for dear life, struggling to contain her enormous, fleshy jugs. The thin straps were

digging into her shoulders as the tiny patches of material molded to her round boobs, with indents prominently displaying her hard nipples, barely covered by the triangle patches. The soft flesh was oozing over the edges of the stretchy green material. Her massive udders were bouncing off each other, her full round tits forming a very deep cleavage. So much of her tanned, sun-worn skin was on display, only interrupted by some tan lines around her crotch and her breasts, indicating that she typically tanned in a bikini that wasn't quite this microscopic.

And while the black haired woman was a bit slimmer than her blonde friend, she still had those few extra pounds that come with age. She was wearing a purple bikini, and it was almost as tiny as her blonde friend's number. The bottoms were tiny, barely covering her nether-regions, with the tiny purple straps clinging to her hips, wrapping around her body. This showed off both her long, taut legs, and her slightly more fit belly. And of course, like her friend, her tits were absolutely massive. Just full, round fleshy tits, not quite as large as her friend's, but still huge, heavy breasts. They were tightly contained in a slightly less brazen bikini top, the full round breasts being held in place by slightly larger panels of stretchy, purple material. While the blonde was happy to let her huge tits pour over the edges, the black haired woman wanted her boobs held in place tightly, causing her tits to balloon out slightly. Unlike her tanned friend, the mature skin she was leaving on display was a

creamy pale, meaning this body didn't get shown off like this too often.

The Latina woman showed off her even, caramel colored skin in a tiny little red bikini. Her frame was thicker, like the blonde woman, but she carried her extra weight well. Even though she was the shortest of the three, her thick legs looked firm. Her small, red bikini bottoms covered a bit more of her than her friends', but that wasn't saying much, as it was still brazenly filthy. The small triangle of red material clung to her crotch, with the thong straps wrapping around her wide, womanly hips. She had some extra weight on her midsection, like the blonde, but nothing too over-the-top. The soft flesh of her belly looked smooth, leading up to the cannonballs on her chest, the fleshy orbs standing out prominently from her frame, barely contained by the tiny red triangles. While not as big as the blimps on the blonde's chest, they were still absolutely mammoth. The straps of her top were a bit thicker than her friends', but they were truly needed, straining mightily to contain her large, weighty breasts, keeping them in place. Her slightly curly hair was cascading freely down her back.

"If you boys were coming down for Spring Break looking for some hot ass, I think it's your lucky day," the mature blonde called out boldly, sauntering towards the two young college men, leading her friends. The three women moved to the edge of the tub, and each dipped a foot inside to enter. And as they

did, they each turned around, causing the two young men's jaws to drop once again.

All three bikini-clad old women were wearing thongs.

Tiny thongs.

The Latina had a large, full ass, each cheek looking almost overly large for her frame. This basically meant that the tiny string of the red thong was absolutely swallowed between the full caramel cheeks, disappearing out of sight. Each cheek jiggled as she stepped into the heated water.

The black haired woman was slimmer than her counterparts, so while her ass wasn't as large as her friends, it was still round, full, and prominent. Each smooth, round pale cheek jutted out from her frame. The small purple thong met in a triangle on her lower back before descending, disappearing between the smooth, meaty, mature ass-cheeks. Her ass was the firmest and tightest of the three, but still showed the tell-tale signs of this being the round full ass of an older woman.

But the blonde's ass stood out.

It was the biggest of the three, for sure, and the most shapely. Each of the full, round cheeks jutted out from her thick frame, large, full and meaty. But despite that ass looking like it was almost too much to handle, it seemed perfectly shaped for her body. The tanned, mature skin looked surprisingly smooth, begging to be touched. Each of the round, meaty ass-cheeks curved inward at the crack, creating a deep, dark crevasse, which swallowed the tiny green thong string completely.

But what really made it stand out was her way of entering the hot tub. While the other two women stepped in gingerly, the blonde was brazen. She turned around in front of the two college boys and bent over, pointing her large, mature ass right at them, the full cheeks spreading slightly, giving both a more privileged view of her deep ass-crack, allowing them to see a bit more of the string bisecting the meaty cheeks. Finally, that ass broke the surface of the water, disappearing from view as all three women had now entered the hot tub, sitting across from the college boys.

"Ladies," Carlos welcomed as he was forced to slide to the same side of the hot tub as Tyler to leave room for the bikini-clad older women.

"I think we got a couple of live ones, here," the blonde said with a smirk, looking between the two young men, but mostly giving a heavy glare towards Tyler. As did the other two

women. Tyler gulped, realizing he wanted nothing more than to get away from these brazen older women, but he didn't want to be impolite. His discomfort only made him think about how far from home he was. Thousands of miles away, in some nowhere Florida hotel, sharing a hot tub with a guy he didn't really like all that much, and three old women in ridiculously tiny bikinis. He just wanted to be home. He wanted to be back with Janie. He wanted things to go back to the way they used to be.

"To what do we owe the honor?" Carlos asked, schmoozing the three women like the BS artist he was.

"Like I said, a bit of a girls' weekend," the older blonde said, "Getting away from all the work bullshit and looking for some fun," she said, raising her eyebrows at the two young men.

"Well, I've got plans to have some fun tomorrow," Carlos began, "But my buddy Tyler here is desperate need for some good, clean fun," he added, slapping Tyler's shoulder, selling him out immediately.

"I, uh, no, I..." Tyler stammered, caught off guard.

"Mmm, glad to hear it," the blonde stated, winking at Tyler. He continued to stammer slightly, but he was cut off by his buddy again.

"Yeah, well, my friend here just got dumped," Carlos explained. The blonde smiled at this news, the Latina pushed out her lower lip in sympathy, and the black haired woman simply kept her cold stare locked on Tyler. "He's trying to go down here for Spring Break and track his girlfriend down, and do this whole big romantic gesture, but I'm trying to get him to loosen up and have some fun."

"You're a wise young man," the blonde said to Carlos.

"Trust me, baby," the Latina woman spoke up to Tyler. "That kinda thing's only for the movies. Real women don't make you do this much work. Real woman should be easy."

"I, uh, I..." Tyler stammered, nervous by this sudden development.

"What's wrong, honey?" the blonde asked, smiling wickedly. "Do us three hot, sexy babes make you tongue tied?"

"Uh, no..." Tyler replied, finding his words finally. Why would she think that? "I think my friend Carlos here," he began, looking to his friend as Carlos gave him a proud grin. "I think he overstated things. I'm not much of a party guy. I'm just here to track down Janie, and, uh, not much else. I'm just, uh, here relaxing for the night, getting ready for tomorrow."

"No, your friend is right," the blonde said. "You need to loosen up. Have some fun. You're single... you should take advantage..."

"I'm not single," Tyler said. "It's just a temporary... well, break."

"Hon, any girl worth her salt wouldn't let a hot young thing like you get away," the Latina purred. Carlos turned to him, giving him a pointed look and a shit-eating grin. Tyler looked at his friend, not enjoying this little game Carlos had entered him in.

"It's, uh, it's not exactly like that," Tyler began. "Her friends got in her ear, convinced her to dump me. She's, uh, a bit naïve. I just... I just need to talk to her face-to-face, and I think we'll be okay again."

"Let her go," the blonde said, waving her thin fingers in the air, as if shooing his girlfriend away. "A sexy young man like yourself shouldn't be tied down to a girl who's willing to dump him so easily,"

"Um, I, well..." Tyler said, blushing slightly, uncomfortable at being called sexy by this older lady. He looked at the three women, with the blonde and the Latina giving him warm, heated looks, and the black haired, tightly-wound, librarian looking woman still saying nothing and giving him a stern, appraising, curious stare.

"That's what I've been telling him," Carlos replied, egging these women on. "Not the, uh, sexy part, I mean, I don't see what any girls see in this clown, but..."

"Oh, well, no offense, Carlos..." the blonde began, "But your friend Tyler here is right up my alley. He's making my mouth water."

"My mouth isn't the only part of me getting wet," the Latina interjected, causing the blonde to laugh and the black haired woman to smirk as the Latina giggled, almost embarrassed at the brazen comment she had just made. Tyler turned bright red.

"Oh, none taken," Carlos replied with a laugh. "I do alright on my own." There was a stark difference between the two young men. Carlos was a bit more swarthy and mischievous, while Tyler was more genuine and nice. Carlos had short, dark hair and a shortly shorn full beard, while Tyler was clean-shaven with dirty blonde hair and a more boyish face. Both were decently fit, but Tyler was a bit more athletic with a better body. It was clear with the way the three women were staring at him that Tyler's more clean-cut looks and behavior really appealed to them. As did his taut, fit, muscular body.

"Well, you guys should get to know him better," Carlos suggested. "Since he's so nervous around you three hot babes, I'll speak for him. His name is Tyler, he's, uh, 19... right? Yeah, he's 19, he's single, at the moment, and he's a business major looking to run his own company someday, just like his dear old dad," Carlos said, summarizing the conversations they had shared on the road into a view short lines. The blonde nodded, impressed.

"Well, my name is Sonya," the curvy blonde said, "My friend over here is Stella," she said, nodding at the Latina. "And this is Ellen," she said, gesturing towards the dark haired woman. "We all work at a high school about an hour west of here. I'm the school counselor," Sonya said. "Stella is the Spanish teacher,

and Ellen is the librarian." Despite his discomfort, Tyler felt a moment of pride that he had correctly guessed Ellen's profession. "That school can be a bit of a nightmare, so sometimes, us girls just have to get away and find a way to relax and have some fun," she said, giving a pointed look to Tyler.

"Well, like I said, I'm just along for the ride. This guy's dragging me along while on this wild goose chase for his girl, but I'm in this for the fun. If you got drunk co-eds, I'm there," Carlos stated with a chortle.

"Why wait to party?" Sonya asked. "We've got young studs. We've got hot bitches... let's have some fun right here!" She said, raising her eyebrows.

They weren't exactly what he had in mind when imagining 'hot bitches'. Now that he had a closer look, he could get a better look at their faces. All three were definitely older than his mom, probably in their late forties or even older. All were good looking, but in the way some older women can look good. They weren't porn star MILF's who had their age-marks touched up. These were real women, real older women, attractive in their own way, but not exactly traditionally hot. Sonya was tanned and had a few wrinkles, probably due to her age and her time in the sun, but she had bright eyes, full plump lips, and she

came across as very brazen and fun-loving. Stella had a few wrinkles and crow's feet, but it was clear she had been quite a stunner in her younger days. Even though she was very much dressed down, with very little make-up, she still was relatively attractive, for an old lady. And Ellen was almost the opposite, in that she came across as very severe and stern. Her lips were pursed, and her dark eyes were very cold. Unlike Stella, she was still very done up, her make-up still present, as if she refused to dress up even when going in the hot tub. Her hair was pulled back severely, adding to her cold facade. She wasn't bad looking, no, in fact, she was pretty good looking, just intimidating.

"You up for some fun, buddy?" Carlos asked, grinning. Leaning towards him, Tyler whispered to his friend.

"What are you doing?" he whispered harshly.

"Just go for it, man," Carlos encouraged. "They clearly want you. Go for it!" he encouraged.

"Dude, I have a girlfriend. I'm not gonna hook-up with some old ladies!" Tyler replied insistently. Carlos gave him a hard to read, scheming look and looked back at the women.

"Well, let's make this a party!" Carlos stated enthusiastically. "I've got some beers back in the room. Let me go grab them." Carlos offered.

"We've got beers?" Tyler asked, confused.

"Oh, go ahead," Sonya replied, smiling knowingly. Nodding and giving Tyler an odd look, he leapt out of the hot tub, grabbing his stuff and walking briskly towards the room.

Tyler was now alone with the three women, these three hungry looking lionesses.

"So, hot stuff," Sonya began, grabbing Tyler's attention. "A guy like you all on your own could get yourself in a lot of trouble."

"Uh, I can take care of myself," Tyler replied.

"Mmm, I bet you can," Sonya purred. Tyler jumped slightly as he felt her foot slide against his. "I bet you don't have any problems getting taken care of."

"I know what Carlos might have led you to think, but he's kinda kidding around. I'm honestly just trying to track down my girl," he stated, trying to cool down the situation as he felt her foot rubbing his foot lovingly, despite him trying to pull his feet away.

"Well, it sounds like she's not your girl anymore," Stella responded.

"It's, uh... this is temporary. Every relationship has its ups and downs," Tyler affirmed, ever positive. "I'll get her back," he said confidently, seeing the happy ending in his head clearly.

"Tell us about her," Ellen said, entering the conversation for the first time. "Tell us about the girl who so stole your heart."

"Oh, uh, well..." Tyler began. "We met in high school, and we've been dating ever since. She's a blonde, and she's beautiful, like an angel. She's really grown into herself, and she's just... she's just gorgeous. I got with her before other guys began giving her attention, and now they're all, like jealous of me. But, uh, yeah," he said, stopping himself from going on any further about Janie's beauty, cause he could go on for a while. "She's also really smart, and knowledgeable. We have the best

conversations. Plus, we both love the same things, like hiking, and just being outdoors. She's... she's great."

"How big are her tits?" Sonya asked bluntly, causing him to choke slightly.

"What?" Tyler asked, dumbfounded.

"I asked... how big are your pretty little angel's tits, darling?" Sonya asked, as if she had a suspicion. As she asked this, her foot slid up his leg.

"Uh... that's not really any of your business..." Tyler replied, looking away, not able to get away from her as her foot slid past his knee. What the hell were they getting at?

"Oh, c'mon dear, let's talk like adults here," Sonya replied with a smirk. "You can talk to us. We're friends now, and the advantage of women like us being friends with a guy like you is that we get to hear about the juicy details. We get to hear about all the things you can't stand about your girl. So, tell us what we want to know. It's important for us to know." she encouraged.

"Does your girlfriend have small breasts?" Ellen finished, her eyes staring him down, making him shift in his seat, demanding an answer.

"I... I... I really don't want to talk about this," Tyler replied nervously as Sonya's foot slid up his thigh. Where was Carlos? He needed someone to bail him out of this awkward scenario.

"So they're small, then?" Stella asked. "All the young guys I know can't stop bragging if their girlfriends have huge tits,"

"It's... the size doesn't matter," Tyler replied affirmed, the splashing of the gurgling water sounding louder in his ears. The insistent foot sliding towards his crotch wasn't helping matters.

"Oh! I think we got a flat one here!" Sonya called out with a laugh, referring to Janie.

"Uh, it... it doesn't matter that her breasts are small!" Tyler replied. "I love her for other things... more important things!" he affirmed.

"Oh honey, breast size is the most important thing," Sonya said, as if the young man across from her was painfully naïve. "Especially for a young guy like you. Someone your age should not be settling down until they get their hands on a pair of really big boobs, at least once. It should be your most pressing need to hook up with a girl with big tits. C'mon Tyler, does breasts size not really matter to you?" Sonya asked with a raised eyebrow, sitting up, pulling her massive, barely covered breasts from under the water as she rested her arms on the edge of the hot tub, pushing her absolutely gigantic mature tits outward.

"Do you like women with big breasts, Tyler?" She asked. Tyler couldn't help but look down at her enormous breasts, water dripping off the smooth, tanned skin, the green bikini top straining to contain the bulbous, fleshy orbs. Unable to look away, Sonya spoke up again. "Aren't women with big breasts better women than those little young girls who could never fill up a training bra?"

Tyler finally ripped his eyes from her chest and looked away from her, eager for this line of conversation to end. He reached over the edge of the hot tub to grab his phone, texting Carlos. Where the hell was he? What the hell was taking so long?

"You know he's not coming back... right?" Sonya asked knowingly, her toes circling on his thigh, poised to pounce. Suddenly, it hit him like a ton of bricks. Sonya was right. Carlos wasn't coming back. As a joke, he left Tyler alone with these three old ladies. This was just some fucking joke to him. He was probably sitting in the hotel room, laughing at him for being stuck here with these women.

And at that very moment, Carlos replied.

"Bro, I didn't come down to Florida to bang some nasty old whores. They're all yours, buddy."

That fucker.

Sonya watched the realization dawn across his face. Before he could do anything, she slid her foot forward, pressing her foot into his crotch, her toes pressing against his stiffening bulge.

"I should go..." Tyler began, in a panic, but before he could stand, both Stella and Ellen appeared at his sides, gripping his arms, holding him in place, keeping him seated. He suddenly felt the pressure from the toes squeezing his shaft disappear, but his relief was short-lived.

"Why leave, when we all know you're exactly where you're meant to be..." Sonya asked. With that, she stood up in front of him, exposing her slippery, water-covered bikini body. Her tanned flesh and generous curves being so close in front of him stunned him into silence. She was so much older than him, so much older, and most women who were thick and curvy like her wouldn't dare wear a bikini this tiny. But despite all that, her body was enough to stop him in his tracks. As she stood, her mammoth breasts jiggled lusciously. "Why leave when you're having so much fun with us?"

"What?" he asked, perplexed but staying in place, letting himself be held down by these two older women, women he could probably overpower if he really had to.

"I mean you've been gawking at us... flirting with us... you couldn't wait to tell us how small your girlfriend's breasts were..." Sonya purred, looking down at him.

"You made me!" he called out, upset. But she only smirked.

"All you young guys..." Sonya purred, running her finger along the edge of her bikini straps running over her hips. "The ones who act all nice and sweet and genuine. You're the fun ones,

because deep down, you want the same things that all other guys want. All you want to do is fuck, don't deny it. The fun part is making you admit it."

"Mmm..." Ellen moaned from deep in her throat as she let her hand slide against his firm arm, feeling his muscles appreciatively between her slim, bony fingers. Stella was also getting handsy, letting her palm slide onto his chest.

"My god..." Stella called out softly, biting her lip, running her fingers against his firm chest. "The football team practices right near my class. Every day, through the window, I have to watch all these tasty young guys, with all these hard, sexy muscles. I see so many of you boys shirtless... I can't stop myself from thinking about touching you. And now..." Stella said, sliding her hand down his front, pressing against his abs. "I get to feel the real deal. I bet you have those triangle muscles down there, don't you?" she purred in his ear, sliding her hand down farther, towards his crotch, running across a tight line of muscle. "The ones that point right at your..."

"I... I... I... I need to go!" Tyler said, almost hyperventilating, moving to stand, trying to escape being felt up by these three old ladies. But as he did, he felt a sudden tug as the two women next to him yanked down on his trunks. Tripped up and off-balance, he fell into the water, his legs tangled. When he was

finally able to free himself and emerge from under the water, he looked up to see Sonya standing above him, his dripping swim trunks in her palm. She looked down at him with a wicked smirk before tossing his shorts away, over the fence towards the parking lot.

"What are you doing?" Tyler's eyes widened, realizing he was now completely naked in front of these women, the only thing protecting him from being fully exposed was the broiling water hiding his lower half.

"Sometimes, when young men are being... obtuse... women like us have to make the decisions for you." Ellen stated.

"We just don't want you going anywhere," Sonya stated, sitting back down, spreading her arms around the edge, like a queen on her throne, jutting out her mammoth breasts as her top struggled to contain them. "Now that the party is just getting started."

"Please... I need to get out of here!" Tyler replied, freaking out. "Can one of you please, just... grab my shorts... or even a towel?"

"I don't think so..." Stella said. "Face it, hon, at some point, you're just gonna have to step out of that water, and show us all that meaty, throbbing young cock!" she said, savoring the naughty word passing through her lips.

"Don't pretend this isn't what you've wanted from the start, hon," Sonya stated confidently. "From the second you met us, you've been dreaming up an excuse to show us that slab of meat between your legs. Now... you have your chance." Tyler gulped, breathing deep. Before he could react, that insistent foot returned to its favorite place, digging into his crotch, her toes pressing against his smooth, bare, hardening cock.

"Why do you want to leave?" Sonya asked, squeezing his cock with her toes, keeping him in place. "So you can track down that skinny little girl who dumped you? Or party with some nasty, drunken sluts just to get some random, tight pussy?" the older woman asked. "Why do all that we you can have so much more fun right here... with us?"

"I... I'm not into this kind of thing," Tyler affirmed, trying to plead some sense into these women. The women on either side of him had gotten greedier, running their hands over his taut body once again.

"What? Old ladies like us?" Sonya asked, mock offended, looking at her friends with surprise. She then stood up again and slowly stepped towards him, pulling her foot from its place once more. "That's news to us. Ever since we walked out here, you've been checking out our hot bodies. Gawking at us. Drooling at us. You don't need to be scared of us, Tyler. We only want to make you feel good. And we can make you feel very, very good." Tyler gulped looking first at the Sonya standing over him, then to the old women on either side of him. Sonya reached forward and grabbed his chin with her slim fingers, making the nervous young man look up at her mature face, her titanic breasts hanging down, her enormous valley of cleavage right in front of him. "Face it, baby... you're one of those guys who wants to fuck older women. You might think you're meant for your... little girlfriend..." she spat out with disgust, "But deep down, you know you would much rather hook up with some women like us. Old ladies with hot bodies. Older woman who know how to please you. And guess what... we want to fuck you too."

Tyler gulped deep, not knowing what to do. He was surrounded on all sides by these older women, these vipers, and there didn't seem to be an escape. He didn't know what else to do besides continue to let himself be accosted by these three horny, bikini-clad old women. He was so wrapped up between them that he didn't know if he could escape their clutches. He tried to move them away and create some space between them with his hands and arms, but each time he did, they were undeterred.

"Here baby, touch me..." Stella whispered, grabbing his wrist and pulling his arm around her, putting his hand around her back and placing it intimately on her side, against her hip.

"Don't fight this..." Ellen added, taking the hand near her and pulling it toward her leg, making him rub the smooth skin under the water. He was so overwhelmed he simply went along with it, allowing his hands to continue touching their bodies, and not trying to fight them off. Seeing he was being more compliant, both of them rewarded him.

He felt both Ellen and Stella rubbing his thighs, teasing him with their soft fingers and hard nails. Every time he even thought about trying to stand and move away, they sensed it. They would grip his legs warningly, keeping him in place. When he obeyed their unspoken orders, they would rub his thighs lovingly. But they weren't going any further, which was a good thing, because despite himself, all this stimulation had him as stiff as a brick. All the stimulation and teasing had him painfully erect. He had to focus on his girlfriend. He had to think about Janie. He had to be strong.

"This is... a misunderstanding," Tyler panted, his hands still gripping Stella's hip and sliding against Ellen's legs. "I don't want any of this! I swear! I just want to find my girlfriend!"

That's it!" He was panicked and overstimulated, and the added sensation of feeling both Ellen and Stella's breath on his taut neck made him shiver and tense up. Sonya studied him for a few moments, appraising him, searching for the truth in his face while still holding his chin. Finally, she lifted her fingers off of him and stood up. She looked down at him, trying to figure out her next step. Then, she laughed.

"Boy, I must have really misread things!" Sonya said, laughing, causing the other two women to laugh, although their laughs sounded sinister in his ears as they continued rubbing his bare thighs. "I am sorry. I mean, man, that would have been one major fuck-up! I mean, maybe I'm just a fucking slut, but as soon as I took one look at the cute face of yours, I imagined it between my legs, your mouth nibbling at my clit. The way you were staring at us... boy, you must not know it, but you WERE leading us on. God, I could have sworn you were gawking at me, thinking up all sorts of sick things you wanted to do to my hot body, like all those dirty young guys do. You were looking at me in a way that a guy with a girlfriend, who he supposedly loves, doesn't look at other women. Especially older women, like me. I mean, when a young guy stares at me like you were staring at me... a woman like me can't help but think bad thoughts. Me and my friends... we're just a bunch of old sluts. We were ready to pounce on you the second we saw you. Haha! You don't know how close you came. We would have given you the best sex of your life. We would have fucked you

to the point where you would have forgotten all about little young Janie and become addicted to our amazing bodies. Shame..."

"Like I said... a misunderstanding," repeated Tyler, sensing that she might finally be backing down. She nodded and stepped back, seemingly putting an end to things. But despite the fact it seemed like she was stepping off, the two other women stayed in place, clutched to his sides, their hands still against his body. He could feel their big boobs ballooning outward against his arms as they rubbed their soft, smooth jugs against him. They weren't gonna release their grip on him, and he was so wrapped up with them that he couldn't pull his hands off of them either, despite his protests of not wanting this.

Suddenly, the booming of a loud, rhythmic beat began to echo through the entire pool area from someone's car. A group of spring breakers were hanging out in the parking lot, loudly playing their music, but no one around seemed to care. The music hit Sonya's ears and seemed to give her an idea as she raised her eyebrow at him.

"Well..." she began. "If you're telling the truth, then what I do next shouldn't affect you." At this, she turned around in front of him, so her big, round, thong-clad mature ass was now right in front of his face. Tyler's eyes widened in shock as he was

confronted by this large, mature, shapely ass once again. And despite his claims to not wanting any part of this, he was staring. It was in such close proximity that he had no choice to gaze upon it. She looked down at him from over her shoulder. "If you're telling the truth, then staring at my hot ass shouldn't be a problem... right?"

"Uh... right." he croaked out, not knowing where to look as his eyes kept being drawn back to the full, juicy ass in front of him, his eyes unable to look away from its fleshy perfection.

"You could stare at my ass all night and not be affected?" she asked, slightly shaking her ass side to side.

"Right..." he replied, his eyes hypnotized by the fleshy jiggling of her obscenely-exposed mature rear-end.

"I mean, I'm an old lady, and you only like those skinny, flat asses that girls your own age have, right?" Sonya asked with a smirk. "Slim, bony, flat asses are what you find hot. You don't like round, full, juicy mature butts, right? That would be nasty, wouldn't it? Young guys like you aren't supposed to like old ladies' bodies... you're not supposed to find a nice, round mature ass hotter than a young woman's skinny butt, right? If you did, you would be so turned on right now. But you're not,

are you? You could stare at my ass all night and not be affected... Do you want to stare at my ass all night?" Sonya asked, bouncing her ass slightly, in tune with the music.

"Yes..." he replied, without thinking. "Wait... what?" he replied, realizing what he had answered previously.

"Just, you know, to prove how much you're not attracted to me... right? And not because it's the sexiest ass you've ever seen?" Sonya asked with a knowing smirk, tempting the college student with her impressive, mature ass.

"Uh... yeah, right." Tyler replied, panicking slightly. The beat of the music began to pick up as she began to shake her ass from side to side at a rhythmic pace, making her firm rump jiggle and bounce. She slowed her smooth, rhythmic bouncing, opting to pop her hips back and forth, moving her ass in sudden, severe movements, causing the younger man to drool, despite himself. She reached up, latching her hands together as she danced for Tyler, showing off her smooth, tanned back, smoothly rolling her hips, her mature ass gyrating around, arresting his vision. As she rotated her butt, she seemed to move in closer, and closer.

"Yeah!" some dude called out from the parking lot. "Shake it mama! Haha!"

"Oh my god!" some young woman said, just audible enough for Tyler to hear, even though she was across the parking lot. "That's so gross! A woman like her should not be wearing THAT bikini. Ugh!"

"How could he even be enjoying that?" another girl spat out.

Despite the girl's objections, Tyler was frozen in place as the beat picked up. Sonya slid her hands down to her hips, supporting herself as she began to bounce her ass up and down, practically twerking for him. Tyler couldn't help but watch her full, round cheeks bouncing vigorously up and down, spreading enough for him to see the string of her thong, before the cheeks collided together, jiggling lusciously as she did so. She was shaking her ass like a true slut would.

This was so fucking wrong, but he couldn't look away. This was a woman who was older than his mom, and she was dressed in a microscopic thong bikini, shaking her ass for him in a hot tub, trying to tempt him into having sex. He was a college student, and a very handsome one at that. Even if things with Janie didn't end up working out, there were plenty

of girls out there who would be happy to be on the receiving end of his loving attention. Very attractive girls. He could do so much better than these women. Women older than his mom. Women who behaved like sluts half their age. Women who weren't exactly stunners, who didn't have traditional bikini bodies. Tyler wasn't as superficial as a lot of his friends were but... c'mon. These were three old ladies, and he was a college student in the prime of his life.

But here he was, sitting naked in a hot tub, with this older blonde woman shaking her thong-clad ass in his face like a fucking slut, while two curvy older women surrounded him, keeping him in place, forcing him to watch this indecent showcase. And why was this? Was it because of their big, round, shapely asses? Was it because of their massive, mouth watering tits? He couldn't explain it.

"You're loving this... aren't you?" Stella asked, whispering in his ear, making him shiver despite the heated water. "You love watching older women shake their asses like music video sluts."

"No," he gasped out.

"Admit it, college boy," Ellen said, her sharp but heated voice making him shiver again. "You want to do bad things to that ass..."

"No..." Tyler whispered as the gyrating mature ass moved within a foot of his nervous face.

"You want to kiss her ass." Stella whispered as Tyler gripped her hip.

"You want to fucking worship her hot ass." Ellen added as he unconsciously rubbed his palm against her leg.

"You LOVE her ass..." Stella whispered, kissing his ear softly.

"You love her ass more than you love little Janie..." Ellen added, grabbing his thigh between her long-nailed fingers, squeezing firmly.

"No..." Tyler gasped, trying to put up a fight for his girl despite being practically hypnotized by the older woman's bouncing, jiggling ass. The pressure was being turned up on him, and if he wasn't naked, he would get out and just sprint away.

"So, you don't love my ass?" Sonya asked as she twerked her mature rump. "I don't turn you on?"

"No... please..." he begged, the hypnotic, tanned, jiggling flesh of her ass an unescapable vision. But his denial was quickly disproved, as Stella slid one finger up his thigh, sliding it along the length of his throbbing, nine inch rod.

"Oh my..." Stella called out, pulling her hand away, as if burned. "Ladies... we got a big one!" she said, holding her hands apart, indicating his impressive length. "And he is throbbing!"

"Haha! I knew it!" Sonya said, bouncing her ass, keeping up an incredible pace with her seductive dance. Stella stole his attention for one moment, bringing the finger that had touched his meat to her mouth.

"Mmm..." Stella purred. "Tasty."

"Sonya, you sure can find them." Ellen said, gripping his thigh, leaning forward to kiss the young man's tensed neck, pressing her large breasts into his arm.

"Can I touch it again?" Stella whispered, her slim fingers sliding around his aching shaft.

"Please, uh..." he said, shivering with pleasure as the cold librarian sucked at his neck with her plump lips and the Latina woman began stroking his pulsing member. "Just... ughh... this is a misunderstanding," he pled, but his objections sounded weaker as these older women wore him down.

"Jesus!" Stella began. "He is so fucking turned on right now. It's pulsing in my hand!"

"No..." Tyler said, his tone weakening, his hands clutching the two women as he held on for dear life, trying to fight off this pleasure.

"Quit lying!" Sonya said firmly, reaching back to grab his scalp, and before he could do anything, she pulled him forward, pulling his face against her large, mature, shapely ass. "Ahhh yes!" Sonya moaned out as she ground her fleshy ass against the young man's handsome face. He was trying to say something, but the words were muffled by her large, juicy ass. His big strong hands had finally left the other two women's bodies, held out in front of him, not knowing what to do, trying

to fight her off, but hesitant to touch her scorchingly sexy body. So, his hands floated in the air near her, unable to do anything to stop this older woman from rubbing her ass against his face. She rolled her butt as she ground herself against him, holding his reluctant face against her thong-clad rear as she slid her fleshy ass against every square inch of his face. In the struggle, his lips had ended up pressed against both cheeks, before she eventually ground the full length of her expansive ass-crack against his handsome features, smothering his face between the full, smooth cheeks. Finally, she released her grip, and he was almost dizzy as he regained his bearings, realizing that despite everything, he had kissed this older woman's ass and had his face wedged deep in her ass-crack. All three women had momentarily released their hold on him, leaving him confused. What was happening? But before he could say or do anything, the older blonde plopped into his lap, her side pressed against his torso, her big ass smothering his throbbing shaft, sandwiching it between his firm leg and her meaty ass.

"I think we can move past pleasantries at this point," Sonya said, wrapping her arms around his neck, smirking knowingly as she ground her ass against his pulsing cock, sitting in his lap like the damsel in her hero's arms. "Let's do this thing... let's go up my hotel room and fuck!" she called out, her confident words and meaty ass driving him to his breaking point.

"Wait... it's just... me and Janie haven't fooled around in a bit... I'm just overcharged... I have a girlfriend... please..." Tyler begged, practically lying to himself at this point. Sure, it was true that he and Janie hadn't done anything sexual in a while, as both were busy with classes, and plus her friends had kept her busy and inserted a distance between them that put a halt to their sex life. But the truth was clear. Despite everything, he was very much turned on by these seductive older women and their voluptuous curves, and despite them not being conventionally attractive to the young college guy, he had never been this turned on.

"Mmm, you don't need her, anymore," Sonya purred as she ground her juicy ass into him. "You have us. I'll be your girlfriend. We'll all be your girlfriends. All three of us. We'll share you. Doesn't that sound exciting? Instead of one, you have three hot, sexy older girlfriends. Three older women who will give you the type of sex you need every fucking hour of every fucking day."

"Three older women who need sex even more than you do..." Stella purred, squeezing his thigh lovingly

"Three women who will keep you happy and NEVER let you go..." Ellen insisted, rubbing his arm, and gripping his taut bicep firmly.

"Uh... uhh... fuck..." Tyler groaned, the pressure being placed on his cock by the older blonde's large firm ass was affecting his judgment. That, plus the fact that Sonya's mammoth, soft, luscious breasts were now right in front of him, proudly displayed in her barely-there bikini. His eyes were lost in the valley of her cleavage as the side of her heavy breast pressed against his firm chest, skin sliding on skin. It wouldn't be so bad, would it? No... NO! He had a girlfriend. He loved her, right? Even though she dumped him. Even though these women turned him on a way he couldn't believe. No... he had to fight for Janie. One last time. "Okay, I admit, you are all hot... you are all sexy, but..." he began.

"Good, then its official!" Sonya interrupted before he could even tell them why he was choosing Janie. "I guess we're dating now!" the close to 50-year-old woman declared to the 19-year-old college student.

"Wait..." he panted, unable to comprehend how fast this was all moving.

"And what better way to make this official than with a kiss..." Sonya stated, and before he could do anything, the older woman leaned forward and slid her tongue into his mouth.

"Hhhnnnngggghhhh..." Tyler groaned as the older woman's plump lips pressed firmly against his. Sonya's wet, firm tongue slid across his as they made out. Her mouth was voracious, attacking the young man's mouth with her own as they sealed their new status as boyfriend and girlfriend with a wet, lusty kiss. Her tongue was running circles around his as she forced herself onto him, her head bobbing lightly as the kiss became deeper. It was an indecent sight, this older, curvy, bikini-clad woman making out with this young stud in the prime of his life. Tyler couldn't think straight, and he was so overwhelmed that he couldn't help but lose himself in the moment. This lusty make-out session went on for an indecent amount of time before Sonya finally pulled back, bands of drool connecting their panting, swollen mouths.

"Wow!" Sonya panted. "I haven't been kissed that well in years! You must be really hot for me!" She slid around in his lap till she was facing forward on his lap, the length of his bare dick lodged snugly between her round ass-cheeks. She leaned back so her back was pressed against his front. She reached up to grab his scalp and pull his lips to hers, giving the young man another quick, lustful kiss. Tyler had no choice but to reciprocate. When she pulled her lips from his again, she reached down to grab his wrists. "Touch me, baby... I want your hands on my hot body." She pulled his hands so they were pressed against her belly, and guided them across her tanned

flesh. As she did, she ground her ass against his belly, with his cock sandwiched in between, its length still nestled in her ass-crack.

"Oh fuck..." Tyler sighed as the older woman massaged his aching shaft between her firm, meaty ass-cheeks, grinding against its full length slowly and insistently. In a haze, looking over her shoulder at her mountainous peaks. They were just so massive! Janie had been his only girlfriend, and she had pretty small B-cups. Nothing like these. Sonya's tits were just these huge fucking melons, the biggest he had ever seen. As much as he loved his girlfriend, even he had to admit Sonya has much better tits. They looked so round... and smooth... and soft.

"Touch me, baby... touch me," she commanded him, her voice thick with lust as he guided his big hands up onto her enormous breasts. She squeezed her hands over his, making the young man squeeze her massive, mature tits.

Holy shit, they were amazing! The sensation of so much soft, luscious flesh oozing between his fingers was incredible. Even though her breasts were still adorned with the two tiny triangles of stretchy material constituting her bikini top, he could feel her throbbing nipples in his palms. It didn't take long for him to be the one doing the squeezing. His hands were greedy, feeling every inch of soft flesh, running his fingers

across the soft skin, teasing her hard nipples through her top. He couldn't get enough, squeezing them over and over again. He wanted to rip her top off and feel them fully, skin-on-skin, but he didn't know if he had permission to do so.

And as he squeezed her tits, Sonya focused on massaging his throbbing dick with her full, juicy ass, sliding her ass crack against the thick, pulsing member. She flexed her ass around his meat, making him wince in pleasure. As reluctant as he was, he couldn't deny the pleasure he was feeling. The pleasure this older woman was bringing him. His cock was pulsing, and his nuts were swollen. As much as he wanted to hold out for Janie, and as much as he loved her, he needed to cum badly.

"Oh my god..." Tyler panted. "Your tits are amazing!" he admitted, despite himself. The pleasure he was feeling was too great. He had to tell her something. She rewarded him by giving his throbbing cock a long, firm squeeze with her meaty ass.

"I know, baby, I know..." Sonya said. "I know how hot I am. I know young guys like you go nuts for a hot fucking babe like me. There's no shame in wanting to fuck me. I'm so fucking sexy, aren't I? Tell me..." she demanded. Overwhelmed, he couldn't help but comply.

"Yes... yes! You're so fucking sexy," Tyler finally admitted, on edge from the older woman's cunning ministrations.

"I turn you on?" Sonya asked, giving his cock another squeeze with her ass.

"Yes! Damn it... fuck, that's good... yes, you turn me on, okay!" he groaned out, squeezing her big tits roughly as he humped up against her ass. "These bikinis... you look so fucking filthy."

"Admit the truth, baby," Sonya groaned out, grinding against the college student's lengthy dick. "Tell me... tell me you want to fuck me! Yes! Admit it!"

"Fuck..." Tyler groaned. He really wanted to fight for Janie, but his judgment was being clouded by this older woman's amazingly lush, firm ass and spectacularly massive, soft breasts. As soon as she began rubbing her mature body against his, her arguments were starting to make a lot of sense. Why was he fighting for a girl who was so ready to dump him? Sure, when they were together, him and Janie, it felt like something special. Something greater than the sum of its parts. But she was out of the picture at the moment, and these... these brazen, forceful, aggressive old women in their filthy, slutty, amazing bikinis... they had swooped in. They had taken her rightful

place. They had claimed his dick as their own, and they had already taken things this far. Would it be so much worse to just seal the deal fully? To take this encounter to its logical conclusion, have his fun, drain his nuts, and write it off as one crazy night, the type of understandable mistake any young college guy would make. But, most of those other guys had drunken encounters with gorgeous, slutty co-eds. His mistake would be fucking three old, slutty women. If anyone else knew... it would be the kind of mistake no one would let him forget about. If Carlos told anyone... he would be forever known as the guy who fucked three old ladies on Spring Break while all the other guys fucked hot, young co-eds. Could he actually do this? Could he actually go through with this?

"Tell me, baby!" Sonya pleaded, grinding against his throbbing length, really digging into him with her hot ass.

"Yes!" Tyler replied, the pleasure too much to take. "Yes, I want to fuck you! All of you! Okay... fuck, that's good! I want to fuck all three of you... I want to do bad things to your hot bodies! Please!"

"Oh my God! YES!" Sonya squealed, grinding into his cock hard with her juicy ass, reaching up to make the young man really dig in with his fingers on her juicy rack. "Do you like us

all more than little pathetic Janie? Do you think we're sexier than you're young, skinny girlfriend?"

"Fuck yes!" Tyler groaned out, so overwhelmed he didn't even think about what he was saying. "You all are so much hotter... yes... so much sexier... than my skinny little young girlfriend!"

"Ughh! YES!" Sonya groaned, shivering slightly in the broiling water as she ground against the younger man.

"Oh my God!" Stella moaned from beside him. As things got more heated with Sonya, he had practically forgotten about the two women next to him. He now realized that both women were touching themselves under the water as they watched their blonde friend work her magic. Now that his corruption was nearly complete, they pounced again. Ellen reattached her mouth to the young man's neck sucking and kissing it savagely, as Stella grabbed his face and pulled him in for a passionate kiss. The college student's lips locked with the older, curvy Latina woman as she jammed her tongue down his throat, kissing him like an over-enthusiastic teenager. This woman was a teacher! All these woman worked in a school, entrusted with guiding the future, yet here they were, stripped down in slutty bikinis, at a hotel in the middle of nowhere, making out with a young college stud, throwing any sense of decorum and professionalism away, just to get some young

dick. Despite how wrong it was, it was working on Tyler. His cock was throbbing. He had fallen under their sway, and there was no going back.

"Holy shit, they're going for it! Unbelievable!" One of the partiers called out from the parking lot.

"God, I can't believe he's hooking up with those old sluts! That's so nasty!" one of the girl partiers added.

Lost in a haze, Tyler' was pulled from away Stella, their soft lips parting. Ellen stole his attention, grabbing him roughly by the chin and pulling the younger man in for a savage kiss. As Tyler made out with the uptight librarian, Stella kissed down his jawline, and Sonya ground her ass into his lap roughly, keeping him on edge, but not letting him go over. This went on for a few minutes, Tyler making out with the three old women, before finally, Sonya sat up and pulled Tyler apart from the two women next to him, getting their attention.

"Let's go upstairs..." Sonya said, breathing deep, nipples throbbing, her tanned, slippery skin glowing with need. "It's time for us to get down to business... it's time for us to fuck!" A shiver went down Tyler's spine, knowing things were about to get very, very real. He was about to do the nasty with three

much older women. "Stand up, baby... show us that fine young body of yours."

A few minutes before, Tyler would have hemmed and hawed, trying to escape his fate. But he was too far gone. These three women had worked him up and driven him crazy. He wasn't going to deny the truth. He wasn't going to deny the inevitable.

Tyler stood up straight in the hot tub, his lower half rising from beneath the surface, showing off his terrific, naked cock to the three aggressive older women for the first time.

"Holy shit!" Ellen called out.

"Jesus..." Stella said softly.

"My god..." Sonya gasped, chewing her lower lip, eyes hungrily gazing upon the college student's impressive endowment. "Now THAT'S a fucking teenage dick!" It had felt amazingly large against her ass, but it looked even bigger now that she was gazing upon it in the flesh. Nine inches. Thick and meaty. The head was nice and fat, and the shaft looked substantial. Not easily broken, not even by the roughest of sex. And his large, swollen, teenage nuts were equally impressive, causing

all three women to fantasize about all the creamy, teenage spunk nestled deeply within.

Sonya bent over, reached down and snaked her slim mature fingers around his throbbing shaft, causing the naked young man to jump slightly, panting deep. Was this really gonna happen? She squeezed his impressive, smooth, teenage dick in her palm, feeling its concrete stiffness in between her fingers. She stared at it, unable to look away, studying every bulge and vein. Finally, she looked up, her heated gaze meeting his own.

"It seems as if our new boyfriend has the type of dick old sluts dream about..." Sonya whispered, moving in close, stroking him lightly. "It's time for us to test it out. C'mon, boy... I'll lead the way."

Maintaining her grip on his cock, Sonya turned and pulled him forward, stepping out of the hot tub. He followed dutifully, and as the other two women gathered all their things, Sonya led the group out of the pool area.

It was a crazy sight, three practically nude older women in tiny bikini's, traipsing around unashamed, with a completely naked young stud sandwiched between them, being led by the cock towards his fate. The group walked within range of the

partying group, and all of their eyes were on this motley group they had been spying on all night.

The young men in the group were stunned into silence watching these three voluptuous, nearly nude middle aged women leading a guy their age by the cock. These women weren't the type they normally targeted, but there was something about them...

The party girls were not so amused. They looked disgusted by these slutty old ladies letting it all hang out, and on top of that, the confusion at seeing this young, good looking young guy in their grasp just added to their dislike of these three women. Their disgust was so apparent that Sonya just had to respond.

"Don't judge, ladies!" Sonya called out as she led her three followers towards the stairs. "You might not get it, but your boyfriends do. Trust me, when those boys are railing you tonight, they'll do it with a bit of an extra oomph... because it'll be us they're thinking about, and not you poor things, haha!" the older blonde bragged before turning away. The young girls looked at the boyfriends, fuming, and all they could do was laugh and shrug.

Tyler was in a haze as he was led across the parking lot and up the thin metal stairs. He had stepped over his own discarded trunks during this march, but he was too far gone to care. Tyler was transfixed by Sonya's ass as he was led forward. His eyes followed the smooth, confident side-to-side bouncing of her jiggling, mature ass, hypnotizing him once again. He walked along the balcony, not even realizing he had passed his own room, where Carlos caught a glimpse of his buddy with the three old sluts, causing him to smirk. Before Tyler knew it, he was entering their hotel room, and the sound of the door being locked behind him was the signal to him that there would be no escaping these three women.

Hot sweaty sex was about to happen.

Sonya released her hold on him and turned around to face him. The other women walked around the naked college student, eyeing the young man's sizable cock as they joined their friend, standing on either side of her. He now was being gazed upon hungrily, appraisingly, feeling like the piece of meat he was.

"So many guys would kill to be in your place, locked in a hotel room with three gorgeous sluts..." Sonya boasted proudly. In his deepest fantasies of being the centerpiece of sex by a group of women, this was not what he had in mind. He would have imagined three women, about his age, young and hot with

amazing tits. But this... being locked in a room with three thick-bodied middle-aged women in indecent bikinis who were more aggressive than any other woman he had ever encountered... he would have never have guessed this would happen. But at the moment, he had never wanted anything more.

Janie was the furthest thing from his mind.

"All you young, disobedient pieces of shit," Ellen began, stepping forward, speaking in her cold, sneering tone. "You think you can do whatever you want just because you have these big, juicy, delicious cocks!? You go around with these smug, cocky smiles, like you control the world, just because you have these massive, perfect teenage dicks that you know we all fucking love! But it's our asses you can't take your eyes off of. It's our tits you stare at. Face it, College boy... women like us run the world!" With that, Ellen reached down and pulled her purple thong down, exposing her nearly bare pussy to Tyler's widened eyes.

As the librarian, Ellen wasn't exactly the most popular woman at the high school she worked at. In fact, she was quite disliked among the student body. She was a strict, humorless bitch, a disciplinarian who seemed to take no joy in her job or dealing with the students. And it was like she said, despite the

contentious relationship she had with the student body, she couldn't help but notice the way some of the cockier students would look at her body, possibly sensing there might be a tigress inside her. They were right, but those little shits would never get the chance. She wasn't about to throw her career away for one of those fuckers, not that some of them didn't tickle her fancy. She actually hated young people, not that she didn't see the appeal in younger men. But the young people she had to deal with on a daily basis only fueled her dislike of them. But a guy like this, like Tyler, was different. He wasn't smug. He wasn't cocky. He was vulnerable. He was breakable. She was willing to throw down with him in a major way. For her, it was about fucking one of these cocky young studs into submission.

As her thong hit the floor, Tyler couldn't help but admire the neat, tight landing strip, really accentuating her mature pussy. It was a bit of a shock to see the pussy of a woman this much older than him, but he couldn't deny that it turned him on. Just as he looked up, he realized her hands were behind her back, undoing her top. His jaw dropped once again as her top fell to the floor, and she stood naked in front of him, hands on her hips.

Her tits were amazing, surprisingly perky and firm, with only some slight sag. Of the three women, she was the slimmest, and possibly due to this, her tits were the smallest of the three,

which was really saying something, considering her tits could only be classified as fucking huge. DD's at minimum. Soft smooth, luscious curves, coated with the same even, creamy skin, her swollen pink nipples throbbing, aching for an eager mouth. They stood out from her frame proudly, succulently. The tightly wound librarian had massive perky tits. The last vestiges of her tightly wound appearance would soon disappear, as she untied her tightly pulled back hair, letting her dark hair loose, cascading past her shoulders. It was as if the tigress inside her had been unleashed, and it was ready to pounce.

"Hon, we know what you want," Stella said, stepping forward, her massive, jiggling tits bouncing with each step. "I mean, there's just something about when a strapping young man as yourself chooses a more experienced lover... someone who knows what they're doing and knows how to make you happy... it's just a beautiful thing. I see all these young guys getting stuck with these stuck-up little princesses who play all these silly games. Women like me... we understand what really matters. Sex! Sex is all that matters, and what separates the girls from the women are the ones who just really know how to fuck. And Tyler... I can fuck!"

With this last word, Stella reached back and undid her top, letting her bikini top fall to the ground, exposing her massive Latina breasts to him for the first time. Her age and Latina

genetics granted her with a more naturally curvy body than her tightly wound friend. Her breasts were massive, even bigger than Ellen's, full and round, jutting outward with only some slight sag. They were smooth and supple and perfectly round, her caramel skin tone on her boobs even with the rest of her. The dark nipples were puckered, as she was very, very turned on. Tyler's eyes traveled down her smooth belly just in time to see her slide down her thong, revealing her small brown patch of pubic hair, just a thin pelt above her mature pussy. She now stood naked and proud before the turned-on young stud.

Stella was very much the opposite of Ellen in many respects. While Ellen was very cold and disliked the students, Stella was quite warm and enjoyed the students. Perhaps too much, as she was very much a gossip, enjoying hearing about the ups and down of high school politics, hearing who was dating who, who liked who, who hated who, etc. And while Ellen would never risk her job for one of the cocky shits at her school, Stella wasn't so closed off to the idea. It wasn't uncommon to catch her flirting lightly with the captain of the football team in one of her classes, or chatting up one of the more handsome available students at a football game or a pep rally. She did what she could to make it clear she was available to any of the handsome students who tickled her fancy, but no one had ever bitten the forbidden fruit. It was her biggest fantasy to hook up with a younger man, a stud she could train in the art of sex.

Now she had her opportunity, and she wasn't about to waste it.

"I don't really have much of a declaration like my friends here," Sonya began, toying with her tiny green thong. "I just like to fuck, and I especially love to get it on with hot young guys. And lucky for me, with my hot body, all these hot young guys just seem to want to fuck me," the thick, middle-aged slut boasted. She then yanked down her thong, letting it fall to the floor, exposing her completely shaved, mature cunt, the two small, plump lips calling to Tyler's greedy eyes. Her tan-lines were very noticeable at her crotch, as there was a bikini sized area there that was whiter than the rest of her tanned skin. Seeing this older woman so brazenly exposed was a thrill to this young stud.

"All my coworkers think I'm a slut..." Sonya continued, now playing with the strap of her top, her huge tits rippling as she approached the young man slowly. "Bunch of prudes, if you ask me. They're all just jealous that a woman my age is having SO much sex. And trust me... I have a LOT of sex. I mean, you can ask my friends, and they'll tell you that I get some premium dick! All the young guys want a piece of this," she teased, running her hands up her sides, from her prominent hips up to her enormous jugs, giving them a firm squeeze, making her smooth breast-flesh ooze over the edges of her top. "You want a piece too... don't you Tyler? Ever since I sauntered into your

life, you've wanted a piece of my ass, haven't you? You acted all cute and scared and nervous, but you know what you were really feeling... love. Love for your new, super-hot older girlfriend that would make all your friends jealous. Love for my smoking hot body. Love for my big tits! Tell me Tyler... do you love my big tits?" she purred, standing a couple feet in front of him, toying with her top again.

Tyler was pretty certain it wasn't love making his dick hard. But in the moment, despite everything, despite the love he felt for Janie, and despite knowing he should not be in a hotel room with three slutty old women, he couldn't help but go along with this madness. He couldn't help but play this out. He couldn't help but gawk at her huge, fleshy tits.

"Yes..." he croaked out.

"Are they better than little Miss Janie's?" Sonya asked with a knowing smirk.

"Yes..." he repeated, admitting the truth. This middle-aged woman had much bigger and better tits than his girlfriend. Sonya smiled brightly at this admission.

"Aww, you flatterer!" she tittered, reaching back behind her back to untie her top. "My big tits make me a better girlfriend to you than she could ever be. A better woman, even. A guy like you needs a woman with big tits, don't you?" She took his silent gawking as an affirmative. She was silent till he looked up at her, meeting her hungry gaze. "Do you want to see them?" she purred with a raised eyebrow. His throat tensed, and all Tyler could do was nod. "Tell me, baby," she insisted.

"Please Sonya," Tyler grunted out, the words barely sounding like his own. "Please let me see your big tits." Smiling deviously, she untied her top, and smoothly and deftly let it fall to the floor.

Tyler's eyes widened as he gawked at Sonya's big breasts.

Sonya put her hands on her hips as she let the younger man gawk at her huge boobs. They were enormous, the biggest he had ever seen, even including the small amount of porn he had watched. They were just mammoth, jutting out from her chest obscenely. They were full and round and all-natural, which gave them a little sag, but for breasts of that size, it was shocking how perky they still were. The massive fleshy orbs were so full they formed a deep, natural cavern of cleavage, while also being so round they jutted out from her sides, making the sides of her jugs visible from behind her. He didn't

have enough of a trained eye to even begin to guess her cup size, but to the inexperienced young man, they looked like overripe, fleshy watermelons. So smooth... so round... so big!

She also had prominent tan lines, in the shape of the more sensible bikini top she must tan in. The top two thirds of her tits were sun-baked, while the bottom third of her breasts had paler, creamier skin. Her smooth, round, pink nipples stood out from this creamy skin, capped with hard, rubbery nubs, aching for pleasure.

Tyler's eyes were locked on her chest, and his throbbing cock was letting the older women know how much he was enjoying what he was seeing. His girlfriend had never awed him like this. Janie had never made his cock this hard. Only these three older women had.

Sonya just had a way about her. She was an older woman. She had a bit extra weight. Sure, she had enormous tits, and a big round ass, but she was thick and curvy all over, not exactly the traditional hot body. She was brash and brazen, and carried herself like she was the sexiest creature on the planet, despite her curves and her age. But despite all this, she just had a bad habit of making dicks rock hard. She wasn't lying earlier. She got laid a lot, by shockingly sexy younger men. As a guidance counselor, she would find a lot of young men sitting across from her. She would flirt and tease lightly, often making these

cocky, smirking young men uncomfortable. But Sonya was an experienced huntress, and she could be very patient. She was tapped into the school gossip, helping her gain the knowledge she needed to make her move. She was shrewd enough not to tempt fate at work, and she kept all her seductions strictly above board in terms of legality, making sure all her targets were over 18. But to be honest, that was rarely an issue, as she typically targeted college-aged young men as opposed to the students at her school.

That's not to say she was above targeting her students, as her knowledge of the school social circles put her in places where she would just happen to run into the hunkier members of the student body, like at popular restaurants and clubs. She knew who to target and when, like the time she ran into the freshly dumped quarterback at a restaurant. Her role as a counselor presented her as an open, trusted ear to vent his feelings and frustrations. She pumped him full of drinks, flirted lightly, and showed off some of her expansive cleavage, and boom, they were back at her place as he used her tight mature cunt to vent off his sexual frustration. He acted all ashamed afterward and could never quite meet her eye, but she knew she had given him the best pussy he could ever hope for, so she didn't feel too bad. Besides, she had gotten what she wanted, a huge orgasm on his throbbing teenage dick, so she didn't need to push it further. She had already won. She heard a few months later that he got caught screwing one his hot, older professors at

college. It was this whole big thing, a big scandal for the town's golden boy, but it made Sonya happy, knowing their encounter clearly left its mark on him.

She had a few other misadventures, like when she picked up the principal's drunken son as he stumbled home from a party and showed him a good time. That got her valuable dirt on the principal, which she was ready to unleash at a moment's notice. Or the time she convinced a pair of long distance track team members to run a marathon on her tight holes, one of the many encounters to which she looked back upon fondly.

She typically targeted college students though. A lot of the time, they would be former students, and she used her role as a former advisor as an in for a catch-up conversation, which would, of course, lead to hot sweaty sex, as things typically went with her. She was so bold and brazen and aggressive, and these young hunks would be so caught off guard that they would let things carry on for far too long, till it was too late. She would complement them, brazenly admiring their hot bodies and handsome faces, and ponder how they were still single, or shame them for taking up with some young girl who wasn't there for them at the moment. She would of course be clad in very indecent clothing, a far cry from her professional outfits they knew her for. She would show off her big, mature tits and her juicy ass as she worked her magic, teasing and flirting bluntly, letting them all know she was down to fuck.

And luckily for her, a lot of young college men wouldn't pass on an opportunity for hot sex, no matter who was offering, and before they knew it they were having better sex than any younger girl could give them.

She would unashamedly share the details of her misadventures with her friends and compatriots, and it was Stella and Ellen who were most interested. With neither having the success that their friend did, they were eager to learn from the master. They wanted to learn just how their friend did it. How their friend could make young men bend to her iron will. And that's what brought them here. That's what spurred on their 'girl's weekend'. These three women were hunting for dick... and they were about to get it.

Even Sonya was amazed at how easily her seduction of Tyler had gone. Alcohol was often a vital part in her seductions, as most younger men wouldn't be so open-minded to welcome her advances while sober. But Tyler... this young man was stone-cold sober and he still was eager. Very eager. He had responded to their advances so quickly, allowing himself to be stripped and seduced easily. The young man, despite what he might have said... he wanted this badly. He was dying for this. He wanted to get fucked. He needed to get fucked, especially by three older women who knew how to care for him properly. Most of Sonya's encounters were flings, but this one, Tyler... he

might be a keeper. Hopefully, she could seal the deal with this one fully.

"You want these?" Sonya cooed, her voice a lustful whisper as she cupped her big tits, the mature flesh oozing between her fingers. Tyler was almost brain-locked as he gawked at the older woman's wonderfully massive tits. He just stared at the older woman's perfectly huge breasts. "Come on, baby... Come to me."

These women were far from the ideal. They were older than his mom, to start. They weren't skinny, either. They didn't have the tautness and firmness of the young women he had been taught to be attracted to. They had curves. They were thick. And they weren't even, like, good people. They were quite devious and mean, to be honest. But, the way their asses looked in those thongs... and the absolute massive, unreal size of their enormous, firm, round breasts, with those hard, suckable nipples too... as wrong as this whole thing was, Tyler had never wanted to fuck anyone more than he did with these three old sluts. He was just staring, unable to rip his eyes away from all the exposed flesh. He was gawking at Sonya's bare breasts, studying each graceful curve. Each square inch of smooth skin. They were positively mouth watering, and all he could think about was what he wanted to do to those mountainous orbs. All thoughts of Janie were gone, replaced by Sonya's giant

boobs. He couldn't function. He couldn't think straight. He had to have them!

With a young man's speed, he strode forward, diving face-first into the older woman's prodigious bust.

"Oh my..." Sonya called out in surprise. The young man, in an almost feral state, rubbed his face against the soft, smooth, luscious breast flesh vigorously. His hands slid up her body and grabbed at her big tits, taking them into his palms, squeezing them desperately.

So soft! So smooth! So big! So amazing!

He squeezed them roughly, over and over again, savoring the sensation of her soft, mature breasts between his fingers, skin-on-skin. He had never felt a big pair of tits like this, so the sensation was mesmerizing. He couldn't get enough as he kept pawing at her. He gripped them roughly, his palms supporting the massive knockers as he rubbed his face against them harshly, feeling the soft, succulent flesh against every square inch of his face. A low animalistic growl was coming from his throat unconsciously. He had a hunger that needed to be satisfied.

"C'mon, baby..." Sonya purred. "Suck my big tits!" Sliding his face down, he attacked the older woman's throbbing nipple, taking it into his mouth, sucking the hardened nub energetically. He held her heavy, full breast in his hands, supporting it as he sucked at the mammoth orb, trying to feed as much of her soft flesh into his hungry mouth as he could. "Yes, that's it! YES! Suck my tits, baby! You are so good at this! I knew you would be!"

His energetic mouth switched between nipples, giving the other the same active worship, coating it with saliva, sucking it, biting it.

"YES! Ladies... this boy is good!" Sonya moaned out as she clawed his scalp, holding him in place. His lustful titty-sucking echoed through the room, breaking the heated silence. He teased her hard nipples like the good lover he was, pleasuring the older woman's tits, flicking and sucking at her hard nubs. She reached around him, pulling his face against her, smothering his handsome face in between her bulbous tits. She held him roughly as she scrubbed her tits against his face, drowning him in softness as the massive orbs slamming into his face sent him into a daze. She watched his eyes glaze over, the pleasure and the lack of oxygen affecting him. She held in place just long enough before releasing him, his mouth gasping for air, tasting the flavor of her big, soft tits. His respite was

short-lived as she leaned down, sliding her sinewy tongue down his throat.

The young man made out with the older woman again as she pulled him up to a standing position, making the kiss deeper, their open mouths locked together, lips pressed against lips savagely. As they kissed, she could feel his throbbing weapon against her belly as he humped against her, seeking the pleasure he needed. The kiss was a sloppy one, the older woman almost indecently attacking his mouth with hers, her tongue a whirlwind. She pulled back slightly, allowing their dueling, saliva coated tongues to be visible.

Despite the fact that the college student was making out with a middle-aged woman, he couldn't deny the lust of the kiss as he got into the groove, meeting her aggressive tongue with his own. He couldn't stop himself from letting his hands fall to her big, round, juicy ass, squeezing the meaty cheeks firmly.

"College boy is loving this!" Ellen called out, putting her hand on his shoulder. Stella joined the kissing pair, and together, they guided the new couple towards the bed. Lost in the kiss, both Sonya and Tyler allowed themselves to be moved till Tyler's legs were pressed against the bed. Tyler was almost lost in the kiss, and he only regained his composure when he felt a firm shove against his chest, as Sonya pushed him back on the

bed. Gaining his bearings, he looked down to see the three older women standing over him, looking down at him hungrily. He looked down to see his own stiff pillar rising from his groin, pointing right at them, aching with need.

"Alright ladies," Sonya called out to her two friends as she looked down at Tyler's beefy cock. "Dinner is served! Let's feast!"

Moving almost in sync, the three women fell to their knees, their faces hovering over his throbbing weapon. Sonya gripped the base of his cock as all three women drooled at the sight of the young dick under their noses. Again, at almost the same moment, the three women pounced, Stella and Ellen attaching their mouths to the sides of his shaft as Sonya swallowed the tip.

"Ahhh! Shit!" Tyler called out, a jolt of pleasure shooting through him. Ellen and Stella worshipped the sides, their mouths sucking at his meaty weapon as their tongues lavished it with pleasure. At the same time, Sonya bobbed on the tip, taking the thick meat down her throat easily, taking half of his girthy shaft into her hot mouth. Her tongue was sliding along the bottom of his cock, savoring its meaty flavor, teasing his sensitive prick in the process. She would bob up and down for a little bit, her plump lips wrapped tightly around the shaft,

before she would settle on the tip, sliding her thick, sinewy tongue around his swollen mushroom tip, licking the pre-cum off of him as soon as it appeared.

"Yes! Amazing!" Tyler moaned out, his hips rising from the bed as three older women attacked his cock with their hungry mouths. The three mouths were a whirlwind around his young dick as all three worked him over. Sonya released the tip from her loving mouth, sliding her lips down the underside of his shaft, only for Ellen to immediately take over, taking his cock into her mouth. For a few moments, Ellen was sucking him, Stella was working the shaft, and Sonya's active tongue was sliding against his nuts, worshipping his cum-filled sack. "Fuck, you're all so good!" Even if he wanted to leave, even though none of the women were digging their hands into his shoulders, keeping him in place like they did in the hot tub, he wouldn't be able to escape. Their amazing, sucking mouths were getting the job done, holding him in place with pure blissful pleasure.

The three women were a blur as they sucked him off. His swollen, spongy tip would hit the cool air for a mere second before another hungry mouth would smoothly take it in. His cock was being worked over by the three women, each taking the opportunity to work every part of his meaty organ, the tip, the shaft, and the balls.

The three middle-aged women were getting very well acquainted with the young man's nine-inch prick. His conservative upbringing had always kept him nervous about those dangerous, filthy college girls, but his relationship with Janie had protected him from those types of women. But no one warned him about those dangerous older women, the aggressive ones who wouldn't take no for an answer. The ones with those luscious mature, curvy bodies which wouldn't let you think straight. The ones who would stop at nothing to get a hold of some hard, thick, young cock. That left Tyler very vulnerable to their twisted machinations. So now, instead of having a gorgeous, sexy and slutty young college girl gnawing on his young cock, forming the beginning of a long sex-filled relationship with a girl his own age, as he probably should, he had now fallen victim to three predatory middle-aged women. Such youth shouldn't be wasted on the old, but these three relished the opportunity at corrupting this nice, good hearted young man, making the young man spend his prized sexual energy on these three old sluts.

But Tyler wasn't thinking about his very soul being corrupted. They never do until it is too late. No, all he felt was pleasure. All he was thinking about was how good these three women were sucking his dick. His pulsing weapon was now coated in their combined, heated saliva, the smooth skin of his fat dick and soft scrotum slick with their spit. Looking down at the

three older women working as one singular beast of lust, attacking his cock with their hungry, snarling mouths, like a mythical demoness of sex, pleasuring every part of his throbbing meat.

Janie never sucked him like this. She was a bit daintier, settling for a knob polish, because that was as far as she was willing and able to go. But these three women... they attacked his cock without fear. Without hesitation. They sucked his cock and balls with vigor. With passion. They inhaled his meaty dick like it was their favorite meal, marinating it with their mature saliva, with a glaze of his pre-cum. Janie sucked him out of obligation. Like she knew she was supposed to do it, and simply gave him a cursory blowjob to keep him happy. But these three, they sucked cock because they loved it.

As Stella inhaled his shaft and Sonya sucked on his nuts, Ellen pulled her swollen lips from his aching prick, crawling up the bed with a sneer on her face.

"Alright, baby..." she began. "Your cock is delicious, but I think it's about time you return the favor." She crawled up and got on her knees, before straddling his face, so he was looking up at her dripping, mature twat. "You boys think you can just lie back and let us girls do all the work. But not with us... I think it's time you learned a valuable lesson." Tyler's eyes were wide

as he stared up at the older woman's cunt, knowing what was about to come.

"Um, I..." Tyler began, but she took pleasure in stifling out his words as she sat on his face. She ground her puffy mature lips against his mouth.

"C'mon baby, open up," she commanded firmly. "I know you've wanted to eat my pussy from the second you met me. So, do it baby... open up that pretty mouth of yours and eat my fucking cunt!" Knowing there was no way out but forward, he had no choice but to open up his mouth. "Ahhhh! Yes, that's it baby! Yes! Let me feel that tongue! OH FUCK YES!"

Tyler was tentative at first, taking a few small swipes at her puffy, mature lips. He slid his tongue against her, running the length of her cleft without really digging in, tasting her tangy mature juices. Tyler was a generous lover, and when he would eat Janie's vagina it really felt like the most intimate form of their love making. Hearing her soft moans and squeals as he ate her sweet pretty pussy was his reward for this one-sided act. But with Ellen, there was no intimacy. This was not love making. Ellen wanted this young man to tongue-fuck her slutty mature cunt and she would accept nothing less.

"Get in there, baby. Don't be shy!" she cooed with evil intent. Tentatively, he extending his tongue further, parting her puffy lips, sliding his tongue against her sweet, mature cunt. "Oh, that's it, baby... that's it. Give me that tongue! YES!" He stabbed at her again and again, digging a bit deeper into her tight, dripping cunt, tasting more of her juices on his tongue. "Fuck me, babe! Fuck my nasty cunt!"

Ellen sat up straight and put her hands on her hips, grinding her cunt against his mouth. She smiled evilly as she winced in pleasure. The young man below her worked up a good rhythm, fucking at her tight, dripping hole with his tongue, digging in deep, licking her inner walls. Savoring the flavor. It was even more impressive considering the twin blowjob he was still receiving from her two friends.

"That's it, you fucking stud! Eat that cunt!" Ellen complimented, grinding into him. "This is where you belong... this is where all men your age belong. On your back, pleasuring the cunt of a beautiful, mature, older woman. You ungrateful little shits think the whole world's about you. You make all these women bend to your will just to make your lives easier. Your teachers, your mothers, all of these older women who you push aside in your perfect fucking lives. You all need to pay the toll. Return the favor. Give our cunts the worship they fucking deserve. So really fucking get in there and eat my cunt!"

Tyler had his open mouth sealed around her mature pussy, his tongue digging deep, pleasuring the older woman. His tongue was becoming more active, sliding inside her, pulling out and caressing her distended lips and throbbing clit.

"Oh, god, YES!" Ellen squealed. His muffled moans, and the wet suction from the two women sucking him off were the only sounds heard in the hotel room. "I know you love it, baby! I can feel your tongue all the way inside me! Yes! You must love my cunt much more than you love that little bitch you've been dating! Ughhh fuck!" Sensing he was into it, a twisted thought entered the librarian's mind. He was so absorbed in the act, his mouth so aggressively planted against her dripping cunt, his tongue so deep inside her... she decided to make her move.

"Keep that tongue out, stud... keep that fucking tongue out," she began. "Keep that tongue against me when I do this!" Before he could react, she slid her hips forward, bending at the waist till his tongue was pulled from her clasping cunt, sliding against her flesh before his tongue slid straight up her ass-crack, and before he knew it, his tongue was pressed against the older librarian's tight butthole.

"Mmmphh!" Tyler groaned, pulling his tongue back into his mouth, trying to escape this predicament. He squirmed

around, but the older woman sitting on his face and the two women sucking him off were able to hold him down, gripping his tight muscles to keep him in place.

"Don't be scared!" Ellen commanded, grinding her ass against his now closed lips. "Open up, baby... I want to feel that tongue against my ass!" Tyler held fast. He had never had any desire to do any butt stuff with Janie, and he still didn't want to now. But with this middle-aged woman's asshole pressed against his mouth... he didn't see any escape. He didn't want to rim her tight butthole, but he couldn't get away. What would he do?

But before he could decide, the older women decided for him. He felt a set of long-nailed fingers dig roughly into his thigh, causing his mouth to open in pain. Ellen took advantage, pressing her ass down, pressing her asshole against his open mouth. Without thinking, his tongue unconsciously extended, grazing against Ellen's tight, clean asshole.

"Mmmm!" he groaned as his open mouth was sealed around this middle-aged slut's butthole. She pressed her weight down, pressing his head roughly against the mattress. Again knowing he didn't have much of a choice, he overcame his reluctance and extended his tongue deliberately, sliding it against her asshole.

"Oh fuck yes!" Ellen screamed out. "I can feel that tongue on my ass! Holy fuck!" She really dug in, grinding against him, grinding her asshole against his tentative tongue.

"Oh my God!" Sonya called out, releasing her grip on Tyler's thigh as she pulled her mouth from his throbbing prick, leaving his cock to Stella as the Latina sucked him deeply, taking most of his big cock down her tight throat. Sonya crawled up the bed, laughing. "That's right! Home girl knows the score!" she called out, slapping Ellen's full ass as she smiled in pride. Sonya looked down as the young man cautiously rimmed the horny librarian. "Get used to it, baby! Don't be scared," she told the younger man. "You're going to spend a lot of time right where you are, rimming our asses, so you'd better get good at it!"

Tyler had no choice but to comply, going with the older librarian's evil intentions. He slid his tongue against her asshole with purpose, coating her tight hole with his heated saliva. As he rimmed her ass, he was surprised to find the act not nearly as unpleasant as he would have suspected. Getting more into it, he pressed his face upward, really digging his tongue in there, trying to breach the uptight older woman's clenching hole. His firm insistent tongue pressed against her, trying to break through, until finally...

"Awww... FUCK YEAH!" Ellen growled as his tongue entered her tight ass. She shivered as the younger man fucked her ass with his tongue. She swiveled her hips, grinding her ass into his face, clenching one eye shut as the younger man hit the right spot, his tongue spearing her ass. The young man was lavishing her tight hole, worshipping it with his tongue, no longer fighting her off. If anything he was now welcoming it, really digging in as he savagely attacked her tight rear. He got so into it that when she sat up, lifting her ass from his face, his eager tongue was still extended, searching for her delicious ass. In his daze, he looked up, only to see Ellen's eager mouth moving towards his.

Ellen slid her tongue into the young man's mouth, kissing the young man deeply. Her firm tongue wrestled with his, tasting her own ass but not caring. Tyler simply melted into the kiss, going along with it. As Tyler made out with the high strung older woman, he heard a slap of skin-on-skin, and Stella's hungry mouth lift from his throbbing prick. Ellen pulled her mouth from his, wrapped her arms around his head, and shoved her tits in his face, molding them to his handsome features.

"What a good young man you are!" she called out to him, scrubbing her big, creamy breasts against his handsome features. "Finally, we come across a hot young stud who does as he's told... I like that," she purred, almost suffocating the

young man with her big tits. She finally released her grip on him, allowing him to pull in gasps of heated air, but his reprieve was short-lived, as Stella joined her friend, pressing her large, Latina tits against his face as well.

"Oh my God, I love your dick!" Stella told the young man effusively, scrubbing her boobs against the side of his face in gratitude. Stella pushed her jugs against one side of his face as Ellen did the same on the other, and due to the size of their immense orbs, their big fleshy tits were pressing against each other.

"It's about time we teamed up, showed one of these young guys where their proper place is," Ellen said, laughing wickedly.

"Yeah... oh my God, I can't believe this is really happening," Stella said, pressing her smooth tits into the college student's face lovingly.

"It's all real, bitch!" Ellen replied. "This young man here is real... that cock is real... these tits are real! You feel that? These tits are real, right?" she asked to the young man beneath her as she began slapping her heavy tits into his face. Stella joined her friend, slapping her big breasts against Tyler's face, dazing him further.

"You have no idea," Stella began, "I've wanted this for so long! You are SO not gonna regret this... I'm gonna give you the best sex of your life!"

"We'll see about that..." Sonya stated calmly. "Now ladies, if you please," she stated, calmly grabbing each by the shoulder and pulling them away from the dazed young man, allowing him to regain his bearings.

His vision was blurred as he gasped for air, the world swirling around him. As his eyesight cleared and the room stopped spinning, he looked up at Sonya's calm, smirking face.

She had moved into position over him, straddling him, her fingers curled around his rock hard shaft. Her pussy was poised just above it, ready for the sex that was about to occur. The older woman's massive round tits were jutting out imposingly, capped by her thick, rubbery nipples, hard as bullets. Her thick, curvy, naked, middle-aged body was exposed to him once more, and it was this sight that sobered him up fast.

It was as if his head had finally cleared, and the fog that he had been in since first meeting these three women had finally lifted.

This wasn't what he wanted, this wasn't what he was after. No...no! Janie! He wanted Janie. He wanted to be with her, not these three... old ladies. He wanted to spend the rest of his life with Janie, his true love, his soul-mate, not these three aggressive, mature, voluptuous women. He could do so much better than this, couldn't he? He shouldn't be here. He shouldn't be doing this.

"Wait... wait!" Tyler called out, lifting his head, looking up at the blonde, holding up his hand. "We can't do this. This has gone too far. This is wrong!"

"Wrong?" Sonya asked, raising her eyebrow as she languidly stroked his cock, holding him on edge. "Hon, there's nothing wrong about this. Nothing has ever felt so right! So natural. You should feel blessed. You couldn't ask for better than this," she boasted, glancing at her own curves as she slapped the head of his cock against her mature cunt. Stella and Ellen dug their hands into his shoulders, holding him in place.

"Listen..." Tyler panted, panicking. "Let me just... let me just walk away. This doesn't have to happen. I... I love Janie!" he affirmed, to himself and these slutty old women.

"You LOVED Janie," she clarified, her experienced fingers sliding against the underside of his mushroom tip. "And now you LOVE me. And I can prove it..."

Before the young man could form another word, the older blonde dropped down, and the head of his throbbing prick slid into the Sonya's vagina.

"Oh... fuck!" Tyler moaned out as her dripping, mature pussy swallowed his thick, throbbing tip. Holding there in that position, teasing him by squeezing her pussy around him. She then dropped further, taking the first few inches of his aching shaft. "Oh my God..." he panted softly in disbelief. This was the first pussy he had ever been inside beside Janie's. And it felt so fucking good! She was shockingly tight, and her pussy was almost on a whole new level of pleasure. Her pussy was massaging his big dick, driving him crazy. Her tight, dripping cunt was gripping the top of his cock, squeezing his pulsing weapon, the pleasure enough to hold him in place.

Tyler looked down just in time to see her mature cunt hungrily swallow a few more inches of teenage dick. And with every additional inch now inside her, that meant there was more cock for her pussy to love. And it was loving it, coating the teenage meat with her juices, squeezing it, massaging it, taking him into a new realm of pleasure. The young man was squirming

beneath the confident older woman, feeling things he had never experienced, gritting his teeth, trying to keep silent about the pleasure he was feeling.

That would not suffice.

Before he could react, Sonya pulled herself up slightly before slamming her full ass down, taking his entire teenage cock inside her, her big ass colliding with his thighs with a meaty slap.

"Jesus!" Tyler cried.

"Uhhhh... FUCK!" Sonya yelled out as her mature cunt took in the young man's thick, lengthy cock. Her pussy spasmed around his dick, getting used to his size. She put her hands on his chest to steady herself, swiveling her hips, grinding on his pole.

"Oh my God!" Tyler sighed, closing his eyes. How could this old lady's pussy feel this fucking good? It was amazing! He could really feel the difference between the pussy of his inexperienced girlfriend and a real woman's cunt. The difference between a pussy that doesn't know what it could do,

and a cunt that knew exactly what it wanted. The difference between a pussy that couldn't handle a sizable cock, and a cunt that fucking craved one and knew exactly what to do once it had taken a big one.

Sonya's cunt was tighter than he knew was possible, and it was loving squeezing and gripping his thick meat, pleasuring it with a divine massage that almost made him lose control already. When he was in his girlfriend's pussy, it felt like he was in control. But Sonya's cunt, her tight mature cunt... a cunt like that gave him no choice but to submit.

"You like that?" Sonya asked, sneering at the young man beneath her. "You like that fucking cunt!?"

"Ughhhhh... yes!" Tyler groaned, in a pained bliss.

"Better than your girlfriend's pussy?" she asked, grinding against him, her pussy squeezing the life out of his throbbing teenage dick.

"Yes!" Tyler groaned, unable to deny it. "So good!"

"Jesus, Sonya..." Stella said, looking at the action taking place in front of her. It was one thing to hear about it, but it was another to see it. To lay eyes upon the forbidden sight of a young man being conquered by a naked older woman, her on top, using her mature cunt to drive him insane. It was a shocking sight. Even Ellen, normally stoic and icy, seemed stunned by what she was seeing her friend do.

Sonya looked at her friends and smirked, knowing the young man was pretty much hers now. Asserting her control, she reached down and grabbed his wrists, pulling his unresisting hands upward, mashing his palms against her massive, fleshy tits again. He dug his fingers into the bulbous orbs once more, supporting their weight, but they were just so big that the flesh practically oozed off his palms.

"Look at me, baby..." Sonya purred, squeezing her cunt around his cock as she ground into him. He opened his eyes to see the older woman looking down at him with a confident smile, his manly palms reflexively squeezing her enormous, mature breasts desperately. Licking her lips, she continued speaking. "Me and you are lovers now... me and you are having sex. Do you understand that? No matter where you go, no matter what you try to tell yourself, you and an older woman have had sex and it's already the best you've ever had. Better than any of that young pussy. It's the best thing you've ever felt. I can feel your big cock throbbing. It loves my tight fucking cunt! It loves my

cunt as much as you love me! And you do love me, Tyler. You love my hot body. My gorgeous face... my hot ass... my big tits! You love me, and when we're done fucking, you'll never think about that little bitch ever again!"

Tyler didn't have the strength to deny her. He kept pressing his hands against her huge tits, squeezing them firmly, seeking solace in their softness. Knowing she had this hot young stud on the hook, she lifted her ass and began to bounce on his throbbing dick.

"Fuck!" Tyler groaned, the immediate pleasure too much to contain. The older woman lifted herself so just the tip of his lengthy shaft was stuck inside her, then she dropped back down, her ass slamming into him.

"Uhhhh GAAAWWDDDD! YES!" Sonya moaned out as she began to bounce on his massive prick, working herself into a rhythm, fucking the younger man. "Oooohhh yeah! That's it! That's some good dick!" she called out, her ass slapping against his legs loudly as they fucked.

"Oh my God!" Tyler groaned, feeling this older woman's tight cunt squeezing his throbbing cock like it never wanted to let go. It felt amazing. Sonya wasn't a woman he would have ever

imagined himself screwing, for multiple reasons. But now, with his dick inside of her... he couldn't deny how good it felt. Janie never made him feel like this. Not even close.

Sonya was an excellent fuck, so it didn't take her long to work herself up into fucking at a furious pace, riding the younger man like the stallion he was. His hands maintained his grip on her enormous tits, supporting their heavy weight as she rode his thick cock.

"Talk to me, baby. Talk to me!" Sonya demanded as she fucked him into the bed. "Fuck! Holy shit that's good! Talk to me! You ever been fucked like this?"

"No..." Tyler replied. "It's never been like this! It's never felt this good! I didn't know... I didn't know."

Ellen and Stella were watching as their friend fucked this young man into submission. Ellen looked over at Sonya with a newfound respect, seeing her friend in a new light. It's one thing for a woman to like another woman. But watching your friend fuck a hot young dude into submission, showing him his proper place... Ellen now idolized Sonya. This was so fucking amazing!

Stella was watching this with a different eye, watching how her friend was doing what she did. Watching how she fucked Tyler, how she could demolish this young man using her hot older body... it was almost artistic, this act of vigorous sex. It was perfection, like the ultimate that sex could be, a thick-bodied older woman riding a younger studly man's fat cock into submission. Stella watched how Sonya used her body, how she jutted out her chest to make sure the younger man was feeling her tits, how she drove her ass down into him, fucking any resistance out of him. Stella moved her head to look at their conjoined genitals, how her tight, mature cunt was squeezing his thick shaft, how it gripped him when she lifted herself up, as if her hungry cunt didn't want to let go. It was a learning experience for the Spanish teacher, to say the least.

"You have an amazing dick, Tyler." Sonya told him. "YES! So long... so fat! I love it, baby. I fucking love it! SHIT! YES! It's about time you put it to better use... not wasting it on those young girls. UGHH! God! This cock is built to fuck women. Real fucking women... with real fucking curves. UGH! YES! Not those skinny little stick figure bitches! You love fucking a real woman, don't you? Don't you!"

"Yes!" Tyler replied, his eyes blazing with lust as the pleasure began to overwhelm him. He couldn't help but get into this nasty fuck, as every meaty slap of her ass slamming into his

thighs, with her cunt taking his entire length, wore down any resistance he once felt. "This is the best I've ever had!"

"Better than little fucking Janie?" she asked, driving down into him, her cunt coating his cock in her sex juices as it quivered around him.

"Yes! So much better!" Tyler admitted, his fingers pinching her rubbery nipples. "The best I've ever fucking had!"

"Ahhh! YES!" she squealed in pleasure, her cunt spasming. "Do you love me more than her? Do you love me more than Janie?"

"Yes!" he relented, saying something he wouldn't have dreamed possible. He didn't even know if it was true, but it felt amazing to say it. "I love you more than Janie! I love your fucking body... your fucking tits... I love everything about you more than her!"

At this, she slid down, sliding her chest against his as their lips met in a fiery kiss. She slid her tongue into his mouth, overwhelming him as she aggressively kissed him. Their kiss was near indecent as their open mouths attacked each other.

Spit connected their mouths as she pulled her mouth from his and brought her lips to his ear.

"She was stupid enough to let you go..." she told him, her ass still driving into him. His hands slid to the round robust cheeks and gripped them as best he could as she fucked him hard. "I won't make the same mistake. I'm gonna keep you. We're gonna be doing this for a long, long time..." she told him, promising him long future, not with hot young girls, but a future of rough aggressive sex with slutty mature women.

His cock throbbed.

Finding her ass too much to contain, he simply wrapped his manly arms around her waist and held on for the ride. Her massive udders slid against his chest as they both worked up a sweat. Her ass drove into him, the round cheeks flexing as she ground into him

"UGGHHH! UGHHHHHHHH! FUCK!" Sonya groaned gutturally, that cock working wonders on her tight cunt. "HNNNN! I love it! I love young dick!" she screamed out, his massive tool reaching places and scratching itches only young cock could. Her cunt was quivering like crazy, coating the younger man's smooth shaft and bouncing nuts. She slid

herself up, stuffing her hard nipple into his waiting mouth. She mashed her breast into his face as she kept fucking him. But the cock inside her was driving her too crazy for her to stay like this. She pulled her nipple from his mouth, reached forward to grab the headboard, and reared up. "Alright, you son of a bitch! It's time to show you how a real woman fucks!" She began to fuck the younger man even more roughly, her ass like a blur as she vigorously rode his thick cock.

"Fuck! Holy shit!" Tyler called out. His eyes were locked on the older slut's jiggling tits as she fucked him into the bed. Her skin was soon coated with sweat as she fucked his brains out, fucking him with a fury that was unbelievable for a woman of her age.

"Jesus, Sonya," Stella said, in awe, her nipples throbbing and her juices dripping onto the bed. "You're fucking incredible! You're a fucking sex goddess!"

"This is so fucking hot, Sonya," Ellen said, roughly fingering herself as she watched her friend fuck this hot younger guy like she had always dreamed about. Ellen had always fantasized about conquering a young guy like this, so seeing her friend getting the job done was simply incredible. A dream come true. Ellen could barely hold herself back. She wanted a piece of the action, and soon.

"UUUUGGGGHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Sonya screamed out, her voice hoarse. "I love it! I love that cock!" She was riding out many small orgasms on the journey to the big one. "You hear that you fucker!?" she spat out. "I love your fucking dick! It's driving me crazy!"

Tyler was getting close as well. He gripped her wide hips and held on for the ride. Her elastic pussy was wrapped around his cock, squeezing the fuck out of it, driving him nuts. Janie was way too quiet and passive to fuck his cock like this old bitch was. Sonya was amazing, just a far better fuck than Janie. Sonya was right. Janie was just a girl. Sonya was a woman, and real women fucked better.

Tyler drove up into her, meeting her brutal fucking with his own, their bodies slamming together roughly.

"AAHHH! YES! YES!" Sonya screamed, sweat dripping off the older lady's naked body as she fucked the big-dicked college student. Tyler's face was screwed up in concentration as he fucked the older woman, but his focus was jarred by a set of slim fingers cradling his balls.

"Holy shit!" Ellen said, massaging the younger man's nuts. "I can feel the fucking cum in his balls. Oh my God, there's so much in there..."

"I want it!" Sonya screamed, her eyes looked crazed. "I want all of it! I want you to empty your fucking nuts in my tight fucking cunt! Yes! YES! Oh my God! YES! I fucking love this cock! I fucking love you baby! Yes! I fucking love you! I'm gonna fucking marry you! YES! We're gonna do this forever! UGH! FUCK! Now fucking cum in my hot fucking cunt! YES!"

A momentary panic went through Tyler. In his daze, he didn't even think about the fact that he was fucking this older woman bareback, and he certainly didn't think about where the contents of his swollen balls would end up. He didn't want to cum inside her, but... she wasn't going anywhere.

"C'mon! Give it to me!" Sonya yelled at him. "You want to do it, don't you? Fuck! I bet Janie made you wear a condom! I bet she was terrified of that fucking cum. No... not me! Never! I let young guys fuck me raw! I like to feel a young studs thick cream deep inside me! I want your fucking nut deep inside me! I deserve it! I'm your girlfriend now! Guys get to cum inside their girlfriend's cunts! Give that nut, baby! YES! Give me that fucking cum! Fill my fucking cunt with that fucking sperm and give me your fucking baby!"

Those words, more than any other, sent a bolt of lust from deep in his nuts up his entire shaft. Despite knowing better, despite knowing how wrong it was, her words spurred him into action. He drove up into her harder, his meaty cock sliding in and out of her pussy at a furious pace.

"Oh my God!" he moaned out, in near bliss.

"Yeah, that's right. SHIT! That's right! You like that? You like the thought of knocking me up, baby? YES! Fucking shit! UGHH! YES! You like the thought of giving some old bitch a baby? Not some cute little girlie... an old slut with a hot body! That's who deserves your baby, not any young girl! HA! Yes! YES!" Sonya screamed out, her cunt quivering. She was ready to explode.

"Oh my God! I'm gonna fucking give you a baby! Fuck! FUCK!" Tyler grunted out, his base instincts speaking for him. His conscious mind knew better, but his base instincts were running the show. And his base instincts wanted him to cum inside this old whore and impregnate her. His balls boiling and his cock tingling, he drove up into her more rapidly, his pumping becoming more hectic. If he wasn't careful, he was about to knock this old bitch up. But he didn't want to be

careful. He didn't want to stop. He was too far gone at this point.

"Uh! Ugh! UGH! YES! YES! I'm gonna cum, baby! I'm gonna cum! Yes! Yes! YES! YES! UGGHHHHHHHHH YYYEEESSSS! FFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!" Sonya screamed loudly as a hard orgasm hit her hard, her body jerking and flexing as pleasure overcame her. Her cunt locked around the meaty shaft buried in her tight cunt, setting the young man off.

"Ohhhh... ugh! UGH! YES! Oh my god! I'm cumming! UGGGHHHHHHHHH!" Tyler grunted as his nuts flexed and the first thick stream of cum rocketed from his swollen cock deep into her welcoming cunt.

"YES! YES! I can feel it! I can feel it inside me! YES!" the crazed older woman screamed out as she felt thick streams of teenage cum deep inside her, firing off again and again and again. His cock shooting off like crazy, coating the older woman's womb with thick potent cum.

"AHHHHH! GGGGGGGOOOOODDDDD!" the younger man grunted, cumming like he never had before. Janie had only ever been able to draw out a few potent shots, but Sonya

made him cum like a firehose. His nuts kept flexing as he drove up into her, trying to make sure his cum was fired off as deep as possible in the cunt above him, instinctually trying to ensure a pregnancy.

The two lovers ground against each other as they came together like the perfectly matched couple they were. Sonya fell on top of him, their sweaty bodies sliding against each other as they jerked and flexed. His hands were on her back and hers were around his neck as they clung to each other. Finally, after a minute of this, both of them relaxed as they finished cumming. She stayed on top of him as they recovered, both panting for breath. Sonya eventually slid to the side, her sweat coated tits pointed upward like smooth, fleshy mountains, rising and falling with every breath. The young man looked worn out by the brutal fuck, a fact that the other two women noticed.

Both Ellen and Stella looked awed by what they had just seen. Normally, Ellen was never this passive, and Stella had a reputation as a chatterbox, but both had been stunned into silence by what they had just witnessed. They had just watched their slutty friend fuck the living hell out of a younger man, and looking at him now, seeing him worn down, they both wondered the same thing.

"Does he have anything left?" Ellen asked, looking at Stella. But, before she could respond, Sonya rose up, somehow still with energy, wiping the sweat off her brow, reaching forward to grab the younger man's cock between her fingers.

"Of course he does." Sonya replied, gripping the still hard shaft, covered in their combined juices. Tyler looked like he was ready to pass out, but his cock was wide awake. "He's young, and we're hot..." she told them, stroking his juice covered cock. "He'll be ready for the next ride, trust me. Now... who's up?" she said, looking at her friends. Ellen went to move forward, but before she could, Stella leapt into action, pushing her friend out of the way so she could straddle the younger man.

"It's my turn!" the older Latina interjected impatiently. "I've waited so long for this..." Ellen looked at her friend with fury at having taken her place, but Stella was too distracted to notice or care. Her luscious tits jiggled as she moved into place, poising herself over Tyler's rock hard pillar. She stroked his dick a few times, shocked that he still had fuel in the tank. As she felt the spongy tip of his cock against her soaking wet pussy, she savored the moment.

Despite the aggressive nature of the seduction of Tyler, Stella was actually a very nice, sweet, kind woman. Whereas Sonya was cunning, and Ellen was bitchy, Stella was warm and

friendly. She was a great teacher, and she cared for and fought for her students whenever she could. That being said, she had a thing for younger men. Nothing wrong with that. Everyone had their fetishes, and that was hers. She, of course, kept everything above board and legal in terms of her crushes. And while there were many at the school whom she lusted after, in her daily life outside of the school, she would mostly put the moves on younger, college-aged guys, like Tyler, young studs full of thick cum who needed sex to survive. Those were the guys who she felt like she really had a shot with, but that didn't stop her from trying when the opportunity arose at school. When one of those hot high school senior guys entered her Spanish class, ready to experience a foreign tongue, she would do all she could to make it clear that she could be the one providing it, specifically against their tasty swollen balls. She would flirt and preen and show off some serious cleavage whenever she could, but none of them ever took her up on her very generous offer.

In her mind, she deserved this one little indulgence. She was friendly and generous and a hard worker and what she wanted wasn't hurting anyone. Plus, she had held onto her good looks and had maintained her body while so many of her friends had fallen victim to the ravages of time. Sure, she had curves, but she still looked damn good. Like many women of her family, she had a nice big ass, and her big tits were still luscious and smooth. She had earned this. She had earned the right to fuck

this young stud. So, chewing her lip, barely able to contain her excitement, she lowered herself down, taking the tip of the young man's meaty weapon.

"Oh my goodness..." Stella sighed, feeling her tight snatch spread around his invading shaft, hungrily swallowing the throbbing young dick. The cock was already well lubed, and her pussy was positively dripping, so his cock slid into her smoothly. "Uhhhhh... fuck!" she moaned out, stopping halfway, getting used to the sizable dick lodged inside of her.

"That's some good dick, huh?" Sonya asked knowingly, lying next to Tyler, running a finger over his sweaty chest.

"It's amazing..." she purred, biting her lower lip, her tight cunt gripping the younger man's cock, loving its size and power.

Tyler had been startled into focus by this new cunt around his still throbbing cock. He himself was amazed that he was still hard. That first hard orgasm inside Sonya's tight pussy was like a pressure release, venting some thick cum out of his system just so he could quickly make room for some more. And as this new pussy descended over his cock, he was already raring to go. He didn't know if it was the fact that after having only had sex with one girl in his entire life, he had now fucked two other

women in the last ten minutes, but he was harder than he had ever been in his entire life. He had cum once and was still good to go. There was a stud inside Tyler that was getting brought to the surface.

"This can be your life, baby..." Sonya whispered, her fingers gliding on his chest lovingly. "This can be what you get every day! Daily sex with hot women. Real women, not those skinny little girls. You'll get our huge tits, our big asses, every fucking day. You could have the life all guys your age dream of. You don't have to work. Don't have to ruffle a hair on that pretty head of yours. No, we'll take good care of you. And in exchange, you get lots of sex with hot sexy women. We'll fucking parade you around, show you off to all our friends. Older women, like us. We'll make them super jealous, jealous that their not the ones getting deep dicked on a daily basis. You'll be a fucking trophy, and then you can come home and be the throbbing meat in a MILF sandwich."

Tyler gulped in response to this. A life of being the boy toy for a set of older women wasn't exactly what he had in mind for his future, although her description did resonate with him slightly. He actually had future aspirations and goals. Not wanting to acknowledge Sonya and her twisted words, he looked up at Stella, at her still pretty face, screwed up in concentration as she struggled to take more of his thick cock inside of her. His eyes slid down to her smooth caramel colored

breasts, looking round and soft and perky, practically begging to be touched and squeezed. So Tyler did just that, reaching up and sliding his hands against her luscious breasts, squeezing them firmly.

"Shit, baby..." Stella moaned out, her sensitive tits loving the feeling of this strong younger man touching them. "Squeeze my tits, baby... squeeze 'em." Tyler squeezed them over and over again before toying with her dark nipples. "Ohhhh...yes!" she sighed, sliding down further on his large prick, the added sensations on her hot body spurring her to take as much of his dick as she could. She had her heart set on taking that whole fucking prick inside her, and she was going to do it. "Do you like it?" she asked. "Do you like my pussy, baby?"

"Yes!" Tyler told her. "Yes, it feels fucking amazing!" Why did all these older women have such incredibly tight pussies? Stella's pussy was taut as a drum, squeezing his shaft firmly, smothering it with pleasure. He looked down at her tight pussy stretched around his cock, seemingly filled to the brim. But she was huffing and puffing as she focused on taking the last few inches of teenage dick inside of her. She was gonna take that big fucking dick or die trying. She just had to take her time.

But Ellen sitting on her knees next to her was too impatient. She just wanted Stella to move this whole thing along so she

could have her turn. So, as Stella hovered in place, with a few inches of cock sticking out of her, Ellen moved forward and put her hands on Stella's ass. Then, with a firm shove, she pushed the Latina woman down roughly, making her take the teenage stud's shaft all the way up to the root.

"Aahhhhhhhh! Fuck fuck fuck!" Stella screamed out as her pussy stretched to contain the younger man's massive dick.

"Shit!" Tyler groaned out as the older woman squirmed on top of him, swiveling on his rock hard dick. Her cunt was spasming around him as it got used to his stiff cock, coating it with her juices. She was panting deeply as she was forced to make room for his large teenage prick, but Ellen didn't have time for her plight.

"C'mon bitch!" Ellen said, slapping her friend's ass. "Let's get it going!" You would expect Stella to be upset, but when she turned back to look at the friend who had impatiently forced her along, she had two words to say.

"Thank you..." Stella cried out to her friend, in a pained pleasure. She turned to look down at the younger man. She reached down to grab the back of his neck, pulling him up. "C'mon, baby, I want to feel you." Tyler rose from the bed into

a seated position. His mouth targeted one of her diamond hard nipples, taking it in his mouth as his face collided with her large breasts. "Ahhh! That's it baby, that's it! YES! I love it! This is amazing!" Tyler's lips were wrapped around her pulsing nipple, forming a perfect seal around it, his tongue flicking the hard nub. Their arms were wrapped around each other, holding each other in place as she ground against his cock.

The young man was fervently attacking her big breasts, his mouth going crazy, sliding from one hard nipple to the other, biting, licking, and chewing the tough nubs. She held him in place as he sucked her big tits, but she grew impatient and just had to pull him up. Before he could react, she moved forward quickly and slid her tongue down his throat.

They moaned into each others' mouths as they made out and she began to slowly lift her ass up and down, bouncing on the young man's post. Stella's tongue was energetic but not overly forceful, loving the fact that she was making out with this hot young guy but not wanting to overwhelm him. She pulled her open mouth from his, before attacking his face with energetic kisses.

"Oh my god! I love you! I love you! I love you!" she said quickly, peppering his face with loving kisses as her tight mature pussy squeezed his big cock in rhythmic tight squeezes.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled her lips to his ear. "This is even better than I thought it would be! Holy shit, your cock is huge!" she moaned out, sliding her pussy up and down to take the young man's full length. She bit her lower lip as she fucked him slowly, still getting used to his big dick. Her big ass was bouncing in his lap, fucking him at a rising pace. "I never knew this could be so exciting!" she squealed out in pleasure. "Yes! So good!"

"Come on, Stella, control yourself. This is just one fuck! It's not like he put a fucking ring on your finger!" Ellen spat out, annoyed at how lovey-dovey her friend was being. Ellen was not this soft hearted. No, if she were on that dick, she wouldn't be telling him how much she loved him. No, she would be fucking that fat cock into oblivion.

"Calm down," Sonya chided her friend, slapping her arm lightly as she watched the action, awaiting her next turn. "You might not know it yet, but that's the type of a dick a girl can fall in love with..."

"Yes! I love it! I fucking love it!" Stella screamed out. "Do you like it, baby? Do you like my tight pussy?"

"Oh my God! YES! " Tyler grunted out, doing his best not to lose it. Her pussy felt really fucking good. While Sonya's tight cunt was pure sexual bliss, a tight hole that was trying to fuck him into submission, Stella's cunt was very taut and loving, squeezing every inch of his thick cock slowly and purposefully. It felt great.

"You're amazing, baby!" Stella told him, picking up the pace. "Holy shit! You're such a good young man! Giving us old ladies the pleasure we deserve! Swearing off all those hot young girls forever so you can fuck some old, filthy sluts! I love you so much, baby! I won't be like those young princesses who'll break your heart. I will always love you and I will always be there for you and your fat fucking cock!"

Tyler didn't know if he had sworn off young women for good, like she said, but nevertheless, he was loving the ride. The curvy Latina kept riding the young man's cock, fucking him more and more energetically, her ass slamming into his already sore thighs. Tyler slid his hands to her big ass, gripping it as best he could with his meaty palms, holding on as she rode him.

"Oh my God, baby, you're so good at this!" Stella moaned out, working up a good sweat. "Yes! Yes! I can't believe I'm doing it with such a hot young guy! I waited so long for this, but it was

so worth it! Oh my God, I'm such a fucking slut! So good! I'm such a fucking slut for young guys! YES! Talk to me, baby! Tell me how much you love this!"

To Tyler, Sonya was a woman who he could never hope to conquer. She was too confident and too dominant to stop. But Stella... he could sense he could have some power over her. He had a good read on her and knew how to use it. So, with a confidence one could only have after having some really good sex, he spoke up.

"You're so good, baby," he whispered hotly to her as she rode his cock lovingly. "You're better than all those young girls. Those little sluts! You deserve this... you deserve to have a lot of sex, way more than them. All those guys who turned you down didn't know the hot piece of ass they were missing out on!"

"Oh my God!" Stella cried out in surprise, her cunt spasming around his meat as a jolt of pleasure shot through her.

"You're one of the hottest women I've ever seen!" he told the nice older woman, pumping her ego as his cock pumped her hot, squeezing cunt. "So fucking sexy! Your pussy is so

fucking tight! SHIT! Yes! You deserve to get fucked every single day!"

"Jesus!" she moaned out into his ear, gripping his neck even tighter, her juices coating his balls. "Yes! Yes! Do you love me, baby? Tell me you love me. Please! I need to hear it!" she begged, bouncing on him more energetically.

"I love you!" Tyler told her. "I love you more than I ever loved my fucking girlfriend!"

"UGHHHHHHH!" Stella said, her back flexing as she leaned back, gripping his neck to hold herself up as a ripple of pleasure shot through her. "Oh my God! Yes! YES! I love you too, baby! I love you so much! AHHH! AHHH! YES! YES! AHHHHHH!" she screamed out, her head falling back, her cunt grinding against him as it gripped his full length. Her chest pointed upward as she squealed in pleasure, her bulbous Latina tits jiggling lusciously. He couldn't stop himself from bringing his hands up from around her waist to molest her big Latina jugs. "Ughhhh! UGHHHHHH! YYYEEEEAAAAHHHHH! SOOOOO GOOOOOD!" She squealed as she came, her cunt gripping his cock in waves as she ground into him, but at this stage his cock was unyielding. He kept his post right in place as she came, driving her crazy, but he was already developing the ability to hold on, to

withstand these older women's hard orgasms without losing control. He could feel her juices gushing on his crotch as she came over and over again, her cunt going crazy on his big dick. But he held on, finding respite in her big tits as he kept squeezing them. She held on, supporting her tensed body with her arms around his strong neck, her head leaning back, her mouth opened and screaming out till her voice went silent. The pleasure was so great it rendered her silent. Finally, her grip released as she fell to the bed, her Latina body coated with sweat as she panted, trying to regain her breath. Her legs fell to the sides as she pulled away, curling up on her side, the pleasure still coursing through her as she shivered in pleasure. Tyler fell onto his back again, his prick still throbbing as he too tried to regain his strength.

"Alright, I've fucking waited long enough!" Ellen spat out, not hesitating now that she had an opportunity. She moved to straddle the younger man and as she reached down to grab his slick cock, she looked down at him. "And trust me baby, I'm not nearly as starving for pleasure as that bitch was," she said, referring to Stella. "I'm not that easy. I know what I want and I won't stop till I get it." With that, she sat down on the young man's prick, smoothly taking half of his length in one go.

"Fuck!" Tyler groaned out, his head rolling on the mattress as he felt a new pleasure, a third new cunt around his prick.

"Ughhhh!" Ellen grunted, the thick teenage meat making even a cold-blooded older bitch like herself wince. She paused in place as her cunt got used to his size, before finally screwing up her nerves, giving him a very dirty look, then slamming herself down, her ass slamming into his thighs as she took his full length inside her naughty mature cunt. "AHHHHHHH! FUCK!"

"Jesus..." Tyler winced, squirming in pleasure, the bitchy librarian's tight cunt driving him crazy. Ellen bit her lip as a jolt of pleasure coursed through her hot body. Finally regaining her concentration, the older woman looked down at him with a cruel sneer.

"Just another slut like the rest of them..." she said to him, her nails digging into his chest as she ground into his thick cock. "All you young guys... you all want the same thing. At least those preening douchebag jocks are up front about it. But the ones like you... the ones that act all nice and sweet... you're the ones that'll break those young girls' hearts. You're far more dangerous..." She squeezed her cunt around his thick, pulsing cock rhythmically, keeping him in place, causing him to wince in pleasure. "You're the ones who'll say all the right things, but still stick their filthy prick's into the nearest tight, willing hole they can find, no matter how slutty those girls are. It's time to put one of you to good use. SHIT! Yes! No more fucking young women for you, baby!" she said, slapping his chest firmly,

making him jump. "This big cock isn't getting close to any of those little princesses ever again! No, you've lost that right! This cock belongs to old pussy now! YES! We've watched you fuckers wave those fat dicks around under our noses for too long! You think you can flirt with us... yes... charm us... make our nipples hard and our cunts drip... fuck... and not pay the consequences? You think you can get whatever you want, damn everyone else? No... not anymore. Ugh! Fuck yeah! One of you has to bite the bullet. One of you has to follow through and start feeding us some of that dick! One of you has to swear off young women forever to give us old sluts the orgasms we need! And you're just the man for the job!"

Tyler didn't know if he believed her insane words, but her tight clasp pussy and her big jiggling tits took any response from him. He just went with it, riding the wave of pleasure he was feeling. He simply reached up and took her big pale tits in his palms, squeezing them firmly as she began to bounce.

"Yes! This is all you're good for, you dirty motherfucker!" Ellen spat out at him. "I don't need you to talk! I don't need you to follow your fucking dreams! I don't give a shit about what you want! I just need you to lie there, look pretty, and keep that fucking dick hard! YES!" she said, taking his entire length. Tyler didn't like this nasty, cold-hearted woman, but her big, round tits felt so soft and smooth in his hands, and her cunt felt

great wrapped around his cock. So, despite what his brain was telling him, his cock liked this evil woman. A lot.

"God damn!" he groaned out when her crazy-tight cunt spasmed around him.

"You like that, loverboy?" she asked, bouncing at a rapid pace, her ass slapping against his legs with meaty, rhythmic slaps. "You like the old librarian's tight fucking cunt, don't you? It's better than that little bitch you're dating, isn't it?"

"Yes!" he relented with clenched teeth, not enjoying slighting his girlfriend, but knowing that just agreeing with this crazy older lady was the easiest path forward.

"Say it!" she seethed, looking down coldly as she rode the young man's dick. "Fuck yeah! Tell me how much of a bitch your girlfriend is. I want to hear you say it..." Tyler looked up at the older woman, his eyes fiery, his lips pursed in anger. He was enjoying the sex, but he didn't want to give into her demands. His feelings for Janie were too strong.

The rhythmic slapping of her mature ass against his lap was the only sound heard as a heated silence fell between them.

"Oh, cockboy has a spine! Haha!" Ellen laughed, driving her whole body back into his shaft, her fleshy curves jiggling as she did so. "Well, considering that you're fucking me, some old bitch you barely know, instead of your supposedly nice, sweet, loving girlfriend, I think we both know the truth. Yes! Fuck that's some good dick! Uh! I think we both know you like me more than her. A lot more, haha! Your love for her shattered as soon as you saw my round ass and bit tits! I could give two shits about you, but you still love me! Ha!" she drive herself back hard and held herself in place, grinding into him, squeezing his big cock with her tight cunt muscles. That wasn't even true. She hadn't said a word to him at first. Sure, she had an appeal, in the uptight librarian sort of way, but that was it. If anything, it was Sonya's tits and ass that made him fall in love with... wait, no. He didn't really love Sonya, right?

Ellen bent forward, pausing above him, grabbing his chin in between her slim, bony fingers. His hands were forced to the side, leaving her massive udders hanging down over him. "I can feel your cock throbbing inside me!" she whispered, her plump lips inches from his. The closeness made him shiver. "I know you love me! And, deep down, you know your little young girlfriend isn't enough for you. Deep down, you fucking hate her! Deep down, you know she is an ugly, skinny, good-for-nothing bitch, and you've been dying for some real cunt for a long time! Haha!" She followed her cruel words with a soft,

malevolent kiss. Pulling herself back, she hovered over him, staring down at him, her cold glare meeting his.

Sensing an opportunity, he reached up, grabbed her nipples, and gave them each a firm tweak. Expecting a loud shriek of pain, he was shocked to her see her shiver with pleasure, moaning softly as her eyes rolled up into the back of her head. Once she regained herself, she looked down at him, unaffected. His eyes widened, but before he could do anything, she slid her tongue into his mouth, savagely kissing the young college student. Tyler, despite his feelings for her, was amazed by the lustiness of this filthy kiss, and he quickly slid into it. After a minute or so of making out with the evil librarian, their lips parted and she brought her lips to his ear, her bare chest pressed against his.

"I knew you loved me..." she whispered, biting his earlobe lightly. Her cunt was gripping his cock so fucking hard, and she was gushing all over his concrete pillar, her juices dripping down to his swollen nuts. After fucking these three women, and still being held on the edge of paradise, new thoughts were bubbling to the surface. After having already done so much wrong, he found new words coming from him.

"I'm gonna fucking destroy you..." he whispered.

"Oh yeah?" she replied, squeezing her cunt around him.

"I'm gonna destroy your fucking old lady cunt!" he began. "Make you pay for what you said about Janie... make you pay by making you fucking cum!" Even he was shocked at what he had just said. What was happening to him?

"Mmm... rough punishment..." she said with a knowing smirk. "Almost as if you like me trashing your girl... as if you want me to keep doing it. You like me calling her a stupid, trashy, plain-faced little bitch, don't you?"

"Jesus, Ellen..." Stella interjected. She had recovered enough to the point where she could sit next to Sonya and watch the show. "You are nasty!" Stella told the librarian, seemingly put off by how filthy she was acting. But Sonya, she was simply leaning back and smirking, watching her friend at work with a bit of pride as she found her place in the universe. Which was, namely, sitting naked on a younger man's cock and fucking it for all it was worth.

"Uhhhhh..." he growled in her ear, trying to deny her, but unable to hide the pulse of pleasure that traveled up his massive cock. For the inexperienced young man, this level of filth was brand new. While it was well trod territory for the

vicious bitch on top of him, this was fertile ground for him, and the seeds she was sowing in him were already taking root. His beefy cock was throbbing with delight, and her cunt was squeezing the hell out of his aching shaft as a reward. The words came from a place inside him he didn't know he had. A dark place, being brought to the surface by these scheming old ladies. "I'll fuck your nasty cunt! Then I'll bend you over and fuck your tight ass! Fuck you till you fucking scream! I'll make you my bitch!"

"Fuck..." she sighed, her hot breath hitting his ear. "No... I'll make you my bitch! My cunt... my tight ass... I'll have you crying for your momma... but you don't belong to her anymore. You belong to me! I'm your momma now! And good boys keep their mothers happy. You'll keep me happy with that nasty prick of yours. Do you want to make me happy, Tyler? Do you want to keep your new mother very happy?"

"No..." Tyler growled, fighting back. "I want to make you scream! I want you to make you moan! I want to make you beg for mercy! I'm gonna make you pay for making fun of my bitch girlfriend by cumming on your fucking face!" Ellen's eyes flashed with satisfaction as Tyler realized what he said.

"I knew it!" she announced, grinding into his cock. "I knew you fucking hated that nasty little bitch! Tell me how much you hate her, baby... Tell me!"

Tyler was so far along at this point that the thought of his angelic girlfriend actually being a bitch didn't bother him. Where before someone saying this would have both seemed untrue and made him boil with anger, he had to admit, despite his feelings with Janie... she had hurt him. She had shown something that went against the idea of her being the angel he thought she was. She had hurt him and he was upset about it.

"She fucking dumped me!" he seethed out, wrapping his arms around Ellen's waist. He began pumping his cock up into her as the words poured from him. "Her fucking bitch friends got in her naive fucking head! How could she do this!? How could she be so stupid!?"

"Fuck!" Ellen sighed in pleasure. "Stupid little girls play games! But real women like me don't fuck around with that shit! We just fuck! And trust me, baby, your little girlfriend is a stupid little ugly bitch who deserves to lose you! Yes!" she spat out as he began pumping her harder.

"Fuck!" Tyler groaned. "And she can't fuck either! Ugh! She just lies there... fuck... barely even tries! And cause she decided to fucking dump me... Jesus, yes... because she fucking dumped me, I ended up fucking a bunch of nasty old sluts... and they fuck way better than she ever could!"

"UGHHH! FUCK!" Ellen spat out, lifting herself up, driving her ass back into him as he fucked up into her. Tyler reached up and grabbed her big breasts again, squeezing them roughly as he fucked up into her. "Fuck me, you bastard! FUCK ME!"

"Shit! YES!" Tyler grunted out, fucking her roughly. The bed was bouncing as they fucked hard. Both Stella and Sonya were sitting on the bed next to him, sitting next to each other, smirking, watching Ellen and Tyler fuck.

"You like this shit, baby!" Ellen moaned out.

"Yes! You're such a good fuck!" Tyler said through clenched teeth. He had turned a corner emotionally, enjoying the filth of this nasty fuck and enjoying indulging these dark desires that had been brought up in himself. "Better than Janie!" he added.

"You'd rather fuck me than her? Ughh! I make you so much happier than she does, don't I? Don't I!!" Ellen spat out, her ass slamming into him, sweat dripping down her creamy flesh.

"Yes, you fucking bitch!" he snarled, fucking her harder, his thick, beefy cock sliding smoothly in and out of her grasping cunt as he told this bitchy librarian that he liked her more than his sweet, loving girlfriend. "I like you more than Janie!"

"Then prove it you fucker!" Ellen spat out at him, her cunt quivering around him. "Prove you love me more than her by spraying your fucking cum all over my big tits!"

"Ohh... fuck!" Tyler groaned, a shiver running down his meat, her words almost making him lose it. He was very close to cumming for the second time in less than an hour.

"Keep fucking me baby, keep doing it!" Ellen begged, getting close herself. She leaned back and wiped her brow as she kept bouncing on his rock hard shaft. Feeling her cunt flex around him, Tyler got an idea. Sliding his fingers from her lush breast flesh to her hardened nipples, he gave each of the rubbery nubs a firm twist.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHH! FUCK YES!" Ellen screamed as a lightning bolt traveled from her tweaked nipples straight to her dripping cunt, unleashing a powerful orgasm through the uptight older woman. "You bitch! You motherfucker! Piece of shit! YES!" the librarian swore out, cussing through this incredible orgasm. Her flexing cunt squeezed his cock in waves, taking him straight to the edge. Finally, just as her body shivered as she came down from her high, he could hold back no longer.

He pushed her back off his cock, pushing her panting body back next to her friends as he stood up on the bed. As all three older women looked up at him, on their knees, awaiting his oncoming orgasm, they pointed their chins up and cupped their big tits, presenting him a large canvas for his seed. As Tyler stroked his cock for these three kneeling women, he felt like a true stud claiming his prize. It was a thrilling sight and it was this thought that was on his mind as the first rocket of cum exploded from his massive cock.

"UGGGGGHHHHH!" he grunted as his cum landed on Ellen's big breasts, followed by a few more jets of sperm. He pivoted, pointing his cock at Stella as he spurted more thick cum at her, his creamy seed hitting her chin and painting her caramel-colored tits. With a strand of cum hanging from her nipple, he spun to point his weapon at Sonya. She smirked at him as he stroked his prick, a few especially thick bands of cum firing

from his cock, spreading across her mammoth breasts. He stepped in close enough where she could easily take his swollen tip into her mouth, a few more jets of thick sperm soon coating her tongue. The sight of her looking up at him, her smooth lips wrapped around his cock, eagerly swallowing his load... it was enough to spur the last few wads of cum from his nuts. He slid his cock from her mouth and moved it towards the other women. A jet of cum fired across Stella's lips as his cock traveled past her, but his target was Ellen. Because if any woman deserved her face coated in cum, being well and truly defaced, it was her.

"Ahhhhhh!" he yelled out. "Take it you fucking whore!" A few thick wads of cum rocketed from him, coating Ellen's cheeks and nose, his last thick wad coated her eyelids, forcing them shut. Finally, the tension leaving his body, he fell to one knee on the bed, gasping for breath.

Ellen fell onto her back, totally satisfied. She slid her hands up, one to her tits and one to her face, playing with the cum coating her. Stella and Sonya looked at each other, smiling, enjoying the sensation of being coated with this young man's seed. As they cleaned the cum off each others' bodies with their fingers, Ellen spoke up.

"Why do young guys have the best tasting cum?" she asked herself wistfully, dropping a thick band of cum from her fingers into her waiting mouth.

His judgment now slightly cleared, and sensing an opportunity for privacy, Tyler stepped off the bed, walking towards the dingy bathroom. Hearing the sounds of the three women cooing in pleasure, he bent over the sink, splashing water in his face. He looked up in the mirror, not recognizing himself. Something about him looked wrong. The light in his eyes was dimmer, darker, replaced by something else. Something worse.

What had he just done? This was so fucked up! He was on this mission to reunite with his soulmate, his true love. It felt like a real love story. Well, at least it did. Until he got talked into a fucking orgy with three old nasty sluts in a shady hotel room. Sure, the sex was good... really, really good, like, absolutely fucking amazing, but he didn't want this, right? He wasn't one of those guys. He wanted a young, sweet, nice girl, not three evil old ladies. Sure, they had luscious bodies, fleshy curves, big perfect mature tits and the tightest cunts imaginable, and they fucked like complete sluts, and... no, NO! He had to stop thinking about them. He had to figure out how to get out of there, to get back to Janie. He didn't mean those things he said before. He still loved her and he had to get out of there to find her.

Tyler camped out in the bathroom for a little bit, trying to figure out his plan of attack. One problem, he didn't have any clothes. Two, he had those three older, naked women between him and the door. His only chance was to confront them, to resist their indefinable feminine wiles and escape. Tyler looked around and grabbed a towel, throwing it around his waist. He took a deep breath, opened the door, and stepped out.

"I need to go..." Tyler began before stopping in his tracks. On the bed, the three women had turned around, and bent over on their hands and knees, pointing their asses at him. Ellen on the left, Stella on the right, and Sonya in the middle.

"Why leave, when everything you need is right here?" Sonya asked, looking back at him over her shoulder as the three old women shook their butts for him.

Tyler was reminded of those odd calendars which would have older, more, uh... curvy... women, posing nude, with, like, books or flowers or something. It was one of those things that was supposed to be innocent and artistic, a way for older women to be proud of their curves. But this was different. This wasn't innocent. This was about sex and nothing else.

Tyler's eyes admired Ellen's round, mature ass, and the cleft between the perky cheeks. He then glanced at Stella, at the large, meaty cheeks, with the canyon in between. But his eyes were drawn to Sonya. Her full, round, juicy ass-cheeks, her immaculate, large ass-crack. The mouth watering tan lines. He couldn't stop himself from gawking.

So stunned was the young man that he let his towel fall to the floor. And as the material fell, it slid down his once again throbbing prick. It was pointed outward, at these older women's butts, as if it knew exactly where it wanted to be. How could he be charged up and ready to go yet again? He had never had this kind of stamina before. Yet somehow, these three old sluts had spurred him to new heights. Heights that Janie could never even dream of bringing him to.

He could still run. He could, but... being confronted with these three women, seeing them in the flesh again, being reminded what they had done to him, how good the sex had been, part of him wondered why he was running from this. Things had gone so far already... why not take it further? Sure, these three women were much, much older than him, and while attractive, they weren't exactly classically gorgeous. But these three thick, curvy middle-aged women were fantastic in bed. Way better than his girlfriend. Despite himself, these three women turned him on in a way no younger woman ever had. More than Janie did.

Sure, he liked Janie, but was it wrong that she didn't inspire this level of lust in him? Did that make them a poor match? If he truly, deeply loved her, he wouldn't be in this situation. Even in those romantic movies, where there's an 'other woman', it's usually some supermodel hot big-breasted seductress, not a pack of slutty old ladies. And the hero always turns them away in the end, he doesn't give in. But this wasn't a rom-com. This was real life. And in real life, the guy isn't always the hero. Sometimes, despite trying to do the right thing, the good guy loses. Sometimes, people make the wrong decisions for the wrong reasons. Sometimes, the romantic hero fucks a pack of older women and forsakes his girlfriend forever.

And it was slowly dawning on him that Janie wasn't exactly the prize he once thought. He was young, only 19. Did he really want to settle down with a young girl when there were so many other women out there? She was pretty, sure, but she wasn't, like, a total knock-out. She was alright in bed, but she couldn't take him to his absolute limits like these women could. Plus, she was so skinny, and after experiencing women with curves... he didn't know if he could go on the rest of his life without experiencing a huge pair of tits or a large, round, juicy ass. Plus, her main redeeming feature, her personality, didn't exactly hold up anymore. She had been convinced to dump him. If she really, truly loved him, she would not do that to him. She wouldn't play these ridiculous games.

Maybe Tyler was meant for someone else. Maybe Tyler was meant to go down another path. Maybe he was in one of those rom-coms that never make it to theaters. The ones that stray from the traditional storylines. The .01% of romantic stories that devolve into hardcore MILF porn. So, as Tyler debated his options, he didn't know anymore why he just had to leave. What was happening here felt better than anything. Why deny himself this pleasure for the sake of some bullshit storybook romance that wasn't even there anymore?

That was when the Tyler of old died. That was when the romantic spirit inside him disappeared. And in its place was something new... something worse.

"You hungry, baby?" Sonya asked. "Cause I've got your dinner right here..." As she said this, she rested her chest on the bed and reached back with both hands, peeling her large ass-cheeks apart, revealing her tight, pink asshole. He had never seen a woman so exposed like this, so his eyes were locked on the tight puckered hole, greedily staring. The other two women followed Sonya's lead, reaching back and revealing their tight assholes to the younger man.

Tyler didn't even realize he had moved to the edge of the bed, standing a few feet away from these exposed older women, his

cock urging him forward. His eyes were staring hungrily, taking in this obscene sight.

"C'mon stud..." Sonya urged. "You'll never get a better buffet of booty than this. You'll never get three hotter babes offering themselves to you like this... ever! None of those slutty little drunk college girls will go this far! Now come back to us... join us on the bed again... I want to feel your tongue on my ass."

The next thing Sonya felt was Tyler's hands on her rear, joining hers to keep her round ass-cheeks spread. He had gone so deep down the rabbit hole by this point that the only urge he felt now was to go deeper. Which really worked out for Sonya, because that meant his tongue would end up deep in her tight ass. He was on the bed behind the lush-bodied blonde, hands gripping her juicy ass cheeks, staring at her tight hole. He had already gone this far. Why not go all the way? He had already fucked this old lady. Why not slide his tongue against her asshole?

"Are you getting hungry, baby?" Sonya asked, her sinewy voice worming into his mind like the devil on his shoulder. "Is your mouth watering? Why not have a taste? You know you want to. From the moment we met, when you saw my hot ass in that thong, it's all been leading to this. You wanted this. You wanted to run your tongue down the length of my ass-crack,

even though you already had a girlfriend. So go for it... rim my fucking asshole!"

A few hours ago, Tyler would have been disgusted by this proposition. But after all that he had done, and the fact that Ellen had tricked him into her licking her ass and he ended up enjoying the act, despite himself, he didn't hesitate long. Tyler leaned forward, extending his tongue, and ran his it along the length of her ass-crack.

"Oh my..." Sonya moaned out, eyes closing in pleasure. Tyler was tentative at first, but finding the act unobjectionable, he started to get more into it, his tongue getting firmer, his licking more rapidly. "Oh God! Get in there, baby, get in there..." she sighed.

Whereas before Tyler had been forced into doing this, this time he was in control and now that he was doing this on his own volition, he was really getting into it. Giving her what she wanted and knowing what Ellen liked, he focused his attention on her tight, pink, clean asshole, rimming it, coating it with his saliva, stabbing at the tight rear hole with his tongue.

"Yes, baby... yes!" Sonya panted lustily, feeling the eager tongue on her ass. "You are soooo good at this! God, I want to

feel this tongue on my ass every fucking day! All the other guys were afraid of doing this, but not you. You dived right in there, baby! You're a real fucking man! You weren't afraid! You wanted this! Yes!" Her ass wiggled against him as his tongue worshipped her tight asshole, coating it with his saliva. He hardened his tongue and focused on breaking the seal of her ass, and when it finally broke through, she screamed out in pleasure.

"Ahhhh! YES!" Sonya screamed out. She reached back and grabbed the back of his head with her fingers, her nails digging into his scalp. The handsome young man's face was now wedged between the older, guidance counselor's ass cheeks. His face as practically being swallowed by her ass-crack, his mouth, nose and chin wedged all up in there, the warm, round, juicy cheeks obscuring his attractive features.

Holding him place as she held herself up with one arm, her huge tits hanging below her, grazing the comforter, Sonya rocked back against the younger man as she held him against her ass, grunting and groaning as the younger man slavishly attacked her ass with his hungry mouth.

"God, you could have gone back to little Janie, and given her a nice big kiss, but you would rather rim my asshole instead! FUCK YES!" Sonya screamed out. Feeling the young man's

tongue in her ass caused her to squirm in pleasure as a small orgasm passed through her. This ripple of pleasure caused her to release her grip on him. He panted for breath as he pulled his face from her ass, his eyes still locked on her spit-soaked asshole. But his respite was short lived, as Stella eagerly stole his attention.

"My turn, baby..." Stella told him, reaching back to grab him, her fingers cradling the back of his neck as she pulled him close. He crawled behind the older Latina, and without hesitation he grabbed her full round cheeks, spread them apart, and eagerly attacked her tight ass. "Oh my goodness!" she moaned out as the young man licked her ass. Much like with Sonya, Stella's large ass was practically swallowing the young man's face as he rimmed her tight rear hole, his handsome features pressed against her full, firm, jiggling cheeks.

The feast went on for a while, as each woman savored having the younger man eat her ass. He would go from one woman to the next, savagely attacking their tight asses. Stella would moan cutely as the college stud rimmed her asshole, Ellen would swear and curse and trash talk the younger man as she displayed dominance over him by making him lick her asshole. And Sonya took it with cool confidence, as if this was exactly what she expected of him, and what she felt like she deserved. Any onlooker wouldn't see any hesitance in Tyler. They would see him eagerly attacking their assholes with his mouth,

tonguing the tight holes as he wedged his face between their firm, meaty cheeks. They would see him feasting on their asses as if this was what he had always dreamed about. They wouldn't see him as someone with a girlfriend. If you had told him weeks ago that he would go from making love to his nice, sweet girlfriend to rimming three slutty old ladies' tight buttholes, he would have called you crazy. But it was the truth.

Despite feasting on all three of these women's rear ends, Sonya's ass kept drawing his attention. When he pulled back to survey the three women's saliva coated assholes, it was her tight pink hole that held his gaze and drew him deeper. Sonya got up fully on all fours and looked back at him.

"You know what's next..." she told him simply. He looked up at her, unsure, and she gave him a nod of approval. He gulped big as he shuffled forward. Reaching down to stroke his stiff weapon, he moved it into place, sliding the tip between her large, full cheeks, pressing it up against her tight asshole. He looked up at her again, and she simply smirked in response and turned to face forward, awaiting what was next.

"Fuck her ass, baby..." Ellen whispered, sidling up next to him, whispering in his ear. "You know you want to. You're gonna fuck her ass, and then you're gonna fuck mine, like you promised."

"That thing can't possibly fit..." Stella said, appearing on his other side, whispering in his ear like her friend did. "Cocks that big and hard and juicy couldn't possibly get into a hole that small and tight. Asses aren't meant to take cocks that big," she said, almost innocently, trying to argue why he shouldn't and couldn't fuck that hot, mature ass. But her argument fell on deaf ears. This was what Sonya wanted, and what he wanted to.

Reaching forward to grab her prominent hips, his fingers digging into her lush flesh, he began to push, trying to force his thick teenage weapon into the older woman's ass.

"Ughhhhh! Yeah..." Sonya moaned out as she felt her asshole begin to give way to the meaty invader. She was pushing back at him, as eager to have his cock up her tight ass as he was. Finally, she felt her asshole spread open and swallow the fat tip of his hefty cock. "Ahhhhhh! Yes! YES!" she screamed out.

"Jesus!" Tyler moaned out, feeling the older blonde's asshole squeezing his cock harder than it had ever been squeezed. It felt incredible! A current of pleasure traveled through him, invigorating him. He looked down, seeing her asshole wrapped around his shaft, forming a tight seal around it. And

there were still eight or so inches of throbbing cock sticking out of her ass, ready to be shoved deep inside her.

"Do it, Tyler! Fuck my ass! Do it!" Sonya said, the heated words seething from her as she looked back at him with a crazed look. Obeying her wish, he flexed his hips and began to slide his pillar into the older woman's ass.

"Oh my God!" Tyler said, as Sonya's hungry ass took more and more of his hard cock. The sensation was a new one, but it was incredible. Janie would certainly never give up her ass to Tyler, no matter how in love with him she was. But Sonya did, and it was giving him a pleasure he had never experienced before.

"Holy shit!" Ellen said with awe as the younger man's prick entered her friend's tight ass, squeezing his shoulder in approval. "What a fucking stud you are..." she whispered in his ear.

"Nope, nope, never!" Stella said, unable to take her eyes off the young man's massive, meaty prick sliding into Sonya's ass. "Not a fucking chance I could ever do that!"

"YES!" Sonya screamed out. "More! Up my ass! I want all of it! Yes!"

"Fuck!" Tyler groaned out as the older woman's ass took his cock like a champ. Like his swollen prick was a welcomed guest. The sensation of her crazy tight hole smothering more and more of his cock with an almost unbearable tightness was just incredible. How had he never done this before? It was so good! He didn't know if he could go the rest of his life without feeling this again. Even if he went back to Janie, he didn't know if he could stop himself from looking at other women's round, juicy, heart-shaped asses without wondering if they were the type of girls who would welcome a hard anal fuck. And for a guy like him, plenty of women would.

With how tight the blonde's ass was, it felt like he was forcing too much cock inside her. But she kept urging him on, and her ass somehow kept taking more and more of his rock hard dick. So he kept going, making her take it.

"Yes, baby! More! Yes! YES!" Sonya screamed out as her tight ass swallowed his thick meat. Tyler got about three-quarters of the way into her ass before he met a bit of resistance, forcing him to slow his approach. But, after hours of illicit sex, he knew what Sonya liked, so he didn't feel any hesitance before gearing

up, rearing back, and slamming the remaining few inches of throbbing teenage prick into her welcoming ass.

"YES! Oh fuck! Yes! YES! God Dammit! YES!" Sonya screamed out.

"Holy fuck!" Tyler winced, grinding his cock in the older woman's ass, eyes closed, the pleasure almost blindingly good. Her asshole was spasming around his cock, sending violent pulses of pleasure through him. He held himself in place, gripping her hips roughly, grinding against her. And she did the same, her big sweaty ass sliding against his stomach as she squeezed her ass around his cock as hard as she could.

"Do it, you motherfucker!" Sonya spat out, eyes blazing with heat. "Fuck my ass!"

Breathing deep and gathering his stamina enough to know he wouldn't be done with her ass in a single stroke, he reared back and began to slowly pump his cock in and out of the guidance counselor's ass.

"Ohhhh God!" Sonya moaned. Tyler's whole body was tensed as he fucked her amazingly tight ass. On any other day, a hole

this tight would have made him explode immediately. But on this day, he had found the iron will needed to hold off that release so he could give this old slut the pleasure she so richly deserved.

"Jesus..." he groaned through clenched teeth.

"So hot..." Ellen whispered, pushing her tits into the young stud's side as she sucked his neck.

"Impossible..." Stella added, amazed as she watched the younger man's fat cock sliding smoothly in and out of her friend's asshole, the tight hole eagerly accepting his impressive size.

"Fuck me harder! Yes!" Sonya squealed out. "Yes! YES! Fuck me, baby! Fuck my tight ass!"

Tyler picked up the pace, his arms muscles flexing as he pulled her into him, and his fit stomach slamming into her ass as she threw her ass back at him.

"I said FUCK ME!" Sonya snarled. "DO IT!"

He took this fuck to another level, using his whole body to shove his fat cock into her ass as hard as he fucking could. Beads of sweat were dripping off their bodies, and Sonya's massive breasts were swaying beneath her as she took this serious ass fuck. Finally, he was scratching her itch.

"Yes! Yes! YES! YES! YES!" she screamed. "Fuck my ass! FUCK MY ASS! YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK MY FUCKING ASS YOU FUCKING BASTARD! YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!"

The bodacious, middle-aged blonde was now screaming at the top of her lungs, begging the younger man to fuck her ass. She was screaming so loud pretty much everyone in the hotel could hear. Carlos could, laughing to himself in his room. The front desk clerk could, annoyed by the spectacle taking place. But, most importantly, the young party goers could hear them.

They had been able to hear them for a while, thanks to the hotel's cheap rooms and thin walls. The guys among them were, like Carlos, amused by the whole thing, amused that some guy their age would actually go for it and fuck a group of nasty old sluts. But while the guys were amused, the girls among them were disgusted. A bunch of old whores like them

should stick to men their own ages. Old guys. They shouldn't have a chance with a young stud like him. Sure, it somehow, by some fucking miracle, worked, but that didn't disprove the point. Those old women had dressed up like total whores and fucking threw themselves at the young stud. There was no game to it. No sport. They were nasty, gross old sluts who shouldn't even be trying. Those old whores didn't deserve to be getting deep dicked. Hot younger girls like them did.

But the nasty encounter going on upstairs had an undeniable allure to the young party goers, good and bad. Which was why the whole group of them found themselves sneaking upstairs, hoping for a glimpse. As they walked, the loud, ear-splitting moans called to them, like a siren song, a chorus repeating the same phrase, over and over again.

"FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS!"

Laughing to themselves, they moved towards the room where the magic was happening. Finding the blinds open, each of them moved forward to take a peek. And despite their feelings on what was happening, each of them couldn't help but let their eyes widen as they took in the illicit sights in the hotel room.

Tyler was on the bed with Sonya on her knees in front of him, brutally fucking her tight ass as she drove her ass back at him, causing her huge, naked tits to bounce, jiggle, and sway. As they fucked roughly, she was almost chanting to herself, moaning out, "FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS!" To Tyler's side, the pale, naked librarian was sucking at his neck savagely, her hand gripping his bare ass, squeezing it roughly as he fucked her blonde friend. Standing above the bent over blonde was Stella, straddling her friend, standing up facing the younger man, shoving her huge, Latina breasts in his face, her arms around his head, smothering him. Tyler looked incredible, all his muscles flexed and bared, working at full sexual capacity as he pleased three women at the same time. His big, throbbing cock, fucking the mature blonde's tight ass. His mouth, sucking the Latina's luscious tits. And his hands were busy too. One had reached through Stella's spread legs to grip Sonya's smooth blonde hair, holding it roughly while he fucked her hard. His other hand was jammed roughly between the librarian's legs, using two fingers to roughly finger her tight snatch, causing her juices to drip over his fingers.

The girls, despite their philosophical disgust at the events occurring in front of them, couldn't help but be impressed by the young stud's stamina and sexual prowess. They had never been fucked as well as this fucking stud was fucking these three old whores. Their boyfriends could barely handle them, let alone three women. Despite their furor, they found

themselves jealous of the hot attention the young stud was giving them.

And the guys, despite the laughing and the jokes... they were kinda jealous too. Sure, these women were, like, old ladies. Three middle-aged, thick-bodied skanks, older than their moms even. But the fact is, if one of their peers was enjoying himself so much with them, they must be fucking good. And despite their age, and not having the skinny bodies like the girls they enjoyed, their curves were luscious. Their tits were so massive. Their asses so big and round. And they fucked like complete sluts. They had zero shame. They were so delightfully filthy. They couldn't really blame the younger guy for falling into their clutches with the type of sex he was getting. Sure, they were still gonna bust this guy's balls a bit, record the nasty sex he was having with these older women on their cell phones, and post this footage online the first chance they got, making sure it was permanently recorded in the history books that this young guy liked fucking old ladies.

Despite this group's mixed feelings, all of them were watching intently at the hot action going on in the dingy hotel room. They witnessed as, one-by-one, Tyler brought all of them to climax.

"AHHHHHHH! FUCK!" Ellen screamed, her juices gushing over his hand as his skilled fingers gave her a shockingly hard orgasm. She shivered and clung to the fit young man as she rode out the orgasm, before falling to the bed, eyes lidded in pleasure as she recovered.

"Oh my God, baby! Yes!" Stella screamed as the young man reached up to paw at her huge tits, and his hungry mouth bit down on her rubbery nipple. This sent a jolt of pleasure down the Latina's spine, arriving straight at her cunt, which she was grinding against his chest. This combined sensation was enough to get the Latina off. "Ughhhhh! Fuck!" she moaned out, falling in a tangle of limbs over Sonya and onto the bed.

This allowed the young man to focus his efforts on the luscious blonde. Grabbing her hips and gripping her them tight, he began pile driving her ass with his throbbing cock, his front slamming against her ass.

"Do it baby! Fuck me! FUCK ME!" she screamed out, sounding almost crazed.

"Uhhhh! Fuck!" Tyler groaned, almost bestial by this point, all thoughts of his girlfriend forgotten as he was taken to a new plane of pleasure by the older blonde's tight butthole. This middle-aged, lush bodied guidance counselor was making him forget all about little Janie. "Your ass is incredible!" He told her,

giving her ass his full length, the sight of his thick, meaty cock sliding smoothly into her ass an incredible one.

"I want it all, you fucker!" Sonya spat out as the young pistoned his cock at a brutal pace deep into her ass. "I want that fucking cum! I want to feel a gallon of fucking hot, thick cum buried deep in my ass! Yes!"

Tyler held his full length inside her and bent over, grinding into her as his front pressed into her back, their sweat mixing. He slid his arms around her and began squeezing her massive, luscious tits, his hands digging into the soft flesh.

"Oh God!" Sonya screamed, wincing in pleasure. She turned her head to find his head next to hers. She moved her lips to his, meeting in a fiery kiss. Their moans were muffled into each others' mouths as their tongues wrestled, battling for control, a control she would always have over him. The sensation of her ass squeezing his cock, the feel of her tits in his hands, and the feeling of her tongue overwhelming his own was enough to send him towards his climax.

His hips went into overdrive, fucking her with all the strength he could manage, driving them both into the bed. His balls were boiling and his cock felt as hard as it had ever been. His

smooth fucking was getting jerky and out of rhythm as the pleasure began to overwhelm him.

"Ughhh! UGHHHH! AHHHH!" Tyler groaned as their lips parted.

"Do it, fucker! Fill my ass with fucking cum! Ohhhh. Holy fuck! Yes! Yes!" Sonya moaned out, her breasts ballooning out against the bed as her chest was pressed against the comforter. "That cock drives my ass crazy, baby! Yes! Yes! YES! Make my fucking ass cum, baby! Make my asshole cum! I want my ass to have a fucking orgasm on that big, fat tasty dick! Keep fucking that ass! Yes! Yes! YES!"

"Uhhhhnnnn! Fuck! Yeah!" Tyler grunted, his cock pulsing. "Ohhh! God! Yeah! Ughhh! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! YES!" He moaned, giving her harder and harder full-length strokes, their bodies slamming together.

"Yes! YES! I'm gonna fucking cum! I'm gonna... my ass... OH GOD! YES! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHH!!" Sonya screamed out, her voice nearly hoarse from screaming. Her ass flexed around the meaty weapon stuffed up her ass, sending him over the edge.

"AHHH! GUUHHHHH! YES! YES! YES!" Tyler groaned as his cock jerked and a thick stream of heated cum came bursting from his prick, exploding deep in the older woman's ass. His ass flexed as he ground into her, keeping his length inside of her as his cock exploded, firing off jets of his virile seed into the older woman's ass. He just kept cumming, over and over again, not knowing how the hell he had generated so much fucking cum in his balls. His nuts were working in overdrive it would seem, to keep these cum-hungry old sluts happy.

"YEEESSSS! I CAN FEEL IT! There's so much fucking cum! YES!" Sonya screamed as she felt the young man's thick seed filling her ass. Pleasure was racking her body in waves, causing her ass to spasm around his cock, drawing even more cum from his bloated balls.

He held himself above her, his entire body tensed, as he ground his cock into her ass, his cock firing off cum like a cannon, his nuts shooting his seed over and over again.

"Jesus!" he moaned out, the pleasure overwhelming all his senses, all his nerves exploding with divine pleasure.

"Ahhhh! YES!" Sonya groaned out, as she hit the final peak of pleasure, before she began to descend from her high. Her head

fell to the bed as she felt the young man fire off the last few thick jets of seed deep in her ass. Tyler, almost blinded with pleasure, felt a wave of exhaustion overwhelm him once his balls fired off their last blast of seed. He fell on top of her, their sweaty bodies pressed into each other. Gasping for air, he slid off of her onto his back, his chest rising and falling as the weights behind his eyes got heavier. Without the driving need for sex keeping him conscious, he couldn't help but let this exhaustion overwhelm him.

After a few minutes of recovery, Sonya rose onto her hands and knees. Ellen and Stella, now both recovered, looked to her for guidance.

"Are we getting him up for more?" Stella asked, unsure but excited.

"No... no." Sonya said, wiping the sweat from her brow. "I think we finally wore the poor boy out. Let him get some rest. Refuel the tanks. Girls, we've got a long few days ahead of us. He'll need all the rest he can get."

"Sonya... that was incredible." Stella told her, in awe of her cunning friend.

"I thought you were always bullshitting us... about all the young dick you get." Ellen added, looking down at the passed out stud.

"Ladies..." Sonya said with a smile, sliding her head onto the young man's chest, her ear resting over his heart, her fingers gripping his chest lightly. "We are just getting started."

As all three women lied down to get some rest, the partiers standing outside the window realized the fun was over, at least for now. Relying themselves to head back down, they were stunned to see the older blonde look right at them, through the blinds. She held their attention for just a moment before she smirked and winked.

Laughing, the youths scattered, knowing they had been caught.

(Six Hours Later)

The sun had risen on a sticky Florida spring morning. For Carlos, after struggling to get some rest over the sounds of

illicit sex coming from across the hotel, he was eager to just get the fuck out of this Podunk town. There was a lot of really good pussy just a few hours down south, and he was eager to get at it. He wasn't gonna settle for anything less, not like Tyler. That guy... he was so fucking desperate for pussy he leapt into bed with a pack of nasty old sluts, just cause they were the first ones to make a move on him.

That being said, he did still like the guy, but he would never let his friend forget this night for the rest of his life. It was early in the morning and he was looking to get out of here, but first he had to rescue his buddy from the clutches of those old vultures and drag him down to reunite with his prissy girlfriend.

After the previous night's events, it was no mystery what room those old sluts were in. He had packed up his stuff and was about to toss in Tyler's stuff into his car when he heard the sound of loud moans coming again from across the hotel. From the room of those old whores. Weighing his options, he opted to carry Tyler's stuff along with him as he moved towards the source of the noise. Carlos laughed to himself as he stepped over his buddy's discarded trunks in the parking lot as he moved towards the stairs, the moans getting louder.

Man, he had heard about some guys who were into this sort of thing, banging older women, but actually knowing someone

who would actually go through with it... man... it was pretty fucked up. It didn't even make any sense. Guys his age shouldn't fuck old ladies. There was SO much hot young pussy out there... why go after some nasty old whores? How could a guy go through with that? How could a man let himself be dominated and overwhelmed by some old women so easily? Man...

The moans only got louder as Carlos approached the room. Hesitantly, he moved to the door and knocked, despite the moans of pleasure coming from within. It took a few moments before the door opened, and even for a guy with Carlos' level of experience, what he found behind the door was pretty shocking.

The first thing he saw was the woman at the door. Standing in front of him was the blonde, completely naked.

"Hey, hot stuff!" Sonya said with a smile, staring at the younger man in front of her. Carlos watched as she held a bottle of body oil in her hand. She squeezed the bottle roughly, spraying a stream of oil into her cleavage. It slid across and between her massive orbs and down her belly. She reached down to gather some oil in her hand and spread it across her big breasts.

On the far side of the room was the black haired woman, her tightly bound hair now looking unkempt, as she looked far more disheveled than she had before in the hot tub. And also, she was standing bare-ass naked, like her friend. She was standing behind a tri-pod, pointing a video camera at the bed.

And on the bed was Tyler, lying on his back, nude. And on top of him was the Latina woman, his hands gripping her massive, smooth tits. And she was bouncing on top of him, taking his full length on every bounce, taking all nine inches of his thick cock up her fucking ass.

"UGGGHH! UGGHHHH! YEAAHHHH!" The Latina screamed out, moaning gutturally as she was taking the younger man's cock up her ass. "I love it! I love it! I love it!" she moaned, looking almost insane with pleasure as she slammed her ass into his thighs.

"Can I help you?" Sonya asked, greasing up her tits, acting like all was normal. "Looking to join in? We could use another cock in here to get the job done."

"Uh, I..." Carlos stammered, uncharacteristically. "No, I'm good." He watched as the blonde poured some oil into her cupped palm, before reaching back to slide her hand into her

ass-crack, really getting in there as she greased her ass. And through this, she didn't take her eyes off of him.

"You sure?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. For a fleeting moment, he considered it. There was pure filth going on here, and Carlos was all about getting nasty, but not even he would lower himself this far.

"It feels so big up my ass!" the Latina screamed out, slamming herself into him. "I love it!"

"Yeah... I think I'm good," Carlos replied, slightly shaken. "I just came here to get my friend and get out of here." Sonya smiled and looked back at the copulating couple on the bed.

"I don't think he's going anywhere," Sonya replied knowingly as Tyler squeezed Stella's big boobs roughly as she rode him, not paying his friend any mind. "He found what he's looking for right here. He doesn't want Janie anymore. He wants us." Carlos was stunned by what he was seeing, and he didn't know what to say. "You don't have to worry... we'll take good care of him," Sonya replied, her smile insidious.

"Oh, uh... okay," Carlos stammered.

"Are you sure you don't want to join us?" Sonya asked, stepping back and holding her hands out, spinning for him, letting the younger man take her in her slick, oil-covered body. Her massive, jutting tits. Her big, wide hips. Her round, juicy ass. Sure, she had some extra weight. Some extra curves. But she was proud of her figure and she was happy to show it off. Carlos looked at her, and again, he was tempted for a moment, but he knew better.

"I think I'm good," he replied.

"That you are," Sonya purred.

"Fuck me! Fuck my ass!" Stella screamed.

"I'm gonna, uh, get out of here," he replied to the nude blonde. He dropped Tyler's luggage at her feet and began to step away.

"Well if you strike out elsewhere, you know where we are. You know where you can find that good pussy, ha ha ha," Sonya tittered as the younger man turned and walked away. Carlos didn't look back as he heard the door shut behind him, muffling the loud moans coming from within.

"Jesus..." he muttered, shaking his head at the predicament his friend had found himself in. But Carlos wasn't gonna help. Even though he had pushed his friend into it, he couldn't stop himself from judging Tyler for actually going through with it. It was pretty fucked up. But, if this is what floated his buddy's boat, who was he to interfere.

So that was how Carlos abandoned his friend. That was how Carlos left his buddy in the hands of those three vultures. He threw his things in his car, checked out of his room and zoomed away, leaving his friend alone, abandoning him to his fate.

Tyler was with those old women now, and from what Carlos could tell, he was with them for good.

For Tyler, the next few days could only be described as a full-on five day fuck fest. There was no hesitation. No reluctance. No whining about his girlfriend and how much he loved her. No, none of that. Just lots and lots of rough, nasty, aggressive sex.

Tyler had more sex over these few days than he had in the rest of his life combined. There was so much insane fucking that after a while it all became a blur. A haze. A whirlwind of hot, naked mature flesh. He experienced the true highs of physical pleasure, and pretty much every fucking form of sex he could ever imagine wanting. And in these memories were flashes. Moments. Images.

His beefy cock lodged up Ellen's ass, making the bitchy older woman squeal.

His cock lodged between Stella's full ass-cheeks, as they ground against each other.

His meat smothered between Sonya's oil-slicked tits.

Bitchy, trash-talking Ellen lovingly tonguing his balls.

The way Stella would shiver in pleasure when his cock was stuffed deep in her ass.

Sonya, riding him like a fucking bronco, her huge tits bouncing wildly as she fucked him into the bed. Fucked him into submission.

Those were just samples. It was a week of pure madness and hot sex. Him and the three women spent most of this whirlwind encounter completely naked, lost in each others' bodies. The near constant sex trained his cock to an almost expert level in stamina, now being able to keep going for what felt like hours on end, with his nuts able to refuel at a rapid pace. He had become a true stud.

They fucked over pretty much every square inch of the hotel room, and sometimes outside it. At one point, they returned to where this all started, the hot tub, the three women in their bikinis, and Tyler, as before, naked. And whereas before, he felt nervous, this time he felt like a king on his throne, his throne being a dingy hot tub in the middle of nowhere. In the hot tub, he found himself fucking all three of these slutty old sluts without shame, not caring if anyone was watching. Not caring if he was caught. Sonya rode his cock like a complete slut in the water. Ellen bent over the edge of the tub and got roughly fucked up the ass, her screams echoing throughout the parking lot. Stella eagerly and hungrily worshipped his cock with her loving mouth in full view of passersby.

It was Sonya's idea to video record most of the sex. One, for posterity's sake, so she could have a permanent record of this indecent encounter. Two, Sonya had always liked the idea of being a porn star. In her mind, she had the body for it, and she could out fuck any of those skinny little porno sluts. There was also that very obvious exhibitionist streak in her, as well as her aggressive confidence. So, the idea of taking these videos of her and her friends fucking the daylights out of this young stud, and maybe posting them online, so other people, maybe other like-minded women in similar situations could enjoy them and get some naughty ideas... it sent a naughty thrill through her. The idea of being watched having sex was a deep, deep turn-on for her.

Tyler lost track of time throughout this whole crazy encounter. Days and nights didn't matter. It was all a blur of boobs, butts, sweat, and cum. It was a haze of pure, unequaled pleasure. It didn't feel like there was a single moment to slow down and think about things.

Which is why Tyler was almost completely lost when he woke up alone in the hotel room after five days of near non-stop sex. The light was bright, too bright for his eyes. He was lying in an awkward position on the bed, half above the sheets, one arm and leg hanging over the edge. He tried to get up and move, but the effort was torture. He was finally able to sit up straight

and get to his feet, and it was only then that he was able to look around.

The room was a mess, evidence of what had happened over these last few days. The sheets were dirty, as was the carpet, coated with streaks and spots of their sex juices. The furniture was all out of place and cockeyed. There were stacks of pizza boxes and take-out containers, as well as empty bottles of booze. A party had happened here, and the damage done to this room would never be fully repaired.

But the most notable thing was that he was alone. None of the other three women were around, and after all that he had been through, he didn't know what to do. The silence was deafening. Moving to the bathroom, he went to splash some water in his face. He looked in the mirror and almost didn't recognize himself. Whereas before, he saw a boy, with his innocence and youth shining through, now he saw a man, filled with the corruption and loss of innocence that can only come with adulthood. His body was marked with scratches and bruises, evidence of the rough sex he had experienced. Marks that might disappear with time, but will never be forgotten.

After cleaning up and returning to the room, he was surprised to find his luggage, his phone and personal effects all set in a nice, neat pile, as if his mother had laid them out for him. He

felt strangely uncomfortable in getting dressed, putting on clothes for the first time in days. When he was all dressed, he had no other choice but to step outside and face the music.

He looked around, the bright Florida sun making him wince. He walked down the balcony towards the stairs, passing a very disgruntled older man, the manager of the hotel.

"You're not welcome here anymore!" he said, pointing aggressively at Tyler. "I tell ya, I ain't ever renting a room out to a bunch of old sluts ever again! God, I'd better see the damage..." he said, moving towards the room he had just vacated. Tyler was stepping down the stairs when a pained "Jesus Christ!" hit his ears. The guy had clearly laid eyes on the room.

It was when Tyler hit the blacktop that he caught sight of the three women. Ellen and Stella were packing stuff into their car, before walking across the street to pick up stuff from the gas station. They eyed Tyler oddly as they walked away. It was the splashing of water behind him that led him to locating Sonya.

She was sitting near the hot tub, dipping her feet in the gurgling water as she chatted on her cell phone. She caught

sight of Tyler approaching and ended her call. She stood up and stepped out of the water as he got closer.

"Morning sunshine!" she called out to him. The odd thing for Tyler was seeing her fully clothed. He had never seen her dressed normally. She was dressed in simple clothing, a clingy green top and a tight pair of jeans that ended at her calves. But even in normal clothes, she looked damn good. She was well made up, and she had a big, chunky, stylish pair of sunglasses on her nose. As Tyler approached the hot tub area, she slipped her wet feet into a pair of flip-flops, and moved her sunglasses on top of her head.

"Uh... hi," Tyler croaked out, not used to using his voice for normal conversation when dealing with her. Even dressed like this, after all that they had done together, he couldn't help but get rock hard at the mere sight of her. Sure, she was an older woman. Sure, she had a bit of extra weight. But... she was so fucking good at sex. So good that her mere presence was enough to make him painfully erect, even when she was dressed normally. And after all they been through together, and knowing what she was capable of, he was slightly nervous about approaching her.

"I bet you slept very well!" she said with a laugh, touching his shoulder, an act that made him shiver. Why was she acting like everything was normal? What was going on?

"You guys are just... leaving?" Tyler asked, confused. She looked at him and gave him a warm smile before finding her words.

"I know how this works, Tyler," she began. "I've done this enough to know that. I've had sex with a lot of younger men. A lot of them. And they all say the same things you did. 'I love you', 'you're the best', 'you're so much better than my girlfriend.' And when the time comes, when the sun comes out and their able to think things through... that's when it all turns. In the end, they all run back to their little girlfriends. Not because those little young girls are better than us, no... they run because they think they're supposed to. They think they're not supposed to enjoy hooking up with some older women. They're ashamed that the sex was so much better. They run back and try to hide the fact they loved fucking a real woman and go try to make things work with their princess. So, even though you trashed her, even though you've forsaken her again and again, even though you cheated on her with three old sluts, and even though she broke you're heart, you're gonna go running back to her. Cause that's what all the others did."

Tyler let the silence hang for a little bit. She was right. His thoughts were of getting back to Janie. Of writing these encounters off as a fit of madness and trying to find her to make things work. He could still do it, right? She was his soulmate.

"Although, I will say, Tyler," she began, holding his nervous gaze with her confident one. "You enjoyed it way more than all the other guys. By a lot! I mean, you went at it with us, not for hours, but for days. You loved it, Tyler, and you know you did." He turned away from her, looking down. He heard her move in close, feeling her mammoth breasts pressing into his back. "You might try to go back to little Janie, but you will never be able to forget about us," she whispered. "You can go off with her, win her back, marry her, have babies, and have the perfect life. But you will always know that there are three older women out there that you are lovers with. Three women that, if you ever saw them again, would make your cock throb with need, who could take you from her if they so wanted, who could boss you around and dominate you, and do things to your cock that will make your head spin. You will never forget about the things you did with us here."

Her smooth voice sent a shiver up his spine. He looked up at the two other women heading back to the car, some supplies in hand. They glanced up at him, looking angry. Well, Ellen looked angry. Stella... she looked hurt.

"You were their first... their first young stud, I mean," Sonya explained. "They didn't know how this worked, so I had to explain it to them. So, needless to say, they're a bit annoyed."

Tyler stepped away and turned to face the older blonde again.

"So, you're just, uh... leaving?" he asked again.

"Yes, babe, of course. We all do in fact have lives and jobs that we need to get back to. We can't just spend all our time in a hotel room having sex with a hot young guy, no matter how much fun it is," she replied.

"And what about me?" Tyler asked. She smiled at him.

"Aww, is your heart broken, Tyler?" Sonya asked with a mocking smile. "You're a smart guy, Tyler, you'll figure something out. I know your friend is long gone, but I'm sure someone will pass by who can help you out. Give you a lift to the big party down south. Or, you can call up little Janie, and beg for her to take you back." Tyler was a bit panicked, not knowing what he could do to avoid being left in the middle of nowhere on his own without a single friendly face.

"Or..." Sonya replied with a shrug, stepping forward, ready to drop the hammer. "I suppose you could come with us," she said, her tone soft but her eyes locked on him, studying his reaction. "Like I said, you enjoyed it more than any of the other guys I hooked up with. Is this something you can give up? I mean, even if you do, and you run back to Janie, there is no guarantee she will want you back. Maybe she's already shackled up with some douchebag while you were here with us, and you've given up the best sex of your life for nothing. And this will be the best you will ever get, Tyler, I can promise you that. Nothing will ever match what we did here, and you know that."

Tyler looked away, not wanting to confirm her words, but fearing it was the truth.

"You have to realize, Tyler, after everything we did here, after everything we showed you... you're not meant for those young girls. I'm sorry, but it's the truth. You're meant to be a stud for old ladies. Those young girls won't know what to do you. But to women like me, women my age, you're fucking delicious. You're an irresistible hunk of fuck-meat that we older sluts all want a piece of. And if you think it's just us, you've got another thing coming. I guarantee, if you look back at all the times

when older women were really extra nice to you, they all wanted the same thing. That fat dick in their nasty old cunts!"

No, Tyler thought. That couldn't be true, could it?

"So, if you try to go back to Janie, you'd better watch out. Cause one of those old sluts will try to poach you. Don't get a ride with any of those lady truckers. Because within the hour, you'll be parked at a truck stop and she'll be riding your fat cock! Don't get a ride from that nice, seemingly innocent church lady either, cause I guarantee you'll end up draining your nuts into her tight cunt. And don't ask the lady at the gas station next door for help either, because your cock will end up lodged in her ass before you even know it. Hon, I don't know how you can get back to Janie without plowing through some more old pussy. And even if you somehow find Janie and go back home with her, you'll never be safe. You'll have to watch out. Maybe the older neighbor who seems extra nice. Maybe her hot boss. Maybe even her mom..."

"What? No!" Tyler called out in response, that last bit really making him react. He had never thought of Janie's mom that way. And she had never thought of him that way. Right?

"But..." she began, cutting through his thoughts. "If you do come with us, there is no going back. Janie will be a forbidden word. You and her are done! You're whole life before this will be done. You'll be with me... with us... and we'll take good care of you. You won't need your friends. You won't need your family. You won't need Janie. You'll have us. You'll have me. You won't have to work some crappy job to make ends meet. You'll work for us. You'll live to make us happy. You'll get hot, hot sex every fucking day. You'll get fucked till you can't see straight. You'll be a fuck-stud for three middle-aged women. Isn't that exciting? So, if you want, we can find room for you. Take you home with us. Bring you into our world. But you better decide quick, hon, because we're about to leave, and once we're gone, you'll never be able to find us again. So, better think fast, hot stuff. Janie... or us? Or me?" she said, putting her hand on his shoulder as she walked out of the hot tub area and headed towards her car, shaking her jean-clad ass as she did so. She couldn't resist smirking as she walked.

Tyler was gawking, watching the older woman's juicy ass bounce with every step. Despite her normal outfit, he saw a hint of the sex kitten she truly was, the hot pink thong pulled up over the hem of her jeans, forming an amazing whale-tail.

He knew he had to make a decision. And, despite everything, he couldn't find much to deny in Sonya's words. He felt a little hurt by them trying to leave without him. As if there was some

part of him that wanted to keep this thing going. And she was right. Janie wasn't a sure thing. Maybe she was truly done with him, and this flight of fancy in coming to 'rescue' her was just a practice in futility. It was silly, wasn't it? This wasn't a movie. This was real life. Maybe she was even already with someone else... no, NO! She wouldn't do that. She's not that type of girl. But if Tyler went with Sonya, and her friends, there was guaranteed slam-dunk amazing sex. Sex that was better than he could ever hope to find again. Sure, it was with a bunch of older woman, but he had seen the type of pure filth an older woman could dig into first hand.

Was there some truth to what she said about other older women wanting him? Sure, he was always the charmer that the other neighborhood moms wanted their sons to be like. And sure, there were a few occasions where older women treated him unusually well. Like that one teacher he had, Ms. Barstow, an older woman, who was tanned, had greying hair and a supremely large chest. There was that one time she had given him a really good grade and his buddy not as good of a grade, even though their papers were nearly the same. And at graduation, when she gave him an affectionate hug and rubbed his biceps through his graduation gown. No, she was just being nice.

Then there was his family friend, Susan, a friend of his parents from way back. Tyler would help around her house the

summer before college, offering to cut the grass and stuff like that, to make a few bucks. She did always seem eager to get him into her new swimming pool, and when he finally agreed, she supplied a swimsuit, a tight pair of stretchy trunks that clung to him. The suit provided a primo view of his fit butt and sizable bulge to anyone who happened to look. If it was a woman that he didn't trust, he supposed there could be something nefarious afoot, but this was Susan. He had known her for years. But she did seem very eager to get into a bikini in front of him, to show off her surprisingly large tits and full round ass. And she did seem eager to rub his shoulders and rub her big tits against his back, but that might have been an accident. No, there was nothing nefarious going on there. Couldn't be.

And then there was Janie's mom, Cassandra. She had been nothing but nice. Although movies and TV shows taught him to be wary of the mom of the girlfriend, Cassandra seemed to really love him. Not in that way, but she was very happy with her daughter's choice of man. Really happy. And she was very attractive, with large breasts and a tight, fit, round ass. Tyler could admit that. But she was nothing but nice. Honest. She was affectionate, always welcoming him with tight, loving, boob-squishing hugs. And she liked to pick his brain, enjoying his young, intellectual mind and easy-going nature. Although, she did make some curious language choices when they were talking, like how she wished she could just suck all that tasty

knowledge out of him. She explained that she wished she could just take his youthful curiosity, his intelligence, and good nature, about how she wished all of that could be combined into some sort of magic drink, a cup full of his 'essence', as she said, because if that existed, she would eagerly swallow that down. But that was an innocent comment. These comments didn't register as anything wrong at the time. She didn't mean anything odd by saying that... right?

And then there was the older bartender at the bar he snuck into near his college. Even though she suspected he was younger than the drinking age, she eagerly fed him drinks. She also seemed to make it a point to show off her big, bulbous breasts in her low-cut top, showing off the faded tattoo of a broken heart on her breast, as well as her deep, tanned cleavage. And at the end of the night, she said to him, "Hey honey, how about we go back to my place so you can suck on my big tits?" Well... there really wasn't much mystery to that encounter. It seemed pretty clear she wanted to fuck him.

Okay, so putting that last encounter aside, while it may seem like there might be suspicious stuff with these past encounters if you looked at it with a certain lens, it wasn't that bad. He wasn't, as Sonya claimed, an 'irresistible hunk of fuck-meat' to older women.

Right?

In any case, he had to make a choice. With Janie, he felt a personal connection that he had never felt before. But with Sonya and her friends, the sex was absolutely incredible. The sex, their hot bodies, it was the type of sizzling, lustful encounter that only comes once in a lifetime. Could he just leave that hot sex on the table, just because it was with three older women? Could he really go back to Janie, could he be so weak-willed as to let himself be pushed around and be played around with, as if his love was something that can be toyed with? But the love they shared felt so right.

If he was honest with himself, he would realize that the blazing desire to get back to Janie was far diminished from what it was before this whole mad adventure. Sonya and her friends had shown him that there was a whole other world out there, with things that Janie could never give him. Things that these older women could. Like anal. And tit-fucking. And rough, rough sex. He just had to decide what was more important, the love in his heart, or the feelings that those older women brought to his teenage dick. And he had to decide fast, because those bodacious older women were moments away from walking out of his life for good.

But he had already made up his mind. At least his body had.

Because the gateway to get to Janie was through the phone in his hand. If Janie was at the top of his mind, he would be frantically searching his phone for any sign of a message from her. Or to search for her number and to call her up, to see where things stood. But his eyes weren't on his phone. His eyes were locked on Sonya's jean-clad ass. Watching her full, round, juicy ass bouncing side-to-side. Side-to-side. Side-to-side. The firm cheeks jiggling lusciously. The thong peeking out tantalizingly from under her jeans. When he looked up, he could see the sides of her enormous breasts from behind, shaking with every step. Yes, she was, like, 30 years older than him, but she was so fucking sexy.

Young Tyler had found something that had replaced Janie in his thoughts. With Janie, whenever she looked at him, he always felt like the little boy he was when they first met. He could never forget their humble beginnings, and in his heart that is what they would always be. And that love he felt was nice and all, but it could never truly recover from Janie's callous treatment of it. And then Sonya and her friends... she had given him an experience that was impossible to forget. They had shown him a whole new world. They had taught him so much. They had made him feel like the man he now was.

Plus their tits were fucking enormous.

Tyler now realized how important that fact was to him. So big. So smooth. So fucking soft. And their asses. God... their round, juicy, full mature asses made him drool. Feeling them in his palms... feeling them slamming against him during a bout of rough sex... feeling his cock buried up their tight rear holes... this was not something he could ever get from Janie.

Janie was inferior. And these women, these old women... they were superior. He now could fully admit to himself that he wanted these older women more than his first love. They had supplanted Janie. They had eradicated the love he felt for her.

That was why he didn't feel so bad about letting his phone slip out of his fingers and fall into the broiling waters of the gurgling hot tub. All those pictures of him and Janie, those loving memories, all gone. He was leaving it behind. He was moving onto his new life. To his destiny. That was how he found himself quickly chasing down Sonya, his sneakers bouncing off the pavement. He was leaving his old life behind, and he was running away from it, and towards his new one at full speed.

Sonya had to hide the smirk on her face as she heard the younger man bounding after her.

This went exactly as she planned. So many times she had tried and failed to make one of her young boy toys more permanent. But she had put all the pieces together this time. Her cunning mind came up with a clever plan. She knew that if she tried to force a new life on him, he would eventually rebel. All the others did. But, if she gave him a choice in the matter, or at least the illusion of a choice, then he would stay with her for good. And he didn't really have a choice. There was not a chance in the world that a guy his age would ever walk away from her big tits. Or her hot ass. Or the rough sex she could give him. And now that he felt like he was choosing his new life, there was little chance that he would rebel against it. She had effectively tricked him into dumping Janie and shacking up with a bunch of old sluts. She had convinced to leave the good life behind for a life of sexual submission, not with any of those cute young girls, but with some mature, experienced older women. She had led him to his doom, swearing off hot young pussy forever, and he came bounding towards it with open arms.

It was with a confident smile that she turned to face him, to welcome him aboard. It was her conquering spirit that led her to gripping his ass as she guided him to the backseat of her car. Ellen, Stella, and Sonya shared a silent look of excitement, knowing the job was done. Knowing that there was a lot of filthy sex in their future.

Tyler was nervous, but excited. As Sonya began driving away, she couldn't hide her arrogant smirk. Ellen looked back in the rearview mirror, confidently planning how to properly dominate this young hunk. And Stella, seated next to him, couldn't help but look at him hungrily. Tyler's dick stiffened in his pants, surrounded by these three mature confident lionesses. He was in their clutches again and he would never be able to escape.

He would never want to.

So that was how Tyler was convinced to dump his young pretty soul mate and hop into the sexual clutches of three nasty old sluts. A decision that few would make. A decision that few should make, to be honest. But Sonya and her friends were so fucking good at this, they convinced him to make a really bad decision.

He didn't even know how bad this decision was.

Because if he had let Sonya leave, he would have noticed a car pull into the gas station next door mere moments later. Seeking a friendly face, he would have come face to face with three gorgeous young women. Three absolute smoke-shows, all his

age, and all just fucking sexy. Like, ten out of tens in anyone's book. A gorgeous tanned blonde, who had that delightfully bitchy natural expression that could make any man melt. A dark haired young woman with olive skin, who moved with the liquid grace of a natural athlete. And a pale, slim, stacked redhead, who carried herself with the regality and confidence of a princess. All three young women were incredibly gorgeous, and their bodies kept up with their looks. Shockingly large, perfect breasts. Round, juicy asses. Long, firm legs. The works. All three were down to party and were on their way to the beach. Towards the heart of Spring Break. Which was why all they were wearing were tight, revealing bikinis, their thong-clad asses covered by thin sarongs.

If Tyler was searching for help, he would have found some in these girls. With his good looks, his fit body, and his heartbreaking story of his true love dumping him, it would not have taken long for them to spread their legs for him. Why, they might have just abandoned their plans, checked into a room at the hotel next door, and ridden his cock for hours. This would have been an encounter any guy would dream about. One that he would have had no shame about bragging about. The best possible sexual encounter any man could ever ask for. But because of Sonya's cunning way of manipulating Tyler's pliable mind, this encounter would never happen.

That was Tyler's first mistake.

The other mistake involved Janie. Because despite everything, if she would have reached out to him, if he got any sense that she was interested in getting back together, he would have leapt at the opportunity.

Which is why he really should have checked his cell phone.

For Janie, things didn't turn out quite as planned.

She instantly regretted letting her friends talking her into dumping Tyler. As soon as she went down to Florida on Spring Break with her friends and saw the atmosphere, it was the last place she wanted to be. This wasn't for her. She wanted to go back home. She wanted to be back with Tyler.

She eventually worked up the courage to call and text him, but she got no response. She couldn't blame him for being mad at her. She deserved it, but she knew that if she could just talk to him she could patch things up. Of course they had disagreements in the past. Nothing this bad, for sure, but they had always been able to talk things out.

Part of her believed that he might show up to rescue her from this predicament, come track her down and take her back home, like in those cheesy rom-coms they would watch together. And if he did, she would never let him go. She would jump into his arms, and they would be together forever. She found herself watching the doors, waiting for her knight in shining armor to save the day.

But he never came.

So Janie was upset. She resented her new friends for ruining things for her. She was sad and upset and heartbroken. She felt alone and vulnerable, which is why she did what she did.

Janie kinda hooked up with another guy.

She was SO not that type of girl. Honest. She had only ever been with Tyler. But when she ran into someone she knew at some bar, one of Tyler's friends, this guy Carlos, she ended up doing things she never did before.

That was how she was talked into getting deep-dicked by one of her boyfriend's friends.

It turned out Carlos did like Janie. More than he let on to Tyler. Sure, he did think she was a bit of a princess. A little bit stuck-up, acted like she was above his frat guy antics. Sure, her tits were nothing special, but she did have a great ass. And there was something about making this innocent little princess take his cock that appealed to the scheming young man.

So Carlos fucked her.

He didn't take it easy on her either. He gave it to her like he did all those other college sluts. He fucked her like her boyfriend fucked those nasty old sluts. Hard and rough. Fucking this stuck-up bitch and cumming all over her pretty face was enough for him to check her off his list. He got what he wanted from her, and after that, he had no use for her.

This was the beginning of Janie's fall from grace. Her corruption.

Because even though she found the sex with Carlos a little rough, when she looked back on it, it was a good memory. Combining that with the fact that, in her state, she didn't have the nerve to stop hanging out with the group of girls who convinced her to dump Tyler, this sent her on the path of hooking up with various random college guys. The once nice,

sweet angelic church-going girl became just another college slut, hooking up with random dudes who didn't care about her. None of these encounters would give her the fulfillment she was seeking. The fulfillment she had with Tyler. And they never would.

That perfect love story she once had was now long gone. If Tyler could see her now, he probably wouldn't recognize the girl he once loved.

That Janie was gone.

(Epilogue)

Janie didn't have to worry about Tyler seeing what she had become, because honestly, he had pretty much forgotten all about her. All thoughts of his ex-girlfriend had been thoroughly fucked out of him.

From the moment he got in Sonya's car, he had entered these older women's world. And it started immediately, with Stella riding his cock in the backseat of the car during the drive back.

Sonya established her dominance immediately, letting the other two women know that Tyler would be staying with her. The other two women were so thankful for being a part of this whole thing that they agreed immediately.

Looking at her home, nice but nothing incredibly fancy, Tyler didn't see much in common with her in terms of interests. She loved cooking and gardening and lots of things that many women her age liked. She didn't care about sports or TV like he did. They had nothing in common, but it was in the bedroom where they truly became one. And they became one, again and again and again.

The first few days were just Sonya and him, and most of their time was spent in the bedroom, truly going to town on each other, traveling to new depths of lust together. When she eventually returned to work, he was free to come and go as he pleased during the day, but she would typically give him tasks to accomplish. Being the young man he was, he would prickle at being bossed around, but a flash of her huge tits or a shake of her big round ass would make him very compliant. And his reward was usually sex, so the better he did with his household tasks, the nastier the sex was.

Needless to say, Tyler became very compliant. And the fucking was very nasty.

Sonya was clearly the queen bee, but he would be passed around with Ellen and Stella often, sometimes for quickies, sometimes for days on end. Ellen had even less in common with him, being into even more boring things, like books and knitting, truly older woman hobbies. But she savored the idea of having this young lover, and she loved the idea of dominating him even more. She would try to exert power over him, really exploring that aspect of sex. She liked to tie him up, put him in cuffs. Dress up in leather and make him call her 'Mistress'. She would ride his cock for hours and torture him with pleasure, driving him crazy, denying him the pleasure he sought for hours on end.

His encounters with Stella were almost a relief. She was so thankful for the sex that she was always trying her best to keep him happy. She would spoil him rotten, buying him gifts to keep him pleased. She would always be ready for sex, and she did her best to satisfy his needs in bed. While she at first seemed the least experienced of the three, she quickly made up for it, as the sex between them got nastier and nastier as time went on. After being so reluctant at first, she had become a true anal queen. When young Tyler made her ass cum, her whole body would shiver, and she would moan in Spanish. It was so hot!

It became clear when they returned to school after their Spring Break with Tyler that something was different in them. Stella was walking on air. Ellen was slightly less of a cunt. And Sonya, she seemed like she had taken the throne as queen. The blonde guidance counselor felt like the queen of the school, at least among the faculty. She was getting amazing sex, unlike the stuck-up prudes she worked with, and that gave her a confidence that could not be shaken.

She would proudly show off her new man to her coworkers whenever there would be faculty functions. She would slip on a tight, slinky, indecent dress, hugging her curves, and would lead Tyler arm-in-arm to the party, showing him off, making the prudes turn their noses up in disgust at this unholy pairing. She would even sneak off with him and make out with him in a dark corner. Sometimes, she would even let the other two, Ellen and Stella, play with him, shocking their coworkers even more with their corrupt ways. And when all three fell pregnant at about the same time... wow, the whispers and nasty comments about them got even louder.

Everyone knew something was up, even if they didn't know the dirty details. Each of the women would show off their new pregnant curves. Stella showed off her new belly bump in cute, tight outfits, so beyond pleased with the new life growing in

her belly. Ellen's work outfits were typically very professional and buttoned up, and as her tummy expanded, she loosened up just a bit, wearing tighter flattering blouses, showing off her body, to the surprise of the student body. And, as ever, Sonya was quite brazen, wearing tops that hugged her pregnant belly while also showing off her heavy, rapidly expanding, milk-filled breasts, while wearing bras that really let them bounce. These three pregnant sluts sauntered through the school, as if they were truly on top of the world. The younger girls were disgusted at these three nasty older women getting knocked up, and even more repulsed by how they flaunted it. By how fucking proud they were. But none of the older women cared. No, they loved it.

Sonya would take him out in public every chance she got. She loved showing off her young lover. And most of all, she loved seeing all those little young bitches fume with jealousy as she made out with a guy their own age. She would wear skimpy clothes, proud of her huge tits, her big ass, and her generous curves, and she did it without shame. She loved it. And for Tyler, being this out in the open with his love life was strange, to say the least, but it was what he had signed up for, and it was certainly a crazy adventure.

But that was just the beginning.

Sonya also loved making it known to one and all that Tyler was into older women. It was almost her favorite thing, and it doubly served to reaffirm that there was no going back. Everyone in their small town knew the score eventually, which, combined with her naked pride in having this young lover, did cause some issues. Two women in particular, the superintendent of the area schools, and the head of the PTA, both bristled at this unnatural relationship. And the PTA head was looking for any way to get these three skanky older women fired, so she got very excited at this revelation.

The superintendent was named Ms. Patricia Buck. Her name lent to the common phrase passed around the faculty when they knew she was coming, which was: 'Don't fuck with Ms. Buck.' She was a few years older than Sonya, Ellen and Stella, with a well styled crop of short silvery hair, and whenever Tyler had come across her, she seemed incredibly cold and unpleasant. She'd never been married, and Tyler felt for any man forced to be in her presence for an extended period of time, let alone a relationship. Ellen actually got along with her great, and they shared many similarities, but Ellen didn't like that this other woman was prying in their business. And the PTA head, Harper Sanders, was the stereotypical shrill, bottle-blond southern wife. She was also one the heads of the church, so she lauded her conservative values to whoever would be forced to listen, and acted like her and her reverend husband were better than everyone else. She also proudly boasted that

she owed her good looks to her faith-based life, and not the doctors who gave her a few nips and tucks and pumped her breasts up to obscene proportions.

In the middle of one of the many group orgies with Tyler plus the three women, these two came up in conversation as possible problems. Stella was worried about getting in trouble and losing her job. Sonya asserted that things were fine and they wouldn't be able to dig up anything that would get them in trouble. Ellen simply wanted the two women out of their business for good, and came up with an idea.

"They're just jealous," Ellen affirmed, grinding languidly on Tyler's stiff cock, her big, naked boobs jiggling. "They just want some dick! That's what we all want! I say let's just let them have it."

"What?" Tyler asked, confused, squeezing her tits.

"You know you're a fucking man-slut, babe," Ellen replied with a smirk. "Just give them that smile and whip your dong out. You'll have them on your dick in no time."

"C'mon..." Tyler said, pinching Ellen's nipples. "I know you guys keep saying that, like, all old women love me, but... c'mon. I've met them. Those two don't want anything to do with me. And plus, they are, like, really terrible people."

"No, Ellen's right." Sonya interjected, smiling. "You're the answer, Tyler. You need to fuck those two." Tyler looked at Sonya, pleadingly.

"I don't want to." he said, not wanting to get involved with the nightmarishly cold superintendent Ms. Buck and that shrill, loud, hypocritical PTA head Harper. Sure, despite his dislike of them, they had a certain appeal. The superintendent's body wasn't bad, with massive, intimidating breasts, and a good figure for a woman her age. And although her expression was typically icy and humorless, she wasn't really bad looking, for an old lady. She looked very posh. And Harper still had an attractiveness despite the small nips and tucks, her good looks from her younger days still shining through. And her massively inflated breasts did look rather squeezable, but no, he had to put his foot down on this. Plus, the fact that he was being talked about being whored out to other women didn't quite sit well with him at the moment. His conservative upbringing still had some effect on him in that sense. But when he looked up at Sonya, and saw her scheming mind at work behind that confident smirk, Tyler knew she was coming up with something and her next words proved it.

"Let's make a bet, lover," Sonya began. "If I can prove to you that pretty much all older women want your dick, then you will have to fuck those two cunts. But if I'm proved wrong, then you get a reprieve, and you don't have to put a finger on their naked bodies." Pressing her boobs into his face, Tyler was inclined to accept this curious bet.

Sonya aggressively delved deeper into his past, trying to get the name of every older woman who he suspected might have actually wanted him. Tyler, curiously, still not sure where this was going, gave up their names, bringing Ms. Barstow, and Susan, and Cassandra, and even that bartender onto their radar. It took a while for him to catch on, but the three old sluts were on the same page quickly. Even though Tyler had been commanded to forget about his past, these three women agreed that he had to right some severe wrongs.

It was time for him to revisit that past.

The deal was, if these three women could prove that those four women did indeed want to fuck him, then he would have to fuck both Harper and Ms. Buck. But, if even one of them was proven innocent of any desire for Tyler, then Tyler was free and clear of those two nightmare women. They agreed not to tell any of the women that they should fuck Tyler, but if any of

them asked about Tyler's relationship with the three, they would tell them truth. In the midst of hot sex with the three women, Tyler agreed to the deal. Tyler didn't even realize the hypocrisy of his objection to being whored out to other women, now that he had agreed to possibly do it for women he didn't dislike. He didn't object to being a whore to other women, just some of the women he might have to deal with.

To the best of his knowledge, all of the women in question were single. Ms. Barstow had never mentioned a husband. The bartender certainly didn't act like she was married. Susan had always been a free spirit, doing her own thing. And Cassandra's had divorced a few years back. But despite this, despite the fact that, theoretically, they could all very well be single and on the prowl, Tyler wasn't too worried. Sure, he did have some slightly suspicious conversations with them at one point, but Sonya and the others were blowing this whole thing way out of proportion. Tyler was confident he would win this bet.

So, due to this little wager, Tyler and the three women were going on vacation, visiting his old haunts, his old life, starting with heading towards his old college.

The first woman on the list, the bartender... there wasn't much hope of her turning him down, to be honest, so he figured he

could just get this one out of the way. His only hope was that she wouldn't be at the bar when he and Sonya and the others visited, but sure enough, she was still there, jiggling behind the bar. And her bulbous tits were still being brazenly exposed to the mostly college crowd, many of whom Tyler recognized. But while they were all chatting up with hot young coeds, Tyler was there with three big breasted middle-aged women. A fact not lost on the people he knew, or on the bartender, who's cleavage seemed to get even more exposed when talking to him, and who's bra seemed extra bouncy, letting her luscious, mature breasts jiggle.

Tyler quickly found out they tasted as good as they looked.

Their encounter was hurried, an illicit fuck in the back of her car in the parking lot after hours, her smothering his face with her giant, mature breasts, bouncing on his teenage cock, squeezing it with her tight, mature cunt. It didn't take much effort for them to get to this point. She had seen him staring, and sensing a possible hook-up, she acted fast, and hot, steamy sex quickly ensued. She was very excited, and she practically gushed all over him. It was clear that very few of these young, college-aged studs ever took her up on her generous offer, so she made it a point to give Tyler her best. And she did, fucking him like an absolute fucking whore. She wanted to make this night a memorable one, which she did, and in the process she got the best sex of her life. She did get a phone number out of

him by the end of it, and while he didn't expect to ever see her again, it wasn't impossible. And plus, there was the concept of dirty texts and sexts, and this woman struck him as being very dirty.

But this was just one woman, and there were three left. Plus, she was pretty much a slam dunk. There wasn't much doubt that she wanted to bang Tyler. But the other three women, those were women he liked and trusted. He highly doubted their kindness and generosity was a façade, born out of a hidden urge inside them to have hot, nasty sex with him. It was completely ridiculous!

Next up, Tyler ended up visiting his old high school, with his three lady friends. He was still recognizable to a lot of the staff, and even though they were happy to see him again, all of them gave him strange looks at three pregnant older women accompanying him. But Ms. Barstow... she was VERY happy to see him. Hugging him tightly, feeling his taut young body against her mature frame, filling him with a bit of concern. She was intrigued by Tyler's new friends, and they clearly had a lot of things to talk about. He could see the moment they dropped the truth on his old teacher, of the nature of their relationship. And instead of being put off and baffled by this illicit relationship, Ms. Barstow turned and gave him the most heated, horny look possible, making him gulp. When they rejoined with Tyler, Sonya explained that they agreed that it

would be best for him to reconnect with his old teacher for a bit by staying at her house for a few days. Tyler didn't know what else to do other than agree.

So, yeah, it turned out Ms. Barstow did want to fuck him.

Tyler and her spent the weekend reconnecting, alright, but whereas before, their relationship was connected by intellectual curiosity and warmth, it had now descended to a connection between his fat penis and her mature cunt. Feeling his favorite high school teacher wrap her legs around him, dig her nails into his back, and moan his name into his ear was a brand new level of depravity, even after all the filth he had taken part of. Cumming in his high school teacher's cunt and squeezing her big tits was something he never would have imagined doing. By the end of their weekend together, it became clear that Ms. Barstow had become fast friends with Sonya, and when Sonya invited her new friend to visit Florida sometime, Tyler knew it wasn't the last time he had seen his old teacher.

So that was two of the women. Okay, 2 out of 4 wasn't so bad, right? But, surely, Susan would object to any accusation of impropriety between him and her. She didn't want him in that way. She was practically family.

Knowing there was now distance between him and his family, Susan was surprised to see him at her doorstep. Surprised, but excited, especially after talking a little bit to the women accompanying him. Sonya and her talked for a little bit and handed her new friend a small box, and as Sonya and the other two women gave the old friends time to reconnect, Sonya suggested they go for a swim, just like old times. Susan seemed excited by the idea and gave Tyler the same tight trunks he had worn the last time he swam there. But when Susan emerged by the pool wearing a hot pink, microscopic thong bikini, matching the one Sonya had, Tyler knew what Sonya had given to Susan as a gift, and she was using it to shamelessly and excitedly flaunt her curves. It was clear immediately what she was looking for. And seeing his family friend's huge tits so exposed, and her hot, mature ass jiggling in front of him, nearly bare, Tyler saw red.

They didn't even make it into the pool.

Susan barely had to push him into this. Tyler was an animal, fucking her brains out on one of the deck chairs. She was moaning and screaming in his ear, her tight cunt gripping his cock lovingly. They eventually went in the house and moved upstairs, doing it hard and rough in the bed, showing her all that he had learned. Tyler made his family friend moan and scream as he filled all of her holes up with his thick, sticky cum. And when they eventually parted, Susan was so smitten she didn't even bother telling Tyler's folks that he was so close by.

But she did call her new friend Sonya, to gush about the juicy details.

So that was 3 of the 4. Okay, he was starting to get a bit nervous about losing the bet. This had gone way farther than he had expected already. But, c'mon, having all four be interested in him was a thought that was completely insane. Surely, Janie's mom wasn't interested in him. Especially not after the breakup. She was his ex-girlfriend's mom! Women didn't think about their daughter's boyfriends that way.

Tyler knew what was next, having to track down his ex-girlfriend's mom, but even he didn't imagine how easy it would be. He was in his old hometown, having dinner with the ladies at one of his old haunts, the wait staff giving them odd looks, and while there, he literally ran into Cassandra. While she seemed sympathetic to his and her daughter's break-up, she seemed way more concerned about him and his well-being than her daughter's, which was odd to him, not even mentioning how far her daughter had fallen, but he didn't really know about any of that. Cassandra seemed very excited, thanking the kind hand of fate for bringing him back into her life, and she was so happy to reconnect with him. Even though the word reconnect made him remember the way he reconnected with Ms. Barstow, his cock slamming in and out of her pussy, he pushed that thought aside. His interaction with Cassandra was fairly innocent, and she asked for his new

phone number, so they could stay friends and continue having their fun intellectual conversations. Overall, Tyler seemed pleased with the conversation, and when he returned to the table with the three women, he was very confident that the bet would end here with Cassandra. She was just a nice, sweet mom, nothing more than that.

Within 24 hours, Cassandra sent him a sext.

At first, before it reached that point, their text interactions were friendly and tentative, but every time the conversation would lull on his end, she would double down, her texts getting more girly and flirty, as if she was afraid to lose his attention. She eventually began sending him pictures of her in different outfits, asking his opinion, the outfits getting tighter and more flattering to her firm, fit mature body as it went on. She would make little comments as well, comments that almost seemed like she was disparaging her own daughter.

"Do you like seeing a woman in tight clothes? I know my daughter never dressed like this, but I always thought you would like a girl in an outfit like this."

"You always used to stare at me when I got all dressed up. Trust me, I noticed."

"I've always thought Janie dressed rather plain... is that why you two broke up?"

"Do you like women in tight outfits? I mean, I have the body for it, unlike my daughter..."

Tyler was filled with dread as this moved along, fearing where this was leading, but he kept playing it out, at Sonya's insistence, until she eventually sent him a picture of her posing in front of a mirror, her blonde hair styled on top of her head, wearing only a lace bra and tiny matching panties, showing off her smooth golden tan skin and her large, firm, bulbous breasts. Sonya couldn't hide the smug look on her face at this revelation. Despite his hesitance, he couldn't resist the lust he felt. He had never fully realized how sexy Cassandra was. She was legitimately gorgeous, the type of mom young guys would actually fantasize about. She had maintained her good looks, and her hot body, a fact that she was happy to share with Tyler. So, when she invited him over for dinner, they both knew what that really entailed. And as their texting went on, she started to make her true intentions more obvious.

"Are you a boob man or a butt man, Tyler? I mean, it was unclear when you were dating my daughter, but I need to know before I pick out my outfit."

This was followed by a picture of her wearing a VERY low cut top, her canyon of tanned, smooth cleavage exposed and shown off.

"Do you like big tits, Tyler? I think you do..."

Next was a photo of her fit, round, perky ass, clad in only a small thong.

"I'll have this on too, just an FYI."

As the time came closer for them to meet up, she got more and more excited.

"I REALLY can't wait for our date, Tyler."

At some point, this nice, friendly, catch-up dinner had become a date in her mind. Tyler wasn't about to dispute her on that.

"I've bragged to all my friends about me having this date with this hot young guy. They are SO jealous."

"You're an amazing young man, Tyler. A young guy like you going on a date with a woman my age. Trust me, I'll make it worth it for you ;-)"

Eventually, she made her intentions very clear.

"I've been thinking about having dinner with you all day."

"BTW, just so you know, dinner = sex."

"I really want to fuck you, Tyler. I've wanted it for so long!"

"I can't stop thinking about having sex with you."

"I'll take your mind off Janie. Trust me."

"I can't lie, Tyler. I'm SO horny! Why can't you just come over now!?"

"Wanna know a secret? I used to listen to you fooling around with my daughter. Trust me, everything you did with her, I can do better. And unlike her, I'll go all the way."

"I remember the times you would try sneaking off with Janie after we had talked. I just know it was me that got you so excited."

"I want you!"

"Screw the dinner, baby, I just want to FUCK!"

"I haven't gotten laid in so long, not since my hubby left... will you be taking care of me, Tyler?"

"You drive me crazy, Tyler!"

"Just know, every time we ever talked when you were with Janie, I was thinking about your big fat young cock, and all the nasty things I wanted to do to it..."

"Don't worry about Janie. She's a brat, anyway. Don't be afraid to love me more than you ever loved her..."

"I'm gonna rock your fucking world, Tyler. You have no idea..."

And when she sent her last message, an hour or so before he was to head out, she let him know what he was walking into.

"Remember all those times I told you I wished I could suck all that knowledge out of you? Well..."

She sent one last picture with her on her knees, still in her bra and panties, her huge tits catapulting off her chest.

"I'm on my knees and ready to suck..."

Well, she followed through on her promise, multiple times. They did actually have a meal first, but that was a necessity really, fueling themselves up for what was ahead. But it was a meal filled with flirty comments, heavy, lust-filled innuendo, and a lot of exposed mature skin. He couldn't take his eyes off the tops of her bulbous orbs all meal long. Eventually, the lust became too much, and Cassandra leapt into her daughter's ex-boyfriend's arms, wrapping her limbs around him, making out with him savagely. He carried her to the bed, where they got down to business.

And as it turned out, Cassandra was spectacular in bed, way better than her daughter. She rode his cock like a complete slut, a far cry from the nice sweet mother she carried herself as. She rode him with a fervor and lust that was almost unparalleled. And combined with her impressive physical fitness, made this a long, heated, lustful encounter. And every single time he came, she made it a point to swallow every single drop, as promised.

She explained that she had always had a thing for him, and that she had been just waiting for the day him and Janie broke up so she could ask him out herself. She always thought that him and her would be a far better couple than him and her daughter, and even Tyler could agree with that by this point. Sex with Cassandra was way better than with her daughter, some of the best he had ever had. And once he mentioned his current situation, his arrangement with Sonya, he was expecting her to be upset and jealous, but she got very excited. She was happy that older women like her were enjoying his cock on a daily basis. But she also added that she loved Florida, and she would welcome any invitation. And that she had some sexy new bikinis that she was looking to try out. She was clearly hinting at something, that what they had just done together was only the beginning of something that could keep going.

As it had become clear, Janie's mom loved to text, so he knew that even if they didn't see each other in person too often, they would see a lot of each other on their phones. But when she asked him for Sonya's number, like a parent asking their child for their friend's parent's number, Tyler realized that not only was Sonya about to gain an energetic new friend who had a lot in common with her, he also realized he hadn't seen the last of Cassandra.

So, Tyler had summarily lost the bet, and Sonya, Ellen, and Stella were all very, very pleased by this. Pleased that they had proven once and for all that pretty much all older, sexy women wanted to try out, as they eloquently put it, his 'slab of divine cock-meat'. This meant Tyler had to put the moves on these two other women, the shrill Harper and the cold Ms. Buck, despite his objections. He had no choice but to try and fuck them.

And so he did. Tyler had sex with both Ms. Buck and Harper.

Yep, sure enough, Ellen's read on the situation turned out to be completely right. In the end, both of them wanted some of Tyler's beefy young cock. It came to a head at a disciplinary meeting. Harper had organized enough faculty together to lodge a formal complaint against Sonya, Ellen, and Stella for the way they had carried themselves at some faculty functions

with Tyler. The meeting was small, with Ms. Buck, and Harper, who was very smug, along with Sonya and her friends, Tyler, and a few other witnesses. Sonya sauntered in, supremely confident, as were Ellen and Stella, to Harper's furor. She tried to poke holes in Sonya's story, but there none to be poked. Despite everything, Sonya and her friends seemed to be on the up and up. This went on for a while, until the superintendent spoke up, saying she wanted to talk to Tyler in private.

They moved to a smaller side room, where Tyler was face-to-face with this nightmare woman, this older cunt who projected unpleasantness. Once in the room together, Ms. Buck simply stared him down, her cold eyes looking down at him, judging him. As her cold glare appraised him, he had the sudden feeling of his innermost thoughts being opened to her. He could suddenly tell she could read him like a book. He felt completely exposed to her, almost naked to her cold, judgmental stare. In front of her, he couldn't hide. She could see that he was a dirty, dirty young man who liked fucking old ladies, as if he was addicted to older woman only, and couldn't control himself around them. She knew Sonya and her friends were total sluts, but she couldn't blame them for liking Tyler. Because she liked Tyler too.

Now, bear in mind, she hadn't said a word, but Tyler could read this on her. He could read her cold demeanor as she appraised him. And somehow, he could tell that she was

intrigued by him. Amused by him, in her own way. She could see why those other women were smitten with him. His physical attractiveness. How he could be pushed around and dominated so easily. Her eyes were on him through her thin glasses, cold and imposing. It became clear to Tyler that she was waiting for him to act, to say or do something. It took a few minutes, but he suddenly had a flash of insight, a memory of something Ellen had said, and he suddenly realized what he had to do. Something he never would have done before meeting Sonya and her friends.

Tyler stood up, and her eyes stayed on him, curious. They only left his eyes when his hands went down to his zipper. Upon the sound of him unzipping, breaking the silence, her eyes lazily slid down to his crotch. The sound of a large slab of meat slapping against the table echoed in the silent room, and a small smirk crossed the superintendent's lips.

For the next 45 minutes, Tyler had sex with Ms. Buck. She sucked his cock and fucked him throughout the entire small room. Luckily, it was well insulated, so no one heard the aggressive sex taking place within. And it was aggressive. She was like a fully formed version of Ellen, a woman who had been sucking and fucking for years and knew exactly what she wanted. Despite her outward appearance, she was a hellcat when it came to sex. She was fantastic at it, much better than

Tyler expected. And she was filthy as well, taking it in every hole, and taking it hard.

When they left the room, both had a slight sheen of sweat coating them. The superintendent's clothes looked slightly mussed, but she hid what had just happened as well as she could. If anyone looked into the room they had just left, they would have seen knocked over chairs, discarded papers, and streaks of sweat and sex juices coating the table. But no one suspected anything untoward, except Sonya and her friends. When Ms. Buck laid down the verdict, ruling that Sonya, Ellen and Stella were free to go, without punishment, Sonya and her friends couldn't hide their smiles, and Harper couldn't hide her fury.

But she would come around.

The next day, Harper came around the house, ready to yell and scream at Sonya for her nasty, unholy ways, but Sonya wasn't around. Only Tyler was. Despite her fury, she kept herself in check in front of Tyler, allowing him to invite her in, trying her best to be polite. Despite the scowl and the anger she was feeling, despite the fact that she had to come over to yell and scream at this woman she hated, her massive knockers were very exposed in her low-cut cleavage top, and they jiggled with every step she took. It was as if she had an ulterior motive...

Tyler was so good at sex at this point that he could tell she was gagging for it. She was aching to be checked out by the younger man, which he was doing. She was so high-strung and such a livewire that Tyler had no doubt the woman she presented herself as was a colossal façade. She didn't come here for Sonya. She came here for Tyler. She might not be willing to admit it to herself, but she came over to get fucked by him. Tyler had no doubt about this. But he knew, this time, he would have to be the aggressor. As she sipped the sweet tea he had so kindly offered her, he slid up behind her, wrapped his arms around her slim body, and brought his lips to her neck. She melted against him, her head falling onto his shoulder as the tension in her body seemed to just fade away, giving a faint, clearly feigned objection. When Tyler slid his hands up to squeezed her massive, mouth-watering fake breasts, she pushed her chest outwards, into his hands, aching for him to squeeze harder. And when his fingers slid into her tight jeans and began fingering her dripping snatch, she was his.

Five minutes later, her lips were wrapped hungrily around his thick cock, taking his young cock down to the nuts savagely. And when Sonya came home, she witnessed her young stud fucking the ever loving hell out of the PTA head. She heard this conservative church leader screaming and swearing to the heavens as she was drilled by his thick, pulsing cock, her massive, tanned tits bouncing everywhere.

And that was how Sonya and her friends became nearly untouchable at the school. With Ms. Buck and Harper now on their side, they could get away with so much, knowing there was not much anyone could do to stop them. She was just waiting for the principal to just try make a move on her, because he would no doubt fail, knowing what she did about him. About the skeletons in his closet...

Stella and Ellen were emboldened as well. They could get away with just about anything they wanted at this point. Their new power, combined with the lessons Sonya had taught them, paid off in spades.

Ellen now knew the influence she could exert over younger men, and she used it well. When working in the library, she heard one of those disrespectful young douchebags whistle when she was bent over as he noticed her jutting ass. She stood up and sneered at the cocky little shit smirking in front of her.

"Hey, Ms. M," he said to Ellen, smiling as if he was poised to drop a truth bomb on her. "I heard you got knocked up by some young dude. "So, I bet you want some of this..." he said, the shaggy haired young man grabbing his clearly bulging junk through his pants.

"Walk away now, or you'll live to regret talking to me like that..." Ellen warned, stepping up to the younger man. He simply gave her that cocky smirk. Looking up at him, scowling, Ellen stepped forward, so her protruding, pregnant belly pressed into his fit stomach. She leaned over and whispered in his ear. "I'm gonna make you beg..." She stepped back and looked up just in time to see a flash of worry cross his face. But it was already too late for him.

Twenty minutes later, the cocky young man was on his knees in a dark side room of the library, the back of his head pressed against the wall as his face was wedged deep between Ellen's round ass-cheeks.

"Yeah, you little bitch!" Ellen spat out, her hands on her knees as she ground her ass against the younger man's face. "School's out, you fucker! No one's gonna come by and stop this! No one's gonna save you! You're fucking mine!" She squirmed as she felt his reluctant tongue against her asshole. "C'mon, you fucker! Get in there! I want to feel your tongue deep inside me! Not so fucking tough now that you learned your place! Yeah, baby... suck my asshole!"

Needless to say, from that point on, that young man would be very well behaved around Ellen. But he would not be the last young man to fall into the same trap.

Stella had gained a lot more confidence after her encounter with Tyler, and it had really started to show. In her fifth hour class, one of the students was the quarterback of the football team, who happened to be one of her major crushes. She had been touchy-feely with him from the start of the school year, and carried a warmth for him in their discussion that didn't seem warranted, considering they barely knew one another. Eventually, other students seemed to notice, including his girlfriend, who was also in the class. When she started turning up her nose at Stella, Stella realized her efforts had been noticed. But the quarterback's attitude didn't change towards her, good or bad. He was perfectly polite and pleasant to her, but nothing beyond that. He was a good student who did his homework. His one major issue in the class was that he was on his phone all the time, to the point where Stella was forced to confiscate it from him. This was right before a test, so the students had their heads down, leaving Stella with the opportunity for some fun. Her keen eyes had picked up the quarterback's phone's pass code, which she had memorized for just such an occasion, so she was able to secretly open up his phone behind her desk and let herself do some spying. Of course, like any young man his age, he had a few premium dick pics loaded on his phone ready to go, which she sent over to

her own phone for some further study. But what really caught her attention were the texts sent between him and his girlfriend. Texts urging her to think about trying out anal with him. His birthday was coming up, and anal was his biggest fantasy. But she, unsurprisingly, was very much against it. She said she would 'Never, ever, EVER' be into that kind of thing.

But Stella was.

So, a few minutes before class was over, he was given back his phone, with no evidence of any wrongdoing by his scheming teacher. At least, until, a few minutes later, when his phone vibrated in his pocket. When he pulled out his phone, he found a photo text from an unknown number. Stella watched him open this message, and she saw his eyes widen in shock.

He had received a photo text from Stella. It showcased a nude photo of her, on all fours, from the back, her smiling face turned towards the camera, and a big, purple, rubber dildo jammed DEEP up her ass. The color drained from his face as he looked up with wide eyes at his Spanish teacher, whose trimmed eyebrow raised at him confidently. He was completely gob-smacked, but at the same time, absolutely rock hard, being in the presence of a woman who would grant him his biggest fetish. Sure, it was his teacher, a much older woman, but... she was offering him anal. Hard, rough anal.

From that point on, Stella made it a point to point her butt at him at every opportunity. She wore tight skirts to show off her rear end as well, and every chance he got, he would stare at her. Gaze at her lush, round, mature ass, even at the expense of his girlfriend. She could sense the distraction in her hunky young boyfriend, but there was nothing that could be done. This was only gonna end one way. Stella turned up the pressure, bending over and pressing her breasts into his back during class, putting her hand on his shoulder, and whispering in his ear. "If you want to see more of me, you just have to ask. There's plenty more to see..."

For an ass man like him, this older Latina woman was driving him crazy. He looked at the picture she sent him a dozen times a day. He couldn't get enough of it, seeing this professional older woman, this teacher, so exposed like this. This dirty little secret that he was being allowed to see. He couldn't hide his obsession with Stella, and the moment he saw the hint of a tiny thong peeking over the hem of her skirt in the middle of class, he was spurred into action. He had to put a stop to this, once and for all. He had to act.

"Guess who's got a date with the quarterback!?" Stella called out proudly that night when she met up with Sonya and Ellen for drinks. She went into all the juicy details, about how the QB came to her class at the end of the day, looking cute and nervous. He stuttered and stammered, trying to figure out

what was going on between them. But she cut to the chase, stopping his stammering, and moving in close to him. "Did you come here because you want this to stop?" she asked, before studying him and continuing, "Or... did you come here because you want to fuck my ass, baby?" she whispered, making him shiver. Nervously, he nodded, and she gave him her address. She told him to come over that night, that she would show him something special.

And she certainly did.

Stella figured the team lost their game the next night because of the beating her big ass put on the quarterback's thighs as he fucked her ass savagely. By the time he left her house, after cheating on his girlfriend with his slutty Spanish teacher, he could barely walk. She had shown him things he couldn't believe. She had rocked his world and given him the hottest thing he could imagine. Hard, rough anal sex. And it was even better than he dreamed it would be.

Since Sonya kept her claws in Tyler and kept him busy, Ellen and Stella felt they had free reign to fool around with others. And while they had their own various misadventures as they tore through some of the best and brightest of the student body, in the end, they always came back for more with Tyler.

He was their first younger man, and he was still the best they ever had. Tyler was kept very busy.

Tyler had gotten very good at fucking older women. Sonya and her friends, the four women from back home, Harper and Ms. Buck. And that was just the beginning of how Tyler was used as a man-slut, working at the behest of Sonya to make her life easier, using his thick young cock. There were now so many older women who had experienced his driving cock first-hand, and he had no doubt there would be many more to come. The four women back home, the bartender, Ms. Barstow, Susan, Cassandra, plus Harper and Ms. Buck who visited often for more heated action. Tyler was never left wanting for sex. But they were just the start.

Sonya wasn't done making the younger man expand his horizons sexually, and by this point, he was happily along for the ride into pure depravity. She went ahead and posted some of the videos of them having sex online, to very positive feedback. There was a growing market out there who loved watching older women fuck the hell out of strong young men. It didn't matter that she worked in a school, and could theoretically lose her job. After winning over her rivals at the school, Sonya truly felt untouchable. Plus, the idea of thousands of eager viewers watching her having aggressive sex with a sexy young man drove her crazy. People were

always asking for more, and she kept her online fans very happy.

One other added bonus for her was making it known to the world that Tyler loved older women. By this point, it seemed like everyone knew his tastes. People in town, people back home, people online. He had learned from his mistakes with his girlfriend, what's-her-name, so he was done with younger girls. Now, it was permanently recorded in history that he was into old ladies, so if he ever tried to go back, there wasn't a chance for success. He couldn't go and get married to some hot young thing, only for her to look online and find dozens of videos of him fucking various older women. No, he would never be fucking one of those young girls again. He couldn't. Not a chance.

But it wasn't just about making sure he was locked down for good, because Sonya was confident that Tyler wasn't going anywhere. And it wasn't about shaming him for fucking older women either. Quite the opposite. In her mind, what they were doing was a beautiful thing. To Sonya, the best sex there could be was the sex that could only happen between older women and younger men. There was just something about seeing a lush, voluptuous older woman and a hard, taut, fit younger man, naked, rolling around in bed, her lush curves sliding against his firm muscles, getting it on hard and rough and nasty. So Sonya was just spreading the message, the gospel, so

to speak, and Tyler, well... he was the gospel's most fanatical supporter. He was spreading the good word each time he slid his prick into an appreciative, mature cunt. Each time he sprayed his fertile seed onto a pair of large, mature tits, coating their smooth skin with his thick cum. Before, his online identity was comprised fully of him and his girlfriend, pictures of them together, taking pride in their love and showing it off, now, well he was showing off other things. Nakedly showing off his devotion to fucking older women. And people were taking notice.

She had received so many messages from older women who enjoyed her videos. Older women who needed one more kick to make a serious move on the objects of their lust, and Sonya's footage did the trick. Nothing filled Sonya with more pride than watching other women following in her footsteps, posting amateur videos of their own. Footage of them riding younger men like total sluts, giving them better sex than they could ever get from any of those younger girls. The depravity that had started at that hotel was spreading fast, and Sonya couldn't be happier.

After watching footage of these encounters that Sonya had inspired, she would practically drag Tyler into the bedroom and ride his cock for hours. And when she looked down at him, she saw no hesitance. No reluctance. Only lust. Knowing she

had won him over completely made her so hot. She loved the level of corruption she had instilled in him.

She had gotten the job done with him. He had left his old life behind. He dropped out of school. He abandoned all his friends. His family only had a very cursory knowledge of what he was up to. She had truly made this younger man hers. She had her own personal boy toy. She had made him a stud for slutty older women, and she couldn't be happier about that.

What really sealed the deal for Tyler, and what set aside Sonya as his permanent number one, was when he came home one day after running errands for her. He walked into the backyard to find a brand spanking new hot tub. From in the house emerged Sonya, clad in the same green thong bikini she wore back during their first fateful meeting, a bikini that made him stiff as a brick. But what really set him off was seeing her heavily pregnant belly, the smooth, tanned skin stretched out, carrying the baby he put in her belly. This older woman, carrying his child... it was crazy. And seeing this symbol of femininity and life corrupted by her obscene bikini drove him crazy. So when they slipped into the hot tub again and relived their first meeting, Tyler fucked her as hard as he could, almost blindingly hot for her. Feeling her hot, naked, pregnant body against his drove him insane with lust for her. He didn't think about why he shouldn't be doing this. He didn't think about hooking up with younger women at all anymore. He didn't

really think about his ex-girlfriend either. None of that stuff. Any of Tyler's doubts, if he truly had any, were completely gone.

He loved fucking old ladies!

Old Ladies, Thongs, & Cookie Trays

Pamela zoomed through the outskirts of her neighbourhood, ready to confront the bitch who was supposedly sleeping with her husband.

This whole thing came out of left field, to say the least, but it explained a lot. Her husband Dean had seemed a bit distracted lately, ever since they moved into this neighborhood. Her husband's entire company had been transplanted to this city, so a lot of their friends had made the move as well. One of her friends, Cara, had broken the bad news.

She said she had seen Dean's car parked at their neighbor's house, right across the street from their home. Cara thought she had been mistaken, but it seemed like multiple times a week, she noticed what looked like Dean's car parked in her neighbor's driveway, and it seemed like he would be there for hours. Dean had never mentioned this, and none of their friends lived at that address. So, this was someone new. Someone he had just met. Someone who he snuck off and spent a lot of quality time with. It seemed like there was no other explanation.

Dean was cheating on Pam.

So, yeah, Pamela kinda freaked out. She was seeing red, and she was probably breaking multiple traffic laws as she zoomed towards the house of the bitch who was sleeping with her husband.

She wasn't even mad at Dean. Okay, that's not true, she was furious with him, but the thing was... he was smoking hot. He could have any girl. And any girl would want to have him. But he was Pam's. Pam had put in a lot of time and hard work in locking Dean down. She had waited patiently for her moment, and when the time came, she made it count. So, she was not gonna let some slut try to swoop in after Pam got the ring on his finger. No! Pam was ready to slap a bitch. Didn't she see his fucking ring? Didn't she realize he was married? Or was she just one of THOSE girls?

Pam zoomed into the driveway of this slut and stopped, her brakes skidding, parking behind an older Sedan that was parked in front of the closed garage. She slammed her car door and nearly sprinted towards the front door. Pounding on the door with her fist, she readied herself to scream and fight, to tear this bitch apart. But when the door opened, all the fire flowing through her veins was immediately extinguished.

"Oh my goodness, dear..." the older woman at the door said, poking her head out, confused. "You look like your breathing fire, honey. What can I do for you?" she asked with a bright, warm, patient smile.

Pam began laughing at herself, laughing like a crazy person as she looked at the older woman. She wasn't a stranger. They had met before. Her name was Edna. She had stopped by their house soon after they moved in to welcome them to the neighborhood, bearing treats. This wasn't some skanky harlot. It was just some old lady.

Edna looked very confused at the younger woman at her doorstep. She had wrapped herself in a pink cotton robe, holding it around her front. Although she was an older woman, she still seemed modern, with a stylish swath of short silvery blonde hair on top of her head. She wasn't overly worn by age. She did have a few age marks around her eyes and a few wrinkles on her face, but she was still pretty, warm, and friendly, even when facing down this seemingly insane younger woman.

"Am I missing something, dear?" Edna asked, confused, as the young woman was almost bent over, laughing.

"You must think I'm crazy!" Pam said, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes.

"What do you mean?" Edna asked, ever patient.

"I... I have a friend. She lives across the street. She... Jesus... she said she saw my husband's car parked over here a few times. I... I thought..." Pam began, laughing at her own idiocy.

"You thought he was cheating on you?" Edna finished with a knowing smile, nodding.

"I thought he was cheating on me," Pam confirmed. "But he wasn't, was he? He was dropping off..." she began.

"The cookie tray." they both said at the same time, referencing the tray of cookies she brought over to welcome him to the neighborhood. The same tray Pamela had been pestering him to take back to her. Pam shook her head, feeling deeply ashamed at leaping to conclusions.

"I'm such an idiot..." Pam said to herself, putting her hand up to her head in embarrassment. A thought striking her, she

looked up. "But wait... she said she saw him here multiple times..."

"Well, I love to bake," Edna replied deftly with a warm smile. "When he came over the first time, I gave him more goodies to take with him. And every time he comes over to bring that tray, I give him more. I'm sorry, I didn't know it would cause trouble."

The story seemed to make sense. And it would explain the new trays of cookies and baked goods that kept showing up. She thought he got them from work. She could have sworn that's where he said he got them from, but she must not have heard him right.

"But... and I'm sorry, but, she said he was here... for a while...?" Pam said, not suspecting any infidelity anymore, but still trying to sort out the final inconsistency in the story. The older woman laughed to herself.

"I'm sorry... I've been told I'm a bit of a blabbermouth," Edna admitted. "I think I held him up, filling him in on all the juicy gossip from the neighborhood. Again... I'm really sorry, dear."

Pam nodded, seeing the truth in the answer. She stood there, on this nice old lady's doorstep, no doubt seeming absolutely insane. Pam was shaking her head, smiling in anger at herself, until tears began to well up in her eyes.

"I must look crazy," Pam said, trying to smile as tears dripped down her cheeks. "I just..." But before she could finish, the older woman interrupted.

"Oh, hon, I don't blame you," the older woman said with a reassuring nod, stepping out onto the doorstep in just her pink cotton robe, pulling the younger woman in for a hug. "Dear, in my younger days, I would have done the same thing. Don't be upset. You're not crazy!"

Pam let the older woman hug her, feeling the older woman's large bust pressing into her chest. She held this hug for a minute or so, the older woman comforting the younger woman, holding her close, pressing her soft belly against the younger woman's, patting her back as Pam sobbed. Finally, the older woman stepped back, looking down at Pam.

"Honey, I know you might feel like a terrible person, a terrible wife, but don't," Edna told her, holding her shoulders. "You did this because you love him. You did this because you care. Don't

be ashamed of loving him so strongly." Pam nodded at this and smiled.

"Thank you," Pam said, smiling and wiping her eyes.

"Hon, I know you're young newlyweds, and these moments might happen." Edna said warmly. "If you ever need to talk, feel free to come back. We can have some girl talk," the old lady said with a smile. Pam nodded. "I feel sorry for the woman who does cross you, dear. Haha," Edna said, cheering her up.

"I'm so sorry for bringing you into this," Pam said, stepping back.

"Oh, no problem, dear. You can come in now if you want, so we can chat," Edna offered, opening the door up more, holding her robe closed, as she gestured for the young wife to enter.

"No, no, I couldn't put you out. Not after coming here like a crazy woman," Pam replied. "But I'll take a raincheck," she finished. Edna nodded warmly and leaned in.

"I promise I won't tell your husband about this," Edna whispered.

"Thank you," Pam replied, nodding and smiling. They said their goodbyes and Pam made her way back to the car. Edna watched her step back into her car, before stepping back inside the house and closing the door behind her.

As Pam backed out of the driveway, she looked forward at the garage, and for a crazy second, speculated that her husband's car could be parked in the garage... no, NO! This was madness! If she wanted their marriage to work, she had to trust him. She had to believe he wasn't gonna cheat on her at the drop of a hat. That was not the basis of a healthy marriage.

As she drove back home, she thought back on her first meeting with Edna, a memory that, after the events of today, she looked upon warmly.

(3 months prior)

The knock at the door spurred the newly married couple into action. Dean and Pam were still getting settled, as they had officially just moved in for good this very day, but they were

happy for something new to distract from the dirge that was unpacking. Together, they marched to the door, opening it up.

"Hi, new neighbors!" an older woman said, standing on their doorstep, a tray of cookies balanced on her palm.

"Hi!" Dean and Pam said in unison.

"My name is Edna," the older woman began. "I'm kind of the neighborhood mom around here. Don't let anyone call me the neighborhood grandma, haha, I'm not that old!" she said, making the young couple laugh. "I saw the moving trucks drive by, and I couldn't help but throw something together," she said, handing over a decorative tray of cookies to the young wife.

"Oh! You shouldn't have," Pam replied happily.

"Don't worry about it. I love baking!" Edna replied. Edna stood and appraised the young couple in front of her, allowing the young couple to appraise her. She was probably around fifty or so, and she looked good and stylish, not falling victim to the wears and tears of aging yet. For a woman her age, she looked very fit. She was dressed in a hip fashion, wearing snug,

flattering jeans and a tight pink blouse. Edna couldn't help but notice the older woman's extremely large boobs, which were being contained by the blouse, which was not overly tight, but due to their large size, it was molded to her hefty mammaries. Her face was very pretty and regal, her lips warm and plump, her eyes twinkling with intelligence, and her creamy smooth complexion suiting her well, with only a few wrinkles. She had light silvery blonde hair, a shock of hair styled on top of her head, making her look sleek and fashionable. She seemed like a cool old lady. "I must say, you two are the cutest couple!" she said with an effusive smile.

It was true. They were a cute couple.

Dean and Pam were friends for awhile before they began dating. Pam had a crush on him the first time she saw him. They met in college, but it always seemed like he had a girlfriend. He was basically the most prized stud at the school. He was a natural athlete who played baseball in college. He had stylish, short, dirty-blond hair. A good tan. A great butt. A warm smile. Mouthwatering abs. Nice lips. And that mischievous twinkle in his eye that drove even the most jaded girls crazy. He even had great career prospects, a double major, with a bright future as a salesman at a pretty big company all but assured.

Pam was in the friend-zone for a while, always being there, providing a welcoming ear to vent his troubles to. Unfortunately, a lot of times, that meant girl troubles, which wasn't the most fun thing to listen to. Pam couldn't compete with a lot of the girls he dated. Really, he had his pick of the litter, and all the girls with the best clothes, or the most worldly, or the ones with the most obscenely huge chests, they all wanted a piece. Just from the outside, Pam observed him date all types of girls, of all different races, all gorgeous, any of them he would be lucky to have. Pam couldn't compete with their looks. Or their bodies. She was no slouch, but she wasn't, like, model-gorgeous. She was very pretty, with long, straight, dark hair. She was slim, sure, but her c-cups were nothing to sneeze at, and she had a nice butt. But she couldn't match up with those other girls in those areas to be frank, but she hoped her wit, her intelligence and her sparkling personality would shine through. And finally, after dozens of relationships, of encounters that left him feeling hollow, he finally made a move, and once he did Pam did all she could to lock him down. A year later, they were married and she couldn't be happier. She had won. She had beat out all those other girls.

And it was just in time. He had to make this big move along with his entire company, and they had aligned the big move with their honeymoon, coming back to their new house for the first time as a wedded couple. It was a lot to take in, but they couldn't be more excited to start their life together.

"Oh, thanks!" Pam replied warmly. "We just got married, actually."

"Oh my goodness! Congratulations!" Edna replied, giving the young woman an excited hug.

Dean was always awkward with stuff like this, putting in the pleasantries. He was a very cool, charismatic young man, and he could chat smoothly about conversations that were in his field or on his own terms, but Pam was simply better at this kind of idle chit-chat. He just followed along, talking with this nice older lady who was welcoming them to the neighborhood.

To be honest, he was willing this to be over simply so he could be alone with his wife, because he was very horny. He had a healthy sexual appetite and he was eager to set up their new bed and break it in, consummating their relationship officially. He already felt the pressure coming from his groin at the mere thought of going to bed with her.

Sure, Pam wasn't exactly like those other girls he dated. They were far more experienced with the ways of the bedroom, and he had gotten used to those kinds of lusty encounters, being ridden on a bed by a forceful, controlling woman. And he had

loved that kind of action actually. But, that kind of controlling nature tended to carry over into their relationships, and they would always end badly. Things were different with Pam. She made him feel good. With her, it wasn't her trying to boss him around. It was an even, balanced, healthy relationship. She made him feel fulfilled, you know, spiritually. And while, sure, she wasn't the dominant presence in the bedroom like those other girls, he had realized there was truly something to the idea that having sex with someone you love was way more fulfilling than raw, physical, lusty sex, no matter how hot it may be.

"Well, I just wanted to welcome you guys to the neighborhood. I know just about everyone here, so if you have any questions, or if you need any recommendations for things around town, I put a card with my name and number on the tray. Call me if you need anything!" Edna said warmly, glancing at Dean for a moment.

"Well, thank you so much!" Pam said, stepping back slightly. "You are so nice!"

"Oh, no problem! It was nice talking to you guys, but you look pretty busy, so I'll leave you to it. You two have a good day. And again... welcome to the neighborhood!" Edna said, stepping back, about to leave. Pam began to move backwards

towards the kitchen, and Dean was about to shut the door when Edna stopped them. "Oh, by the way, I will need that tray back when you're done with it, if you don't mind. My address is written on the bottom." Edna called out towards Pam, even though Dean was still at the door.

"No problem!" Pam called out before turning the corner, entering the kitchen. And for her, that's where the memory ended. But for Dean, this is where it truly began.

"And by the way," Edna said more quietly, turning her attention to Dean just as he was closing the door, smiling warmly, talking directly to him for the first time. "When you have sex with your wife tonight, try not to think about me."

"Excuse me?" Dean said, shaking his head, not sure he heard her right.

"You heard me," Edna said a bit more firmly, her warm smile transitioning to a small smirk, her tone odd as she spoke to the young husband, just the two of them. "I can't tell you how many times I've come across young husbands like you who get married to a pretty wife and have a nice house and have a great job, but it's just not enough for them. They start thinking about all the things they don't have. All the things all the other guys

are getting. All the things they secretly want... all the things they secretly crave. Specifically, pornographic sex with hot older women. Women like me..." she paused for effect, letting her explanation soak in for a moment. Dean was baffled. What in the hell was happening? In the moment, all he could think about was how strange it was to hear her kind, regal voice say such naughty things. "I've seen so many other men fall into that trap. So many husbands who, as soon as we met, start thinking about me and my hot body when they sleep with their wives. And I just wanted to warn you against it, cause once you start, it's too blazing hot to stop. You'll keep doing it, and you won't be able to stop yourself from taking it further..." she told him, raising a perfectly plucked eyebrow at him.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, floored.

"It's simple, dear," Edna said, stepping towards him, her tone huskier. "When you're screwing your wife tonight, try not to imagine my hot naked body in her place. Cause if you do, you'll blow your top too soon, and your long night of lovemaking will end very quickly. Haha! Just some friendly advice, hon," she said, her tone chirpy and friendly again, smiling at the confused young man, acting as if she had given him normal everyday wisdom. With that, she turned and walked away, shaking her ass as she walked. He couldn't help but stare, watching her round, shapely, mature butt bouncing side to side, clad only in her slim jeans. And he couldn't help

but notice the hem of her shirt rising, revealing a tiny, black lace thong, pulled up severely, forming a blatant whale-tail over the hem of her pants.

Dean was frozen in place, stunned. What the hell just happened? What was she talking about? Was this woman crazy? And the audacity to assume a young guy like him would naturally fantasize about an old lady like her. The bold, naked confidence she had to make such a claim... it was madness. Why would any young guy replace his pretty young wife in his mind with an old lady like her? Does she actually think she's that hot? Does she actually think that just the idea that sex with her was really that exciting? It was pure insanity, and it was clear that this old lady was crazy. Right? She hid it behind a cool old lady veneer, but she was, like, a crazy person.

But he couldn't deny the fact that this bold claim had made him rock hard.

He couldn't explain it. He tried to write it off as his previous lust and need for his wife carrying over. But that level of sexual confidence Edna just displayed was deeply exciting for him in a way he couldn't explain. He had always enjoyed those girls, the ones that knew what they were doing. The ones who you could just tell would tear you apart in bed in the best way possible. And despite his confusion, Edna, this silver-haired

old lady, this neighborhood mom, exuded that level of sexual confidence. After this mere two-minute chat with her, he realized it was dripping from her pores. And in his current state, and with his history, he couldn't stop himself from getting almost painfully erect.

He realized he was just standing at the door. Edna was long gone, and he had been lost in thought ever since. Finally closing the door and moving into the house before Pam could ask any questions, he couldn't help but let his interaction with Edna run through his mind over and over again.

Did Edna actually think she had a chance with him? Did she think he would be thinking about her in bed? Had he done or said anything to give her that impression? No, of course not! He was barely paying attention, to be honest. She was an old lady! He was a good looking younger guy who had always had good luck with very attractive women. Women his own age. Why would she think he'd get hot for her? Why would she assume that he was, like, leering at her? Had this actually happened before with other people? Was she just bullshitting him on that? Had other guys actually done it before him? No, it was impossible! It was just part of some twisted game of hers. No guys really went after older women like her. It was a myth.

He shook his head and tried to clear his thoughts. He knew his judgment was being clouded by his stiff prick, throbbing

almost painfully in his pants. He wanted to sweep Pam into his arms and take her to the bed and just ravish her, but that felt like it was somehow giving Edna the victory. As if admitting their interaction had spurred him into sex. So, he was patient. He played the rest of the day out, unpacking, having dinner, normal couple stuff, letting this first sample of domestic life soften his stiff prick. And through it all, he did his best to push that strange interaction with Edna out of his mind.

Surely by the end of the day, that weird conversation would be long forgotten. And when he and his wife went to bed, he wouldn't let that strange interaction with that old lady affect him at all.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh my God, baby! You're so hard!" Pam moaned as her husband drilled her. He was getting really into it, more than he typically would, but his need was great. Way more than usual. He pounded his bare cock into his new wife from on top of her, consummating their marriage vigorously on their marital bed for the first time.

Dean had done a good job of pushing that odd conversation with Edna out of his head. His attention was solely on his wife.

Totally focused on his wife. He was focused on Pam and her nice squeezing pussy, focusing on her slim body, her nice petite breasts and her trimmed belly. She was great. She was all he would ever need. And every time Edna and her weird conversation entered the periphery of his mind, he pushed it away.

If you asked Dean, he would make it very clear that Edna wasn't affecting him at all. Not in the least. It was just a coincidence that he was harder than he had ever been in his life, and he was fucking his wife harder than he ever had before. Pam certainly wasn't complaining, proud of herself for inspiring such lust in her man. And Dean was experiencing a type of lust he had never felt before. His wife was feeling great, and the lust he was feeling was turning this into some of the best sex of his life. Certainly the hottest of his encounters with Pamela.

But, in his current state, he didn't have the control or patience to last very long. He was that turned on. So, he fucked his new wife hard, his fit body flexing and tensing as he did so. Pam's slim legs were wrapped around him as her fingers dug into his back, her body racked with pleasure. Dean was doing his best to keep this loving, lusty encounter going, but it was a losing battle. He had closed his eyes as he fucked her, something he didn't normally do, so he could focus on holding back on his climax. And he was getting the job done, holding back his

impending orgasm to keep the moment going, like the good lover he was. Suddenly, feeling bad at making their marital bed consummation so impersonal, he opened his eyes, eager to look down at his pretty young wife. But it wasn't her face he saw.

It was Edna's.

"Fuck me, baby!" Edna moaned to him loudly, her regal voice screaming out in lust. "Fuck my hot body! Fuck my tight fucking cunt!"

Hearing her words, he couldn't help but look down. Below him was no longer Pam's nice, slim body. It had been replaced by Edna's lust-inspiring, voluptuous curves. His eyes got lost in her smooth, creamy, sweat-covered skin. He felt her long firm, mature legs wrapped around him. He felt her old lady hands digging roughly into his taut back, claiming rightful ownership. His eyes took her in her body, her silky, fit belly. Her tight, neatly trimmed cunt, the plump, shockingly youthful lips wrapped around his turgid shaft, squeezing it hard, her landing strip a small patch of matching silvery-blond hair. But his eyes lingered on her breasts. They were absolutely massive, jutting up from her body, the skin looking so smooth. The udders looking so round. The pink nipples looking so hard. The weighty jugs bounced and jiggled

hypnotically, arresting his vision. Her massive boobs were simply perfect.

Dean looked up at her face. Not seeing his wife below him, he looked down to see that plucked eyebrow of Edna's raised knowingly. He saw that confident, cool smirk cross her plump lips. As if telling him she knew he would be thinking about her. As if she understood this need in him. As if she was rightfully confident that she was the most prominent object of lust the younger man could ever have. And it was this bold, confident, controlling smirk that lingered in his mind.

Dean's cock exploded.

It came without warning, as if unable to be contained. Hot, thick cum burst from his cock, filling up the tight grasping pussy below him. His nuts flexed obscenely, firing jets of thick seed into her pussy. His eyes closed, the pleasure almost too great to take as he drove down, grinding into the woman below him, his body jerking in near-violent spasms. Although in truth, it was his wife below him, in his mind, it was Edna. It was Edna who had made him cum. It was her perfect cunt taking his thick cum. It was her moans ringing in his ears. It was her sweaty naked body against his.

It was Edna giving him the greatest orgasm of his life. Not his wife.

Which was why, in the throes of passion, with both of the young lovers moaning like crazy, it wasn't her name on his lips.

"Edddnnnnnnnnnnnn... uuuuhhhhhhhhh!" he moaned out, the words indiscernible to the young wife as she was lost in the throes of passion.

Dean finally rolled off his bride, gasping for pleasure. He was so exhausted physically from the long day and the vigorous sex that he could barely form a coherent thought.

"Jesus baby!" Pam moaned out. "You must have been really excited!" She had never been fucked that lustily. She had never felt her husband that turned on.

Her words entered his mind, only adding to the nasty appeal of what he had just done. But the one thing that he couldn't stop thinking about was the fact that, even though this was him breaking in his marital bed with his new wife, she hadn't been the woman that spurred the pleasure in him. It was another woman. It was another woman who got him hot. It was another

woman that got him off. That cum that filled up his wife's pussy... it didn't belong to his wife. It belonged to Edna. The best sex of his life had been spurred on by some crazy old lady.

And it felt incredible.

"Oh my God, babe!" Pam said, greeting her groggy husband in the kitchen. "You have got to try one of these cookies Edna made. They taste incredible!"

Dean felt quite a bit of guilt for what had happened the night before, and he didn't need to be reminded of Edna first thing in the morning. Giving his wife a warm smile, and acting like everything was normal, acting like the mere mention of that older woman didn't make his cock twinge, he took a bite of the cookie Edna had baked for him. And Pam was right.

It was indescribably tasty.

"I might have to get some baking tips from her. Oh my God!" Pam said. Dean winced slightly at his wife calling attention to this older woman being superior to her in one aspect of life. She

had already supplanted a prominence in his mind sexually, at least for one night, and now she had proven her superiority in one other aspect of life. If he kept thinking about her, would he realize that she was superior in more ways? In all ways? No... NO!

Dean knew he had to stop thinking about that woman. It was a weird intrusion into his mind, but he had had momentary obsessions with other women in his past before, and he'd been able to get them out of his system eventually. Sure, he ended up just screwing most of them, but this one was different. This was an older woman. And he was married now. Sure, she was shockingly attractive for a woman her age. Sure, she had massive, luscious tits, and her ass was round and firm and juicy. But she was just some twisted old lady.

He should be able to get over her in no time.

(3 Days Later)

As Pam cooked dinner, Dean had locked himself in the bathroom so he could stroke his dick vigorously in complete privacy.

"Fuck, Edna! Yes!" he muttered to himself as he pleased his bone hard erection.

Yeah, Dean hadn't been able to forget about Edna. Not in the least. In fact, he had only become more obsessed.

He couldn't explain it. He would push her out of his mind for a while, but the moment thoughts of her would intrude on even the edge of his mind, his cock would get as hard as concrete in his pants. And once that happened, he wouldn't be able to stop thinking about her until he drained the cum from his aching nuts. Every night, his lovemaking with Pam was vigorous and energetic, but it was all to thoughts of Edna. She was taking over his mind, and he couldn't explain why.

He had come across some confident women in his past, and they had always really done it for him. Usually, with those girls, they had the body to back up their attitude, on top of a cunning, aggressive mind, and they always followed through with their bold claims. But those girls would wait and size up their competition before choosing their moment to strike. This

woman, Edna, this was different. She had struck right away, mere feet from his wife, staking her claim immediately. It was as if she was that confident in her sexual appeal that she just knew he would fall victim to her wiles, even with such a small push. As if she was completely convinced that she could lure him into bed, and all she had to do was snap her fingers to make him break his marital vows.

That kind of confidence was unexplainably sexy.

And this wasn't some confident, gorgeous young slut with big, perky tits who had men dying to be with her. No, that would make sense. But this woman... she was an old lady! And sure, she was actually really good looking, and yeah, she had really huge tits, but she was still an older lady. Either she was completely insane, or she knew she was SO good in bed that she knew she could make any hot young guy bend to her whims. And the more he thought about it, the more he realized she didn't seem crazy. She seemed bold. She seemed confident. She seemed assured in her bold claims to the point where they just had to be true.

Dean just knew that Edna would be dynamite in bed.

And once he thought about this, he couldn't stop. He couldn't stop thinking about her nude. Seeing her big, full, round tits exposed to him. Seeing that shapely, fit, juicy ass naked. Seeing that thong she had so brazenly shown off to him splitting her ripe, jutting cheeks. Seeing her confident, plump lips wrapped around his cock, her calm cool eyes looking up at him, eyebrow raised knowingly, as if she knew she could suck his dick better than his wife could. She probably could, too, Dean realized. She would suck his cock like a seasoned slut. God, it would be good. She probably had a lot of sex. A woman like her... God, she was probably getting laid whenever she wanted. She was probably every bit as good at sex as she boasted about. She probably knew how to screw young men immaculately, and steal them from their young wives, and she was confident she could do it to Dean.

Dean couldn't stop thinking about her. As wrong as it was, the thought was just sizzling to him. He didn't know if it had anything to do with her age, because even though he had done it with all sorts of girls, he had never been pursued by a woman as old as she was. He had never done it with an older woman. This was one of the few things that was new to him, and having something out there that he had never had made him want it all the more.

The more he tried to push thoughts of Edna away, the harder he would eventually cum to thoughts of her. The more

prominent in his mind she became. It seemed like a losing battle. It felt like his already sizable nuts were producing gallons of thick, sticky cum thanks to Edna, and he was helpless to stop it. She had seemingly taken over his mind, and it felt like there was no way to ignore it. It seemed like his only choice was to give in to these desires. To embrace them.

His mind was working against him. Even in those moments where he'd be looking back at past memories, or reminiscing with Pam, or just lost in thought, Edna found her way through. Like that night at the bar, the night Dean first realized he might have feelings for Pam. As things quieted down that night, they stayed at the bar, standing next to each other, conversing, the type of easy back and forth that he hadn't had in so long. This was the first night they kissed. This was the night their love started. But in this memory, he looked over Pam's shoulder... and saw Edna, behind the bar, eye-fucking him while licking her lips, with so much mature cleavage exposed. Dean had to shake his head to clear Edna from invading this memory.

But she wasn't done showing up in memories she didn't belong. Looking back at the memory of his wedding day, the greatest day of his life, a day he looked back upon often, and remembering the moment he leaned over to kiss his wife, it was the happiest moment of his life. But suddenly, he realized that Edna was standing behind his bride, replacing Pam's actual bridesmaid, looking far more attractive than she did.

Looking far more attractive than the bride, as well. Edna the bridesmaid shook her chest for Dean, jiggling those big fucking tits for him, distracting him from this perfect moment.

Recalling their honeymoon, he remembered how cute Pam looked in her bikini on the beach. She was there, sitting next to him, smiling for him, so happy to finally be alone together. But then his attention was stolen by Edna, emerging from the ocean, wearing a tiny white bikini, water traveling down her lush mature body. Her body looked obscene, her huge, creamy, mature tits bouncing everywhere, barely contained by the tiny string bikini. The rest of her fit body was left exposed, other than the triangle covering her nether regions. In that bikini, there wasn't a chance any man would forget about her. And that night, the first of many nights him and Pam made love in their honeymoon suite, after seeing Edna looking like that, he couldn't help but imagine Edna taking his wife's place, fucking him savagely, his wife nowhere to be found.

He would find himself distracted with these thoughts, to the point where even Pam noticed, shaking him from his thoughts with a, "Hey! Earth to Dean!" She would joke about he easily he was getting distracted lately. It was clear he had something on his mind, but he was able to deftly avoid going too deep into his thoughts with her.

He found no safety from Edna in his dreams either. One night, he was dreaming of him and Pam traveling, hiking on the most beautiful trail, with mountains that felt too massive and too gorgeous to actually be real. It was like they had found the most beautiful spot on Earth, and it was only just him and her, husband and wife, Dean and Pam. This dream went on, and he never wanted it to end. He could feel the love between them and it felt too good to be true.

Because it was.

Dean and Pam were not alone. Edna emerged in front of them, hands on her hips, an obstacle in their way, preventing them from getting to their goal, the summit of the mountain. Dean looked at Pam, and she looked at him, unsure of what to do. But Edna looked like she knew exactly what was coming.

The next thing he remembered, he was screwing Edna from behind, her jeans pulled down and her top pulled up, his hands eagerly grabbing those massive, bouncing jugs as he drilled her fiercely. A few feet away was Pam, sobbing, crying out, 'How could you?' But neither of the illicit lovers cared. They just kept fucking. By the end of the dream, Dean and Edna marched on together, leaving a crushed, crying Pam behind. The moment him and Edna reached the peak of the mountain together, Dean's eyes opened.

Feeling a sensation from his crotch, he pulled up the sheets and looked down, only to see his hard cock throbbing. This motion caused Pam to roll over. Inspecting his current state, she slid her hand down to grip his bulging member.

"Jesus, hon. I've never felt your cock this hard!" she purred groggily into his ear. "Must have been having good dreams." He rolled over swiftly and gathered his wife in his arms, making her giggle. Hoping to forget the truth of that dream, he quickly ravished her, drilling her hard with his iron-hard prick. But in the darkness of the night, with that memory of the dream so prominent in his mind, it was again Edna's hot body that drove him to blow his load.

He couldn't deny it at this point. He wanted to fuck Edna. He wanted to give her exactly what she wanted. He wanted to make that smug old bitch moan. He wanted to fill her tight mature cunt with his young beefy cock and pile-drive his schlong in and out of her. He wanted to feel his balls slapping against Edna's ass. He wanted to fill her mature cunt up with his thick cum. To put it bluntly, he wanted to have rough, nasty sex with Edna. And it was these thoughts that drove him crazy. It was these thoughts that made him shockingly hard day after day. It was these thoughts that drove him to spill his married seed in heated jack-off sessions, even at work. He couldn't stop

thinking about her, because his fantasies of her were just so blindingly hot.

So, this was how this guy who was the top stud in college, the guy all the girls wanted and many once had, the guy who had seemingly done it all sexually... this was how he started fantasizing about fucking an old lady. How the prized seed that so many girls were after ended up being spilled in tribute to an older woman, the neighborhood mom. How a loyal married man began thinking about cheating on his pretty young wife with an old lady over twice her age.

But obviously, he couldn't actually fuck Edna.

He wasn't stupid. He wasn't actually gonna go through with it. He just hoped he could get over this weird obsession with this old woman and get back to normal. It shouldn't be that hard. But then again, he shouldn't be this hard for her. That being said, he was content to keep this to fantasy. Nasty, blisteringly hot fantasy, sure, but nonetheless, fantasy. He was a married man, and these types of secret naughty fantasies were no doubt present in even the best marriages. Yeah, this was something new, and different, and while it seemed incredibly arousing right now, these fantasies would eventually stop being so blindingly hot.

He hadn't even talked to her once since that first meeting. Yeah, this whole thing was all spurred on by that small two minute encounter. It shouldn't be that hard to avoid her moving forward. It wasn't like this old lady was in his same social circles, and since they had first met, she had made no move to seek him out. He had seen her once or twice in the neighborhood jogging, but she hadn't even glanced in his direction.

He had glanced in her direction, but it was by total coincidence. Honest. And yes, he had noticed how great her ass looked in her tights, the tight material clinging to those firm luscious cheeks, while also highlighting her sexy ass-crack, where the fleshy cheeks came together, forming a divine cleft. And the way her tights clung to her perfect rear really showcased its perfect, round shape, which jiggled firmly as she ran. How it shook side-to-side hypnotically. And yeah, he had noted to himself that her round, juicy ass was superior to most women half her age. He couldn't deny it. It was a fact.

And yeah, he had also, completely accidentally, glimpsed at her massive, mature, heavy breasts, bouncing as much as they could in her heavily reinforced sports bra. Every little movement she made let them jiggle just perfectly. Watching her run, it was almost obscene the way they bounced. They were even more mammoth and sexy than he remembered. They were just so fucking big! And yes, he did just happen to

aggressively jack off mere moments after this, having one of his most explosive orgasms yet.

Dean felt a great amount of shame, knowing how bad it looked that this explosive jack-off session came in such close proximity to seeing Edna again and laying eyes upon her juicy body. He shouldn't be jacking off to thoughts of some old lady. He should be jacking off to thoughts of big breasted young women, like the girls he used to hook up with in college. Well, actually, he probably should be jacking off to thoughts of his wife. His sweet, pretty, lovely wife, who was so funny and so kind. She had such a great personality. That's why he married her. He was a married man, so thoughts of his wife should be what made him cum hard at this point, not this scheming older woman. He would just have to really focus to push Edna out of his brain as much as possible, forget about her, and try to refocus on Pamela and their new life together.

But fate was not on his side.

First, there was a big neighborhood BBQ planned, to welcome all these new people into the neighborhood, the people from Dean's company. It was organized by, who else, Edna. And there was really no avoiding it. Luckily, he was never really put into a situation where he had to interact with Edna. The whole thing was so busy that neither he nor Pam had to ever deal with her, thank goodness. He quickly met up with some

of his friends off to the side and enjoyed the festivities. But, this did allow him to observe Edna at work.

She went down the line of people bringing in food, thanking them. She was guiding people around deftly, and people were eagerly following her commands. Men were eagerly following her commands. Lifting heavy plates of food around, cooking things just the way she wanted, following her every word, bending over backwards to do what she wanted. It was uncanny how good she was at making men do what she wanted. At one point, when a man about Dean's age came up behind Edna to help lift up a heavy tray of food, he could have sworn he saw Edna grind her ass into his crotch. But maybe he was just seeing what he wanted to see.

Beyond that, Dean watched her chatting with various couples. With some of them, while the wife gabbed with Edna, the men seemed disinterested in the conversation, gazing at Edna's sundress clad body, which looked nice and appropriate, while showing off a fair amount of her large breasts and showcasing the nice round shape of her ass. It was as if she was seducing them just by her mere presence.

In others, the men seemed way too into the conversation, while their wives looked on, unsure. The men seemed to chat with Edna like they would someone their own age, and Edna

reciprocated by some pretty clear flirting. Even from far away, Dean could see it, the way she would push out her chest, or play with her hair, or affectionately touch these younger men. Some of these wives looked at Edna with confusion, not understanding why their men seemed so engaged with this old lady. There couldn't possibly be anything going on there... right? No, no, they were young and cute, and this other woman was, like, older than their mothers. No, no. Impossible. So, despite their confusion and consternation, they weren't that worried. This old lady was no threat to them, right?

Dean had to wonder... had she done it to all these other guys too? Had she worked her magic? Were they all as enraptured with her as Dean was? What was it about her? How had all these men become so taken in by her? She was just some old lady! Sure, she had massive boobs, and a mouth-watering ass, and her confidence was very attractive, but there was something about her that seemed beyond all that. It was as if she had the whole neighborhood under her spell. She had her claws in everyone it seemed. She controlled the men with her hot body and confident sexuality, and maybe Dean was just the next in line to fall under her spell.

There were other couples too, and their interactions with Edna seemed rather strange. It was as if their interaction was one-on-one between Edna and the husband, with the wife a little to the side, being unobtrusive. These wives didn't try to interject, try

to feel included in the conversation. They would just let Edna and their husband do their thing and try not to get in their way. Both Edna and the husbands would, quite simply, ignore them. When around Edna, these young pretty wives didn't matter anymore. Dean couldn't help but wonder how they got so pacified. Were they just shy, or was there something else going on here? Dean couldn't help but let his mind drift. Was something going on between these various husbands and Edna? Did these wives know? Had these wives been subdued in the face of Edna's overwhelming sexuality? Or was it something deeper? Had something happened, including all three of them, something beyond a standard affair that led to the wife becoming so passive when confronted by Edna? Something so wrong and so humiliating for the wife that she couldn't even raise her eyes and face the woman who had stolen her husband's attention.

Dean's cock was throbbing in his pants.

He had to stop letting himself think like this. He had to just forget about Edna. He tried his best to ignore her, just focus on his friends and enjoy the delicious food. But as soon as he realized the food he was enjoying at the moment was, in fact, more of Edna's delicious cookies, he lost his appetite.

After this, he did his best to not put himself into a situation where he might even accidentally come across her. And he did a good job, at least for a little bit. But as hard as he tried, it ended up being all for naught.

And it all came back to that fucking cookie tray Edna had given them.

That damn cookie tray was gonna be the doom of him. It really was. The couple had finished off the tray of cookies pretty quickly, and since then, Pam had deemed it his duty to return the tray to Edna. Dean had hemmed and hawed, like any husband would, but when his wife got more insistent and impatient, Dean had gotten mad about it, asking why it was his job. Dean couldn't tell her about Edna and why he didn't want to see her again, it was too awkward, and he knew that Pam was very possessive of him. So, they got into an argument instead.

This was Edna's effect on the loving couple. She had the two spouses fighting, and she had the husband spilling his thick cum to thoughts of her on a regular basis. Keeping it away from his wife, spilled in honor of this tempting older woman. If Edna knew the effect she was having on them, she would no doubt smirk.

Eventually, the frostiness between the couple became too much, and Dean finally relented, taking the stupid cookie tray into his car to give it back to Edna. Dean had planned it all out. He didn't want to see Edna again, or even get close, so he figured he would just stash the tray on her front step, or in her mailbox or something. He didn't have to see her, and once this damn tray was out of his possession, he would be done with her forever.

He eventually pulled up at a house on the far side of the neighborhood, parking on the street to avoid grabbing any attention. Once he got out of his car, tray in hand, he realized that one of Pam's friends lived right across the street. But no one seemed to be around, which pleased Dean. No one was watching and would think something was up. The driveway was empty, but he didn't want to take any chances. He walked up to Edna's house quietly, moving towards the front stoop, looking to quietly lean the tray up against the door and just walk away. He had done a good job, not making a sound, putting his best ninja skills to work, but just as he bent over to set the tray down, the door opened, sending a cold chill through him. He looked up to see the object of his fantasies standing before him. Edna stood, hands on her hips, looking down at him with a warm smile on her face.

"Oh, honey, you could have just knocked!" Edna said with a laugh.

"Oh, uh, I, uh, didn't want to disturb you," he stammered, caught off-guard, looking up past her massive, jutting rack up to her smiling face. She looked like a normal older woman, wearing a nice, stylish light-blue top with a pair of tight, fashionable jeans. She had an apron wrapped around her front, as if he had interrupted her from baking. She looked at him like all was normal, as if she didn't warn him days prior to not fantasize about fucking her, before shaking her ass at him, exposing her tiny underwear in the process. No, she looked at him like he was a normal guy that lived in the neighborhood.

"Nonsense, dear, I'm always happy to talk to my new friends!" she said warmly, slapping her flour covered hands on her apron. "You don't have to just stand there, hon. Come on in!" she invited, stepping to the side, allowing him passage. Not knowing what else to do, he stepped inside.

"You brought this tray back just in time!" she said jovially as she led him towards the kitchen. Keeping a skeptical eye on the older woman, he began to wonder if he had gone crazy. Had that whole thing with Edna actually happened? She was acting normal, like nothing had happened. Did it happen, or did his twisted mind conjure something out of thin air? Dean was truly beginning to doubt his own judgment.

"Another new couple just moved in down the street, so I'll clean this one up, load it up, and give it to them. This one..." Edna said, pushing another plate of treats towards him with a smile. "...is for you guys."

"Oh, uh, that's not necessary, really," Dean replied. He was happy enough to be done with the last tray.

"Did you not like the last batch?" she asked, with that trademarked raised eyebrow. His cock stiffened in his pants. "I thought I was a good cook..."

"Uh, yeah, they were good. They were. But, uh... you don't need to put yourself out for us," Dean told her.

"Nonsense!" Edna replied, laughing. "Trust me, I'm always cooking up something." She said with a vague, knowing tone. Sliding a tray of cookies into the oven, she stepped back, undid her apron, hung it on a hook, and moved to the sink, washing her hands. As she did, Dean couldn't stop himself from staring at her mammoth tits, jiggling beneath her tight blouse as she washed her hands. And while the top would be decent on most women, the immense size of her rack caused the slim top to show off some skin, and display a perfect amount of cleavage.

'Stop it,' Dean told himself.

"Well, uh, okay," Dean said, not knowing what else to do, gathering the cookie tray in his hands. Edna looked at him warmly for a few moments before he spoke up again. "I can't stay too long," he interjected. He had never felt this nervous around a woman before.

"Come now, dear, at least let me know a little about you and Pam," Edna said brightly, still acting perfectly normal. "I mean, we share a neighborhood. We're practically family now..."

"Uh, well, I, uh..." Dean stammered. Why couldn't he just get it together and act normal? What was wrong with him? He had never been like this before.

"Honey, there's no need to be nervous," Edna said, her tone friendly. "I just wanted to..." she began, before a realization flashed across her face. "Oh, honey... you didn't?" she asked, her smile darkening.

"What?" Dean asked, confused. She began nodding knowingly.

"You fantasized about having sex with me, didn't you?" she accused, her voice like silk as she accused him.

"What! No!" Dean affirmed, but he was slightly relieved that he wasn't completely crazy.

"Honey, I told you not do that!" She scolded him. He felt small beneath her accusations.

"I... I... I..." he stammered, unable to conjure up a decent lie.

"I said it would mess you up! I told you that thinking about sex with me was too hot for a young man like you to handle. Why would you just go and do it anyway?" Edna asked, an unhappy look on her face, her nails strumming on the countertop. But despite this apparent annoyance, Dean couldn't help but notice her nipples stiffening beneath her top.

"Well, you didn't have to accuse me of it before I even knew you!" Dean replied. Those thick, hard nipples were calling to him from under her blouse. Begging him to look. But he couldn't. He had to defuse this, and fast.

"Dean, I can't tell you how many times young men like yourselves, young married men, would come to my door within weeks of meeting me, begging for my loving touch," Edna replied. "I just figured it would be best to cut that whole thing off quickly..."

"Did that involve shaking your ass at me and showing off your tiny little thong?" Dean accused.

"I can't help your dirty mind from seeing what you clearly wanted to see. That happens to be my normal gait," Edna replied, giving him a pointed look as her nipples throbbed beneath her top.

"And the thong?" Dean asked.

"Well..." she began with a small smirk, "I can't help what looks good on me," Edna stated. Looking at Dean, she stepped forward, slightly upset, leaning over the counter. "I don't know what it is about me that drives you young guys crazy. I swear, I think I've made more dicks hard in the last few years than some women have in a lifetime. Why do you think that is, Dean? Is it my tits?" She stepped around the counter and began approaching him, cupping her large, full breasts, bouncing them in her palms, squeezing them lightly. "Do you like my big

tits, Dean? Is that it?" she asked. He stepped back as she approached.

"Uh..." Dean stammered, unable to resist the urge now that he was being invited to stare. He couldn't help but gaze at her chest. Her top was decent, but it did show off some skin. Her pale, creamy skin bulged over the edges of the top as she squeezed them, and her cleavage looked so inviting. He couldn't help but think about how soft and squeezable her breasts looked. They looked so big, and so firm, and so, so soft. Those nipples were still throbbing with need, calling out to him, holding his attention. He couldn't look away.

"Is it my butt?" she asked, her voice low. She stopped and turned around, pointing her ass at the married man. Her jeans hugged her curvy rear end, showing off the round, perky cheeks. "My friends are so jealous of my great ass," she boasted. "Do you think my ass is sexy, Dean?" she asked, looking back at him with a raised eyebrow. As she bent over, her top rose up, exposing her lacy black thong to his eyes once more. Seeing a thong on this older woman, it was just... despite himself, he had to admit, the contrast was amazingly sexy.

"I, uh..." he stammered, stunned by this whole thing. Before he knew it, she had turned around and stepped in front of him, putting her hand on his chest.

"So, tell me, Dean, what was it for you?" she asked in a heated whisper. He stepped back, as if burned by her touch. She simply smirked. "What was it about me that made you fantasize?" she asked, stalking him like an approaching demoness. "What made you dream about having sex with me? What really drove you crazy? What was it that really made you burst with pleasure?" she asked, hammering down his defenses relentlessly.

Dean was normally such a confident and calm person, especially around women. But this one, Edna... he was completely intimidated by her. Something about her just terrified him. He didn't know how to handle her. And when she put her hand on his chest once again, a cold shiver passed through him, he froze in place, knowing he was unable to escape.

"I don't know..." he croaked out, looking away from her. "I can't explain it."

"But you haven't been able to stop?" she asked with her calm, mature, knowing voice.

"No... I'm supposed to think about my wife, but I.. I can't stop thinking about you," he replied, admitting the truth. For a moment, her kind, warm façade dropped, revealing an almost evil smirk, but it passed quickly. "I don't know what it is, but I can't stop myself..."

"You keep imagining me taking your wife's place?" she asked calmly. Knowingly.

"Yes," he admitted, unable to look at her as he made this admission.

"Underneath you... naked?"

"Yes."

"My legs wrapped around you?"

"Yes."

"Your married cock buried in my mature cunt?"

"Yes."

"My big tits in your hands?"

"Yes."

"Your lips against mine?"

"Yes."

"Since the day we met, has every single load you've fired from that dirty married prick belonged to me, and not your wife?"

Dean met her knowing gaze, shocked that she could so thoroughly read his dirty thoughts, and answered.

"Yes," he repeated. She again let that knowing, confident, wicked smirk cross her plump lips.

"Why did you come here today, Dean? And don't even try to pretend it was because this is about some fucking cookie tray!"

she demanded, with a smile on her face, but venom in her words, her language shocking him.

"I... I... I..." he stammered, unable to admit the truth.

"Oh honey..." Edna said softly, smiling, her harsh tone disappearing, replaced by a warm smile. She put her hands on his shoulders and squeezed them gently. "Don't act like a boy. You're a man. An attractive man. A married man. Tsk, tsk." She said, shaking her finger mockingly. "We both know why you came here. We both know why you haven't left yet. We both know why you're about to spend a lot of time here... Me and you are about to have sex." Hearing these words from this woman he had been fantasizing about made his already stiffening dick become as hard as steel.

"Edna! Um, really, that's not..." Dean stammered, but she cut to the chase.

"You came here because you want me to dominate you," Edna explained sternly, her calm dominance pushing all the right buttons. He had never been this turned on, as insane as this situation was. "You want me to take over your life! You want to cheat on your wife with me, don't you, you filthy boy? Answer me!"

"I, uh, I..." he began, before jumping at the sound of a timer going off. Her eyes narrowed at him as she stepped back, put on an oven mitt, and retrieved the freshly baked cookies, setting them down on the counter and slamming the oven door shut. As she moved around, she began speaking.

"I don't know what it is about young guys now-a-days," she began, not even looking at him. "I don't know if it's because I'm the one experiencing it firsthand, or if you young guys are just getting filthier, but... you all get these young, pretty wives, who you should be happy with, but you never are. You always want more. You marry these young, sweet girls, but in the end, you always crave that older, nasty pussy. Mature forbidden cunt! I swear, I come to your house, bearing gifts, being as nice as I can be, and all you can do is check out my tits, stare at my ass, and fantasize about doing filthy things to me and my hot body! Turning me into a sex object in your dirty little mind!" She tossed aside the oven mitt and turned to face him, her hands on her hips, this motion making her big boobs jiggle.

He felt small underneath her gaze, and he didn't know what to do. Even though she had instigated all this, she had flipped it back on him, making him feel at fault. Making him feel like he was to blame. And at this point, she had almost convinced him. He couldn't deny what he was feeling. He couldn't deny how

he was behaving. Despite how wrong it felt, he couldn't stop checking out her tits every chance he got, those hard nipples calling to him.

"Hmmm..." she said, studying the married man while thinking things over, letting her eyes travel up and down his body. "I can't lie, I feel our connection, too. I must confess, I have been thinking about fucking your brains out. Tying you down to my bed and riding your fat married cock while your clueless little wife waits at home. Pleasuring every inch of that big, thick married dick with my tight, wet pussy, riding it again and again and again till you fall madly in love with me and forget about your wife completely. Your hands all over my skin, my big tits bouncing all over the place... it would just be perfect! Even though I'm probably older than your mom, our sexual chemistry is undeniable. You have to admit Dean, we would be an amazing couple!" she said to him with a wicked, knowing grin.

Dean should have just ran, he really should have, but he was frozen in place. For some strange reason, he was afraid to upset Edna. He was afraid to leave without her permission. Besides, he wouldn't be able to escape her. And quite frankly, he really didn't want to. She had already won. The second they had met, it was already over for him. The moment he allowed her into his mind, allowed her the room to take over his sexual fantasies, it was already too late. He was already under her spell. He wouldn't be able to escape this, not without...

"Well, if this is gonna happen, let's just do this thing," she began bluntly, reaching down to unzip her jeans. With a few firm tugs, she began to lower her jeans, revealing her small, lacy black thong, standing out from her creamy skin. The sight of this tiny underwear on this sexy older woman made his eyes wide. When she got her jeans halfway down her firm thighs, Dean spoke up.

"What are you doing?" Dean asked, panicked as this encounter was about to get real.

"This doesn't end any other way, hon," Edna began, bent over, her tits swaying as tugged her jeans down to the floor. "Me and you are gonna fuck!" She let those words sink in for a moment. "You're too far gone, I'm afraid. I'm just gonna have to dominate you. I'm just gonna have to conquer you completely, to fuck your brains out, to make you mine for good. There's really no other way out."

"Wait... no, we don't have to do this," Dean said as the older woman stepped out of her jeans, putting up one last defense, knowing deep down he was fighting a losing battle.

"Yeah we do, Dean," she said, reaching up to grab the hem of her top. "Ever since we met, that cock and every single drop of cum in your balls have belonged to me. You said it yourself. Now... we just have to make it official. Send that tasty cum where it belongs... deep inside me." She then yanked her top up, exposing her fit, smooth belly before getting hung up at her breasts. She gave a firm tug, and her massive, bra-covered breasts fell from her top as she pulled it off and tossed it aside. She now stood in front of the married man, only wearing her underwear. Despite the fact that she was an older lady, she looked really good. Really fucking good. She was still in good shape, which, considering her age, really added to her appeal. That and her filthy underwear. Her thong was tiny and scooped very low, barely covering her nether regions. The tiny straps of the thong rode over her prominent hips, wearing it like a true slut. And up top was the main event, her mammoth jugs. The lacy black bra could barely contain them as the full, heavy, round udders jutted outward, pouring over the edges, making the bra strain to keep them covered. And, due to the lace, her nipples were visible, smooth pink areolas surrounding hardened pink nubs, aching for a mouth to surround them.

"I can't do this..." he begged, his cock straining at his pants. He so wanted to fuck Edna's brains out, but he needed to be loyal. Loyal to his wife, and the vows they made. He loved her. He

needed to stop himself from falling into his old ways, but it wasn't up to him at this point. Only she could put a stop to this.

"Nonsense," Edna began, strutting towards him, her mammoth, fleshy jugs bouncing with every step while he stared, hypnotized. She stepped right up to him, causing him to back into a wall. Before he could say or do anything, she reached forward and pressed her palm against his bulge, feeling his hardness between her fingers for the first time. "Oh my..." she cooed. She reached down, lifting his shirt with one hand, exposing his fit stomach, and he did nothing to stop her. She pulled her hand from his bulge for just a moment, before reaching up and sliding her hand into his pants, into his boxers, so she could wrap her slim fingers around his pulsing shaft. "I think I caught a big one here!" She said, stroking him slowly, making him wince with pleasure. "Face it, baby, this cock is mine now. I own it, and I own you."

He could barely form a coherent thought, let alone fight back, as her divine hand drove him crazy. All he could do was take it. Take what she was giving him without questions. His pre-cum was leaking from his cock, coating her hand. Each stroke of her hand was wearing down his resistance further.

"Oh, don't worry dear. I know it's not easy to hear that you belong to an old lady. That someone as young and handsome

and sexy as yourself is destined to fuck an older woman for the rest of his life. And trust me, babe, we will be fucking for a LONG time from here on out. You'll never be satisfied with that young pussy again... ever! I know that's a lot to handle, baby, but here, let me help soften the blow," Edna cooed. Before he could really take in her bold proclamation, she reached back to unclasp her bra, and her massive tits bounded out of her bra, right in front of his face.

Dean was now gazing upon Edna's big, naked, mature tits.

They were massive... just massive. Dean had never gawked at a pair of tits like he was with Edna's immaculate mature rack. He had seen many massive pairs in his time. In his single days, girls seemed to find every excuse they could to expose their big breasts to him. And it seemed like the bigger the tits were, the more aggressive the girls were about showing them to him. So, needless to say, he had seen many amazing racks in his time, but it was Edna's perfect pair that had him absolutely enthralled like never before.

They were simply perfect. Absolutely mammoth, standing out from her slim chest. They were perfectly round and shockingly perky. Her pale white breasts were amazingly smooth, the flesh craving to be touched. Her hard, pink nipples were throbbing, delighting in being exposed to him after taunting

him for so long, aching for the married man to suck on them. To bite them hard and worship them. This 'old lady', the self-professed 'neighborhood mom', had the most perfect, flawless big breasts. They were like perfectly ripe watermelons on her fit, slim frame. They were dying to be touched. They were craving it...

"Do you like my big tits, Dean?" Edna asked, fully extricating herself from her bra before cupping her hands under her big breasts, digging into the soft flesh lightly.

"Yes," he gasped out, despite himself. "So huge..." He was frozen in place as he gawked at this older woman's impressive tits. He couldn't look away.

"Here you go baby," she began, pointing her breasts at him, offering them up. "Suck on these, it'll make you feel so much better." Dean wanted to resist, but his will had been so worn down after weeks of this older woman tormenting him that he couldn't put up even a cursory defense. Within milliseconds, he dove forward face first into her huge breasts. As his face collided with her big boobs, his hands did as well, reaching up to give the older woman's huge boobs a good, firm squeeze.

"Oh my God!" Dean moaned out as he slid his face against her rack, his fingers delighting in the soft flesh. They were amazing! The soft breast flesh was so firm and silky in his hands. He dug into them again and again as he scrubbed his face against them, wanting to drown in the immaculate softness. As he did so, his eyes locked onto one of her hard, protruding nipples, finally in his proximity, finally exposed to him. Finally ready for him. His mouth dove forward, taking the hard nub into his eager mouth.

"Oh, yes! That's it baby! Yes!" Edna moaned out, reaching forward to hold the young man's head against her chest, digging into his scalp lightly. Dean's hungry mouth attached the older woman's boobs, sucking hard, flicking the nipple with his tongue as he tried to take as much of her huge breast into his mouth as possible. His mouth was wide open as he attached his lips around her nipple and he sucked her giant breast. "Mmm... yes! Baby's hungry! Fuck..." she sighed as her nipple got even harder in his mouth. "Bite it, baby. Bite it! Guhhh... YES!" Edna moaned out as Dean complied, biting the rubbery nipple firmly. He let her nipple free from his grasp before moving to the other, giving it the same worship.

"Yes! Baby... you know exactly what I like..." Edna moaned. "Your mouth is made to suck my big tits! I love it! Mmm... yes!" After a few moments of this, Edna reached around his head

with both arms, pulling him face first into her cavernous cleavage.

Dean's face was now lodged between this old woman's huge, naked breasts. She scrubbed her huge, soft breasts against his face, smothering him. He could barely breathe, but he didn't care. Feeling a pair of huge tits against his face was an amazing feeling. He couldn't get enough.

"Mmm, you can't get this from wifey, can you, baby?" Edna purred insidiously into his ear. "I took one look at her... she can't match up to me. Yes! Her tits are so small! I bet all her friends laugh at her behind her back! I certainly did. A girl like that is begging to have her man stolen from her!"

Dean didn't care about the slights against his wife. He was far too gone to care. He was so lost in the moment that he barely heard her. He let this twisted old lady whisper her twisted words, imprinting them onto his mind, words he could never forget.

He was in such close proximity to her chest that he had no space for his hands. He slid his hands down her sides, over her prominent hips and down her back, until both hands slid over her round, juicy ass. He gripped both of the firm cheeks with

his palms, gripping them roughly. His young strong hands gripped the ripe, mature ass cheeks, immersing himself in them, squeezing them again and again. He groaned into her cleavage as he felt up her ass.

Edna loosened her grip on him slightly, allowing his perspiring face to escape her fleshy tits. He pulled back and looked up at her, before she moved down and brought her mouth to his.

Edna's mouth met Dean's. Her plump, mature lips slid against his, their mouths opening up as she forced her tongue into his mouth, overwhelming his tongue easily. Edna and Dean were officially making out. This was so wrong. A woman of her age should not be kissing a man like him. And she certainly shouldn't be kissing him like this. Attacking his mouth with her own. Kissing him forcefully. Kissing the younger married man like a real slut. It was wrong. It was unholy. An older woman, the neighborhood mom, was making out with this young married stud. A guy in the prime of his life, at his peak sexual powers, making out with an old lady, a woman who shouldn't realistically have a chance with him. A woman who should have moved well beyond such whorish behavior. But she hadn't, clearly. She had decided she wanted in on the delightful filth that younger men could offer. And that spelled this young husband's doom.

Both of them fell into the heated kiss, their mouths smacking against each other. Her arms wrapped around his neck, holding him in place against her as they fiercely made out. His hands were still on this older woman's ass, gripping the perfect cheeks lustily as their bodies pressed against each other's. Dean had never kissed his wife like this. She had never induced such a raw sexual reaction out of him. But Edna had. This 'old lady' had. The 'neighborhood mom' who came to his house bearing sweet treats, who kindly welcomed him and his wife to the area, this was the woman who was turning Dean on like no other. This was the woman who had completely dominated his fantasies. This was the woman he was making out with like he never had before. That was the woman whose tongue was practically buried down his throat.

Her huge breasts ballooned outward as their chests pressed against one another. She was practically humping against his still clothed dick as they both were really into the nasty kiss. Before Dean could react, she leapt upward, wrapping her long legs around his waist. They continued their lusty kiss as he held his grip on her ass, holding her up as she clung to him. He stepped forward towards the kitchen island until her nearly bare ass slid up onto the hard granite.

She pulled her lips from his, spit still connecting them, before leaning back so she was resting on one of her elbows. She was leaning slightly on her side, with one leg pointed upward and

the other on the counter. The way she was angled allowed her to jut her chest out, pointing her luscious breasts outward. They looked like mountains exploding off her slim chest. But what caught his attention most of all was the one stitch of clothing she still had on.

That thong.

The thong that had caught his eye during that very first meeting. The way it was pulled up so high, exposed over the hem of her pants, showcasing a whale-tail like a nasty teenage slut would. There was something so hot about this seemingly nice older woman having such a blatantly sexual display like this. And now, after this little garment haunting his dreams and fantasies for so long was being put fully on display for him. He looked down at the small garment, barely covering her pussy, scooped low to show as much skin as possible. The tiny straps were pulled up over her ass, circling around her hot body, the string of material eventually fully emerging from between her ass-cheeks, rejoining with the tiny triangle covering her cunt. The material, as with her bra, was lace, allowing him a teasing glimpse at the two plump lips of her youthful vagina. He looked up at Edna, waiting for her command.

"Take it off..." she whispered, pinching her own nipples between her fingers. "Use your mouth."

Dean couldn't even put up a token resistance. He lowered his face between her legs until it was pressed against her lace-covered pussy. He ground his face against her dripping, thong-covered vagina, gathering her delightful scent into his nose.

"Ugh..." she sighed lightly. She looked down to see Dean slide his tongue beneath the triangle of material covering her pussy, gathering it between his teeth, before peeling it back, bands of her juices connecting the lace garment to her nether regions. Dean pulled the material to the side, completely exposing her dripping pussy to his eyes for the first time.

It was surprisingly plump and youthful looking. The two lips were coated with moisture, and her hard clit was poking out from the top of her slit. Her pussy was mostly shaved, with only a neat trimmed landing strip in a matching silvery blonde. Edna's pussy was shockingly sexy, and he couldn't look away.

"You like, baby?" Edna asked, looking down at him with her exposed vagina inches from his handsome face.

"Yes..." he sighed without thinking. His eyes were locked on the older woman's naked cunt. It was the first bare pussy he had seen in person since he had been with Pam. It was wrong to have ended up in this position, but now that he was, he wasn't making any attempt to move away. At the moment, despite everything, he was exactly where he wanted to be.

"C'mon, honey," Edna purred, wrapping her leg around the back of his head. "Have a taste..." She pulled him forward with her leg until his married mouth was pressed against her soaked, mature twat. His eyes widened in shock for a moment, and looked up to meet her confident gaze as she looked down past her huge bare tits at him. At her silent urging, his mouth opened and gave her naked cunt a tentative lick.

"Hnnnn..." he moaned into Edna's cunt as her delectable flavor hit his tongue. He gave her pussy another lick. Then another.

"Ahhh... yes! That's it, baby, that's it... lick my fucking cunt!" the regal older woman spat out at him. His eyes left hers to look down, to focus on the pussy he was about to eat out. Her pussy tasted amazing, way better than his wife's, and any hesitance he initially felt was out the window. Despite everything, despite the fact that he was married, despite the fact that this woman was older than his mother, despite the fact that he barely even knew her, Dean was ready to eat her amazing

fucking pussy. Dean was ready to make this older bitch scream. He parted his lips and pressed his open mouth forward, forming a seal around her naked cunt. "Uhhhhh! Yes! Eat my pussy, baby! Yes!"

Dean pressed his tongue forward, parting her plump lips and licking at her warm, juicy slit. Gathering her juices in his hungry mouth, he fully committed to this indecent act, attacking the older woman's pussy with lusty vigor.

"There you go, baby. There you go! Yes!" Edna moaned out, her head rolling in pleasure. She reached down to grab his head, digging into his scalp with her long nails. He only attacked her pussy with more passion, eagerly licking her juicy snatch. She was so turned on she was literally dripping, but his hungry mouth was there to capture her copious juices. His tongue dug into her pink pussy, going deeper and deeper, giving her more and more pleasure. "Yes! That's it! You are SO good at eating my fucking pussy!"

As he made her tremble with his talented mouth, he reached up with his hand, wrapped it around her leg, and began to lightly rub the top of her pussy, teasing her throbbing clit.

"AHHHH! Shit! Yes! That's it! So fucking good!" Edna screamed out with a jolt. His tongue kept energetically pleasuring her dripping vagina, parting her silky folds to gather the tastiest of her juices into his mouth. "Damn, you are good at this! I just knew you would be! The first time I looked at you I imagined you like this, between my legs, eating my fucking cunt! Yes!"

His mouth was hard at work, rhythmically and masterfully eating Edna's mature pussy. She was squirming beneath him as he pleased her, rolling fully onto her back. He kept going until she stopped, as she slid the fingers gripping his scalp to his forehead, pushing him back. He was gasping for breath, his swollen lips coated with her tasty wetness. He looked down at her pussy, still dripping with her juices, as well as his heated saliva. He looked up past her panting chest to her smiling face.

"Hon... you're mouth feels WAY too good on my pussy," Edna gasped out. "I want to feel it all over me! But we don't have time for all that, so... let's just start with my ass." At this, Edna reached down to hook her hands under her knees and pull her legs, rolling back slightly to fully expose her naked ass to the younger married man. Dean was stunned as he stared at her tight, pink asshole, nestled in her sexy ass-crack. He paused for a moment, unsure, until he looked up at her knowing eyes. "C'mon Dean... slide that talented married tongue of yours up my fucking ass!"

It was so wrong, so filthy. So fucked up! He was a married man... he shouldn't be doing this... he shouldn't even be thinking about it. But he had gone so far already. Even the nastiest girls he had been with had never asked for this. Pam certainly hadn't, not even close. But Edna, this old lady, demanded this of him, her voice dripping with confidence as if he should be begging for the privilege. As if this was some divine treat he had been waiting his entire life for. He should be disgusted, but... her naked, tight asshole did look very tasty. And the thought of doing something so filthy, so wrong, with a woman who was so much older than him... it sent a jolt of pure filth through him. It drove him. Looking up at her demanding gaze, he leaned forward, extended his tongue, and slid it against Edna's tight asshole.

"Ahhhh! YES!" Edna moaned out as she felt the married man's tongue against her ass. She reached down and grabbed his scalp again, holding him face-deep in her ass. Dean tongue was tentatively rimming the older woman's asshole, coating the tight hole with his saliva. Despite how messed up this was, he found the pure wrongness of this act deeply erotic. And her ass was surprisingly tasty. His tongue got more and more active, covering the tight hole with spit. "Stab it in, baby! Stab it! I want to feel that fucking tongue in my fucking ass!"

Dean complied, going along with the older woman's twisted desires. He stabbed at the tight hole with his tongue, again and again.

"Do it! Do it!" Enda screamed out, eyes glimmering with madness as she reached down with her other hand to pull him even deeper into her ass. With her legs still bet back, her arms taut as she pulled him in tighter, his tongue pressing into her tight hole, until, finally... "AHHHH! YES! That's it baby! That's it! YES! That tongue's in my fucking ass! YES!"

Dean's tongue had broken through the tight hole, stabbing into it again and again. It was so wrong. So filthy! Although this was a first in his sexual history, the way she was writing in such lustful pleasure let him know he was doing something right. Her nails were digging into his scalp as she quivered in pleasure.

"Yesssss! Yes! I love it! I fucking love it!" Edna moaned out. His tongue kept stabbing at the tight hole as she squirmed beneath him. Firmly locked in place, Edna released her grip with one hand, reaching between her legs to rub her throbbing clit.

"Look at you!" she called out. "Freshly married... new job... pretty wife! But I had you read like a fucking book! It took me

five fucking seconds to realize I could make you mine! Yes! I'm fucking twice your age, Dean! I shouldn't have a chance! Ugh... God! Yes! All I had to do was flirt a little bit... fuck... jiggle my tits... ughhh... shake my ass... yes... show off my thong... Goddamn, yes! And now look at you... ugh, fuck... look at you... your tongue buried in some old slut's asshole! Yes! God, yes! It was so easy to make you forget all about your little boring wifey! Waiting for you at home, like the stupid, clueless little bitch she is! Fuck..." she sighed, savagely rubbing her clit as the younger married man stabbed his tongue into her ass. She was so turned on that her juices were dripping from her cunt, sliding down her ass-crack and onto his eager tongue.

This was perfect. Her plan had worked to perfection. She had been doing this long enough to know exactly how to play young men like instruments. In that first meeting, he was uninterested, barely looking at Edna, not even appreciating how hot her body was. He was probably eager to get rid of this random old lady so he could go back inside and fool around with his new bride. But one little sentence. One little statement, a small tease, had stolen his complete attention, and brought her front and center into his mind. Telling him not to look at her hot body was the one guaranteed way to make him take notice. That was basic psychology. This one statement had completely taken over his life, and left him utterly obsessed with her and juicy body. One little sentence had driven him from being uninterested to being jaw deep in her ass-crack.

So yeah, her plan had worked.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!" she moaned, her body shivering as his tongue worked its magic. As she got taken closer to the edge, her copious juices leaking across her busy fingers, she moved to act, yanking his head back up, pulling his tongue from her ass. "Move up, baby! Up!" He got the message, moving his swollen mouth up to her juicy pussy, stabbing his ready tongue back inside her waiting cunt just in time for her to gush.

"AHHHHHHHHH! YES! YES!" she screamed out as a huge orgasm hit her. Her pussy flexed as she gushed her sweet juices into the married man's mouth. He didn't miss a drop as his eager mouth formed a tight seal over her mature cunt once again. Her pussy kept squirting her tasty juices, and he eagerly swallowed every drop. "SHIT! Fuuuuuccckkkk yeaaaahhhhhh!" Edna moaned out with a shiver, wrapping her legs around the married man's head, holding him tight against her as she squirted out her powerful orgasm.

Dean felt her taut thighs wrapped around his head, smothering his ears, muffling all sound. All he could hear was the blood rushing through his head and the violent cursing screams of pleasure from the woman in front of him. She squeezed his

head so hard he wanted to grunt out in pain, but her gushing juices bursting into mouth kept him too busy to care. He kept swallowing her sweet juices until finally, she relaxed, and he was released from the fleshy prison. Dean fell onto his knees, panting for breath, his face coated with a mixture of sweat and the older woman's sex juices.

Dean couldn't explain how quickly he had fallen victim to the older woman's seductive whiles. She had so charged him up during that first electric encounter, and so dominated his thoughts and desires since then, that by the time he stepped into her home he was done for. He was hers to command. To boss around and order. To seduce and fuck. He knew in the back of his mind that this had gone way too far, but there was no stopping this train. This was just getting started, and judging by the way his thick cock was straining to escape his pants, he wasn't going anywhere.

Edna was panting on her back, legs spread lewdly as she came down from her high. After a few moments, she pushed up her sweat-soaked form to look down at the married man, on his knees, awaiting her next command. She smirked as she saw him so compliant.

He was born to be a sex slave to a woman like her.

"Mmm-mmm... you are something special..." Edna opined, her big naked tits swaying hypnotically as she sat up. She pushed herself down until she was standing on her two feet in front of him, before reaching down to grab his chin, pulling him up to his feet. For a few seconds, she simply looked down at the younger man, before moving in slowly, wrapping her arms around him, and pressed her lips to his again, giving him a soft, sensuous kiss. She slid her arms around him, pulling him in tighter as she slid her tongue back into his mouth, mashing against the tongue that had, moments before, been buried up her tight ass. But she didn't care. She established her dominance by not objecting, savoring the flavor of her tasty ass on his tongue. She finally pulled back from their gooey kiss, hooking her finger in the hem of his pants and tugging him forward as she moved around him.

"Come with me..." she ordered, forcing him to follow. "It's time for us to fuck."

She released her hold on him as she sauntered down the hall, towards her bedroom, not even looking back. But he was so enraptured at this point that there wasn't a chance he wasn't gonna go all the way with her. Dean followed along, following her hot thong-clad ass as it bounced in front of him, leading him to his destiny. What he had unconsciously been groomed for, with all his lustful college adventures. He had spent his younger years chasing so much of that tempting college tail,

girls who knew what they wanted and how to get it. He had trained himself to seek out these aggressive, sexually confident women. So when he was out on his own, even though he was married, he was a prime target for a woman like Edna. A woman with the type of hot body he so fancied, with confidence dripping from her pores. Added onto the simple undeniable fact that all men secretly craved hot sex with much older women, it was easy to see why Edna could easily surmise why Dean would be such easy pickings.

Edna's juicy ass led him towards her bedroom as he followed. He followed her through the doorway, and as soon as he was inside, she slammed the door behind him, letting him realize there was no escape. He was about to cheat on his wife. He was going to have sex with another woman. An older woman. A woman Pam would probably never even see coming as a rival for her husband's dick, until it was too late. Now Dean's prized dick was about to slide inside another woman, an old lady, and once it did, there was no going back.

Edna pushed Dean against the wall, her lips meeting his in a fiery kiss. As she did, her hands were busy, sliding under his shirt before pulling it up, their lips parting for just enough time for her to pull his shirt off and toss it aside. Their lips met again, tongues dueling as her hands slid down to his belt buckle, undoing it. He slipped off his shoes and socks deftly as she yanked his pants down, exposing his boxers, straining to

contain his pulsing bone-hard member. She finally pulled her swollen lips from his, hooking her finger in his boxers to yank him towards the bed. She spun them both around and pushed him back onto her mattress.

She took a moment to admire her prize. Once again, despite her age, her good looks and incredible body ensured that Edna got laid pretty often, without having to settle for guys anywhere close to her own age. Edna always seemed to have a hot young paramour, but Dean might have been her best work yet. He was a fucking stud. He was hot, with a nice head of dirty-blond hair, smooth lips, and a pussy-melting smile. He had a nice tan and a great body. He was fit and gorgeous, with very well earned mouth-watering muscles. Not too much, nothing over the top, but his fitness showed his dedication to keeping his body lean and sexy. Combining all that with his nice butt and that very sizable package between his legs meant Edna had snared a prized grade-A stud into her bed.

And Dean might just be a keeper.

Edna slid down her thong and let it fall to the floor, leaving her naked in front of the younger married man. She crawled onto the bed, her luscious, mature tits jiggling as she moved close to him. She slid her fingers back under the hem of his boxers, her touch making him shiver. Looking up at this naked older

woman above him, poised to reveal his cock for the first time, a sense of finality hit him, and he had one last crisis of conscience.

"Edna... wait..." he panted, holding his hands up, trying to stop her. As he did, the afternoon sun shining through the blinds glinting off of his wedding ring.

"Oh... what's wrong?" she asked with a teasing smile, teasing the hem of his boxers, threatening their impending removal.

"Edna... listen... this has gone too far... we need to stop. Please!" Dean begged. He had never felt this powerless in the face of an aggressive woman before. His cock throbbed in his boxers.

"Don't you want me?" Edna asked, the tip of her finger teasing the bare tip of his aching cock.

"Uh... yes, but... I'm married... Pam... I can't do this to her," Dean panted.

"So you do want me." Edna asked, ignoring his objection, only hearing what she wanted to hear as she placed one of her hands over his clothed length, squeezing it lightly.

"Uhh... Edna..." he panted as she teased him, not wanting to admit it, trying to put on a strong face as he fought to stay loyal to Pam.

"You find me attractive?" she asked, squeezing his prick firmly.

"Ahhh!" he groaned.

"You think I'm hot?" she asked, squeezing his bloated meat again.

"Fuck!" he grunted out.

"You think I'm sexy?" she purred, using the finger that was under the hem of his boxers to slide against the sensitive underside of his swollen dick, teasing him as her other hand gripped his aching cock.

"Oh!" he screamed out, squirming beneath her.

"You think I'm hotter..." *squeeze* "sexier..." *squeeze* "and more attractive than your wife, don't you?" she purred,

squeezing his bone-hard cock. Her teasing was driving him insane. He couldn't focus. He couldn't think straight. He couldn't focus on his wife and his loyalty to her. Blood was rushing through his ears in what seemed like a deafening roar as she teased him into madness.

"Ahh... ughh... yes..." he panted, admitting the truth.

"That's it, baby, that's it... tell me the truth. Even though I'm much older than your wife, I'm still way hotter and sexier," she stated, teasing his stiff cock with her fingertips.

"Yes!" he screamed out, no longer able to tap into logic and reason. She had tapped into his pure base instincts, and he was beyond lying about his true feelings.

"Even though we barely know each other, you still like me more than little, ugly Pamela..." she asked, her voice tinged with evil.

"Yes!" he groaned out.

His eyes were closed as she held him in place on the bed with her light touches. Knowing he was so far gone, she peeled back

his boxers, pulling them down, revealing his smooth, thick, swollen, nine-inch prick to her delighted eyes. She admired it with her heated gaze as she tugged his boxers down and off of him, tossing them aside.

"If we had met first, you would have married me, wouldn't you have?" she asked, pulling her eyes from his exposed cock, looking up at him as she slid her thin old fingers around his young, pulsing cock, making him jump.

"Yes!" he grunted out, the pleasure he was feeling so great.

"You want to fuck me, don't you?" she snarled, her other hand cupping his bloated nuts, massaging them gently.

"Ugh... fuck! Yes!" he seethed.

"You want to fuck me more than anything... even if Pam was standing in this room, you'd still fuck my brains out!" she teased, lightly stroking his prick.

"YES!" he groaned loudly, eyes opening wide, looking insane.

"I'm the sexiest creature you've ever laid eyes on..." she stated.

"Yes! So fucking sexy!" he grunted.

"You'd much rather look at my hot old body naked than any little young slut!" she snarled, stroking his monster cock.

"Guhhh... yes! Fuck yes!" he screamed out.

"I'm the only woman who'll ever get you really fucking hard ever again, right?" she groaned, rapidly jacking the married man off, her hand lubed by his leaking juices.

"Yes! Only you!" he affirmed, willing to say anything to her at this point.

"You're in love with me... admit it!"

"Yes! I love you! Please!"

"You want to dump your ugly wife, marry me, and give me all your babies, don't you? DON'T YOU!?" she screamed out aggressively.

"YES! Please! I want to fuck you! I'll dump Pam! I'll marry you! Please! Anything!" he panted out, her amazing, aged hand this close to getting him off. His cock was vibrating in her hand, ready to burst, when she slid her hand off with a flourish, leaving him hanging, his cock swaying, searching for her talented hand once more. But he wasn't gonna get it.

He was gonna get something even better.

In his daze, he opened his eyes again, just in time to see her above him, straddling him, her huge breasts swaying in the air as she reached between his legs, taking his prick between her fingers, pointing it upward, at her aged, waiting pussy, placing the head against her puffy lips.

"Wait..." he panted out, but it was already too late. She wasn't going to wait another moment. She lowered herself down, taking his thick young cock into her mature vagina.

"Gahhhh!" she moaned out, as she adjusted to his thick size.

"Ohhh!" Dean groaned, feeling a new pussy around his cock for the first time in a long time. She kept pushing herself down, taking more and more of his thick weapon inside her. Her tight mature cunt was forced to stretch around the younger man's fat shaft. His head rose from the bed as he watched with awe at the older woman's pussy spreading to take his manhood. "Jesus..." he groaned, his body clenched. "So GOOD!"

"You like that?" Edna moaned out. "You like that fucking cunt!?" she screamed as she took more and more of his big dick inside her.

"Ughhhh... yes!" he replied, his body taut with almost painful pleasure. The older woman pushed herself down, forcing more of his impressive cock inside her.

"Tell me... fuck... tell me how much you love it!" Edna seethed as most of his big married cock was now inside her.

"Ughh... fuck... Jesus... so good! So fucking tight! Yes!" he panted, near delirious with pleasure.

"Better than Pam?" Edna asked with a wicked smile. "You like my fucking cunt more than that little bitch you married?"

"Fuck... yes! YES! So goddamn good!" Dean groaned out. And he meant it. No woman, not his wife, not any of those varied college sluts, had ever felt this good. No, Edna, this fucking old lady, had the BEST fucking cunt out of all them. It felt so good! It was squeezing his meaty cock so goddamn well.

Edna twisted her hips, forcing herself down, enabling her cunt to swallow the remainder of his weapon. Her hot ass pressed against his thighs as she took the entirety of his huge cock inside her, right up to the balls.

"Aahhhh!" she sighed, pleasure coursing through her hot mature naked body. She ground into his cock, squeezing every inch of the married man's large dick, coating it with her slick juices in the process.

"Guhhh... FUCK!" he groaned out, still squirming beneath her. He couldn't deny how good it felt. He could only marvel that it was this old lady giving him this incredible sexual pleasure, maybe the best he's ever had.

"Uhhh... you feel that, baby?" Edna purred, still grinding herself against his large, rock-hard pole. "Me and you are lovers now... your big, fat married cock is buried up my tight fucking cunt. No matter how much you might try and deny it, you hooked up with a hot old slut! Even though you're married... even though I'm much older than you... you still just couldn't stop yourself from screwing me! Haha! You find me that fucking hot! Yes!"

Dean tried to maintain some semblance of loyalty to his wife, but he couldn't deny her. Every word she said was true. He was married. And she was so much older than him. And yet, here they were. His cock was buried in her tight pussy, and it felt so indescribably good. They had already crossed the biggest barrier, and there was no point to stopping now.

Dean and Edna were going to fuck.

Edna leaned forward, her massive, luscious breasts swaying above him, capturing his vision.

"You ready, lover?" she asked with a small smirk. "You ready to make this official? You ready to make it official that you are madly in love with a woman over twice your age? You ready to make our love official by having wild, nasty, sweaty sex with

an old slut while your brainless little wife waits at home like the dumb little bitch she is?"

"I... I..." Dean stammered, almost beyond words.

"Here hon..." she purred, grabbing his wrists deftly and pulling them up from the bed, slapping his manly palms into her enormous, lush, soft breasts. His fingers dug into the fleshy udders on pure reflex, immersing his palms into the immaculate softness of the older woman's impressive bust. "You hold onto these. Let me take control."

Dean was practically hypnotized by the older woman's perfectly huge tits, squeezing them over and over again. It had been a long time since he got to squeeze a pair of huge breasts, and feeling them right now reminded him of what he was missing out on. He loved Pam, but he would of course prefer she had big breasts. Breasts like Edna's.

As the younger man groped the older woman's boobs, she put her hands on his shoulders and pushed herself up, revealing his pulsing shaft, coated with her juices. She lifted herself till only the tip was left inside her, before she drove herself down, her ass driving into his thighs.

"Ughhhh!" he groaned, his cock smothered with pleasure.

"Fuck!" Edna screamed out as her cunt swallowed his large married dick again. She repeated the motion a few times, bouncing up and down, working up to a good pace.

"You feel that, baby?" Edna asked as she bounced, her huge boobs jiggling in the married man's palms. "Me and you are fucking! Do you like that?"

"Oh..." he groaned, her tight dripping cunt driving him crazy already. He squeezed her big, soft boobs roughly, trying to cope with the immense pleasure Edna's tight cunt was bringing him already.

"Tell me! Tell you like that fucking pussy!" she demanded, bouncing faster on the married man's prick.

"Ughh... yes! Your pussy is so good!" he groaned, slightly driving up into her. He couldn't deny the pleasure, and his body couldn't hold back.

"That's it baby! Let go! Accept it! Me and you are lovers, now and forever!" Edna demanded as she rode Dean's large cock.

"Fuck..." he sighed, his fingers unconsciously toying with the old woman's nipples.

"I know you just got married... fuck yes..." Edna panted, bouncing faster. "I know you're a newlywed, but... ughh fuck... you're never gonna fuck your wife again! Haha! Not after you've had me! Yes! God... the second you met me, you stopped being attracted to her, and became only attracted to me! Me and my hot body! Ughhh! Fuck! Yes!" she bounced on his aching prick, her bare ass slamming into his thighs. "You fell in love right there! Uh... fuck, that's a good dick! Ughh! God Damn! If you could have, you would pulled the ring from your wife's finger and put it on mine. SHIT! So good! You wanted to promise me your heart... FUCK... your soul... YES... and every fucking drop of cum in those big fucking balls! YES!"

Dean looked up at Edna. She looked amazing as she rode him. So fucking sexy. He had tried to fight for Pam. He really did. But Edna was right. She had him by the nuts from the second they met. He couldn't explain why. She just did. So this outcome felt like the only one possible. Somehow, someway, this cunning, gorgeous, hot-bodied old slut had entered his mind and taken control of him, controlling him through his cock and balls, leading him towards this lusty moment. The heated fog in his mind was clearing then. In the moment, his wife was forgotten. His friends and family were forgotten. The person he had built himself up to be was forgotten. In this

moment, all that mattered was Edna and her hot body and the sex they were having.

Dean was resistant before, but at this moment... he was all in.

"Yes!" Dean snarled as he squeezed Edna's huge boobs roughly, making her moan with pleasure. "You're right, Edna," he began, able to form complete sentences now that his head was cleared. "You were so fucking hot when we first met... I'd never been more turned on than I was right then, for you."

Edna's eyes flashed with lust as he bought in to the story she was painting for him. She rode his cock harder and deeper at this, driving down into him roughly.

"Haha! Yes!" Edna moaned out loud. "This cock belongs to me now, doesn't it? Ugh... doesn't it!"

"Uhhh... yes! YES!" Dean screamed.

"You're gonna give it to me every fucking day! Whenever I fucking want! Yes!" Edna screamed out, slamming her ass down into him as he fucking up into her.

"Ugh! Fuck! Yes! Whatever you want! Fuck!" Dean groaned, gripping the old teasing whore's huge tits as she rode him hard. He was so lost in the pleasure that he would say whatever she wanted at this point.

"Pam doesn't get this dick ever again! Ever!" Edna demanded, her body perspiring with beads of heated sweat, giving her hot mature form a slick coating, only adding to her appeal. Her big, sweat-covered tits bounced in the married man's palms.

"Never! Ugh! God!" Dean moaned out.

"I don't care if she wants to make love! Ugh! Shit, that's good! I don't care if she wants to have your fucking baby! Ughhhh! God! She doesn't get a single Goddamn inch! No! I get every fucking inch of this thick, perfect married dick! YES! Fuck!" Edna screamed out, heaving her body up and down Dean's lengthy cock, her ass slapping against his thighs.

"Yes! Please! Whatever you want!" Dean screamed out, his body taken to a new plane of pure unadulterated pleasure. He was now driving up into her as hard as he could, making this fuck extra rough. This was hard, serious, brutal FUCKING! The

type of sex both of them were built for. The type of sex neither could get from someone their own age.

"Every time you fucking cum, for the rest of your life... it will be to thoughts of me!" Edna screamed out, bouncing up and down, her tight, mature cunt gripping his swollen cock like a vice, getting him closer and closer. "I want you to cum inside me! Yes! Fuck! I want to feel that thick married cum in my tight fucking pussy! God yes!"

"Uhhnnn! Shit!" Dean moaned out, his body taut with need.

"Tell me! Fuck! Tell me you've been dreaming of this moment! God! Yes! YES! From the second you opened the door and I stood at your doorstep, you've been fantasizing about blowing a huge load of cum deep inside me! Haven't you? Uhhnnnn... haven't you!?" Edna demanded, eyes brimming with insanity.

"Fuck! Uhhnnn..." the married man groaned.

"You've wanted fill my hot mature cunt with thick semen every fucking day since, right? Ughh! Fuck!" Edna screamed out, riding the young man like a bucking bronco, her aged,

quivering cunt taking his thick, beefy cock smoothly, from tip to nuts, her powerful ass slamming into his thighs.

"Ughhh! God! Yes! YES! Every fucking day I thought about it!" Dean admitted, driving up into her as best he could. Her pussy felt so indescribably good! Way better than Pam's. Way better than any other woman. He had never been driven this fucking crazy. He was gonna blow a massive load of cum into that perfectly-aged snatch very shortly if this furious pace kept up.

"Yes! Yes! YES!" Edna screamed out, the bed straining from the hard fucking. The younger man gripped her slick, bouncing breasts hard, unable to get enough of their perfect softness.

"This is so good!" Dean screamed out. "So fucking good! The best I've ever had! Jesus! Edna... so amazing! Ugh! I love it! Yes! Yes! I love you! So good!"

"YES! YES! YES!" Edna screamed, the neighbors no doubt hearing her. Her cunt quivered around the married man's thick weapon.

"You're the best! Ever!" Dean screamed out, pinching her stiff nipples. "Your cunt feels so Goddamn good!"

"Ughhh! God! Yes!" Edna moaned. "We're gonna be doing this forever! Yes! Every fucking day, we'll be doing it! Ughh! You're mine now! This married cock... and the hunk it's attached to... is all mine! Haha! Yes!"

Dean was so distracted by this old woman dictating his future that he didn't react as she slid forward, bringing her chest to his. Her sweat-coated, creamy mature flesh slid against his taut, tanned, married skin. Her body slid up his, her huge soft breasts sliding up his fit frame, until her lips met his with lusty, illicit, forbidden passion. This time, he was fully embracing her, their tongues meeting aggressively. An onlooker would see these two attacking each other with their mouths, making out deeply, in a way that almost would seem overboard to anyone with any decorum. But Edna had none of that, and at this point, neither did Dean.

His now free hands slid around her and landed on her juicy ass, squeezing the perfect cheeks firmly. Hers snaked around his neck, holding the two together as they made out. After a few minutes of their nasty kissing, she resumed bouncing her hips, driving her ass up and down, taking his impressive length on each bounce. Edna pulled her swollen lips from his, a few thin bands of saliva still connecting their mouths. She moved her lips close to his ear.

"Do it, baby!" she whispered, her ass still driving down into him aggressively as her grasping cunt swallowed his entire nine-inches from knob to root on each bounce. "Let go and drain every drop of that fucking cum deep inside me!" she gasped, before sucking his neck.

"Aahhh! Ugh... fuck! Edna..." he panted, his cock swelling. He was ready. He was so ready. No hesitance. No thoughts of Pam. All he wanted to do was cum, and he wanted to do it up this old slut's tight fucking cunt. He wanted it more than anything.

"Do it and be mine forever..." she whispered. His cock swelled, and a tingle went through his large nuts. "All that cum that was meant for Pam... mmm... that you pledged to her... I want you to give it to me instead. Do you hear me? Betray your wife, never fuck her again, and pump all that thick cum into MY pussy instead. Is that what you want?"

"Ughh..." Dean closed his eyes. He was getting very close. His balls were boiling and they were about to boil over. His hands gripped her hot ass as she drove down into him, their bodies slapping together, her cunt smothering his cock with pleasure.

"I want your cum..." she whispered harshly, her cunt quivering around his throbbing meat. "I want your heart! Ughhh! Fuck! I want your soul! Jesus! Yes! And most of all! God! Yes... Yes! And most of all... I want your babies!"

"Fuck!" Dean screamed out, a jolt traveling through his cock. He was gonna blow. What she just said... it was so wrong. So messed up! So filthy! So hot!

"That's right baby... lie to your wife. Betray her. Give me your babies and become mine forever! Do it! Please!" Edna begged, before pushing herself back up, her big, slick boobs swaying above him. "Knock me up, baby!" she pleaded, sitting on his fat cock, grinding on its full length, driving him crazy. "Put your baby in my belly! Ughh!" She squeezed her cunt around his married prick, hard.

"Ahhh!" Dean screamed out, about to lose it.

"Give me your baby!" she seethed with pleasure, before squeezing her cunt around him again.

"Shit!" Dean moaned.

"Imagine these big boobs full of milk!" she said, biting her lip, her huge breasts jiggling lusciously. Dean's eyes were on them, and the thought of those massive udders getting even bigger sent a thrill through him. She squeezed her pussy around him again and his fingers rested against her flexing ass as she did so.

"Imagine nursing on my big fucking tits, Dean!" Edna panted, getting close herself. An image flashed through his mind, of him sucking on those perfect nipples, eagerly swallowing her milk. His cock twitched as she squeezed it hard. "I'd let you suck on them all the time! I could feed you milk and cookies every day!"

"Fuck fuck fuck!" he moaned out, his nuts twitching. It was this twisted thought, of this older neighborhood mom baking him cookies before feeding him milk from her massive tits, that finally set him off. Finally, after weeks of teasing, after weeks of fantasizing, Dean's cock exploded.

"Fuck! Shit! Holy shit! Yes! Yes! Yes!" His large nuts flexed and the first rocket of cum burst from his swollen cock.

"Oh! Fuck! I can feel it! Yes! Yes! YES!" Edna moaned out. Feeling the younger married man cumming inside her set her

off. Her cunt tightened as she came hard on Dean's swollen prick. "AHHH! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! YES! AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

"UGH! GOD DAMN! YES!" Dean screamed out, holding her ass against him as he came hard as deep in her pussy as he could manage. His ass left the bed as he pumped up into her, a shocking amount of thick, creamy jizz pumping out from his swollen cock deep inside her waiting cunt.

"YES! I LOVE IT! YES! I CAN FEEL IT!" Edna screamed out. "OH MY GOD! YES!" she moaned, feeling the young married man absolutely filling up her tight, mature snatch with thick married seed. Their bodies flexed and twitched as they both came. Her luscious body squirmed around his thick post as her cunt quivered around him, coaxing more cum from his nuts deep into her tight, ready cunt. Her mature pussy took it all, every fucking drop.

Edna fell forward, her massive, sweat-covered bust smothering the young man's face. He twitched and pumped beneath her, gasping for breath as he kept unloading a heavy load of semen deep inside her. He just kept cumming and cumming and cumming, easily the biggest load of his life, and

he was giving every drop of it to this old, scheming slut. Not his wife.

Both of them began coming down from their high at about the same time. He kept pumping up into her as the last few rockets of cum burst from him. As he came back to earth and the adrenaline began to leave him, he began panting for breath. Problem was, his face was lodged firmly within her deep, sweaty cleavage. He tried to gather some air, but the combination of not enough air in his lungs, and the adrenaline leaving his athletic body, meant his consciousness began to fade.

But Edna was far more experienced cumming so hard and regaining her strength, so as she lifted herself up and watched the younger man's eyes lid over as sleep overcame him, she could only smile. She lifted herself off his softening cock and slid to his side, curling up against him, her luscious mature form pressed against his athletic frame.

As she ran her slim, aged fingers over his fit, muscular chest, she admired her prize. He might just be the best she'd ever had. He was a true hunk. A real stud. And he could fuck like an animal! He was so much more than an old slut like her could ask for.

This one... he was definitely a keeper.

She smiled as she admired his passed out form. He might have been resistant at first, and when he woke up he might not be as compliant as he just was. He might try to deny his true nature, but it wouldn't last. He'd come back.

They always did.

But this one... he was capable of some true depravity. There was something truly wicked about this one, so deeply ingrained inside him it couldn't be erased or forgotten. This one was not built for monogamy. No, he was built for so much more than that.

Her devious mind was already at work.

Most of the time, Edna kept her bedroom antics private, leading to many hushed whispers and judging looks about her excessive promiscuity, from both her friends and neighbors. Women her age should not be having SO much sex, especially with hot younger guys who they should really have no chance with. But Dean... his appeal was undeniable. There would be no judgment from anyone for taking him into her bed. Just flat

out awe and green-eyed envy. Dean was a prize built to be shown off, to be displayed with pride. His was a cock you'd share with your friends, just to drive them crazier, letting them know the kind of sex you were getting every day.

Dean was about to be very, very busy.

For as good at sex as Edna was, even she was slightly worn out by the aggressive sex she just had. It suddenly felt like the heat in the bedroom was overwhelming, and sweat was still dripping from her body. She slid her sweat-coated frame against the fit married man, loving the feeling of their naked bodies pressed together, their sweat mixing. This movement stirred the younger man, and his heavy eye-lids fluttered open.

Dean returned to consciousness, dazed and unsure as to where he was. He was in an unfamiliar bed, in an unfamiliar house. He was naked and exhausted, and for the moment, he had no memory of what had just happened. Then he felt a pair of huge tits pressing into his side, and he looked over to see Edna's wicked teasing smile.

"What the fuck!" Dean said, jumping out of her grasp and falling off the side of the bed. Naked, he stumbled to his feet. "What just happened?"

"Don't you remember, baby?" Edna purred. "You and I are lovers now. We just had AMAZING sex!" As she said this, she was posed on her side for him. The sheets were strewn everywhere as she lied on top of them, nude, flesh shiny with sweat, her huge boobs stacked on top of each other, one leg in front of the other, obscuring her pussy.

In a rush, all the memories of what happened came flooding back to him. The cookies... the teasing... the flirting... the sex. His eyes widened, as the full repercussions of what they did fully hit him. He had... holy shit! He had just cheated on his wife. He cheated on Pam! And not with just anyone. But with Edna! This old lady! This scheming slut! Holy shit!

"I... I need to go..." he said, panicking.

"Hahaha..." she laughed. "You're cute when you're nervous." She let her eyes drift to his bare ass as he looked for his clothing, strewn somewhere on the floor. "Don't pretend like you didn't enjoy it, lover. You said and did lots of very, VERY nasty things, mere minutes ago. With me. You screamed your love for me to the heavens! You can't pretend that didn't happen, baby. Admit it! We are meant for each other..."

"No... I'm married!" he affirmed, pulling on his underwear, covering his manhood, to her disappointment.

"That didn't stop you before," she teased. "And it won't stop you next time."

"Next time?" he questioned, pausing in place as he was pulling up his jeans, for a moment looking like an underwear model, posing just for her.

"Honey, haha... if you think this is just a one-time thing, you are sadly mistaken," she explained. "You just had the best sex of your life... with me... you're not gonna forget that. Every time you're around little Pamela, you'll just be thinking about me. Only me."

"Edna..." Dean said, finding his shirt. "This was... a mistake. Okay? A mistake. A... one-time thing. This won't... this can't happen again. Do you understand?" he asked, his eyes pleading for her to call this whole thing off, just in case he didn't have the strength to.

"Of course..." Edna replied. "I won't say a word to little miss wifey. This will be our little secret." She said with a smile,

brining two fingers across her lips like the closing of a zipper. "But... if you change your mind, and trust me, you WILL change your mind, well then... my door is certainly open. I'll have cookies waiting for you..." she teased with a delighted, wicked smirk as Dean pulled on his shirt. He looked at her, and gave her hot, naked, mature body one last glance. His eyes were locked on her huge boobs for just a moment before he met her knowing stare.

"Goodbye, Edna." he said as she smirked at him. He turned and walked away.

"See you later!" she called out to him as he stomped out of her house, slamming the door behind him.

As he zoomed away, it all hit him. Holy shit! Holy SHIT! He just cheated on his wife! What the fuck just happened? What had he done? What the fuck was wrong with him?

He fucked up and he knew it. He had fucked up big time. The one promise he had made to himself. The one thing he vowed he would never do. He had cheated on his wife. He had betrayed her. And he had done it with Edna. That old, scheming, twisted slut! What was he doing? What had he done?

Somehow, somehow, that old woman had gotten into his head. She had twisted him around, teased him, practically forcing him into cheating on Pam. He hadn't wanted to, but... he had to. He just had to get this one crazy urge out of his system. For some reason, he had just become obsessed with her, and he couldn't stop thinking about her, until... until...

Okay. Whatever. What's done is done. He could move past this. It was done now. It was all out of his system. He could... he probably should confess to Pam, but if he did, it would break her heart. She would never trust him again, and it would permanently affect her in ways he didn't want to admit. No... he had to trust in himself that this was done. That this was just a one-time mistake. He had learned his lesson, and it would certainly never happen again. He would never talk to Edna again, let alone go to her house, or even put himself in a position let her get close to him. No, this whole thing was done. It was over.

Now, he just had to cover up the evidence.

He couldn't just go home in this condition. Luckily, there was a gym nearby and he could go there to clean up and not look so guilty. He could cover up the evidence, invent some lie as to why he was gone so long. It could work. It would work. He

would go back home, aware of his betrayal, and make a vow to recommit to his wife. To never make the same mistake again. Dean could do this.

He promised himself he would never cheat on his wife again.

(3 Months Later)

Pam stood on Edna's doorsteps, moments after confronting her, moments after the realization that this was the home of this nice older lady, and not some scheming, twisted seductress.

"I must look crazy," Pam said, trying to smile as tears dripped down her cheeks. "I just..." But before she could finish, the older woman interrupted.

"Oh, hon, I don't blame you," the older woman said with a reassuring nod, stepping out onto the doorstep in just her pink cotton robe, pulling the younger woman in for a hug. "Dear, in my younger days, I would have done the same thing. Don't be upset. You're not crazy!"

Pam let the older woman hug her, feeling the older woman's large bust pressing into her chest. She held this hug for a minute or so, the older woman comforting the younger woman, holding her close, pressing her soft belly against the younger woman's, patting her back as Pam sobbed to herself. Finally, the older woman stepped back, looking down at Pam.

"Honey, I know you might feel like a terrible person, a terrible wife, but don't." Edna told her, holding her shoulders. "You did this because you love him. You did this because you care. Don't be ashamed of loving him so strongly." Pam nodded at this and smiled.

"Thank you," Pam said, smiling and wiping her eyes.

"Hon, I know you're young newlyweds, and these moments might happen." Edna said warmly. "If you ever need to talk, feel free to come back. We can have some girl talk," the old lady said with a smile. Pam nodded. "I feel sorry for the woman who does cross you, dear, haha," Edna said, cheering her up.

"I'm so sorry for bringing you into this," Pam said, stepping back.

"You can come in now if you want, so we can chat," Edna offered, opening the door up more, holding her robe closed, as she gestured for her to enter.

"No, no, I couldn't put you out. Not after coming here like a crazy woman," Pam replied. "But I'll take a raincheck," she finished. Edna nodded warmly and leaned in.

"I promise I won't tell your husband about this," Edna whispered.

"Thank you," Pam replied, nodding and smiling. They said their goodbyes and Pam made her way back to the car. Edna watched her step back into her car, before stepping back inside the house, closing the door behind her.

She peaked out the window as the younger woman stopped in the driveway, having one last moment of pause. But that moment passed quickly, and she backed out of the driveway. Edna watched this and smirked.

Turning around, she sauntered confidently deeper into the house, towards the bedroom. As she walked, she reached to the knot in her robe, untying it. She let it slip from her shoulders,

falling to the floor. Beneath it she was wearing a set of lingerie, all in black. Silky black stockings connected through to a garter belt around her waist. She had a miniscule black lace thong on, looking amazing on her, as well as a tight, severe-looking leather bustier, covering up her front and proudly showcasing her mammoth jugs while covering up her throbbing nipples. She strutted towards her bedroom, opening up the door. She stepped inside and towards her prize, laying out on the bed, naked, limbs spread as he was tied down.

"Was that...?" Dean began, panicked. He looked up at her, worry in his eyes, but her confident expression calmed his nerves.

"That was your wife, Dean." she said with a small smile, moving towards her dresser. "Apparently, one of her friends lives across the street. I guess she saw your car parked here one too many times."

"What... what did Pam do?" the married man asked.

"Once she saw me, she didn't suspect a thing. All that fire left her," Edna said with a smirk. "Because her husband would NEVER cheat on her with some old lady... right?" Dean looked at her as she smiled at him. "Don't worry, lover... I took care of

everything. Shooed her away. She doesn't suspect a thing. In fact, she trusts me now, haha. Dumb bitch." Despite his concern, he couldn't take his eyes off the older woman's huge boobs, jiggling with every step. "I guess it's a good thing you started parking in the garage."

His head fell down to the bed, relieved.

"Don't worry, hon... she doesn't suspect a thing now," Edna stated, moving towards the bed. "She doesn't suspect that you cheated on her that day two months ago," she said, grabbing a bottle of oil. "She doesn't know how badly you tried to recommit to her after you cheated on her with me," she purred, pouring the smooth liquid onto the head of his erect post, letting it cascade down every inch of his shaft. "She doesn't know you came back to me mere days later, because that's how much your wife means to you at this point," she whispered, taking one hand and stroking his throbbing weapon. "She doesn't know you've been fucking me every day since," she teased, climbing onto the bed over him. "She doesn't know I'm pregnant with your baby, even though I pressed my belly right up against hers," she said, causing his gaze to drift to her stomach, the slight bulge of her pregnancy sending a thrill through his hard cock. She reached back to slide her oil covered hand into her ass-crack, lubing up the tight hole. "She has no idea that you're my sex slave now," she said with a smile, reaching down to grab his free-standing cock, guiding the head

towards her ass. "And at the rate she's going, she'll never catch on. Me and you... we're gonna be doing this forever, baby," Edna stated, before sitting on that cock, asserting her dominance over him by sliding his thick weapon up her tight asshole.

"Ohhhh!" he moaned out, the pleasure overwhelming him. Dean looked up at her. Any resistance he once felt was gone. The pull she had on him was impossible to ignore. It wasn't going anywhere. He had tried to resist, but he always came back. Every single time. She dominated him. Edna owned him, completely. He belonged to her. And as he looked up at the older woman, her huge tits bulging outward, barely restrained by the tight leather, he realized at this point, there was no place he'd rather be.

"You belong to me!" she asserted, looking down at him.

"Thank you," he panted softly in gratitude to this older woman who had shown him so much already.

"We're gonna be doing this for a long time, baby," Edna announced, squeezing her asshole around his thick shaft. "I've had sex with a lot of young guys, but you just might be my favorite. That's why I'm keeping you," she said, rising up on

his pulsing prick before dropping back down. "Mmm... that's why I'm having your babies, hon. Ugh... yes! That makes us connected forever! Way more than you and your wife! YES!" she moaned out, bouncing on his cock again, rising up and down, over and over. "You're gonna have lots of beautiful babies, not with your wife, but with me. Haha! FUCK! That cock feels so huge in my ass! UGH! YES! Fuck... I'll invite your wife over... ughh... we'll become friends. Yes! She'll begin to wonder how I'm getting so much action... how I'm having so many babies, and she's having none. Oh God! Yes! She'll begin to notice how all my babies look just like her husband! But it will take her forever to put it together, because she's so fucking stupid! Haha! YES! FUCK! She'll eventually begin to wonder if that rumor from her friend was true after all. Jesus! So big! And when she starts to catch on, I'll invite her over... UGHH... let her catch us in action. Just like this! YES! She'll see this 'old lady' riding her husband's cock like she never could! SHIT! Yes! She'll scream... and cry... fall to her knees and sob! YES! And as she does that, we'll just keep fucking! UGHH! GOD DAMN! We'll keep fucking hard, and get off on her tears, and her mind will break completely! YES! We'll be able to fuck right in front of her! We'll fuck all the time... GOD... with her there, watching... UGH... insult her and humiliate her... DAMN... and she'll be so fucking broken, she won't say a thing! Fuck... you like that baby? You like that!?" she asked, leaning forward to put her fingers under his chin, forcing him to look up into her confident, smirking face.

Through it all, she fucked him harder and harder, driving herself down, taking his huge married cock up her ass. And as crazy and twisted as this all sounded, Dean was too far gone. Too deep under her spell. He nodded, a tacit agreement to her twisted plan.

Edna simply smirked and raised that trademark eyebrow of hers.

She had won.

Old Ladies, Thongs, & Blizzards

The mating habits of older women has become a topic of great discussion in modern life. As it seemed like scenes from hardcore porn were bleeding into real life, with older women poaching and stealing men from their younger female counterparts, this discussion became more and more prevalent in every day conversation.

How could this happen? What made them so much more attractive and sexier than their younger counterparts? Why were modern men seemingly flocking to older women, forsaking younger and prettier girls in the process? Was it their advanced levels of experience? Their confidence? Their dominance? Their incredible skills at sex? Their tight, experienced cunts? Their round asses? Their massive, juicy tits?

No one could say for sure.

It was certainly a distressing trend. Many top minds sought answers as to why this was happening, but no explanations came. Something didn't add up. No one could say why younger men were forsaking their younger, cuter paramours. Why younger men in the primes of their lives would choose to

mate with women as old as their mothers, sometimes even older. It didn't seem to make sense. They were supposed to be pursuing their peers, women their own age. That's how it is, and that's how it always had been. But strangely, in modern day, this seemingly undisputed fact was beginning to change. Young men across the world were furiously mating with older women at an ever increasing rate, and no one could explain why.

For so long, the order of things had been well defined. Women would reach their prime and spend their allotted time on top of the proverbial food chain. At some point during this, they would acquire a mate, and for a time, they would reign supreme. And when the time comes, and a new generation rises, they would step back and cede their spot to these up and comers. The next women in line to rule the kingdom. That was just the way it was, and it had worked for thousands of years.

But this latest generation of older woman seemed to simultaneously arrive at the same conclusion. They all discovered a way to cheat the system at the exact same time. Instead of ceding their place to the next women in line, they just... didn't. They opted to stay in place. To break the rules of nature and stay on the throne, even when their time had seemingly long passed.

They were greedy.

That was really the truth of it all. They wanted to prolong their time at the top by stealing from the time of the next generation of women. They stole the throne and used every trick in the book to hold onto it. It was a gross abuse of their knowledge and experience, and it was doing untold damage. It didn't matter to them that their efforts were basically rendering a whole generation of women obsolete, holding them in subjugation, stealing from their time in the sun to prolong their own. They were in effect keeping these younger women in the shadows, and they just didn't care. They would happily keep these younger women under their heels as long as they got what they wanted.

These vultures... these cutthroat, evil older women... they were cold and ruthless in their actions. If it made them happy, it didn't matter how much damage was left in their wake. They wore the best clothes, dressing like women half their age, gathered all the money they could, and put themselves in front of the best men. Not just good men... the best of them. These men would try their best to look towards their younger peers and maintain the status quo, but these older women would stand in the way, blocking their vision, so all that could be seen was them. From there, poaching these young handsome men and using them for their own twisted desires was like clockwork. Using their lust-inducing bodies and years of

experience made this process worryingly easy. These cunning older women were eating the next generation of men alive, almost like a scourge. They would happily let the world burn in their wake, just so they could be the ones having screaming orgasms on society's ashes.

Let's be clear... some people may glamorize these older women for their bold actions, but they were no heroes. Not even close. Years of experience in the real world had hardened them. Where they were once fresh-faced and sunny and friendly, over time these women had become jaded by the corruption of the world. After spending so much time fighting against it, they had chosen to embrace it. They shed any vestige of innocence and embraced this new found corruption. They only cared about themselves, and satisfying their own needs. They began adorning their mature, curvy forms in shockingly slutty clothing and incredibly skimpy underwear. In poaching these younger men from their prospective mates, they would take things to such a depth of pure filth that they could never escape, spreading their corruption to these younger men. And in the process of doing so, they would say and do things to the younger women they had wronged that were so messed up and so filthy that they could never be forgotten. Things that could destroy a once strong young woman and permanently damage her bright future.

These women were almost sin personified. They were not to be admired. They were to be stopped. They should have eventually been stopped by the righteousness and purity of the human spirit. But the fact that they kept coming up victorious, the fact that they kept winning, over and over again, was a troubling sign indeed. Not only were they not being penalized for the bad things they had done, they were being rewarded. Rewarded for their sins with indescribable, endless pleasure.

It was a true injustice.

The pretty young women who came up on the short end of these situations, who were subjected to both truly vile behavior from these old sluts and true betrayal from their male peers, were the real victims here. By the time the next generation of these women were legal and officially on the market, it was already too late. The older women had already struck and had skimmed the best of these younger men from the top, leaving them to pick from these older women's scraps. It just wasn't fair. The top shelf hunks of meat on the market... they wouldn't even give these young women a second glance anymore. These girls would almost be invisible in a crowd of mature bodies and aged skin. It was as if these young ladies had missed an opportunity they never even had.

These younger women, in the primes of their lives, with their cute little butts and their perky upturned breasts, were simply being left by the wayside, untouched. Instead, the men that were rightfully theirs were opting for something different. Instead of their young firm butts, these men were opting for full, round, mature, shapely asses. Instead of their perky boobs ending up in the furtive grasp of their young male paramours, these men were instead opting to place their eager hands on the big, fat fucking tits these older women were so aggressively offering to them. Instead of nervously kissing cute young women, these young men were using their mouths to ravenously worship on older women's throbbing nipples. Instead of sharing furtive, happy, healthy sexual encounters with girls their own age, they preferred the aggressive, brutal, unholy fucking that they could only be gained by mating with a woman who had decades of sexual experience.

To these young women, who were so pretty, and bright, who had done everything right and had done everything by the book... it just seemed unfair. Why would any man choose to mate with a woman so much older than himself? Why would they just ignore younger, cuter, friendlier women? Why were these mature sluts suddenly much more appealing to them? It didn't make sense. It was just wrong.

Many documents, including this one, have been written detailing this type of event. The only hope was that by

understanding how such situations occur, they could be prevented in the future.

Only upon further examination of many such cases could conclusions be made, and plans to defend one's self against such temptations could be formed. Because defenses must be formed. Do not underestimate these old, scheming whores. The danger they pose is not to be taken lightly. They must be stopped, and hopefully, this document will help serve that purpose.

As stated before, various case studies have been performed to better understand what was going on, but the evidence could be hard to parse, and different experts came to different conclusions. Some speculated there were various sociological reasons for something like this to happen. Some had done research and claimed that spikes in this kind of activity had occurred before, but this could not be proven. And even these experts would admit that those events paled in comparison to what was happening now. And most distressingly, some of the smartest, most logical of experts, men who had examined all this data in excruciating detail, had fallen victim to the very thing they were fighting against. They had abandoned their posts and surrendered to the unyielding force of older women. It was just... unconscionable. It was as if they had examined all the evidence, run the numbers, and decided that the only

possible outcome was for them to submit to evil MILF sex, despite knowing how dangerous it was.

It just... didn't make any sense.

These events did also bring out some crazier hypotheses as well. Some postulated this sudden spike in unusual behavior was a sign of the apocalypse. A sign of something bad on the horizon. Some stated this this was the natural order of things, that people were settling into their rightful roles. Some blamed it on the rise of pornography, specifically premium MILF pornography, where hyper-sexualized older women ruled the roost and partook in the nastiest, most intense fucking imaginable. Combining that with the rise of this type of relationship in television and film meant that these types of relationships were becoming normalized in a way that they never were before. This argument made sense, but that didn't put an end to the discussion.

Some were bold enough to say that the deck was stacked in favor of older women. That there was some force, a hand of destiny, conspiring to give these older women what they wanted. And this hypothesis would sound crazy, but... a lot of evidence supported it. If you listen to the young women who had lost their men to the seductive wiles of these older sluts, they would say that it seemed like fate had worked solely in

the favor of older women. That all the bounces went these older women's way. And while at times, this did seem to be the case, where it seemed like the fates were conspiring to ensure older women's tight cunts were being constantly filled with beefy young cocks, and ensure that their huge, mature tits would be smothering handsome young faces, some experts would rightfully point out that there were signs that could have been noticed. Obvious clues that could have prevented the loss of one's mate to the twisted whiles of an older woman. Signs that, if only they'd been noticed, could have prevented such irreparable damage.

This is one such case.

Blake and April ran as fast as they could through the snow, bundled as tight as they could, braving the white-out conditions.

"This is unbelievable!" April called out, carrying her bag, her words barely traveling through the dense snow-filled air and swirling wind.

"This is my fault..." Blake called out to his new wife, appreciating his wife's patience as they stomped through the deepening snow. She could easily be mad at him, but she bit her tongue, a fact Blake was grateful for.

That's how situations like this usually started. A small mistake by one member of the happy couple. Some easily avoidable twist of fate, and when you look back on it, you wonder how you could have been this misguided. One small thing, a preventable mistake that ends up reaping so much damage. Because that's all it normally took. A single, solitary mistake. A mistake like this meant it was too late to avoid their destiny.

A mistake like this by such a happy young couple all but ensured that a MILF was about to get fucked.

The couple moved towards the only lights they could see through the snow-filled evening air, finally able to make out a lone house along the snow-covered country road. Bounding up the front steps, too cold to be quiet, they knocked at the front door, seeking any warm refuge from the blizzard enveloping them. Hearing some movement from behind the door, the young couple perked up, sensing salvation. The door opened, and from inside peeked out an older, African-American woman.

"My goodness..." she said to the couple, concerned. "What are you two doing out in weather like this?"

"I'm so sorry to bother you..." Blake began, pulling down the part of his snow gear covering most of his face, letting his boyish features shine through. "We were driving down the road here and the... the snow just... overwhelmed us. We skidded off the road into a ditch. No one drove by, so we had to run through this. You were the first place we could find. Can we, maybe, uh, use your phone?" If there was any skepticism in the older woman as she appraised the young couple, she didn't let it stop her.

"Of course. C'mon in. Get out of this nastiness," the black woman said, stepping aside. The newlyweds stepped in, making sure to be courteous and not make a mess.

As they set down their bags and removed their hats and gloves, they got their first look at the woman who let them in. She was a mature woman, maybe around fifty or so, maybe a year or two younger than that. She was relatively tall, but not overly so, and she was a thick-bodied woman, not fat or anything like that, just curvy and voluptuous. She had a thick frame, and while it seemed like she probably had a few extra pounds that naturally came with age, she appeared relatively fit. She had a sort of natural prettiness, which, despite a few signs of aging,

a few wrinkles here, some crow's feet there, still shined through. Her hair was black with a curl, falling down to between her shoulders. And her skin had a nice, smooth, even chocolate brown complexion. It was well into the evening, and it was cold out, so she had a thick pink robe pulled around her, looking to stay warm on this cold winter night.

This was shrewd, on her part, even if it was unplanned. If she had been some nasty old skank with her tits hanging out, and spoke only in lusty innuendos, maybe the happy couple would have sought shelter elsewhere, despite their desperation. Or, at the very least, they would have their guard raised. And most luckily for her, her robe was thick and fluffy, obscuring her mammoth GG-cup breasts. Cause you could be the nicest woman in the world, or in this case, a nice, friendly older woman, but if a wife sees her husband in the same room as a woman with soft, smooth, succulent breasts that are bigger than his wife's head, there's bound to be some distrust, no matter the age of the parties involved. This older woman presented a nice, friendly, warm image, letting the happy couple feel safe entering this stranger's house. Because of this instinctual choice to keep herself warm, it would start her on the path leading to her naked body getting covered with beads of hot, sexy sweat.

When some claimed that older women seemed to have all the luck, it was because of things like this.

Unfortunately for the happy couple, this was not some innocent, kind, friendly older woman. No. She was an experienced, seasoned seductress of the highest order. This young couple came seeking help, and in doing so, they'd walked into the predator's trap.

Blake didn't know it yet, but he was not safe. Well, at least, his fidelity wasn't safe. He hadn't yet realized that he had taken the first step on the path to slipping between the sheets with this much older woman. He hadn't yet realized that he and this seemingly kind and friendly old lady were about to have REALLY filthy sex.

He was the fly caught in the spider's web, and he didn't even know it yet.

"What the hell are you two even doing out there in all that mess?" the older woman asked with a concerned tone.

"Well..." April began, in response to the older woman, looking towards her husband to explain.

"We were supposed to make a flight out of St. Louis, but there was a blizzard coming, so they canceled flights. We thought... uh, I thought... that if we could get to Chicago, there was a flight we could catch back home. But, uh... clearly, the blizzard caught up to us." Blake explained. "We ended up having to get off the highway, and we ended up on a county road, then the weather got worse. We spun out into a ditch about a mile back."

"Well, I can give you a phone book, but I doubt anyone will be able to help till this blizzard passes through. And from what the weather man says, it's a big one. It could last days," the older black woman said, moving to the kitchen as she spoke, grabbing the phone book and her wireless phone. Blake and April were so out in the middle of nowhere neither of their cell phones had reception. Luckily, this woman had a landline.

"I really appreciate this," Blake said, taking off his snow-covered boots so he could move around a bit. "I'm Blake by the way, this is my wife April." April waved hello at the older woman.

"I'm Greta," she replied, as she shook their hands. She looked at Blake and took his hand in hers, she looked right at him, her warm palm feeling nice in his.

This was the first sign of a sexual connection between the two. He didn't realize that attraction just yet, but she had. Greta had been attracted to the boyish young white man since she first saw his handsome face at the door. Young, strapping men like looking like him didn't come around her parts that often. Any self-respecting woman in her place would do everything to lock that shit down, and she planned to. She had invited him into her home, so the first threshold had been crossed. And now that he was in her clutches, she wanted to make it count.

Greta wanted to fuck Blake.

What else should a seasoned huntress do when primed, juicy prey is literally at her doorstep? These inexperienced lambs had marched right up under the lioness's nose. What else could they really expect to happen but be devoured?

These were the types of bounces that always seem to bounce in the favor of these scheming older women. A perfect, studly, big-dicked married white boy ends up in her clutches without her having to lift a finger. Fate seemed to be on her side. She could practically feel his mouth attached to her nipples already.

Blake's handsome features had unknowingly led him into a trap. If he had been more shady, or if his wife seemed more confident, Greta simply wouldn't have answered the door, but she had, and now she had to figure out what to do next. Her cunning mind was working fast, figuring out how to get this young man into her bed, his big cock buried in her tight cunt, and get that wife of his out of the way. How to strip this white boy out of all his clothes so they could go into the bedroom and get all hot and sweaty together, leaving his plain wife sobbing, cold and alone. But she didn't let these thoughts shine through. She kept up appearances as the nice older black lady.

She was the predator. This young married couple her prey.

"Jeez, I don't know if I'll ever be warm again," Blake said, rubbing his palms together, trying to get the blood flowing.

"I know," his wife concurred, blowing into her hands.

"I can warm you up..." Greta offered, letting her true intentions rise to the surface for a moment, a clue that a more paranoid ear would have caught. But April didn't know to listen. Not yet, anyway. This was one of those clues that happy couples like them miss, and it always led to disaster. There were so many things on the tip of Greta's tongue that she could say and do to make her intentions known. She could have opened her robe and offered the young white boy to warm his hands

between her monster jugs. She could have simply offered him the chance to slip into her bed right now and let her warm him up personally, skin on skin, till they were both hot and sweaty. She could give him a few ideas on how to really get the blood flowing, but she didn't. She held her tongue and simply kept smiling. "Let me put on some coffee. But let me go change first, get cleaned up now that I have guests."

"Oh, go ahead, we don't want to be a bother," April replied as the older black woman sauntered off.

Once Blake figured out what city he was in, he sat down at the dining room table, pushing some heavy files to the side as he set the phone book down and scanned it, looking for a shop or a tow-truck or anyone who could help. As he rang up a few numbers, Greta emerged, still clad in her robe but slightly more made-up. Yet another clue. She gets all cleaned up, but she's still wearing that robe. A more trained eye would have to wonder what this thick bodied, middle-aged woman had on beneath the robe. A trained eye would notice the little extra jiggle up top, her breasts rippling lusciously with every step, as if she had put on an extra-bouncy bra for just that purpose. A more paranoid woman would only be speculating about whether or not there was now a thong wedged between this older black woman's ass cheeks.

And unfortunately for young April, there now was. And it was a tiny, lacy, sexy one at that, wedged between the large, round, juicy cheeks of the older black woman's ass, the type that could lure wayward white boys into forsaking their marriage vows. April's naivety and friendly nature were gonna be her undoing.

Greta slipped a steaming mug of coffee onto the table in front of him, using the chance the chance to check out the younger man's handsome features without him knowing. Bright, blue eyes. Brown hair, a little unkempt, adding a shagginess that really appealed to the older woman. He had nice kissable lips, and a cute smile. Even in his bulky clothing, it looked like he had a nice body. She couldn't wait to strip him out of all that and fully see what he was working with. He had a pale complexion, which contrasted nicely with her own dark skin. She could imagine how hot it would be when their bare flesh was pressed together in heated sexual action.

Blake either got no response or firm denials from the people he was seeking help from on the phone. No one was going out in this weather, and Blake, despite his annoyance, couldn't really blame them. He hung up, frustrated, as the two women watched news coverage of the weather.

"How's it look?" Blake asked, his eyes drifting towards the window. The sun had set, and the swirling wind and snow was barraging the house. The wind made the walls shake.

"Really bad," April said, looking back at him, smiling warmly. His heart filled with love for her. She could be really mad at him right now for this gambit to try to catch the flight, but she was loving and patient and kind. If only she knew what was about to happen, if she knew what the fallout of this mistake would be, she'd be furious. But she didn't, so she wasn't. "Any luck?"

"No..." he replied. "I got no's or no responses."

"What are we gonna do?" April asked.

"Maybe find a hotel?" he offered.

"Oh, honey, there ain't a hotel around here for miles," Greta stated, shaking her head. This was, of course, a lie. Seasoned huntresses like her were gifted in the art of effortlessly lying. There was a hotel a mile or so down the road, a nice one in fact, but they didn't need to know that. Greta needed to keep them here, in her clutches. Her open-ended response was a hint for

them, as she tried to induce the young couple into making a crucial error. The biggest mistake they would ever make. She was simply waiting for them to catch on. They had no reason to doubt her, because of the warm, kind image she had wisely presented herself as. Blake looked at his wife, and she looked back at him, the same idea was crossing both of their minds.

"Greta, I know we're putting you out a lot, already, and we're asking way more than anyone should expect, but... would it be possible for us to crash here for the night? We'll be out of the way, we'll make it up to you. I mean, if you say no, we'll completely understand and we'll be on our way, but..." Blake asked.

"Oh, honey, I ain't sending you two back out there in that! Of course you can stay." Greta replied with a warm smile. It was all going exactly as she wanted, and she could barely prevent her warm smile from becoming wicked. Neither Blake nor April noticed anything amiss. They were too thankful for her kindness. April nodded and smiled, tears coming to her eyes.

"Thank you!" April said, hugging the older woman.

"Child, I'm not a monster! You always help those in need. That's what my mama taught me, and besides... you seem like

good kids. Now go on, get comfortable." Greta said, smiling at the two. She was SO close now! Blake's married cock was so close to ending up inside her tight black, dripping cunt, and he didn't even know it! This was so much fun! Greta could barely contain herself, and she couldn't help but push her luck slightly. She gathered the now empty mugs, looking to refill them all, and in the process, she allowed one of her huge breasts to brush against the seated young man's back, teasing him ever so slightly. "Now what made this flight so important?"

"Oh, uh, it was our first Christmas now that we're married," April said, taking off her coat, her husband doing the same. "We were flying home. We just celebrated the holiday with family, and we were flying back. But... that's not happening, clearly. Was really looking forward to that nice weather, though! I mean, that's why we moved out there, but now..."

Greta smiled sadly with refreshed mugs.

"Now, how'd you two meet?" Greta asked, changing the subject.

"Well, we went to school together," Blake began. "I was on the football team, she was a cheerleader, I mean, the story writes

itself!" he laughed. Greta smiled as she looked at the younger, brown-haired man. She could certainly see the athletic background in him as he stood tall and fit. All those young muscles. She couldn't wait to run her hands across them. Thin, narrow, aged fingers like hers were meant to feel young firm muscles like his. He was in his early twenties, Greta surmised, probably not too much out of college. His youthful looks were evident, yet the five o'clock shadow on his face added a bit of ruggedness to him. He might have some boyish charm, but there was a man in there. Greta would coax it out him.

"He had this really bad moment in this one game..." April began, shaking the snow out of her dirty-blonde hair.

"Thanks for reminding me," Blake interjected with a wry smile. His wife smiled warmly at him.

"I had never talked to him, but after the game, we talked it out, and I let him know it was okay, that this one silly game wasn't everything. We started dating soon after, and ever since, it's been... magic." April said, smiling lovingly at her husband.

"She was so pretty," Blake recalled. He remembered how she looked that day, dressed in her cheerleader outfit. She'd only gotten prettier the longer they'd been together. She had dirty-

blonde hair, long and straight, going halfway down her back. She was slim, with a small, cute, perky butt and equally cute, perky B-cups. She had warm, friendly features, welcoming, twinkling eyes, a slim nose, thin smooth lips, and a light, pale, smooth complexion. "She was like an angel for me... the angel I needed."

"Aww, that's a great story," the older black woman said to them, her voice smooth. It was a rather droll story, to be honest. These young fools had deluded themselves into thinking their lives were part of some grand love story. They didn't understand the harsh realities of the world. The real world she knew would snuff out any happy ending. The black woman couldn't help but wonder how the young wife would feel once she sees her husband making out with a much older black woman. How she would feel when she sees her husband squeezing her big old black tits? How great would her love story be then?

Greta smiled to herself. If this was a fairy tale, then Greta was the evil, scheming villainess. In the stories, those evil villainesses lost in the end. But this was real life, and the sunny, pretty, skinny little princess wasn't gonna get the happy ending. No, she'd be cast to the dungeon, forgotten, and Prince Charming would pair up with the older, curvaceous Evil Queen, and he'd live happily ever after in her evil clutches.

"So, what brings you out here?" Blake asked, sitting back, running his fingers through his brown hair.

"You mean, what's a sista doing out here in the boonies?" Greta replied with a laugh. "I used to live in the city, but it was so busy. I still work out there, but... I needed to get away. I needed some quiet. Some privacy. I like the peace and quiet. No interruptions... usually." She added with a nod, making the couple laugh. But to herself, she thought, yeah, she didn't want any interruptions during the loud, forceful sex she loved to have. Like the sex she would soon be having with Blake. She had a plan, and it was about to be brought to a head. She just had to be patient.

They chatted and sipped coffee as night truly set in. Greta was willing the night to get darker, and the weather to worsen. When the time came, they had to feel like there was no place for them to go. And of course, the young naïve wife wasn't catching on. Wasn't realizing that she was already the fly in the spider's trap. Blake's cock was practically already buried in Greta's hot older cunt. April had begun to tire out from their long day, Greta noticed, so the older woman began to clean up. And as she took their finished mugs into the kitchen, she spoke up.

"Well, I like you two," Greta began with a cheery smile. "And even if this blizzard lasts a few days, you're welcome to stay till it clears up," she offered. "I got plenty of food and drinks. We don't have to go anywhere!"

"Greta, that's..." Blake began.

"That's amazing," April finished. "We are so grateful, you have no idea!" Greta paused, standing in the hallway near her bedroom and the restroom. As Greta had informed them, it was a small house, one floor, two bedrooms, but one of them was crowded with her work stuff, leaving it unviable as a guestroom, so the couple assumed they would be crashing on the couches, which was fine.

"Well, before things wind down, I do have to tell you..." Greta began, looking at the couple sitting in her living room, ready to set her plan into motion. "There is gonna be one small cost for you staying here tonight..." Greta said.

"Oh, anything!" April said with a laugh.

"I'm glad to hear it!" Greta replied, smiling. Then, with the swirling, bracing winter winds rocking the country house,

making the wood of the home wince and whine, as if trying to warn the couple about the danger within, Greta reached down, undid the belt on her robe, and let the thick pink garment drop to the ground. The smiles quickly fell from the faces of the happy couple.

The predator had revealed her true colors.

Greta, this nice, pretty, middle-aged black lady, who had taken them in and sheltered them from the storm, was now standing in front of them, almost completely exposed, wearing shockingly slutty lingerie.

Her curvy legs were covered by smooth, black sheer stockings. Her thighs were thick, but sexy, and that's where the stockings ended, being held up, connected to the black lace garter belt on her waist. Underneath the garter belt was her tiny, sexy lace thong, the tiny triangle barely covering her pussy, before connecting to the tiny black string running through the deep crevasse of her full, round, juicy ass. She spun around to give them a better look.

Now, Greta was a middle-aged woman, so she had some extra meat on her bones. Not fat, mind you, she was just thick, which meant her belly had a bit of extra softness to it, and she had a

big, shapely ass. Each cheek was just meaty, jiggling with every step lusciously, with the firmness and perkiness of a woman many years younger. It jutted out from her frame like a shelf, standing out, begging to be appreciated. In her daily life, she would wear tight pants to show off its juicy, round, imposing shape and the luscious, mouth-watering cleft in between, making even the most composed man drool. And now, standing in a thong, the garment framing her firm ass, and the tiny string bisecting the firm cheeks... wow... just wow. Combining that with her luscious, smooth chocolate skin color, and you've got one fantastically sexy ass. Its naughtiness was only accentuated by the fact that it was on the body of a 50-year-old woman. It was so wrong, but so sexy.

But that wasn't even the best part of her.

As she spun, their eyes traveled up her taut back, and as she turned to face them again, they took in the view of her mammoth black breasts. And they were just absolute fucking monsters, GG cups. They were huge. They were round. They were smooth. And they looked so, so soft! They were so full they formed natural, luscious, mouth-watering cleavage. They jiggled with every move she made. The large udders were stuffed into a black sheer bra, meaning that they could see everything. They could see their full shape. They could see her large, smooth areolas, capped with hard, rubbery nipples. The tight bra could barely contain them, and the thin straps dug

into her shoulders. The smooth, shiny chocolate skin of her copious breast flesh looked incredible. And on her face, she wore a confident, unrecognizable, wicked smirk.

"Greta!" April called out, standing up, shocked. "What are you doing?"

Blake was stunned as well, his eyes wide, unable to stop himself from staring at the mature, ebony goddess standing in front of him, too stunned to speak.

He could barely comprehend the sight he was seeing. Most men couldn't, at least at the start. For the first time, he made the connection between older women and sex. For the first time, an older woman was putting the moves on him, in a major way, and he just couldn't deal with it. Thoughts of older women and sex, of MILFS and fucking, swirled through his head, forming a forbidden cocktail that swirled through his veins, making him dizzy with their potency. He certainly didn't know how this sight was changing him. What he was looking at was a prime, juicy, succulent mom-bod, and even as an outside observer, and knowing how dangerous she was, it was hard to deny her appeal.

"Should I not expect some kind of reward for my generosity?" Greta said, her friendly tone now tinged with poison. "You did say anything... right?"

"Greta, this is... this is not what we had in mind," April said. Greta looked at the young wife dismissively, before looking at the object of her affection.

"So, here's the deal," Greta began, undeterred. "If you two are staying in my house, you play by my rules. Which means, April, my dear, you sleep on the couch, and Blake... you'll be sleeping with me. But to be honest, we're not gonna do much sleeping." Her tone had hardened. The nice old black lady she had initially presented herself as was gone. And in its place, something far different. Something worse.

"Greta, is this a weird joke or something?" Blake said, finding his words. "Cause this is crazy!"

"Is it?" Greta replied, her face almost smugly mocking his naivety. "I think you're already fantasizing about screwing me. Aren't you, baby?"

"What? No!" he declared, looking away from her, affirming to his wife that he was still loyal. Sure, he had noticed that this older black lady had a shockingly hot body. And sure, flashes of her in heated sexual action had crossed his mind. And despite her age, if he wasn't married, he wouldn't be objecting quite so much, because it did seem like it would be an enjoyable experience, despite their age difference. But he couldn't tell his wife that.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, Greta, but no, it's not gonna happen!" April said solidly, as she moved towards her husband, joining forces.

"Hmm, well, if you say no, you can feel free to leave..." Greta threatened, gesturing towards the door.

"You wouldn't..." Blake replied, feeling a cold grip of realization around his heart.

"I would. I am that serious." Greta said, running a palm under one of her massive orbs, playing with the soft flesh. Despite his objection, Blake kept one eye on her quivering jugs.

"What if we don't leave?" April replied, trying to catch the black woman. "What if we just stay apart, and just refuse to leave till the morning?"

"Well, then, I'll call my cop friend who lives down the road," Greta threatened. "He might not want to drive, but when I tell him a strange white couple broke into my house, I'll think he'll come running..." She let the threat hang over them for a moment. "Well, I'll let you two talk. And when you realize you have no other choice, I'll be waiting..." she turned and strutted out of the room, into the bedroom, shaking her big, thong-clad ass as she did so, leaving the door open a crack.

The battle was over. Checkmate. In one cunning strike, she had won. They just didn't know it yet. Once she was out of view, the young couple began to panic.

"What the fuck?" Blake said in a panic, grabbing his head in shock.

"What the hell do we do?" April said. "Do we just leave?"

"Hon, we'll never make it out there," Blake said, pragmatically, realization beginning to settle in. "Even if we get back to the car, we'll freeze!"

"What if we just stay here, do nothing? She can't force you into anything!" April said.

"Then she'll call the cops!" Blake replied, trying to ignore the forces seemingly drawing him into sin.

"If she calls the cops, could we just... explain what happened?" April asked.

"I don't know! If she knows the cops, then they'll believe her," Blake said, again being practical. A silence fell and Blake voiced the only option left.

"What if..." he began, not believing what he was about to say. "What if I just... go through with it? What if I just do it?"

"What? No! You can't!" April replied. "You couldn't possibly want to fuck her!"

"Of course not!" Blake said. "But... I don't see another option here."

"Blake, she's an old lady. And she's, like, crazy!" April affirmed.

"I know!" Blake replied. "I don't want to do this either! But we're kinda boned here. I don't know what else to do!" April tried to think up anything, any other option, but Blake could tell she was coming around to the only possible outcome.

"I... I..." April stammered.

"Look, like you said, she's an old lady. She's not some supermodel. She's not a porn star. If I'm, like, forced to do this, then, isn't it best to do this with someone like her? Someone I won't enjoy it with that much?" Blake asked. April shrugged she shoulders.

"I... I... I don't know, baby," April said, her eyes tearing up, knowing he was right.

"April, I am so sorry for this," Blake said, hugging his wife. "This is my fault. I never should have put us in this mess."

"No, it's not you... it's her. It's that twisted bitch!" April spat out, her feelings towards this older woman now understandably negative.

"I assure you, April, this isn't what I want," Blake affirmed again. Finally, she nodded, giving her tacit approval to what was next.

"I know, I know." April said, shaking her head, looking at the window, at the swirling storm out there. "Just, uh... just promise not to, like, uh... enjoy it too much."

"Trust me," he replied, smiling at her. "I won't." He gave his wife a kiss and hugged her close.

"And when this is all done, when we leave here... we never talk about this again," April said into his ear, making this vow in complete seriousness. "Once we leave, I don't want to ever, ever think about this."

"Agreed." Blake said, knowing he probably wouldn't want to think much about what he was about to do. Giving her one last look, he turned away, cracked his neck, then walked forward. He pushed open the bedroom door, entering the darkness, and

shut the door behind him, the door closing with a loud click. A click of finality.

A MILF was about to get fucked by a young, prime buck. And a young, pretty wife was being left out. Just as Greta planned it.

April trusted her husband. He would just get the job done. No funny business.

April was so, so wrong.

What a pair of naïve fools, they both were.

Observing an older woman in heated sexual action has become one of the most popular activities in modern times. Many men quickly grew addicted to witnessing this advanced form of lewd fucking on a computer screen. And many younger men, despite any denials they might tell their wives or girlfriends, despite anything he might tell himself, would give up damn near anything to have sex with a woman nearly double his age if presented the opportunity. It was still impossible to explain

why this was the case. Why so many young men wanted to pair off with an old lady. To slide his thick, throbbing young prick into the tight experienced cunt of an older woman. To feel a pair of massive, mature breasts filling his palms, or smothering his face. To get fucked into absolute and total submission by an older woman, to feel all those years of experience pleasuring his cock, and be her fuck toy forever.

Unfortunately for April, Greta suspected that Blake could be converted into one of those men.

Blake had never given any signs of having this preference. He never said or did anything that might indicate this. He even somehow avoided the near irresistible lure of MILF porn in his travels on the internet. Yet, Greta seemed certain that Blake would go along with her sick demands. Why?

Did Blake possess a dormant desire for older women, ready to be brought to the surface now by this cunning older black woman? Or were these desires about to be forced into existence by sheer force of will, through hours of intense fucking?

Or did it not even matter?

Greta had an experienced, trained eye, and she'd been doing this for years, so her evaluation could be trusted. In her experience, most younger men had a deep-seeded MILF lust. And the ones who didn't had simply never considered it before. Luckily for her, and women like her, MILF lust was so potent that any guy could pick it up. Even the most normal, straight-laced, decent young man could be converted into a cursing, rutting MILF-lover through hours and days and weeks of brutal, nasty sex. Greta suspected Blake was one of these normal, straight-laced men, which would make what comes next very, VERY fun for her.

The click of the door shutting behind him sent of a jolt of fear down Blake's spine. He had stepped into the darkness, now alone with Greta in her dim bedroom, this forbidden tableau lit only by a shaded lamp in the far corner. The bed was large, built for two, built of sturdy wood, a heavy headboard, and adorned with smooth black sheets, designed to caress bare, naked flesh. It was a bed built for sex, and the knowledge of that sent a dark thrill of fear down Blake's spine, and a jolt of pleasure through his cock.

Blake looked over at Greta as she stood with her hands on her hips, appraising the young stud now in her bedroom. The prey had wandered into the lioness's lair, and she was licking her lips in anticipation. He had marched up to her doorstep, so cocksure, so confident. A young lion on the prowl, so certain

of his superiority, so sure that he was king of the mountain. But now, being faced down by the scheming lioness in front of him, he was shaking with anger and fear.

The young stud knew what was coming, but he was only now beginning to sense how much trouble he was in. On a bone-deep level, he could feel this older woman's dark plans for him. Being locked in a room alone with her, he could feel the tension in the room. He could feel the dark, sinful sexual energy emanating from her. While he obviously understood what he came in there to do, it was only now that he truly understood what that would entail. He only now realized what occurs when you put a woman as mature and aggressive and beautiful as her in a room alone with a stud like him at his physical peak. And what occurs is intense, brutal lovemaking. The type of physical, furious breeding that can only occur between an older woman and a younger man, where each can express their filthiest desires with someone who could keep up with them. And now that he was at the precipice of something this life changing, the younger man lashed out.

"This is messed up, you know that?" Blake said in an upset growl. The older woman smirked.

"If you knew how much you're gonna enjoy this, you wouldn't be complaining," Greta purred, stepping towards him, her massive, heavy breasts jiggling as she did so.

The bouncing was almost hypnotic...

She approached him slowly, moving in close, making him shiver at their close proximity. When she reached up and rested a hand on his shoulder, he almost jumped out of his skin. "Relax, baby..." she cooed, stepping up behind him, letting her huge tits press against his back, trying to calm him down. She reached up and gripped his other shoulder and began to massage him. "All you young guys always start off so nervous. But don't worry... I've been getting deep-dicked by hunky young guys for years. I know what I'm doing. Trust me... you're gonna love it."

At this proclamation, he bristled, pulling his shoulders from her grasp. She smiled as she watched the young man react. He was so angry, she noticed with delight. She couldn't wait to see that anger taken out on her cunt as he pounded his hard cock into her as hard as he could, making her scream with pleasure. He turned to face her, his fury evident in his eyes.

"Oh honey..." she said, smirking, slowly moving back around him. "It's just sex. Hot, sweaty naked sex. I'm surprised someone your age is being so precious about it. The storms raging out there, and it won't be any quieter in here. We're about to have A LOT of sex, honey. Every waking moment, until that storm clears, me and you are gonna be doing it! And you might not think so now, but when I'm done, you won't want to leave!" She said, smiling, standing right in front of him.

"Bullshit!" he replied stubbornly, still with a bit of fight in him.

"Well, let's see if these change your mind," she said, reaching for her bra. Despite all the objections on the tip of his tongue, at the prospect of seeing Greta's gigantic black breasts, those words caught in his throat. As Greta reached back to undo her bra, she arched her back, pushing her breasts outward. And when she unsnapped her bra, the black lace garment almost leapt forward, catapulting off her chest, down her arms and onto the floor, exposing her tits to him for the first time.

Blake's eyes widened in stunned silence. He couldn't stand this woman, with how she had manipulated this emergency situation to slake her wicked desires. He hated her for inserting herself into his otherwise happy, perfect marriage. Forcing him into doing this, something so wrong and immoral. Forcing his

wife to just sit there and let it happen, humiliating her thoroughly.

That all being said, her big, naked breasts were magnificent.

They were fucking enormous. Without exaggeration, they were the size of fucking volleyballs. Due to their insane size, there was admittedly a slight bit of sag to those massive udders, but for as huge as they were, they were impressively perky. They were so huge and so perfectly shaped that they formed a natural fault-line of cleavage. Full and deep and inescapable. The married man gazed rapturously at this brazen display of sensual chocolate skin she was presenting him. Her smooth, soft, luscious black flesh looked absolutely perfect exposed like this, and her dark rock-hard nipples arrested his gaze.

"Mmm... not so upset now, are you baby?" she purred with a small, wicked smirk, stepping towards him slowly. He was silent. His eyes stayed locked on her big tits, which were quivering hypnotically as she approached him. He didn't speak. He didn't move. He stood frozen, like the prey in the sights of the dominant predator, and he knew there was no escape. All he could do was stare at her exposed breasts, his mouth drooling. And despite all his objections to the contrary, his cock was pulsing with excitement, desperate to his escape

his pants. He was really enjoying what he was seeing. Like many men, he was beginning to learn the fact that he enjoyed being hunted by a dominant woman.

He had been trained for years to desire sweet, loving, kind-hearted courtship. And in response, darker desires began to form deep down inside him. A desire for the forbidden. A craving for that which he should never desire. Instead of a relationship built on love and friendship with a cute young girl, he had a desire to be callously treated like a piece of meat by a cruel, ruthless older woman. And that was where Blake found himself. Hunted, poached and stolen by this alpha queen predator, this older, curvy black woman with monster cans. And he couldn't look away. A virile younger man was slowly becoming entranced by an older woman's obscenely large tits, as so many had before. His descent into submission was accelerating.

Greta stepped in close to him confidently. "Here, baby..." she said quietly, reaching down and making physical contact, wrapping her slim, old fingers around his young wrists, pulling his hands upward. Before he knew it, his open palms made contact with her giant breasts.

"There you go, baby, touch me," Greta purred, sliding her hands over his, making the married man dig his fingers into her big tits.

"Oh..." he groaned from deep in his throat as he felt his hands digging into the older woman's luscious black breasts. He was in shock. They were amazing! They were so goddamn soft. And smooth. They felt amazing between his fingers. They were so massive and so firm they almost swallowed his big, manly hands up in their voluminous size. His large white hands looked amazing against her dark, black skin, the color contrast really absorbing his attention. It was as if her skin was meant for this sole purpose, to lure wayward white husbands to their doom. He couldn't get enough. He couldn't look away. He couldn't stop feeling them. He couldn't stop squeezing them, even as Greta released her grip on him and lowered her hands to her sides, allowing the young married man free reign on her big, mature titties.

"Haha! YES! Your hands feel so good on my tits!" Greta called out loudly, making sure the young wife in the living room could hear her, establishing her dominance of the younger woman. "You couldn't wait to get your hands on them! YES!" Blake couldn't help but register that he should be annoyed, but he was so absorbed with squeezing the older woman's giant black melons that he didn't say a thing. He didn't raise a word of objection in defense of himself. He just kept squeezing those

dark, fleshy boobs, the feeling irresistible. The sensation of her giant black tits in his hands and her hard nipples in his palms was enough to drown out any objections in the young white husband.

"You see how quickly you stopped fighting me?" Greta boasted as the married man continued groping her big tits, sexual electricity flowing through his veins. "I told you, baby... you're gonna love this! But you knew that, didn't you? You knew that you would enjoy this from the second you walked in this room. Didn't you? You knew deep down that you wanted to fuck me. In fact, from the second you walked into my house, you wanted nothing more than to rip off my clothes, throw me down, and fuck me! Didn't you? You wanted to ravish me from the second we met. Right, baby?"

This was a common maneuver. An attempt to gaslight the younger man and convince him that this was what he had always wanted, even though, by all accounts, this was not the case. It wasn't like Blake walked into Greta's house looking to find some old lady to fuck. Far from it. But, if she convinced him that it might be true, hammering this belief into him through vigorous, brutal sex, then he would start to believe it. He would start to believe that fucking an old lady was all he ever wanted, all he was built for, and if he accepted this as a truth, then it was over. His time fucking younger women was effectively over and done, and only older women would be on

the receiving end of his lusty desires. It was a daring maneuver on Greta's part, and unfortunately, it was a chillingly effective one.

"No..." Blake said weakly, toying with nipples between his fingers, only able to look up from her exposed black boobs for a second before gazing at his own busy hands.

"There's no need to deny it, hon," Great said, jutting her chest out into his hands. "You can be honest with me. We're about to become lovers. We're about to know each other on a raw, physical, animalistic level. By the time we're done, there will be nothing to hide between us. No secrets. I'll know the truth, as will you. You'll be SCREAMING out the truth! Haha..."

As Blake kept groping her enormous black tits, he looked up into her eyes, an angry fire in his. But she wasn't gonna allow him to keep this silent act up.

"Alright, if you're gonna keep this shit up, I'm gonna put that fucking mouth to work," she announced. Before he could react, she reached up, grabbed the back of his head, and pulled his face forward into her chest, lodging his handsome face into her succulent cleavage. She gripped onto him hard, scrubbing her massive black tits against his face.

Blake didn't have time to react before his face was smothered in softness. The older woman's fleshy melons were molded to his face, smothering him in warmth, muffling all sound. He wanted to fight back, but he couldn't help himself from embracing this experience completely, reflexively scrubbing his face against the older woman's succulent breasts. He slid his handsome features against her giant black melons, eyes closed, groaning in pleasure. His hands stayed glued to her big tits, cupping them, squeezing them greedily. He kneeled down slightly, allowing his face to slide against the front of her breasts. And when he felt a hard nipple against his lips, he knew he had to act. Past rational thought, his mouth opened, taking the hard nipple in.

"Ahhh! Yes!" Greta moaned. "That's it baby! Suck my big black tits! It's what you've wanted from the start!" she said as she felt the younger man's eager mouth attacking the hard nub. His lips engulfed the erect nipple, and his tongue lavished it with gleeful worship as he sucked at it eagerly. "You see, honey..." she began. "All you proud young guys come in here, with all this fight and bluster, but all you really want is to suck Momma's big titties. Hmmm... yes!"

Greta cradled the married man's head to her breast as he sucked her nipples, switching from one to the other. The

married man knew better, he really did. He knew he shouldn't enjoy any part of this, but he couldn't stop himself from losing himself for a moment. Greta's big tits made him lose control, especially being face deep against them. He knew he had to do this, but his goal was to do it as dispassionately as possible. That being said, this old lady's big tits were inspiring him into action, and he sadly found himself getting into this more than he thought possible. Her huge boobs were driving him crazy with lust, and he was struggling to control himself, attacking her hard nipples with passion as his hands continued eagerly groping her giant melons. They were just perfect!

That was how quickly a good man like Blake could fall under an older woman's sway. Hours prior, he had walked into this home, completely and totally loyal to April. Now, he was ravenously sucking this older woman's big tits. And he couldn't get enough.

This would probably not be as world-changing of an experience if he had experienced anything like it before. But, other than a few short-term relationships in his early high school days, April was his only serious girlfriend. He had never wanted to be perceived as the type of guy who went after girls for purely physical reasons, so he always kept a distance from the girls with big tits and hot asses who would be trying to work it constantly. That was how this prime bit of meat, this handsome white stud, ended up with a girl with a flat chest

and no ass. That was how a guy like him had been denied this essential pleasure. Because he felt that it was wrong to look at girls any other way. Because society taught him that. But this same lesson made the handsome young white man especially vulnerable to a woman like Greta, a curvaceous older woman who was wicked and merciless. Who didn't feel the need to play fair. It was as if the rules of society had forced him into the position he was in now.

It was as if the hands of fate favored these older women.

"You're a natural, baby," the older woman purred. "That mouth of yours feels perfect on me! I want to feel it all over me! So eager! You must really love my big tits!" His hungry mouth kept tugging at her nipples, tongue swirling, coating them with his heated spit. At the same time, his hands couldn't get enough of her luscious tits, still squeezing them over and over again. He was in a daze as he fully embraced her huge melons. They were amazing. So fucking soft! He had never seen tits that big, let alone felt boobs of such a size. It was incredible. He could go on the rest of the night like this, feeling her immaculate tits in his palms and against his face.

He had never felt anything like this. He had never been so lust-crazed. April's stick figure body was simply not capable of inspiring such lust in a man. But Greta's luscious, mature, sexy

body was, and it was doing its job with the younger married man, drawing him towards his fate on a wave of broiling pleasure. It was as if her big hard nipples were conduits of lust and sin, and the more he sucked on the hard, rubbery caps, the more intoxicating lust he felt.

Finally, eager to move this along to the next stage, Greta released her grip on his head and stepped back. Unwilling to take his mouth off the older woman's luscious tits, he kept sucking them, even as she moved away from him. Eventually, she stepped far away enough from him, so that, in his lust-induced daze, he lost his balance. He fell forward onto his hands and knees, still absorbed in the older woman's chest. As he fell, his hungry mouth was pulled from her heaving tits, panting for breath. While he did so, Greta sat down onto the bed, leaned back on one elbow, and reached down with her other hand to pull her thong to the side, exposing her mature cunt to the married man for the first time. Her tight sex-hole was dripping with her juices, adorned with a neatly trimmed strip of pubic hair, and it was right in front of his face. She snapped her fingers at the married man and pointed at her waiting pussy.

"Eat," she commanded firmly. Dominantly. Gasping for breath, he stared at her waiting cunt and hesitated. Sucking her tits was one thing. But eating her out? That felt so... intimate. He didn't know if he could...

But Greta wasn't about to put up with any reluctance. She had high expectations of her lovers. He was in her bedroom. He knew the score. And now, it was time to act. Extending her stocking clad leg, she wrapped her calf around the back of his head and pulled him forward.

"Greta, wait..." he called out, before his face mashed into her mature vagina. Now within reach, she grabbed his scalp harshly and pulled him against her cunt roughly.

"Eat that cunt, baby! Eat it!" Greta urged him roughly, swiveling her hips, grinding her cunt against his face, trying to coax her prey's hesitant tongue into her wicked pussy. "Eat that nasty cunt! You know you want to! Open up that mouth and get busy! You know that pussy's gonna be the best you ever tasted!"

Blake was completely in shock. He was normally so in control. So confident. But Greta... she was so aggressive. She kept forcing things along, cutting through any reservations he had. He couldn't even explain how he ended up here. A couple hours prior, he was in his car, braving the snowy roads. Now, his face was mashed up against an old lady's pussy. His eyes were wide as she ground herself lewdly against his closed mouth. He could smell her intoxicating scent. He could taste a sample of her divine juices. Every fiber inside him was telling

him to proceed, to just obey her wicked wishes, to ride the wave of lust inside of him, and fucking go to town on the delicious pussy pressed against his mouth. But that one nagging doubt in the back of his head, the one that remembered that he was married, that he shouldn't be doing this, still held him back. But there didn't seem to be any escape. He didn't seem to have any choice. Greta wasn't gonna let him go anywhere without getting the job done. So, reminding himself not to enjoy himself too much, he opened his mouth tentatively, and extended his tongue lightly.

"Ahhh! That's it!" Greta moaned out. "Hahaha! YES! You were fighting so hard for your wife, but now look at you. Tongue in some old slut's pussy! Yes!" She moaned out as he stabbed into her cunt, and despite everything, he couldn't ignore how fucking incredible her cunt tasted. Even his own young, sweet wife didn't taste as good as this older black woman. Knowing the first main barrier had been crossed, he allowed himself to continue, to just play this out. He gave himself an excuse to enjoy it, since he'd been forced into this by her wicked machinations. So, like a famished man presented with his favorite meal, he dove in, savoring Greta's delicious cunt. He couldn't stop himself from eagerly stabbing his tongue into Greta's cunt over and over again, licking at her sweet folds, gathering her tasty juices onto his tongue. She tasted so good! How could she taste so amazing?

"Oh my! I knew you'd be good, fuck... but I didn't think you'd be this good! You love that fucking nasty cunt, don't you? UGHHH! Yes! " Greta moaned out, running her hands over her big tits as she squirmed in pleasure. Blake was in a daze, and he soon became totally engrossed in the lewd, indecent act he was taking part in. Where once he had been hesitant, he soon became aggressive, attacking the older woman's cunt savagely, eating her out like a starving man, his tongue in overdrive, working himself up into a fervor. "Yes! YES! GOD YES! Eat that fucking cunt! Eat me out baby! YES!" she screamed out, her voiced echoing through the otherwise silent house, ensuring the pathetic white wife in the other room would hear her. "God, baby! Yes! You can't get enough! You're all up in me, baby! That tongue of yours is so deep inside my fucking pussy! YES!" Blake was in a haze, his head moving around as his tongue stabbed into the older woman's cunt zealously. Her juicy cunt was dripping with excitement, her juices leaking past his closed mouth. She patted his head approvingly as his eager mouth made her wetter and wetter.

"That mouth of yours is gonna make you extremely popular. Yes!" she groaned as she squirmed against his eager mouth. "You're gonna be making old ladies like me scream with that fucking mouth. Yes!" His young, thick tongue was parting her folds, digging into her, savoring her delightful juices. He would swipe at her pussy walls, before sliding his tongue along her puffy lips, before teasing her clit in just the right way.

He had her close to her explosion already with the way he was ferociously eating her out. "Okay... okay, baby. Slow down," she urged him, as her palm pushed him back by the forehead. He fell back into a seating position, panting for breath, looking up at her, confused. Deftly, she pushed herself up and got onto her feet, her giant breasts swaying and bouncing as she did so. "Stand up, hon. Up, up..." she urged him impatiently. In his haze, he had no other choice but to comply. As soon as he stood, she gave him another order. "Clothes off... now. All of them. I wanna see my prize."

She had slowly and ruthlessly trained the younger man to the point where he was simply going along with her commands, barely questioning her now. Her brutal and unflinching demands had taken its toll on the frazzled younger man, and he couldn't help but comply.

Slowly, his hands went to the hem of his shirt and began to lift it, exposing his fit torso and chest. As he did so, her hands went straight to his pants, attacking his belt buckle with her slim fingers, undoing it quickly. Before he knew it, the button was undone, his zipper lowered. And with her fingers digging into the hem of both his pants and his underwear, she tugged them both down to his knees, revealing his married dick to her eyes for the first time.

"Wow!" she said, eyes widening as Blake's thick, throbbing penis swayed in the air in front of her. A dense, beefy nine-incher, as hard as a rock, straining for release, with a fat, throbbing mushroom tip. Below his throbbing weapon was a pair of large swollen balls, filled to the brim with thick, young cum. Keeping her eyes on his pulsing, angry weapon, she pulled his pants all the way down to his feet, allowing him to step out of them. As she stood back up, he dropped his shirt to the floor, leaving him exposed in front of this older black woman. She stepped back and admired the naked married man.

He was perfect. A nice fit belly, but not overly so. A firm, broad chest. Great, manly arms, very well-muscled. Adding that on to his cute, bare butt and that impressive weapon, this young man was ideal for her. A perfect mate, someone who belonged in the bed of a woman like her.

It was time to make that a reality.

Grabbing him by the shoulders, she pulled him around and pushed him back onto the bed, his weapon rising upward, calling to her. His nervous gaze on Greta, he watched as she reached down and deftly tugged down her thong, letting it fall the floor. She now stood practically naked in front of the married man, the only things she had left on were the sheer

stockings adorning her legs. Smirking down at the naked stud on her bed, she sauntered around the mattress before climbing onto it from the side. She crawled on the bed towards him on all fours, her massive udders almost grazing against the bedspread, they were so big. Before he knew it, Greta crawled in close and, facing away from him, brought one leg over his face, straddling him. Before he realized it, he was looking up at her dripping cunt and her big, round ass. Suddenly, he realized what was about to happen.

"Greta, wait..." the married man began, but before he could finish, Greta sat on his face. His handsome face was now wedged in between Greta's ass-cheeks, with her dripping pussy pressed against his closed lips. "MMMPPHH!" He moaned out, his words muffled by the black woman's pussy.

"Don't be shy, honey..." the older woman purred. "I already know how good your mouth feels. Get back to work. Mama needs to cum good and hard!" Tentatively, his tongue extended from his mouth once more, sliding into her wet pussy. "Ahhh! That's it baby! Yes!" she moaned out as he got back into the groove, pleasuring her once again. She ground herself lewdly against the younger man's face as he ate her out, humping against his eager tongue. She slid herself against him, forcing the young man's firm extended tongue to slide against her, all the way from her dripping pussy to all the way up into the deep crevasse of her ass-crack, grazing her tight asshole. He

moaned out at this, but she just ground against him harder, pressing his head into the bed. "Take it, baby. Take it! This is what you want... don't try and deny it!" Greta ground her asshole right against his mouth as she barked this command.

Blake was lying there, smothered between the ass-cheeks of this older woman. Her full weight was resting on his face, putting the pressure on his head as she ground it into the bed. His face was smothered in warmth as the full, firm cheeks of her ass pressed against his handsome face. His jaw was wedged between the cheeks as her asshole slid against his open mouth. Looking up, his brow coated with sweat, all he could see was the round fullness of her big ass above him, consuming his vision. Knowing there was no way out from the predicament, he again gave her what she wanted, actively sliding his tongue against the older woman's asshole.

"Mmm... that's it, baby. Rim my fucking asshole!" Greta moaned out, grinding her ass down into his face. She rewarded his submission by reaching forward and snaking her fingers around the root of his cock, lightly stroking the younger white man's impressive weapon.

Blake had never done anything like this before. April was not into ass-play in the slightest. But Greta clearly was. And although he was initially hesitant to perform such a lewd act,

he soon realized that he didn't mind rimming the older black woman's tight asshole. Instead of being disgusted at being forced to do this, he found the lewdness of this act strangely exciting. He soon began to really dig in, tonguing her tight asshole energetically.

"Ahhhh! Yes! Slide that sexy tongue of yours up my fucking ass, honey! Yes!" Greta moaned loudly, grinding herself against him, making sure his little white wife knew he was rimming this old slut. Her position above him allowed her to admire his thick, married cock. It was a beautiful dick. Thick and meaty. A nice, prominent spongy head, plus a pair of truly excellent cum-filled balls. It was the perfect type of cock to pleasure old whores like herself. A dick that was supposedly designed for women his own age, but was too lengthy and too delicious to be trusted to them. Only an aged slut like herself could handle a big, fat young cock like his to its full potential. And she intended to.

"Oh my God, baby," she purred, feeling his iron-hard pillar throbbing in her hand as she languidly stroked him. "I've never felt a cock THIS hard before! Wow! You must be REALLY enjoying yourself! Haha!" Greta moved in closer to it, moving down so her massive bare tits pressed into his fit belly, ballooning outward. In this new position, she admired his tree-trunk cock up close, admiring how perfect his white cock looked between her aged, nimble black fingers as she jacked

him off. His masculine weapon even smelled good as it stood poised just beneath her nose, making her mouth water. "And if you love my hand, then you're really gonna love this..." And with that, she opened her mouth and swallowed a good six inches of his young cock.

"HHNNNGGGHHH!" Blake groaned loudly beneath her as he felt her heated mouth inhale his straining prick. Her plump lips wrapped around his meaty cock and her nimble tongue went to work, gliding against his bone-hard shaft, making him squirm in pleasure beneath her. He hated this old slut for what she had done, but he couldn't deny how amazing her mouth felt on his cock. She began bobbing on his swollen weapon, taking more and more cock on each go, smothering his dick in her heated saliva.

"Mmmpphhhh!" Greta moaned around Blake's cock. Bending forward to get her mouth on him put her gushing pussy right up against his eager mouth again, and his nimble tongue kept at it, returning to her tasty pussy, reciprocating the same pleasure she was giving him.

Greta bobbed on Blake's cock eagerly, enjoying the flavor of it against her tongue. Her spit dripped down his cock as her heated mouth sucked him off, coating the rest of his throbbing prick and heavy, swollen balls in her broiling saliva. Each time

she drove down, she took more of his married cock down her tight throat, making him groan in pleasure.

He'd never had his cock sucked this well. April did suck his dick, but she never did so with such vigor. She never sucked him off like a total whore, which quite frankly, sometimes, a guy really needs. And this old slut was giving him that, giving him something his wife never could.

And they were only just getting started.

A few hours prior, he was in a car with his wife, driving through this terrible storm, nervous about the weather, but content with their marriage. Now, here he was, sixty-nining with some old black woman he barely knew while his wife was crying in the next room. That's how fast things could change. That's how fast an older woman like Greta could steal a married man. A young woman could barely afford to let her husband out of her sight anymore, for fear of him being poached by an older, experienced and, quite frankly, better woman.

It was hard to watch a scenario like this and not view the older woman as the superior one. She just seemed far more talented and cunning than her younger rival, and if an old slut can steal

a younger man like this from right under his wife's nose, it was hard not to respect that level of skill in some way. It was hard to deny them what they seemed to have rightfully earned, despite how sinful the scenario was. And in a matter of a few hours, Greta had earned this. That's how potent her raw, animal sexuality was to a younger man like Blake. And in truth, that's how little his marriage actually mattered to him.

Because if he was truly satisfied, if his vows really mattered to him, he wouldn't be here, beneath some curvaceous old black woman he barely knew, pumping his swollen cock up into her waiting mouth, treating her mouth like a fuck-hole while eagerly dining on her dripping, mature cunt. If his vows were truly strong, they wouldn't have crumbled so quickly when faced down by a predator such as Greta. It was almost as if these younger women just couldn't compete. As if what they offered simply couldn't compare to what an older woman could give him. Women like Greta would never lose in the same way a young woman like April was losing here. Only younger women could lose this badly.

April was younger, skinnier, and cuter than Greta. Yet, April was the one sobbing, alone, while her husband was alone with this older, thick, juicy black woman, fucking her tight throat and eating her tasty cunt. His young, lovely wife sat out impotently while her husband wrapped his arms around Greta's waist and cupped her ass, pulling her down into him,

allowing his mouth to devour her tasty pussy while he pumped his cock up into her waiting mouth. Despite any objections he might still put up, he was starting to get into this. The married man was beginning to enjoy hooking up with this old woman. The decision he had made to join her in her bedroom was being proven wise.

Sure, she had put the pressure on him, practically blackmailing him, but Blake had picked Greta over April. When it came down to the moment of truth, he chose another woman over his wife. And none of them would ever forget that.

There was precedent for this. When the pressure was on, when it came down to the moment of truth, it was common for a young buck like him to opt for the experienced woman in situations like this. It was the way of the jungle. The animal kingdom. Somehow, somehow, it seemed like it was almost deeply ingrained in these young men that older women were better at sex. On an instinctual level, they seemed to understand that these older women were a better option for breeding, due to their years of sexual experience, their aggressive natures, and their curvaceous forms, specifically their massive, succulent breasts.

There was an undeniable one-to-one correlation of women with excessive cup sizes being viewed as more attractive by

younger men. It was just the truth. Men liked women with big boobs, the bigger the better. Boobs had always been seen as a symbol of sexual appeal, and as time went on, that appeal only grew. Boobs were valued in society, the bigger the boobs, the greater the value. Women could rise to positions of power and privilege solely due to the size of their oversized busts. Pictures of large breasts could be found anywhere you looked, it seemed. And men were getting even more enraptured by them as time went on. Older women knew this and used it. The best of them, women like Greta, had already started off with large breasts, and aging and bearing children had only made them swell up even bigger, to almost obscene sizes. It was only a matter of time before these gorgeous, horned-up older women with watermelon sized breasts decided to use them for sin. It was an inevitability.

And it was not only boobs. Butts had only gotten more in vogue as time went on, and men had learned to appreciate large, shapely asses. And for the same reasons that allowed older women to have massive tits, specifically bearing children, meant that women like Greta had these perfect, big, round, juicy asses. Butts far more appealing to men than the ones possessed by the young skinny girls they were supposed to like.

So, these older women were designed to have both bigger boobs and shapelier, juicier asses. And society had deemed

that these were the two things that men were supposed to find the most appealing in women. The deck seemed stacked in favor of older women. It was almost as if these younger women couldn't match up to what these older women could offer.

And Blake was staring to realize that.

"MMMPPPHHH!" Blake groaned loudly, muffled by Greta's cunt. He had never had his cock sucked this well. Greta was swallowing his swollen prick from tip to nuts in a smooth, fluid rhythm, driving him crazy with the intense suction, her heated spit, and her serpentine tongue. His cock was throbbing with pleasure. He was gonna cum soon if she kept at it like this. And with the way her pussy was dripping with her copious juices, she was right behind him.

"Ahhh!" Greta moaned out, lifting her mouth, panting for breath as she let his nine inch weapon slide out from her throat.

"Wait... please! Please!" Blake called out, pulling his mouth from her delightful pussy to beg. His hips humped upwards, hard as iron, seeking out her heavenly mouth, hoping she'd take him over the edge. But it was not time for that. Not yet. "Greta, plea... hhmmpphhhh!" His words were muffled as she sat up, grinding her pussy on his face.

"Alright, babe. No more waiting. I'm ready for that fucking married cock!" she said, lifting her pussy from his face, crawling down the bed. Turning around to face him, she straddled his crotch, hovering her wet pussy over his waiting pillar.

Dazed, his blood flowing with endorphins, he looked up at Greta above him. Despite how good her mouth had felt around him, despite how good her fucking mammoth melons looked right now, jiggling above him, this was a monumental moment. He was about to cheat. His cock was about to enter another woman's vagina. He had to speak up.

"Greta, please..." he began, but his words were only met by a sly smile. "Wait, donaaahhhhhHHHH! FUCK!" Interrupting his objections, the older black woman sat down on his swollen penis. He groaned and shivered in pleasure as he felt his bare cock inside a new pussy. A different pussy. Perhaps, a superior pussy. Her soaked, experienced cunt was stretched around his meaty shaft, her folds parting, accepting his married cock inside her. Her tight walls gripped his pulsing weapon, holding it tightly, sending waves of pleasure through him.

"Ughhh... Jesus, that white cock's fucking big!" Greta groaned, eyes closing as pleasure coursed through her luscious body as her pussy swallowed up more and more of his married dick.

She bit her lower lip as her pussy stretched to contain Blake's big cock.

"Fuck! Greta..." he sighed, his head rolling in pleasure. He could barely breathe, it felt so good. He had always enjoyed intercourse with his wife, but this... this was something he had never felt before.

"Ohhh... fuck!" Greta moaned as her ass landed on Blake's thighs. He was fully inside her now. April's pussy could barely take half of his girthy shaft, but this older woman's nasty cunt could take every inch of his massive cock and squeeze it tighter than his wife's ever could. His cock was almost vibrating with pleasure, it felt so good. She swiveled around his post, her snug, experienced pussy getting used to his beefy cock.

"God damn!" Blake sighed, his hands rising from the bed, squeezing into fists as he tried his best to withstand this pleasure. Her pussy smothering every inch of his bloated shaft felt SO FUCKING GOOD. He had never felt anything like it. This... this old lady... this scheming older black lady... she was doing things to his cock that had never been done before.

"Here, baby..." Greta sighed, her voice heavy with lust, as she grabbed his wrists and pulled them towards her. She coaxed

his open palms and pressed them into her chest, and his hands began eagerly squeezing her massive round breasts without the slightest bit of hesitation. In a moment like this, his hands needed the comfort of her massive black titties. His hands stayed in place when she released her hold on him, still gripping her big black tits eagerly as she brought her hands to his chest, her nails digging into his skin. "You do this, and I'll do this." At that, she began bouncing on his married cock.

"Oh God!" he groaned as her pussy began going up and down on his straining dick. His fit young body squirmed beneath her, his fingers digging into her succulent tits, his white fingers pressed into her black flesh.

"You feel that, baby?" Greta asked, bouncing on him. "Me and you are lovers now. You are cheating on your wife with me. You're all young and handsome, and your wife's young and cute, but the first chance you got, you stepped out on that bitch. Just so you could hook up with me. An old, black whore you barely know. Ughhh! FUCK!"

"No..." he groaned, trying to withstand the incredible pleasure this evil bitch was inflicting on him as she spun the facts.

"God! That white cock feels SO good inside me! FUCK YES!" she moaned out loudly. "Tell me how good that pussy is! Tell me!"

His hips were pumping up into her as she drove down into him. His hands kept feeling up her big, fleshy black breasts. But his mouth was zipped shut. He shook his head, trying to deny the pleasure he was feeling.

"Aren't I perfect, baby?" Greta moaned, bouncing on his big cock faster and faster. "Aren't I your perfect fantasy woman? Your cock is so hard inside me! UGHHH! GOD! YES! It must really love my fucking cunt! And you couldn't take your eyes off my ass earlier. Didn't it feel so good to the touch? And my tits? Haha... you can't take your hands off my big black tits! Yes!" Through all this, he kept shaking his head, trying to deny her, even though his hands were still greedily squeezing her mammoth tits shamelessly. And he couldn't open his mouth, because if he did, he'd probably moan.

"C'mon, baby, talk to me. Fuck! Yes!" she seethed in pleasure. "Talk to your new Mama! Shit! Talk to your lover! Yes! Your dream woman! Your slut! YES! YES! Scream it, white boy! Fuck! I want to hear you fucking scream! YES!" She moaned out, her curvaceous form bouncing on top of him, treating his

fit body like a trampoline, driving all the way up and down on each bounce.

"Nnnnoooooougghh!" Blake groaned out unbidden, the moan coming from deep in his throat. The pleasure of her mature black cunt around his cock, gripping it snugly, smothering it with tightness and pressure. Coating his smooth white shaft with her slippery juices. And the heat... fuck, the heat. On a cold night like this one, there was no better feeling than having his thick cock buried in this old slut's sizzling black cunt. But still, through all of this, his lips didn't part.

"You love it! Fuck!" Greta moaned, trying to make this white husband scream in pleasure. "You fucking love it! You've never had sex this good! Your big white cock is as hard as fucking iron inside me! Fuck! Your cock is as hard as it's ever been, and it's because of me! Yes! It's not your wife, but me! Yes! Your cock is feeling the greatest pleasure it ever has, and it's because of an older woman's cunt! Not your wife's pretty little pussy, but my nasty fucking cunt! Ugh! Fuck! You can't get enough! Yes! Tell me! Tell me my cunt's the best you've ever felt! Fuck! FUCK! Tell me... TELL ME!"

"Nnnnuuughh!" he groaned, still not forming words, yet his hands were still greedily groping the older woman's jiggling rack. They bounced in his palms as this mature black woman

rode him furiously, taking him from knob to root like the seasoned whore she was. And slowly, through every bounce, she was breaking him. Each time her tight, deep cunt swallowed his thick married shaft, it wore him down. Every time her big, shapely, mature ass slammed into his thighs, his objections seemed less important. Every time the bed winced beneath them from the furious copulation taking place on top of it, his marital vows seemed to lessen in importance. His wife seemed to matter less and less and less with each bounce. And as every bit of filth left her lips, any shame or reluctance he might have felt for fucking this old slut mere feet away from his wife seemed to disappear. And every time her amazing, claspings, dripping wet cunt swallowed his cock to the root, her twisted words began to make more and more sense.

"It's gonna feel so much better once you let loose, baby..." she purred, this old woman bouncing her ass in an absolutely perfect way, riding his cock like an expert slut, taking him to the root on every bounce. Her ass was slamming into his thighs as she rode him, her curvaceous body bouncing on top of his, her giant breasts jiggling hypnotically in his palms. His hands kept squeezing her immaculate soft, giant black tits, the sight of his pale hands against the smooth dark skin and the feel of them between his fingers was driving him crazy with lust. And her amazing, dripping, tighter than tight cunt was treating his cock perfectly, smothering it with immaculate tightness, carrying him to the edge. It was getting harder and harder not

to vocalize his pleasure. This older woman's amazing fuck skills were doing its number on him, slowly winning him over. His mind might be in turmoil, but his cock was swelling with delight. His mind might be thinking of his wife, but his cock wanted nothing more than to fill this older woman's amazing cunt with his thick married cum. Fucking down into him roughly, trying to make the younger man scream, Greta took his entire length inside her and squeezed her cunt around him, grinding her pussy around his full length, trying to make him explode.

"MMMMMmmmmm!" he groaned, squirming beneath her, mouth clenched shut, his body tensed with excitement. Finally, she released her cunt's tight grip on his cock, letting his balls simmer.

"C'mon baby, talk to me..." she urged him teasingly, sliding her ass against his lap, swiveling around his swollen post, before she squeezed her tight pussy around him again.

"AHHHHHHH! FUCK!" he called out loudly as her grasping cunt drove his swollen cock crazy, taking him right up to the edge. His hands squeezed her huge breasts firmly as he tried to withstand the pleasure she was bringing him. She released her cunt's grip around him for a moment, letting him breathe, and letting her speak.

"That's it baby! Talk to me! TALK TO ME! Tell me you love it! Tell me how much that white cock loves this!" she screamed at him, squeezing her cunt around his married dick again. His body tightened beneath her, his entire body flexing, his back arching off the bed, his jaw clenched shut. And as her pussy clenched around his meaty pole, driving him crazy with incomparable, indescribable pleasure, he couldn't hold back anymore.

"AHHH! FUCK! It feels so fucking good!" Blake screamed out, the words bursting from his mouth without thought, his pure animal instinct taking over and speaking for him.

"Yes!" Greta screamed out, resuming bouncing on Blake's dick.

"Oh my God! It's amazing!" Blake screamed out, driving up into her as she fucked down into him, his fingers clinging to this old black slut's huge bouncing boobs as he drove up into her.

"You love it... ugh fuck! You love it! Tell me you love it!" Greta begged, bouncing smoothly on his huge, greased-up pole.

"Yes! I love it! Fuck! It's so good! How is it so God damn good!?" He screamed out. His cock was in heaven, and he couldn't stop himself from fucking up into her as hard as he could.

"Cause that's a real pussy!" she replied, riding him, her black body now coated with a sheen of perspiration, only adding to her appeal. "Not some weak girl pussy... ugh fuck! That's a real woman's cunt! Yes! A nasty old cunt that knows how to drive cock crazy! Yes! Yes!"

Overcome with lust, she slid herself down, pushing his hands away from her chest so she could press her bare chest into his, her huge tits ballooning out against him. Before he knew it, she brought her lips to his. For the first time, Blake and Greta were kissing. He'd met this woman mere hours ago, and now he was making out with her. Blake, this married man, was feverishly kissing this woman who he supposedly hated. He was swapping spit with this old woman who was blackmailing him. He was dueling tongues with this scheming older slut, and despite everything, he was loving it. Lips smacking together, cheeks hollowed lewdly, tongues sliding against each other, her naked, aged black flesh sliding against his young taut white skin, it was a shocking sight to behold.

This... this was wrong. Not only the betrayal of his wife, but this pairing in general. Seeing something like this, a sight so raw and vivid, only reinforced that feeling. A handsome, bright young man and this scheming, experienced, evil older woman... these two being together in this way was almost unnatural. Practically against nature. Women her age were supposed to have stepped aside and long given up partaking in such illicit filth. Leave that stuff for the younger girls. Older women were supposed to cover up, step aside, and use their wisdom and experience to help the next generation along. Guide them along, not lead them astray. Which, unfortunately, was exactly what was happening more and more these days.

Instead of having put their weapons away, they were using them for evil. They were using their curvaceous forms to tempt good young men off the path. Using their juicy mom-bods for pure unadulterated sin. Tempting young, impressionable men off their pre-destined path with their large, round, shapely asses and their mammoth, soft, fleshy tits. Hypnotizing young men with their thick, suckable nipples, and using their aged, tight, experienced cunts to coax a huge load of hot, sticky cum from their large swollen balls and win them over completely.

It was against nature. Let's be honest. It just was. For millennia, the way it had always been was that young men and young women pair off and make babies, combining their fresh genes to

create the next generation. That's the way it was. That's the way it should always be, for the good of the species. But this... what was happening here... younger men breeding with older women, it was so wrong. These prime young bucks copulating with and injecting their fresh DNA into the older, tight, well-used cunts of these scheming older women, mixing with theirs, creating the next generation in their experienced and wicked wombs instead. These men were meant for other girls, but instead, they chose women who had already contributed to the next line. Slutty old women who'd already contributed copiously to the gene pool, having already had lots and lots of babies already, thereby flooding the market by making more.

There was no logical reason for any of this to happen. And as it was with many unexplainable things, some saw it as a sign of the apocalypse, of a coming doom. One of many unexplainable signals of the end times. Dogs and cats were behaving strangely. Birds were flocking away in droves. Tides were rising and storms were churning. Conflict was on the horizon all over the world. And, most distressingly, young men were fucking old ladies with unexplainable regularity. Something was off. Something bad was happening, something very few truly understood. Something unexplainable and unholy. Young men and older women were fucking, and in doing so, they were slowly helping drive mankind towards its doom. And the guilty parties felt no shame at bringing along

this apocalypse. Instead, they welcomed it with welcome arms and screaming orgasms.

Blake and Greta were well on their way to that very outcome.

They were still making out, this handsome young twenty-something man and this much older black woman. Cheeks hollowed, tongues eagerly dueling, both of the illicit lovers were really going at it. She rocked on top of him gently as they made out, her slick, sweat-coated skin sliding against his. Underneath her, taking this fierce kiss, Blake was in heaven. His hands rested on the older woman's hips as she forced her tongue down his throat. Being beneath her, feeling her warm, lusty body on his, feeling the heavy weight of her massive black melons against his chest, it wasn't difficult to get caught up in the heat of the moment. The lust of the kiss lit a fire throughout the older woman's luscious frame, making her eager cunt gush around his throbbing pole, making it drip with her juices.

Finally, Greta pulled her lips from his, pulling her extended tongue from Blake's eager mouth, spit connecting their lips lewdly. Pushing herself up and putting her hands on the headboard, she smirked as she looked down at the married man under her.

"Alright baby," she began, staring down at him, her massive, heavy hangers swaying right above him. "Time for me to show you what real fucking is all about!" The younger man steeled himself up as Greta lifted herself up again, resuming bouncing on his bloated shaft.

"Fuck!" He groaned out in pleased agony as he felt her tight cunt walls sliding along his cock again, squeezing the life out of it, begging for his cum.

"You like that? You like that cunt? Does that big, fat white cock love that black cunt?" she snarled at him as she picked up speed, making her huge black boobs bounce.

"Yes! Your cunt is amazing!" he called out, reaching up to squeeze her quaking tits, his fingers digging into the lush flesh greedily.

"UGGGHHH! YES! Domestic pussy don't compare to this! FUCK! You've got to come to a real woman like me to get the good stuff! To get that real, hot, NASTY cunt! Yes!" she screamed out, riding the full length of his pole, her big ass driving into his thighs, fucking him into the bed.

"UGHHH! Yes!" he screamed out, being driven crazy by the feeling of her insanely tight, mature cunt taking his cock to the hilt. "Fuck! You're so good! How are you so good at this?" he cried out, squeezing her big tits.

How could it be this good? He was fucking an older woman, a woman as old as his mother, and it felt amazing! This woman was older on the day he was born than he was right now, and somehow, somehow, she was driving his cock crazy. It felt better than anything he'd ever felt before.

"Shit! God damn! Yes! That cunt's been taking the dick for 35 years! YES! I've had so many men inside me! GOD! Yes! That cunt knows how to make cocks explode! FUCK! No young girl can keep up with me! YES!" she screamed out, bouncing roughly on the married man's swollen dong. Her huge jugs bounced in his palms as he tried to keep a firm grip, but it was coming at a great challenge. They were bouncing everywhere as she bounced furiously on his aching weapon.

"Oh my God!" he said, head swaying in pleasure.

"And you LOVE it! Don't you!?" she demanded, taking his full length on every bounce, stopping occasionally to squeeze his swollen prick with her talented cunt muscles, driving him

insane. "You may not like me, but you love my fucking cunt! Don't you? DON'T YOU?"

"UGGHHH! GOD! Yes! YES!" he screamed out, his defenses so eroded that he couldn't deny her any longer. At this admission, she really bore down, riding him at a furious rate. Somehow, this curvy, older black woman was fucking him at the pace of a full-on sprint with a fury he'd never known possible.

"UGH! God damn! YES!" Greta squealed as her quivering pussy swallowed his married pole to the root. "Scream it out! I want your wife to hear!"

"God! YES!" he screamed out louder. "Your pussy feels so much better than hers! Yes! YES! Holy shit!" He moaned, vocalizing these feelings sending a jolt through his cock. Both of them fully invested, the pace of the hot sex going on here picked up, both of them driving into each other, their moans and voices getting louder and louder, ensuring that April would be able to hear.

And she did hear.

"UGHHHH! FUCK! YES! YES! YES!" Greta screamed at the top of her lungs, screaming in pure pleasure, her voice resonating through the house.

"Holy shit! This is amazing!" Blake yelled out. "So fucking good!"

"UHHHHNNNNN! FFFUUUUUCCKKK! UGGHHHHH!" Greta moaned out, gutturally.

April heard everything.

She'd been trying to get some sleep, but that wasn't coming easy. At first, she had tried to listen in, but she had realized that she didn't want to hear the unholy things about to happen in that bitch's room. But not long after walking away, the ferocity of the action forced her to listen in, whether she wanted to or not.

"Fuck me with that big cock, baby!" Greta moaned out. "Fuck my nasty old cunt with that beautiful white prick!"

"YES! FUCK YES! So good!" Blake screamed in pure pleasure.

April was forced to listen to her husband screwing another woman. It was just awful. It was terrible. It was something no wife should ever have to endure. Having this happen to her was just fucking traumatizing. As soon as her husband entered that room, she had burst into tears. She felt like a failure, both as a wife and as a woman. She had ended up in a situation where her husband was forced to screw another woman. Admittedly, a lot of it was her husband's fault, due to the decisions he had made that led them here, but he wasn't doing anything they hadn't talked about prior. They had agreed to have him hook up with Greta and cede to the wicked blackmail she was forcing upon them, seeing it as the only way out. But actually hearing it made it even worse, and as it went on, April had exhausted herself of tears and sat frozen as he heard her husband fucking that twisted old woman. And clearly, despite his best efforts, despite his promises otherwise, Blake had been unable to resist the pleasure she was bringing to him. Despite what he had claimed beforehand, he was enjoying himself.

"Fill me up, honey! Fill me with that fucking married dick!" Greta moaned out. "I love feeling your nuts bouncing against my ass! Holy shit!"

"Oh God! Yes! Your nasty black cunt feels so fucking amazing!" Blake screamed out. Their muffled moans and screams competed against the swirling winds and snow beating against the house. It was for the best that April couldn't see what was happening in there. The sounds were bad enough. The sights were probably even worse.

She was certainly right about that.

The near 50-year-old black woman was currently on top of April's husband, riding his fat white prick for all it was worth. Fucking him with a ferocity Blake didn't think was possible, somehow fucking him even harder than she had before. His hands were gripping her hot ass as she rode him, holding on for dear life as she fucked him into the bed. Her hands were on the headboard, causing her massive, soft, chocolate breasts to hang down, sliding across his face, his handsome features being smothered by a blissful softness. They were amazing. He couldn't get enough of them. His mouth was searching for a hard nipple to suck, and when he felt the hard nub graze his lips, he bit down.

"OHHHHHHH! YES! YES!" Greta screamed, her back arching in pleasure as he moaned out, his mouth muffled by nipple. Both of the lovers were absolutely coated with sweat, to the point where the thought of opening a window to let the bracingly cold air in sounded appealing to both.

For Blake, at this point, thoughts of April had been pushed aside. His focus was entirely on Greta. This older woman... she was incredible. The pleasure she was bringing him, the fierceness she was fucking him with, it was indescribable. He had never been fucked like this. And her body was insane! Her tits were impossibly huge, like soft, perky, jiggly melons. Her areolas were large and smooth, and felt great against his lips. They were incredibly amazing to squeeze, and seeing his strong white hands against her slick brown skin was indescribably sexy. An image that would never be forgotten. Despite his promises to the contrary, he was fully invested in the nasty sex happening here. He was thoroughly enjoying fucking this older black woman.

The loud moans were horrible to the young wife forced to listen from the living room, memories that would never be forgotten. She was hoping against hope that he was just playing along, giving that old bitch what she wanted so they could just get through this. But as time went on, that got harder to believe. However, she held onto that small hope anyway, waiting for the light of day so they could move on. She was trying to fall asleep so she wouldn't have to listen in, but then she heard something that made her sit up.

"I want that cum, baby," Great moaned out. "Do you want to cum inside your new black mama's cunt!?"

"Yes!" Blake seethed out, responding immediately. "I want to fill my black mama's cunt up with my fucking cum!"

"No..." April said to herself. She leapt off the couch and moved towards the closed bedroom door.

"Yeah, baby! I want to feel all that fucking sperm all up in me! YES!" Greta moaned. For April, listening from the outside, this was the true test. If this was an act by him, he would put a stop to it immediately. He would never cum inside this scheming old witch. He was too smart to...

"Fuck! Yes! Goddammit, I want to cum inside you!" Blake said passionately.

"Honey?" April called out through the door, slightly panicked. Was he actually, truly enjoying this? No... not possible. But maybe he got lost in the moment, so she wanted to gently remind him of the real reason he was doing this by calling through the door. But they didn't seem to hear her.

Or they just didn't care.

"That's right, you fucker! You wanted to get all up in your new black mama's cunt from the second you stepped in my house! Didn't you!" Greta replied.

'No, of course not," April told herself, as she listened behind the door.

"YES! Fuck yes!" Blake moaned out, going against his wife's defense. "I noticed those big tits! That fucking amazing bouncy ass! I wanted to rip open that robe, feast on your fucking amazing tits, and fuck your fucking brains out!" No... this couldn't be true. That didn't sound like how Blake would think at all.

"God damn, baby, you're good! So fucking good!" Greta screamed. "You're a fine ass white boy! Wasted on some skinny young thing! You need a black mama, baby! You need a black mama to keep that white cock happy!"

"Yes! God damn! YES! So good! I love it! I'm gonna fucking cum, Mama! I'm gonna cum!" Blake warned, sounding like a completely different man to his young, pretty wife.

"Honey?" April called out again. "Don't, uh, don't cum! Don't do it inside her!"

"Cum inside my nasty cunt! I want to feel your fucking sperm! I want you to fill my cunt with thick married cum! I want to have your fucking babies!" Greta screamed out, her voice overwhelming April's

"Oh my God!" Blake moaned, in awe of the filth of the woman on top of him.

"What! No! Blake, no! Don't do it! Don't fucking cum inside her! Don't you dare!" April said, beating at the door, panicked, but it was locked. And again, no response.

"Do it, baby! Do it! Make your mama cum, and fill her nasty old cunt up with your fucking sperm! Give me a baby!" Greta screamed, the devil on his shoulder, coaxing him to his doom.

"Yes! Oh my God! Yes! YES! Holy shit, I'm gonna do it, I'm gonna do it! Oh my God! YES! YES! AHHH! FUCK! AAAHHHHHHHHHH! YES! FUCK!" Blake screamed out.

"AHHH! YES! YES!" Greta screamed. "Oh baby! Yes! YES! I can feel it! I can feel that thick sperm in my nasty old cunt! Yes! YES! AHHHHHHH FFFFFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCCKKKK! I'M CUMMMMMIIIIINNNNNGGG! YYYEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

April listened in, helplessly, impotently, as her husband came inside another woman. How he made some 50-year-old black bitch cum on his fat nine inch cock as he spurted jets of thick, married cum into her nasty old pussy. It was gross. It was disgusting. It... it... it was heartbreaking.

She had never felt lower.

She could see it in her mind's eye. Her husband and that old bitch, wrapped in each other's arms, coated with sweat, their bodies jerking together as they both came, her big old tits pressed against his chest as they roughly made out, her thick, nasty tongue down his throat. Below her, his big, swollen dick was still lodged inside her, pumping more of his copious cum into her aged, mature pussy as her cunt spasmed around him. It was as if the door wasn't there, and she was seeing them right in front of her.

And the image she had conjured in her mind was pretty much dead on.

Five minutes later, April was sitting down, head in her hands on the recliner when the door opened. She looked up in time to see her husband emerge. She leapt up in surprise, but stepped back when she saw him.

He was naked, completely. His body was covered with sweat, dripping with it. His cock was half-stiff, coated with juices. His thighs were red, and his back was covered in love-scratches. He looked damn sexy like this, like an animal, but April wasn't in the mood to appreciate him in that way.

"Honey?" April called out, approaching him tentatively.

"Water!" he growled out, stumbling towards the kitchen. As April followed, she got a huge whiff of sex coming from the bedroom, but she didn't want to see what was in there. She couldn't take that. Not yet.

Blake ripped open the door of the fridge, pulled out a bottle of water, closed the door, leaned back against it, and gulped the water down in one go. April looked at him.

"What happened in there?" April asked. For a second, Blake looked up at her, his expression one of almost... annoyance. His mind had only slightly cleared as he was coming down from his high, but the only thing he could think about was his driving physical needs. His need for cool air and something to satisfy his dry throat. And to be immediately assailed, interrupted in this journey, it caused him to be annoyed, a look his wife noticed. For a moment, it was as if he somehow blamed her, or was unhappy that she was questioning him for this. That moment passed quickly though.

"It's..." he growled, shaking his head "I'm sorry, April. She's just... she's really good, okay? I'm sorry..."

"Did you... did you cum in her?" April asked. He gave her that look again, as if annoyed by her prying into the details of what he'd just done.

"I'm just... I'm just doing what we have to do, okay? I just... I just want to finish this whole thing up, just get it done, so we can get out of here. I'm just doing what she wants, I'm telling

her what she wants, to make this easy. Okay?" He asked, almost getting impatient with her, not wanting her to pry any further in his private business.

"Okay, just, uh, be careful, baby. And, uh... I love..." she began, hopeful that she could believe him, but having some legit fears that she couldn't.

"C'MON, BABY!" Greta called out from the bedroom, making them both jump. They looked into each other's eyes as the older woman spoke. "Mama needs some more lovin! And this party doesn't end till I says it does! Now get back in here, and stretch out my pussy some more with that big, white, married dick! I might even let you take my ass!"

A shiver passed through Blake at this. He gathered his breath, gulped some more water, glanced at his wife, and gave her a curt nod. He began to walk back towards the bedroom, stretching his muscles as he walked. April couldn't help but eye her hubby's cute butt, despite herself.

"Honey..." she called out to him, but before he even had the chance to reply, he had already entered the bedroom and closed the door in her face.

April heard Greta giggling through the door.

In the immediate aftermath of that first fuck session, Blake barely had time to get his thoughts together. Yes, the sex was good. It was amazing! The best he'd ever had, no doubt. He felt terrible for thinking that, but it was true. It had never been this good, and he'd gotten it not from his pretty young wife, but from some old slut. This twisted bitch who was practically holding them hostage and forcing the young husband to screw her. And in doing so, he'd had the best sex of his life. It was SO good! But as good as it was, it was equally as wrong. If he had time to think this over with a clear head, he would do something to put a stop to this. To find a way out and never have to do this again. Which is why Greta didn't give him time to think.

That's why she was so good at this.

Before he could get a clear head, she was ready for more. She coaxed him back into her bedroom before he could think twice. They were alone and fooling around before any clear plan of escape could be formed. He knew better, he did. He wanted to end this, but she never gave him the chance.

Which is why, within an hour of him filling her tight old cunt with sperm, he was in her bed again, with her on all-fours, his cock buried up her ass.

"Yes! YES!" Greta screamed out in pleasure. "Fuck my ass! Fuck my fucking ass!" Her curvaceous form was in front of him as he fucked into her. His hands were on her hips as he drove into her roughly, making the old bitch scream as he forced his thick cock up her tight asshole, all the way to the root.

He was still angry with her. Upset at what she was making him do. Upset at her making him cheat on his wife and feel all this conflict. Upset at the incomparable pleasure she was bringing him. And he was taking out that anger on her ass, driving his thick weapon into her tight hole as roughly as he could, making her black ass jiggle, making the old slut scream. He was pissed. He was angry.

And it was the best sex of his life.

He'd never fucked a tighter hole. This old black bitch, this wicked older woman, had lots of experience using her tight asshole for sex. It was a well-trained fuck hole. It squeezed his cock like a fucking vise, pleasuring every inch of his turgid

weapon. It made his cock throb with excitement. As livid as he was, he was fucking her harder and better than he ever had before, making her squeal with delight, giving her exactly what she wanted.

"Yes! YES!" Greta screamed as the younger man drilled her. Her huge, heavy black tits were swaying as he fucked her, the fleshy tits jiggling lusciously. This sight excited him, causing him to fuck her even harder.

"Oh... GOD!" he groaned, single-mindedly focused on the lust of the moment. Of the feeling of her tight, warm asshole smothering his cock in unrivalled pleasure. Nothing else mattered.

"Fuck my ass! Yes! Fuck my black ass!" she screamed out. Blake stuffed his full length inside her tight, glorious ass on every pump, delighting in the sight of his thick, white shaft disappearing up her tight black ass.

"God! YES! You're such a fucking natural, baby! Yes!" Greta moaned out, glancing back at him. Before he could react, she pushed herself up, pushing her back to his front. She reached back to grip his scalp lightly, and this position forced her to arch her back, jutting her huge jugs outward. He couldn't stop

himself from reaching around her to squeeze those smooth luscious tits again as he kept fucking her.

"This night will change you," Greta whispered to him, her lips grazing his ear, making him shiver. He did his best to ignore her. He grit his teeth and kept fucking into her as he slid his large hands all over her big, sweaty tits. "Ughhh... fuck!" she sighed as he kept filling her ass with dick. She continued whispering into his ear in that same, smooth, lusty tone. "You think you'll be able to forget this, but you won't. You'll never forget this. You'll never be able to get over me... ever! Oh God! YES! Fuck that ass! Yes! That white cock feels so damn good up my fucking ass! I'm gonna be your fucking dream woman, your perfect fantasy babe, for the rest of your life! Haha! YES! The one you think about every time you have sex! The one that makes you cum hardest! Not your wife... fuck! Not some celebrity... yes! Not some porn bitch on the internet... shit! No... it'll be me, the old black slut who makes you cum harder than any of them ever could... aaaaAAAHHHHHHHHH!" Her whispering tones changed to a lusty moan as the married man pinched her nipples, making her squeal with delight. Driven into an angry red lust, he pushed her back down onto her hands and knees in front of him as he began fucking her even harder.

"AHHH! YES! Fuck me, babe! Fuck me with that big white dick! Fuck my fucking ass! God! YES! It feels so fucking big in

my fucking ass! I love it! I love it! My ass fucking loves that big dick! And it loves me too! God! YES! YES!" Greta screamed out as the angry married man fucked her hard. He hated this twisted bitch. He wanted to make her fucking scream, just so she would shut up. Nothing she said was true. None of it. And he would fuck her amazing ass with his throbbing married dick in a blind, lustful rage to prove it.

It was amazing how far he'd come. An hour prior, he'd have done anything to be rid of Greta. Now, he was fucking as hard as he could, sending jolts of pure pleasure through both her lusty frame and his own. She'd driven him to this with her forceful personality, cunning mind, and her hot body. Driven him to fuck the hell out of her, under the guise of punishment. She had convinced him to give her exactly what she wanted, and he thought it was actually his idea.

This bitch was really fucking good.

It was getting easier to understand how she could get laid so often...

"Fuck! Fuck! You ain't meant for the married life, baby! Yes!" she screamed out, her heavy tits bouncing like crazy, his hard fucking reverberating through her luscious form. "You're

meant for this! Shit! Yes! Fuck me baby... fuck my ass! You're fucking built to fuck older women! Ugh! Yes! You're a fucking natural!"

"No!" he groaned, his cock throbbing with delight, his thick weapon stretching her tightest of holes as he drove into her at a blinding speed.

"Just watch, baby! Yes! Watch how older women treat you now! Fuck!" she moaned, the fucking taking its toll, her body shivering with delight as small orgasms travelled through her. "Older women will know! Fuck! They'll know you fuck old ladies! Yes! YES! They'll fucking smell it on you! Fuck! They'll know that they can have you! Yes! Just like I did!"

"NO!" he groaned angrily, her words making his cock swell with delight as her twisted words did their magic on him.

"Yes!" she groaned as he kept drilling her. "They'll see that you're on the market for mature flesh! FUCK! They'll flirt and tease and do anything to get you into their bed, but it won't take much! YES! You'll be addicted to mature women! You'll dream about it every night! You won't be able to say no, and older women like me will keep taking advantage of that! You'll

be getting laid so much! Fuck! Honey, you'll be drowning in that old, nasty pussy for now on! Yes!"

"Oh..." he groaned, her words taking their toll, sending a tremor of twisted delight through his cock and balls. He was getting closer. But she kept driving her big black ass back at him, unrelenting.

"UGGHHH! YES!" Greta screamed, her tight ass swallowing his huge, thick cock over and over again. "You're too juicy and perfect to ignore! Old ladies will be all over you! YES! YES! You'll be so easy, baby. You'll do them all! You'll be so addicted you can't say no! FUCK! Any old slut with big tits and a thong can have you now! YES!"

"Fuck..." he groaned again, trying to withstand the power fucking her ass was putting him through as she drove him back roughly. He struggled to stay on his knees, and before he knew it, in a swirl of limbs, he was on his back on the bed, and she was above him, furiously riding him cowgirl, taking his cock smoothly up her ass on every bounce. His mind was a haze of lust as he struggled to cope.

"Surrender, baby!" she begged him, her tight ass gripping his swollen pole. After the first round of sex, he'd felt angry and

wanted to get back at her, but that anger was pushed back by her filthy mouth and luscious body. His brain was in a fog of lust, and he couldn't think straight. He wasn't thinking about his poor wife outside this bedroom. He wasn't thinking about the storm outside his house. This bedroom was his world. This old black woman's tight ass and huge boobs was his everything.

And he wanted to give her exactly what she wanted.

"Give in to me! Accept your fate!" she urged him, her smooth voice coaxing him to his doom. His brain was mush, his cock was almost numb with pleasure, and his eyes were hypnotized by her huge, bouncing tits. On reflex, he reached up to palm her massive orbs again. "You're built to fuck old ladies! That's it! That's what you're meant for! To make old sluts like me cum! If you just accept that, you'll be so much happier. You'll have so much more fun than devoting your life to your boring little wife!"

"Fuck..." he sighed, barely coherent, her smooth words driving him crazy, clouding his mind. All he could feel was her divine asshole taking his huge swollen cock to the root on every bounce, driving him insane with pleasure.

"You won't ever get hard for your wife again! Ever! Haha..." she laughed, bouncing at an unrelenting pace, her words slowly winning the married man over. His cock had swelled up. His body was shaking. He was close. She moved in close, sliding her boobs along his chest again, bringing her lips to his ear again as she kept bouncing her ass on his eager dick. "Wouldn't it be amazing if you never fucked your wife again? Oh... it would so hot if that poor little wife of yours never had sex again. You'll be too busy fucking old sluts like me! Haha!"

"Uhhh!" he groaned, past words at this point, her words sending a wicked bolt of lust through him.

"Maybe next time we fuck, we'll leave the door open," she cooed softly. "I can tear her apart and juice her man for every drop of cum right in front of her. We can show her what real loving looks like. What real fucking looks like! Would you like that? Wouldn't you like that, baby!" she purred, squeezing her ass around his bloated, angry shaft.

"OH!" He groaned, his body tensing, her words cutting through the haze, her tight ass taking him over the edge, making him cum. He exploded what felt like a gallon of cum from his balls into Greta's tight, waiting ass, pumping her full all the way to the brim.

Any conscious thought in his brain was broken. Logic and reason finally left him. All he felt was pleasure. Before passing out from exhaustion below this older woman, he reverted to a deeper state, a more basic, instinctual mindset. Where all he cared about was satisfying his most basic, lustful urges.

He'd been fuck-broken by this older woman, becoming a pet. And Greta...

She held the leash.

Any hope in the morning for April was quickly broken by the sight of the driving snow out the window, barely letting light through.

Upon awakening from her tortured rest, she searched for signs from her husband, but he was still behind locked doors, still in Greta's bed. She sat back down, waiting for her husband to emerge, to be her hero and figure a way out of this. But after such a restless night, she fell asleep again, falling back so she was lying on the couch. When her eyes opened an hour later, it was as if she had fallen into a nightmare.

Because upon awakening, she looked up to see a pair of huge black tits swaying and bouncing above her face. Eyes opening wide in disbelief, she realized that Greta was now above her, bent over the couch, hands on the top edge, her huge boobs right above the married woman's face. And behind her, fucking her, was Blake.

"Ahh!" April called out, jumping, trying to move out from under Greta, her face grazing against the older woman's sweaty boobs in the process. As soon as she could, she jumped to her feet, moving away from the copulating couple. "Blake!" she called out.

Her husband was silent. He didn't even look at her. He simply reached around Greta's body and squeezed her huge tits eagerly. His attention was entirely on Greta, not acknowledging his wife in the slightest. But Greta noticed her. She simply turned and smiled.

"Haha! Dumb bitch! Letting some old slut fuck your husband right above you!" Greta spat out.

"Blake!" April called out, tears in her eyes. He didn't even look at her. He was almost unrecognizable, fucking her like an animal. Like a feral animal.

It was horrifying.

April watched from across the room, frozen, as her husband fucked this older woman. Her husband had seemingly fallen completely under this old bitch's spell, and the only hope April had was for an act of God to end this storm and give them an escape from this hell they found themselves in.

If fate had any mercy, they'd be free of Greta's clutches soon.

Fate was not on her side.

Three days.

The blizzard lasted three days. Three whole days before it broke. More evidence that fate favors these kinds of illicit encounters, it would seem. But that meant three whole days of

sex. Three whole days of illicit cheating sex between a young married white man and an older, voluptuous, cunning black woman. Three whole days where a young wife was forced to listen to her husband screwing another woman harder than he had ever screwed her.

At first, April was aggressive in trying to find someone to help, someone who could tow their car or something, but no one could go out. Between the moans, she would try calling anyone for help, but no one could make it out there, despite how badly she needed it.

So she was forced to listen and be around as her husband fucked another woman. The barrier separating April from the illicit sex taking place near her had been blown apart by the events that had woken her up that first morning, with Greta's massive black tits swaying above the young wife's face as the older woman fucked April's husband right above her. From that point on, they were unafraid to let April see what they were doing. They were leaving the doors wide open, letting the wife bear witness upon this unholy fucking. And it was unholy. April was no prude, but what she had to witness... it was pretty brutal.

They just didn't stop. Blake and Greta were going at it all the time. Not just in the bedroom, but throughout the house. They

were using every square inch of this country home for sex, and April couldn't escape. Somehow, the older woman, through one night of sex, had convinced Blake to fuck her shamelessly in front of his wife, and he didn't do anything to stop it. He let it happen, simply going along with the older woman's cruel wishes without question. Greta was flaunting this affair in the young wife's face, making the young wife stare at her as she fucked her husband lustily. Everywhere April looked, she would see Greta's naked black body, dripping with sweat, her luscious curvy body shaking with pleasure. It seemed like she was taking great pleasure fucking the handsome young husband in front of his cute young wife. Sometimes, April had to try to make her phone calls with the fucking couple literally right next to her, moaning loudly, so loud the person on the other end of the phone could hear them. Greta made sure to scream out in pleasure in these moments, saying things like 'Fuck me in front of your wife!' Or, 'Fuck my hot black body, baby!' Needless to say, this didn't help matters for April. At times, it felt like the person on the other end of the phone was laughing at her after hearing this, or at the very least convinced that this was some twisted game they wanted no part of. So, April came up empty-handed.

It was truly something, to see a wife look so impotent in the eyes of her husband. That was what Greta was doing in fucking Blake right in front of his wife. Not only making herself look superior, but establishing in his mind that his wife was inferior.

That his wife was weak and pathetic when compared to her. It was a clever plan, one that spoke to Blake's animal instincts. And now, knowing this, you could see how all of Greta's actions were only furthering this plan of hers.

It seemed like as soon as April would leave her spot in the house, either to make a call, or use the restroom, or get a bite to eat, by the time she'd return, Greta and Blake would be in the spot she'd just vacated, vigorously fucking. It was as if Greta was stamping out her dominance over the young wife by doing this. April couldn't escape this filth she was being forced to witness. This was truly a nightmare for her.

And a dream come true for a woman like Greta. She couldn't get enough.

The only times they stopped was to recharge and refuel, but these short respites never lasted long. Before you could blink, seemingly, they'd be going at it again. April didn't know her husband had this kind of stamina. She certainly didn't expect it out of the older bitch. But they kept up with each other as best as they could, taking part in this unholy marathon fuck session together. Through it all, Blake barely spoke to April. It was as if he didn't want to be reminded of what he was doing, cheating on his wife. He simply focused on Greta, on screwing her brains out.

Which he did. A lot.

April couldn't explain what had happened to her husband. She didn't know if he had become enthralled by Greta, or if he had just fully committed to this encounter and was just going all the way to ensure their safety. Maybe he knew exactly how wrong and filthy and messed up the things he was doing were, so he turned his brain off and just followed Greta's twisted commands without resistance. Maybe he knew that if he stopped and thought about his wife and fully acknowledged all the horrible things he was being forced to do, it would be too much for him. Maybe that was it. Maybe he was protecting himself from the consequences of his actions. Fuck now, worry about the consequences later. Or maybe, in his own way, he was protecting April from the hurt she was feeling, because acknowledging her and letting her see the husband she knew and loved doing these things would be too much to take.

April hoped that was the case, but in truth, there was one more option out there. One that she feared the most. A simple, obvious option that she just couldn't bear putting any stock into. Maybe, just maybe, he was liking it too much to let himself get distracted by such trivial things like his wife. Maybe he was loving the nasty, filthy MILF sex he was taking part in. Maybe he didn't want to be distracted from such amazing sex by his

sobbing wife. Even though he would never admit it, it was obvious that Blake was now completely dedicated to this illicit encounter. He was showing no hesitation. No reluctance. No slowing down. He was giving it as good as he got it. Even in front of his wife, he was really, really into it. He and Greta went at it like animals. Neither could get enough. April feared that if this went on long enough, and he kept experiencing this type of crazy sex, her husband wouldn't be able to stop. He'd become addicted to it. No... NO! She couldn't think this way. She had to trust in her husband, despite these nagging doubts.

Luckily for April, or at least as lucky as she could be given the circumstances, Greta and Blake would retreat to the bedroom as night neared, or when they simply wanted space to spread out and really go at it. The door was left wide open, naturally, so April couldn't fully escape the sights and sounds of the wicked sex going on nearby, but it was better than nothing, them being in another room. But she couldn't escape her own thoughts. She couldn't just forget that she was alone in some evil slut's lair while her husband was cavorting with that old bitch in the next room.

So, on that second night, despite being exhausted, she couldn't get any rest. She kept thinking about what was going on in the next room, and the images she kept conjuring were just truly awful. She sat at the kitchen table and tried to get through the night there. Unfortunately, this gave her a view into the old

woman's bedroom, and the door was now shamelessly wide open. April saw them fucking on the bed.

April looked at them through the whole thing. She thought maybe watching them would be better than imagining what they were doing, but she was wrong. Watching them was much, much worse. But she couldn't look away. She saw Greta's big old tits hanging down, swaying with every thrust of her husband's dick inside her. And as April looked upon them, Blake was focused completely on Greta, staring at her body. But Greta, she was looking up at April with a smirk crossing her pretty lips.

"Fuck me, baby!" she moaned, staring right at April, her huge boobs swaying below her as she faced down the young wife, never looking away. "Fuck your black mama!" And when her husband came inside Greta, the flash of pleasure that went across the old woman's face could never be forgotten.

Another time, she caught Greta riding her husband like a total slut, fucking his brains out on the bed. Watching her lush body bouncing up and down, seeing her firm ass jiggling, her huge tits bouncing as much as they could in Blake's hands, it was damn near hypnotizing, even for April.

Her huge tits were almost weapons the way she used them, April realized. One time, Greta was sitting on Blake's cock, grinding around his full length languidly, her tits resting on his face. He looked like he was lost in the softness. His eyes were closed as he squeezed her big breasts softly between his fingers as he let the squishy flesh pour over his face. And, again, Greta gave April that same cool, confident look as she scrubbed her big black breasts across Blake's face, the statement she was making obvious.

And what a statement it was.

Blake had become obsessed with her huge breasts. Obsessed. He couldn't take his hands off of them. They were just so incredibly soft and squeezable. Suckable and fuckable. They drove him crazy. He had never seen a pair of boobs this big, and feeling them up close, feeling the smooth black skin against his white palms... it was simply incredible.

At one point, they showered together, and the whole time, he stayed behind her, his cock lodged in her tight cunt, his hands cupping her mammoth jugs, soaping them up, scrubbing them down, immersing his hands on the slippery chocolate skin.

They kept trying to include April, involving her in the old woman's twisted games. April would be sitting at the dinner table, trying to eat something despite this whole situation making her lose her appetite. And Greta and Blake would be right there, fucking right in front of her, standing up. April did her best to not give them the glory of looking up at them.

The next night, April woke up on the recliner just in time to see Greta on the couch, kneeling over, reaching back and spreading her ass-cheeks lewdly. Her husband was kneeling behind her, ready to slide his swollen cock inside her. But Greta, seeing the young wife awake, paused.

"Hon..." she called to the young wife. "You can end this now." April, through her daze, sat frozen in place. "If you get behind me, get in real close, and push those cute your lips of yours against my fucking asshole. If you fucking shove your face into my ass and fucking worship it, then I'll stop this right now and leave you two be. And if you don't, well, it'll be up to your husband to pleasure my ass in his own way! What do you say, April? Do you want to end this now? Do you want to debase yourself and put your face into my ass, knowing that your husband will see you doing it? Knowing that he could never respect any woman who lets some old bitch force her face-first into her ass? So... tell me bitch! Haha! What's your answer?"

What a woman, Greta was. A sick, twisted, evil woman, sure, but, wow... to be capable of such filth. She was truly something...

April was frozen. She couldn't say anything. She of course wanted to end this, but she could never do what this old bitch asked. Ugh... never. This was disgusting. She glanced to her husband to see his reaction to this insane offer, and he looked almost... amused. Almost turned on by this pure depravity. April was in stunned by this, and couldn't do a thing. She couldn't say a thing. She couldn't act at all. So, in response to Greta's offer, she did nothing, making it clear that she wasn't gonna do it. With a silent glance, Greta communicated a message to Blake. Seconds later, April watched her husband bend over and eagerly slide his tongue from the bottom of Greta's ass-crack to the top, rimming her asshole along the way, coating the dark valley with his heated saliva. April watched her husband perform this lewd act, truly shocked. And minutes later, she watched as her husband slid his swollen dick into the older woman's ass. As Greta screamed out in pleasure, April finally reacted, running into the kitchen, crying, covering her ears as best she could. But it wasn't enough. It was never enough. She would never forget.

Unfortunately for April, this wasn't even the worst of it. Not by a long shot.

After a while, April lost track of time, spending hours after hour staring out the window, into the haze of snow, seeking any form of rescue. But none was coming. Despite the dull, hopeless view out the window, it was far preferable to the one behind her.

"God, you must feel so pathetic..." Greta purred poisonously at April. Greta was on all fours on the couch, completely naked, covered with sweat. Behind her was Blake, hands on her hips, driving his cock deep inside her eager cunt. April, resigned to her fate, was seated on the nearby loveseat, trying not to pay attention to what was going on right next to her. But that was coming at a great challenge, so when Greta spoke up to her, April stared back at the old bitch angrily with pursed lips. "Your husband's fucking another woman right in front of you, and there is nothing you can do about it. Haha!" She laughed evilly as she pushed her ass back at Blake, driving it into his torso as he fucked into her, the meaty slapping echoing throughout the house.

"And it must sting even worse that your husband's fucking a woman that's SO much hotter than you!" she said with an evil smirk, any trace of the sweet older woman now gone behind a mask of lust. "Even though you're so much younger than me, I'm better looking and I've got a MUCH better body. OH

FUCK! Oh my God! I think your husband agrees!" At this boast, Blake had sped up his fucking, driving into Greta's pussy even harder, rewarding her cruel bravado with even more pleasure. What the fuck!?" "YES! Oh my God! Your husband's cock feels so good inside me! Fuck! Yes! I'm prettier than you! OH! I'm sexier than you! Damn! Fuck! I've got this big, round, perfect ass that your husband just loves! Yes! He loves it SO much more than your skinny little ass! FUCK! YES!" At this, Blake drove into her even harder, her round ass jiggling from the force of the nasty fucking. It was quite clear that Greta's cruel, callous words towards April turned him on.

"You should have realized when you met me that my ass would drive your husband crazy. Fuck!" Great continued, her ass bouncing as she drove it back at Blake. As she did so, she stared at the young wife, almost daring her to act. Daring her to yell and scream at her. Daring her to run away. Seeing that April wasn't gonna move, she continued. "You should have realized that your cute, handsome husband would want to get all up in my perfect ass! Yes! And trust me, bitch... he's gotten ALL up in there! HAHA! YES! YES!" she squealed in delight as Blake fucked her even faster. Her dark, smooth flesh glistened with sweat as she moaned in pleasure. "I bet your hubby has never even tried to get in that skinny little booty of yours. But in a matter of hours, he just HAD to fuck mine! YES!" Behind her, Blake's handsome features were twisted in lust, making him look like a different man altogether. And not once did he

look up at April. Not once did he even acknowledge her presence. He just kept fucking the old bitch even harder as her words got harsher.

"Ugh! Fuck! But we both know what your husband loves most of all, don't we? Don't we!?" she asked, staring right at the young wife. April couldn't help but glance down at Greta's massive hanging breasts. Jesus... they looked the size of fucking blimps. Seriously. The massive, smooth, fleshy udders were jiggling and swaying as Blake fucked her, her nipples grazing the couch cushion. "That's right, bitch! Fuck! Your husband was being all good and knightly at first, defending his wife's honor, but as soon as I popped my bra off, he stopped fighting back! Haha!" At this, she sat up slightly so she was kneeling on the couch, allowing the young wife to stare at her obscenely huge tits. "Can you blame him, bitch? Can you blame him for wanting these when he's settled for those itty bitty little mosquito bites of yours for so long!" she said, glancing at her chest with a smug smile in the same way April remembered all the popular, big-boobed girls in school would. April fought the urge to cry as the older woman attacked her biggest source of self-doubt. At the same moment, Blake reached around Greta's body and immersed his big hands in the older woman's huge black breasts, digging into the lush flesh greedily. April could feel the tears forming.

"See?" Greta said smugly as Blake squeezed her huge tits. "Haha... these big suckers have landed me SO many men. They're so big and round and soft and perfect! Married men love real women with gigantic tits!" Greta boasted as April's husband's palms did their best to cup her huge black tits from underneath, but there was so much copious breast flesh that even his big hands couldn't get the job done. "Men don't like girls that can't fill a training bra, honey. Your mama should have taught you that! Ughh! Fuck! Now, your perfect hubby has a new mama of his own. A real woman who gives him everything he needs! Fuck! A real woman with big tits that can make him truly happy! Haha! YES!" At this, while keeping her eyes on April's, she leaned back and brought her lips to Blake's, kissing him lustily, sliding her tongue into his mouth.

It was this more than anything that got to April. The sex stuff she could make some sense of, but this, an act of such intimacy was so... disheartening. Combined with the fact that he was fucking her even harder as she kept humiliating April with her words made the young wife feel like her husband was slipping away from her. At this, she finally had to move. She leapt to her feet and ran into the kitchen, hands over her eyes as the tears began to flow. As she sobbed, she heard the fucking get even harder in the next room.

"Squeeze my big tits!" Greta screamed out. "Squeeze my big boobs because they're so much bigger and better than your

wife's! Squeeze them while you fuck me! Yes! YES! Fuck me! FUCK ME! Squeeze my big tits and fuck me!"

God damn, what a deliciously evil bitch, Greta was. Fuck...

April closed her eyes tight and covered her ears for a long time, trying to drown out the noise. She didn't know how long she stayed like this, but when she dared to open her eyes and uncover her ears, night had set in, and some semblance of silence had fallen. All that was left was her and her own thoughts. Her and thoughts of what had happened to her life to lead her to this.

And what had happened to her husband.

How could Blake do this? He promised not to enjoy this, but he clearly was. If there was any doubt before, there was none now. Blake was completely under Greta's spell. Completely willing to obey any command of hers, no matter how twisted. No matter how much it humiliated his wife. He had never looked so unrecognizable. Seeing him like this, seeing her own husband under another woman's spell... April didn't know how she could ever forget this. She just kept thinking about it, over and over again, trying to understand. Trying to make sense of this. But none was coming. If what she was seeing

wasn't enough to drive her crazy, the thoughts running through her head would.

By the last night, April was practically catatonic. So when she woke up on the couch in the middle of the night, only to open her eyes to see Greta kneeling above her, on all fours, her pussy just above the young woman's face. Her husband was behind the older woman, pumping his swollen cock into her cunt, juices leaking out, dripping onto the young woman's face. As they fucked, the old slut's huge black boobs rested on her stomach, their massive weight keeping her in place. But April was withdrawn at this point, and she just lied there, broken, as they fucked above her. She watched as her own husband's swollen prick pumped boiling hot semen into the old slut, and she said and did nothing.

April was in Hell.

A shining beam of sunlight shown through the windows of the country home. A pillow wrapped around her head to drown out the noise, the light caused the young wife to awaken. Seeing sunlight and crystal clear skies, she jumped up excitedly and looked out the window.

The blizzard had ended. The roads were plowed. The way out was clear.

"BLAKE!" April called out. "The storm's over!"

Excitement coursing through her for the first time in days, she began moving, immediately calling a tow truck to get their car freed from the embankment. She hung up the phone just in time to see her husband emerge.

For days, he'd been an animal, lost under the sway of that twisted old slut. But now, stumbling out of the bedroom, only wearing boxers, he looked like the husband she knew and loved. Walking gingerly, clearly worn out, he stumbled towards the front of the house, looking out the window.

"Honey?" April called out lightly, stepping up to him. He jumped slightly at this, and looked at her for the first time in days. "We need to go." April said firmly. His expression was unreadable for a few moments, but she could see the warmth in his eyes that hadn't been there the previous days. Not being able to find his words, he simply nodded.

The couple moved in a blur, packing up their things, getting dressed, eager to just get the hell out of here. It was as they were putting on their jackets that Greta finally emerged, clad in a slinky golden robe, not tied up, exposing her naked cunt and the mile of cleavage between her big black tits. The married couple froze as they saw her. April shook in fear, and Blake was unmoving. April didn't know how he'd react, and for a moment, she wondered if he was still somehow under her control, and if she crooked her finger, he would go crawling back.

"Well, folks, I enjoyed hosting you!" Greta called out warmly, for the first time talking like the friendly old woman she had initially presented herself as. "It was great to have some guests out here. So... keep in touch!" she said warmly, but her smile was insidious. Blake was frozen in place. April moved to grab his arm, and finally, he went along, turning away from Greta. April pulled open the door, letting the cold air blast in, and the couple stepped out, leaving that old bitch behind for good.

They stomped through the snow for a few minutes, not talking, arriving just in time to see the tow truck arrive and haul their car from the embankment. In need of some minor repairs, the truck drove them into town.

Literally at the end of the street was a decent hotel, a fact that filled April with fury, knowing how close they were to a better sanctuary than the one they had found, but knowing that they had no way to know Greta was lying at the time.

As they sat in the shop and waited for the car to be repaired, Blake was silent. He seemed frozen, not saying anything, trying to deal with the ordeal they had been through. But April took his hand in hers, squeezing it lovingly, and he squeezed it back.

It wasn't till they got into the car in the parking lot that he reacted. For the first time, he was alone with his wife, and at this, the damn burst.

"I'm sorry!" he said, fighting back tears. "I... I... I... I lost myself! I'm so sorry! About everything! I didn't mean too! I got caught up with her! I... I... I..." he stammered.

"It's okay!" April said. "I know. I know. We didn't want any of that. I didn't, and you didn't. So... we don't have to talk about it. Or think about it. Let's just move on, and never speak about it again." She said, hugging him. They looked into each other's

eyes. She saw regret and shame in his. He saw love and understanding in hers.

They kissed, a gesture of pure love, letting each other know that their love had survived the trauma they had just endured. At this, April shifted into drive and zoomed out of town, never to come back again.

(One Year Later)

They never did talk about it, but that didn't mean they never thought about it.

April could never forget about what happened those three days. She couldn't think about the animal her husband had become. How insane and sex-crazed he had gotten. How deeply he had fallen under Greta's power. How much he enjoyed that crazy sex. And the acts of humiliation he had put his own wife through. He had fallen deeply into a pit of pure sin, and even though he seemed to have escaped it, April couldn't help but wonder if it had left a mark on him. She couldn't help but wonder how deeply impacted he was by his

time with Greta. April wanted to move on from all that, and to his credit, so did he, but she had trouble moving past those events. She couldn't help but remember the things Blake and Greta had done together. But she also understood that the villain of this tale wasn't him. It was that twisted, evil bitch. Even thinking of her again made her shake with rage.

April still didn't know how deep the scars of those three days cut. There were so many occasions where small, simple things triggered thoughts and feelings in her of those insane few days, and she'd feel all those same feelings rush over her again. For example, the mere mention of snow would trigger thoughts of the white-out blizzard that led them to Greta's doorstep. Or when she'd hear someone mention Chicago, it reminded her that that was their destination on the fateful trip.

It all kept coming back to Greta. When April would be watching a movie, and she would see a pair of boobs on screen, she would remember Greta's huge black tits swaying above her as Blake fucked the older woman. When she was buying clothes, and she'd see a tiny little thong for sale, she'd remember the thong that Greta was sporting when she dropped her façade and revealed herself for the whore she was. Sometimes, when she'd see her husband lying in bed, her mind would flash to an image of him in bed with Greta below him, her firm black legs wrapped around his waist possessively as he pounded his dick down into her. Even when she simply saw

a black woman of similar age to Greta, April would see Greta in her place, and all those feelings would return to her again.

In fact, there was a woman who had just moved into their building who reminded April of Greta a lot. An older black woman, of similar stature, with similar assets. But this woman was a few years younger than Greta, and from talking with her, so much nicer. She was a recent divorcee who was starting a new journey in her life. And she indeed seemed nothing but kind and sweet, but Greta had seemed nice at first too. April didn't want to judge her unfairly, but those scars ran deep. In the end, as nice as she was, April couldn't handle being around her, and Blake knew exactly why.

April was taking a while to deal with what had happened, but she put on a brave face, trying to push through and live their life as normal as possible, and not let that evil old slut win. But the damage that whore had done to not just her, but to Blake, and their marriage, was truly severe, and it was hard to just move past that. As crazy as it was to think that an older woman like Greta could do damage to a marriage between two young people like them, it had happened. April would have never believed it until it happened to her.

A lot of shit went down that left some unrelenting damage to their once pristine marriage. Yeah, they had no choice but to go

along with Greta's twisted schemes, but Blake had begun to enjoy it. He had become an eager participant in the action, and went along with Greta even when it went above and beyond the initial deal. Blake, while staying silent, had gone along with Greta as she viciously humiliated April, his own wife. He had gone along with that old whore in all her twisted plans, without thought of the damage he was doing. Without care that he was brutally humiliating his wife. He turned his brain off and just went along with it, because it felt really good, despite the brutality of it. Even though he was forced to go along with Greta, and that they had no options, April wished she had seen some more fight from him, some more push back. But there was none.

The knowledge that he had enjoyed the nastiness of the action with Greta stuck with April. He went along with it because it felt good. Some part of him enjoyed it. Even though afterwards, he said he was doing his best not to, April knew the truth. He went along with it because of the pleasure, and he didn't give a thought to his wife during the whole thing. Despite them agreeing to let him fuck that wicked old lady, it felt like a deep betrayal for him to actually enjoy it. To take supreme pleasure in not only the sex, but the humiliation of his own wife in the process. Even though, as soon as they left, Blake was nothing but remorseful and apologetic, April just couldn't forget about that.

They had a lot of long talks, April and Blake. As in love as they were, their marriage had been forever altered. Twisted by that scheming old whore, just to satisfy her twisted whims. They even discussed going to see someone, like a therapist or something, to talk out their issues, but neither felt the urge to speak about what had happened to anyone else. Neither wanted to share those events with another soul. But despite the damage wrought by Greta, both sought to make things work. These two were both strongly committed to each other and their marriage, despite everything. So, both agreed that the best course of action was to move on as best they could and never speak of it again, as agreed upon beforehand. If they dwelled on it forever, it would just eat them alive. They had to find some trust in each other that they could get past this.

For his own part, Blake took a while to process this too. For a fair amount of time, he was a far cry from the warm, loving husband he always was, for understandable reasons. April knew that he was just as shocked at his own behavior during those three days as she was. He was processing it and dealing with his guilt for what he'd said and done. But he had a strong spirit, and he eventually began to come out of his shell and become the man she knew and loved again. It seemed like they were making progress and moving on.

It took a little bit before they had sex again. After what had happened, this was understandable. After he had done such

wicked things with another woman, that intimacy with his wife was one of the hardest things to get back. Would it be the same as before Greta? Would he want something more? Neither knew for sure. But eventually, they made love, and it was every bit the loving, gentle affair she was used to. And, in her mind, it was as good as ever. It was all she wanted. It was what she feared that she had lost. But no... their marriage and love had persevered.

Every so often, she wished she could see into her husband's brain. Because a few times, it seemed like there were moments where women were hitting on him. Not just normal women, but older women, like Greta. At least none of them were exactly like Greta, but there was definitely a bit more going on than just mere friendliness. Maybe she was just especially attuned to this kind of thing now, or maybe she was paranoid, but something seemed off there. She only wished she could know how deeply Blake had been affected by what happened to him with Greta, and if any of these strange things had impacted him in the same way it had with her. He put on a brave face, but part of her couldn't help but wonder if it was just for her. He had enjoyed those events with Greta on some level. Would he just be able to forget something that gave him such pleasure? Would he be able to move on after what had happened?

Blake had to travel for work every so often, and that's when her fears flared up the worst. Imagining him out there, alone, knowing the types of vipers out there, made her nervous. Knowing how much he had enjoyed that illicit fucking, she couldn't help but fear he might partake again when not under her watchful gaze. But to his credit, he never gave any sign that he was nothing but satisfied with her and their marriage. Maybe he was putting on a brave face for her, but maybe she was just being paranoid.

Her alarms went off badly almost a full year after the thing with Greta. Blake was traveling again, and he was in Chicago. In Greta's neck of the woods, practically within arm's reach. In the winter. It was the same scenario that led them to her doorstep in the first place. And because of that, it triggered all those uncomfortable feelings from the year before. She told herself she was being crazy, but she couldn't stop herself from calling him.

"How's the hotel?" she asked innocently.

"Pretty nice!" he said warmly. "Standing at the window right now. Good view of the lake and the city."

"How's the weather?" she asked innocently. At least it sounded like he was telling the truth, easing her worries.

"Watching the snow come down. It's fucking bitter out there, and did you know that this city's windy?" he asked, making her giggle. A lot of her concerns disappeared.

"Oh, I thought the windy city was just a cute nickname," she replied. A silence hung between them for a minute before she spoke up. "Can't wait till you get back."

"Yeah, me too. Just a few more days," he replied, sounding genuine.

"What are you getting for dinner?" she asked.

"Oh, getting some deep dish. They even deliver up to the room," he stated.

"Well..." she said, not knowing what else to say. "I just wanted to check in. I love you... and hurry back!" she said with a laugh.

"I love you too! And..." he began, before getting interrupted.
"Oh. Food's here. Gotta go! Bye!"

"Okay! Bye!" she called out just before he hung up. Feeling at peace, she sat down and smiled.

On the other end, Blake set his phone down. Standing in his hotel room, he walked towards the door, pulling it open eagerly, looking at the person knocking.

"Hi baby," Greta purred, grinning, standing in tight khaki pants and a tight red top, clinging to her huge bust.

"Hi, Mama..." Blake said with a wolfish grin, stepping aside, letting her in, closing the door behind him.

Needless to say, Blake hadn't moved on from what happened.

He tried to. He tried to forget about what had happened, but he just couldn't. He still loved April. He honestly did. But how could he possibly forget about Greta? About what they'd done

together? Despite his dislike of her, every time he thought of her, his cock turned into iron. When he first met her, she seemed like a nice, friendly, pretty old lady. Now, knowing her as he did, seeing her in her rawest form, he couldn't help but think of her as the sexiest woman he'd ever met.

Much sexier than his wife.

It wasn't so much that he got over what happened with Greta. He simply made peace with it. He separated himself from it. That was another life. Another him. In that moment, he had to do it. It didn't have anything to do with his wife, and it didn't take anything away from how much he loved his wife. But he made peace with the fact that he both loved his wife and fantasized about Greta every fucking night.

Everything Greta said was correct. He could not forget about her. He couldn't stop fantasizing about Greta, and thinking about their time together. The crazy sex they had had. He always came hardest when thinking about Greta.

She was his dream woman.

And another thing Greta was right about was the way older women looked at him now. It was uncanny. He got hit on by older women all the time now. At a restaurant, getting flirted with by a hot older blonde waitress with a wicked sharp tongue and huge, bouncy jugs. In downtown, getting chatted up by an older, fit brunette with a perfect, firm, shapely ass, covered in yoga pants. When dealing with the woman that worked in the office of his apartment building, their friendly conversation took a turn for the flirtatious. At first, he would laugh off these interactions, but they wore on him. He couldn't help but recall Greta saying how their encounter would leave a mark on him. That older women would know that he'd fucked one of their own. And as crazy as it sounded, it kinda felt true. He kept being hit on by older women, and the more it happened, the more it took its toll. These interactions, on top of his continued thoughts of Greta, eventually got to him.

At work, late one night, in an office with plenty of young stunning women who would probably give up anything to hook up with Blake, he ended up fucking a 48-year-old secretary with big tanned tits, trashy make-up, and a slightly faded tramp stamp above her full ass, mere minutes after she began rubbing his shoulders and gently resting her big boobs against the back of his neck. That was how easy it was to be pushed over the edge into infidelity again. That was how worked up with lust he'd become. That was how easy it was

for him to forsake his wedding vows. That was how potent his lust for older women truly was.

This wasn't his last affair. Not by a long shot. He would often jog around the neighborhood near his apartments, and he ended up getting chatted up by a sundress-clad older woman with silver-tinged hair and absolutely massive tits working on her garden. And clearly, she had no shame, because their friendly conversation quickly turned flirtatious. Within a few minutes, she had dragged him around the house, got on her knees, and sucked him off till he came all over her big tanned tits.

One of the women in his apartment building, an older, sporty brunette with a round, shapely ass and huge fleshy tits, would always make a point to chat him up whenever they crossed paths. She kept mentioning, totally off-hand, that she was taking a pole-dancing class, so she had set up a pole in her apartment. She kept intimating that he should swing by and check it out sometime. And eventually, he accepted, to even her slight surprise.

Needless to say, she quickly proved to him that she was VERY good at working the pole.

One other time, he was sent to schmooze a client for work, a bitter, unpleasant older woman. She had curled, greying

blonde hair, and she was happy to spout out her thoughts on just about anything, such as her vile politics, people he worked with, even the people around them. She was a truly awful woman... but his cock was hard for her the whole time. She was ticking all his boxes. Dressed smartly in an expensive red top and matching narrow dress combo, it struggled to contain her hot body. Her shapely ass was showcased for him when he followed her to their table at the restaurant, and she jutted out her breasts as she sipped her drink and spat out whatever dreadful thing came to mind. He couldn't stand this unpleasant woman, but it was as if she knew how this work meal was gonna end, and was testing his limits, seeing how far she could push him. Not far enough, clearly, as by the end of the night, he was filling her ass up with cum as she screamed on his cock, giving this awful woman exactly what she wanted in the process.

There was also that new woman in the building that had just moved in. A hot bodied, mature black woman just like Greta. He could barely hide his lust from her upon their first meeting. But April was understandably leery of her, so whenever he and April were around her, April made sure they kept their distance. And at first, Blake did as well, doing his best to fight off his lust for her. But now that he reached the point where he had begun indulging himself once more, he didn't feel the need to move away from her when they ran into each other in the hallway of their apartment building. He felt confident enough

to talk with her, and she was happy to chat. He also felt confident enough to let his gaze stray to the laundry basket under her arm, filled with lacy bras and thongs and miniscule g-strings. She definitely noticed his drifting stare, and with a raised eyebrow, offered to model some of those tiny garments for him.

She certainly modeled them for him. That, and a whole a lot more. And yeah, April was right to be nervous about her. But as good as she was, as good as all these women were, none of them matched up with Greta. His mind never left Greta. She was his fantasy woman, and he could never stop thinking about her. Eventually, he had do something. He had to act.

So, he made contact with her. After spending months and months trying to deny his lust for her, and failing that, spending months and months indulging in his lust, chasing the same pleasure he'd first been shown by Greta by seeking out a replacement, he was now ready to go back to the real thing. To seek out the woman who had upended his life and humiliated his wife in a brutal, cutthroat way. It didn't matter that she was across the country from him. It didn't matter that she was one of the most evil women he had ever come across. He couldn't move on from her. Blake HAD to see her again.

Turns out, Greta wasn't even that hard to find. She was actually a pretty well-known prosecuting attorney in Chicago, and she had only moved out of the hustle and bustle of the city to reduce her work load. She still worked as a prosecutor, just not as much as she used to. She had a reputation as being pretty fearsome and cutthroat in the courtroom, which Blake definitely believed. It didn't take too much work for him to find her number, and when he made contact, she was very pleased to hear from him.

They texted for a bit, and talked to each other a lot, her smooth voice still sending shivers down his spine. There was a lot of flirting and a LOT of sex talk, but nothing had happened between them again... until now.

Finally, he was in the area again. Finally, he could make physical contact. Finally, he could see his fantasy woman in the flesh once more.

Finally, he could fuck his black mama again. And this time, he would not stop until she was his baby mama.

This adventure had begun for Blake one year prior, on a snowy night just outside Chicago. That was the night he met Greta for the first time, a meeting that could have only happened thanks to bad luck and poor choices on his part. It was also the night he had sex with Greta for the first time, the consequence of those poor choices and bad luck being that he had to give this older woman unbridled sexual pleasure. It was the night he first slid his hands all over that older woman's soft naked flesh in heated sexual embrace while his wife waited in the next room, sobbing. It was the night he first pounded her tight old cunt with his beefy young cock as both reached new highs of pleasure together. It was the night he first slid his cock up a woman's ass and experienced the incredible sexual bliss that could only come from fucking such a tight hole, and he did it with Greta, not his wife. And despite his promises to his wife, and all his vows to the contrary, that was the night his destiny was changed forever, and the traditional path his life was on was abandoned for good.

A year later, he had found himself in the same position, and this time, he had done it by choice. There was no bad luck or poor decision making that led him to this. Quite the opposite, in fact. He was making the very wise choice to see Greta again. Blake worked hard to make this reunion happen. Blake went out of his way to reunite with this woman who had humiliated his wife so brutally and savagely. This much older woman had completely upended his life in a cutthroat, evil manner, but

despite that, he just had to see her again. The pull he felt towards her was that strong. Both had been waiting for this moment since that morning they parted a year prior. Both of them knew what was going to happen as soon as he invited her inside his hotel room. And now that they were together again, they weren't gonna waste a single moment. Neither of them were pretending this was gonna end any other way.

Blake and Greta wanted to fuck, and nothing was gonna stand in their way anymore.

Both of them were dying for the hot, sweaty, brutal, intense fucking they'd been dreaming of since the last time they saw each other, and as soon as the door shut behind them, their simmering lust was finally unleashed upon each other again. Within seconds, her tongue was in his mouth. Within moments, his hands were squeezing her massive, mature breasts greedily. Within minutes, his mouth was eagerly sucking on those big tits as she cradled his head and cooed in lust. It wasn't much longer till the two were on the bed, lost in each other's naked bodies.

Even though they hadn't seen each other in a year, they still knew each other's bodies so well. When Greta took her rightful place and sat on Blake's handsome face once again, grinding herself against him, his talented tongue knew every spot to hit

inside her to really make her pussy gush. By both eating her amazing cunt and rimming her tight asshole, he soon had her screaming in pleasure. And when she saw his throbbing pole aching for his black mama's loving touch, she eagerly and smoothly swallowed his swollen cock, burying it in her tight throat, making him moan beneath her. But this lewd action was merely foreplay, and both were ready to proceed to the main event.

Hot, nasty fucking.

Blake and Greta certainly didn't disappoint there. They went at it like fucking animals. She didn't hold back, and neither did he. In their previous encounter, despite fully committing to the encounter by the end, he was still a rookie in the art of fucking a real woman. But now, after having spent the last year thinking of nothing but his time with Greta, and going out on his own and spending some serious quality time with various mature women, Blake was now an expert at pleasuring old sluts like her. And it was paying off, as he made Greta scream like a fucking banshee over and over again, rewarding this evil scheming slut by giving her this blissful pleasure. Giving her the type of screaming pleasure he would never give to his wife, the woman he loved. A pleasure that only Greta and women like her deserved. Greta got Blake's absolute best as he pounded her into oblivion with his massive young married cock, making her cum like crazy.

That being said, even though Blake was turning in the best sexual performance of his life, Greta... she was even better. In the interim since they had last had sex, Greta hadn't been sitting around just waiting for Blake to call her up. No, no, no. A woman with her luscious mature body and scheming mind had no trouble getting laid as often as she wanted, keeping her talents and ready for when Blake sought her out again. Even for a woman as experienced as she was, Blake was something special. The circumstances of his seduction turned her on like no other. Not only fucking a married man, but doing it right in front of his pathetic little wife... wow, even the memories of it were still enough to make her cum. So now that he was in her grasp again, as she knew he would be, she was ready to give this young married white man her best. And she wasn't gonna let him go without getting exactly what she wanted. What she'd been waiting an entire year for. And what she wanted was every inch of his big fat married white cock, and she definitely got it.

Greta rode his fat cock as if riding a bucking bronco, heaving her luscious mature body up and down, taking his full length inside her tight, grasping cunt on every bounce. Her body slammed into his she rode him, fucking his brains out by riding him at such a furious pace. Her huge tits bounced everywhere as she fucked him. He did his best to keep a firm grasp on her massive black udders, holding on for dear life until he couldn't

take it anymore. Until he just had to cum deep inside her waiting cunt.

But they weren't done. Far from it. They'd both been waiting for this for an entire year, and they weren't gonna stop until they physically couldn't continue. So within minutes of their first fuck concluding, they were back at it again.

This time, Blake roughly fucked the older slut from behind, drilling her tight ass with his thick cock. They were standing up, and Greta's huge sweaty tits were pressed against the window overlooking the city. Anyone looking at their window could see what they were doing, but neither of them cared. Greta was one of the most feared and ruthless prosecutors in the city, and anyone could have just looked up and stared at her mammoth bare tits pressed against the glass of the hotel room. Blake and Greta were just shamelessly going at it like this, looking down over the city, the heavy falling snow in the air outside once again reminding them of their first encounter a year prior.

The only thing missing that was there in their first encounter was April, but she was certainly there in spirit. Both of the illicit lovers took every opportunity to bring her up by running her down, trashing her pathetic body and dreary demeanor. Both knew that how badly Greta had broken her down and how

paranoid she'd become that he might cheat on her again, and that only made the fact that they were getting away with it even better. While April waited at home a nervous, pathetic wreck, her husband was currently filling Greta with his thick, married cum. The woman haunting her nightmares was proving herself to be the woman of Blake's dreams, taking what felt like a gallon of her husband's cum into her evil cunt. While April was across the country, trying to convince herself that Blake would keep to his word and stay loyal, her husband was betraying that trust by making a baby at that very same instant in the old slut's wicked vagina.

Blake took extra time off from work, knowing he'd be meeting up with Greta again, so for days on end, he and Greta did nothing but fuck like animals. Their moans were loud, and the sex was incredible. This marathon fucking lasted three days, the same length as their first encounter, and by the end, their hotel room was mess. The sheets were strewn everywhere, their clothes were scattered, and seemingly every surface was coated with their combined, copious sex juices. And this time, Greta was certain he'd gotten the job done. She was certain she was knocked up with the married man's baby. It felt like the perfect capstone for their illicit affair. She'd thoroughly demolished April in every other way. Why not finalize it by getting knocked up by her man? To get impregnated with the baby that should have been hers? It was too delicious of an option to just ignore. And what better way to do it than by

reliving their first encounter. By spending another three days having crazy, wicked filthy sex until her nasty cunt was filled to the brim with his potent married semen, all but insuring she was pregnant. It was just... perfect.

Frankly, that was about as romantic as MILF sex got.

Greta had plenty of filthy plans for her new boy-toy, and getting knocked up by him was just the start. She thoroughly enjoyed fucking Blake behind his wife's back, and she planned to keep that going as long as she could. But this whole meeting up once a year was not gonna work for a horny old slut like her. Eventually, the sneaking around wasn't gonna be enough, and Greta would have to make her and Blake a permanent thing. And when that happened, boy... April wouldn't know what hit her! If she thought the few days she spent at Greta's place were bad, wait till she faced what Greta cooked up for her next. Mmm... Greta couldn't wait for that delicious moment to come.

For a woman like Greta who was unafraid to seize what she wanted, each year of her life was better than the last. And for a woman her age, that was saying something.

For Blake, this had been the most important year of his life. He was a changed man. One year prior, he'd never even consider fucking an old lady. But now, after spending a year in that world, he could never ever go back. He loved fucking old sluts like Greta. He couldn't get enough. The innocent, loving, kind Blake that started this tale was long gone, and in its place, something far worse.

And it was all thanks to Greta.

Clearly, the pull of the older woman in today's society was a strong one. Once a younger man found himself in the orbit of an older woman, there was no hope of escape. None.

Just ask Blake.

So many men, when travelling for work, would partake in some of the local girls. Eager young sluts, waiting at some bar, looking for some excitement. Girls with perfect asses, massive knockers, and dripping with ambition, looking for the right guy to come along to show them a good time, and perhaps set

up something more. Find the right guy with deep pockets, and maybe he could even be locked down, married or not.

So it was a common sight in these hotels, to see these traveling businessmen paired off with these young ladies, having fantastic sex, these men finally embracing sin with these women. Maybe starting a new page of their life with these ambitious sluts by their side. On some nights, if you were a silent observer, traveling up the side of a hotel, you could look into the windows and see couple after couple going at it, married men in a tangle of limbs with hot young sluts, with gorgeous faces, juicy asses, and massive, perky tits.

But more and more, that image was shifting. And rooms like Blake's were an example of this. Instead of finding this young married hunk in the arms of one these young women, he was with a whole different type of woman. An older woman, and in his mind, a superior woman. You would see Blake naked in bed, arms wrapped around the luscious black body of his much older lover, lips locked together, her big, round, blimp-like tits against his chest as they lied on the bed, his cock buried inside her. His fit, toned, athletic form rolling in the sheets with this much older woman, her dark, smooth, sweaty black flesh sliding against his firm white skin. If you watched them once they got fully into it, you would see a type of sex that didn't compare with what you would see in other rooms. And if you heard those two going at it, hearing the filth spewing from both

of their mouths, not just about the sex, but in the badmouthing and trash-talking of his poor, pathetic wife waiting at home, you would know that this sex was truly next level stuff. Those other men were missing out, choosing those young women, when they could get more pleasure from these wicked old sluts.

But more men were discovering it. Discovering the dark delights that could be found in the arms of an old whore like Greta. Blake certainly had, and there was no looking back for him. He was totally on board now, and he had no regrets.

That all being said, this is just a sample case. But unfortunately, situations like this were happening across the globe. Situations like the one Blake was currently in, illicitly fucking an old whore in a hotel room with his wife across the country. Taking advantage of being away from his wife to experience his deepest, darkest, most electric of fetishes. A fetish that men used to be ashamed to admit to, but was now growing ever more commonplace. At the rate things were going, the full-bodied older women working in housekeeping were more likely to get laid than those young sluts at the bar. A man was more likely to be enticed by a bitter old cunt with massive knockers than one of those gorgeous, smiling young teases. It was a fetish that had caught on like an epidemic, and now that it had been unleashed upon the world. It seemed impossible to contain, and it seemed pointless to fight against. At this pace,

it wouldn't be long before all these hotel rooms featured hunky young men locked in heated, passionate embraces with women far older than them, while the younger girls were left in cold, waiting for an invite inside that would never come.

And could you blame these men? Watching a case like this play out, it seemed almost impossible to be on anyone else's side but Greta's. At first, upon meeting her, you could look past her. But after watching her in action, and seeing what she could do, what she was capable of... it was incredible. A decisive statement of her talents and overwhelming sexual appeal. God, what a magnificent bitch she was. So evil, and twisted... but so good. So cutthroat and ruthless... but so sexy. So aged and experienced ... but so absolutely fuckable. How could a woman her age be so fucking hot? God, her ass... and those tits! Man, those fucking tits of hers. Almost makes you envy a guy like Blake to be able to squeeze a pair of whoppers like those. And experience something even close to what Blake did.

Look, all the reasons not to are obvious, and have been stated many times over. For young men, fucking old ladies was bad, for a whole lot of reasons. Accepting that and going along with it was a path that would lead to nothing but corruption and sin. To a life of full-on obsession with old, evil sluts, because there was no going halfway into this way of life. It was wrong and bad for so many reasons, but... man, what a journey it

would be. For getting that kind of sex, that kind of raw, animalistic fucking... it almost seemed worth it.

No... NO! I mean, this is all hypothetical, of course. No man should want to actually do this kind of thing. It was wrong, obviously. But after seeing case after case of this type of thing happening, it was hard not to think about doing it, right? To experience something like this, to feel a type of pleasure that would almost force you to upend your life and make terrible, wrong-headed decisions... it had to be worth it, right? The sex had to be THAT good to make it all worth it.

It was hard to not let thoughts like these infect your mind. You could know better, and you could truly love your wife, but there would be some small part of you that could wonder. A part of you that could hope that, through some trick of fate, you could fall into a situation just like this one. Just like the one Blake did. Where you end up in the proximity of some scheming, sexy old lady with big tits and a thong, just to see what would happen. Just to test yourself. And even though you know what to expect, and you know how to defend yourself, it wouldn't matter. It never did. These older women's appeal was so absolute that they would make you crumble before them. And you would crumble. You know it, because deep down, you want to fall under her sway. Just like Blake did. You want to be seduced, controlled, and dominated by an old slut just like Greta. Even though you know what would

happen, even though your life would be upended and your wife might get humiliated, you would still do it, because the insane fucking would be worth it.

No man was above falling into this trap. In studying case file after case file detailing these events, it was plain to see that even the best of men could fall victim to this scourge. The most handsome of young men, fit and athletic. Or even men who had access to all sorts of young women, like famous actors and athletes could fall under the sway of an old, evil slut like Greta. Men who could have any girl. Men who could practically snap their fingers and get as much action as they wanted. Even these men could be convinced to forsake younger women forever in favor of what these scheming MILFs could provide them. Even these men would give up anything to worship their giant, mature, blimp-like breasts and fuck their spectacular old cunts.

The truly dangerous part was the fact that the more you tried to fight it, the worse off you'd be. As soon as you gave these desires purchase in your mind, the battle was already over. The more you raised your defenses, the more vulnerable you were. An insidious scourge, this was. As much as you prepared yourself, no matter how much knowledge you gathered, in the end, it might not matter. Being on the leading edge of the defense against this blight left you the most vulnerable. Doing these case studies day after day, hour after hour, only filled your head with naughty, illicit imagery of older women having

hot sweaty sex. And these images could take their toll on you. These images... they could almost make you want it too.

Uh, I mean, saying that isn't making some sort of personal admission of course, but the feeling was, um... understandable. Let's say, totally hypothetically, in doing this work, in performing these studies to stop these older women, you have a boss who is, completely coincidentally, an older woman. She's unpleasant and not friendly and not fun to be around in the slightest, but after reading all these stories, you just can't stop thinking about her. You can't stop fantasizing about her, even putting her in place of all the women you're studying. Even though you have a pretty wife at home, you can't stop fantasizing about fucking your mature boss, thanks to all these filthy stories! You've probably fantasized about her more than you ever have with any other woman. And you can't stop wondering, every time she looks at you and smiles, if she knows you're thinking about the tiny thong between the cheeks of her full, round, perfect ass. And you can't stop noticing how her massive boobs jiggle with every step she takes.

And again, still totally hypothetical, that you try to fight off these desires as best you can, and try to devote yourself to your wife completely, but the more you struggle, the deeper you fall. You keep thinking about older women like Greta and your boss, and you can't shake these indecent thoughts. You jack off

every day and every night, thinking about these luscious, sexy older women, and despite your initial objections to this whole thing, every fucking time it feels like you're firing off the biggest load of cum in your life. And the desires you feel are so strong and so overwhelming that you begin to wonder if this work was worth it. This scourge is supposed to be abhorrent to you, but the more you are forced to look into it, the more you begin to understand it. The more these cases were examined, the more you enjoyed them on a, uh... deeper level. You wonder what the point of these studies were, if this work was on the up and up, or if there was some insidious plot going on here. Because, if these desires were so potent that they could affect the unbiased researcher so strongly, then releasing them for public consumption was gonna do nothing but spread the gospel of these older women's talents.

And then you, hypothetically, raise these concerns to your hot, sexy older female boss, who at this point is, in your eyes, the sexiest, most fuckable creature you'd ever laid eyes on. Who, despite your initial feelings about her, is now the MILFiest bitch you'd ever seen. Who makes your cock throb being in her mere presence, despite how unlikeable she was. At this point, with all you had read, all you'd seen, you'd be such a tight bundle of nerves that it would take nothing for you to fall. It would be so easy for you to be broken. It would be so easy for her to convince how wrong your objections were, despite how much sense they made. And she would convince you. Hours

and hours of hot sweaty convincing. And when she's done with you, when you've fallen completely, you'd stop asking questions. You'd devote yourself fully to your work again, now knowing its true purpose.

Again, this is totally hypothetical, of course. It's not as if a researcher like myself would actually do such a thing. It's just an illustration of how dangerous this line of work truly is. It's not as if I had actually fucked my hot older boss. I mean, she's like, twice my age. I would never do such a thing. That'd be crazy. It's not as if I've actually squeezed and sucked on her big, round, perfect tits. It's not as if I let her ride my big married cock with her tight, mature cunt and got fucked into oblivion. It's not as if I actually slid my thick weapon into her tight, immaculate asshole, which squeezed my cock in just the right way and always coaxed a huge load of cum from my swollen nuts. It's not as if I badmouthed my wife alongside her, because I know how much hotter that makes this type of illicit fucking. It's not as if I'd become my hot boss's sex slave, fallen under her sway completely, vowed to give her all my babies, and barely ever touched my wife anymore. Like I said... this was just hypothetical.

The stakes of this report are clear. This case study has served a vital purpose. To secure a better world. To prevent others from making the same mistakes that I made... I mean, that Blake made. So, from this case study, some conclusions could

certainly be gathered. A game plan to speed up, uh, fuck, I mean... to slow the spread of this scourge can now be developed.

The best defense is to, quite simply, just steer clear. To avoid them. Even though you know how good it would be, it was far too dangerous to even put that temptation in front of you. Steer clear. Don't give these sluts a single inch, or they WILL take the whole thing. God, they take every inch so well. As tempting as they might sound, as attractive as you now see them, as indescribably sexy as they truly are, and fuck, are they ever sexy, you have to steer clear. Because if you don't, you will fall under their sway completely. If you're not careful, you WILL fuck an old lady. And you will LOVE it. And it will be the best sex you've ever had, and you honestly won't regret a thing.

If you don't believe me, just ask Blake.

Case studies like this are of utmost importance. I have detailed the exact, step-by-step path that led a good, married man like Blake to end up fucking an old slut. The path that led a good man into a life of inescapable sin and indescribable pleasure. The path that led a normal, upstanding young man like him to forsake women his own age in exchange for a life of banging whores double his age. And as hot as that sounds, and God, was it ever hot, it is of vital importance that it should be

avoided. Those hot-bodied, fuckable old sluts should be avoided at all costs, despite their immaculate skills in the ways of pleasuring a cock. Knowing all this, knowing all the tricks an older woman might pull to lure you in, it should be easy for any younger man to avoid falling into the same trap. It is only in examining cases like this that we can hope to understand these old ladies. And you should examine these cases over and over again, just to make sure you REALLY understand what these women are capable of. Till it's all you can think about. Only then will you understand what you're fully dealing with. And it is only through this understanding that we can learn how to avoid them.

Or, perhaps... to seek them out.

Old Ladies, Thongs, & Whiskey

Josh sat at the bar, sipping a craft beer, waiting for his wife to arrive. This was a weekly tradition for Josh and his wife, Deborah. Every Friday, they made it a point to go to the bar after work, get some drinks, and just relax. They liked to unwind, vent about all their troubles of the week, and leave those worries behind them.

The P-Boro Pub was their favorite bar in town. Ever since moving to the area, it had been their go-to spot to get drinks. Everything inside was made out of nice, warm wood, and they had a great alcohol selection, making it a very inviting locale for the young couple. It wasn't, like, a 'bar' bar, you know? It wasn't overly loud. There were no darts or pool tables or anything like that. It was a more modern and cooler locale, and it attracted a young, hip clientele. And as they just opened, the young couple were excited to become regulars at a place from the start, and they had done so. A few years out of college, they were both professionals with good, busy, well-paying jobs. As happy as they were with their current state, they both needed their time to unwind, and the Pub was a prime spot to do just that.

Deb had just texted Josh that her meeting was running very long, so she invited him to get started without her. Which he was, sipping his beer, eyes on the TV above the bar.

He didn't used to be a big drinker, as he never found the cheap beers his friends would have at parties particularly palatable, and straight-up booze never really did it for him either. Frankly, it was kinda too strong for his tastes. But Deb was really into craft beers, the type of stuff these little breweries in the area made. IPAs, porters, ales, etc. Drinks that had far more character, richness, and flavor than the big brands you see commercials for during football games. Deb had him try these craft beers early on in their relationship, and that had been his in to developing a taste for beer. He now had a well-developed palate for the stuff. P-Boro Pub had their own in-house brew, which he was drinking now, and sipping it down after a long, exhausting week made it taste even better.

"Hey there," said a woman, sidling up next to him. For a moment, Josh's eyes went wide as he looked at the woman next to him for the first time. She was a stunner, no doubt about that. A platinum blonde dressed in a professional yet figure-hugging red top, a slim black skirt, and high heels. She had large, perky breasts which stretched the confines of her slim top. And her round, shapely ass did the same with her skirt. She glanced at Josh with a confident smirk and a mysterious glint in her eyes. Damn... she was absolutely gorgeous.

"Uh... hi," Josh said, taken aback by being confronted by such a beautiful woman. His wife was very pretty, but certainly not jaw-dropping like this woman.

"I'm Samantha. And you are?" she asked.

"Josh," he stated, a bit confused.

"You mind if I sit here?" she asked, presumptuously taking a seat next to him.

"Um... I guess it depends," he replied, causing her to smile.

"On what?" she asked.

"Depends on your intentions," Josh stated, his alarms slightly raised. Her eyes narrowed knowingly.

"Well, if you buy me a drink, we can talk all about my intentions," she said with a hinting lilt.

"Uh... yeah, I'm married," he stated, raising his hand, showing off the wedding band on his finger. "Waiting for my wife to show up actually." She winced slightly at this, but she was undeterred.

"That doesn't mean we can't have some fun first," she purred. This wasn't the first time he'd been hit on at this place. A handsome, well-built, clearly successful man alone at a bar... it was inevitable he'd attract some attention. And he had... quite a few times, actually. But by this point, he was a deft hand at shooing away this kind of unwanted interaction.

"Actually, it does," Josh replied firmly, letting her know he wasn't some guy asking to be poached by some beautiful, aggressive young seductress. Studying him for a few moments and seeing that his resolve was firm, she stood up and ordered a drink. Once the martini glass was slid into her grasp, she turned to face him again.

"Shame..." she replied, sipping her drink. "The best ones are always married, but that doesn't always stop them from playing. I guess I'll have to find someone more fun," she said, taking another sip before sauntering off, shaking her immaculate ass from side-to-side as she did so. Rolling his eyes, Josh turned to face the bar again, looking down at his

phone, hoping for news from his wife as for when she'd be showing up.

This was the reason he always wanted to meet up here with Deb at the same time, just so this kinda thing wouldn't happen. Because it seemed like whenever she was late, or if he was simply alone at the bar for an extended period of time, some enterprising tease would find her way next to him and start lightly flirting, aiming for something more. Sometimes, they persisted even beyond him mentioning his marital status, forcing him to put his foot down. Josh was a good husband, and he had never indulged in that kind of behavior in the slightest, despite having had many opportunities. He was a good man, and he cared about his vows. Nothing would ever get in the way of that. That being said, it was always nice to get some attention, even the unwanted kind. And to be hit on by someone so attractive was certainly a boost to his ego. But he tried not to get lost in this kind of thinking for too long, despite the ego-stroke it provided.

Unfortunately for him, he was a prime target for this kind of attention, more so than would have expected. But then again, he didn't quite know what a juicy target he was for these scheming teases. He was tall, fit, and handsome. Brown hair, warm eyes, and a kind smile, he could make even the most hardened slut melt without even trying. He dressed well, indicating his success, and he exuded a quiet confidence

without effort, all good qualities that only increased the target on his back. Being alone at a bar made practically made him a beacon for eager sluts on the hunt for big game.

He kept his eyes down on his phone as he tried not to catch anymore unwanted attention. But alas, just as he received a quick text from his wife explaining that she was still in her meeting, he sensed a new presence next to him.

"You really missed out with that one," said an older, smoky female voice from beside him. "She seemed like she'd be worth a good roll in the hay."

"I'm married," Josh responded without even looking up, texting back with his wife.

"I mean, that girl has tits that are cum targets, my goodness..." the woman stated, undeterred. "She probably needs no help getting laid. If she's not getting it from you, she's just gonna get it from someone else. But it's probably for the best. It just means you'll be coming home with me tonight."

Finished with his text, and finally absorbing what this woman had just said, he lifted his eyes from his phone and looked up. And what he saw was not what he expected.

The woman standing in the same spot Samantha just did was about as different from her as could be. While Samantha was young and beautiful, this woman was... not. This woman was older... much older. And you could describe her as many things, but beautiful wasn't one of them. She had short, dirty blonde/light brown hair, folded on top of her head in a somewhat stylish manner. Her face looked her age, with some wrinkles and crow's feet and age lines. She was probably in her late forties or early fifties, but these things made her look a little older. Or maybe... she just was older than he originally suspected. And because of all that, it would be difficult to consider her beautiful. She wasn't like some older actress you see in movies, who could have been a model in her younger years. No, this was a real older woman. She was certainly not hideous or anything like that. She was just not exactly super-hot looks-wise. That being said, she didn't let that stop her. She was wearing make-up, dolled up for a night on the town, but she didn't seem like the type who would make time to do such a thing normally. She had eyeshadow around her sharp, angular eyes, smooth pink glossy lipstick across her full lips, and a bit more on her face to perhaps smooth things out. But what stood out most about her was her tan. While some women had that perfect level of golden tan perfected, this

woman was about a notch beyond that. While she hadn't taken it to extreme levels or anything like that, she'd probably spent too much time in the sun, giving her a slightly overbaked look. Yet, she was undeterred. She struck him as a woman who wasn't gonna let her age hold her back.

Her outfit matched up to his first impression of her. On her legs were tall, knee-length leather boots. Above those, adorning her legs, were black mesh stockings, leading up to a slim, black leather skirt, clinging to her thighs. Up top, there was some color to be found to contrast against the darkness of the rest of her outfit. A slim top, made out of some sort of smooth material, colored white, purple and black, in a slightly floral pattern. The top was short-sleeved, allowing her lithe, tan arms to be left exposed.

But what really caught his attention was her chest.

This woman, despite having some meat on her bones, had a relatively fit figure, all things considered, which made the fact that she had absolutely massive breasts all the more noticeable. Enormous and round and full, they looked like tanned, overinflated balloons, stuffed into her top, bursting to get out. The top had laces from the neck down to the middle of her chest, and they were straining to contain her massive bust. The

fault-line of her smooth, mature, sunbaked cleavage was visible beyond the laces.

Her thin, bony hands were resting on her hips as she let him take her in for the first time. When he looked up into her eyes, she seemed amused by his confused gaze.

"I'm sorry?" Josh asked, confused, setting his phone down on the bar.

"Well, now that that little tease is out of the way, you've left yourself no other option but to come home with me tonight," she stated with a knowing smirk.

"Oh... I'm married," he said, confused by the attention from this older woman, holding up his hand again to show off his engagement band.

"I know," she stated confidently. "But your wife isn't here right now, and I am, and I think I'm the one you were actually waiting for..."

"I think you, uh... presume too much," Josh said, trying to be polite despite being boldly hit on by this old woman. "And besides, my wife will be here soon."

"Well, you won't be here by the time she arrives. You'll be too busy with me," she stated confidently, her smoky voice betraying no doubt in her prediction, a confidence that surprised the young married man.

"Well, you are bold, I'll give you that. But... I'm not interested," Josh said firmly, still trying to be respectful.

"Oh, nonsense," she said, waving him off. "Of course, you are! It's not often you get a babe as hot as me chatting you up." Not sure if she was joking or if she actually thought she was a total babe, he didn't say anything as she sat down next to him. Before he could speak again, she glanced back towards the tables behind them and spoke up. "But she wasn't so bad either," the older woman said. Josh looked back, only to see Samantha already seated next to a man, conversing with him. "When I saw you turn her down, I figured you had a hunger for something different than what she can offer."

"Again... I'm married," Josh pointed out. "I hunger for, uh... my wife."

"Of course," she said with a small grin, before ordering a whiskey from the clearly amused bartender. It was as if he had seen her before, like this was his regularly scheduled entertainment, watching this old woman shamelessly and futilely hit on young guys way out of her league. And now Josh was the next one in line in her little game. Once she got her drink and took a healthy swig, she turned to face him again.

"I'm Sandy, by the way," she said, holding out her hand. Not knowing what else to do, he shook it.

"Josh," he stated. As he did, he felt her slim finger rubbing into his palm, prompting him to end the grasp quickly.

"You work around here?" she asked, as if all was normal, as if she wasn't just shamelessly hitting on him moments prior.

"I work at the hospital. On the, uh, legal side," he replied. "Wait... were you joking before?" he asked, still confused about this whole thing. But she simply ignored his question and continued.

"Well, I own the porn shop a few blocks over. You know the one, right?" Sandy asked. He certainly did not, but she was undeterred. "I tell ya, we had a few lean years there, but lately, wow... business is booming! Been so busy I've barely had any time to get out and have some fun with a guy. But tonight's the night, and you're the lucky man for me! So, let's enjoy our little date..."

"Sandy, I think you have the wrong idea about me, and..." Josh began.

"No, Josh, I think it's you who's mistaken," Sandy said firmly, reaching over to put her hand on Josh's wrist. The older woman was now facing him more than she just had been, and her exposed cleavage was right in front of him again. He couldn't help but let his eyes drift downward, despite himself, if only for a moment, just to acknowledge what she was doing. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't not look at her expansive cleavage. It was just... it was just right there. She was asking him to look, quite frankly. His eyes became lodged in her cavernous cleavage for what was just a quick moment but felt like a lifetime, the smooth, dark crevasse between her mammoth, tanned, melon-sized tits seizing his gaze. But he did his best to make this stare brief, quick enough for her not to notice... hopefully. She resumed speaking. "You might not believe it quite yet, but you and me WILL be leaving together tonight. Me and you are gonna get to know each other very,

VERY well. And by that, I mean we're gonna go to my place, get naked, and have a lot of sex. I mean... a LOT of sex."

"I... I... what?" Josh stammered, shaking his head. Was this a joke? Was he being pranked? How could a woman like her, so much older, and frankly, not exactly a super-babe, presume that a handsome young guy like him would actually cheat on his wife and hook up with her? It was patently ridiculous. If anything, he would hook up with someone like Samantha. At least that made sense. But this... there was no logic to it. Did she really think he was gonna cheat on his wife with a much older woman like her?

"I know it's exciting to think that you're gonna see all of this in the buff," she said, gesturing to her body. "It probably doesn't feel real. But believe it. Your face is going to end up between these..." she said, pointing at her enormous breasts. "Your hands are gonna end up sliding across my hot naked body. Your body and mine will become one. Face it, Josh... me and you are about to become lovers..." At this, Josh had to interrupt.

"NO! I'm married! I love my wife! I'm not gonna cheat... period!" Josh stated, as plainly as possible, trying to dissuade this aggressive older woman. She seemed mildly confused by this, as if this didn't make sense to her.

"Oh! If you're worried about me not knowing what guys like you want... trust me. I know things," Sandy began. "I'm VERY experienced, if you know what I mean," she added, but he still looked at her, baffled. "I mean I've fucked a lot of guys!"

"Yeah, I got that!" Josh stated angrily. "I think you're missing the point, though."

"Here's the thing I want you to understand... I'm not exactly shy," she stated shamelessly, but based on this whole conversation, this wasn't exactly a surprise. "I don't mind ripping my clothes off at the drop of a hat. I mean, I've posed completely naked for the art class at the college, just because I know everyone there will get turned on looking at me. And honestly... it just turns me on to get naked. I mean, I've been sending pictures to porn studios for years trying to get myself out there for the world to see. I just LOVE the idea of men and women getting off thinking about me and my hot body."

"Uh... I..." Josh began, completely flabbergasted. What was going on here? Was he actually being pranked? This was ridiculous.

"And like I said, I work at a porn store. Business is booming, and I'm on the front line, facing down all kinds of horny men.

And even though I've been so busy lately, I still get the chance to have my fun," Sandy continued, undeterred. "This drunk college kid came into my store, laughing it up at all the stuff on the shelves, making a joke of my livelihood. So yeah, I rode his dick hard, better than he'd ever had with any college slut, and honey, that boy sobered up fast, haha! He came back a few weeks later, desperate for more of the good stuff from me. But no... he didn't lay another finger on me... that's what he gets for not taking me seriously." She paused and laughed to herself before continuing. "Then there was the time I met with this guy from a parent's council, protesting my store and vowing to shut me down. Well... he wasn't protesting when he came on my tits. And... let's see... these two studly high school guys came in my store as soon as they turned 18, and I let them double-team me in exchange for some free movies. I got a guy to sell me some premium weed in exchange for sucking on my big tits for a few hours. Oh, and one of my employees traded me her ass-slave, who was the wife of the hunky married guy she was hooking up with. So yeah, I had this young, married woman as my ass-slave for a little while, until I got bored with her, which was pretty convenient for whenever I needed a tongue up my asshole..."

"I... I..." Josh stammered at the brazen older woman. Was all this true? This sounded like something out of the porn movies she claimed to sell. Couldn't be... could a woman like her be so

active sexually? But he didn't have much time to think on it, because she wasn't done yet.

"And working in a porno shop... trust me, I know things you've never heard of," Sandy began. "Things that'll make your head spin. And I know what men like you like. I tell you, since that whole MILF thing really caught on like crazy a couple years back, we've had those DVDs playing on loop in the store," she stated, seemingly referencing some event or thing that he had no reference point to. What MILF thing? What was she talking about? "I don't know why young men like you have suddenly become so obsessed with fucking women twice their age. Or even older! Like... we have stacks of movies about young bucks like you fucking these smoking hot older women that are old enough to be their mom... or even their grandmother! And you can just tell the guys in the movies are way more excited to be with those women than they are with regular porn stars. And people just love it! It sounds crazy, but that's the shit that flies off the shelves these days. That's why we play them damn near all the time... but I'm not complaining. It pays the bills. And besides... with those playing for me every day, even an old bat like me was able to pick up some new tricks. Trust me, babe... me and you are gonna be porno-fucking, ha ha!"

"I don't care!" Josh said, his not raising his voice, but letting his tone display his displeasure at this whole line of questioning. He had finally heard enough. "I don't care about any of this! I don't care about your past... or your... adventures, or porn, or..."

anything. I just want to sit here, and relax, and sip on my drink, and wait for my wife to show up."

"See, you say that, but I don't believe you," Sandy began, lifting her glass to her lips, completely unaffected by his staunch defense. Her lip gloss left an imprint on the glass. "I think you're just waiting to be picked up. I bet you come here all the time... you meet up with your wife here, at least that's what you tell yourself. But deep down... you know the truth. You're just waiting to get poached by the right woman. A girl like that one..." she said, nodding towards the blonde who had been chatting him up earlier. "She's not what you're in the market for. I bet you've had plenty of girls like that before come at you, to the point where a babe like that is almost boring. Young bitches like that don't turn your crank anymore. But me... I'm EXACTLY what you're looking for. The type of woman who lives in your nastiest fantasies, ones you won't even admit to. Ones you try to ignore, but they always make you cum the hardest!" she took another sip of her drink. "I see it all the time. Married guys just like you coming into my store, trying to be all discreet, but coming up to the counter with an armful of hardcore MILF porno, stuff they'd never be able to get with their wife. You could have been one of those guys for all I know."

"I'm not!" he said, shaking his head. Sandy smirked at how much she was getting under the married man's skin. She knew

she had him on the hook, even if he didn't know it yet. Otherwise, he would have just walked away.

"God, you want to fuck me so hard right now, don't you?" she purred, smirking at him. "You're so upset, you want nothing more than to rip off my clothes and make me scream!" She said with a huge grin. Josh threw up his hands and began rubbing his forehead with frustration.

"I'm not into you, lady," Josh said angrily, his mouth clenched. "Now please leave me alone."

"That's not what you want," Sandy said, not letting up. "With that little bitch earlier, you shooed her away like that. But me... babe, you've been chatting me up like crazy!"

"I'm not talking to you. You're talking... at me," he replied.

"It's because you like me..." she purred. "You like my body..." she added, jutting out her chest, her expansive tanned cleavage impossible not to glance at again. He found himself looking before he realized what he was doing. The full, firm flesh of her enormous, overripe old-lady melons was pouring through the laces of her top, bursting to escape. For the first time, he noticed

a black tattoo on her breast, slightly faded and obscured, so he couldn't figure out what it was.

"I don't know you, lady," Josh said again, sliding his eyes away from her jutting chest smoothly, looking away for a moment before meeting her gaze. "And I don't want to know you. Even if I was... that... type of guy, which I'm not... you would not be my first choice. You're not exactly my type..." he said, hoping a little rudeness might shoo her away. "And again, for the tenth time now, I'm happily married. So please... just give it up." Sandy paused, and Josh hoped he had finally done enough to end this strange interaction with this aggressive older woman, this woman who was probably older than his mom. For a moment, she looked him over, as if sizing up whether or not her read on him was accurate. Sizing up whether or not she could actually land this young hunk. Taking another sip of her drink, she began speaking again.

"I've been doing this for a long time, Josh," she began calmly, clearly not dissuaded of her pursuit. "I wouldn't be talking to you if I had any doubt where this was going. We're gonna be going back to my place tonight. And we are gonna be having sex. Hot, sweaty, NASTY sex! You're gonna be pounding my hot ass all fucking night, and you will love it! It will be the best you've ever had! Better than with your wife. Better than with any other woman. Better than even what that little blond bitch you talked to earlier could give you. Me and you are about to

become VERY good friends, and I will become your number one booty call. It's just a matter of time..."

Josh shook his head, kind of amazed by the brazen confidence of this woman. Quite frankly, she didn't even match up to any of the women he had been approached by in this manner. And of course, she certainly didn't match up to what his wife could provide. In the universe where he would actually cheat on his wife, it would be with one of the many other women who had hit on him. The young, beautiful women... like Samantha. Not this woman. This aggressive, average-looking, over-tanned older woman with obscenely massive melons. A handsome man like him could do so much better, and Sandy had to know that. And yet, she kept at it. Never giving up. There wasn't one iota of her that showed even the slightest bit of doubt in what she was saying. As annoyed as he was by her, he couldn't help but, on some level, admire her confidence. She actually believed that she was the hottest bitch around. She actually believed that she was as good as she said she was. She actually believed she was gonna convince him to join her in bed. And without Josh fully realizing it, the back of his mind registered that this quality in her was very, very attractive.

And in that moment, somewhere in his mind, a door that had remained firmly closed and locked up to this point cracked open ever so slightly.

"Listen..." Josh began, his tone less combative, but still firm. "You're bold, Sandy, I'll give you that. I appreciate the attention, and I appreciate the effort, but... it's not gonna happen." She stared at him for a moment before smiling.

"And you're a fun man to hunt," she said, pointing at him with her glass, as if giving him cheers. Josh shook his head slightly and looked around. He couldn't help but notice a few people glancing their way. Staring at the sight of this very handsome younger man next to this under-dressed, sexed-up older woman. Probably wondering why they had been chatting for so long. The bartender gave them a few curious glances, wondering why this whole thing between Josh and Sandy was still going on. A couple at a table gave them a few confused looks as well. A couple of guys on the far end of the bar were smirking at them, no doubt laughing at Josh for being stuck dealing with this nasty old woman. Even Samantha stole a few glances, as confused as the rest as to why Josh would even deign talking to an old crone like Sandy when he could have been spending time with someone as hot and sexy as her. And frankly... why was he?

"You know," Sandy began, "I admire your fortitude. Not many men would turn down guaranteed sex with a smoking hot older woman." Josh inwardly rolled his eyes. You could say a

lot of things about Sandy, but 'smoking hot' would not exactly be the first, despite her impressive bust. "So many men are just pushovers. There's no sport in that, really. But you... even knowing how good I am in bed, and seeing how sexy I am, you still say no? I'm impressed. Honestly. Not many men could hold out for this long. That'll make it all the sweeter when you finally give in..."

Josh turned away and shook his head again. She still wasn't giving up? Even after all that? He couldn't suppress an amused grin.

"You... you're something else, Sandy..." Josh said, taking a swig of his beer. "Does this... does this stuff really work?"

"Hon... you have no idea," Sandy said with a confident smirk, laughing and sipping her whiskey. "All that stuff I said, all my little adventures... it was all true. That all happened. I know what I'm doing here, and I'm really, really good at it. You might think I'm some wicked old vulture preying on young, tasty meat, but it's a fact of life. The sky is blue, the sun sets in the west, and young guys want to fuck me."

"Well... I guess I'm one of the exceptions, then," Josh replied smartly.

"Oh, I don't know about that..." she purred, sliding out of her chair into a standing position next to him. Before Josh could react, she stepped in close to him, grabbing his chair and spinning it so he was facing her. He was sitting in a tall seat, so with her standing up, it put them eye-to-eye. She grabbed his knees and pushed them apart, stepping between them before he could react. Stepping into his personal space, with her jutting her chest outward, he was taken aback slightly for the first time. "I think you like me. A lot. More than you want to admit. I think you like me even more than all those other guys I've hooked up with. You like me so much you want to make me scream in pleasure. Deep down, you want nothing more than to give in to me and have the best sex of your life. Don't you?" she whispered, pushing out her massive, tanned orbs at him again, practically right in front of his face, begging him to stare. But he stayed strong and kept his eyes up. Because of their close proximity, he leaned back in his chair and said one word.

"No..." he replied simply but firmly. Looking down at him, she screwed up her lips, as if deciding what to do. Finally... a decision.

"Okay," she said simply, stepping back from his personal space. Exhaling, and a bit confused, he sat up straight in his

chair, somewhat shocked to see her back down. "Fair enough," she added, taking her seat again. "Just wanted to make sure you knew what you were turning down." She said, seemingly leaving him alone at last. She turned away and faced the bar, sipping her drink once again.

Josh was a bit baffled as he nonetheless did the same, turning away from her to face the bar, returning to his beer. What was going on here? Who was this lady? How could someone like her actually be that bold? It was crazy! He was still not fully convinced this wasn't a joke, but it seemed all real. He had never experienced something like this, with a woman aiming so far out of her league by pursuing him so aggressively. Not to talk himself up as this ultimate of manhood, he didn't mean it like that. But he could fully admit he was a good-looking man, and judging by the attention he got from women, this admission didn't seem unfair. A lot of beautiful young women seemed to want a piece of him, so having an older woman like her pursue him and think she could succeed where all those other girls failed was shocking, to say the least. But he felt he had handled it about as well as possible, all things considered. And now that she was seemingly, finally talked down, he didn't want to engage with her any further. He wanted to expunge her from his mind immediately. He wanted to ignore the fact that his cock had twitched ever so slightly when she stepped in close to him...

Glancing at her from his periphery, she seemed to be on her phone, distracted from her pursuit of the married man. Finally, able to exhale, hoping this was finally over, he tried to pay attention to literally anything else. The TV over the bar, other patrons of the bar, anything. Glancing at the clock, he moved to grab his phone, searching for an update from his wife. He looked at the countertop, but his phone wasn't there. He swore that's where he left it. Patting his pockets and glancing at the floor, he still couldn't find it.

"Um..." he said nervously, confused, looking around, beginning to panic. Where was his phone?

"Oh!" Sandy announced, getting his attention. "Whoops... looks like I might have grabbed yours by mistake," she said, handing over the phone in her hand. Confused, he took it from her and turned away, not believing this excuse in the slightest. He wasn't stupid, as he had a passcode for his phone, so she shouldn't have been able to open it up. Yet... something didn't add up. He scanned his phone, searching for anything the slightest bit off, but nothing seemed amiss. Still skeptical, but allowing himself to exhale for a moment, he checked his texts, finding nothing from his wife. Then... his phone buzzed in his hand. A new text from an unknown number. Absent-mindedly opening it up, he was suddenly confronted by something he didn't expect, and his eyes went wide.

It was a picture of Sandy in her underwear.

The married man was suddenly looking at a lot of tanned mature skin as he suddenly saw a lot more of Sandy than he ever expected. This picture was taken facing a mirror, and she was giving a kissy face to the camera. It was one thing to see some young beautiful babe doing this, and quite another to see an old woman like her doing it. With a young woman, it just fit. It felt natural. Lewd... but natural. As if it comes with the territory, that it was in their natural behavior to act in such a way. But with an older woman like Sandy... it almost felt extra obscene. Forbidden. Wrong.

Sandy was wearing a little black number, a thin, lacy bra and matching, teeny-tiny underwear. The bra strained against her massive, tanned udders, struggling to contain tits of such a massive size, making her bra-straps dig into her shoulders. The bra supported her huge breasts, holding them up, presenting them for the photo proudly. Tanned, mature boob-flesh was pouring over the edges of the garment, bursting to be free. The bra was almost mesh-like in places, giving it a see-through quality, meaning the outlines of her round, dark nipples were clearly visible. He could actually see a hint of this old woman's nipples... Jesus.

This skimpy lace bra left a lot of bare skin exposed, giving Josh a better glimpse of the slightly faded tattoo on Sandy's breast, which was now revealed to be a dangerous looking spider. Down lower, her exposed belly caught his attention, the dark over-tanned skin being shown to the camera. She had a bit of extra meat on her bones, but all things considered, she seemed reasonably trim and fit, and this picture made sure he knew that. Her navel was left bare, catching his eyes for a moment. But his eyes kept going lower, to the tiny triangle of a thong nestled between her legs, scooped deep to cover up very little, supported by the barely-there thong-straps riding high over her prominent hips. Like the bra, it was slightly see-through, allowing him to see a hint of her pussy through the material.

There was also a mirror behind Sandy, and from the angle the photo was taken, her thong-clad ass was being showcased perfectly. Josh was able to see the big, round, firm cheeks jutting out from her back, framed by the straps of her thong along its upper ridges. The tiny black string of the thong fucking disappeared between the impressive cheeks, diving deep into the valley in between. Each of those firm cheeks were perfectly sculpted, round and smooth and full, as tanned as the rest of her. The only interruption in the tanned flesh was the slightly faded tattoo adorning her right butt-cheek, which looked to be some sort of military insignia. This picture was no accident, and she had done a good job showcasing her curves

for the camera. Realizing he had been studying every pixel of this photo for far too long, he started to question how he got it.

"How did you..." he began, confused how she did this.

"You've been on your phone all night, babe," Sandy said. "Anyone that looked could see your password. And now... I have your phone number," she boasted with a huge grin. Josh was perplexed. Was this really happening? His shock was obvious on his face, and she just had to speak up. "What's wrong? Have you seriously never been sexted by an older woman?" He remained silent, and judging by his shock, she had her answer. "Really? I'm surprised. A stud like you... I figured you'd have gaggles of old sluts throwing themselves at you. Well... I'm happy I'm gonna be the one to pop that cherry."

Still completely gobsmacked, he glanced at the image on his phone again before pocketing it, not knowing what else to do. This woman... how could she still so shamelessly pursue him like this after him saying no?

"What's wrong?" Sandy asked. "Hon, you've been staring at my chest all night... figured I'd give you a better look. I bet I can show you an even better one..."

"NO!" he called out quickly before taking a breath and not causing a scene. "Just... no. Sandy... stop this. Stop all of this... please."

"I'm not gonna stop, babe, and deep down, you don't want me to stop. You want me to keep going and going and going until you have no choice but to bury that big, thick young cock in my tight old cunt!" she said with a smile, her harsh language catching a few onlookers' attention.

"Hey, Sandy... keep it down. People here know me," he replied, looking around, embarrassed.

"Why? Don't want people to hear you having some serious discussions about having SEX with an older woman?" Sandy asked confidently. "Or does it bother you to hear a woman like me using such lewd terms so proudly? Well, Josh, I'm a real woman. I'm not one of those pretty little minxes with perfect hair and a pretty face and a perfect body and a cute, perfectly styled little pussy. No... I'm a real woman with big fat tits and a big, juicy ass and a nasty fucking cunt that can drain a young cock dry like nothing else!"

She said this loudly again, loud enough for even more eyes to turn their way. Josh looked away, trying to disassociate himself

from this nasty old woman, but it was probably too late for that. It was true that he knew some of the regulars in this bar, and once his wife showed up, he knew they would be happily sharing the dirt of this encounter to her, as if this was all a laugh. The bartender, a few of the people at the tables, they were already happily taking in this awkward encounter as juicy dirt to use against him. His turmoil was their joke. Josh kept looking away, but Sandy reached over and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't be shy now, honey. And don't feel bad about being so hot for me," she began. "You're just cutting to the chase. Most guys get there eventually... after a while. They figure it out. They'll try all the different types of girls, and sample every fetish they can, but they all end up fucking older women like me by the end. And you will too."

"What are you talking about?" Josh asked, glancing at her, still baffled. "I'm not hot for you! Quit saying that! I don't have some deep, repressed thing for women like you!" he replied, trying to ignore all the turmoil she was inciting in him.

"What I'm saying is that there's no shame in wanting to bang me. Most guys these days would drop everything in a heartbeat to fuck a woman like me." Sandy boasted. "I know for a fact you're imagining deep-dicking me at this very

moment! I know you're thinking about pulling my thong down with your teeth and..."

"Okay..." the younger man began, quickly doing something on his phone. Sandy watched as he pulled up the photo she sent and readied to delete it, causing her to act fast, putting her hand on his wrist to stop him.

"Honey, don't delete that! You're gonna need that for your spank bank when wifey doesn't take care of business tonight," Sandy stated, as if this point was obvious. "No matter what happens tonight, that cock will be firing massive wads of cum thanks to me. You'll be thinking about me tonight even if you do go home with your little wife. And besides, as soon as you delete one, I'll send over ten more. Some of my naked tits... or my bare ass. I know you young guys can't get enough. So, trust me, I've got plenty, ones a lot nastier than that. I mean, have you heard of this whole Buttholing thing? It's quite fun and effective..."

"Sandy!" Josh said firmly, turning to face her, forcing her to release her grip on his wrist. She looked at him excitedly. "What can I say to get through to you? What can I do to make this any clearer? I'm not interested in you in any way. I'm not enjoying this in the slightest. Just... go away. Please!" He stated, as calmly as he could. Her eyes narrowed as she examined the

stubborn married man for a few moments. Finally, she stood up, and for a minute, he truly thought she had given up on her pursuit. Then, she spoke.

"Are you seriously gonna turn down this ass?" she said, spinning around in front of him and pointing her leather skirt clad rear end at him. Her full, round ass pressed against the thin leather, forcing the tight material to mold to its round, firm shape. She then turned around and took one step closer. "Are you actually gonna turn down these tits?" she asked in a firm whisper, her huge tanned breasts placed right in front of his face. His nose was less than a foot from her deep, cavernous cleavage, and his eyes couldn't help but stare at the tanned skin oozing out from between the laces. He could see the tattoo of the black spider, the venom dripping from its pincers looking dangerous. Josh calmly lifted his eyes from her smooth cleavage and looked into her eyes.

"Yes," he said simply, his resolve strong. For a moment, her lips twitched in a look of intense anger and frustration, but that moment passed quickly. She then gave him a poisonous smile.

"Mmm... you are irresistible, aren't you?" she purred. "I love the ones that put up a fight before submitting..." As she said this, she ran a finger along her cleavage. "The ones that act all good and true and pretend that they don't want to get their hands on my hot body. Fuck... I thought you'd just be good for one good

roll in the hay, but you... mmm... you might just be a keeper..." she announced, his resistance to her advances only further enticing her, sending her into fantasies of him and her as an ongoing thing. He rolled his eyes at this and looked away, shaking his head. "Hon, what you're feeling now is the last bits of any silly loyalty you might feel towards your wife just slipping away. You have no idea how close you are from sliding those big hands of yours all over my huge naked tits. You have no idea how close you are to wrapping your lips around one of my hard nipples and sucking away. You have no idea how close you are to feeling my cunt squeezing your big fat married cock! You have no idea how close you are to having the best sex of your life! All your denials are only bringing us closer together..."

"Just..." he began, pausing out of pure frustration, starting to think this woman was crazy. He looked away from her and glanced over the bar. "Just leave me alone. Please." He begged quietly, way over this situation. She grinned as she lifted her glass to her lips and took a healthy swig, swallowing it down like a champ. She put her glass on the bar and got the bartender's attention to get a refill. For a few blessed moments, there was silence between the two, but Josh could feel the pregnant pause in the air.

"At this point, you just have to be wondering..." she began, smirking as she glanced at the married man. When she saw he

wasn't gonna engage, she answered her own question. "Wondering if all this build up is gonna be worth it. If I'm actually as good as I say I am. Trust me... I'm even better!" she said confidently. "The biggest problem you're gonna have is resisting the urge to fall in love with me."

At this, Josh gave her a withering look, clearly not sold on her many boasts.

"I mean, we are a pretty great match," the old woman explained to Josh. "You're a handsome, fit young buck... Mmm, I bet with the proper training, a guy like you could go at it for hours without slowing down... of course, that's only if you're with a real woman. And me? I am that real woman. A gorgeous, sexy woman. A genetically perfect woman."

Josh raised a skeptical eyebrow at this, but she only smiled.

"You doubt me," she began as another drink was placed in front of her. "But how many women my age have tits this big and firm?" she asked, glancing down at her melon-sized breasts. His eyes followed, glancing down into her cleavage for just a moment before catching himself. "How many women my age have an ass this juicy and firm?" she said, turning around and looking down her own back, glancing at her full rear-end.

Again, his eyes fell, this time to her round, full, leather-clad ass, and again, it took him a moment to catch himself and look forwards. She spun back around, just in time for his eyes to meet hers. "How can you deny that I'm pretty much... perfect?" She said this last word with a knowing smile, before gathering her glass into her hand smoothly and taking a sip.

Sure, Josh could admit... for a woman her age, her body was fantastic. She seemed fit and in good shape, and as she made clear, she had curves where it counted. But... it wasn't like she had model good looks. Far from it, to be honest, as she wasn't particularly good looking. And frankly... she was an old lady. If he were to google search for the genetically perfect woman, he somehow doubted she would look anything like Sandy.

Josh gave the old woman another withering look as he returned his attention to his phone. Willing his wife to arrive and give him an out from this whole conversation with Sandy, he opted instead to bring her into his turmoil.

"Please show up soon! I'm currently being hit on by an old lady, and she won't take the hint."

He didn't even get to read through a single email on his phone before Deb replied.

"Oh no! Better watch out! Don't make me come down there and defend my man from a handsy granny!" Deb joked, and her humor really established how insane this whole thing was. He'd been on edge with frustration, and this really took the wind out of his annoyance about this. This was a ridiculous situation... maybe he shouldn't be getting so worked up about the whole thing.

"But alas, I can't rescue you just yet. This meeting is going on and on and on." Deb said. "Luckily, I trust that you can handle one old lady." Dispirited, he looked away from his phone, allowing a moment for Sandy to swoop back in.

"Breaking the news to your wife that you won't be coming home tonight?" the older woman asked. "That you've decided to spend the night going balls deep in an older woman?"

"Not exactly," Josh replied tersely, rolling his eyes.

"But here's the thing, though... you have made that decision. You just don't know it yet..." she said, raising her eyebrows. Josh shook his head.

"You don't give up, Sandy, I'll give you that," he stated to the aggressive older woman as he glanced around the bar.

"Never. Especially not when sex is in the cards, and trust me honey, sex is definitely in the cards here," Sandy replied, taking another swig of her drink. "Believe me, babe, when you meet someone, and you just know that the sex would be amazing, you can't stop till you make it happen. You don't stop till the clothes come off, till skin is sliding on skin, till a cock and a cunt have really gotten to know each other, till the walls shake from the screams and the moans. That's why I haven't given up on you. And hon... that's why you haven't walked away either..."

From across the room, a perfect opportunity.

"Funny you say that," Josh said, standing up, putting Sandy on her heels for the first time. He glanced at her and smiled. "It's been fun, Sandy, but if you don't mind, a table just opened up, and I would like some privacy until Deb shows up. So... bye."

So surprised was Sandy that she didn't say or do anything as Josh walked away from her. A small table had opened up with a single seat, and he was quick to pounce on it, getting away from Sandy in the process. Someone had taken the other chair for this table to sit an extra person at the next table, leaving this

one with just one seat, and Josh somehow felt that Sandy wouldn't do something as nakedly desperate as to follow him, drag a chair from another table and join him. And he was quickly proven correct, as she simply eyed Josh from afar for a few moments before turning away, focusing on her drink.

Finally, Josh was free. Finally, he could breathe, having escaped the clutches of that aggressive, massively breasted old woman. Not... not that the size of her breasts was relevant. It was just... he wasn't thinking clearly. But now he could. Now he could finally relax. Now... he could finally just wait in peace.

Removing his phone from his pocket, he couldn't help but share this development.

"I think I finally shook her..." Josh texted to Deb. Quickly, she replied.

"Great! Can't afford to have my husband being seen flirting with old ladies. LOL."

"I wasn't flirting." he replied, defending his own honor. Even though her joking before had kinda took all the pressure off

him before, part of him was kinda annoyed that she was acting like he on some level was enjoying this thing with Sandy.

"Well, you better not! I just can't afford to have a husband who secretly throbs for old ladies. We're in this for the long haul, babe." Deb replied. Again, a flash of annoyance at this accusation passed through me. He doesn't 'throb' for old ladies. He doesn't think about older women at all, and the accusation of it kinda made him mad. Josh knew she was joking, he did, but it still annoyed him all the same.

"I don't think you have anything to worry about," he replied, biting his tongue as not to appear upset.

"I know 😊" Deb replied. Perhaps sensing that his terse tone was barely restraining his annoyance, she texted him again. "I'm just joking honey."

"I know." Josh said back to her.

"I'm aware you aren't into old women. I'm just messing with you." She added, cooling his annoyance. "It's just crazy, right? Does she think it works for her to just accost married men at bars and never let up? Is she, like... hot?"

"No. She's not hot." Josh said definitively.

Then his phone pinged.

It was another text, but not from Deb. Without thinking, he opened it, and his eyes went wide as soon as he did so. It was from Sandy, and what she sent was another picture. A picture of her in her underwear. But unlike her previous picture, which seemed like a quickly taken selfie in the midst of changing, this one seemed expressly designed to seduce.

It was a full body shot, with her standing with her hands on her hips. The only thing missing from the picture was her face, which for her might be for the best. But there was no mistaking this was her. And this photo had her lewdly displayed body filling the frame, giving you nowhere else to look but all that exposed, tanned skin. The only things she had on were a purple lace bra and a matching little slip of underwear, a thong or something obscene, no doubt.

Again, Josh had to admit, despite everything, that despite her age, her body was very impressive. Sure, while she had signs of aging and a little extra meat on her bones, as any woman her age would, she seemed to clearly be in great shape. Her belly

was flat and trim, her navel the only interruption in the expanse of fit, aged, tanned flesh. The thong below covered very little, showcasing as much of her flat stomach and trim waist as she could get away with. And it was this impressive level of fitness that made her boobs look absolutely massive when posed like this.

It wasn't like she was pushing out her chest or trying to make them appear bigger than they were. No, they were just there, jutting out from her chest, barely contained by the lacy purple bra, looking undeniably gigantic. Jesus, they were big. Josh couldn't even begin to guess the size, as he'd never encountered breasts of such enormity. Comparing them to the size of watermelons wasn't a totally unfair comparison to make. The mammoth, tanned, smooth jugs vaulted out from her chest, looking impossibly firm given their sheer size and heft. They were so utterly massive that they could barely be contained, her huge breasts bursting out from all sides. The cups of the bra were digging into the lush, smooth flesh, the tanned skin of her oversized breasts oozing over the edges of the material. And the sheer size of her huge breasts forced the bra away from the body, allowing some of the extra-soft flesh of the undersides of her breasts to be visible. Her sunbaked melons looked impossibly firm and soft, and the lace material gave a hint of a view at both the prominent tan lines at the front of her breasts, as well as a hint of her stiff nipples.

With the picture cutting off her face, Josh could have almost been talked into this being a photo of another woman, but the telltale tattoo of that damn spider adorning one of her big round breasts disavowed that notion. It was truly shocking that a woman of her mature age could have a body this impressive. No woman her age should have boobs that large and that firm. No woman her age should be posing like this. No woman her age should be sending photos like this to young, handsome married men. But clearly, judging by both her behavior and her mouthwatering body, she was not like most women her age. She was bold. She had a great body. She was confident. She had gigantic boobs. She was shameless. And most importantly, she had massive tits. And again, despite every fiber in his being trying to push these thoughts away, some part of him deep inside grudgingly admitted that all these qualities were, in some ways... sexy.

But Sandy wasn't done yet.

Josh had been so lost in the picture she sent that he didn't register her follow up texts until the second one pinged his phone. He started from the beginning.

"This is the present you could be unwrapping tonight," Sandy first texted, teasing him. "Just imagine peeling off my clothes

and laying eyes on the goods. Don't you want to see this body of mine in the buff?"

Without thinking, his eyes drifted to the massive sun-cooked valley of cleavage between her two melon-sized tits and stayed there until he realized she had texted him another picture. Without thinking, he scrolled down to look at it.

Josh gulped at what he saw.

It was his first good view of her big round ass. The very first picture only gave him a view of her rear-end through a mirror's reflection, but this picture put her ass front and center. And it was revealed that, just as before, her firm, shapely ass was adorned with a miniscule thong. The tiny purple garment framed her thick, juicy ass perfectly, the straps of the thong running along the upper ridge of her ass before meeting at the small of her back in a tiny little triangle of purple lace. Now as proven by her previous picture, while she was fit, she had curves where it mattered, and that continued here. She had a big ass, not to an insane degree, but one that perfectly fit her thick, curvaceous frame. Large, round, firm cheeks that vaulted out from her fit frame. Each smooth, meaty cheek stood out prominent yet perky, perfectly sculpted despite her older age. They rode together nicely, each large cheek almost resembling a mountain on her fit frame, with the deep, dark

valley in between looking almost inescapable. But it was a journey that the tiny string of the thong made, traversing down through the deep crevasse of her ass-crack, emerging near her crotch, where it connected with the small panel of purple lace covering herself down there. The tiny thong was putting her ass on display, the prominent cheeks left bare to Josh's surprised gaze, her ass just hanging out of this tiny little garment. Some women have a cute little butt, or a nice booty. But this... this was an ass. A round, juicy fucking ass.

Josh found himself so shocked at the sight that he couldn't look away, inadvertently studying every curve and crevasse, every exposed inch of tanned, bare flesh. Well, not every inch was tanned, as the tan lines on her ass showed she sunbathed wearing a slightly less revealing thong than the one she was currently wearing. Even though the rest of her ass had that slightly overly tanned look, it kinda worked on her, the large ham hocks of her ass looking perfectly cooked. Ripe and juicy.

The only other thing he noted was the tattoo he'd noticed earlier on her right ass-cheek. It definitely looked like a military insignia, a symbol for one of the branches of the military, but Josh wasn't aware of which one. Josh normally wasn't a huge fan of tattoos, but the look kinda worked here. Of course, an ass like this would have a tattoo on it. Of course, a woman like Sandy would have a tattoo on both her ass and on one of her

massive tits. That being said, Josh wasn't about to become a fan of tattoos, no matter how impressive the canvas was.

Josh glanced up for a moment. Sandy was still at the bar, seated, leaning down and looking down at her phone. Leaning over like this caused her top to raise up slightly, exposing both her tanned lower back and the obscene whale-tail she was sporting, her thong rising out from beneath her skirt lewdly. And it's color? Purple. It was the very same garment she was wearing in the picture, which caused his eyes to drift back down to the photo on his phone. And it was as his eyes again took in the breadth of her thong-clad ass on his phone that she sent another text his way.

"Take a good look, Josh," Sandy texted him. "You're about to get to know this ass VERY well. This ass is your future, babe. Your destiny. So, memorize every square inch of it. Here... let me give you a closer look."

Before Josh could look away, another picture appeared on his phone. And this picture made his breath catch in his throat.

It was a photo taken from the same angle, pointed directly at her ass, with it filling the frame. But in this one, she was posed differently, with her on all fours, her ass facing the camera.

And also, the thong she was wearing... it was gone. Meaning, her lower half was completely exposed. With her legs slightly spread, her completely shaved pussy was just right there below the center of the frame, exposed to him without warning. The smooth, plump lips of the older woman's pussy were being shamelessly displayed to Josh, but shockingly enough, compared to the rest of the picture, the fact that he could see her vagina wasn't even the headline.

No, because up above her pussy in the picture was her ass. And instead of just displaying her ass as is, she upped the ante. Reaching back with both hands, digging into each of the round firm cheeks with her thin aged fingers, she was peeling the cheeks apart, exposing her tight, clean asshole to the married man's gaze. The small, tight, dark pink hole was front and center in this shot, with lines in the skin whirling around it, meeting in one point of singularity that was the old woman's clenched asshole. And it was just... there... front and center... the center of focus in this picture. This old whore had just sent a picture of her asshole to a man she just met minutes prior. How nasty was she? How deep did the depths of her filth go? Even the women like Samantha who hit on him seemed to have some sense of shame... but not Sandy. She was something else. Something beyond that. It would take someone truly nasty to send a man a picture like... this. It was wrong. It was nasty. It was the most shocking thing Josh had ever seen.

Needless to say, he couldn't look away.

Josh was so stunned he couldn't stop staring. This woman... this old slut... she was making this something serious. It could have been played off as all in good fun earlier, but she was going all in. She had sent him a picture of her asshole. What the fuck was happening here? And why couldn't he stop staring at this picture?

Flash!

An image just appeared in his mind, completely unbidden. Josh, his face wedged between the older woman's ass cheeks, his tongue eagerly rimming her asshole as his hands eagerly squeezed her large, meaty ass. And in his mind, his face wore an expression of rapturous bliss.

Josh's mind returned to the present with a start. Whoa... where did that come from? What the fuck was that? Like those intrusive stray thoughts you'd have while driving or just deliberately crashing your car, his mind had on its own wandered to the worst possible outcome in an instant. He'd... Jesus... he'd never, ever done anything close to that, nor did he intend to. He shook his head to clear these strange thoughts away, but he was still sitting here in this public place, looking

at a picture of this older woman's buttocks, wondering what the fuck was happening. This didn't feel real.

He'd just met this woman less than an hour ago, now he was seeing a picture of her pussy and asshole! What was this? He'd been hit on plenty of times before, but nothing like this. How could a woman send something so lewd and disgusting as a picture of her own asshole? And not just any woman, but an older woman. Someone so much older than him should know better. They should act mature and dignified, and not like this. Not like a sleazy, nasty, disgusting whore. And what a whore she must be. If she had so little shame as to do this, if she was willing to go this far, just imagine how uninhibited she must be in the bedroom. Just imagine what she could do to a big, hard, swollen dick...

What? No. No! Josh had to shake these sudden thoughts from entering his mind. It was hard not to let these thoughts rise to the surface when staring at a picture of an old slut's asshole! And he was staring, having not once looked away from the picture, having not once considered deleting it off his phone as quickly as he had threatened to with that first, relatively tame picture Sandy had sent before. Seeing her in a bra and a thong seemed almost chaste compared to this. But for a good few minutes, on his phone in the middle of the bar, the married man had a picture of an older woman's asshole on display for anyone to see. An onlooker would think he was far more on

board with this whole thing than he actually was, and this sudden thought finally stirred him from his whirling thoughts.

Finally looking up, he glanced around, sweat on his brow, panicked at the idea of being caught looking at... this. No one seemed to have noticed him, thank God. He glanced up at Sandy, and she was still facing away from him, paying him no mind despite the turmoil she was causing him. She was standing at the bar, talking with the bartender, it seemed like. And, probably because of what she'd just sent him, he found his eyes drifting down to her leather-clad ass.

No. Stop! What was happening here? He'd been able to simply laugh her off earlier, but that was before she sent a picture of her asshole. She'd stepped up the game, and it had affected him. He was shook. He was bothered. He was... wait, what?

He was rock hard.

What the fuck? Why was he hard? No. No. This was not an attraction to Sandy rising to the surface. This was not some exposure that he was secretly into her this whole time. Then what was it? Maybe... it was a reflex. Yeah, a reflex. An unbidden reaction to an image so lewd and nasty that your body would react no matter the sender, be it a hot young babe

or a wicked, aggressive older woman. Sure, it was this older woman's wicked sext that had him throbbing in his pants, but that wasn't a one to one thing. He had received a picture out of the blue of a lewdly displayed asshole, and in response, on pure reflex, he got rock fucking hard. It didn't mean he wanted anything. It didn't mean he suddenly wanted to dive in face-first and worship that tight, delectable asshole. It didn't mean he suddenly wanted to throw his marital vows away and have nasty, sweaty sex with this old whore. What it did make him want to do was just leave.

The game had gone on long enough. Not that it was a game that he was even participating in. But it could all be sort of easily disregarded as a funny anecdote, that time he got mercilessly hit on by an old lady. But now, he had a picture of her asshole on his phone, and that image had been burned into his mind already. This wasn't a fun story anymore. She'd made it real. Too real. And instead of just continuing to sit around and just take it, he thought it'd be best to just leave, head home, plans be damned. He could let Deb know, and that would just be that. The fun night they had planned would be done, but he'd finally be free of this old vulture.

It was at this moment, as his wife returned to his mind, that he realized that during this whole text chain from Sandy, texts from his wife had been forced into the background, ignored as this aggressive old woman barraged him with texts of her hot

body... uh... her old, aged form. Minimizing the texts from Sandy, he pulled up the texts from his wife that he'd missed.

"Oh my God this meeting is going on forever!"

"Babe, this shit is so freaking boring!"

A few minutes later...

"Honestly, at this point, I wish I was being hit on by a nasty old lady. It would be way more exciting compared to this. Sounds like you're having more of a good time than I am..."

"Oh God, he just opened up yet another powerpoint."

A few minutes after that...

"Babe, you still there?"

After a few moments of radio silence from Josh's end, she'd texted him again.

"Josh, I was there for you during your adventure with that old horny slut! Talk to me hon. I'm so bored!"

She had sent this last text at nearly the same moment Sandy had texted him a picture of her asshole, so it wasn't impossible to believe it fell by the wayside. A few minutes had passed since this last text, and in a panic, he finally replied to his wife.

"Sorry hon. She was putting on the full court press. Had to duck away from her. I'll explain later," Josh texted back, with no intention to fully explain how far Sandy had gone in her efforts. But he wanted to check in with his wife and keep her placated, not letting her fill in his silence with any wild thoughts. And clearly she had started to do just that, joking about how much of a better time he was having than her boring situation. He was not having a good time, despite any unintended physical reactions he was having. But in the moment, eager to just end all of this, he let the point slide.

Looking up, he saw a waitress about to walk by, and was eager to get out as soon as possible. Catching her attention, he took his wallet from his pocket and leafed through it, set to pay his bill and leave. After handing off his credit card to the waitress, he couldn't help but let his eyes drift back to the bar. To Sandy, who's presence was revealed to him as soon as the waitress stepped away. For the first time since he left the bar, she was

glancing back at him, seeing he was getting set to leave. He looked away, strumming his fingers on the tabletop. His phone pinged again, and assuming it was a response from his wife, he opened it without checking the sender.

That was a mistake.

"Oh, calm down." Sandy's text began. "We both knew you were gonna be seeing my asshole tonight. Figured I'd just get the introductions out of the way."

Josh rolled his eyes at this. He strummed his fingers on the table even faster, willing the waitress to hurry up and get his card back to him, but before that happened, another text from Sandy arrived.

"Fine. I'll send you something that'll keep you in that chair. Something that will make you not want to leave, unless you're leaving with me."

That's when she brought out the big guns. Well... mostly.

Another ping came from his phone. Josh didn't want to look. He knew better. But the waitress was taking her sweet time,

and his eyes almost drifted to his phone out of habit. But his impatient gaze stopped as soon as it landed on his phone's screen.

In the picture, she was now facing the camera. Her thong was still off, meaning Josh now had a full-on view of the older woman's cunt. Completely shaved, the plump lips of Sandy's pussy were on display. It stood out even more due to her tan lines, her crotch far paler than the rest of her sunbaked flesh. The full expanse of her tanned belly was on display as well, the smooth, aged flesh shamelessly exposed. But none of this was the headline of this picture.

Sandy's bra had come off.

The purple lace bra was now dangling from her fingers lazily, her arm posed to her side to allow the lusty garment to hang downwards. This meant that the old woman was completely nude in this picture, but that didn't mean he could see everything. Her other arm was across her front, covering her breasts, preventing the married man from getting a full view of them. The flesh of her firm, heavy breasts oozed from around her slim arm, and her open palm was cupping the side of her massive breast, her thin aged fingers digging into the soft flesh ever so slightly. Up above this, just before the photo

cut off, you could see a proud, knowing smirk crossing the old woman's lips.

"I normally don't mind showing off my tits, baby. I've got plenty of photos on my phone of my big bare tits that I could send you right now. But you... I'm gonna make you beg to see them..."

Josh tried to ignore the throb in his erection at this. Gritting his teeth, he glanced across the bar to where Sandy stood, her back still facing him. He shook his head in annoyance. Of course, the one part of her he would want to see she denied him... not... not that he actually wanted to see her massive breasts. It was just... he didn't... okay, he needed to regain focus. His card still hadn't been given back to him, so he was stuck here. But his wife had texted a couple minutes ago. Perfect. Something... anything to distract him from that nasty old lady's body.

"What did she do? Did the old broad invite you to bingo? Did she crochet you her number?" Deb replied.

Her joking had deflated the tension earlier, but it was the last thing he needed now. She thought this was some hilarious interaction he was going through. She didn't know that she had sent him a picture of her bare asshole. She didn't know she was

sending him nude photos where she was hiding her amazingly large breasts. This had gotten real, and his wife's joking was starting to ratchet up his already boiling annoyance. This was a high-pressure situation being inflicted upon him, and she wasn't helping. But he could deal with that later. He just needed to get out of there.

"I might just leave. We can come back another day. I'm way past done with this old lady." he texted to Deb tersely.

Almost immediately, another text arrived. This time, from Sandy. The married man found himself opening it without even thinking about it. And when he looked upon the photo she sent, he gulped.

The bra was now on the floor, and she was still facing the camera, completely naked. And instead of her using one arm to cover up her big breasts, she was using both hands. Or, to be more specific, she was using her fingers to cover up not the full expanse of her massive tits, but just her nipples. Using the fingers from each hand, she denied him the sight of her stiff pink nipples. Pressing her fingers ever so softly against her mammoth, fleshy tits, she covered up her large smooth areolas and the stiff succulent nipples, not granting him that view. But he could see damn near everything else. Since she was covering so little, the married man could really appraise the full size and

shape of the older woman's spectacular rack. They were mammoth in size, the sides both vaulting out from her slim frame and meeting in the middle, forming a natural canyon of cleavage. The undersides of her massive boobs were smooth and round and perfect, as if drawn by an artist. An artist adding something perfect onto a canvas not worth of it. A canvas aged past its sell by date, worn down by time and experience. Yet their perfection could not be denied, and the fact that he still couldn't get a full glimpse at them made his blood boil further. It wasn't even that he wanted to see them, but it was just... she was showing off literally everything but her full bare tits. Like a bad movie he wanted to see the end of, part of him was frustrated that he couldn't at least get the full picture.

"Say the word, and I'll show them to you..." Sandy texted him, knowing exactly where his mind was.

Josh scrolled back up to look at the texted picture again. Her boobs were truly massive. How could breasts so large on a woman her age still be so round and firm? How could they have maintained their perfection? How could her body have maintained so immaculately when her face had aged so much more? Was it hard work, good luck with genetics? Or was it that, in the same way someone who only worked out one part of their body could get them into peak condition, her body was just put to such constant use that it simply couldn't be helped

staying as perfect as it was? They were perfect enough that he found himself staring into her endless, cavernous cleavage despite his obvious dislike of this nasty old whore.

Finally realizing what he was doing, he looked away from the picture of the naked old woman on his phone. He then realized that his credit card had been returned to him minutes ago by the waitress, left on top of a receipt, next to a pen. Annoyed at himself for not having caught this immediately, he grabbed the pen, scribbled his signature on the receipt, and quickly pocketed his credit card. One last thing to do... finish his beer. Then he was gone. Grabbing the glass, he brought it to his mouth and gulped down the last swig of it, ready to be done with this. Ready to get out of here. Setting his glass down on the table firmly, about to pick up his phone, he took one last moment to sit back before rising to his feet.

And that was when Sandy sat down in his lap.

Josh had thought he'd had all his bases covered. He'd decided to leave. He'd paid his bill. He'd gotten away from Sandy and sat at a table with no extra seats. He'd didn't think she'd betray any desperation by dragging a chair from afar to join him. But of course, she was not one to dance around anything, was she? Of course, she would just come over here and plant her round meaty ass on his lap to prevent him from going. And that's

what she was doing, firmly nestling her ass into his lap, both her legs to one side of his. She cozied up against him, wrapping one arm around his neck, pressing her side into his chest. She had brought two whiskey glasses over, both in one hand, pinched between her fingers, her fingers in the drink. Setting one down on the table in front of Josh, she brought the other to her lips, taking a sip.

"One more for the road, babe," Sandy said with a smile. "This one's on me... while I'm on you, haha!" she laughed, taking another drink.

Josh, obviously, was completely flummoxed. Not knowing what to say or do, he kept his hands up, not touching her, sitting back as far as he could. Her massive breasts were just under his chin, imposing on his personal space, and he was trying to get out of their way. But with breasts of such size, that was a challenge.

"Sandy..." he croaked out, hands up, trying to make it clear to anyone watching he wasn't welcoming this. "Please stand up. I'm trying to leave."

"Ooohh..." she said, lighting up, wiggling her butt into his lap. "I can tell how much you enjoyed my photos." It was true...

despite every fiber of his being fueling his dislike of this aggressive old woman, his prick hadn't softened in the interim since seeing those photos. It was... an unwanted reaction. A purely physical reaction to being shown so much bare skin. To being shown such impressive curves. No desire. No further fantasies. Nothing more.

"Sandy..." he warned through clenched teeth, his entire body tightened as he tried to ignore the shivers of pleasure her wiggling butt against his erection was causing him. It was just the pressure... the weight of her... not that she had a round, full, juicy ass planted right against his big married dick.

"Hon, just because you're stiff down there doesn't mean you have to be stiff everywhere. Loosen up!" She said with a wicked smile, rubbing his tensed shoulder with some of her fingers. "Besides... you've already seen my asshole. That makes us friends now." Still not relaxing after this gentle approach from Sandy, his hands still keeping clear of her, she decided to simply ratchet up the pressure. Gripping her slim fingers into his shoulder, she ground her ass into his crotch hard, rubbing her big mature ass against his young, throbbing married cock lewdly.

"Oh!" Josh groaned, his body wavering under this sudden action from the older woman. Why was his body betraying him like this? Again!

"Fuck..." Sandy sighed, eyes lidding in pleasure as she ground against his clothed length. "I can feel how hot you are for my body. Mmm... I just knew you were huge..." she purred. She kept at it, grinding her ass against his dick as forcefully as she could without catching anyone else's attention. As she did so, she leaned against him, one side of her massive, heavy rack pressing into his chest. Any words he might have had, for now, caught in his throat as he tried to resist the pleasure her grinding ass was bringing him, so she filled the silence and kept talking. "I have a sixth sense about which guys are huge. I call it my 'Dickth Sense', haha. A lot of women think they have it, but I actually do. It's not about those guys who drive fast cars, act like hot shit, and call themselves 'alpha males'. I mean, sometimes, that's the case, but it's so much more than just preening and bragging. It's a certain quiet confidence. A steady, strong resolve. The type of iron will that would bring a guy like you into a bar like this, knowing you'd be hit on but be unafraid of losing control. Sure, I get dumb young guys who just so happen to be packing, but there's no fun there. No sport. I'd rather have a handsome young man like you who so shamelessly brandishes a ring on his finger in a room full of sluts, confident he won't be the prey in a room full of apex predators. That's the meat that tastes the sweetest. And I

confess... it's especially sweet to see a young buck like you fall to an old huntress like me. Haha..." As she opined, she continued to grind her round, meaty ass against the married man's dick, and despite trying to resist it... he was as hard as steel.

"Sandy..." Josh finally croaked out, body tensed, sweat on his brow. "Please... I need to leave." Where before, his hands were held up straight, now they were wavering somewhat in the air.

"Nonsense..." she said, pushing through his objections. "Why leave when you're finally starting to get comfortable. Besides... I brought you a drink." Before he could object, she pinched the extra glass of whiskey between her fingers and put it into his hand. Not knowing what else to do, he closed his fingers around it.

"I... I don't drink whiskey..." he stammered, his addled mind raising the least relevant objection possible. Still overwhelmed by the old broad and all her decisive actions, he didn't stop her as she reached back towards his arm that was behind her back, wrapped her slim, aged fingers around his wrist, and placed his open palm against her hip. Arranged like this, it didn't look like he was objecting to this. If anything, this almost made them look like... a couple.

Alarm bells were firing off everywhere in Josh's mind. What was happening? Why had he let this happen? Was anyone watching? Why was his body enjoying this so much? How could he get away? With so many competing thoughts in his mind, the only thing he could do was take a healthy swig from his glass and try to calm his nerves. This made Sandy smile.

"That's it babe, drink up..." she urged the addled young man. "Tonight, you're gonna learn to like a lot of shit you didn't think you would..."

"Uh..." he groaned, still confused, the words taken out of him again as she ground her big ass into his lap. He simply took another sip of whiskey. He was so affected by lust that it went down like water.

"I can feel how much you're enjoying this, babe," Sandy whispered, still feeling his straining cock pressing into the firm flesh of her meaty ass as she continued grinding against him. "Hon, you're THROBBING for me, haha! Just cut loose and enjoy it! We both know you want it! Let's just leave, go back to my place, rip off our clothes, and have the sex you've been wanting to have with me since the second we met!"

"Sandy..." he said warningly for like the millionth time, urging her to stop despite her pushing past his limits every chance she could. He had to know this weak argument wouldn't stop her. Rolling her eyes at his denial, she decided to turn up the heat. Pivoting on his lap slightly, she angled herself so more of the weight of her giant breasts was pressing into him, forcing him back from their sheer size. This also put them right in front of his face, just under his chin. He literally couldn't not look at them, and his worried gaze descended straight into the old woman's cleavage.

"There you go, babe, feel free to look at them. I love feeling your stare..." she purred, really digging her ass into his groin, making him sigh. Despite himself, his sight was consumed by Sandy's massive tanned breasts, the smooth tanned flesh looking mouthwatering up close. "Maybe you can't bring yourself to fuck me just yet, Josh. You might not even like me very much, but we both know that you LOVE my big, perfect tits! Don't you love my massive, firm breasts, Josh?"

"I... Sandy..." Josh gulped out, unable to look away from the old woman's tits. They were indeed amazing breasts. He couldn't deny that. Round, full, perfectly ripe melons, bursting to escape from her tight top, the tanned flesh straining through. The tanned skin looked smooth to the touch, dying for some strong male fingers to dig into the squeezable flesh. And the smooth, deep cavern of cleavage looked bottomless, as if

something could fall deep within and never escape. His cock flexed against her ass so strongly that the old woman felt it.

"Ooh... I'll take that as a yes!" Sandy said, smiling wickedly and taking another swallow of her drink. "So, okay, fine, you don't want to fuck me, but why not indulge yourself in what you do want? Why don't we just sneak off to someplace quiet and you can spend however long you want sucking on my big tits?" She punctuated this with another deep grind against his rock-hard married dick.

"Oh... Sandy... stop..." Josh groaned, his head swimming. Despite everything, despite his obvious dislike for this aggressive old lady, she had ratcheted up the pressure so severely that lust was pumping through his veins, hardening his cock into steel through pressure alone. Her swiveling hips, her unrelenting ass, and the up-close view of her gigantic boobs had his blood boiling, and all of this was affecting his judgment. He didn't want to sneak off with her. He didn't want to fuck her, despite how his dick was behaving. And he certainly didn't want to suck on her tits... her big, round, fleshy tits. Her massively-sized, firm, mouthwatering breasts. Fuck... He totally didn't want to take one of her no-doubt stiff, perfectly sized nipples into his mouth. He didn't want to make the old woman's lips curl up in a satisfied smirk as he finally gave in to her and wrapped his lips around her hard nipple. He didn't want to spend hours scrubbing his face against her

smooth, fleshy tits as his mouth worshipped her tasty nipples. He didn't want to dig his hands into her perky, juicy titty-flesh over and over and... ugghhh... fuck yes... over. No... no. It would be amazing, though. Fuck! Her tits were just so big! And so soft. So... perfect. He could just imagine the flesh oozing between his manly fingers. God, he'd never seen a pair this big. Certainly never gotten his hands on any. And the infuriating thing was that it was the only part of her he hadn't seen completely exposed. He didn't ask to see this old woman completely naked, but if she was gonna make him do so, he'd at least like to see her best features. But no... she withheld that, despite how shameless she was. One simple glimpse at her bare breasts wouldn't be so bad, right? Then he could just get this strange fascination out of his system. One quick glance. One firm squeeze. Maybe one eager suck at her stiff nipples. One minute, he meant. Or one hour. Or one entire night...

No. No! He had to stop this. He had to stop letting his mind wander. He'd held out for so long, the whole night. He'd stayed ahead of her as much as he possibly could. He'd been the good husband. He'd kept his distance as much as possible, excepting his current position. He was at the goal line. He just needed to find a way to escape his current predicament. But her round, juicy ass kept grinding against his swollen weapon. Her tits kept jiggling right in front of his face. She was eroding away his objections by force, wearing him down, making him think things he shouldn't, making him actually consider... no. No.

He would not let her win.

Josh had to resist this. He had to fight back against this last minute, Hail Mary maneuver by the older woman. He couldn't possibly be tempted by this nasty old skank... right? It was ridiculous! He knew better. He knew this was wrong in so many ways. He knew he was a young, fit, handsome married man, and she was this... old slut. On top of that, he knew that he was in public, and people could be watching, but he was so in a bubble at the moment that his eyes couldn't escape the gravitational pull of the older woman's massive breasts. The entire bar could be watching them, and he wouldn't know. His wife could be standing there and he wouldn't know it. Wait... his wife!

Almost on cue, he heard his phone vibrate against the table. Thankful for any distraction from the old whore on his lap, he lifted his hand from her hip and reached towards the phone. His nimble fingers were able to open up his phone, and from a distance, he was able to take glance at the text sent to him from his wife.

"Wait! Hold on. Don't leave. The meeting just ended. I'm on my way now. I want to give that old bat a piece of my mind." Deb texted this cheerfully. She was still treating this as though this

was some fun adventure he was having, not knowing how serious it had gotten. Again, hiding his annoyance with how flippant she was being, he had other things to worry about. The text sent a flood of panic through him. He had to end this now. He had to do something.

But before he could do anything, Sandy made another move. Just as nimbly as he'd grabbed his phone, she plucked it from his grasp.

"Hey!" Josh said, reaching for his phone, but the position she was in allowed him to keep it out of reach.

"A text from the wife. Hey... that's not very nice. But I suppose if she knew her hubby was about to be vigorously fucking that, quote unquote, 'old bat', she might say something far worse," Sandy said. Josh reached for the phone again, but she kept it away. Toying with the screen, she scrolled through her previous texts. "Oh, she said quite a few nasty things about me, didn't she?" she said with a smirk. Then, she moved away from his texts, exploring his phone. He tried to grab at it again, but she was too fast, moving it away again just as she found something of interest. "Oh wow, is this a picture of the little sweetheart you're married to? Let me pull it up..." Josh watched her pull up his wife's contact page, and the attached picture. It was a picture taken a few years ago, at her folk's place on

Christmas, her and Josh standing next to each other in front of a fireplace, dressed nicely. His wife looked quite pretty, with her dark hair hanging straight down past her shoulders, her stylish glasses adding to her look, and her pretty face turned up in a brilliant grin. She naturally had an olive complexion, a look which really worked for her, only adding to her beauty. She had bright, intelligent hazel eyes, and smooth, plump lips. She was a real beauty. She stayed in good shape as well, even if the red sweater she was wearing wasn't built to showcase that. But she was an avid runner, keeping her slim frame in great shape. Her legs looked great in the dark jeans she happened to be wearing, and she also had on nice, expensive heels. She looked great, and every time he saw that picture, he was filled with pride with the wife he was so lucky to have.

Sandy wasn't so impressed.

"Oh..." she said, clearly let down. "You're married to this skinny little thing? No wonder you wanna suck on my tits so bad! I expected a guy like you to have a fucking stone-cold babe for a wife, like... supermodel gorgeous, long legs, perfect ass, tits out to here..." she said, holding out her hands in front of her already sizable breasts. "But this only confirms why you should go home with me tonight!" she said, resuming her original pitch now that she had seen his wife. "I'm sure this cute darling you're married to is funny or has a great personality or whatever, but even an old whore like me has her beat where it

counts. Only a real woman like me can give you the good stuff. The shit you deserve..."

Sure, his wife didn't have the intense level of curves that Sandy did... few women did. Her bust was, uh... petite. Cute. Same with her butt. She was just... she was trim and fit. In good shape. Not that her not being curvaceous really mattered. He loved her for more important things. She was just a blast to be around, fun and quick witted. No one could make him laugh like she did. But despite her snark, she was fiercely intelligent, and had a great work ethic, which he not only loved but respected. And while she could be sardonic, she also had an incredible heart, which always made him swim with affection for her. But frankly, it wasn't her incredible loving spirit grinding into his cock right now, it was Sandy's big ass, and it was really a more pressing matter.

"Just... just give me my phone..." Josh groaned, reaching for it, her ass still swiveling in his lap, squeezing his rock-hard prick.

"Well, if you're gonna be like that," Sandy replied, switching the hands that was holding her phone, keeping it away from the married man. Then, with him watching, she reached up with her now free hand to stretch open the laces traversing her cleavage before deftly using the other hand to slide Josh's cell phone straight into her cleavage, inserting it so deeply in the

valley between her tits that the entirety of his smart-phone disappeared between the old woman's breasts. Literally. As she released her grip on the phone, her fleshy udders jiggled back into place, and his cell phone was just... gone. Out of sight. Disappeared. Josh was shocked by this sudden act, frozen in place, not knowing what to do.

"If you want your phone back, you're gonna have to grab it yourself..." Sandy said, downing the rest of her drink and firmly slamming it on the table. Grinding against his erection one more time, she finally pushed herself back to her feet, turning off the pressure. "And I'm ready to leave. So, if you want your phone, feel free to follow. But you have to ask yourself..." she began, before leaning towards him, arms down, palms on the table, a position that made her giant tanned tits balloon out right in front of his face, the smooth, soft flesh pushing through the laces. He couldn't help but stare before ripping his eyes from her big breasts, looking into her confident gaze. "You have to ask yourself what you're really chasing after..."

At this, Sandy stood up straight, giving her colossal boobs a side-to-side shake before turning away, sauntering away, unaffected by the judgmental stares of the other patrons of the bar, swinging her ass lewdly as she walked.

Josh was left alone, a tangle of nerves. He hated her. He hated that old bitch. Despite any uncomfortable desires she may have induced, he didn't want to do anything with her. Honest! He didn't want to follow her. He didn't want to engage with her any further. But... he needed his phone back. He couldn't let her leave with it. And plus... it just felt like she had somehow won this whole encounter. No... he needed to stand up for himself. For his wife. He needed to take decisive action and just end this. She had made her last gambit, but he wasn't ready to lose.

Not knowing what else to do with the drink in his hand, he gulped it down, slamming the empty glass down next to Sandy's. Standing up, his bulge was very evident to anyone who happened to look. Kinda woozy from the sudden influx of whiskey, it gave some people an opportunity to notice. Those same judgmental eyes that had followed Sandy were looking at him. The blonde Samantha from before, shocked that such a handsome man with a clearly impressive package had engaged so much with that old whore. The bartender, no doubt amused by this encounter. The other patrons, shocked at seeing such a strange pairing, wondering if they were a thing, or if they were about to become a thing. And the rumors would probably increase as he marched out of the bar, head down to avoid their stares, pushing open the front door to follow that old whore out the door.

Marching down the sidewalk, the cool evening air passing across his face, he couldn't believe this whole thing had gotten so out of hand. Those people back there probably think he was leaving with her... God no. He wouldn't. This... this bitch, she'd embarrassed him in public, making them all think... making him think... no. This was just about getting his phone. Once he got it back, and he was free of her for good, then he would sort things out. He could regather himself. Try to shake this crazy encounter out of his system.

He didn't see Sandy, but he figured she'd be heading towards the parking lot nearby, the same one he'd parked in. But just to be safe, he sped up, not wanting to lose her. Finally, he turned the corner and there, leaning back against an old, beat-up Cadillac, was Sandy, poised to light up a cigarette. Her eyes darted up to him as he appeared.

"Wow... that was faster than I thought..." she said with a satisfied smirk, putting her cigarette and lighter back into her purse. "I'll just have to save that for after..."

"Sandy, just give me back my phone," Josh said impatiently, marching up to her, stopping just a few feet away.

"The deal hasn't changed..." she said smugly, jutting out her chest ever so slightly. Josh glanced at the old woman's boobs and grit his teeth, and she simply raised a knowing eyebrow in response.

"Just... just hand me my phone, Sandy. I want to go home." Josh replied, exhausted by this unrelenting old woman. He was mentally fried by this whole thing... he just wanted to be done with it.

"You're still kidding yourself if you think this is how the night ends..." the old slut said confidently. "You started this night off so sure that you wanted nothing to do with me. Yet, look how far we've gone together. You've seen nearly all of me naked, thanks to the nudes you all but dared me to send you. You practically invited me to sit on your lap, and you couldn't stop yourself from humping against me, right then and there in front of everyone. And here you are... looking disheveled, panting for me, your big fat tasty bulge obvious to literally everyone around you. Look at yourself, look at how I affected you. You chased after me after I'd already left, just to get your hands on my tits! Just accept it!"

It was true, at least some of it. He'd come to this bar calm, composed, and well put-together. Now, he looked frazzled, his clothes were amiss, and... as she pointed out, his straining

bulge was quite obvious through his dark pants. His erection hadn't gone down one iota, and despite everything, his cock was still pulsing with need.

"Just give me back my phone..." he repeated through clenched teeth.

"If you want it, you're just gonna have to take it. Here... let me help," Sandy stated. At this, she reached up and grabbed the laces that were crisscrossing across her endless cleavage, pulling them apart, giving him room to work. Giving his hand easy access to the deep, dark, succulent valley between her massive melons.

Josh didn't know what to do. He knew she wasn't gonna be dissuaded from her challenge. She was gonna make him slide his hand between her boobs to get his phone, and nothing he could say or do would change that. And he needed his phone, not just out of professional and personal needs, but to keep it out of this twisted old whore's grasp. Knowing she knew his passcode, she could wreak some serious havoc on his life if he let her escape with his phone. It seemed as if he had no choice. Despite wanting to deny her, he didn't have an angle of attack here that didn't involve giving this old woman what she wanted. He couldn't help but glance down at her smooth,

tanned, expansive cleavage once again, before looking her in the eyes.

"Better hurry up," Sandy began, taunting him, still holding apart the laces on her top. "Your wife's on her way, right? Wouldn't want her to catch you fooling around with a nasty old bat..." She raised her eyebrow at him, knowing she had him out maneuvered. She just had to savor the moment. "Mmm... I just knew your hands would up on these tits by the end of the night. Just do it, babe..."

Josh shook his head. How did it come to this? How did he let her get him in this spot? Unbelievable. But he saw no way out of this. No way to avoid this. Looking skyward for a moment, he shook his head again before taking a heavy step forward. Sandy grinned wickedly.

"Don't be shy, Josh... dive in," she purred. He paused in annoyance, looking straight into her knowing eyes. Exhaling deeply, he took another step forward. He stopped again for just a moment, glancing down at her massive, round, jutting breasts, so proudly displayed by this wicked old slut. She was arching her back, daring him to make his move.

And finally, swallowing his pride, he did so.

He extended his hand towards the old woman's chest. He could feel her eyes burning a hole in him, but he didn't want to see that gloating stare. He kept his eyes on her boobs, staring at the deep crevasse of aged cleavage his hand was on a collision course with. He studied the smooth, succulent terrain, not even seeing his phone from this angle. Fuck... he might have to get his hand deep in there...

Sandy was already grinning with anticipation, but she could barely resist grinning even bigger, because she knew something the young married man didn't. In the interim between stepping out of the bar and reaching her car, she'd taken the married man's phone from between her tits and stashed it in her purse. That meant that Josh wasn't gonna be using those fingers of his to locate that phone anytime soon. No, the only thing his hand was gonna find down in her cleavage would be juicy, succulent, Grade-A titty-meat. And once that happened, his other hand would quickly get in on the action.

Josh's hand slowly moved towards the older woman's cleavage, palm open, fingers aligned, not moving too fast, not making any sudden movements, as if he were trying to steal from a predator's nest. And with that spider tattoo on her breast, the threat felt real. But what his hand was actually

approaching was far more dangerous to the married man's future than any venomous creature. His face scrunching up as he got closer and closer to the older woman's massively-sized breasts, he could practically feel the heat coming off of them. Finally, when his fingertips were within centimeters of her boobs, his palm on a collision course with her cleavage, he had to look away. He couldn't watch. He couldn't see this.

And finally... contact was made.

A jolt went through the married man as his fingers hit skin. As his fingertips slid into the canyon between the old woman's melon-sized breasts, the warm doughy flesh rebounded against his fingers, squeezing around them. Trying to focus on the task at hand, not finding what he was looking for, he was forced to press his fingers deeper into the snug, fleshy crevasse.

"Oh..." Josh sighed as the full length of his fingers became ensconced between the old woman's giant boobs. He tried to ignore the warm, smooth flesh smothering his fingers from every direction. He tried to ignore the way the warm, bulbous flesh pressed against him. He did his best to keep his feeling around minimal, wiggling only the ends of his fingers, touching as little skin as possible as he searched for his lost phone. But her cleavage felt impossibly deep, and he was only grazing the surface.

"It's a little deeper, babe," Sandy sighed, her voice sinewy with evil intentions, urging him onward. Shaking his head and scrunching one eye shut, he gathered his nerves before jamming his hand deep between Sandy's giant, tanned, oversized breasts, wanting to just find his phone and be done with this. The soft fleshy canyon of her cleavage seemed impossibly snug, thanks to the way they were pressed together in her tight top. But the crevasse between her twin globes absolutely inhaled his entire palm, swallowing it up, encasing his hand in its fleshy prison. The married man's large hand was now completely wedged between the older woman's massive tits, the warm, smooth titty flesh squeezing against his hand firmly, keeping it in place, not wanting to let it go. And if that wasn't enough, Sandy released her hold on the laces crossing across her exposed chest, causing them to snap around his wrist, keeping his hand stuck between her boobs.

Josh was still trying his best to keep this as by the book as possible. Despite being encased by massive, round, firm, blimp-sized tits, he kept his palm open, fingers straight. He still kept his movements to a minimum, wiggling the ends of his fingers, searching for a bit of metallic hardness in this prison of immaculate softness. Yet somehow, despite being wrist-deep in the old woman's cleavage, he couldn't find his phone. The only thing he could feel were her massive tits, and he was doing his best not to focus on that. He tried to ignore the heavy, firm flesh squeezing around his hand. He tried to ignore the

way the inside of one the old woman's giant breast pressed against his open palm... so firm... so smooth. He tried to ignore the knowledge that the immaculate, artful curve of the inside of one of her gigantic boobs would almost fit perfectly within his large masculine hand. All he would have to do is curl his fingers ever so slightly, letting them mold to the curve of her massive breast. He felt just a hint of the incredible softness of her giant squeezable boobs. It was ever so close... just within his grasp. He could do it, he could steal a squeeze right here and now. But no. He kept strong. His fingers were still held straight, and had only made contact with her smooth, warm breast flesh for the briefest of moments as he slid his palm deeper into her cleavage. Enough to press through the tight, fleshy crevasse, but fast enough not to let himself really feel the succulent flesh. Not long enough to savor the incredible softness. His fingertips were now floating in the heated air of her cavernous cleavage, not touching the sides, not letting himself get any pleasure out of this. That was the key. His palms would have to touch her boobs purely out of necessity... but he had to keep his fingertips away from them as much as possible. Cause that would mean actually touching her. Feeling her. Feeling... them.

"Move your hand a little, hon..." Sandy urged him softly, biting her lower lip. "It's right there..."

As his fingertips sought out the hidden prize, he had to keep telling himself. Don't touch her boobs. Don't touch her boobs. Don't... oh... touch her boobs. This was like the ultimate game of Operation... but it was his marriage at stake if he touched the sides. But her breasts were just so massive that this gave him very little room to search. It seemed like there was no way to avoid touching her giant, oversized, mature breasts. But he didn't want to give in. He didn't want to give her that victory. And he... he just didn't need that added turmoil. Despite his active dislike for this nasty old woman, he didn't need the temptation of feeling his fingertips pressing against her smooth, firm breasts. He didn't want to feel the soft tanned skin of her mammoth, blimp-sized boobs give ever so slightly against his touch. He knew it would feel fantastic. And he feared he wouldn't be able to stop there.

But as he moved his fingers, searching desperately for his lost phone, he found himself verging closer and closer to contact. He could feel the heat coming from her tits against his fingers. He could feel his fingertips coming within a hair's width of touching her smooth succulent titty-flesh. Each twinge of heat gracing his fingertips sent another thrilling pang of lust through him, keeping his cock on edge, throbbing in his pants. It was preventing him from thinking straight, clouding his judgment, making him forget about the task at hand. He didn't want to give in, he didn't want to feel them, but... but it felt unavoidable.

His fingers had slowly begun to curl inwards. Instead of searching in the deepest darkest area of her cleavage, his fingers were, almost on their own accord, moving towards the old woman's enormous... round... smooth... squeezable breast, unable to resist their near gravitational pull. Without even knowing it, his fingers got closer and closer to that succulent, squeezable titty-flesh. Until, finally...

"Oh!" the married man sighed as his fingertips made contact with the old woman's warm, doughy breast-flesh. The perky skin rebounded against his fingers in just the right way, rewarding his grasp with a hint of their incredible softness. But with that last bit of self-control, he screamed internally. Don't squeeze them. Don't squeeze them. Don't squeeze them. Don't squeeze this old lady's amazingly soft boobs. Don't squeeze these softer than soft, amazingly firm pair of juicy, succulent tits. Don't squeeze the biggest pair of breasts he'd ever seen, let alone gotten his hands on. Don't squeeze a pair of big, squeezable tits that are five times the size of his wife's meagre pair. Don't squeeze the massive tits that he already had his hands on. Don't squeeze something so immaculately soft and perky that not squeezing them would probably haunt him for the rest of his life.

Fuck, they felt amazing like this, his fingers just grazing the surface. God, they would be amazing to just dig into with his hand, wouldn't they? Dammit. Why did they have to be so perfect... so soft? So absolutely massive. One little squeeze wouldn't hurt, right? He could steal a small squeeze, just to get this strange fascination with them out of his system. She certainly wouldn't mind. And besides... he was already practically palming one of them. After all he'd endured, he deserved a small reward. He deserved to get something out of this. He deserved one good squeeze... right?

But his body had made up its mind before his head had finished rationalizing it. All the uncomfortable lust this nasty old whore had inspired in Josh finally paid off... for the older woman's benefit, of course. As if a specter of sinful desire took over his body for just a moment, his hand flexed decisively, squeezing the massive breast firmly.

"Fuck!" Josh groaned out in shocked surprise, his hand squeezing the massive udder before he could fully reckon with the decision his mind had made. His fingers dug into the firm breast, making the smooth, warm, tanned flesh overflow his palm and ooze between his fingers. Fuck! It was even softer than he thought it would be.

"Yes! Fuck!" Sandy moaned out, her head rolling in pleasure at feeling the married man give in to his lust for her. "Really get in there, baby! Keep squeezing them! Feel up every inch of them! I'm sure your phone is in there somewhere..." Lost in the moment, his phone practically forgotten, Josh nonetheless did as she commanded. The married man kept squeezing at the old woman's massive breast, digging into the soft, succulent titty, squeezing over and over again.

"Oh!" Josh sighed, continuing to squeeze Sandy's massive boobs. So soft! So firm! He couldn't get enough, squeezing and squeezing and squeezing. He couldn't stop himself. The feeling of the warm, smooth flesh pouring through his fingers. It was incredible!

And now that he had given in, he couldn't hold himself back. His once tentative hand got busy, moving around between her massive boobs, traversing the massive expanse between her enormous globes. Moving up and down, feeling up the inside of her large breast. His fingers dug into the enormous round titty every chance he got, squeezing the massive fleshy udder eagerly. He felt as much of the expanse of her giant breast as he could given the angle of his hand, but even his big hand couldn't fully deal with their sheer size, not even fully feeling up a single hemisphere of one of her enormous globes.

"Mmm! That's it, babe," Sandy sighed as the married man continued feeling her up. "I'm glad you're not holding back anymore. Don't stop, baby, don't stop..." So lost in his daze was Josh that he barely heard what the massively-breasted old woman was saying. His hand stayed lodged in her cleavage, feeling up her smooth, luscious titty-flesh. His open palm kept digging into the firm, warm udder, unable to control himself. His mind was so lost in a lust-induced fog that he vaguely knew he was looking for something, but he could barely recall what. And he couldn't stop looking. His searching fingers were now between her lace bra and her breasts as he dug in deeper, his fingertips venturing further inwards, grazing against her areolas. He then let his fingers slide down along her breasts' smooth curves till he was cupping the old woman's massive breast, the flesh overflowing his large palm. He could feel her breast's sheer size and weight as he let it rest in his palm. The skin felt extra warm and smooth in this area, and her tits were so massive and fleshy that it felt like it was engulfing his palm, completely smothering his hand between her breast and her body, as if to absorb his large hand in its firm, squeezable delights. The deeper he squeezed her firm, fleshy breast, the more he wanted to keep doing it. The more he couldn't stop doing it. Despite the awkward angle of his arm, and the fact that he was what felt like elbow deep between her tits, he felt like he could squeeze her tits forever.

"Here..." Sandy began, grabbing his wrist, pulling his hand up and out from her cleavage and back up through the laces crisscrossing her cleavage. "Let me make this easier for you." Making sure she had his attention, the older woman reached down and grabbed the bottom of her top. With a firm tug, she yanked her top up to her neckline, exposing her tan belly and her bra-clad breasts, the purple lace barely holding them back as they thrust outwards towards him. God damn... they looked amazing. Even better than in the pictures. So mammothly sized. So fucking round. They were practically the size of volleyballs on her fucking chest, barely contained by the thin lacy garment. So much titty-flesh just spilling out from her bra. A massive expanse of smooth over-tanned skin just there for him to gaze upon. So smooth... so soft. So perfect. And her cleavage looked absolutely cavernous, so deep... so smooth. The purple lace of the bra dug into the succulent udders ever so slightly, barely holding them back while giving him a slight view within. So lost in this sight that Sandy's voice startled him from his stupor. "Now you can use both hands."

Despite the fact that the lacy bra molded to the immaculate round shape of her oversized jugs, and the lace would have provided a very clear view of any foreign objects stuffed within, he didn't turn down the invitation.

Josh did as Sandy asked and brought up both hands to her incredible chest, taking a massive breast in each palm. His

hands didn't even keep up the guise of searching for his lost phone, just leaping up to cup each bra-clad titty and squeezing them immediately upon contact. His large palms closed around the front of the old woman's melon-sized boobs, squeezing them greedily, feeling the indents from her stiff nipples directly in the center of his palms through her bra. The married man squeezed the old woman's massive boobs over and over again, but doing so through the lace wasn't good enough. His hands had already become addicted to the sensation of feeling them skin-on-skin, and he would settle for nothing less, so it wasn't long before the married man simply slid his palms into her bra. His big strong hands dug into the fronts of the nasty old whore's massive tits, feeling her large, stiff nipples against his palms. The married man kneaded the doughy flesh again and again, making the old woman's head roll in pleasure.

"Fuck..." Sandy sighed. "Keep squeezing my big tits, babe..."

Josh barely heard her, so engrossed in her breasts was he. He just couldn't stop feeling them. They were just so massive! And soft. So fucking soft... The feeling of digging his fingers into such luscious, squeezable breasts... it was like nothing he'd ever felt before. His wife had many, many great things about her, but none of those amazing qualities filled her bra. And while this old woman had so many negative qualities, the size and unquestionable perfection of her big tits practically made

up for it. They were amazing. He literally couldn't stop squeezing them, feeling the warm, smooth, tan flesh pushing out between his fingers.

In some vague place in the back of his mind, he still recalled that he was doing this for a reason. He wasn't just squeezing her luscious, juicy tits for nothing... he was trying to locate something. Something he'd lost. So, it was because of this, and not that he just wanted to run his fingers across every inch of her smooth titty-flesh, that he began sliding his hands around, feeling up both of her mammoth mature tits in unison. He moved his hands all over the old slut's chest, feeling up the insides, the undersides, the outsides, moving his hands within her bra without shame or fear. He never stopped digging his fingers into her firm, ripe breasts, sometimes squeezing softly, sometimes roughly. He slid his fingers all over the nasty old woman's massive jugs, and yet he found nothing but titty-flesh. Firm, smooth, warm titty-flesh. If he was in a more composed state, he would have seen through Sandy's obvious ruse, but in the state he was in, addled by the amazing feeling of the old woman's great big titties in his grasp, the only thing he could do was let a small look of confusion flash across his handsome face. Sandy immediately picked up on this and used it to her advantage.

"Can't find your phone?" she asked innocently. "Here..." she said, reaching up and curling her fingers around the back his

neck. "Why don't you take a closer look..." Before Josh could defend himself, he found himself being pulled firmly towards her. His eyes wide open, he could see his own doom moving towards him as he was pulled face-first into the old woman's massive tits.

"MMPH!" Josh groaned out in shock, his voice muffled by her big titties. But his surprise was quickly forgotten thanks to the new sensations he was feeling. Standing in the middle of this parking lot, he was suddenly drowning. Drowning in the warm, smooth expanse of the old woman's mammoth breasts, his face molded against the heavy, undulating waves of jiggling flesh. And if he was drowning in those waves, then her cleavage was the goddamn Marianas Trench, the deepest part of this ocean. But in this scenario, held face-down against the old woman's breasts, her cleavage was his salvation, his only source of air. But it came with a cost, as the oxygen he was breathing in was filtered through her cleavage, and who knew the affect it would have on him. But he was already feeling its affects, as his cock was throbbing with every breath, harder than it had ever been, and somehow on its way to getting even harder. He couldn't pull himself away. He didn't even know if he wanted to. He found himself diving deeper, letting the silky flesh of her heavy, aged, mammoth tits cascade across his face.

Now that she had him at her mercy, the old woman let the act drop. She smiled wickedly as she held the young man's face

against her big luscious breasts. There'd be no more games. No more teasing. No more of this little dance they'd been involved in this whole night. They were gonna do what they'd both wanted to from the start. The busty old slut was gonna take this handsome young married man home with her, and they were gonna fuck. Hard.

Sandy dug her nails into the back of Josh's head, keeping him firmly in place against her boobs, making sure he really got in there. She swiveled her torso, scrubbing her bra-clad tits against the younger man's face roughly, smothering him in titty-flesh. She wasn't gonna be gentle on him. No... that had gone out the window when he continually denied her advances. If he had just taken her up on the golden opportunity she'd presented him with to just slip between the sheets with her and do the nasty with an aged to perfection woman like her, it could have just been a fun one-time thing. She would have gotten the type of screaming orgasm she craved while getting pumped full of the young man's cum. And he could have had one night of pure bliss as he availed himself in her juicy old bod before going back to his simpering little wife and continue living in his boring domestic bliss. But now...

She was gonna sink her claws in him.

He'd been so sure of the fact that he'd never go home with a real woman like her. So rude in his dismissals of her in favor of that skinny little young bitch he was married to. She wasn't just gonna fuck his brains out. She was gonna demolish him. She was gonna destroy that big fat cock of his. She was gonna take out decades of experience on that married dick, breaking him in like the untrained stallion he was. By the time she was done with him, he would be screaming in pleasure, screaming out his true feelings for her. If he'd just been honest about his lust for her and had gone along with her from the start, she would have just let him go once she got her rocks off. But now... she didn't see any other option.

She was just gonna have to keep him.

Sandy was gonna fuck him so well that he wouldn't want to leave. He'd be devoted to her. Obsessed with her. In love with her. That smart-ass young wife of his that he supposedly loved and cherished? He wouldn't even remember her name by the time Sandy was done with him. If he'd just indulged himself in a little bit of fun, his marriage might have stood a chance. But because he'd tried to play coy, tried to deny his true desires, tried to laugh off her advances... by the end of the night, his marriage would be shredded to pieces, and he'd be the sex slave of a busty old woman. An evil smirk crossed Sandy's smooth lips, and she pulled Josh's face even more firmly against her enormous breasts.

Josh was standing in the middle of a parking lot in the middle of downtown, his face jammed between an old woman's mammoth, bra-clad tits. But in his mind, he was gone. He was floating, his nerves lit up with such excitement that it almost felt like this wasn't real. That he had somehow escaped reality and now was residing in a realm of pure pleasure. But he was still tethered to reality in one major way, by the two very massive, very real tits sliding across his face.

The old woman continued forcibly motorboating the young married man, and he wasn't even trying to fight it anymore. Feeling this old woman's round, luscious, heavy breasts sliding against his handsome features was a sensation he couldn't get enough of. She kept methodically twirling her torso, dragging her weighty tits across his face, back and forth, over and over again, a never-ending barrage of titanic proportions. At the same time, her firm grasp in his scalp kept his face pressed roughly against them, ensuring that the perky, spongy flesh of her enormous jugs was molded against his face. The warm, tanned, aged flesh dragged across his masculine features, scrubbing across them, drowning him in softness. The softness... the unending, unrelenting softness. The warm, succulent flesh pressing against his face. He'd never felt anything like it. Not with his wife, not with any woman. It was just... incredible. He'd never known he was missing out on

such a thing. It cemented in the young married man's head how flat-chested his wife truly was.

Being pulled in so close had forced his hands out from the old woman's bra, but they didn't passively sit by. As Sandy battered his face with her enormous udders, his hands did the best they could to grip them, cupping her hefty bra-clad jugs as she slid them across his face. Instead of using his hands to escape this predicament, he used them to pull himself in deeper, guiding the swinging melons across his face, making sure his face got the full experience. And he stole a few greedy squeezes of them as well, of course.

He was so lost in the moment that he lost track of the fact that he was doing this in public, his face buried between an old lady's tits in the middle of a parking lot. They could be stumbled upon at any time...

"Oh my God..." a female voice said from the other end of the parking lot. Josh was so engulfed in Sandy's giant boobs that he didn't even register the interrupter, continuing to press himself into the older woman's boobs. But Sandy did, glancing to the side.

It was the blonde from the bar, Samantha, the one who had hit on Josh first before being deftly shooed away. She gave up...

Sandy didn't. And that's why she had the young man's face buried in her tits, and why the hot blonde didn't.

She hadn't done so bad for herself, though. She wasn't alone, walking towards a car with a very good-looking man's hand around her waist. Sandy could see the ring on his finger from here. They were pressed up against each other as they walked, each slightly buzzed. Both seemed to be in good spirits, and judging by their body language, their night was gonna end the same way Josh's and Sandy's was. But upon seeing her first target in the arms of this nasty old woman, her clicking heels stopped on the pavement as that exclamation left her lips. Sandy smirked at the gorgeous, well-dressed blonde, giving her heavy tits a little extra wiggle as she scrubbed them against Josh's face.

"I can't believe it..." Samantha said, her voice carrying across the lot, clearly in disbelief that this hot married hunk had not only spurned her but also ended up choosing that nasty old whore. How could she have lost out to that old bitch?

"Jesus, he's actually fucking going for it!" the other man laughed. He'd been one of the bar goers who'd witnessed the old woman all over the younger man at the bar. He didn't know if it was like a joke or something, but right here in front

of him, the surprising pair were clearly fooling around with each other.

"Eww... I can't believe he's with that old lady..." Samantha remarked, knowing that that handsome married man could do so much better. She'd offered him better... her!

"Must be one of those guys that's into older women," the smirking bro next to her said. "Never actually seen it right in front of me, though..."

"That must be it. A fetish, or something..." the blonde said, clearly still confused.

"Jesus... her tits are big though..." the guy said, making Sandy smirk.

"Hey! C'mon!" Samantha said impatiently, pulling her beau towards her car to get out of sight of that nasty old slut with her tits practically hanging out. He dutifully followed, but not before stealing one last glance at the old woman's bra-clad chest. Sandy smiled again and winked at the other man. She'd seen that look before, both at the store and her many adventures in her personal life. She had no doubt that that

busty blonde would give that man an amazing night, perhaps the best he's ever had. But the sight of Sandy's massive tits will stay in his mind, perhaps even front and center in his moment of greatest ecstasy. It will stay etched in his mind... his fantasies... for the near future. It won't be long now... not long till he has to indulge himself. If he's already so willing to cheat on his wife, it won't be very long till he indulges in something even more forbidden. Smooth, luscious, mature flesh. Sandy figured it'd be two months or so till that stud finds himself balls deep in an older woman. Four months till he impregnates one... perhaps the same one, perhaps another. Six months till he's ditched the wife so he can commit himself fully to his new woman. Six months from now, six months between that man screwing that blonde minx to devoting himself fully to a nasty older woman, all thanks to a passing glance at her perfect tits... sounded about right.

But for Josh, that gap from first sight of her big breasts to full devotion to her hot body... it wouldn't be months. It would be hours.

As soon as Samantha and her beau were out of sight, one of those rideshare cars appeared, coasting around, looking for drunken patrons near the bar to assist home. Perfect. Sandy raised her free arm up and snapped her fingers, getting the driver's attention, the car turning into the parking lot and coasting towards them. This was the part Sandy couldn't

square up. She couldn't slow down now that she had her claws in Josh. He was still face-deep between her bulbous tits, and he wasn't going anywhere. But if she let her foot off the gas to get in a car and get to her place, he might start to sober up and see reason, and she didn't really know how to keep the pressure up while driving. Then, as if by fate's guiding hand, the car appeared, their ferry towards a world of sin.

The driver looked understandably shocked at the sight in front of her as she pulled up behind Josh. The driver, a thick-bodied older Latina woman, looked over Josh's shoulder to Sandy, who seemed to be the one in charge between the two. Using her free hand, she reached over and pulled open the door. Now, the moment of truth. The handoff.

"Sit down, babe," Sandy urged him, lightly pushing the young man away from her massive tits. Panting, his face coated a sheen of perspiration, he looked completely discombobulated. And he was. Josh was almost dizzy with excitement, and now that he was away from Sandy's chest, he looked lost. He was back on Earth, and he hadn't yet regained his bearings, a fact the old slut planned to use to her advantage. Not even questioning her, he allowed her to practically force him into the backseat of the taxi.

Once seated, Josh began to regain himself. Wait... what was this? Where was he going? Holy shit... what had he been doing? He... he just needed to get out of here. This had gone WAY too far. Expecting to have a few seconds respite as Sandy walked around to the other side of the car, the married man was ready to end this whole thing right here and now, moving back the way he came, looking to exit back out of the car and get out of here. But Sandy hadn't gone anywhere. He suddenly found her palm against his chest, forcing him back, and before he could even react, the old woman practically mounted him, sitting on his lap in the backseat of the car, facing him. With a loud bang, Sandy shut the door behind her.

"1623 Woodrow," Sandy said to the driver, turning back to face her. "The faster the better. I got this one on the hook and I'm not letting him go..."

"Okay..." the driver replied, not knowing what to make of this situation, but nonetheless accelerating. Sandy turned back to face Josh, and the married man's worried eyes met her heated gaze.

"Sandy, wait... please, I can't do this!" he said, panicking. What was happening here? How had he let things go so far? What had she done to him? Sure, her tits were amazing... just so massive... and soft... and perfect. Jesus... they were right in

front of him, the mammoth, round, bra-clad udders right in front of his face. His eyes fell into cavernous cleavage again. So fucking smooth...

"Don't pretend you don't want me, babe..." the old vulture purred, looking down hungrily at her prize, her hands resting over his shoulders against the seat, her words making her massive boobs jiggle lusciously.

"Sandy! Please! I don't want this... I can't... married..." he panted out, trying to deny this, despite all the evidence she had on him already. But she wasn't about to let him get out of this one. She smiled wickedly and leaned back, and before he could even react, she reached down between them and firmly planted her thin, aged fingers against his very obvious bulge. "Oh! Ah!" he groaned out in shock, feeling the pressure on his pants-covered bulge.

"Babe, I think this tells me that you want this very..." she purred, squeezing his clothed shaft firmly. "Very..." she said, squeezing again. "Badly." She cemented this with a longer, firmer squeeze of his bulging weapon.

"Oh! Sandy! Please don't... ah!" he groaned despite trying to suppress it, her fingers working their magic even through his

pants. His cock was so hard it was practically tingling with excitement. He could feel her fingers against his weapon, feeling them slide up and down its length, appraising its size.

"Jesus, you're huge," the old woman sighed, feeling the married man's dick from base to tip through his pants. "I knew it was massive, but damn... you even have an old whore like me impressed..." she said, smirking as the younger man squirmed beneath her. She continued eagerly groping the younger man's dick. He was as hard as iron, it was as thick as her wrist, and she'd be shocked if his cock wasn't at least ten inches. "How could a skinny little thing like your wife ever handle this?" she asked, squeezing his pulsing weapon firmly through his pants. "You probably don't even know what you're missing out on... this cock needs a real woman to satisfy it. Someone like me..."

"Sandy..." Josh sighed, trying to stop her despite the fact that his cock was pulsing between her fingers.

"That's not what your cock wants..." Sandy replied, still squeezing the young married man's throbbing weapon. "This cock wants to be inside my pussy so bad..."

"Jesus..." the driver said, glancing back at the two through the rear-view mirror as she drove.

"Ugh... please... stop!" Josh begged, humping up into the old woman's touch despite himself. He couldn't think straight. His body was alive with pleasure. His nerves were on fire. His cock was excited beyond comprehension. If this didn't stop now, he would do something very wrong. But to cement her point, Sandy changed her plan of attack. And the first step of that was to remove her hand from his bulging crotch.

Josh was so excited he was dizzy, and his head fell back as she turned down the pressure. But it didn't last long. With Josh's dazed gaze watching, Sandy reached down and pulled her leather skirt up to her waist, revealing her lace-covered crotch to the overwhelmed younger man. This wasn't so much done to show herself off to him, although it didn't hurt. No, she needed to stretch out a bit, spreading her legs further apart, allowing her crotch to sidle up right next to his. Then, the old woman began rolling her hips as she began grinding her cunt against the young married man's bulging cock.

"Oh... fuck!" Josh cried out in pained pleasure as he felt this old slut humping against his dick.

This moan from the young married man caused the female driver to look in the mirror again. Now, she could see the old woman in the backseat had pulled up her skirt to her waist,

revealing her thong-clad ass. And she could see this big, round ass flexing as she ground against the younger man. The driver was too shocked by the sight to say anything. She didn't think such a pairing was possible, a woman like that, older and maybe not so pretty, a woman very much like her, with a man that young and hunky and hot. This woman must be a master to be shooting so far out of her league and winning.

Josh was so overwhelmed. The humping wasn't enough to push him over the edge, but it was enough to keep him on it for what felt like an eternity. His balls were swollen, full of cum. His cock was throbbing, desperate for relief. But she was keeping him on the edge, driving him crazy, hoping to drive him so insane that he'd do whatever she asked of him. And fuck... it was working. He... he was starting to fantasize about the very thing he told himself would never happen.

"Here, hon..." Sandy said, grabbing his wrists. He didn't even offer a token resistance as she guided his hands around her, resting his large palms against each of her bare ass-cheeks. And as soon as his hands made contact with her round, juicy, exposed ass-cheeks, he couldn't help but squeeze, gripping the meaty cheeks in his palms.

"Oh!" Josh sighed in pleasure. He didn't have the will to stop himself from groping her big round ass, squeezing the firm

cheeks greedily. Feeling them as she ground into him. He unconsciously began squeezing in rhythm with her humping him, availing his fingers in the juicy cheeks, pulling her even harder into him as she dry-humped him. Seeing that he was so eagerly going along with her, Sandy moved to take things to the next step of the plan. She moved her hands back over his shoulders, gripping the seat behind him as she moved in even closer. The tops of her massive, round, bra-clad tits were resting against his chin as she continued slowly grinding against him. Looking down at the young married man, he looked completely overwhelmed while her face looked full of righteous command. She had the young man completely bent to her will.

"I tell you what..." she began, with an insidious smirk crossing her lips, her fleshy boobs jiggling against his chin. "I'll make you a deal." She paused, grinding against him a little harder. She could feel him humping up into her ever so slightly. "The only thing I've wanted is for you to just admit the truth. Admit what I've known from the start. That from the second we met, you've wanted nothing more than to fuck me! To cheat on your wife and stick this big, fat, nasty dick of yours deep inside me. To do awful things to my hot body!"

"Jesus..." the woman in the front seat sighed audibly at the filth going on just behind her. Sandy was undeterred.

"So, if you can just admit that... then I'll let you go. I'll stop this car and let you go back to your... skinny, flat-chested, prissy little wife." Sandy said all this while still grinding up against him. He could still feel the warm, luscious flesh of her big boobs pressing against his chin. But he was still so dazed by the slow, unrelenting pleasure she was inciting in him that he could barely form a coherent thought.

"Oh... uh..." he groaned unintelligibly.

"You want to be done with me and go back to your wife, right?" Sandy asked with a raised eyebrow, still grinding herself against the married man.

"I... yes..." he sighed weakly, still groping the old woman's ass, still grinding up into her.

"Then just tell me, babe. It's pretty obvious. Tell me what I want to hear. I want to hear you say it..." the old whore sighed.

"Oh... Sandy..." he groaned, still squeezing her big ass. Sandy smiled.

"I know how much you want to moan out my name, baby," Sandy teased the near lust-crazed younger man. He was still squirming beneath her, and she realized she wouldn't be getting a straight answer out of him like this. Finally, she sat up ever so slightly, ceasing her humping, inadvertently bringing her chest up so his mouth was resting at the edge of her cleavage. Seemed fitting. "Now..." she said, letting the young man gather his wits. "Tell me what I want to hear."

Josh knew that if she kept this up, he wouldn't be in control of where it ended. He'd vastly underestimated her skill. She'd blown through his defenses so easily... she truly was better at this than damn near anyone. Sure, she was old... and not pretty... but she had proven to be a far more dangerous creature than any of the other seductive teases he'd come across. The fact that she'd gotten things this far when none of those other girls could proved it. And the fact that she'd done so with such confidence and self-assurance... it just cemented how good at this she really was.

The fact was, even if it wasn't true at the start, part of him wanted to fuck the ever-loving shit out of this smug old bitch. Make her pay for all the turmoil she'd put him through by making her scream in pleasure. After everything, part of him just wanted to shed all inhibitions and just experience this old slut's hot body in the flesh, to shut her up by doing it with her. But this presumed a level of control over her that he just didn't

have. Her talents far outweighed his own, and he wasn't half bad at this. But she'd been in control from the start, and if things ended up in the bedroom, he had no doubt that control would continue. She'd be in charge. She'd be the one letting loose. He'd be on the receiving end. He'd be the one taking what she could give. She'd ride his cock like the massive whore she was, never slowing down, never letting up, and he'd just have to endure. To take it. To ride it out as best he could and hope to survive intact.

God, she'd been boasting from the start how good she was, and he didn't listen. The fact she was on top of him now, that she'd almost completely conquered him to the point where she wanted him to boast about how amazing she was... fuck, why did that turn him on? His cock nearly jumped in his pants as he realized how thoroughly she'd dominated his whole evening. She was old, and she was not pretty, yet she'd still done enough to win, and that was hot in a way he could barely comprehend. His dick was screaming out for her. Despite everything, despite knowing better, she was right. His cock wanted to be inside her... now. And if he didn't stop this whole thing in its tracks... it would get it's wish.

For the first time in a long time, his wife came to the forefront of his mind. No... he'd already gone way too far. He couldn't afford to let it go any further. For his wife... for his marriage's sake... he had to find a way out. He didn't know if this was

some sort of trap, but it was the only thing he had. Even if it wasn't completely true, even if he hadn't wanted this from the very start, he would just have to swallow his pride. His weary gaze met her heated, amused eyes.

"Yes, Sandy..." he began. Shaking his head, he choked on his words for a bit before gathering the will to give her what she wanted. "I... I want to fuck you..."

"Oh my God!" the woman in the front seat said, in disbelief hearing this hot young hunk admit he actually wanted to bang this nasty old skank. Sandy's lips twisted up into a wicked, evil smile.

"How long have you wanted to fuck me, baby?" Sandy asked smugly, her words making her boobs jiggle on his chin. Again, the married man had to swallow his pride, even if it was a lie. It was a lie, right?

"I wanted to fuck you from the second we met..." Josh admitted to the old slut. She could see the fire in his eyes at having to say this, and just to make it really stick, she simply raised her eyebrows, willing him to continue. Josh rolled his eyes, yet nonetheless kept talking. "Fine... I... I wanted to have sex with you the second I saw you. I wanted to rip off your clothes five

minutes after meeting you. I didn't want to fuck that hot blonde... but I wanted to fuck you!" Her eyes only got more alive with each word he said, so he kept going. "I wanted to see you naked after you sent me that first picture. Uh... when you kept sending me those other pictures... I wanted you to keep going. I wanted to see more..." His hands kept groping her hot ass, but he was so focused on what he was saying he probably didn't even realize it.

"Keep going..." she sighed, breathing hotly, lowering herself back down into his lap so she could resume grinding up against him.

"Oh!" Josh groaned, feeling her lace-clad pussy against his cock again. "Fuck... I wanted to fuck you right there in the bar after you sat in my lap. Oh! Fuck... uh! I didn't care if everyone saw. I didn't care if my wife saw! Oh! Fuck!" he groaned, squirming beneath her again, squeezing her ass firmly. The more he said, the harder she ground himself into her. His mind kept going, unable to stop himself. "Oh! Fuck! My phone! Oh! When you stole my phone! Uh! I didn't care! Fuck! I just wanted the excuse to get my hands on your big tits!"

"I know, baby, I know..." Sandy said, nodding, still humping against him.

"And I... fuck... I want to fuck you right now! Fuck! I really do! Oh!" he groaned out, unable to stop himself. "But I can't! Sandy! Please! Oh! I gave you what you wanted. Now please... stop!" He moaned this out, not expecting her to listen. But to her surprise... she did.

"Well..." she said, sitting back on his legs, lowering her arms. "I guess that's it then..."

"What?" he said, shocked. He looked at her. Her over-tanned skin was practically glowing. She was breathing heavily, her massive tits looking desperate to escape her tight purple bra. Her face was a mask of lust. She clearly wanted this. Was she actually listening to him? Was she actually letting him off the hook?

"That was the deal, right?" she replied. "If you don't really want to go all the way, I'm happy that you at least satisfied this old slut's ego. So... I guess I'll let you go."

"Really?" Josh said in disbelief, his cock still as hard as steel, his lungs gasping for breath. She nodded and smiled before looking away.

"Shame, though..." she began, glancing back at him, barely suppressing a smirk. "Cause I was just about to do this..." At

this, she reached up to her chest and hooked her fingers into the cups of her bra. Before he could react, before he could do anything to stop her, Sandy lowered the cups of her bra until her massive bare tits were finally on full display for the young married man.

Jesus Christ...

This sight had been the one thing she'd been holding back from him. She'd shown him everything else, literally. But now, Josh was seeing everything. The full shape and perfect curves of her massive, heavy breasts. The exposed triangle shaped tan lines on the front where her skimpy bikini would cover her up. And yes, Josh was finally seeing the older woman's hard nipples.

Fuck...

They were amazing. Two hard, stiff nubs, surrounded by perfectly sized, perfectly round pink areolas. The rubbery caps stuck out from her otherwise perfectly round, smooth melons, calling out to him, arresting his vision. Despite himself... Josh's mouth watered. Her tits were just... perfect. Of course, her nipples would be immaculate. Of course, they would make drool.

"I was about to let you suck on my big tits..." Sandy said, cupping her own massive jugs, jiggling them in her palms. Josh found himself staring as the smooth flesh undulated in a near hypnotizing manner. Without even thinking about it, his hands resumed squeezing Sandy's round ass. "I was gonna let you suck on them for the rest of the night. I would have let you suck on them as I rode your big fat cock. You would be sucking on them as I made you cum again and again and again. And if you had any more left then... hell, I would have let you do whatever you want to them. Suck them. Squeeze them. Grope them. Bite them. Fuck them. Cum all over them, I don't care! I would have loved it! You would have loved it!" She paused, pinching her own nipples, making her whole body shudder. A jolt went through Josh's body at the sight of this.

"It's probably for the best, though," Sandy said, squeezing her own massive boobs lightly. "Cause if you put your mouth on these then you wouldn't have been able to stop. You would have loved them too much. You would have wanted to spend every fucking day sucking on these big, perfect tits of mine. You probably would have forgotten about your little wife and your marriage and everything... just to suck on them a little more. If you had sucked on these nipples for even a little bit, you wouldn't have been able to stop yourself from having sex with me. You just wouldn't have! You would have loved doing it so much that you would have let me do whatever I want to you just so you can keep your mouth on them. Putting my

nipples in your mouth would have ensured your cock ended up in my cunt. My experienced, nasty, super-tight cunt. Sucking on my tits would have ensured that you would have fully betrayed the woman you love. For me. And my hot body. So, if you're not looking to completely betray your cute little wife for nasty old whore like me... then it's probably for the best you didn't end up sucking on these." Sandy found herself unconsciously teasing her own nipples with her fingers as she finished saying all this. She'd been looking around absentmindedly as she spoke, and it was only as she was done speaking that she met his gaze again. Or at least, she tried to, but that came with a problem.

His stare never left her big naked breasts.

Josh couldn't stop himself. He'd heard everything she said, but he just couldn't stop staring at them. They were just... perfect. She'd spent the whole night teasing him with them, putting them right under his nose, literally rubbing them across his face. After spending the whole night withholding the sight of them from him, now that she finally exposed them to him, he didn't want to stop looking at them. He physically couldn't stop himself from staring. Freed from her bra, they somehow looked even more massive and round and luscious than they did before, or even in the pictures. And seeing those perfect pink nipples capping those perfect, big, oversized tits... the married man couldn't look away. Her tits were just so fucking

massive! His wife's breasts seemed almost non-existent and frankly... pathetic... in comparison. He kept on looking at the old slut's enormous tits because deep down he began to wonder if he would ever be able to see breasts of such massive size again.

"Josh... you do want to go home to your wife, right?" Sandy asked, unable to resist letting a small smirk grace her lips, but he couldn't see it. His eyes never left her perfect boobs, and his hands were still feeling up her juicy rear-end. Her plan was coming together. "Did you find your phone yet?" she teased him, but he still didn't seem to hear her, so absorbed in her bare chest was he. "Josh!" she said, and it was only then that his eyes left her tits, looking up to meet her confident gaze. "I could have the driver stop the car and let you out right now? Or..." she began, sitting up, moving her chest tits towards the married man's face. The heavy, tanned udders swayed in front of him, and his eyes immediately returned to her gigantic boobs, watching them sway in the air in front of him. Her tits moved within a few inches of his face before jiggling to a stop. "Or do you want to suck on my tits, after all?" She let that question hang in the air for a moment before continuing. "Do you still want to suck on my big, perfect breasts knowing what it will cost you? Do you still want to put your mouth around my tasty nipples, even knowing how the night will end?" As she asked these questions, she added a small sway to her hanging tits, like the swaying pocket watch inducing hypnosis

in a patient. But for a young married man, only big boobs could have that same affect. "Do you want to suck on my tits, even if it means that doing so means me and you are gonna spend the rest of the night having hot, sweaty, nasty sex with each other? That me and you will forever be connected as lovers? That everyone in your world will know that you cheated on your wife with an old, nasty slut? That you could have avoided it all and walked away, but you chose not to? So, tell me baby... do you want to suck on my tits?"

Sandy moved in even closer, letting her swaying tits move in so close they were almost dragging across his face. But what little distance there was between her boobs and his face was nearly crossed by her hard nipples, the hardened nubs passing right in front of his closed lips. Any contact would require him to take action.

Josh was so dumbstruck by this old slut's tits. They were undeniably amazing. Perfectly massive, tanned udders, so shockingly large... and firm... and soft. He had never seen anything so perfect. He'd never encountered tits this amazing because... he didn't even know such perfection was out there. He'd decided years prior to be bold and progressive and not take cup size into account when searching out a mate, and he'd ended up with a wife with tits so nonexistent that calling them mosquito bites would be flattering. He almost wondered if such a compulsion to discount breast size left him vulnerable

to women with really big ones, no matter the woman who was sporting them. In most cases, you end up with gorgeous young blonde babes like Samantha. In his... you ended up with a nasty old whore.

He knew better. He'd heard all her warnings. But he couldn't look away. He couldn't stop his mouth from watering at the sight of her massive ripe titties right in front of his face. So big... so soft. Fuck! If he didn't just experience them to their fullest right here and now, he'd forever be haunted by them, wondering what if. Would he ever be satisfied with what his wife could offer him knowing what he could have had if not for her? Would he live in resentment of his wife, suppressing his desires for something more until they burst out of him unbidden? No... that was worse. A life of turmoil thanks to rejecting one moment of bliss.

His eyes kept following the old slut's swaying tits, locked on her nipples. Side-to-side, back and forth... calling to him. So hard. So eager. So tasty. Nothing so mouthwatering could be so bad... right? He knew the warnings. He knew what the cost may be. He didn't care. He just had to have a taste.

As quick as a flash, Josh's mouth leapt forwards, his lips closing around the old slut's stiff nipple. Forming a tight seal around

the areola, the married man began sucking on the hardened nub.

"AHHH! Fuck!" Sandy sighed as the young married man's mouth tugged at her nipple. Fuck, it felt so good!

But it was even better for Josh. As he began sucking on the rubbery nipple, his tongue leapt out to meet it, licking across her smooth areola and the stiffened nub capping it. God... it tasted even better than he could have ever dreamed of. Fuck! His tongue flicked at it as his cheeks hollowed, sucking at the old woman's giant round breast.

"Ah! That's it, babe! Suck on that fucking titty!" Sandy sighed. The game was over. She had won. And with nothing holding her back, she really pressed her breasts against his face, wanting to stuff his mouth full of titty. She curled her arm around his head and kept his face pressed against her chest. At the same time, she really ground herself down against his crotch, humping against his bulging crotch lewdly. Josh's hands were still palming the old woman's ass, but he was so lost in her boobs that he probably didn't even realize it. "Hahaha! Yes! Fuck! Suck on that titty, babe! Fuck, suck on it like you've been dreaming of all night! Yes!" Her head fell back in pleasure as the young married man kept sucking on her enormous jugs, and it was only as she did so that she saw the

female driver's eyes looking back at them in the mirror while they were stopped at a light.

"Sorry, hon!" Sandy said with a laugh. The woman was shocked to be acknowledged, but as soon as she got included, the dam burst.

"Okay, oh my God, you're amazing!" the driver effused, laughing in amazement at Sandy's work. "I'm just fucking taking notes up here! I didn't think a woman our age could land a guy like that..."

"You just can't stop pushing at them, babe... see how that can turn out, haha! Oh!" Sandy said, moaning and laughing as Josh continued inhaling her massive breast.

"Fuck..." the older Latina driver sighed, watching the action. Sandy glanced at her. She was built similarly to Sandy, maybe with a little more meat on her bones than her. But she had curves where it mattered. Not as curvy as Sandy, mind you, but more than enough to get the job done.

"Just gotta put yourself out there, darling..." Sandy said. "If you want any tips, come by the porno shop downtown where I

work. I'm sure you've driven by it. Stop in... I'll give you some tips." Then, a thought hit Sandy. "And maybe hang around that bar you picked us up from. Saw some good prospects there..." Sandy said. Her mind went to the man she saw walking out with that blonde. Perhaps he would end up with the Latina driver... Sandy smirked at the thought at that good-looking young man pounding this thick-bodied older woman driver harder than that gorgeous blonde he was hooking up with tonight. But while that guy was hot, he took a distant second to the prized stud beneath her. He'd been the target for all the intrepid sluts in that bar, and Sandy was the one who landed him. She won the prize. And she was eager to stake her claim. "Get us home as quick as you can, dear. I need to fuck the shit out of this married man..."

"You got it..." the Latina driver said with a smile, accelerating the car. With the driver on her side, Sandy could give her full attention to Josh for not only the rest of the drive back to her place, but for the rest of the night... and possibly beyond. She looked down at Josh with a confident sneer. His eyes were closed and his mouth was stretched wide as he did his best to suck as much of her fat titty into his mouth as he could. His mouth stuffed with her nipple, his tongue worshiping the hard nub, her massive heavy breast pressed against his face. Angling herself to ensure her nipple remained in his mouth, she really bore down on his clothed bulge, grinding against his length lewdly. He kept humping up into her, grabbing her ass

and bringing her into himself even more firmly than she was already doing. Clearly, he was just as eager for things to rise to the next level as she was.

It was true.

Josh was beyond rational thought. Some small part of him knew the mistake he was making, but that part of him had lost control of the situation. He had been broken and worn down by this old woman. Worn down by her aggressive nature... and her big tits. Jesus, her gigantic boobs were incredible. Even better than expected. Just the feeling of her massive, bare udder pressing into his face, the firm, warm, soft flesh smothering his face, drowning him in bliss... he couldn't get enough. And her nipple was just so easy to flick with his tongue. His tongue eagerly worshiped the stiff nub, coating her smooth pink areola with his heated spit. His lips were surrounding the nipple, forming a seal as he sucked on it hungrily. He was shocked at how into it he was getting, but he couldn't slow himself down as he satisfied a hunger he didn't know he had. It just felt right. Natural. Like a starving man being served with the finest meal. A thirsty man being given the finest aged wine. A man who'd paired himself with a flat-chested girl being presented with a woman with unbelievably large tits. Tits so large and soft that they could make a satiated man starve with need. And with the way he was attacking her large breasts... he'd clearly been starving for a long time.

"Here baby, switch titties..." Sandy commanded hotly, pulling her swollen nipple from the young man's mouth. His broiling spit covered the hardened nub, connecting it to his tongue as they separated, the thin band of spit sticking against her massive round breast as she pivoted on top of him to stuff her other nipple into his mouth. "Fuck!" she sighed as he gave her other nipple the same worshipful treatment as the first. She scratched his scalp lovingly as she sighed in pleasure, still humping against his lap lewdly like the whore she was.

"I knew you'd come around, babe," Sandy sighed as his eager mouth tugged at her nipple. "Mmm, fuck. Keep sucking that titty, baby! Yes! Oh... you... fuck! You had so many chances to walk away, but you never did! Ah! You were so obviously waiting to get picked up. Dying to cheat. Oh! We could all smell it on you... fuck... but I'm the only one who had what it took. The right woman for you! Ah! Yes! Your perfect woman! And ugh... you're the perfect man for me! And what do perfect matches do when they meet each other? They rip off their clothes and fuck! And that's what we're about to do! We're close now, Josh. Oh! Fuck yes! So close to my home... to my bed... so close to officially being lovers. So close to being linked together forever. YES!" She punctuated her speech with that screaming moan of pleasure, thanks to Josh's mouth biting her nipple in just the right way. "Fuck!" she moaned, smiling wickedly at her prize. He was getting into this.

And she was right. He was really getting into this. Josh was just too far gone by this point. He was reveling in the pleasure, rubbing his face against her warm, fleshy tits as he sucked on them. As they slid across his face, smothering him under their impressive weight, drowning him in incredible softness, his hands couldn't resist getting into the action. Sliding up from her thong-clad ass, his hands returned to her melon-sized tits, digging his palms into their fleshy goodness. The warm tanned flesh poured between his fingers, and the way they ballooned outwards as he squeezed them forced more titty into his sucking mouth. Thoughts of resistance... of avoiding the inevitable... they weren't there anymore. Despite knowing better, knowing that he was making a huge mistake... he just couldn't stop himself. He couldn't stop his inevitable slide into the old woman's arms. Her bed.

Her cunt.

He'd already come so far. Done too much. No point stopping this now. No brownie points won by stopping after worshipping her massive, melon-sized tits. And even if he wanted to... he didn't know if he had the will required to resist. Not at this point.

"Mmm... I just wanna fuck you right now..." Sandy sighed, reaching down between them to grope his bulging cock. At the same time, she rubbed the back of her palm against her pussy, which was positively dripping with lust.

"Mmmphhh!" Josh groaned into her giant breast, this touch sending bolts of pleasure through him. And the spasms of pleasure that coursed through her own body at this light touch wasn't enough, and she just had to pull her fingertips away from his clothed cock to touch herself, sliding into her purple lace thong and pushing two fingers into her dripping cunt. She was so ready for him. Ready to take him right here and now. She didn't want to wait any more.

Fuck it.

Suddenly filled with purpose, she hooked her fingers into the front of her thong, pushing it to the side, exposing her shaved cunt, ready for action. She reached for his pants, ready to finally just rip them open, pull out that big fat cock, and sit on it right here and now. As her fingers made contact with his belt-buckle, she was suddenly jarred from her fervor as the car came to a sudden stop.

"We're here," the driver announced, now taking the opportunity to look into the backseat at the practically rutting couple. Damn... they were really all over each other. How did a woman like her land such a fucking hunk?

For a moment, a look of fury crossed Sandy's face as she was interrupted by this announcement. But seeing her surroundings, realizing she was at her own doorstep caused that annoyance to pass quickly.

Using one hand to keep the married man's mouth on her breast, she used the other to reach down to her purse, digging into it clumsily. Pulling out her phone, she sent the driver a very large payment, an amount far more than the charge of her fare, tipping the driver well for her speed and her help.

"Wow..." the Latina woman said, seeing the amount she'd been sent. "I think I might have to stop into your store after all... maybe learn a few tricks from you..." the driver said. Sandy looked back at her and smiled wickedly as she kept forcing her titty into the young man's mouth. Glancing around, not wanting to give a second for the stud beneath her to reconsider, she realized she needed some help. "Can you get the door?" Sandy asked, nodding at the passenger side rear door.

"Yes! Of course!" the other woman said, jumping out of her seat, moving around the car and quickly pulling open the door. With minimal obstacles between them and the front door, Sandy finally moved, pulling her nipple from the dazed married man's mouth. Grabbing her purse, and not even bothering to cover herself up, she crawled across the seat and stepped out of the car. As she did so, she took a hold of his shirt and gripped it in a fist, keeping a leash on him. Too dazed to think, she knew she had to do the thinking for him, pulling him towards her, dragging him to the door and onto his feet.

The breeze picked up at just this moment, passing across him, suddenly bringing him back to the moment. He was in front of a house he didn't recognize, in a neighborhood he'd never been to. And in front of him was a near naked older woman, her top pulled up to her neck, her massive round tits pulled out of her bra, her skirt around her waist, and her lace thong pulled to the side, exposing the plump lips of her shaved cunt. She practically looked like a whore coming off a trick.

"Wait..." he gasped out, alarm bells returning to his mind as he started to ever so slightly sober up and see reason. Not giving him a second, Sandy acted. Before he could stop it, she leapt forward and pressed her lips to his, sliding her tongue into his mouth. "Mmmpphhh!" he groaned in shock. Before he knew it, his lips were locked with the older woman in an intense, aggressive, open-mouthed kiss. Her tongue was practically down his throat before he could react, her nimble mouth

muscle sliding against his. Josh and Sandy were now swapping spit, with the older woman as the aggressor. Her tongue was everywhere in his mouth, overwhelming his own, conquering it, and in the process re-injecting him with the lust that had oh so slightly faded in the moment the evening air hit him.

With dulled alarm bells still ringing, he tried to push her away so he could take stock of the situation he was in, but she was undeterred, keeping her arms around his neck, holding him close, unwilling to break their tight clinch. Her slithery, talented tongue slid against his own, trying to coax it into her own mouth, trying to break the married man's final act of rebellion and get him to reciprocate. Her plump lips slid against his own roughly as she forced her tongue into his mouth. She forced the younger man back until his back was against the side of the car. And with his escape further blocked, she reached down and pressed her hand against his crotch, groping his married weapon, still hard as a brick.

He tried to resist... he really did. But with her thin, bony fingers squeezing his cock in just the right way, and with her talented tongue working magic in his mouth, kissing him better than he'd ever been kissed before, his sudden spike of resistance was quickly eroded down. As her smooth tongue slid into his mouth, he couldn't stop his own tongue from tentatively meeting it.

"MMMPHHH!" the old slut moaned into his mouth joyously at feeling the younger man's tongue mashing against hers. Her tongue went into overdrive, swirling and sliding against his, moving practically everywhere in his mouth as it tried to coax him into taking things further. He tried to hold back... he tried to resist... but this kiss was so fucking good. He couldn't stop himself from falling back into her clutches. He couldn't stop himself from forgetting why he was trying to resist this. He couldn't stop himself from sliding his tongue into the old slut's mouth.

"Ohhhh!" Sandy moaned again as she felt Josh's tongue stab into her mouth. Their tongues coiled against each other's as they dueled, back and forth. Their mouths were open wide as they made out, practically feasting on each other as they did so with the ferocity of horny teenagers. But they weren't teenagers... he was a confident, well put-together married man, and she was a nasty old slut with enormous boobs. But the lust they were feeling was seemingly equal to the passion two oversexed teenagers would feel, and the heat was practically pouring off of them in waves. Even the driver could feel it as she stood mere feet away, watching the old slut stifle the younger man's newest bit of resistance. Their kiss had forced them down towards the rear of the car, giving space for her to shut the door loudly.

"Well... I should get going..." she said awkwardly, enjoying the show for sure, but nonetheless feeling like a third wheel as she watched. Sandy pulled her lips from Josh's, panting for breath as she guided the younger man's lips down her neck.

"I mean it..." Sandy said to the cabbie. "Come by the store. I could teach you a few things... cause you could be something special." Josh was sucking at the old slut's neck as she spoke. "But now... I've got to teach this hunk a few tricks. I'm gonna make this fucking stud fall in love with me by the end of the night..." she boasted with a laugh, pulling the married man away from the car and onto the sidewalk.

"I bet you will..." the cab driver replied with a smile before nodding at the old slut and moving back around the car, getting in and driving away. When the cabbie looked back, she could see the couple were locking lips again.

It was dusk outside, and with the overcast sky, the evening had an ominous bluish glow to it. Keeping Josh subdued by making out with him, she slowly pulled him along the walkway up to her house, her heels clicking on the pavement with every step. This wasn't the best neighborhood, and her house wasn't exactly in the best condition. Much like its owner, it was in many ways showing its age. The paint wasn't all there like it used to be. There were some marks on the outside. The lawn

was a bit unkempt. But much like with Sandy, it just kind of fit her. She made it work.

If it wasn't obvious, the old slut had very little shame. That'd have to be the case to look as she did at the moment, tits hanging out, her thong-clad ass there for all to see, making out with a guy in a quite nasty fashion. But she didn't bother to cover herself up. Everyone already knew she was a nasty old skank. Why try to hide it? And besides... it wouldn't be the first time they'd seen her acting like a stone-cold slut for all to see.

Reaching the door, she awkwardly tried to unlock the front door. Keeping her tongue down Josh's throat, it took her a few tries before she got the key in the door. As soon as the door was unlocked, she tossed it open and forced him through.

He was now in her lair.

Josh was so lost in the cresting waves of pleasure he was feeling, lips locked with the old woman, limbs wrapped around each other as he was led deeper into her home, that he could only catch passing glances at what was around him. The inside condition of the house wasn't much better than the outside. It was very unkempt and messy. There seemed to be boxes of product from her store strewn about, boxes of movies

and toys and outfits. The furniture looked of another time, with the only thing that looked modern was her large flat screen TV.

The decorations in the house spanned a wide range. On one wall seemed to be commendations from her time in the military, including some pictures of her younger self in uniform. Despite his dislike of the old slut he was currently making out with, even he could allow a grudging respect for this. That being said, on a table near these commendations were various bits of political paraphernalia that could easily instigate a nasty argument with the progressive younger man, but he was so far gone at this point that such things didn't matter when compared to what he was feeling.

But adorning the wall in the living room was something that was a far cry from the items honoring her military service. From floor to ceiling was a massive framed black and white photo of herself, posing completely nude, her enormous tanned tits front and center as she posed for the camera. The photo looked more artistic than pornographic, although her juicy body steered it closer to the latter than it was probably intended to. Josh vaguely recalled her saying she had volunteered to pose naked for local art classes... he wondered if this photo arose from a similar arrangement.

But all these thoughts passed quickly as he was dragged deeper into her lair. She kept their lips locked as they moved, her hand at his neck to hold him in place as she forced her tongue down his throat. His thoughts were such a whirlwind of lust at the moment that his glances at his surroundings couldn't be acted or remarked upon even if he had wanted to. All that mattered was how good her tongue felt sliding against his. How amazing her massive boobs felt ballooning out against his chest. How desperate for pleasure his steel-hard cock was, bursting to get out of his pants and into the nearest cunt it could find. Everything else was meaningless. Josh had been so against her all night that the fact that she'd gotten him into this state where he was so desperate for her that he'd ignore every warning bell... that meant she was really fucking good at this.

And he was about to experience how good she was.

Still continuing their nasty French kiss, she slowly forced him deeper into the house, keeping herself pressed against him as they moved down a small hallway towards the old woman's bedroom. Finally, she pushed open the door and they crossed the threshold together, arms wrapped around each other.

Her bedroom wasn't much better than the rest of the house in terms of quality. On the left side, a large old wooden dresser

with various small items sitting on top of it, various pieces of makeup, cash, and other random bits of paraphernalia. Next to it was a chair with a large pile of clothes on top of it. Various garments were tossed listlessly across the ground, but there was a clear path between the door and the bed, the beige carpet well worn. On the right side, the entire wall plus the doors of the closet were adorned with floor-length mirrors, reflecting the entire expanse of the room. And in the middle of the room was a nice big bed, probably the newest item in the room, but it had certainly seen some miles as well. A large, king-sized mattress, adorned with dark silky sheets. And capping it off, against the far wall was a nice, big headboard.

Josh's thoughts were such a whirlwind that he didn't realize he was in the old woman's bedroom until the back of his legs hit against the mattress. It was only then that Sandy pulled her lips from his, sliding her tongue out of his mouth. She had him where she wanted him, and she didn't want to waste time. No more foreplay. She needed to plant her cunt on this young man's big fat cock right now! Not give him the chance to reconsider. Once he was balls deep inside her... then he'd be hers forever.

Still on his feet in front of her, recovering, Sandy acted quickly. Tossing her purse to the floor, she grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it up and off roughly, exposing his fit, bare chest. The old slut liked what she saw. He was fit and had nice

musculature, without having overdone it. Seemed like a guy who kept himself in good shape for his wife, but that little wife of his wasn't here now, so the old skank would be the one who got to experience all his hard work. Young muscles and old women were a dangerous mix.

Tossing his shirt to the floor, her hands went back to his belt buckle. Josh was till so dazed that he didn't try to resist being disrobed by the older woman. Her deft fingers easily undid his belt and pulled the ends apart before quickly undoing the button at the top of his pants. Her eyes never once leaving the juicy bulge that was just below her fingers, she roughly yanked down his zipper, giving her a teasing glimpse at the prize. Her hands moving quickly, she grabbed the hem of his pants and firmly tugged them down to his knees, exposing his stylish, tight blue boxer briefs. He was a man of good taste. This wasn't just a pair of underwear you got in bulk at a store. No... this was the type that was really in fashion nowadays, the ones you have to order online. This pair was bright blue, with a checkered pattern adorning it. But what Sandy liked best about it was that it was tight, meaning it was fucking molded to the thick, ten-inch cunt destroyer stuffed inside there. Even one as experienced as she had to pause and admire the sight, but she was too impatient to pause for very long. Eager to unwrap her prize, she knelt down, hooked her fingers in his underwear, and tugged them down roughly, overcoming the force exerted by his straining cock and yanking it down to his knees.

And the sight made the old slut fall to her knees.

"Holy shit..." Sandy sighed, eyes wide at the sight she'd just revealed. She'd known he was big, she felt it through his pants. But... not this big. Not this fucking big. It was amazing. Absolutely amazing. The most beautiful cock she'd ever seen. If there were any doubts that his length would hit double digits, they were gone. His dick was easily over 10 inches long, as thick as her wrist, and as hard as steel. It looked smooth and unblemished, as if it hadn't received the type of use and experience a weapon of such size not only needed but deserved. And calling it a weapon wasn't an understatement. Looking down its length felt like staring down the barrel of a rifle, fully loaded with cum, ready to do some serious damage.

It took something special to leave an experienced old skank like her awestruck, but he'd done it. The sight of his rock hard, 10-inch pussy pleaser stopped her in her tracks and took the words out of her. She couldn't stop letting her eyes gaze at it lustily. A large, prominent, flared head, looking swollen and angry and ready to blow. The thick smooth shaft, lined with veins keeping it powered up. Large, smooth, swollen nuts, each the size of an egg, each filled to the brim with cum, encased in a smooth sack that made the old whore's mouth

water. Even the hair around the base was trimmed and well-kept, as if to really emphasize his length.

For a moment, Sandy just looked down the barrel of his weapon, admiring it from up close. It was just beautiful. Heat and power were just emanating off of it in waves. Part of her just wanted to stay on her knees and worship at the altar of dick, solely using her mouth for the rest of the night, using the act of sucking on his beautiful cock as a way to thank all cock everywhere for all the pleasure dick had given her over the years. But no... this big, perfect cock had work to do. Wicked, nasty work. Shame that such a pure specimen of manhood would have to be defiled, but if she didn't do awful things to this big juicy dick, some other intrepid slut eventually would. Such perfection was not meant to last without being destroyed, and if Sandy had her way, her nasty cunt would be putting some miles on this giant beautiful dick soon.

The dazed married man gathered himself enough to look down and realize he'd been stripped down damn near completely. He looked down to see his now exposed cock pointed directly at the wicked old slut's face. Sensing his gaze, her sharp eyes looked up at his. Seeing her in such close proximity to his throbbing dick sent a fresh wave of resistance through him.

"Wait..." he sighed. But before he could say more, Sandy reached up and pressed her hand against his stomach, pushing him back on to the bed. He fell onto the mattress heavily, his exposed cock swinging around lewdly. Sandy took a grip of his pants as she stood back up, yanking them the rest of the way off, pulling off his shoes and socks in the process, leaving him completely nude on her bed. Tossing his clothes away casually, she stood up proudly, ready to pounce.

"Josh..." Sandy began, pulling her top off the rest of the way before dropping it onto the floor. "Me and you are gonna fuck..." she said, reaching back and undoing her bra. The garment was pretty much pointless at this point, as her boobs had long since been pulled out of it. But still watching that garment slide down off her shoulders and fall to the floor, allowing him to see her enormous tits with nothing else on... it definitely felt like the pressure was rising.

"Sandy... maybe..." he began, eyes locked on the old woman's tits, his cock still throbbing as it stood out from his fit body. But she was not about to be slowed down.

"Nothing you say is gonna stop this..." she said decisively, wiggling her hips as she lowered her skirt and thong past her wide hips and big ass, letting them fall to the floor. As she bent down to peel the mesh stockings off her legs, her enormous

heavy boobs swaying heavily in the air as she did so, she continued speaking. "You had multiple opportunities to walk away, and whenever it came down to the moment of truth, you always chose me," she said, tossing one stocking off and working on the other one. "Me and you are gonna spend the rest of the night having hot... rough... sweaty... sex. We're gonna fuck till we pass out, and I mean it. It's gonna be the best sex of your life, baby. Trust me! So stop resisting. Save your strength. We're about to become lovers, babe... just lie back and enjoy it." She punctuated this by standing up straight and tossing her last stocking away, now standing completely naked at the end of her bed.

Josh had seen damn near every inch of her before now, mostly in pictures, but seeing her in the flesh right in front of him was something else. Her long legs looked firm and thick. Her shaved pussy was right there, clearly excited, coated with her juices. The long expanse of her firm tan belly was there for him to see, and her massive watermelons were just right there, completely exposed, vaulting out from her frame. They were far more enormous than any pair of tits should be, yet somehow, they fit her frame perfectly. He couldn't imagine her as having anything less than melon-sized breasts, unlike his wife, where the idea of her having large breasts was so hard to comprehend that he couldn't even imagine it. How could a woman that he found so unattractive looks-wise have such a perfect, mouthwatering body? Her tits, her ass... it was all

incredible, defying age, wear and tear. She really only showed those signs of her age on her face, but she didn't that stop her. That aged, confident face of hers was wearing an expression of smug satisfaction, knowing she had won, knowing she had this married man dead to rights with no chance of escape. He couldn't get out of this room without making contact with her. He couldn't get his clothes back on without her making her presence known, as no doubt she would push her juicy body up on him and try to make him reconsider. And as she had proven all night, she could be very, very convincing.

She was right... they were gonna fuck, and nothing he said was gonna change that.

Josh was filled with a strange combination of both dread and excitement as Sandy crawled onto the bed. Dread that he was actually gonna fuck this old whore. After everything, after seemingly doing all he could to reject her advances, the fact that she was about to win was... disheartening. How had this happened? He'd done everything that could be expected of him to deny her and resist her, short of getting physical with her and shoving her away. But now, he was about to get VERY physical with her, and he still didn't fully understand how it had happened. But looking at their positions, with him naked on her bed, and her moving to crawl over him, ready to fuck him, it was undeniable that she had won. However, as strange as it sounded, the fact that she was about to claim her victory,

that she had so easily pushed past his rejections, wrapped him in her clutches, and was poised to conquer him completely... it was exciting.

It turned him on.

It sounded crazy. But the fact that this old slut had so weaved through his defenses, broken him down and defeated him... it made his cock throb. If he had wanted to, he could have gone home with a hot, gorgeous, sexy babe like Samantha. He'd had multiple opportunities over the years with women like her, but they had never done enough to throw away his vows to Deb. Yet, somehow, this nasty old slut had. She'd been the one to break through. This old woman, easily double his age, had successfully seduced him. How? It certainly wasn't her looks... was it her aggressive attitude? Her round ass? Her big tits? He didn't know for sure, but whatever it was, it made his cock as hard as steel. His big dick not only wanted her, it was desperate for her. As she crawled closer to him, his cock was harder than it had ever been, and it wanted nothing more than to be inside of her and find out if she was as good at this as she claimed.

And unfortunately for Josh, he knew she would be.

Crawling quickly towards him, her massive round tits swaying lewdly as she did so, she moved with a speed that belied her age, a seasoned huntress moving in for the kill. And as the prey, Josh could only watch as she crawled up next to him and quickly straddled him, her shaved cunt hovering above his throbbing, towering post. Using one hand to touch herself, she slid her other down towards his pulsing weapon. And after a whole night of teasing, the old woman finally made skin-on-skin contact with the young married man's cock, her slim, bony fingers curling around his thick, beefy shaft. The contact made him jump.

"Fuck..." she sighed, staring down at Josh's rock-hard prick, slowly running her fingers along its length. "Women my age dream of cocks like this..." she said, running a fingertip around his sensitive spongy cock-head. "Most aren't so lucky... most aren't worthy of it..." she said, slowly stroking his angry, ready-to-burst weapon. She then kneeled down ever so slightly, rubbing the head of his cock against the puffy lips of her seasoned cunt. She seemed to draw this moment out, slowly teasing her own entrance with his swollen weapon. Then she looked up at Josh with evil intentions painted across her face. "Now... I make it mine." Before the married man could say or do anything, she sat down on his straining cock.

"Oh!" Josh groaned out as the large head of his married dick parted the lips of the old woman's pussy and entered inside of her. Her cunt eagerly welcomed him, her folds parting as the

first few inches of his thick meaty shaft slid into her. "Fuck!" he called out. His entire body tensed up, his hands flexing into fists repeatedly, and he clenched his mouth shut. He tried to ignore it. He tried to reject what he was feeling. But as his cock sank further into the older woman's cunt, he couldn't contain himself anymore.

"Oh my God, it feels so fucking good!" he groaned out.

"Hahaha! You like that fucking cunt?" Sandy sneered, sitting down further on the young man's massive cock, stuffing more of it inside her.

It was shocking how much better this felt already compared to anything he'd ever felt before. He'd been with plenty of women before being married. And he'd been happily in a relationship with Deb for years, a relationship and marriage that had always left him very satisfied. But somehow... this old slut's nasty fucking cunt felt better than all of those other girls. In the back of every young man's mind before they get married, no matter how much they try to deny it, is the calculation whether or not the sex they get with the girl they intend to marry is good enough to keep them happy and satisfied for the rest of their lives. And with Deb, Josh had been happy enough with the sex they had to not think twice about marrying her. But in five seconds, Josh could already tell that Sandy's pussy was much,

MUCH better than Deb's. Better to a degree that it almost had to be embarrassing for the young wife to know she was so outclassed by a woman so much older than her.

The tightness was almost indescribable. The silky pink walls of her clutching cunt gripped his rock-hard prick like a vise, squeezing every inch of bloated cock that was stuffed inside her, smothering it with incredible pleasure. And it was so fucking hot as well, the heated fuck-hole providing a warm welcome to his angry weapon. It was hot... and wet, her cunt-juices dripping from her at a steady rate, coating his spear, easing its passage deeper into her.

But despite its squeezing, snug tightness, her experienced cunt was dug deep, swallowing his impressive length with ease. As she forced herself down over his thick beefy post, more and more of it slid inside of her, passing the halfway point and still going. Despite the fact that her lips of her cunt were stretched to the max around him, and the walls of her pussy were wrapped around every inch of his meaty shaft, clutching him with the tightest of grips, his cock kept delving deeper. And deeper. And deeper. Josh knew he had a big dick, and he also knew most women weren't equipped to handle such size. Some got close, and some like Deb gave it a good effort. But Sandy... she was built for this. Her cunt could take it. He just knew nasty cunt could take every inch. And as she kept lowering herself

down deeper, smoothly taking three-quarters of his length. 8 inches. 9 inches. Fuck!

Josh's head fell back onto the bed as her big ass collided with his thighs. She'd taken the whole thing! How was this possible? His entire ten inches were buried in this old slut's pussy... and it felt amazing! Her cunt was squeezing every inch of his throbbing dick in just the right way, massaging him, keeping him on edge, driving him crazy. It had never felt this good. Nothing had ever felt this good.

"Ugh... Sandy!" Josh groaned, squirming beneath this old whore, the pleasure making him crazy. He was desperate for more... and Sandy could sense it.

"Answer my question... do you love that FUCKING CUNT?" she demanded, squeezing her pussy around the young married man's cock.

"Ugh! Fuck! Yes! I love your fucking cunt! Holy shit!" he cried out, unable to hold it back. The pleasure was just so great. He'd only been with girls his own age, and the difference between their eager but inexperienced pussies and the talented, extra tight, wicked cunt of this old woman was making itself more and more clear by the second. Holy God, it was like magic. It

gripped every square inch of his big, beefy cock like a vise, squeezing it firmly, smothering his dick with the type of indescribable pleasure that only an experienced, well-trained cunt could provide. He couldn't believe how good it felt. How could this old slut's pussy feel this amazing?

"Haha... I just knew you'd love it," Sandy said smugly as she squeezed her cunt around his thick, meaty pole, making him squirm. "From the second we met, I knew your big married cock would LOVE my tight old cunt! UGH!" She moaned as a shiver of pleasure coursed through her. "And now..." she began, moving her hands up and resting them on the young married man's fit chest, pressing her nails against his flesh. Poised above him with straightened arms, a pose which made her massive tits balloon outwards, she looked down at him with an evil smirk. "Now I'm gonna show you what this old cunt can really do, hahaha!"

At this, the old whore lifted herself up, rising up along the young man's impressive length till only the head of his cock was left lodged inside her. Then, with not even a moment's hesitation, she drove herself back down roughly, her big ass slamming against his fit thighs. Her engine still revving up, powered by the sinful cocktail of their forbidden coupling, she bounced on his straining bone hard piston faster and faster, the meaty sounds of her ass slamming against him echoing through the room. Still accelerating, her hips rolling smoothly

as she bounced on him, her eager cunt swallowed up every inch of his big hard cock every time. As she quickly worked up to full speed, her massive heavy tits jiggled more and more, the sight of which hypnotized him, distracting him from the insane pleasure her tight grasping cunt was bringing to him, distracting him from confronting the gravity of what he was doing.

After laughing this nasty old skank's advances off and treating her as a joke, not even registering her as a true threat to his marriage, he'd allowed himself to go further with her than with any of those other, far younger and far more beautiful women targeting his fidelity. Josh had finally betrayed his marriage. He was cheating on his wife, and not with some gorgeous young babe, but with... this... this wicked old whore with massive tits. And that betrayal was now permanent.

Josh and Sandy were finally fucking, and there was no coming back from this...

"Ah! Yes!" Sandy screamed out as she bounced on Josh's thick, meaty post, her shaved cunt eagerly taking every inch of him inside her.

"Oh my God!" Josh sighed, in near disbelief at how good her snug, broiling hot, dripping wet cunt felt around him. She was so goddamn tight! Holy shit! It was gripping his cock perfectly, squeezing every inch of it. Fuck! How could her nasty old cunt feel so much better than anything else? Why did it have to feel this fucking good?

"You're gonna love me by the end of this..." Sandy snarled, still confident in this claim as she slammed herself against him roughly, driving him into the bed. Josh was so overwhelmed with pleasure that he could do nothing but just take it. He had the advantage in both size and fitness, and she was an old woman, so he could easily use the muscles that she found so tasty to toss her aside and put an end to all of this. But she'd been teasing him all night, practically brute forcing him into getting hard for her. And after all that teasing, the fact that he was finally getting the pleasure he needed rendered him frozen beneath her as he savored this long-awaited relief. It was an almost laughable sight, this young handsome fit married man with this old nasty slut on top of him, her completely in control, riding him vigorously like the whore she was.

Her fingers were digging into his chest for leverage as she rode him, to the point where it was almost painful. But the pleasure was so all-consuming that it overrode such things. He was feeling no pain at all. Plus, as she got into more action, her straightened arms pushed even more firmly into her breasts,

ballooning them out in such a way where they looked almost comically large. Her massive fleshy tits were jiggling lusciously, somehow stealing some of his attention away from both the sensation of her nails digging into his chest and her cunt bringing insane level of pleasure to his rock-hard dick. Even in his addled state, the sight of her bouncing tits was enough to spur him into action, his hands rising from his sides to palm each of her ripe breasts, digging his fingers into the doughy flesh firmly.

"Ugh! Fuck! That's it, baby! Touch me!" Sandy sighed as she bounced on Josh's big dick. "I want to feel your hands all over me! YES!" She gave him more oomph as she rode him as a reward, her ass really driving into him as she bounced. Josh, in his completely lust-consumed state, just kept doing what felt good, angling himself to meet her driving bouncing with a small thrust of his own. And his hands simply could not get enough of her gigantic boobs, feeling them up, squeezing them, feeling the firm flesh pouring through his fingers. In his heart of hearts, he might not even like this old slut he was currently having sex with it, but it was undeniable that he LOVED her big boobs damn near more than anything. And as she kept fucking him, and he kept feeling up the massive expanse of her fleshy tits, she took the opportunity to really cement that fact in him.

"Fuck! Ahh! Yes! Do it baby! Squeeze my big fucking tits! Yes! You were drooling over them all night! That's how I knew you wanted me! I could see how badly you wanted to put your hands all over my hot body! YES!" she screamed out, her cunt spasming in pleasure around him. Her broiling hot sex-hole was greasing up his weapon with her slick sex-juices, ensuring she met no resistance as her cunt inhaled his meaty weapon again and again. Her squeezing cunt was driving him crazy, smothering his cock perfectly, giving him just the right amount of pleasure to keep ratcheting up the pressure without sending him over the edge. He squirmed in pleasure beneath her, keeping a firm grip on her oversized melons as she rode his big cock. "Just keep touching me, baby! Yes! Keep feeling up my big perfect tits! UGH! Fuck! You never have to stop! You've had permission from the beginning of the night to feel me up! Just keep doing it! Yes! Oh my God! Yes! I know how much you love my hot body! UGH! Fuck! And, oh... haha, after seeing pictures of your skinny little wife... I can see why!" She said those last words poisonously, the insult seeping past her lips without fear of reprisal. But even in the state he was in, her insult found traction, sifting through the lustful fog he was in, inducing a response.

"Don't... oh..." Josh groaned. "Don't talk about her..." But even as he came to his wife's defense, he didn't stop humping up into Sandy as she fucked him. It didn't stop him from greedily groping the old slut's enormous breasts.

"Haha! Look at you! Standing up for your wife's honor while you're balls deep in another woman! What a good husband you are!" she said with a laugh before taking his full length inside her and stopping, squeezing her cunt hard around his big dick as she ground against him.

"Ah! Fuck!" he groaned in pained pleasure. Yet despite that, he did not stop squeezing Sandy's big tits. But she wanted to make her point, so she grabbed his wrists, pulled his hands from her breasts, and slammed them to the mattress, her face above his. Through glassy, lust-filled eyes, he looked up at her.

"Babe," she began, gently grinding against his swollen pole, teasing him as she spoke "Do not forget that the only person responsible for your current predicament is yourself Oh... fuck. You could have easily held out for that little stick-figure wife of yours, but you were clearly looking to stray. Obviously, that pathetic, skinny, flat-chested wife of yours didn't give you enough incentive to stay loyal. If what you were getting at home was the good stuff, if you had a wife with big enough boobs that you would gladly spend the rest of your days squeezing, then... then you wouldn't dare risk losing such a good thing. Fuck!" She paused and sighed in pleasure, her cunt-juices dripping down to his balls as she ground against his post. Her massive tits were swaying lightly with her

movements, a fact you can be assured Josh noticed. And they were so massive that her nipples were nearly scraping against his fit chest even as she held herself above him. "And you could have chosen that hot little blonde with the big tits, but she wasn't what you were looking for either. No, when it came down to it, when you had to choose which woman you were gonna spend the rest of the night deep-dicking, you chose me. Don't forget that!" She punctuated this with another firm squeeze of her pussy around his big throbbing cock.

"OH!" Josh groaned, closing his eyes, barely able to withstand the pleasure.

"It was me you decided to chat up all night!" she snarled. "It was me you kept flirting with! It was me you kept gawking at! You didn't run out to your wife! You didn't follow that skinny little blonde around all night! But as soon as I left, you came running after! You couldn't get enough of me! You didn't want to miss out on experiencing this body in the flesh. And look at us now. We're lovers, Josh. And this is just the start..." At this, she leaned down and slid her tongue into the married man's mouth, their lips meeting in a fiery kiss. Josh responded to the sudden act, reciprocating the kiss without thinking, his tongue sliding against hers. As they made out, her gigantic tits ballooned out as they pressed into his fit bare chest. She humped against him as they swapped spit, her cunt clenching around his pole making him moan into her mouth. Finally, she

pulled her lips from his, their mixed saliva connecting their panting mouths. Sitting back up, pulling his hands back up and slapping them back against her mammoth tits, she resumed bouncing on him.

"Oh!" Josh moaned as she quickly got back up to full speed on his big fat married prick. In his lust-addled state, he tried to consider what she'd just said. His first thought was to outright reject her take on the events of the night, knowing that she was willfully misinterpreting things to make him look far more nefarious. But, upon further thought... did she have a point? He could have gotten away from her at any time. He could have avoided this whole thing. Yet, somehow, someway... he kinda had chosen her. He could have chosen his young, brilliant, beautiful wife, or he could have chosen that busty blonde from before. But here he was, fucking this nasty old whore. How had this happened? Was there some sort of desire inside him he'd never known he had? No... he'd know if he'd actually wanted anything like this. But... but if that were true, if this wasn't something he'd secretly wanted for a long time, then why the hell did it feel so unbelievably god damn good? Fuck! Why did this old woman's cunt feel so perfect wrapped around his big young married cock? Why did the feeling of her massive round mature tits in his palms feel so right? So natural? Why had he allowed himself to fall into her clutches? Why was he having sex with this nasty old slut?

Was it possible she was right?

Was it possible that her bold proclamation from the beginning of the night that he wanted her was actually based on something real? Did she see something in him that even he didn't know about himself? Considering how hard his cock was... how good the sex was... how amazing her breasts felt in his palms... the answers to these questions were becoming distressingly clear.

"That's it, baby. UGH! Fuck! This'll be so much better for you if you are honest with yourself! Haha! Yes!" She called out to him, her ass slamming into his thighs as she rode him. "Fuck! That's a good dick! A good fucking dick! Yes! Haha! I love it! I love this fucking cock of yours! Fuck! You see baby? I'm honest about my desires. Honest about what I want. And... oh... and because of that, I get laid like crazy! I get to have screaming orgasms on big fat young dick whenever I fucking want! Yes! I fucking take it! But you... ugh... you were so clearly gagging for some rough fucking with a big-titted whore like me... oh fuck... but you never made a move. UGH! But now your balls deep, baby! Yes! You're balls fucking deep in my nasty old cunt! Yes! Savor it, Josh! Savor that tight, hot, wet fucking cunt! Yes! Let go and get your money's worth! Fuck me harder than you've ever fucked any woman! Yes! Give it to me better than you've ever given it to the ugly little bitch you married! Stop holding back and have the best sex of your life!"

Still lying beneath her, her gigantic fleshy tits filling his palms as he gripped them, the words she said filled his mind. He wanted to deny her. He really did. He had truly never sought out any sort of affair. Honest. Yet the pleasure she was bringing him clouded his judgment. Instead of outright rejecting her, his lust-soaked mind allowed her words to take hold. His behavior, his actions... they seemed to prove her right. Perhaps if he wasn't balls deep in the tightest cunt he'd ever felt, he would be able to stand up for himself and his wife and reject her claims with well thought out logic and reason. But... he just couldn't. Her cunt felt so incredible. Her tits were just SO big. This all just felt so fucking good. How could he have ever denied wanting this? How could he have ended up here if he didn't?

So, instead of replying with the truth, instead of standing up for himself, his wife, and his marriage, he simply pulled up his knees, planted his feet on the mattress, and began to truly drive his dick up into the old slut's nasty cunt.

"AHH! Fuck! YES! Fuck me baby! FUCK ME!" Sandy moaned, slamming herself down at him with even greater force, their bodies colliding roughly. To Josh, it almost immediately felt even better than before. It became clear how much he was holding himself back. As soon as he gave himself over to the

experience in even the smallest of ways and allowed himself to fully experience the pleasures she was bringing him, the sex felt ten times better. He'd spent this entire night trying not to let himself find any pleasure in Sandy, either through glimpses at her shamelessly displayed body or in the far more aggressive and up-close experiences he'd had with her as the evening progressed. The fact that things had progressed so far despite that was certainly a testament to her aggressive attitude, her hot body, and her complete lack of shame. She'd practically forced them into bed through sheer force of will, and God help him, he was beginning to enjoy it. The act of giving in in such a small way as fucking up into her was like allowing a crack to form along the wall of a dam. The pressure behind it was too strong to hold back, and soon, the dam was gonna burst.

"Oh my God!" Josh sighed, his ass leaving the bed as he pumped up into the old slut, his fingers toying with her nipples as he did so.

"Fuck! Ah! Shit!" Sandy groaned in pleasure. Despite her age, she wasn't slowing down, keeping up the rapid pace they were going at, not slowing down. Not holding back. "Talk to me baby! Tell me you're loving this! Tell me how much you're fucking loving this!"

"Oh! Fuck, it's good! It's good!" he cried out, unable to stop the words from leaving his mouth. This admission sent another

rewarding bolt of pleasure through his body, energizing him further, really putting some oomph into it as he fucked up into Sandy's tight cunt. His palms were centered on her big round tits, right in the pale, untanned areas, his fingers really digging into the smooth, doughy flesh as her nipples dug into his palms. With her arms out of the way, he had more room to feel up her giant breasts, and he was taking advantage.

"Shit! Ugh! How good, baby? How good?" she seethed out in pleasure, eyes glassy with lust to the point where she looked almost manic. "Tell me, baby! I need to hear it!"

"Ugh... fuck..." he groaned, still gripping her huge tits, still driving up into her. His hips were acting on their own, unable to pull back from the pleasure her silky cunt was bringing him. His body was almost numb with pleasure, feeling things he hadn't known possible, he couldn't stop himself from vocalizing it. "It's really good! REALLY FUCKING GOOD! HOLY SHIT! Oh my God..."

His head fell back and his body hit a new level of excitement, loosening up as he found new energy. The old slut had tapped deep into his pleasure center, inciting a ravenous level of lustful fuel that was spurring him onwards. He kept driving up into Sandy as her entire body shook with pleasure.

"OH! Yes! YES! FUCK!" she screamed out, her hot body now coated with a thin sheen of perspiration. "I knew it! Haha! I fucking knew it! Boy, you were so fucking sure of yourself earlier! Oh! Yes! So fucking sure this would never happen! UGH! You love your wife so fucking much! FUCK! You'd never get down with an old skank like me! Haha! Now look at you! UGH! God, that's a good dick! Fuck! Look at you! Having the best sex of your life! Aren't you? OH! Aren't you?"

"Fuck! Oh!" Josh groaned. He didn't want to admit it. He didn't want to give into her again, but... giving in felt so good! "Yes! Yes! It's the best! Oh! Fuck! It's the best fucking sex of my life! Holy fuck!"

"Yes! YES! AHHH!" Sandy screamed out, her cunt spasming around his beefy cock as a small orgasm coursed through her. But throughout, she kept slamming her curvaceous form down against his fit masculine body. She reached up to put her hands over his as they squeezed her enormous breasts, making sure he didn't stop touching her. As she came down from her crest of pleasure, she regained her composure, released her hold on his hands, sunk her claws into his chest, and resumed her earlier pace. "Better... ugh... better than your wife! Ugh... Josh... tell me I'm a better lover than your wife!"

Josh's body was practically tingling with excitement, his nerves almost numb they were so overwhelmed. That was probably why he had somehow not cum throughout all of this. But the pleasure consumed his mind and body so thoroughly that it left him unable to say anything but the absolute truth.

"Yes! You're a better lover than my wife!" Josh admitted to the old slut. "You're a much better fuck..."

"HAHA! YES! Fuck! Old slut's still got some moves, right?" she crowed as she kept riding him. "Bet wifey doesn't know the first thing about handling a dick! Precious little thing probably can't handle a cock this big!" It was true. Compared to this... Deb looked like an amateur. This was a level of filth he had never experienced... and they were just getting started. "Probably makes you 'make love' cause she can't handle the real shit! UGH! Yes! A man like you can never be loyal to a woman unless he's getting his brains fucked out by her every night! A woman who won't hold back and will give him everything! OH! You need a real woman like me for that! Haha! A fucking whore! A nasty slut! OH! Your wife's not a real woman then, is she?"

"Oh! Fuck!" he moaned, gripping her boobs and fucking up into her harder despite her insults towards Deb. Why did those

slights against her make him even more excited? What was this woman doing to him?

"You need a real woman, Josh... not a pathetic excuse for one," Sandy sighed, her body now covered with sweat as her movements were unrelenting. She was running a marathon on the married man's big dick, and she wasn't slowing down. "You need a woman like me, baby... not her. You don't need a skinny little cute girl who you love and cherish and share cute little jokes with. You need a woman like me. This big fat COCK needs a woman like me! A nasty fucking bitch who will take full control of you! A real fucking woman, not a little stick figure! I've got a big round ass that can drive you into the fucking bed!" she punctuated this by driving her ass down into him with extra oomph, slamming into him and squeezing her cunt around him, making him scream out in pleasure.

"AHHH!" Josh groaned, still driving up into her, still digging his hands into her massively-sized boobs.

"That's right, baby!" she said with a wicked smile as she brought her hand over his while he squeezed one of her giant round breasts. "I've got these massive fucking jugs that you can't get enough of! Yes! Keep squeezing my big fucking tits while you tell me that your wife's flat chest doesn't matter to you! Yes! Dig your hands into my massive fucking jugs while

you tell me that you don't mind that your wife has itty bitty mosquito bites!"

"Deb... uh... she..." Josh stammered as he did as directed, squeezing her ripe melons over and over again. But he couldn't find any words to try and say that his wife's chest was better. Because quite simply... it wasn't. Sandy had way better boobs than Deb, and it wasn't even really a contest.

"She's nothing compared to me!" she snarled as she kept driving herself down into him, her body dripping with sweat. He tried to keep his hands against her slick sweaty breasts, but it was coming at greater trouble as the ferocity of this encounter kept ratcheting up. "She may be younger... oh... she may be prettier... but I got her beat where it counts, don't I? Fuck... ugh... shit!" Her broiling hot cunt was gushing with her juices, greasing up his thick pole as she bounced, her ass unrelenting as she fucked him. "I'm the one fucking her man better than she ever could! Oh! I'm the one who's body her husband can't get enough of! Ah! Keep squeezing my tits, baby! My big amazing tits! Yes! I'm the one her husband thinks is better in bed! Yes! Fuck!" she sighed as she her cunt kept swallowing up his big fat married cock, again and again and again. And the more she spoke such filth, the faster he fucked up into her. "How does it feel, baby, knowing that your cute young wife... oh... that you promised to love and cherish with all your fucking heart... ah, fuck... has been proven to be completely inferior... ugh, yes... to

be less of a woman in every way... YES... YES... to an old...
FUCK... skanky... AH... nasty old whore like me?"

"IT FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD!" Josh screamed out, his hips a blur as he fucked up into the old slut. He couldn't believe how much her nasty words against his wife excited him. His cock was so hard that it felt like it would burst, and the feeling of her tight, silky, broiling hot cunt kept him right on the edge in just the right way. He could feel the pressure inside him, all the cum ready to fire out like a cannon. He just needed to have his fuse lit, and god damn, her words were causing sparks to fly.

"AH! FUCK!" Sandy screamed out, her body shuddering as a jolt of pleasure coursed through her. "Tell me... ahh... tell me I'm better than her! AHH! Admit you think I'm a better woman than her! Yes! Admit to me that I'm a better woman than your fucking skinny, brainless, disgusting little wife!" Josh could feel her body shake as she kept bouncing on him, and the way that electric current of pleasure made her cunt clench around his cock like a vise only spurred him onwards. Her excitement made his excitement better, and Josh was so fully awash in lust that he couldn't hold himself back from adding fuel to the fire.

"OH! Ugh! Fuck! Fuck!" he moaned out, meeting her bounces with his own. "You're a better woman! AHHH! FUCK! HOLY SHIT! YES! You're a better woman than my fucking wife!

AHH!" Josh couldn't believe he was saying such things about his own wife to this older whore, but it felt so goddamn good. He couldn't stop. "Fuck! You're so much better in every way! AHH! Better in bed! UGH! Oh fuck! A better body! Better tits!" Josh said, squeezing her big round udders firmly, her hard nipples ballooning outwards as he did so.

"Do you... fuck... do you think I'm better looking than your wife, too?" she asked, smiling evilly in a way that wasn't flattering. Sandy knew she was no model, and Deb honestly was so pretty she could have been, but in the moment, looking up at a face that showed both her age and a hint of the good looks she might have used to have, while also making it no mystery what kind of woman she really was, there was only one answer he could give. He was so in the moment now that he couldn't stop himself from taking this even further.

"Yes! Yes! You're better looking than my wife! UGH! Fuck! You're so much hotter than her!" Josh confessed, not sure if it was even true, but god was it exciting to say. She seemed to agree, grinning wildly and riding him harder, really bucking down and squeezing his cock with her tight cunt as she drove down into him. "Ah! FUCK! Yes! You're better than her in every way! Fuck! UGH! Holy shit! Holy fucking shit! She's barely a woman compared to you... ah!"

"Haha! Yes! YES!" the old slut screamed out in pleasure as she heaved herself down into him roughly. "I only had to take one look at the bitch to see how pathetic she truly is! OH! Shit! I doubt she'd be able to satisfy any man, let alone a stud like you! Ah! Not like I can. UGH! FUCK! The bitch might as well just start eating pussy, because she's got no hope of ever pleasuring a man! Haha! Fuck!"

"Oh my God!" Josh said. This was so fucked up, talking about his wife like this... but damn, he was turned on more than he'd ever been before. The idea of her being so humiliated by the fact that her husband cheated on her with a much older woman that she gave up all hope of pleasuring a man and just started eating superior pussy... it sounded so wrong. But it was so fiery hot.

For a moment, he let his hands fall from the old slut's massive breasts and just looked up at her in what could only be classified as awe. What a fucking woman. Still riding him ferociously like a wild animal, she hadn't shown any signs of slowing down. She was in her element. She was unleashed. And it was just... amazing. Beneath her aged, experienced body... she had the engine of a sports car. Built for performance. Comparatively, Deb was like those smart cars that were safer and more compact and cuter. But the body was kinda weird and shapeless, and they couldn't go very far without recharging, and they just didn't have that same oomph

under the hood. But Sandy... she had that engine, and it was empowering her to drive his cock crazy.

And her body wasn't so bad either.

As she heaved herself down on his big cock, he watched her as she moved. Her massive tits, now free from his grip, bounced around like crazy, the heavy udders swaying around in a near hypnotic fashion. Her hard nipples were dancing in the air, framed by her triangular tan lines on the fronts of her breasts. The rest of her tanned flesh was coated with beads of sweat as she rode him, and frankly, he was too, the exertion of this encounter taking its toll on him as well. The motion of her body was immaculate, her hips rolling smoothly as she bounced on his big cock, her tight cunt taking every inch without trouble as her ass bounced up and down, gliding through the air before slamming against him every time. Her face was twisted up in exertion, but somehow, despite her not being the best-looking woman, the sight of her like this only turned him on more. He had never been more full of lust, and it was all thanks to her. This nasty old slut.

Damn, what a fucking babe she turned out to be.

"Fuck..." Sandy sighed. "I could tell you were looking to cheat on your wife, but... oh... but damn, I didn't actually think you found her that disgusting. Is that, right Josh, deep down, do you think that your wife is disgusting? Ugly? A pathetic excuse for a woman?" Sandy's eyes held his after asking this, and his lusty glare answered her question. As they looked into each other's eyes, she continued bouncing on him, not slowing, her heavy bare tits jiggling lewdly as she did so. "I do too..." she said, agreeing with the married man's silent answer. "I wonder how... oh... how you can possibly go back to her now? UGH! After telling me how you really feel about her? After confronting your true feelings about her? It's a wonder you ever married her. Ugh! God damn! I love this fucking cock! I LOVE IT! Oh... it sounds like you love me more than you ever loved her! Fuck... just think. Oh! Just think, babe. If you never married her... oh... then you would have met me... ugh, fuck... then maybe we'd be married! UGH! Then you'd be getting this body every night! Ah! Would you like that, Josh? Would you like to be married to me?" She punctuated this question by planting her ass in his lap, his cock now fully stuffed inside her tight pussy.

"Oh!" Josh groaned. It was such a wicked proposition. After spending most of the night rejecting her advances, the idea of ending up submitting to her so completely that he'd actually marry her... not for any sort of love or companionship., but for a lifetime of illicit porno-fucking with an older woman... an old

slut. It was a patently ridiculous concept, counter to every societal norm and lesson he'd been raised to believe in. Yet... his cock jumped at the thought in such a noticeable manner that even Sandy felt it.

"Oh my... you like the sound of that! Haha!" she laughed, feeling the married man's big cock lurch inside of her as she ground herself around his full length. She couldn't hide her amusement at the idea. She wasn't a marriage type of woman, never had been, never will. The idea of love and romance never appealed to her. It was all just so disgustingly sweet. But this wasn't about love, this was about nasty, filthy, forbidden sex. Unbridled, uncontrolled lust. A marriage based on such things, perverting the very core of the concept by forging such a forbidden bond in the fires of lust-filled passion, of two people with perfect bodies having nasty, sinful sex... now that did hold some appeal to the old slut.

"Well... ugh... fuck, that's a good fucking dick! UGH! So fucking big! You want to be married to this hot body, baby? You wanna be married to these big tits!?" she called out, slapping the sides of her massive boobs, making them wobble lusciously. "Well... oh... you can make fantasy a reality, baby. Fuck! You could just divorce the flat-chested bitch and marry me, then you can get your hands on these massive jugs everyday..." she offered, her words making his cock jump again. He couldn't explain why this forbidden idea turned him on so, but his cock was

practically tingling. She began slowly rocking back and forth around the full length of his sizable penis, still fully buried within her tight mature cunt. "Mmmm... fuck... I didn't know you liked me that much, baby. Fuck! Do you like the sound of marrying me, baby? Deep down, you want to divorce your boring... oh... ugly... ugh... inferior... fuck yes... flat-chested little wife, don't you? Huh? You wanna marry me just because I can fill out a bra better than she can? Haha! Oh! Fuck. She's not even a real woman, babe, you said it yourself. Don't you want to be married to a real woman, baby? A woman with experience? UGH! A woman with curves? Fuck! A woman with a big round ass that can take whatever you give it? Oh! A woman with smooth, firm, massive tits that drive you fucking crazy? Mmm... fuck. Yes... I think you do, baby. You really do. Maybe... ugh, fuck... maybe you should marry me, Josh."

"Oh!" he called out in pure pleasure. Her teasing words and the slow, languid pace of her movements were driving him crazy... literally. He knew that, because her words were starting to make sense! He squirmed beneath her as she slowly rocked against his throbbing post, forwards and back, squeezing his entire length with the clutching, squeezing tightness of her experienced cunt. He was closer to the edge than ever, and as he looked up, he saw her sexy smirking face looking down at him confidently, her amazing cunt tortured him with smothering, all-consuming pleasure. He felt like he would die, the pleasure was so great. It was a glorious torture riding this

out, listening to her filthy mind at work. He wanted to keep hearing everything she had to say, but he also needed to cum like he never had before.

"Imagine me as your wife, Josh..." she purred as she kept grinding on him, her heavy bare breasts swaying above him. "Cute little Deb is gone... and I'm the one you come home to every night. You work all day at, uh... wherever you work, and I spend my days at the store. Maybe I put on something slutty and we go out and let everyone see what an amazing couple we are! You can show me off to all your friends! Oh! Or maybe I bring home a really dirty MILF porn film and we fuck each other senseless watching it! Wouldn't you rather do this every night than spend another fucking minute with your wife? Oh... fuck! Maybe we can make our own movie... together. I can share it with my hot friends! UGH! I can sell it in the store! Ah! Yes! We can make movies... ugh, fuck! We can make babies!"

"Oh my God!" Josh called out, his entire body shuddering as an electric bolt of lust shot through him. He didn't know if such a thing was possible with a woman her age, but God... the idea of it, of committing such an absolute betrayal of his sweet, kind, pretty wife by impregnating this old, nasty whore... fuck! It resonated with him at a near bone-deep level. He felt like his entire body was on edge, a coiled up spring, ready to be unleashed.

"You like the sound of that, Josh?" Sandy said with a pointed smirk as she kept rocking against his swollen, straining post, her enormous boobs jiggling as she did so. "You want to betray your wife completely and put a baby in my belly instead of hers? Hahaha.. look at yourself, hon. You hated me so much before. you said you would never hook up with an 'old lady' like me. Now... ugh... now you're dying to knock me up! Haha! I knew you liked me from the start! I knew you wanted my hot body! I knew you wanted me to be your woman! I'm glad you're finally being honest about it! But words are words. It doesn't count unless you go all the way." At this, she leaned down and put her fingers on the overcharged married man's chin, looking into his eyes. "I want you to pump me full of cum, Josh," she said so matter-of-factly that it was almost enough to make him explode. He was so on edge. So close. And it didn't help that she punctuated every line she spoke with a vise-like squeeze of her cunt around his big, swollen dick. And added on to her grip around him, every word she said made his cum-filled balls swell up even more, the pressure overriding every coherent thought, taking him closer to the point where he'd become a savage, lust-filled beast. "You said you didn't want me back at the bar? Pump my nasty cunt full of your thick married cum and prove that you were lying before. You want me to be your woman? Prove it by making it MY cunt you empty those big nuts of yours into. Prove that you love me more than your wife by making me scream as you fill me up with cum! Prove to me that..."

And that was the point Josh couldn't lay back anymore. He couldn't just take the lustful pressure anymore. After so much teasing, the beast was finally ready to be unleashed.

Catching the older woman off guard for the first time, Josh sat up as quick as a flash. Her arms getting forced to the side by this sudden motion, he caught Sandy by surprise again by shoving his tongue down her throat. Shocked by Josh being the one to initiate the kiss, it took her a few seconds to regain her bearings before quickly melting into the kiss, pressing her lips roughly against his and sliding her sinewy tongue into his mouth. Josh was now in a seated position, their sweaty bare chests pressed against each other, her massive jugs ballooning outwards against his fit body. To hold himself in place, he wrapped his arms around her body, the muscles in his arms flexed as he held her against him. Still on her knees straddling his lap with Josh's big cock buried in her cunt, she wrapped her arms around his neck, holding him close as they made out.

It was amazing how far Josh had fallen. Mere hours ago, he was repulsed by this nasty old slut. Now, he was making out with her in a major way. Lips locked, open mouths sealed together, swapping spit, tongues being shared lewdly back and forth as they battled for control. They were attacking each other's mouths, feasting on the lust shared between them.

An onlooker wouldn't know what to make of what they were seeing. A handsome, fit young man making out with this old slut? Really? Couldn't he do so much better? And they weren't just making out, they were really going at it! Making out with no shame, no holding back. They would see her thick, curvaceous, mature naked body pressed against his fit, youthful form. Muscles tensed. Bodies covered in sweat. Limbs wrapped around each other. Their pairing was an odd one, given their age difference, but positioned liked this, pressed up against each other, lips locked... they seemed to be a perfect fit. Clearly driven by pure, concentrated lust, these two looked like they'd been doing this for years. And judging by how hungry each seemed for each other's bodies, it looked like they'd be doing this for many more. Truly, a perfect match.

Sandy was starting to feel the same way. Josh was coming along faster than she could have ever possibly imagined. She knew he'd be good for a roll in the hay, but she didn't think he'd end up being this into her. Fuck! Her pussy was practically gushing around his post she was so turned on. God, the fact that she'd gotten this young married stud so hot for her that he was willingly submitting to her and her body... fuck, did it ever bolster her already massive ego. She knew she was good, but now there was no doubt how fucking good at this she really was. She ground her dripping cunt against the big cock buried fully inside her as she pressed herself against him, turned on

by feeling his bare skin against hers. Her excitement was ratcheting up tenfold.

She wasn't the only one.

Josh was so turned on it felt like every nerve in his body was plugged into a bolt of electricity. His entire body was charged up with lust, so much so that his entire body was tingling, alive like never before, feeling things he didn't know were possible. He was so coiled up with lust that he didn't even think twice before making out with her, knowing that it would feel amazing. That was what her hot body and teasing words brought him too. Blindly seeking pleasure from wherever he could get it, even from this old, nasty skank with massive tits. And it being a woman like her, someone so wrong for him, almost made it better. Betraying his wife with a woman like this when he could seemingly do so much better... it was so fucked up. So nasty. So sinful. So hot!

Lost in the fierce, hungry kiss, he let his hands slide down her tanned back until he was palming each of her round, meaty ass-cheeks again, squeezing them firmly as she ground against his rock-hard prick. God, her ass felt amazing... firm and round and full. He couldn't stop digging his fingers into the firm cheeks.

"Mmmm..." Sandy moaned into his mouth as she felt his hands on her. She flexed her ass as she squeezed herself around him, humping against his cock lewdly. Her tongue pressing against his, she began panting, breathing deeper and deeper she was so turned on. They kept swapping spit as they humped into each other. She was boiling with heat, getting hotter and hotter, her body almost shaking with excitement.

"MmmmmaahHHHH!" she screamed out as she pulled her mouth from his, their combined spit falling between them. Leaning back, she pulled his handsome face into her big breasts, forcing one of her stiff nipples into his mouth again. The young married man eagerly sucked on the hard nub, tasting her salty sweat as his tongue licked across her slick areola. But she wasn't done, leaning backwards, grinding herself into his lap as she pulled him down with her, using her grip around his neck to keep his mouth attached as she leaned back. As she did this, she arched her back, forcing her big fleshy breasts against his face as she moaned out in pleasure.

"Fuuuuccckkkk!" she groaned throatily, her cunt grinding into his lap roughly as his full length was digging deep inside her while she squeezed herself around him. Josh's mouth kept a tight seal around her hard nipple, sucking as much titty into his mouth as he could. The tugging at her nipple, combined with the sensation of his full length stuffed inside her, made her body shiver with pleasure. She extended this moment as

long as possible, leaning as far back as she could, arching her back severely as she kept her titties in his face, driving herself into his lap even harder. Josh kept sucking at her big breasts, and his big beefy cock kept throbbing deep inside her clenching cunt. She rode this crest of pleasure as long as she could. Finally, it became too much to take. She needed more.

Sandy needed to cum. Hard.

She roughly shoved him onto his back, hands pressed against his chest. Eyes on fire, she looked down at him with a near insane glint in her eyes.

"I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you!" she called out. Before he could react, she dug her nails into his chest roughly and pushed herself up his big hard cock before dropping down onto it. But she wasn't slowly working up to speed. No, she went from 0-100 in a flash, immediately speeding up to a near blinding speed.

"Fuck!" Josh groaned, his head falling back in pleasure.

"You like that, Josh?" she asked, her ass slamming into his thighs. "You like getting fucked into the bed by an old slut?"

"Ugh! Fuck! Yes!" Josh groaned out in excitement. This felt incredible. This pace was unreal, but she wanted more.

Looking up, her lips curled in a snarl, her eyes locked onto the headboard at the end of the bed. Removing her claws from his chest, she reached up and grabbed the top of headboard. Now with that added leverage, she really drove herself down into him, her body driving against his. This position, with her leaning over him to dig her nails into the headboard, meant that her mammoth melons were now hanging down directly over him, bouncing around lewdly as she rode him. Seeing her massive fleshy udders within arm's reach again, he couldn't resist reaching up and digging his fingers into his two new favorite toys, squeezing the old slut's succulent titties firmly. He saw his fingers digging right in to where the spider tattoo was located, but he didn't let that slow him down. He was now unafraid to dip his hands into it's poison.

"Yes! Squeeze my big tits baby!" Sandy panted out, riding him like a stallion, going from base to tip in just the right way, making sure to take much of his full length every time while holding him inside her. His cock was thoroughly greased up with her slick, broiling hot cunt juices, and after having spent so much time balls deep inside her, it was probably now permanently infused with her flavor.

"Fuck! This is amazing!" Josh sighed. As before, he planted his feet on the bed, meeting her with rough upward thrusts as she heaved her curvaceous, sweat-covered body down against his. There was no holding back, no drawing this out. These two were going at it, and they weren't gonna stop till they were both screaming.

"God, I love this big cock! Fuck! I want it forever! YES!" the old slut moaned out, her big ass bouncing off his thighs.

"Fuck! FUCK!" Josh moaned in pained pleasure. His cock was practically vibrating it was so ready to pop. And after such a long night of teasing and drawing things out, the fuel tanks were churning, ready to ignite, and the journey to that point was an intense beautiful agony.

"UGH! Fuck! This... oh my God! This is the best dick I've ever had! OH! The best fucking cock I've ever had! Jesus, it's so fucking huge! I love it! I fucking love it! Keep fucking me baby! Holy shit! Don't stop! Don't ever stop! Keep fucking me!" Sandy screamed out, her cunt quivering around his beefy staff.

"Oh my God, Sandy! Fuck!" he sighed. His hands stayed on her big, fleshy tits. He was now palming the outsides of them as

they bounced above him. He was pressing them together, admiring the fault-line of cleavage this created. He squeezed the luscious flesh, ran his hands across the full expanse of smooth slick skin, he bounced the massive udders off each other, he pinched her nipples. He couldn't get enough.

"YES! YES!" Sandy screamed out after a particularly firm tweak of her nipples by the younger man. This only spurred her onwards, speeding up, fucking him faster and faster.

Both of the forbidden lovers were literally dripping with sweat at this point, beads of it sliding down their skin as they went at it. The room felt like a sauna due to the ferocity of their fucking, and with her on top, drops of her sweat were falling down onto him as she fucked him.

"This is so good! So fucking good!" Josh cried out, his body not slowing down as he fucked up into the old whore, her tight wet cunt squeezing his cock in the most perfect way. "This is better than anything! Fuck!" How could it be so spectacular? Why did it have to be that the one person who could give him such insane pleasure was this nasty old whore?

"UGHH! Fuck! FUCK!" Sandy moaned as her body kept colliding with his in loud, meaty slaps. "You're gonna make me cum, baby! UGH! Do you want to make me cum?"

"Yes! YES!" Josh screamed, driving up into her hard. "I've wanted to make you cum from the second we met!"

"I know, baby! Fuck! I know!" Sandy said, bouncing on the young man's dick, her cunt quivering with excitement. She was getting very close. "And I KNEW I'd be making your big cock fucking explode by the end of the night! Am I gonna make your big cock explode, baby!?"

"Yes! FUCK! You're gonna make my cock explode!" Josh called out, his cock swelling up. "Fuck! Ahhh! God damn! I fucking knew we'd end up fucking! UGH! I didn't want it... oh! I didn't want it at first! AH! But I fucking knew how it would end! I did! I knew we'd end up having sex! Oh! Fuck! I saw it fucking crystal clear! Ah!"

"I did too! AHH! Yes! We were meant to be, baby! Yes!" Sandy called out, her cunt clutching his cock like a vise. "We're a perfect match! Me and you! Yes! YES! I knew your hands would end up on my body! AH! I knew you'd end up sucking

my tits! YES! I knew you'd end up fucking me better than you've ever fucked your wife!"

"Oh!" Josh moaned out, almost losing control. He closed his eyes for a moment as he took in the pleasure, and the loss of sight only emphasized the incredible tightness of her pussy around his shaft, and the incredible softness of her big tits between his fingers as his hands dug into them.

"And I'm fucking you better than she ever could... AH! Right?" she demanded, her voice warbling as she got closer to her breaking point. She was really driving into him as rode him.

"Yes! So much better! So much fucking better! AH! Fuck! FUCK! You're so much better in every way! YES!" Josh yelled out.

"Tell me you love me, baby!" the old slut begged. "I need to hear you say it!"

"I love you! Fuck! More than my ugly, flat-chested wife! Sandy, I fucking love you!" Josh confessed, gripping her giant boobs firmly.

"AHHH! YES!" Sandy screamed, almost exploding in pleasure, her body a blur as she bounced on him, near feverish with lust. "Ah... ah... ahhh! Do... fuck... do you love my ass, baby? Tell me, Josh. Do you love my ass?"

"Yes! I love your hot ass..." he moaned out as her big, juicy ass kept slamming into him. "You have the best ass! I loved seeing it in a fucking thong!"

"YES!" Sandy moaned, really driving into him as she was getting closer and closer. "Do you... oh fuck... do you love my gorgeous face?" she asked, her lips curled up in a smug, twisted grin.

"Yes! YES! You're the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen!" Josh admitted. "Way hotter than my wife!" He said, his own body a blur as he power-fucked the old woman's cunt as hard as he could. If you had told Josh hours earlier that he'd be saying this, he wouldn't believe it. But in the moment, he meant it. He really did. He'd never been with someone so attractive. So fucking hot and sexy. And saying that sent a new jolt of pleasure through him, almost taking him over the edge. Submitting so deeply to this nasty old slut turned him on in a way he could not explain. It was so fucking wrong, a man like him telling a woman like her such things, choosing her over his wife, but it felt so fucking good. And he wasn't done yet.

"Do... oh! Fuck! Do you love my big tits, Josh? AH! FUCK!" Sandy squealed. "I think you do, baby! Yes! Yes! I think you love my big breasts more than anything! Yes! Fuck! Tell me, baby! OH! Tell me you love my big, perfect tits!"

"YES!" Josh cried out, using his firm grip on his giant boobs for adding leverage as he heaved himself upwards, slamming his massive married prick into her tight cunt hard. "I do! Oh! I love your big fucking tits! Yes! My wife's boobs are so small they don't even fucking count! UGH! Your tits blow hers out of the water! Yes! Your tits... oh... your tits blow HER out of the water! YES! AH! YES!" Josh could barely think straight he was so turned on. He was losing control.

"UGH! FUCK! FUCK!" Sandy screamed in pleasure, heaving her sweat-soaked body down at him roughly. She had never been this turned on, and for a slut like her, that was saying something. And now that she was so close to the best orgasm of her life, she was gonna damn sure get her money's worth. "Haha! Fuck! With the way you were so obviously in love with them back at the bar, I didn't even have to see a picture of your little sweetie wife to fucking know she couldn't fill a training bra on her best day! AH! Yes! YES! And after seeing her, they were somehow even fucking smaller than I imagined! Haha!"

Fuck! My big round fucking tits make me better than her in every way! YES!"

"Fuck! AH! AH! You are! FUCK! Better! OH! Your boobs... fuck! So fucking big! UGH! FUCK! FUCK! Better than her! FUCK! Oh my GOD! Better in every way! GUH! FUH! OHH! So big... so round... ugh!" Josh could barely string a sentence together he was so overwhelmed with pleasure. Lost in a stupor of lust thanks to this amazing older slut.

"Oh my God! Fuck! UGH! GOD!" Sandy screamed out, her entire body on fire with pleasure. She was close... really close. Still riding him like an animal, not slowing down, not letting up, her luscious body dripping with sweat, she was too focused on the pleasure to say much more than that.

"OH! Goddammit!" Josh moaned, his entire body straining with an all-consuming need to cum. Every muscle... every fiber in his being was working towards one goal. To make his cock explode. He was barely thinking. He could barely see. He could barely breath. All he could do was fuck.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh my God! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna fucking cum!" Sandy screamed out, her voice hoarse at this

point. "Holy shit! Ah! Oh my God! Yes! Fuck! I'm gonna cum on your big fucking dick! Yes! YES! FUCK! FUCK!"

"UGH! GOD! FUCK! AHH!" Josh groaned, more beast than man, his hips a blur as he fucked her as hard as he could. His entire body ready was on the verge of giving out, but he couldn't stop. Not till this was finished. Not till he came. Not till he got the pleasure he so desperately needed. His cock was boiling. He was about to cum.

"Oh my God! OH MY GOD! I'm gonna cum!" Sandy panted out. "Make me cum, baby! Make that nasty cunt cum! YES! Make my nasty fucking cunt cum as hard as it can! YES! YES! AHH! AHHH! AHHHHHH! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!" She was screaming out at the top of her lungs in pleasure, so loud the neighbors could hear. She was close... and closer... and closer. And finally... "AHHH! YYEESSSS! AHHHHH! FFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKK! YYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!"

Finally, it hit. A massive orgasm hit the older woman, her entire body lighting up with incredible pleasure as it hit her like a lightning strike. As soon as it hit her, she slammed herself down so his full length was buried inside her and held herself there, her entire body flexing as the earth-shaking orgasm hit her. Her ass tightened as she ground against him as hard as

possible, and as the massive orgasm tore through her, her cunt clenched around him tighter than it had yet. Tighter than a vise. Tighter than a clenched fist. Her nasty cunt squeezed around his big swollen dick as hard as possible, and after keeping his balls swollen all night, this was finally enough to take him over the edge. This was finally enough to ignite the cum-cannon between his legs. This was finally enough to make the married man cum.

"AHHHHHHH! UGGGGHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Josh groaned, beyond thought, just pure animal instinct. Humping upwards, ensuring his cock was buried as deep inside her as possible, his cock swelled up and fired off a massive volley of thick, creamy cum deep inside the nasty old woman's cunt, with a force that made the comparison to a cannon an apt one.

"AHHH! FUCK! I FEEL IT! YES! MORE!" Sandy screamed out as she felt the married man cumming inside her, filling up her wicked pussy with his broiling hot jizz. He fired off again and again, and she felt every band of it inside of her.

"UGH! GUH!" Josh groaned, humping up into her lewdly as he came again and again. Gripping her enormous soft tits roughly, he clung to them as he kept cumming inside her. She

had teased him so much that it felt like it would never stop. He fired off inside her cunt again... and again... and again!

"Yes! YES!" Sandy squealed as her body shook with the next wave of her orgasm rocked her. She humped into him lewdly like the whore she was as he kept exploding inside her, her body almost beyond her conscious control, acting on base instinct. They weren't people in this moment. They were rutting animals.

"OH! AHHHH!" Josh moaned, his entire body still coiled up and tight as he just kept cumming. Streams of thick cum were just firing out of him, over and over again. He had never cum this much. What was happening to him? What had she done to him?? Fuck... he just couldn't stop! Would it ever stop? His swollen balls had been overfilled with hot thick cum all night thanks to her, and now they were eager to fire off every drop of the stuff inside her warm welcoming hole. His body was jerking upwards from the full-body effort he was undergoing, his entire system working in tandem to squeeze out every drop of jizz from his overfilled sack into the nasty old woman's cunt.

"Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!" Sandy moaned loudly, her pussy spasming violently around his prick as her own orgasm kept tearing through her, wave after wave of pleasure hitting her delicious frame. Her cunt was doing its part to aid the younger

man's ecstasy, the squeezing hole practically drawing the cum out of his big balls, her cum-hungry pussy knowing exactly what it was doing as it swallowed up what felt like a pint of his thick semen.

"Sandy! FUCK!" Josh groaned, his fingers still digging into her luscious, sweat-covered titty flesh, squeezing her big tits firmly as his dick kept firing off inside her. "This is the best ever! YES!"

"YES! YES! AHHHHH! YES! Keep cumming, baby! I want all of it!" Sandy seethed in ravenous pleasure, her broiling hot sex juices gushing around his pole. She could feel his big cock swelling up inside her as streams of his married cum kept shooting into her. She kept humping into him lewdly, her big ass flexing as she squeezed her cunt around him. "Ugh! Fuck! Don't keep any for your wife! Give it all to me! YES!"

"AH! God! Fuck!" Josh cried out as he felt his balls flex and another giant wad of cum burst out from him, firing off deep into the old slut's experienced cunt. The young handsome man was in absolute ecstasy, thanks to this nasty old whore.

The two illicit lovers were in perfect rhythm at the moment, her cunt tightening around him, coaxing another wad of cum to fire out of him and burst out into her waiting hole. She had induced the biggest orgasm of his life in the younger man, sending him into an endless bliss as he just kept cumming. And

he'd done the same for her, keeping her cresting along the waves of pleasure, keeping it going, keeping her in the same high he was currently in.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Oh!" Sandy moaned.

"UGH! GOD! FUCK!" Josh groaned.

"More! AH! MORE!" Sandy begged.

"Yes! AH! YES!" Josh cried out.

"AHHH! GOD!" Sandy screamed.

"Yes! I love this fucking cunt! YES!" Josh sighed.

"OHHH!"

"YES"

"FUCK!"

"AHHHHH!"

Both were on such a high that they eventually couldn't tell whose voice was whose. But they weren't even voices anymore, they were savage animal noises. More beasts than people. And as his balls twisted up to fire off one more massive wad of cum deep inside her, and as her cunt squeezed around him one last time as she came, the young married stud and the old experienced slut screamed out in unison.

"YYYYYEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

After this one last heroic heave of pleasure, Josh's tensed up body finally collapsed into the mattress, all strength leaving him as he melted into the bed. Moments later, Sandy's body collapsed onto him, their sweaty chests colliding again, her giant boobs ballooning outwards again. For a few moments, they stayed like this, bare chest to bare chest, each gasping for breath. Sandy's weight then shifted somewhat, causing her sweaty, panting form to slide off of his, falling to his side. Sandy now rested on the bed face down, and Josh was on his back, completely naked.

After the vigorous, savage affair, Josh expected to pass out, yet... after a few minutes of just lying there on his back, looking at the ceiling, that rest never came. He found himself tethered to consciousness despite his best efforts, and when he finally found the energy to lift his head and look down, he found out why.

His cock was still hard.

How? How was this possible? What had she done to him to give him such stamina? He'd never lasted this long, and considering he had just cum the hardest he ever had in his entire life, it was even more baffling. Now sure, he wasn't at full hardness, but the fact that he was at about 80% after what he'd just endured was... incredible.

But seriously, how was this happening? Perhaps it was... okay, she'd really turned up the pressure on him all night, driving him to get harder than he'd ever been before. Spurring him to fuck better than he'd ever had before. Maybe... maybe she'd gotten his system running more rapidly than it ever had. The old slut had turned up the temperature so severely that she'd had the cum in his balls boiling all night, causing him to produce more and more of it, swelling up his already large balls to the point of bursting. And judging by the massive wad he'd fired off into her, he'd seemingly drained those overfilled

tanks. Yet... maybe she'd gotten his cum flowing so much that he was producing it nearly just as fast as he'd drained it. And somehow, the ferocity of their fucking hadn't been enough to break him. Not enough of a shock to his system to stop the sperm from filling his balls. Despite his best efforts, he would need something more to give his burning muscles the rest they needed.

His mind was lost in its thoughts for minutes, and he was only shaken from this state by the movement of Sandy beside him. Stirring to life, she pushed herself up and spun around so she was sitting up on the bed. Still covered with sweat, she turned to the handsome young man next to her, still awake just like her. Her eyes drifted down to the thick, beefy cock resting against his belly, locked and loaded and ready for action. A wicked smile crossed her lips.

"Wow, babe..." she said, her voice a bit hoarse from all the screaming and moaning minutes prior. "I knew you were something special, but this..." she said, reaching to down to wrap her fingers around the base of his thick weapon. "I didn't know you were THIS nasty! Taking all of that and being up for more... fuck..." She admired his beefy prick as she pointed it upwards, her touch springing that extra bit of life back to it, bringing back to full hardness in moments. "I think I struck gold with you, honey. So..." she began, now resting on her side as she slid in close to him, her massive heavy boobs jiggling

around as she did so. Her lips now closer to his ear as her twinkling eyes looked into his addled ones, she continued. "Are you ready for round two?"

His throbbing dick pumping lust into his veins, he answered quickly, giving the old slut a small nod. At this, she smiled again.

"Good," she began, releasing her hold on the younger man and rearranging herself, moving forwards down the bed as she got onto all fours, her ass pointed at him as her massive tits swayed beneath her. She looked back at him and spoke up. "Cause I wanna give you something that I fucking know your skinny little wife would never do for you... especially with you having a cock that big." Josh was still a bit groggy, so she quickly made her intentions clear. With a raised eyebrow, she reached back with one hand and grabbed her ass-cheek, pulling it to the side, revealing her bare asshole to him for the first time in person. He'd seen it before in the pictures she'd sent him, but seeing it for real was another story. The tight, clean, pink hole completely consumed his vision, the whirling lines around it meeting at one singular point of unbearable tightness at the center. Nestled between her big, round ass-cheeks, deep in the valley of her ass-crack, it almost induced the same sensation you feel when standing at the edge of tall structure. The call of the void. A suicidal urge to dive over the edge. An inescapable pull towards the depths, grabbing hold of him and urging him

towards it no matter how much he may try and fight it. It had grabbed hold of him back at the bar in the instant he'd first seen her asshole in the picture on his phone, and it hadn't let go.

It was always gonna end this way.

Josh sat up, his eyes never leaving the older woman's ass, his hard cock swaying in the air as it rose from his lap. He knew what she wanted, something he'd never once considered doing. Yet, he kept moving towards her. She smirked as she saw him so entranced. To have a body so hot and a mind so wicked at her age that she could hypnotize such young hunky pieces of fuck-meat... fate had been kind to her. And it was about to be even kinder.

Josh sidled up behind Sandy, his hands reaching forward to palm each of her full, weighty ass-cheeks. As soon as he grabbed her ass, she released her hold on her rear-end, reaching forward to support herself again on two straight arms. Josh firmly pulled the cheeks apart, exposing her tight pink asshole again, nestled deep in the pale valley of her ass-crack between two sunbaked cheeks. So deep between the large cheeks... so deep you just want to dive in.

The call of the void.

But this call wouldn't be a suicidal urge to jump off a tall building to his doom. No... the only thing that might be doomed was his marriage...

Even Josh was shocked how little he hesitated. Before he could think twice, he dove forwards, jamming his face into the older woman's ass-crack, nestling his jaw between the cheeks. Pressing his mouth against her tight pink asshole.

"Oh my God!" Sandy moaned in shock as she felt the married man's lips pressing against her asshole. Even she didn't expect him to move so fast, expecting more of his classic hemming and hawing. But not anymore. No... he was coming along nicely. Reaching back, she dug her nails into his scalp, holding him in place. "Lick my fucking asshole, Josh..." the old slut sighed. And he was quick to oblige, opening his mouth and letting his tongue slide against her tight clutching asshole. "Oh my God! You're so good!" she squealed in ecstatic pleasure as she got rimmed by the handsome younger man.

If Josh was shocked by his lack of hesitation, he was even more shocked by how much he enjoyed this indecent act. As Sandy had surmised, Deb was not one for ass-play. In fact, whenever the topic came up, she sounded offended at the idea. Not that Josh ever pushed for it, or even had some great urge for it. He

knew that with most girls, expecting anal to be on the table would be the exception, not the rule. But now that he was with a woman who was so eagerly offering it to him, he was starting to see what he was missing out on. The sheer indecency of putting his mouth against a woman's asshole was almost enough for him. Having his pursed lips against it, or his tentative yet eager tongue sliding across it... even just the thought of what he was doing turned him on like crazy. The flavor of her asshole was shockingly good against the tongue, coaxing him to be a little less tentative. Feeling the large, warm cheeks of the older woman's big round ass smothering him as he pushed his mouth in against her and more and more eagerly tongued the tight clenched hole was an incredible feeling. He kept at it, circling his tongue around the tight hole, the flat of his tongue spreading his saliva against it.

"Fuck!" Sandy called out, her nails still digging into his scalp as she held him against her ass. "Get in there, babe! Don't be afraid to get right up in there! Yes!" she screamed out as his tongue began really stabbing at the tight hole. "Haha! Yes! I knew you would do it! Haha! Fuck! Because you're a good lover! Yes! You're a man who's built to please women! UGH! Fuck! Married to a GIRL who's not WOMAN enough to use you to your full potential! OH! But I'm more than enough woman for you babe! Enough to last a lifetime! And I plan on fucking using you! Haha! Yes! Get in there, Josh! Keep rimming that fucking ass! Yes!"

Josh was getting more and more into this indecent act, his open mouth kissing, licking, rimming, and even sucking on the older woman's tight asshole. And she was clearly enjoying it as well, as the hole began to give to his stabbing tongue, allowing for some penetration.

"Fuck! Haha! Yes!" Sandy screamed out, pushing her ass against his face roughly as she held him against her firmly. Looking back and seeing his handsome face lodged between her ass-cheeks as he ate her butthole, she couldn't help but remark again on how far they'd come together. "You were so sure we wouldn't end up here, weren't you? Fuck! You were acting like you were such a good husband, haha! That you loved your wife so much! Yes! Now... ugh... now you're eating my fucking ass! Haha! Fuck! Oh fuck! Get that tongue in there, baby! Yes! Fuck! Just like that! You are SO good at this! Oh! I bet you've been dreaming of doing this! UGH! FUCK! I bet you were thinking about doing this to me within minutes of meeting me! AH! Yes!"

"Mmm..." Josh groaned against her ass as his tongue worshipped her asshole, covering it with his spit. Her words made his mind flash back to the moment she sent him a picture of her asshole back at the bar, and the sudden intrusive thoughts it had inspired. Not wanting her to know how right

she was, he attacked her asshole with greater fervor, his tongue stabbing at the hole. As it again gave to his tongue, allowing the tip of it to break through the clenched hole, a rush of excitement coursed through him at the wickedness of the act he was doing, worshipping this old slut's asshole. Fuck... his cock was as hard as steel again.

"Fuck... it feels like you really love my fucking asshole... ah!" Sandy sighed, wiggling her ass in pleasure as the young married man rimmed her ass. "Oh! If you had to choose between kissing your wife or... oh fuck... or sucking my ass... ah... you'd choose to rim my ass every time! Haha! AH! Fuck!" the old slut screamed out in pleasure as he stabbed his tongue into her hole again. Feeling her ass now properly lubed up with his spit, and teased enough from his eager tonguing, it was time for the next stage of action. Looking back at him, she gave her next command. "Ah! Fuck! I'm ready... oh... I'm ready, baby! Shove that big fat dick up my ass and fuck me till I fucking scream! I want to cum hard with your big married cock up my ass! Do it!" She released her hold on his scalp, allowing him to pull his face from her ass, spit connecting his mouth and her asshole. As his eyes met hers, she could see the naked lust painted across his face. Smiling, she turned away from him, knowing she'd be getting her wish soon.

Josh had never done this before, fucking a girl up the ass, but that wasn't gonna slow him down. Moving in behind the bent

over Sandy, grabbing his stiff cock and pointing it upwards so he could get in close. His thick weapon was still covered with the old slut's copious sex-juices, and it was hard as a fucking brick, so he was ready for what came next. Sidling up right behind her, he released his hold on his shaft, allowing it to rest along her ass-crack. But even his impressive length couldn't travel the full breadth of the crevasse between Sandy's ass cheeks, but then again, it didn't need to, because that wasn't the path it was going on. No, Josh was going in deep, balls-deep, and he had more than enough length for that perilous journey. Finding some satisfaction in the sight of his lengthy prick stuffed between the old slut's firm, round cheeks, he reached down, grabbed the root of his big dick, and slapped it against her ass-crack a few times. Then, angling his waist back, he pointed his cock out, pointing his stiff weapon directly at her waiting, spit-covered asshole. Bringing his hips forward, the spongy head of his cock sliding between the full, fleshy cheeks, diving deep into her ass-crack until it pressed against her eager asshole. Feeling him pressed against her, she looked back at him, eyes glassy with lust.

"Fuck my fucking ass, baby..." Sandy sighed, her voice heavy with lust. "Fuck me!"

His cock lodged in place between her full cheeks, Josh grabbed both of her hips, readying himself. Then, he paused, taking a moment to appraise the situation. For the whole night, it had

felt like Sandy was driving the action, pushing things forward as Josh tried to keep up, eventually following along when he had no other choice. But now, for the first time, he'd been given the wheel. He was allowed to control the pace. Looking forwards, he could see the old slut bent over in front of him on all fours, facing forwards, tits hanging down, ass pointed right at him, the cheeks spread with the head his cock jammed between, waiting for him to act.

He COULD just say no. He COULD just walk away after everything they'd already done together. He COULD put up one last stand for his wife and his marriage and the love they shared together. He COULD reject this old skank right before committing one of the most sinful acts of betrayals possible. If he was truly in control, he COULD do whatever he wanted.

But he wasn't really in control, and Sandy knew that.

She wouldn't have left it up to him if she had any doubt how this would end. If there was any way this would end without having his big fat married cock buried up her ass, she wouldn't have given him any choice in the matter. If that was the case, she would have just tossed him back on to the bed and planted her ass straight down on his thick, meaty post and ridden him till he couldn't think straight. But it was so much more delicious to make him make the 'choice' himself. She had

certainly staked her claim on the married man's prick already. Even if she didn't have a hold of him literally, she figuratively had a firm grip around the married man's balls. When it came down to it, he would follow the pleasure. They always did. With how much pleasure her tight cunt brought him, with how hard it made him cum, he had to be imagining how hard her even tighter ass would make him cum. He had to be thinking about how such an incomparable pleasure was right in front of him, a pleasure he could never experience if he went back to his prude of a wife. There was no choice. There never was with men like him. That being said, even though she had no doubt, when she felt his grip tighten on her hips as he pushed his cock against her asshole, a wild grin spread across her lips.

"Oh my God!" she sighed, barely containing her excitement. Her ass resisted against its thick invader, such a tight hole it was. But as Josh turned up the pressure, pushing at it even harder, it finally yielded, the clenching hole spreading around the tip of his cock, swallowing up the head of his colossal weapon in an instant.

"AH! FUCK!" Josh called out in shocked pleasure. He had never done this before, and feeling it now, feeling his cock inside of a woman's ass... it was incredible. He knew her ass was gonna be tight, but he didn't know it'd be this tight! It was squeezing him so goddamn hard! Fuck! Tighter than a clenched fist, it gripped him. He had to pause to take this in.

"Ugh! Goddamn!" Sandy seethed, her body shaking in pleasure. Taking a deep breath, Josh grabbed her hips firmly, reared back and slowly pushed further into her, sliding a few more inches into her ass. "OH! UGH! FUCK! You're so fucking big! AH!" Sandy screamed as her ass yielded to even more of married cock. He had never felt larger to her than he did right at this moment, with his dick making its way into her ass. Her asshole was stretched to the max around his thick meat, and she was feeling it.

"Ah..." Josh sighed, slowing down to let her adjust to his size, thinking she might be in discomfort. This... was the wrong idea.

"Ugh! Don't you DARE stop! More! MORE!" Sandy screamed out. She looked back to face him, and he realized how mistaken he was. Her face was painted with lust, and her eyes looked almost glazed over with heat. "I want every inch of your big cock up my ass! Every fucking inch, you hear me! I'm a fucking slut! Don't show me any fucking mercy! I want that big dick up my ass, baby! I want it! Don't stop till that massive cock makes me scream! Don't stop till I can't fucking think straight! If you get the job done, I'll let you do whatever you fucking want to me! Oh! Any nasty fantasy you've ever dreamed of you can do to my hot body! So don't fucking stop! Be a man and give me

every fucking inch of that big fat cock up my fucking ass! I want you to give it to me... HARD!"

Josh now saw his mistake. He'd been treating her hole for what he thought it was... an asshole. But it wasn't merely an asshole. It was an experienced sex-hole. A hole with plenty of experience at taking dick, and with how big of a slut she'd proven herself to be, he had no doubt she'd taken plenty of cock up her ass. Why should he show a whore like her mercy? Why should he treat such a slutty hole so kindly? If she was gonna question his manhood, he would show her how much of a man he was. He would fuck her ass even harder than he fucked her pussy. He would make this old bitch moan. Taking a breath, grabbing at her hips even more firmly, and letting his face twist up in a lustful scowl, he roughly drove another few inches of cock into her waiting ass.

"OH! FUCK!" Sandy screamed out, caught slightly by surprise. "Oh! Yes! Perfect! YES!" What a man he turned out to be. There was a stud deep inside him, and thanks to her, it was finally beginning to take over fully. "More! MORE!" Sandy begged. Josh pulled back slightly only to drive himself in again even deeper. "Ah! Yes! YES!" the whore screamed out in pleasure.

This time, Josh was the one who had to slow down to adjust. Fuck! The tightness! The unbearable tightness! All consuming tightness! And the heat! AH! It was smothering him in heat!

His cock jerked inside her, and if he hadn't just cum minutes prior, he might have just lost it right then. He might have exploded in her ass. But no... he wasn't there yet. And besides... he still had a couple inches to go, and she wanted him balls deep. Gripping her hips and clenching his teeth, he gave an unholy heave and drove the remainder of his big cock into the old slut's ass, his belly slamming into her.

"AH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Sandy screamed out as her ass spasmed around the full length of the married man's giant cock buried deep inside her. Her entire body shook from the shock of having his big dick slammed up her ass. She was rocked forwards from the force of the thrust, making her titanic breasts bounce and sway like crazy. But she didn't give in and fall to the bed... sluts like her never could be broken. No, she held herself up proudly, arms kept straight as she kept herself up on all fours, taking the young man's rough thrusts like the whore she was.

Josh was in a less composed state. Having his cock buried in this tightest of holes, every inch being squeezed, completely immersed by heat... it was all so overwhelming. Plus... just looking down and seeing his impressive length buried to the root in the old slut's ass... it was an insane sight to see. This all combined in his mind as an incredible moment of pleasure that made his cock throb in her ass. He understandably had to take

a few moments to deal with it. But Sandy... she was an impatient slut, to say the least.

"UGH! Do it! Fuck me, baby! Fuck my ass!" she snarled. Screwing himself up for it, knowing this would be a new level of overwhelming pleasure, Josh complied, pulling back till about half his cock emerged from her ass before slamming it in again. "Ah! FUCK! YES! Again! More!" Josh kept at it, gritting up his teeth to withstand the pleasure, his balls nonetheless boiling as he began pumping his cock into the old slut's ass.

"Oh my God!" Josh sighed, feeling her squeezing hole traversing up and down his length as he drove it into her.

"Yes! Yes! Harder, babe. Harder!" Sandy purred. The old slut LOVED getting fucked up the ass. It was a far different sensation than regular fucking, for sure. But for her, while both could take her to equal highs, there was nothing quite like getting fucked up the ass. It made her cum like nothing else.

"Fuck! AH! God damn!" Josh sighed in pleasure as he worked up speed in the old woman's slutty ass. This was amazing, like nothing he'd ever felt before. Getting more into it, he gave her more of his length on every stroke, pulling out six or seven inches and driving it back into her.

"UGH! GAH! Fuck! FUCK! You're so fucking huge! GOD! Your cock feels so big in my fucking ass!" Sandy screamed in delight.

"Oh!" Josh sighed as he tamped down the pleasure he was feeling, not wanting to boil over. It felt REALLY good. He could barely contain himself from just power-fucking the hell out of this old slut's ass as hard as he could. But it probably wouldn't be much longer till he reached that point, as he kept accelerating as he drove into her, and she kept driving her ass back to meet him. Her big ass collided with his fit belly in a meaty slap over and over again, the noise filling the room. He looked up along her long, firm, tanned back, glistening with sweat again as she threw her weight back at him more and more forcefully.

"Mmmphhh! Fuck!" she screamed out sharply as her body shook in pleasure. Fighting against losing full control, she held herself on the edge, prolonging her pleasure, saving it all up for a big one. Under control again, she looked back at the hot married stud behind her. "You like that ass, baby?"

"Oh!" Josh said, his cock throbbing as he drilled her. "It's good, okay? It's fucking good..." he admitted with grit teeth, focusing on the task at hand, still holding her hips firmly as he forced his thick cock into her tight clenching ass again and again. She

could see that he was tightened up again, doing his best not to let the pleasure overwhelm him, just as she had. His entire focus was on keeping enough control on his cock and balls as to not blow another massive wad so soon after the previous one. But that meant he was holding himself back, and she could not abide that. She wanted this fucker unleashed. The old slut smiled wickedly.

"Just good?" she asked with a raised eyebrow. Josh's lust heavy eyes met her knowing stare as he continued in a steady rhythm, pumping his massive prick into her. He knew what she wanted him to say. Fuck... could he admit to that too? "Ugh! Fuck! OH! You think it's more than just good, don't you? Good is the sex your wife gives you on your birthday! Oh! Good is the lovemaking you do with your wife on your wedding night! Ah! Good is the sex you get on the nights your wife decides to get 'kinky' and just wears skimpy underwear and thinks that enough! UGH!" She had to stifle screaming out in even more pleasure. She could sense by the sudden staggering of his thrusts that her words were getting to him. It was true. Josh's eyes were closed, doing his best to not let her make him lose control, but the filth coming from her mouth was just fucking doing it for him. It took every fiber in his being to focus on the task at hand, but her words were affecting him. Upsetting the rhythm he was trying to keep. "So, tell me baby... is that ass just good? Fuck! Or is the best thing you've ever felt? Better than anything your wife has given you? Ugh! Better than the rush

of excitement when you first fell in love with her? Oh! Better than your fucking wedding day? AH! Tell me cause I know it's true! I know what my ass does to men! Fuck! Tell me all that other shit pales in comparison to the feeling of having your cock buried up my fucking asshole! Tell me!"

"UGH! Yes! YES! It's better! Holy fuck, it's so much better!" Josh screamed. Her words, her body, her ass... it all finally became too much to take. It was true... so goddamn true. Her asshole felt better than anything. And this wasn't necessarily even saying that her ass was better than her amazing cunt. But in the moment, doing this wicked act for the first time with this nasty slut and feeling it's overwhelming pleasures... nothing had ever felt better. Nothing. He thought he'd found true happiness... meeting Deb, falling in love, marrying her, sharing a life together. None of that love and happiness gave him the pleasure that this old slut's tight asshole did squeezing his cock. And honestly... it wasn't even that close. This revelation sending a shuddering lust through his body, and in response, he grabbed her hips even harder and began to really drill her ass without mercy.

"Yes! YES! That's it! Fucking perfect..." Sandy sighed, her head falling forwards as he really started giving it to her just the way she liked. Hard. Josh began giving her his full length on every thrust, leaving just the head inside her before driving the entire

thing back into her. "Oh! FUCK! FUCK! That's it! YES! YES!" she moaned in pleasure.

"Fuck! Goddamn..." the married man sighed as he gave it to her hard, his body slamming into her ass. Her body was driven forwards from the force of his thrusts, but she always drove herself back afterwards, never giving in, never asking for it to be less forceful. She wanted it hard, and she was getting it.

"Ugh! God! FUCK!" she groaned as the married man heaved his big cock into her tight ass. He was really slamming it into her, making her whole body shake.

Really driving it into her had made it better for him as well. Not only was the harder fucking in her tight ass working wonders on his big dick, but it was almost making her massive boobs wobble and shake and sway lewdly as he gave it to her. And because they were just so fucking big, even though he was looking at her from behind, looking down her long tan back, he could see them bouncing and jiggling from her sides. This gave him even more incentive to really give it to her, just to see her massive bare tits bouncing in such a mouthwatering way.

"Talk to me, babe! Talk to me! I love it when you don't hold back..." the old slut sighed, her hands digging into the bed as she pushed herself back at him.

"Oh! This is amazing! Your ass is the best!" Josh grunted out, giving her what she wanted. And just letting loose about the pleasure he was feeling turned him on as well. He looked down in lustful excitement, watching the action up close. Her big meaty ass-cheeks were jiggling like crazy, the tanned flesh shiny with sweat as they went at it. His eyes landed on the tattoo on her ass, some military insignia, a globe with an eagle on top and an anchor on the sides. In his state, he found himself sliding some of fingers towards it, tracing it, sliding his fingertip through the sheen of sweat on her ass as he did so. Savoring the slick feel of her smooth flesh, he pulled back and spanked her meaty ass-cheek, making her groan in pleasure.

His eyes then fell directly to where they were conjoined. He was damn near transfixed seeing his big, thick weapon disappearing into the older woman's tight squeezing asshole. He couldn't get enough of the sight of it... it was delightfully obscene. Again and again, he drove his full length into her small, tight hole, and the feeling of heat and overwhelming tightness squeezing his thick shaft was driving him crazy.

"UGH! God! Fuck! Sandy, oh... I can't believe how fucking good this feels!" Josh moaned.

"Believe it, babe! Yes!" Sandy sighed. "You don't have a perfect ass like mine and not know how to handle a big cock with it! Yes! And my ass knows how to handle a big dick, doesn't it?" she asked, squeezing down his full length hard.

"OH! Fuck! YES! It fucking does! It knows how to handle a big dick like mine! It's amazing!" Josh admitted, looking up at the heavens as he tried to withstand the pleasure she was bringing him. His balls almost exploded when she locked her ass down around his driving cock, and when they finally simmered, he was able to resume his driving thrusts.

But something caught his attention to the side. There were mirrors adorning the entire wall, and in them, he could see their reflection. He looked at himself in action, and he barely recognized what he saw. Naked, his body covered with sweat, his muscles flexing, his big cock jutting out from him lewdly as he drove it into the woman in front of him... any softer side of him was long gone, replaced by a man that was all hard edges. He looked like a rutting, fucking man, holding a slut's hips as he gave it to her, fucking without mercy. Without holding back. And in front of him, a woman of all curves and softness. A big round ass and massive firm breasts. Her thick,

curvaceous form contrasted with his hard muscles as they collided roughly, their contrasting forms a perfect fit for each other.

What a sight they were together. Young, fit married man. Older, thick, voluptuous woman. Going at it roughly, not slowing down, their heat for each other in full bloom. This wasn't love... this was fucking! Pure, concentrated fucking! He was driving at her hard, and she was driving back at him with the same brutality, two being locked in the wicked battle that was illicit sex. It was so wrong, yet so right. Seeing himself like this, doing such things to this old slut... he looked like he was in his element. He couldn't stop staring. He couldn't look away. How could anyone? He'd never looked better, and she... she just looked amazing. Her hot body, coated with sweat, not backing down in the slightest. Her big ass, jiggling as she took his driving thrusts. Her massive, hanging tits, jiggling like crazy as they went at it. Josh couldn't believe what he was seeing, especially given where things started that night, but he fit right in. It was a damn near addicting sight seeing himself in action like this, not fully believing it was real. But it was very real.

The sight sent an extra thrill through him as he watched their reflections going at it, like a twisted porno playing out right next to him. As usual, his eyes kept falling to her enormous bouncing tits, going crazy in the reflection as they went at it.

His eyes were finally ripped away from the action playing out in the mirror, only because he wanted to see them in the flesh. Looking down her long back, his eyes watched her round jiggling breasts as they swayed beneath her.

"Tell me how pathetic your wife is in bed! UGH! She can't handle your big dick like I can, right?" she sighed, her ass now eagerly swallowing up his cock from the base to the tip again.

"UGH! You're so much fucking better, Sandy! Oh! I can't believe I've been with a girl as bad in bed as her for so long! OH! I didn't know! I swear I didn't fucking know how terrible she was! Now I know! Ah! You're so much better! OH! At everything!" His cock was primed to explode at this, but he didn't want to lose it now. At the same time, his eyes couldn't stop watching the hypnotic bouncing of her massive breasts beneath her. So, quick as a flash, he leaned forwards, pressing his front against her back, allowing him to reach beneath her and get his hands on those mammoth, fleshy boobs again. He just had to do it, even if it slowed down the action. "FUCK! Oh my God! So fucking soft!" he growled in her ear, unable to contain it as he dug his fingers into her enormous swaying breasts. At the same time, he had slid himself into her ass fully, his entire length buried up her tight asshole.

"Yes, baby! Give into my body completely!" she sighed. This position wasn't ideal for giving her his full length, but having him pulled in so close had its advantages. "I think you just need to let go and let yourself fall in love with me baby! Not that you love me, oh! Not that you even like me! That doesn't matter. Fuck! But my body is so much better than your wife that it's made you fall out of love with her! Yes! You need to accept that my hot body has made you fall madly in love with me! Haha! Yes! My tight little cunt! AH! My big tits!" she screamed out, bringing one hand up over his on her boobs as he squeezed at them hungrily. "And of course, my perfect ass that you love so much..." she sighed, squeezing her ass around his big, thick, swollen dick again.

"OH!" He sighed hotly in her ear as he squeezed her giant boobs firmly, his body spasming as he nearly came from the sudden shock. His face fell into the crook of her shoulder as he tried to fight off the pleasure. He kept trying to pump into her, but the angle only allowed him to pump a few inches into her, with most of his length staying jammed up her ass. He mostly just kept himself fully buried inside her as he tried to withstand the pleasure she was bringing him. But it came with difficulty... her ass had him on the fucking edge right now.

"You're never gonna be able to go back to her, baby... not after this..." Sandy purred into his ear, squeezing her ass around him again and again ever so perfectly as to keep him at the

precipice. As he tried to fight off the intense pleasure her ass was bringing him, his hands kept squeezing her massive boobs, the ultimate stress relief in times like this. "It's fucking over. It was over by the time you first stared into my cleavage. Yes! Face it, Josh... you won't be able to live without this body! Yes! I mean it! You won't be able to survive without having access to my hot body! UGH!" As she spoke into his ear, he kept groping her heavy tits, and his cock just kept throbbing with every word she said. But she wasn't done. "You tanked your own marriage just to get at this body! Yes! Might as we'll go all the way! Might as well admit to the fact that you're gonna end up dumping the little bitch after this and fucking this hot body every day! Yes! Just let go and get your money's worth, baby! Go nuts on my hot body! Fuck like you've never fucked before! Forget about your wife! Don't hold anything back, betray her as hard as you can, because you won't ever be able to be with her again! It's over. Let go, and fuck me like the stud you are!"

She could feel the change in him as her words hit home. His panting breaths settled into a steady rhythm. His squeezing hands became less desperate in their groping of her boobs and more controlled. And his cock stopped spasming inside her. It had throbbed and swelled up all throughout her speech, and it was almost as if it had swelled up as much as it could. It felt bigger, harder, and thicker than it ever had before. She could feel him peel himself off her sweaty back, resuming the position behind her. As he did so, he let his hands slide from

her massive breasts and back to her hips. And as soon he got back into position, he didn't hesitate, rearing back till just the head of his cock was left inside her before driving it back into her... hard.

"Oh! FUCK!" she cried out in pleasure. Looking back at him, she barely recognized him. He was almost... gone. He looked more animal than man. Her body shivered at the sight. She had broken him fully.

Josh was almost beyond thought. Any thoughts of his wife were gone. All he could focus on was pleasure. The pleasure her body was bringing him. The pleasure her ass was bringing him. He couldn't stop. He had to fuck her ass as hard as he could. He had to enjoy this slut's body fully. Within seconds, Josh's hips were a blur, fucking her ass harder than he ever had before. The idea that he had tried to be courteous and merciful towards this slutty hole... he couldn't imagine it.

"FUCK! FUCK! Yes! Just like that! Yes!" Sandy moaned. Her entire body was rocked as the young man drilled her hard, almost belligerent with lust by this point. But the old slut could take it, never backing down, driving her body back to meet his brutal thrusts.

"UGH! OH! FUCK!" Josh groaned as he drilled the old bitch hard. He drove his cock into her again and again, making her tight asshole take it. Its clutching grip was driving him insane with pleasure, but he was almost on another level now. His cock was numb with excitement. He wasn't slowing down. If anything, he was speeding up.

"UGH! GOD! FUCK! I can feel your balls hitting my clit! Yes! YES! I love it, baby! Don't stop! Don't stop..." she sighed in absolute bliss. She was gonna cum very soon.

"OH! UGH! GOD!" Josh moaned, beyond thought at this point, just following the pleasure she was bringing him. He could see it... he could see the inevitable climax. He'd been faced down with it minutes prior, but he'd pulled back before getting too close. But now, he could see it again. He wasn't quite there yet... but he was getting closer.

"Fuck! Fuck! AHH! FUCK! I'm gonna cum, baby! Fuck! You're gonna make my ass cum! Yes! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHHHHH! FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!" Sandy screamed loudly as an orgasm rocked her delicious body. Her entire form spasmed as the lightning strike of pleasure hit her. Her asshole clenched around his thick cock like a vise. The suddenness of this might have made him lose control mere

minutes prior, but now, he was a machine, fucking her through her orgasm. Not slowing down. Not showing mercy.

"AHHHHH! FUCK! YES! YES!" the old slut screamed in rapturous pleasure. His cock was hitting her just right, over and over again, driving her crazy as she kept cumming and cumming, her body on fire with pleasure. Josh just kept fucking her, drilling her hot body, making her ass jiggle. Making her tits shake. Her ass kept squeezing around his big swollen cock, pulling him closer and closer to that elusive climax. But not close enough.

"AH! Ah! Fuck..." she sighed, panting for breath as she came down from her high. Her body was covered with sweat again post orgasm, but she was still up on all fours, still taking the young married man's big fat cock up her eager asshole. "Baby... oh! You're perfect! Ugh! This is the best! The best I've ever had! Keep going! Don't stop! UGH! FUCK!" She had finally descended the waves of pleasure rocking her, falling back into the trough of the wave. But his cock was a fucking torpedo, poised to explode, rocking the waves, bringing her towards the crest faster than she expected. "Holy shit! Oh my God! I'm gonna cum again! Fuck! I think I'm gonna cum again! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHHH! YES! YES! YES! OH MY FUCKING GOD! YES! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Another violent orgasm hit the old slut, a more massive one than before. Her entire body shook as she almost lost full control. Her arms weakened. Her legs shook. Her head fell forwards. But she kept herself up, taking the young married man's thick weapon, riding his torpedo as it carried her across the violent waves of pleasure. Her ass spasmed like a vise again and again, squeezing at his cock as it drilled into her like a blur. His cock never slowed down, and she didn't want it to. It was hitting her just right.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!

FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!" the old slut screamed out, kicking her feet against the mattress as the orgasm tore through her. Her juices were gushing out of her cunt lewdly as she came hard, squirting again and again onto the bed as her body reckoned with the massive orgasm coursing through her.

Josh was in pure beast mode at this point, holding the old whore's hips and fucking her senseless, not slowing down as he drilled her ass with his big thick cock. But her clutching, squeezing hole was having its effect. That elusive orgasm that seemed so far away was getting closer, every spasm around his dick pulling him closer. But he was still in control as this second orgasm tore through the older woman. Sandy found a way to hold it together as the orgasm finally coursed through her system, pushing herself back fully on all fours once it was

done, keeping her eager ass there for him to fuck as hard as he could as her head hung down, panting for breath. He held onto control as her ass just kept taking his forceful thrusts, and at this point, it didn't seem as if that advantage could be challenged. He was in control of the pace. He was in control of when he would cum. He could feel it getting closer, but he wasn't there yet. He wouldn't let it. He wanted to prolong the...

"AHHHHHHHHH!" Josh suddenly roared as the old slut suddenly squeezed her ass around his swollen prick as hard as she could, completely disrupting his rhythm. As if rising from the ashes, her head was suddenly reared up again. She was back in the game, catching the young man completely off guard. Then, she squeezed her ass around him again. "FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!" he groaned. Being in complete control moments prior, her clenching ass was like a tugging force at the base of his big cock, pulling him towards that faraway climax at lightspeed. Suddenly, he was right at the edge, just like that. Her squeezing ass had taken him there in mere moments. It was then he realized he wasn't in control of anything here. Sandy was. She always would be.

"UGGGHHHHHH!" Josh groaned again as her ass tightened around him, completely taking the wind out of his sails. He had to stop fucking her in order to withstand it, leaving his cock buried to the hilt deep inside her. She did it to him again,

clenching her ass around his big cock, and she could feel his cock pulse with excitement inside her. She could feel how close to the edge he was.

"You wanna cum, baby?" she asked, looking back at him over her shoulder. Seeing how dazed he was, she squeezed herself around him again.

"AHHHH! Yes! Yes!" Josh begged. In a matter of moments, she'd tamed the beast he'd become.

"What's that?" she teased with a raised eyebrow, ever so slightly swaying forward and back, fucking his cock at a teasingly slow pace.

"I want to cum! Please! I need to cum!" he begged, unable to move he was so paralyzed with pleasure.

"You want me to make you cum, baby?" she asked, squeezing her ass around him again.

"AHHH! Yes! Yes! I want you to make me cum! Please!" he begged. She squeezed her ass around him again, hard, clutching him like a vise. "OHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" he

groaned, holding his breath approaching the precipice. About to fall over. Ready to cum the hardest he ever had before. Ready to have his mind, body, and soul explode in rapturous pleasure.

Then, in one swift motion, she crawled forwards, leaving the married man in place as she pulled herself off of his massive dick. Suddenly, his cock had slid out of her ass, now exposed to the heated air of the bedroom.

"Wait... wha..." Josh stammered. Being so close to pleasure and having it ripped away from him left him completely frozen in pure shock.

Sandy pivoted on her knees, turning to face the married man while still on all fours. Her eyes locked on his massive prick, rising from his crotch like a baseball bat. She reached forward and wrapped her fingers around the base of his swollen dick firmly, stopping him in his tracks.

"Jesus..." she said under her breath, her fingers pressing into his shaft. He was as hard as an iron bar. His cock had never been so hard or more massive. There was no give to it whatsoever. Looking up into his lust-addled eyes, she spoke. "You don't get to cum till I say you can," she commanded. She

moved herself up slightly so she was just on her knees in front of him, allowing her to reach forwards with her other hand and cup his heavy balls. "Every drop of cum in your balls belongs to me, and you don't get to spill a drop without my permission. Ever!" she said, tapping the pads of her fingers on his shaft as her other hand gently squeezed his swollen nuts.

"Please..." he begged, so overwhelmed by her teasing touches that he was frozen in place, completely at her mercy.

"I could let you cum just like that, but..." she began, before looking at him and smirking. "I want to give you something you'll never forget. But before we do that, I'm gonna do this..." With him watching, she moved down, looked straight at his throbbing prick, pointed it straight at her mouth, and smoothly took his entire length down her throat.

"OH! FUCK!" Josh moaned out in shock. The old slut had easily taken the entire length of his big cock in her mouth, and she had done so straight after it being buried up her ass. Jesus... what a fucking slut she was. For a moment, she held herself in place, her lips around the root of his cock, her tongue pressed against the underside of it, her tight throat squeezing at it. Then, she began to bob up and down on his rock-hard prick, fully sucking on his lengthy dick. "Oh my God!" he sighed as the old woman's smooth lips slid up and down his shaft. Her

tongue was a flurry on the underside of his shaft, teasing him. She smoothly swallowed his big penis, her throat squeezing at him as she inhaled his meaty weapon. That his big dick had just been deep in her ass didn't slow her down. If anything, she savored it even more, sucking at him hard, really going for it. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked his big cock, meeting his lusty gaze as she blew him. "Ahhhhh!"

After being stopped at the edge before, her amazing mouth was slowly bringing him back there again. Up and down, her broiling mouth attacked his beefy dick. Her tongue working wonders, teasing him. Her throat squeezing at him. Her big, smooth lips wrapped around his girthy shaft. Her spit coating his rock-hard weapon. She then moved back so just the head was left in her mouth. Using her talented tongue, she teased the underside of the head, a move which drove him crazy.

"OH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! Please!" he begged, but just as he got back to the edge, she grabbed the root of his cock again and pulled her mouth from him, leaving his spit-soaked meat hanging in the air. "NO!" he groaned, reaching out to try to grab her head and force her mouth back onto his cock. But she deftly dodged this and slowly stroked his big, swollen cock.

"Fuck... I could suck on this perfect dick all day..." she said hotly, moving forward and kissing the head of his cock,

making him almost jump. "I could hold you on the edge for hours with just my mouth... fuck, I might just have to do that someday," she said with an evil grin. "But not now. No... I have big plans for this monster right now. No, you're not gonna cum in my mouth. Or in my ass. And you're not gonna cum in my pussy. No... you're gonna cum on my big tits!"

"OH!" Josh groaned, humping against her hand, desperately seeking out the pleasure she was keeping from him. But she knew what she was doing, and easily held him back.

"I'm gonna let you do what you've been dreaming of from the moment we met..." she said, using her other hand to push at his chest, guiding him to his feet on the bed as she stayed kneeling before him on her knees, giving her room to work. "You're gonna fuck my big tits, baby! You're gonna slide your big fat cock between my massive, round, soft boobs and fuck them till you just can't contain yourself. Till you just have to explode! And you are gonna explode, baby. You're gonna cum all over my massive tits! I want you to paint them with your sperm! Do you want that, Josh?"

"Yes! Please!" he begged, desperate for anything at the moment. Smiling, she released her hold on him, reaching up with both hands to grab at her giant, sweat-covered tits. Pulling them apart, exposing her succulent, silky cleavage. Moving

towards him while staying on her knees, she moved her cleavage towards his waiting, throbbing rod. With her tits cupped in her hands, she moved one to either side of his cock as she got in close. As soon as the underside of his married dick hit her sternum, she immediately pressed her massive tits around it, smothering it in all-consuming softness.

"OH! FUCK!" Josh groaned, his head rolling in pleasure. His cock disappeared between the old slut's massive orbs as she squeezed them together around him. Looking up at him and smirking, she began sliding them up and down his impressive length, the smooth, silky, sweaty breast-flesh smothering his rock-hard

cock. Only the angry head of his cock would emerge near the top of her cavernous cleavage, but if she pushed her boobs together even harder, her ballooning jugs would completely overwhelm it. With nothing holding him back, he began to hump against the old slut's boobs lewdly, trying to reach that edge again.

"You like that, baby?" she asked with a smirk. "You like fucking my big tits?"

"Fuck! It's amazing!" he sighed. It was just pure softness. Pure, unbelievable softness. Her luscious, smooth, sweaty titty-flesh was completely overwhelming, smothering his cock. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before. "You have the best tits! Holy shit!" At this, she grinned.

"I know, baby, I know..." she agreed with a smirk, her fingers digging into her own boobs as she bounced them around his rock-hard shaft. "I could tell you were dying to fuck them, even if you didn't like me at first..."

"UGH! Fuck... it's true. I couldn't stop looking at them..." Josh admitted as he kept fucking the old whore's big boobs, humping lewdly against them, making the firm udders bounce with every thrust.

"I think it was love at first sight, babe," she laughed. "You and my big fucking tits!"

"Oh!" he groaned, his body shuddering as he fucked her titties.

"A lot of guys love my breasts, babe," she said, pinching her own nipples as she pressed her boobs around his bulging shaft. "But I think you loved them more than any of those other men!"

That's how I knew your wife had micro tits! Haha! The way a good married man like you was staring at them meant he had a wife back home who couldn't fill a bra on her best day!"

"Oh my god! She can't, she really can't..." he sighed, fucking her giant tits harder, his slick, sex-juice covered dick pumping between her smooth, sweaty orbs. "Fuck... this is fucking heaven..."

"Would it humiliate your wife if she knew you were cheating on her with a woman with such bigger, better tits than her?" Sandy purred. She loosened the grip she had over her tits just enough to allow the tip of his cock to appear. As he drove himself into her massive sweaty breasts, she leaned down and slurped on the tip, making him groan.

"Oh! Yes! YES! She would feel like such a pathetic excuse for a woman! UGH!" Josh groaned.

"Which she fucking is compared to me..." Sandy said, really pushing her tits against his shaft.

"OH! FUCK!" Josh moaned, his body slamming against her boobs as he fucked them, making the fleshy jugs really ripple.

"How bad would it hurt her if she saw you cover another woman's big tits with your thick fucking cum?" Sandy asked. The mere question made his cock throb with excitement.

"Fuck!" he sighed, his cock feeling near ready to burst. He'd never been this hard. Never this turned on.

"You married her, babe. She probably thinks that if you settled down with her, you're totally satisfied with a pair of pathetic micro boobies like hers," Sandy said, scrubbing her succulent titty flesh around his post. "It probably makes her feel better about herself that a stud like you accepts such a pathetic body. But, damn... if she finds out you spent your night spraying cum all over a pair of gigantic tits like mine... I fear the poor thing could never recover."

"Oh my God!" Josh sighed, the pure filth making his dick jerk between her tits. The insane softness drowning his cock and her wicked words were taking him to the edge.

"Then you should probably stop, if you really care about your wife at all..." Sandy said, still squeezing her giant boobs around him. She leaned down and let her tongue tease his cock-head as it emerged from her cleavage. "You should probably just

pull your cock out from between my big, perfect tits and go home," she warned him, squeezing her tits around him even more firmly. "If you want to protect your wife and not completely betray her, you should stop driving your massive cock between my soft, warm, amazing breasts. If you don't, you're gonna cum all over them, baby! If you do, she's definitely gonna find out, and when she does, she'll never be happy again. Ever! She'll never be able to love a man, and a man will certainly never be able to love such a pathetic little thing like her. If you spray all that thick, creamy cum out of your swollen, heavy balls all over my big, soft, smooth perfect tits, the poor thing may break forever," she said. Despite her warning, the young husband was fucking her tits even harder, his pumping more inconsistent, her words having an affect on him. She grinned and looked up at him.

"Why are you fucking my tits even harder, babe?" Sandy asked with an evil smirk. "You promised to love and protect her forever! But if you spray your amazing sperm all over my gigantic boobs and cum harder than you ever have... you would be the one destroying her! Do... do you want to destroy your pathetic, flat-chested, ugly, disgusting wife, Josh? Do you want to ruin her? Do you want to cum all over my massive, heavy tits and betray her forever?"

"Oh!" Josh groaned. The more sinful the words she spoke, the more it just clicked with him. Maybe it was because his life was

lived so on the straight and narrow that being exposed to such pure, unadulterated filth affected him even more strongly. The nastier the better. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't stop. He didn't want to betray his wife so completely. He... oh... he didn't want to destroy her, but he couldn't stop fucking this old slut's perfect tits. His cock lurched. His balls, so overfilled with cum, were boiling, ready to burst. This felt like the breaking point. The line dividing his life. Before and after. He had to decide which was more important.

"If you truly loved your wife, you'd stop..." Sandy said poisonously, not stopping as she fucked the married man's cock with her perfect breasts, not relenting in her verbal attack. Her fleshy tits were molded around his big, hard cock, providing a most delectable fuck-sleeve for his massive, iron-hard dick. "But you're not gonna stop, are you? You really do love my big, perfect tits more than you ever loved your wife. And you're gonna prove it. You're gonna spray a massive wad of cum all over them! You are seriously gonna betray your wife completely just to cover an old slut's tits with your cum, aren't you?"

"Oh!" Josh groaned, his cock swelling up. He couldn't think straight. He just had to fucking cum. His whole body was consumed completely by a driving, primal need to cum. At this point, he would do anything to get that, even if it meant betraying his wife. He just needed to drain his balls, clear his

head, then deal with damage later. He fucked her big tits even harder.

"Are you gonna betray your wife, Josh?" Sandy asked wickedly.

"UGH! FUCK!" Josh groaned, his cock almost shaking with need as he fucked Sandy's cleavage.

"Are you gonna spray a massive wad of sperm all over me, baby?" she asked.

"FUCK!" Josh moaned, closing his eyes, feeling that blinding climax coming.

"Are you gonna cum on my BIG TITS?" she asked firmly. And finally, after so much teasing, after so much nasty fucking, he exploded.

"AHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! AHHH! UGHH! FFFFFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKK!" Josh screamed. His cock erupted like a geyser from between her tits, a massive wad of cum landing on her upper chest and neck. She pulled back and smoothly took his cock in her hand, pointing it at her

giant tits and jacking his steel-hard erection. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! UGHHHHHHHHH!" Josh groaned in a bestial manner as his cock jerked and another massive jet of sperm fired out of him, landing across one of her massive boobs. His cock fired again and again and again, and she knew to spread the wealth, pointing his cock at both tits, letting him fire off massive streams of jizz on each of her breasts, across both of them, even between her tits, her cleavage swallowing up a massive amount of cum.

"That's it, baby, that's it! Cum all over me!" Sandy urged him, jacking him off in the perfect way. Her coaxing hand drew more and more cum from his balls, firing off more bands of cum all over her massive, round boobs. His thick creamy jizz painted across the huge expanse of one breast, then the other. Cum was dangling from both her nipples, but he wasn't done. Far from it.

"UGH! GOD! AHHHH!" Josh moaned out as more cum just kept rocketing out of him. His balls were not letting up, flexing and firing off thick, creamy wads of cum again and again and again. His rocketing bands of jizz hit directly against one nipple, then the old slut guided his firing cock until her other nipple was equally coated.

"Jesus, baby! Keep going!" Sandy urged him, excitedly laughing.

Josh was beyond thought. He was gone. All he could see was white light. All he could feel was pleasure. All he could do was cum.

Another band fired up along her massive right breast. Another equally charged shot fired up the left. The next landed on the edge of Sandy's tan line near her nipple. The next hit the delta at the top of her cleavage. The next hit the round lower curve near the bottom of one of her giant boobs. The next fired across both breasts from left to right. The other fired straight, the furthest drop of sperm landing in the crook of her neck. And he just kept cumming.

"Fuck! This is amazing..." Sandy sighed, in awe of this incredible spectacle. She'd never seen a man cum so much.

"UGH! GUH! FFFUUUCCCKKK!" Josh groaned, sounding more beast than man. His nuts kept flexing and firing off more and more cum, the bands of it not trailing off as he kept at it. His body was a machine, his cock shaking as it fired off again and again thanks to her stroking hand and landing all over the old woman's chest. After a few minutes of this, her tits were

fucking covered! Seriously! And because of this, almost for completion's sake, and just because it felt like proper behavior for a slut like her, she then pointed his exploding cock directly at her face, letting the next few bands of cum land there. The first one went straight up the middle, from her chin, across her lips, up the bridge of her nose, between her eyes and reaching her hair. From there, the shots got more erratic. The next hit her cheek. The one following that landing on her forehead. One particularly massive wad landed on her eyelid, forcing it closed as it weighed it down. She then opened her mouth and let her tongue hang out, and as another thick band of jizz fired out from his prick, she deftly took every drop of it into her mouth, his semen landing on her tongue. Some of it pooled in the back of her throat before she eagerly gulped it down.

"Yummy, haha!" she said with a smile as she pointed his cock down at her giant boobs again.

This orgasm felt like it lasted forever, but it was finally at this point that he began to come down from his high. The jets of cum bursting out of him fired off with less force, barely reaching her chest, some landing on the bed. Eventually, the cum began to just leak out of his cock, coating her stroking hand. As the last few weak geysers came out of him, she brought his cock to her lips and took the final bands of jizz shooting out of him directly into her mouth, swallowing it down eagerly. When his cock jerked in orgasm for the last time, she let go of his exhausted prick.

Josh was in a daze. Before he knew it, he had collapsed back onto his knees. His eyes drifted open again, and right in front of him was Sandy, still on her knees.

And she was absolutely covered with his cum.

She had a supremely large expanse of titty flesh, but more of it was covered with his semen than wasn't covered. Streaks of his jizz crisscrossed her massive round jugs. The tops of them were coated with it. The fronts of them were literally covered with the stuff, not a single spot missed. The smooth curves descending towards her cleavage was slippery with his cum as well. It streaked up her chest towards her neck, and her face was also painted with some bands of his thick, white, gooey cum. With one eye still closed, she nonetheless looked at him with a smirk on her lips, a thin band of semen connecting her top lip and bottom.

"Babe... I want you to remember this sight. I don't want you to ever forget... this..." she said with open arms, presenting her cum covered body to him. He was too far gone to say anything, but his dazed eyes looked her over. But his own lips turned up in what looked to be a slightly proud grin.

Then his energy left him. Josh thought that his first orgasm would be enough to knock him out, but it didn't. But this one, this massive, world-changing, brain-melting orgasm... yeah, this one was enough to knock him on his ass. Sensing this, the experienced old slut gently pushed at him with her hand on his chest, sending him falling onto his back on the bed. He was out cold before his head hit the pillow.

Sandy stayed on her knees for a few moments as the married man drifted off in front of her. She closed her eyes and savored the moment. Then, she let her eyes open again, and a smile formed on her face at the sight of the young hunk knocked out in front of her.

"Good boy..." she said, leaning forward and slapping his chest lovingly a couple times. She then crawled off the bed and got back to her feet. While she was not above spending a night in bed savoring a good cum-bath, this... this was another level. As exhausted as she was, she was gonna have to clean up before slipping back into bed next to Josh.

Sauntering towards the door, she was distracted by a noise on the floor. Spilled out from her purse was Josh's long-lost cell phone. It vibrated against the floor, catching the old slut's attention. Reaching down and grabbing it, she opened it up and examined what the noise was about.

It was Deb.

Sandy smiled as she opened up his phone and saw text after text from his increasingly upset wife. She started looking at the texts she sent from when they were back at the bar, her laughing and joking with her hubby about this old slut who wouldn't stop hitting on him. Sandy smirked at all the smart-ass comments the young wife made about her. His messages back to her died once Sandy stole his phone. What happened from there were, at first, a few tentative texts from his wife looking for an update. When those went unanswered, probably because her husband was too busy sucking on Sandy's tits, she grew a little more worried, asking why he wasn't responding. When there was no response there, Deb let him know she was minutes away from the bar.

Then, the texts got very angry.

Sandy could only imagine the looks that the other bar patrons gave cute young Deb when she stepped into the bar, knowing her husband had ran off with that old slut. She no doubt found out eventually, and embarrassed and upset, she texted Josh angrily.

"Where are you?"

"What's going on?"

"Is this a joke?"

"Did you seriously run off with that old lady?"

"Seriously, are you joking with me? Where are you?"

Throughout the night, she had kept texting. As Sandy was fucking the hell out of her man, Deb was probably waiting at hm impotently, texting her husband like the loser she was. Her anger kept going for a while before Deb eventually grew concerned for her husband's safety. Maybe he had gotten tricked. Or hurt. Or something. Because it couldn't possibly be that he was cheating on her with a nasty old woman?

If Josh had made this whole thing easier, Sandy might have let this whole thing be as is. She might not have chosen to interject herself into his life and just let things stand after one night of fun, leaving it up to the man she was with to worm his way out of the trouble he was in with wifey. But Josh... he'd made her work for it. He'd made her chase him down. He'd denied his

attraction to her for far too long. The penance for that bullshit had come.

Sandy was ready to nuke his marriage from orbit.

Opening up the camera on his phone and holding it out in front of her, she smiled and posed for the camera before taking a picture, one that both captured her smirking, cum-covered body and the knocked out, naked married man behind her on the bed. Attaching it to a text, she quickly added to it.

"Hi, it's that nasty old lady you were joking about before. Just gave Josh the night of his life. He REALLY enjoyed himself..."

Smirking to herself and hitting send, she tossed the phone onto his pile of clothes on the floor and sauntered out of the room, completely nude and deeply satisfied.

Josh's body probably didn't move as he slept, being so completely exhausted. He was so worn out by the evening's proceedings that as he slept, he was beyond dreams. There were no scenes playing out in his mind. There was nothing

occurring within, just an inky blackness. He was out cold in a way he never had been before, his body practically hibernating as he recovered from the events of the previous night.

So, when he woke up maybe 10 or 11 hours later, it was as if he emerged from nothingness. From a dark, all-consuming blackness into the light. When his eyes opened in the bright sunny morning, and he was in a room he didn't recognize, he was understandably confused.

He remembered nothing.

Where was he? What was this place? What... what had happened? What was he doing here? Raising his heavy head and looking down at himself, he realized he was in a bed. Lifting the sheets up, he realized he was completely naked. What the fuck?

Looking around the room, he didn't recognize anything. It was a little messy, and the dresser and mirror looked older and more worn down than the nice, modern furniture in his own bedroom. There were piles of clothes strewn about, some on the floor, some folded over the back of a chair. This wasn't his bedroom... Deb was very neat and ordered, always getting on

him whenever he didn't put something away. No... where the fuck was he?

The whole night before... it was a fog. All a fog. Like a dream slipping from your mind as soon as you awaken. He remembered work, then going to the bar, getting hit on by that blonde, then by that old woman... and the rest... a blur. It felt like so much happened that he couldn't recall anything specific. For a few blessed moments, Josh couldn't remember the night before. Despite his confusion, he still didn't realize how deep in trouble he was, how radically his life was about to be upended.

Then he looked to his right on the other side of the bed, and revealed to his sight was Sandy, lying on her side, wide awake and watching him, with her elbow on her pillow and her chin resting on her hand. The thin sheet of the bed draped across the lower half of her naked body, leaving her upper half completely exposed. Which meant her massive boobs were just there for him to see, one fleshy breast stacked on top of the other, her nipples stiff. As his eyes drifted from her exposed breasts up to her aged, experienced face, and it was there he saw her lips turned up in a wicked smirk.

"What the..." he called out, jumping back in shock, moving away from her. The old woman! What was her name... Sandy!

What was she doing here? What happened? Her being here, naked in bed next to him... no! No! This couldn't... how... he wouldn't! Ever! "What are you doing here? What is this? What did you do to me?" the married man asked in a panic. He still didn't remember what had happened. As he freaked out, she reached out and rested her hand on his bare chest, trying to calm him down.

"Shh, shh, shh... calm down, honey..." she said, her fingers pressing into his chest.

"What's going on?" he asked, still freaked out.

"Listen, Josh..." she began, smiling. "Me and you... we're lovers, now. Don't you remember?"

"What? No! I... wouldn't. Not with... you!" he replied to the unattractive old woman. She simply kept smiling, understanding the situation completely. Poor boy got his world rocked the night before, and had gotten every drop of cum wrung out of him. Now, after having his mind completely broken by the old slut's incredible stamina, and with not the slightest bit of lust left in his system after she was done with him, it was understandable that he'd be a bit disoriented. That heightened level of lust that had made his words and feelings

for her during the sex seem almost worshipful were gone now, and all he could see was the true her. But it'd all come back to him, the memories and those worshipful desires. They always did.

"You did, honey," she said, nodding and grinning. "Me and you spent the night having nasty, sweaty sex with each other. And let me tell you, babe... you really enjoyed it."

"No. No..." he said, shaking his head in disbelief, pulling away from her touch. "You're lying!"

"You're naked in my bed, Josh... what do think happened?" Sandy said. Josh shook his head, trying to logic his way out of this, but he couldn't find a way out. As he did, memories of the night began to slowly rise to the surface. Him trying to shoo her away in the bar. Her sitting in his lap at a private table at the back of the bar. Them both in the back of a car, him sucking on her big tits. Then both of them here, in this bed, fuckling like animals. Him watching the action in the mirror as he fucked her from behind. And finally, an image burned into his mind, her chest and smirking face absolutely covered with his cum. Covered.

"No... no..." he said again. "How? How is this possible?"

"Do you seriously not remember how it happened?" Sandy said with a raised eyebrow. A flash of evil passed across her face as she continued talking. "Babe, you were all over me back at the bar. Staring at my breasts..." she said, guiding his eyes down to her exposed boobs again. "Flirting with me. Teasing me. I mentioned your wife, but that didn't stop you. I mean, you had my number in your phone within minutes of meeting me, haha! And you acted so surprised when I sent you a few dirty pictures. You acted all cute and flustered and ran off to a quieter spot in the bar, but I got the message. Within minutes, you sweet-talked me into sitting on your lap, and hon, I could feel how hot you were for me even then!"

"No, I wouldn't. I..." Josh stammered. That didn't sound like how he would behave, yet... it all lined up with the images in his mind.

"Then I got a little gun shy about hooking up with a married man, so I was gonna leave," she resumed, still toying with him. She knew he'd remember the truth of things eventually, but she would enjoy his confusion for a few minutes. And besides, it never hurt to get her side of things in first before he remembered his own. "But you ended up following me outside. It was all under the guise of being the hero and making sure I got home okay, but it wasn't long until you were sucking

on my tits in the back of a rideshare, right in front of the driver. Babe, I couldn't get you off of me. We almost fucked right then and there. By the time we got in the house, we were ripping off each other's clothes. We fucked for hours, baby! It was amazing!"

"I... I..." he stammered again, in disbelief. He... he actually fucked this nasty old slut? He wouldn't have. He literally would not ever have done that. Especially with a woman like her. But more memories kept rising, them two in bed, going at it. Her above him, his hands on her amazing breasts as she rode him.

"That's right, babe, you're starting to remember," she said, seeing recognition on his face. "You loved it so much, babe. You and me just went at it. By the end of it, you were begging to pump me full of cum! And in the end, you just couldn't stop yourself..." At this, Josh went pale.

"I... came inside you?" he asked. The old slut laughed.

"Boy, did you ever. Fuck... you pumped my cunt full of cum! It was like a firehose inside me!" Sandy said with another laugh. Josh looked mortified, looking down, reeling from this

information. Getting his attention, Sandy spoke up. "Then we did it again..."

"Again?" he repeated.

"Mmm hmm," she said, nodding proudly. At this, she then snaked her hand down her own body beneath the sheets. "I bent over on all fours... and you rimmed my ass..." she said with a sigh, biting her lower lip as she began touching herself to the memories of the night before.

"What?" Josh said in shock, but a memory flashed across his mind... his face, wedged between this old slut's ass cheeks as his tongue eagerly worshipped her asshole. He'd never done that before. Not with his wife. Not with any girl. But he did it with this nasty old whore? What the fuck?! How had she gotten him to the point where he was eager to do that?

"Then... you fucked me in the ass!" she said, stifling a moan of pleasure as she slipped a finger into her pussy. Josh's eyes went wide. No... he'd never done that before either. But he did it with her? Not possible. Suddenly, the image of her small, tight, clutching ass taking his entire length popped into his brain. His hand toying with the sweat around her ass tattoo before spanking her. What? "You gave me every inch, babe. You

fucked my ass like an animal! You made me cum so many times. I thought you were gonna fill my ass with more of your cum, but you wanted more. You wanted to shove your big cock down my throat straight after it had been in my ass, and I did so. I sucked the living fuck out of it! Then you wanted to fuck my big tits, so you did! Fuck, did you ever!" she said, running her other hand against her exposed boobs, pushing so slightly into the soft skin. "Then, you couldn't contain it! You just had to cum, and you did. ALL over these..." she said, glancing down at her breasts. Again, the image of her giant tits covered in his cum flashed across his mind. An image that clear... there was no doubt it had happened for real. He had done it. He'd covered this old woman's enormous breasts with cum. What the fuck?

"And that's when you finally passed out," she announced. "I could have gone for more, but who knows... maybe next time." At this, she smiled at him.

It was all hitting the married man, the swirling memories of his night with Sandy. He looked away from her and put his head in his hands.

"I don't think there's gonna be a next time, Sandy," Josh muttered, looking down, the gravity of what he'd done hitting him. He'd cheated on his wife! Cheated on her with this old

slut! What was he thinking? How did this happen? What was he gonna do? How was he gonna get out of this?

"Don't be so sure about that, babe," Sandy announced. At this, she tossed aside the bed sheet, revealing her entire naked form to him again. Her fit tanned belly. Her bare legs. Her shaved cunt. His eyes locked onto her body as she exposed herself to him. Thinking she was gonna jump his bones, he moved away from her, but she simply smiled and slid out of the bed, moving to stand up. He watched her rise to her feet, her massive tits swaying and bouncing lewdly as she began moving along that side of the room. As she moved away from him, this gave him another view of her big, round, bare ass, the juicy cheeks jiggling as she walked. With her back to him as she moved to her dresser, she continued speaking. "Guys like you always talk tough, but when it come down to the moment of truth, you always come back."

"I... I can't. I need to go back to my wife!" Josh croaked out.

"Your wife?" Sandy said with a laugh, pulling open a drawer. "Going back to your wife was the last thing on your mind last night, going by what you said..." She then retrieved a small bundle of lace. Still facing away, she bent over and began pulling up what was revealed to be a lacy black thong. Josh watched her thread the tiny string between her big ass as she

yanked it up into place, the cheeks now framed by the tiny bands of lace. She then turned to face him, smiling, her massive boobs swaying with her movements.

"What do you mean?" he asked, trying not to stare at the old woman's massive breasts. Jesus... how could a woman like her, so much older, so unattractive to him... how could she have such a perfect body?

"Well, you kept talking about how little she mattered to you. That she was barely a woman compared to me. That you loved me and my hot body more than you ever loved her. How excited you were to cum on my tits and betray her forever... I mean, goddamn, you were really into shit-talking your wife! I don't think you actually love her at all!" Sandy said, smirking, her hands on her hips as she spoke to the married man, unashamed to display her nearly naked body to him. Josh was horrified to hear this, but as soon as she said it, he could practically hear the words echoing in his ears from the previous night.

"No... no, it was just... it was just talk, that's all," he croaked out. That's all it was, just... nasty, dirty sex talk. He loved his wife, right? But if he did, he wouldn't have fucked this old slut, right? Fuck... what had he done? His head sagged again, now realizing how deeply he'd fucked up.

"So..." Sandy began, completely unaffected by his emotional plight. "Wanna fuck one more time before you go?" He looked up at her, completely stunned by this offer. She simply grinned and snaked a finger under the hem of her tiny black thing, teasing at ripping it back off. "I can ride you right here in the bed again. Or... we can hop in the shower, get all wet, then you can push my big tits up against the glass and drill me from behind. Or..."

"I'm good..." he interrupted, looking away from this awful old slut. "I need to go."

Sandy wasn't surprised. Now completely sober, with both lust and alcohol totally out of his system, she knew it'd be unlikely to coax him into more fun. But she figured she'd try. She pouted her lip and smiled.

"Well, if that's the case, then I might as well just hop in the shower," she said before raising an eyebrow. "Feel free to join me. Trust me, it's big enough for two, haha!" At this she sauntered away, shaking her thong-clad ass as she did so. It was only when he heard the shower running and confirmed he was finally alone that he jumped out of the bed. He didn't want to give the bitch the satisfaction of one more glimpse of his naked body. But now that she was gone, he was free to move.

Finding his clothes and quickly pulling them on, he pocketed his phone, made sure he had his wallet and keys, and finally marched out. Slamming the front door behind him, he was hoping to never to see Sandy again.

It was only then that he realized that he hadn't driven here. Rolling his eyes, he pulled up an app and flagged a car to come pick him up. On his phone again, he saw a lot of unread texts from Deb. Taking a deep breath, he opened them up. Reading through the texts he'd missed as the night went on, his heart sank further and further, all these messages from his wife that he'd missed while hooking up with that old skank. What the fuck had he done?

The car arrived quickly to pick him up. He didn't even notice at first as he was so engrossed in the texts. It was only when he got in the car and it began moving that he came across the picture Sandy had sent to Deb, of her body covered with his cum. And Josh saw the horrified texts in reply from his wife, and the words she said in response... they made his heart sink. She knew... she knew everything.

Josh was fucked.

He felt damn near like crying as his head fell back. It was only then that he realized that the female driver was looking back at him, and as his memories of the night kept coming back to him,

he realized he recognized her. It was the same one from the night before.

"You have a good night?" she asked with a teasing smile. Josh shook his head and looked down.

"Just... drive..." he croaked out, his life crumbling down around him.

How could he ever fix this?

(2 Weeks Later)

Josh needed a drink.

His life had been torn apart by that twisted old slut. She'd somehow convinced him to do what he did... what she wanted, not what he had wanted... And afterwards, she'd destroyed his life anyways, revealing their affair to his wife.

He still remembered coming home that morning. The yelling. The tears. The shock. Josh tried to explain, but there was no justification. He'd fucked up. Big time. Josh eventually remembered everything about that night at this point, beyond her lies the morning after, but that didn't help much. Sure, Sandy had practically forced his hand, but he'd still done the deed. He'd still cheated on his wife, and he couldn't defend it.

What made it worse for him was that it was not with some young hot babe, but with an old, nasty slut. He might have been able to justify it if Sandy was young and sexy and a total hotty, but he couldn't justify fucking that old skank's brains out.

Deb, rightfully, left him. She packed up her things and went to live with her sister. For the last few weeks, Josh was left alone to stew in his sins. He reached out to Deb as often as he could, but he got no response, which was... understandable. Left alone in their shared house, he was reminded of nothing but their life together. He wished he could just go back and undo what he'd done. Not only for his marriage's sake, but for his own.

His mind kept flashing to that night with Sandy, and whenever it did he did his best to shake those thoughts away, but sometimes, they just couldn't be ignored. That night had

fundamentally changed him. As much as he tried to remember the good times as he looked at pictures of he and Deb, the poisonous words he'd spoken about his wife during his encounter with Sandy kept rising to his mind. Looking at a cute picture of Deb walking on a hiking trail, all Josh could think was... she really is skinny. Or another picture of Sandy in a stunning dress, Josh found himself thinking about the fact that she really did have micro tits... barely tits at all. Not big and perfect like Sandy's. Deb was barely a woman at all with such a lack of curves. No. NO! He had to stop letting Sandy into his mind like this. He had to keep fighting for his skinny little wife. What... no!

Of course, Sandy reached out to him quite a few times. He did his best to just ignore her teasing texts, not even looking at the slutty pictures she no doubt sent him. But... there were weak moments where he almost did...

Josh tried reaching out to his friends, but it seemed like Deb had spread the word. Their shared friends wouldn't return his calls, and even his own guy friends seemed to be keeping their distance. It even felt like some of his coworkers had heard what he'd done, cheating on his wife with an old slut. Josh just kept his head down, but as soon as he returned home every night, he was reminded of the truth.

He was alone.

He could only hope that Deb would forgive him eventually. Beyond her snarky sense of humor, she was a deeply loving and forgiving person. He could only hope, after the initial anger and betrayal passed, she could find room to forgive him for his terrible mistake. He honestly believed she would reach out to him at some point... he just had to be ready for her when that time came. He had to be on his best behavior. Back on the straight and narrow. No stray thoughts about that night and what he did with that old slut...

Josh did do some self-reflection about the night in question and what had led him to that mistake. Was there some part of him that was in fact unsatisfied with Deb? Going by the evidence... there had to be. Some part of him did want something far nastier than what his wife could provide. Some part of him desired a woman with big fucking tits and a perfect, round, juicy ass. He knew those feelings were basic and immature, and a thoughtful adult married man should know way better than to cheat on his wife for solely those reasons. But again... that night with that old woman affected him. He found one of his wife's bras in the laundry, and all he could think about was how small it was. Not small as in skimpy, but small as in... the boobs that it was designed to support were barely boobs at all. Josh again had to shake these thoughts. He had to get Sandy out of his mind!

After weeks alone, withstanding all this turmoil, Josh needed a break.

He needed a beer.

After leaving work, he found himself on a familiar path, heading back to the P-Boro Pub for a drink. As he made his way over, he was feeling particularly despondent. Sitting with his phone within sight, desperate to hear from Deb, he began to wonder if a response was ever coming. He'd betrayed his wife in such a deep, fundamental way. It was as Sandy had said... there probably wasn't any more a humiliating thing he could have done towards his wife than by cheating on her with an old, nasty slut like her. And not only cheating on Deb, but spraying a massive load of cum all over Sandy's big, perfect tits, showing the desire he had built up for the old woman and her giant boobs, a desire that Deb had never once come close to inspiring.

Would Deb ever be able to forgive that? Frankly, he'd almost think less of her if she did. By all means, she shouldn't take him back, not after what he'd done. She didn't deserve to be humiliated like that, even if she didn't match up physically with other women. Maybe she should just move on and find someone who would be able to love her for who she is and not

someone who'd become very aware of what she lacked. And if her itty bitty ass and micro tits weren't enough to make any man ever love her, then maybe she should just give up on men, like Sandy said, and just eat the pussies of better, more superior women.

Stop! Seriously! He had to stop letting Sandy's words become his own.

Josh entered the bar, hoping for a respite from all the cold shoulders he'd been getting, but it was not to be found here. He could immediately sense the tenor of the room changing as soon as he entered. It wasn't overly crowded, but some of the regulars gave him rotten looks, clearly aware of what he'd done. They had witnessed the heartbreak he'd caused in Deb when she entered two weeks prior only to find him gone. They'd seen the humiliation he put her through. Not a shock that they weren't exactly welcoming. But it wasn't just the other patrons. When he sat at the bar, the bartender gave him a disinterested look, taking his time with other customers, barely even regarding Josh. He even saw that blonde that hit on him weeks prior, Samantha. Dressed in a tight white top that highlighted her large round breasts, and a pair of denim jeans that looked practically painted on, glued to her juicy, bouncy ass, she looked incredible. But when she saw Josh across the bar, she visibly rolled her eyes and smirked to herself before walking the other direction. She'd seen a lot of what he'd gotten

up to with Sandy weeks prior, and she clearly recognized that she wasn't Josh's type, so she moved to chat up another guy.

It was a relatively slow night at the bar, less busy than that fateful night two weeks prior. A few young couples were filling the tables, sharing drinks after a long week, a sight that filled him with regret knowing that should be him and Deb right now. He glanced at the table Samantha was sitting at, and it became immediately clear she was bored by the guy she was seated across from, probably knowing within five minutes that she wasn't interested in going home with him. Her eyes were scanning the rest of the bar for better prospects, stealing glances at the back corner, seemingly having found a far more appealing target. Josh found his gaze following hers to that dim back corner to see what caught her eye. There sat a guy not unlike himself, a good-looking well-dressed man sipping a drink. He looked about the same age as Josh, wearing a pair of glasses which added to his youthfulness, but his five o'clock shadow gave him a bit of ruggedness. Even in the dim light in the back of the bar, his wedding band glimmered noticeably, no doubt catching the eye of the intrepid blonde.

He wasn't alone, but the woman sitting next to him was very decidedly not his wife. A thick, curvaceous older woman, the contrast between them made it obvious they weren't married even if Josh didn't recognize her. It was that Latina driver he'd met weeks prior, the one that drove him to and from Sandy's

place. Clearly, she'd taken some inspiration from Sandy, as it was clear she was on the prowl. Dressed in tight cream-colored pants which clung to her lower half, and a tight red top with a plunging neckline which allowed her large breasts to spill out from within, it was clear even from afar that she was hitting on the married man. Sitting in close enough that she was clearly impeding on his personal space, she had one arm resting on the booth on her far side, stretching in front of the younger man, boxing him in the corner, preventing him from getting away. He clearly looked nervous, and eager to get away from her, but his eyes kept falling to the Latina woman's cleavage despite himself. Josh had been in that guy's shoes. He wanted to escape, because he knew what would happen if he stayed. But he wasn't going to leave. He knew it. The Latina woman knew it. And Josh, with clear vision and experience in such matters, knew it for sure.

Those two were gonna be having sex by the end of the night.

Clearly, Samantha sensed the same thing. Impatient with her chosen bar-mate, and frustrated that another older woman was poaching the best hunk, she quickly and coldly dismissed herself from her man's presence and moved to leave. But not before she gave a furious glance at Josh, as if upset at him for starting this shit. For bringing this type of riff-raff into this bar. It was as if Josh had opened the doors for these horny older women, and now, the floodgates were open.

Josh looked away, embarrassed. Was he marked or something? Was he permanently stained with a scarlet letter? Everyone seemed to know what he'd done. Everyone treated him with a cold shoulder. Could he ever escape this one giant mistake? Would anyone let him? Would he always be the guy that fucked that nasty old lady?

In moments like this, he almost wondered if, much like he thought with Deb, that maybe he should just move on, too. From her. From this façade he was trying out. Just move on. Completely. He'd made the mistake. He'd done the thing. Maybe, instead of running from it, trying to prove he wasn't really that guy, he should just give up and move on. If maybe there was no hope in being seen as anyone else but the man everyone thought he was, the man who, on that fateful night, he'd proven himself to be... then why should he even try? Maybe he should just... embrace it. Part of him... part of him craved that. It'd just be so much easier.

Both from of the ferocity of his encounter with Sandy, and the emotional turmoil of the day after with Deb, it took a few days before the needs of his cock rose to the forefront. And it came to the forefront in a major way, as he suddenly felt more horny than he'd felt in years, as if the old woman had trained his system for real fucking. And now without an outlet, all that

desire that she'd induced in him was now his baseline. Fuck. He tried to think about his wife in these moments of arousal, but it wasn't getting the job done. He tried to watch porn, but seeing those gorgeous, sexy babes getting fucked, while hot, wasn't fully tuning his crank either. But as soon as he let Sandy slide back into his mind, even just a little... God help him, he'd get as hard as steel almost immediately. Every time he exploded in orgasm, it'd be thoughts of that old bitch that took him over the edge. He felt low whenever this happened, annoyed that he hadn't fully broken her hold over him.

In his weak moments, he just kept coming back to her, at least in his mind. He couldn't move past what they'd done together. He couldn't ignore the fact that it was without question the best, filthiest, most amazing sexual encounter of his life. He didn't have the best sex of his life with his loving wife Deb, but with the old, nasty slut, Sandy. Fuck... how could he ever ignore that?

Part of him wondered what would happen if he... fuck, he couldn't believe he was even considering it... but actually reaching out to Sandy. Whenever his phone pinged with a message from her, part of him, before he tamped it down, wanted to respond to her. Part of him craved the all-consuming pleasure only she'd been able to provide him. Sure, she was a nasty old whore... a REALLY nasty old whore... but she made

his cock explode like no other. How could that nasty old woman have such a hold over him?

As he waited at the bar, he let his mind play out what would happen if he actually were to reach out to her. Frankly... if he called her right now, he was positive her ankles would be on his shoulders by the end of the night. No doubt. If... if they actually became an ongoing thing, he'd be getting the best sex of his life every goddamn day, more than enough to take his mind off his worries. That old bitch was filthy, and she would take great delight if he gave up and surrendered to her perfect body for good. God, that body really was fucking perfect, wasn't it? How could a woman her age, someone that looked like she did, have such an amazing, flawless body? The type of body you'd be lucky to surrender to. He couldn't actually do it though, give in to her body. God... what if he did, though? He would be able to fuck that amazing, tight cunt of hers every night. He could drive his big cock into her tight ass whenever he wanted to. And he could get his hands on those big, perfect tits of hers whenever he wanted. Fuck... just imagining being able to squeeze those amazing breasts every night... damn.

That night they spent together... that could last years. Years of unending, constant sexual bliss, something he never knew was possible. And that was only one night. She'd surely step it up. Fuck... she'd probably make it a point to go out and let the world know her and him were a couple, this nasty old slut

paired up with a handsome hunk like him. She'd probably wear something super slutty, a slinky dress that let her big tanned tits practically fall out of it... Fuck yeah, she would fucking do that, and she'd look amazing like that. She'd probably fuck him in public places too, where anyone could see them. She'd probably make sure of it, even. Oh yeah. He'd have to fuck her wherever she wanted. However she wanted...

Fuck... she'd probably film them in action, too. No doubt. She might have even filmed their first night together for all he knew. God, it would be good shit, he thought, remembering the image of them going at it reflected in the mirror in her bedroom. She'd probably sell the movie in her porn store, scenes of real-life fucking between a young stud and a nasty old lady like her. Probably was a market for that kind of shit. Had to be. And plus... a bitch like her would probably want the world to watch her going at it with a hot young stud. Nothing would cement both her attractiveness and her hold over Josh better than by fucking him on camera and letting the world watch them going at it.

She'd probably bring in friends of hers, too. Oh! Other older, nasty sluts like her. Fuck... what a wicked three-way that would be, a young handsome stud like him with two curvaceous old broads, giving it to them harder than they'd ever gotten, harder than he'd ever fucked the girls his own age. She'd probably never let him fuck a young woman ever again.

Frankly, after a few nights with her, he probably wouldn't want to. Oh...

He could just do all this. He could just reach out to Sandy. There was nothing stopping him from doing this right now, of surrendering to a destiny of fucking an old slut every night. But he wasn't actually gonna do it, because that would no doubt close the door to any chance to getting back with Deb. Also... there was the whole thing of choosing to forsake women his own age in favor of a nasty old slut like Sandy. He'd become 'that guy' in the eyes of others. The guy that dumped his young pretty wife and spends his days porno-fucking old sluts. But everyone already seemed to see him like that... because he'd already done it once. His wife, his friends, his coworkers, these people at the bar... they already saw him that way. He could move away, restart his life completely anew, and hope his past didn't catch back up with him. But the memories... those urges... they'd always be there. He couldn't just forget them. They'd be right there, torturing him, not letting him forget. He'd never be able to escape it.

So why not just surrender to it?

He'd already done so once, and it gave him a world-shattering sexual encounter. Unquestionably the best sex he ever had and would ever have. It was amazing, and he'd never be able to

forget. And he'd never escape the fact that he'd done it. So... why not just surrender to it? Stop running and give in to it. Embrace it, and just live a life of incomparable pleasure, damn what anyone else thinks. Fuck the hottest body he'd ever encountered, squeeze and suck on the best tits he'd ever seen. Fuck... he could actually do it...

But no. They... they were just so different. Different ages, different worldviews, different behaviors, different politics. Different in literally every way. He couldn't actually go through with it, could he? No... no. He couldn't actually fully surrender to someone like her. But... it did have its upsides. He'd been horny as fuck for weeks now, and just saying screw it and going back to Sandy would mean he could be getting that nasty porno-fucking every day from here on out. He could be getting his cock handled by a true queen of fucking. He could be getting fucked till he forgot all his worries and only had to think about sex. That didn't sound too bad. So why not do it? It's not like he had much else.

No... he had Deb still out there. She could call at any time. She could reach out. His marriage still had a chance. He had to fight for that.

As if on cue, his phone pinged with a text, and without stopping to think twice, he quickly opened it, thinking it was from his wife. But it wasn't from Deb.

It was Sandy.

Josh's eyes widened. She had sent a selfie to him, and there was no tease about it. It was straight to the point. Her bare tits were front and center, and with her arm beneath them, holding them out to the camera, her hard nipples calling out to him. They looked absolutely mammoth like this. Above her rack in the picture was her experienced face, smirking wickedly at the camera. And as if she had a perfect soul-read about his situation at the moment, she followed it up with some words.

"Do you want to spend your night crying about your wife, or sucking on these?"

Josh gulped, frozen at the sight, his cock screaming to life in his pants. This was it... the final temptation. Would he choose Sandy and her hot body? Or hold out for his wife and the love they shared together? Would he...

"What do ya want?" the bartender asked icily. Stirred from his thoughts, he looked up at the bartender, caught off guard. Suddenly realizing he hadn't even thought about what he was

gonna get, he stumbled for a moment. He'd come here craving a beer, but now, he found himself craving something else.

"Whiskey," Josh said, his decision made.

Whiskey. For sure.

A few hours later, in the evening darkness, in a home across town from the pub, two naked bodies writhed in a great big bed, lost in the heat of passion. Lips were locked, a big cock was buried in an extremely tight pussy, and big strong hands were squeezing massive round tits. And that's all that mattered. And to them, nothing else mattered. Intense, revved-up passion was being unleashed as these two started to really go at it. Skin sliding against skin, sweat mixing with sweat, the two forbidden lovers were almost moving as one.

And on the floor, a cell phone, completely forgotten to both of the writhing bodies, began to vibrate. Not loud enough to be heard over the passionate fucking going on in the bed. And on the face of the cell phone, it's glowing surface the only beacon of light in the darkness, a name appeared.

Deb.

Her first attempt at contact with her estranged husband after weeks of silence, a single tentative text. Reaching out in an attempt at the ultimate act of forgiveness despite being subjugated to a truly unforgiveable betrayal. What an amazing, forgiving woman she was. It was the moment Josh had been waiting weeks for.

"Can we talk? I... I miss you."

This was it. The glowing words on the screen were exactly the ones he'd hoped to see, a flame of hope that could end his turmoil and rescue him from a wicked destiny that a handsome young man like him should never have to endure. A fate that some attractive married men like him fall into, but few escape. This was his opportunity. His lifeline. Forgiveness. Hope. A bright future ahead with the woman he'd married. In his darkest moment, the light was here to save him.

All he had to do was look for it.

Yet, despite this ray of hope, it's promised salvation went ignored. The small blinking LED could not pervade the darkness, and the vibration announcing its arrival did not catch it's intended target's attention.

The only sounds filling the room were those coming from the intense sex coming from the bed. Lips smacking. Bodies slapping against each other. A thick, beefy cock driving into a wet, eager cunt. Low throaty moans of deep satisfaction. Voices heavy with pleasure as they couldn't contain their lust for each other.

"Fuck, I love your tits! They're so fucking big..." These words filled the room in a heavy masculine growl as his large hands slapped against a pair of even larger boobs, clearly more focused on the heavy round breasts in front of him than the blinking phone behind him.

"Suck on them, baby! I want to feel your mouth on them again... yes! YES! You suck my tits so well! Ahhh..." A smoky female voice sighed in satisfied pleasure as the married man's mouth focused on her massive tits.

The younger man was so lost in the older woman's body that he didn't steal a glance back. He didn't even let himself

consider that his respite was right there, a blinking beacon of hope on the floor mere feet from him. Five... ten... fifteen minutes passed, and not for one moment did the married man let himself think about his wife. Not for one moment did he consider that she might have finally reached out. After weeks of turmoil, he was finally letting loose, taking all out all his tension on the slut in bed with him. As the minutes passed, and that rescue beacon remained unanswered, all he was thinking about was the amazing sex he was having with this older woman. And he was making sure to get his money's worth, the sex having progressed to full-on, loud, nasty fucking, the illicit lovers really going at it at this point.

But despite not hearing back from Josh, Deb was not to be deterred. Wanting to fight for her marriage, and hoping to get her husband's attention after fifteen minutes of no response, she decided to just call him. Perhaps he was away from his phone. Perhaps he was wallowing in misery. Perhaps he was too ashamed to talk to his wife. She wanted to let him know she was serious about this. That she wanted to talk things out and save their marriage. She knew he felt bad about what had happened, and if he was drowning in regret and self-pity, she wanted to be the one to reach into the darkness and pull her husband back to the surface.

In the darkness of that bedroom on the edge of the city, the screen of the phone lit up again as it began to vibrate on the

floor in a repeated rhythm, one far noticeable than the quick vibration caused by her earlier text. If the two illicit lovers were still going at it at the pace they'd been going before, it would have no doubt hit her husband's ears. But now, the bedroom was filled with noise. The sounds of two bodies colliding. The younger man's grunts of pleasure. The older woman's whorish moans. The sound of his big swollen balls slapping against her ass. Compared to those things, the measly sounds coming from the phone were a whisper in a thunderstorm.

If only he knew that he was running out of time. If only he knew he could have it all back and resume a somewhat normal life with his wife. It was right there. He just had to answer that phone. If only he let himself listen. If only he could have held himself back from his lustful needs just a bit longer. If only his wife had called just a little bit earlier. His salvation, everything he'd spent the last few weeks asking for, it was his for the taking. He just had to seek it out.

It was the moment of truth. His last chance. Each vibration a phone another tick in the countdown towards the end of his old life. If the love he shared for his wife was strong enough, this lone beacon in the darkness would reach his ears. That's what the magic of love was all about. He would hear this call for rescue in the storm. Of course he would. No matter how fucking amazingly tight this old slut's pussy was, the power of the love he shared with his wife would render it irrelevant. Not

matter how big and round and soft and perfect her tits were, the connection he'd forged with his wife would prove to matter so much more. And he would prove it in this instant. Unless a tight cunt, a massive pair of tits, a big round ass, and nasty sex meant more to him than the love he shared with his wife, then he would leap out of that bed, grab his phone, and answer his wife's desperate call at the last moment. That's the strength of love. It was gonna happen.

But... it didn't.

He didn't slow down in the slightest. Him and the old woman just kept going at it like animals. The phone kept vibrating on the floor, and if anything, the nasty fucking on the bed only got more feverish and intense. If the bond of love between him and his wife did ping somewhere inside him, it's call was drowned out, lost in the waves of pleasure. When it mattered the most, that love, that bond... it meant nothing compared to what this older woman could offer him.

The moment of truth passed, and the phone went unanswered, going silent and motionless in the darkness.

And the bodies on the bed were anything but silent and motionless.

To expect a single act of forgiveness like this would be too much to ask for, but such a thing was fleeting. Even by morning, Deb having her olive branch be ignored would almost make the wife feel worse than if she'd held firm and kept ignoring him. Somehow, this made her feel even more humiliated than she had before. Clearly, he'd made his choice. This was the husband's last chance, and he didn't even know it.

And with that, she decided to never attempt to reach out to him again. If he couldn't even bother to pick up his phone, what hope did their marriage truly have? But perhaps there was one last chance. Maybe in the light of morning, seeing that his wife had called, he'd reach out in a panic in an attempt to salvage things.

But he'd never get the opportunity.

Having not changed his passcode since that fateful night weeks prior, any evidence of his wife reaching out to him was deleted off his phone that next morning, the old woman's thin, bony, aged fingers working deftly, severing any chance of reconciliation without a second thought before he awoke. Just like that, the young man's fate was sealed.

But frankly, it was probably too late for him anyway. There was no way he'd ever be able to fully go back to his wife after that first night. And after their second night together... it was clear which woman he truly preferred. Which woman he truly wanted to spend his future with. After the intense fucking they took part in the night before, if he'd woken up and saw his wife had called, he'd probably wouldn't even care. After doing the things they'd done, he'd never care about his little wife again. The old woman probably didn't even need to bother covering up the evidence.

But still... best not leave it up to chance.

Now, there was nothing holding them back. The old slut had fully taken the young wife's place as the handsome stud's mate, and she was gonna get her money's worth. Damn, would she ever. It wouldn't be long before he was fully addicted to her hot body, unable to live without her.

Josh had spent weeks in turmoil thinking about his wife. When Sandy was done with him, he'd never think about his wife again.

Old Ladies, Thongs & Swimming Pools

"This story *sucks*," Greg sighed.

Greg pushed himself back from his laptop, leaned back in his chair and rubbed his forehead in frustration. Greg loved to write, but at times, he hated it more than anything. It felt less like an expression of art and more like an excruciating muscle cramp he had to work out of his system. Needless to say, Greg was going through some severe writer's block. With the wedding and the move and all that, he'd been distracted, but he really figured he would have pushed past it by now. But his mind was so blocked off that he could barely get any words on the page. He was in dire need of a breakthrough.

What he wrote wasn't even high art, or anything like that. He wrote fun sci-fi stories that he sold online. He didn't have a huge audience, but he had a consistent, dedicated fanbase. The stories he wrote were all in the same universe, and he'd been thinking about this whole tale since he was young. So, he was dedicated to this style of story, and the current tale he was working on what was supposed to be his grand opus, where all the lingering story beats came together. But at the moment, what he was writing was starting to feel so... basic. So rote. The dull, handsome military space marine kills the bad guys, gets

the girl who'd been in his orbit for years, and rescues the cold, powerful Governess who doesn't like him but respects the fact that he gets results. It's just... it was too boring. Even he, the creator of this whole world, was starting to find it dull, and if he felt that way, the reader no doubt would. He needed to add something in to spice it up, because, as of now, it was making even him lose interest. Why did Greg think something this standard and boilerplate would ever get noticed by a real publisher? What could he change? How could he make this better?

Whatever the solution was, he clearly wasn't gonna find it today at the rate this was going. He needed to get his mind on other things. He needed to be productive in some way. He needed a distraction. Glancing out the window, seeing the tall grass, he was reminded of one of his chores for the day, something that had gotten pushed back by his mistaken hope to break through his writer's block. He had to go mow the lawn.

Maybe that would give his backed-up mind a break.

* * * * *

Greg and his new wife, Molly, were first time homeowners, so it was a pretty exciting time in their lives. Freshly married, they had just bought a place together and were still in the process of adjusting to their new life. Having lived either with their folks or in apartments their entire lives, they were still getting used to actually having a home of their own.

It was a nice little house, nothing too fancy. But it was in a safe area. Most of their neighbors were relatively older folks, as opposed to people their own age, but that was fine. They all seemed nice enough. And it wasn't like they had moved across the country. They were still within a couple hours of home.

A cute young couple, they were a bit of a mismatch in many ways. Molly was a pretty young woman, with bright shiny eyes and long brown hair. However, she didn't need to use that advantage to succeed, as it was her work ethic that got her by. She worked at a pretty big company, and her ambition and charm had allowed her to rise quickly within the corporate chain. That being said, her looks didn't hurt her. A cute, sporty brunette, she just had a certain indefinable appeal that made people flock to her. She was just fun to be around, and she was so, so nice.

Greg was kinda the opposite of her. He was a writer, well... more like an aspiring writer. His life's work were these

sweeping, epic novels that he'd had in mind since his childhood. In the meantime, while putting those together, he picked up writing gigs as a ghost writer or doing corporate write-ups, stuff like that. He worked from home, unlike his wife, and when he hit a block, he'd meet up with his buddies and shoot hoops or check out movies. Anything to get the juices stirring. Working from home, often making very little in the way of progress, some might say he was a slacker, but he was far from it. Like a shark, he just had trouble staying in place.

He had a restless streak that always kept him looking towards that next project. A true dreamer, his mind was always at work, sometimes taking events that happen in his real life and thinking about how they could be filtered into his story universe. Some may see his distraction and mistake it for a lack of respect, but those like Molly who knew him well knew the truth. He was always thinking up something, creating a new story in his head. This made him a natural at coming up with ideas to write, but it also made the actual process of writing somewhat of a struggle for him. He had all these great ideas, but when it came time to write them all down, he just couldn't commit to putting the words to paper. The next project always seemed so much more appealing. The grass was always greener on the other side.

It had been months since he'd been able to make any tangible progress writing. Events from three or four months before his wedding had been so hectic, so at that point, he didn't have time to relax and write. Then, there was the wedding, and then the move, and now settling in... there'd been a block in his mind for almost half a year now. He'd barely written anything in that time, and there was a buildup of ideas in his mind, bursting to get out. But nothing in that time had broken through the block in his mind. His creative juices were very backed up, and he was eager for that breakthrough.

There were times like these where he tried his best to double down and focus on the project at hand, but that restlessness didn't go away. It had to go somewhere. Typically, when he was writing, he would be distracted by a new, fresh idea that he would rather be writing instead the one he was supposed to be working on, which would slow down progress on the project he was trying to finish. And if the writer's block was bad enough where he couldn't write at all, he wanted to at least keep busy doing something. He always had to be doing something.

And now, owning a home, he had plenty to keep him busy.

Molly and him were a good pairing, as they balanced each other. Molly was very corporate, and he was very free form.

She was very well put together, and he was a bit more relaxed, with a shock of dark, shaggy hair, a consistent five o'clock shadow, along with a simple yet effective wardrobe. She was very sunny and bright, and he had a bit of a darker pallor, coming across a bit more brooding and internal. Not that he was unpleasant to be around, he was just a thoughtful, quiet young man, his lack of loquaciousness making his words all the more earned. That being said, get him excited about something, and he could go on about it all day. He was a good person to talk to, as he knew a lot about a lot of things. It was just a matter of bringing him out of his shell. And when you did, that passion made him very appealing.

Molly was very supportive of his profession, even when it wasn't always bringing in the cash. He didn't feel any shame at not being the breadwinner of the pair. He wasn't the type of guy to feel like less of a man because his wife made more money than him. They were comfortable enough with their choices to feel no shame, but sometimes he did feel bad that he wasn't holding up his end of the deal in their partnership, which only cemented his writer's block further. But she never held this against him, because she loved him.

They'd met through friends, and even though it would seem like they were so opposite of each other, they just clicked immediately. Some of her friends thought she was slumming it with the handsome, brooding young writer guy, and his

friends thought that he was aiming out of his league. Not that he was unattractive. Far from it. He was fit and warm and tall and handsome, with a square jaw, soulful eyes, and a smile that made his appeal rise tenfold. Despite having a somewhat sedentary profession, he stayed in very good shape without appearing as if he was trying to do so. But Molly was so well put-together and driven and corporate, and he was seemingly so ambitionless. It was an odd pairing, but they fit together perfectly.

They had made a deal now that they were in the house that he would handle a lot of the setup in the house as she worked, her having transferred to the local branch of the company she'd been working at for years. Since he had hit a major creative block lately, he'd been focusing a lot of his time on the house, setting up shelves, organizing, redirecting that restlessness into something more productive. He thought this would be easy, but some of this stuff proved to be more of an obstacle than he originally thought. Missing pieces, things that didn't fit together in the easy way it was supposed to, it was all work that quickly grew aggravating. As he failed and failed again, all on his own without his wife to calm him down, he couldn't help but yell out angrily. He was feeling an almost impotent frustration, feeling like a failure. He wanted to just do something to completion. He needed that relief at completing one project, to get that little bit of satisfaction. Each small failure kept compounding, like a valve with all the pressure

reliefs blocked off. He couldn't write... he couldn't put this shit together... what could he do?

He wasn't normally this self-pitying, but he had been feeling particularly frustrated lately. While he was nothing but happy with Molly, it seemed like since getting married, he hadn't had a moment of quiet marital bliss. He hadn't had any of those blissful moments of satisfaction. Other than Molly herself, it seemed like everything else had been either work or some new source of frustration. He hadn't been able to just relax. He hadn't gotten a bit of peace to enjoy his married life since his wedding day, it felt like.

There were a couple factors that were affecting his current state. On top of his aggravation with writing, and all these other life frustrations, it was hot outside. Brutally hot. Even though he had the air conditioning running inside, he could still feel the sticky heat seeping in, which only contributed to his rotten mood. And adding on to all this... he was really horny. With the move itself, and the lead up to it, and the fallout from it, both him and his wife had been so busy and worn out that they didn't have enough time for each other. It wasn't like she wasn't available for him. They still did it whenever they could, but it was as if once they settled into married life, they were on slightly different wavelengths sexually. When he was keyed up, she was busy or at work. When she was ready, he was exhausted and not in the mood

after a long, frustrating day at her new job. He totally understood it, but that didn't make it any easier. He was currently on a two-week dry streak, and he was beginning to really feel it.

Greg was hoping that they could finally fully settle in, to get back on the same page and be productive in all ways possible. He was hoping that if he kept pushing, and kept trying with his writing, he'd finally get that epiphany. He'd finally push through everything blocking him in and he could find the peace he so needed. Then, he would truly have the bliss he'd hoped for when he got married.

Until then, he would make this house look good. He'd do his part, help them settle in, get one chore done, then push onto the next. Of course, these specific tasks were simple enough that he couldn't mess them up, but because of that, he got little satisfaction. It was just busywork, and it seemed never ending. Marriage wasn't supposed to be easy, but he knew his wife was worth it. They loved each other so much. Things might be difficult now, but it was solving problems like this that would allow both of them to achieve the life they wanted. Being homeowners now, getting their house in order was the most pressing matter. Maybe solving this first problem would help solve the others, no matter the level of busy work it was.

One of the things, as new homeowners, that they had quickly discovered was that they didn't own a lawnmower. They'd never needed one before, and that wasn't exactly something you think about until you need it. And looking at the overgrown grass, they certainly needed it. Luckily, Molly was outgoing and had made friends with the neighbors quickly, borrowing a mower from a lady down the street so they could clean up their lawn. Greg was more of an introvert, especially with new people, while Molly could chat with anyone. And that's why she was the one making friends with the neighbors, getting to know them and becoming fast friends. And that's why he would stay inside, trying to push through his writer's block instead of putting himself out to the world.

But with the state of their lawn, the generosity of their neighbor, and his lack of making progress inside, there was no excuse for him not to step out into the sun and get to work, at least for a little bit. Besides... he needed a break anyway.

Seeing that the lawn was getting out of control, and knowing that keeping a good lawn would help make a good impression to the neighbors, Greg stepped into the broiling heat and mowed it. He trimmed the lawn in a very efficient, organized manner, finding a small satisfaction in the neat, clean lines decorating his freshly mowed grass. But after about forty-five minutes in the heat, he was literally drenched in sweat. Molly had left him a note as to where the mower came from, telling

him to return it when he was done with it. Eager to give it back so he could relax in the air-conditioning of his own home, he pushed the mower down the street, looking to return it to the owner quickly so he could get back home and cool down. One thing about Greg was that he dreaded meeting new people, so instead of wasting time working himself up to it like he normally did, he opted to just get it over with quickly. It was too hot to draw things out. Walking up to a nice house a little down the street tucked up against the tree line, he knocked on the front door.

Then his life changed forever. This was one of those moments in life, those moments that divide before and after. And he didn't even know it yet.

"I'm around back!" called out a crisp female voice from behind the house, just loud enough to get Greg's attention at the front door. Shrugging, Greg pushed his mower along a walkway towards the fence dividing the front yard from the back.

"Uh... hi. I'm returning the mower," Greg called out. He didn't love talking with people he didn't know, so this unorthodox discussion was already making him slightly uncomfortable.

"Oh good! Just come on back!" the woman called back warmly. Shrugging his shoulders again, he pushed open the door in the fence and pushed the mower into the backyard. Stepping around the house, a large pool was revealed to his gaze, and in it, treading water, was the woman he was seeking out.

"Hi!" she called out from the pool, staring at the younger man with a friendly smile. All Greg could see was her face, as her head was the only thing above the water. She seemed welcoming enough. An older woman, maybe 50 or so or a bit beyond that, with greying blonde hair tied nicely up on top of her head. Her face showed her age slightly, with a few wrinkles here and there, but she was still very pretty for her age. She had full plump lips, sharp intelligent green eyes, and a seemingly friendly demeanor.

"Oh, uh... hi," Greg called out shyly, wiping the sweat from his brow. "Just, uh... returning the mower."

"Perfect. It goes in the shed," she said, smiling at the married man, pointing towards the far end of the backyard. "You must be Greg. I talked to Molly a few days ago. She was gushing about you. After how much she talked you up, I couldn't wait to meet you."

"Well... that's good, I guess," Greg said with a crooked smile as he pushed the mower across the yard. "It'd be bad if she was already bashing me. We've only been married a couple months." The older woman smiled warmly as she kept her eyes on the younger man.

"No... she's clearly crazy about you," the older woman said. "And I can see why," she teased with a laugh. Greg, blushing and turning away, opened up the shed and stored the mower inside. Once it was stashed back in place, he closed the door and turned to face the older woman again.

"I'm Doreen, by the way," she said, moving towards the side of the pool. The sun was bright, so it was hard to stare at the pool since the surface was shimmering with reflected light, so he had to squint as he looked at her.

"Nice to meet you," Greg said with a small, polite nod. Not knowing what else to say to the older woman, he moved to head out. "I, uh... I should probably get going. Thanks for letting us borrow the mower, and..."

"Hold on, hold on," Doreen interrupted, smiling, waving off his attempt to leave. "Let me get a better look at you." Reaching the side of the pool, she grabbed the metal ladder and climbed up

it, emerging from beneath the surface. And as she did, Greg's eyes went wide at what he was seeing.

Doreen was topless.

As she climbed the ladder, her side was facing him, allowing him to see her shockingly shapely body in profile. And it was indeed shapely, as her large naked breasts vaulted out from her body, as did her full ass. But it was her exposed boobs that held his attention, and it was when she stepped out of the pool fully and began moving towards him that he got to see her best assets in full.

To put it quite bluntly, Doreen had absolutely massive breasts.

It was hard to put into words how big they were. They were simply fucking enormous. They were almost the size of volleyballs, no lie, and despite their immense size, there wasn't that much sag. Her turning to move towards him caused her giant tits to sway lusciously as she walked, the massive udders jiggling and bouncing perfectly as she strutted towards him. The rivulets of water from the pool coated her enormous jugs, dripping down the expanse of creamy, soft skin as she walked. With every step, those mammoth boobs jiggled and bounced hypnotically, causing droplets of water to fall off of them,

dripping off her heated skin and onto the even more heated stone poolside. This sight in front of him didn't seem real. The young husband was so shocked by this display that he was transfixed, his eyes glued to her mammoth naked boobs. Each large breast was capped with a light pink nipple, each twisted into a hard nub as it cut through the humid afternoon air.

Doreen had a curvy, mature frame, but she was still pretty fit. Some would describe her as thick. Her huge, fleshy breasts jutted out from her luscious, pale frame. Her smooth, soft, trim expanse of her feminine belly was only interrupted by her sexy navel. She had very prominent hips, giving her an hourglass figure. And her legs were taut and long and firm, her meaty thighs and firm calves exposed as she padded over to him in bare feet. She had a few extra pounds all over, sure, but for a woman her age, she looked really damn good. The only garment she had on was a hot pink, miniscule bikini bottom, scooped so low that it was barely covering anything at all. The only thing holding it up were two tiny strings running high over her hips, wrapping around her waist.

Greg couldn't look away. It was like one of those movies where the hot babe emerged from a pool in a bikini in slow-motion, but this was real life; so it wasn't some hot young bikini babe, but a huge-breasted older woman. But it did feel like she was moving in slow motion, and he couldn't take his eyes off her jiggling boobs as she moved towards him. The bouncing was so obscene that he could almost hear cartoon sound effects as

she walked. BOING. BOING. BOING. BOING. Needless to say, it was a shocking display, but despite the insanity of this situation, he was mesmerized. Even when she was standing right in front of him, and he knew he should be meeting her eyeline, he couldn't stop himself from staring at her large exposed breasts.

"Wow! You are a handsome one. You're wife's a lucky girl!" Doreen said, smiling, not even trying to cover herself up, as if it was totally normal for an older woman like her to be standing topless in front of her new neighbor. As he looked at her exposed form, she took the opportunity to appraise her new neighbor, looking him up and down. He was attractive, with a nice head of dark brown hair, deep eyes, and a nice bit of stubble which added to his boyish good looks. He was tall too, having about a head over her in terms of height. He had a good body as well, seemingly keeping himself in good shape. Got to keep himself looking good for that new wife of his! He was dressed comfortably for the work he was doing, wearing basketball shorts and a t-shirt with some sport's team logo on the front, but his fit body had been in the sun for a while, causing him to sweat, which only added to his masculine appeal. He was a catch for sure. Molly was lucky to have him. "I bet you two are so happy together!" she said appreciatively, still looking him over.

"Uh yeah... very happy," he muttered weakly, his eyes still arrested by her huge tits, Molly the furthest thing from his mind at the moment. He had never seen boobs as big as Doreen's in real life. They were seriously huge! Molly, for all her great qualities, was rather slim, which was great, but it unfortunately translated to her chest as well. His wife possessed a pair of petite A-cups that were quite fitting on her skinny frame. But because his wife's breasts were so small, it almost made this older woman's tits seem even bigger. Compared to what he normally saw at home, this sight seemed obscene.

Such things never really mattered to Greg, but as he stared at Doreen's exposed tits, he realized that belief might not be as true as he thought. He kept trying to look away from her giant breasts, but his gaze just kept dropping downwards towards her chest no matter what he did. Sure, she was an older woman, but they were so freaking big... how could he not stare?

"So, what do you do all day?" she said, smiling at him, silently noting his distracted gaze but choosing not to comment.

"I'm a, um... I write. I'm a writer," he stammered.

"Yeah, Molly mentioned something about that. I'd love to talk more about that sometime," she replied politely, seeming to be genuinely interested.

"Ugh, not much to talk about right now," he admitted, still struggling not to look at her chest.

"Molly mentioned that, too," Doreen replied sympathetically, reaching down to a deck chair near them and grabbing a towel. As she did, her heavy, mature tits hung down, swaying in the air. Greg's eyes never left her perfect nipples. Despite being out of the cool water, it seemed like her nipples were only getting harder...

"Well, I'm not gonna lie..." she began, jarring him from his thoughts, the older woman eyeing him up as she ran the towel over her curvaceous form. He noticed the way her big boobs squished outwards as she pressed the towel against them. But that was not to imply she covered herself up, as she quickly moved to towel the rest of herself off, leaving her huge breasts exposed for him to see. "It'll be nice having some young blood in the neighborhood. The only men around here are doddering old guys. And, haha... I lost my patience for men like that when I divorced my husband! Will be nice to have some young beef around here to help out with the real work. And you will do very nicely..." she said, trailing off, her eyes scanning the young

man standing in front of her. But he was barely paying attention to what she was saying, his attention consumed by the sight of the older woman's giant bare breasts. Finally, realizing his obvious staring, he lifted his eyes and met her twinkling gaze.

"Oh, um, yeah. I can help out, I guess," he said quickly, gulping, guiltily playing nice, hoping he hadn't been caught.

"I might have to take you up on that," she said, eyes narrowing slightly as she stared into his eyes. Suddenly feeling unnerved by her gaze, he looked away, only to let his eyes drop to her exposed boobs once again. For a few moments, he just stared in silence until he felt her finger underneath his chin, lifting it up so he was looking her in the eyes.

"Oh, uh... sorry!" he said, blushing. But she simply smiled.

"It's okay. It'll be our little secret," she said conspiratorially as she grinned warmly. "I've got this nice, private pool back here. I like taking advantage," she stated shamelessly, still exposing her massive bust to the young married man, not making any attempt to cover herself despite his stare. With where her house was positioned, no one in any of the neighboring houses could see over the fence. She knew that and clearly enjoyed

getting away with it. Whatever happened back here would stay back here. "Wasn't expecting any guests, haha..." she added, and in his stupor, he didn't think about the fact that she invited him back here. And she made no effort to cover up now either, setting down her towel and conversing with the young man as if all was normal. As if her giant, mature tits weren't just all out there for him to look upon, all but begging for him to stare at. Sure, she was an older woman, but... tits were tits... and Doreen had an immaculate pair. So large, and round, and firm. Jesus... they were incredible. Clearly, she was unbothered by the young married man seeing them bare, but with boobs as perfect as hers, he could almost understand why. Breasts this perfect were meant to be gazed upon.

"My goodness, just look at you. You certainly are something, aren't you?" she said appreciatively, running her hands along his fit arms, admiring his muscles, inviting herself to touch the younger man. She gave his firm arms a gentle squeeze before pulling her hands away. "Oooo... you're all sweaty. You can hop in the pool if you want and cool off," she offered, her fingertips now coated with the young man's salty sweat. "I'll join ya!"

"That, uh..." he began, still unable to stop looking at her breasts. What was he doing? Why couldn't he stop staring at this old woman's big, perfect boobs? Sure, she was shamelessly showing them off, but he shouldn't be gazing at them like this.

He was a happily married man! He shouldn't be staring at old ladies like this. He shouldn't be staring at any other women, frankly. But especially old ladies! Even if they are old ladies with massive, perfectly round tits that were practically calling out to him. Why was his cock stiffening in his shorts? Jesus... the heat was really affecting him if he was behaving this way.

"The water's nice, hon!" she said temptingly before raising her hand up and sucking on her fingertip absentmindedly. "You'll get to cool down all those wonderful muscles of yours..."

He finally forced himself to look away, his eyes settling on the surface of the pool again. In his current state, drenched with sweat, the cool water looked awfully inviting. Part of him just wanted to dive in, but he knew that would probably be a bad idea with how he'd been carrying himself around this woman so far. But this offer only further emphasized his current, overheated state, and he was suddenly reminded of his need to get home and get back to the air conditioning.

"That sounds nice, but, uh, I really should be going," he replied, looking back into her eyes, but as she glanced away for just few moments, his eyes went straight back to gazing at her massive boobs, stealing every glimpse he could. Despite claiming he was about to leave, he didn't move, continuing to stare at the older woman's giant rack. She finally looked back at him, but

his busy eyes didn't seem to notice. She let him stare as she just stood there, unaffected by his inadvertent, wolfish gaze. And as she let him look at her, she deliberately ran her fingers under the hem of her bikini bottoms along her front, pulling the tight material away from her skin ever so slightly as if she was doing it without thinking, allowing a small peek inside if you were to look...

"Are you okay, dear?" Doreen asked with a raised eyebrow, clearly amused by the young married man's obvious struggle.

"I..." he said, bringing his hand to his eyes, forcing himself to look away. "I'm sorry, Doreen. I'm not acting right. My brain might be fried. Must have been out in the sun too long. I'm just..."

"It's okay," she said, laughing, grabbing his arm lightly, squeezing ever so slightly at his bicep again. "Hon, if I minded you staring, I wouldn't be dressed like this!" the older woman said. "I mean, all I'm wearing is a thong for Christ's sake!" At this, she turned around in front of the young man. Jesus, Greg realized, his eyes going wide, an electric bolt of shock and something else coursing through him. It was true.

She was indeed wearing a thong.

This older woman, who he had just met minutes prior, was standing right in front of him in a thong. And not just any thong, but an extra teeny-tiny, hot-pink neon thong. He had been so distracted by her exposed breasts that he'd barely noticed the rest of her, but now... that was all he could notice. She had a large, round, shapely ass, meaning the tiny string disappeared in between the full, meaty cheeks. Each prominent ass-cheek stood out from her frame, and the pink triangle of the thong at the top of her ass stood out against her pale skin, highlighting the perfect shape of her full, round, firm rear end. And what a shape it was. Greg hadn't encountered an ass like this in his entire life. Molly... again, she was very skinny, and even she would admit she didn't have a whole lot of booty, to the point where she joked about it. And while his young, pretty wife joked about not having much of a butt, this older woman had an ass so amazing he couldn't stop staring at it. How could it be that this older woman had such a better body than his wife?

Doreen let him gaze at her juicy ass for a few moments, letting it sway side-to-side subtly for his benefit, seemingly having no shame in showing herself off. Finally, she turned back around and looked back up at him with a small smile as she watched his eyes struggle not to look at her big bare tits again.

"Yeah, I got all this free time now, so I take advantage. I love doing laps and keeping myself trim and fit and sexy. It's easier just to wear something like this, or nothing at all!" she said with a teasing smile. And once more, she subconsciously ran her fingers along the hem of her tiny thong, again casually giving the married man a small glimpse of the delights within.

Greg could have sworn he saw her pussy...

"On hot days like this, there's nothing better than hopping in the pool and cooling off wearing next to nothing..." she stated conspiratorially, sharing this little secret of hers with the married man she had just met. "You've been out in the sun all day, hon. You really should join me," she offered. "With the look on your face, I'm afraid you'll overheat if you don't..." As she spoke, his eyes kept bouncing between her large, fleshy breasts and her finger still toying with the hem of her thong. Despite knowing better, he found himself wanting to confirm his earlier view of what he'd seen there.

"Uh... I don't have my trunks on me," he said, searching for any excuse to deny her.

"Hon, that's not a problem," Doreen said with a conspiratorial laugh, which made her big, heavy boobs jiggle. "No one can see

anything here... except you and me. I'm open minded, Greg... obviously. I swim naked all the time. I certainly wouldn't complain if you did, too. I tell you, everyone used to be so conservative, but I thought your generation pushed past all that nonsense. I figured a young buck like you wouldn't be so hesitant about such things. I'd have guessed a guy your age would have already ripped off his clothes and dove in. I admire your politeness. But... don't worry. I'm no wilting flower. I think we're starting to get to know each other, so I trust you. And you can trust me. So, let's both take off all our clothes, cool off, and get to know each other better. Trust me, it's very relaxing..." she teased in an almost flirtatious tone as she invited him to swim nude with her, her eyes glancing down at his shorts in anticipation. Her finger was hooked in the hem of her thong, as if ready to act.

"Doreen... I think this is a bad idea," he said nervously. Was... was she hitting on him? This older woman? His new neighbor, this lady he had just met? She knew he was married. It seemed ridiculous. But almost as ridiculous was the fact that he couldn't stop staring at her enormous boobs! What was happening here?

"Hon..." Doreen began, stepping towards him. She let her other hand rest on the hem of his thin shorts. "I think you have to cool off too," she whispered knowingly, again adopting that conspiratorial tone. At this, he suddenly realized that he had a

very obvious and prominent erection straining against his thin shorts, obvious enough for Doreen to notice.

"Um..." he suddenly said loudly, backing up out of her grasp, absolutely mortified. "Doreen... I should go." He announced firmly, taking a step away from her. But unfortunately for Greg, he was quite sizable downstairs, and at least in this one very specific situation, that was a bad thing. It made his current state all the more noticeable. Doreen let her gaze calmly take in the sight he was inadvertently offering, eyeing up the very well-hung married man's prominent bulge for a few heated moments. It was only as he reached down and attempted to cover himself up that her amused eyes met his again, holding his panicked gaze with hers.

"Don't worry about it, hon. I sincerely don't mind," she said calmly. Her gaze narrowed slightly. "But I really must insist that you cool off, cause you can't go home like... that," she said, gesturing towards his still very evident bulge with her finger. "Just rip off those clothes and dive in. Trust me... you won't regret it..." she said with a raised eyebrow. Greg seemed petrified, not knowing what to do to escape this horrifying situation, painfully erect in front of a half-naked older woman he barely knew. With the heat, and the sight in front of him, he was so overstimulated that he was practically paralyzed. Seeing he was making no move to acquiesce to her request, she changed tact. "Maybe I can make you..." she began with a sly,

teasing glance. "If you're feeling so... uncomfortable... being here alone with me, maybe we should just call your wife and invite her over, too. Then, unless you want her to see you in this state, you would definitely need to dive in the water and cool down," she threatened with a smile, clearly joking but nonetheless twisting the knife as he squirmed in front of her. With a smirk she continued. "I don't know her as well as I know you, so her clothes might have to stay on while me and you swim naked, but..."

"Doreen!" he said again, stopping her flight of fancy in its tracks, stepping back even more. He didn't know if she was just messing with him, or if she was actually making a play at him. If there was something serious going down here, he had to put an end to it now. "This... I... I can't," he stammered out, not sounding nearly as decisive as he intended. She jutted out her lip, pouting.

"If it sweetens the deal, I'll let you touch them..." she stated, glancing down at her own chest. His eyes followed. Jesus... they were truly enormous. And soft... and smooth. As soon as she said this, his mind immediately went there, imagining how amazing they would feel between his fingers. They looked SO fucking soft! He'd never squeezed a pair of massive tits like this, not even close. Finding him arrested by this offer, she continued speaking, her voice heavy. "I know they're really big. They're double-F cups, by the way. I know you young guys

love boobs like mine, especially when a woman my age has them, and I can clearly tell that you really like them... a lot! So, if it makes you feel better, you can put your hands all over them, and just... get it all out of your system. Feel them up to your heart's content. I really don't mind," she said, her voice damn near a purr at this point. As her eyes guided his to her giant tits, the finger that was still hooked around the strap of her bikini paused, tugging on her thong right at her front, leaving it pulled away from her body for a solid ten seconds or so, allowing Greg to easily catch a teasing glimpse of her bare, shaved vagina without interruption.

Okay, she was definitely hitting on him, right? She had to be. She hadn't come out and said it, sure, but she was certainly not dissuading him from that possibility. Inviting him to feel her up? Could this be any other possibility but seduction? But whatever her intentions, he needed this whole thing to be done. It was time stop looking at her pussy and her perfect breasts, put his foot down, and end this strange encounter with this almost nude older woman. With great force of will, he looked up into her eyes, ripping his gaze from her near naked body.

"Doreen... that's not gonna happen," he said, smiling nervously, keeping his eyes forward. "I think you have the wrong idea about me."

"Do I?" she said with a raised eyebrow and a quizzical grin, her finger still toying with the front of her thong, clearly savoring the way she was able to befuddle this young stud. Her tone was deliberately keeping him on edge, toying with him, balanced on the knife edge between subtle seduction and overly blatant flirting.

For a moment, she just let this question hang. His words caught in his throat and his gaze returned to her exposed breasts. Why was he being so strongly affected by this old woman's lewd display? Sure, it was a very impressive view, all things considered, but she was an old lady. And he was a young married man. This should be an easy rejection. He'd been hit before while he was dating Molly, and he'd always deftly denied those other girls. But this was a woman... an older woman. He was obviously aware of things like MILF porn and stuff like that, but he didn't think that was a thing that actually took place in real life. Yet, here he was, actually getting hit on by a clearly confident, shameless mature woman. And she was pushing things so fast, faster than any of those girls... was that why it was actually working? Why he was being affected by such a display? Maybe it was because she was an older woman that made this all hit harder, as it was a far more shocking sight to see. Or maybe it was because her breasts were far larger and far better than any he'd ever seen, especially Molly's...

"No... NO!" he affirmed, shaking his head. Greg was a good man. He wouldn't fall for such a wicked display like this. He wasn't about to fall into this trap, especially so soon after getting married. If he hadn't been so stressed out... if he wasn't so overheated... then he wouldn't be so affected. No doubt. Nonetheless, being in the state he was in, he had found himself vulnerable. But no longer. Gathering himself, he spoke again. "Doreen... I don't know what this is about, but it needs to stop now!" he said as firmly as he could. He was able to keep his eyes on her face to see her reaction, and he was surprised to see her smile warmly.

"Very good!" she said, letting her thong snap back into place. The noise shocked him out of his addled state, and he was taken aback. She stepped back and grabbed her towel again. "That was a test, dear, and you passed."

"What?" Greg asked, shaking his head, baffled. What the fuck was happening here? This confusion caused Doreen to laugh.

"You haven't figured it out yet?" she asked with a smile. "Hon, all you hear about on TV and in the news these days are these stories about young, handsome bucks like you pairing off with sexy older women. In Hollywood, in the movies, in the tabloids, all over. Like, it's this hot new thing that everyone's doing, apparently. So, I see a guy like you moving to a

neighborhood like this with a pretty young wife, and, you know... I start to wonder..." Doreen said with a raised eyebrow.

"No! It's nothing like that!" Greg stated, blushing. Was all that really true? Young men like him hooking up with older women in droves? No! Couldn't be. "We moved here cause we got a good deal on the house. Not for me to, uh... not to do anything like that. Honest!"

"Don't worry dear," Doreen said, patting his arm again, this small motion causing her large bare breasts to jiggle. "I believe you... now. I gave you a little test, that's all. Gave you a little tease, worked it a little bit, just wanted to see how you'd react... and you passed. You gave me exactly what I hoped for." The married husband was still beyond shocked that this woman could think such a thing of him, that he would cheat on his wife. He was mortified at the thought of it, and he wanted nothing more than to get out of here. Now! For an introvert like him, an awkward situation like this was just about his worst nightmare, and all his thoughts were of escape. "I just wanted to clear that up before I asked you inside to help me move some furniture inside. Wanted to know what I was getting into, or better yet, if you were hoping to get into me, haha... And now I have my answer..." she said with a small smile. Greg simply looked into her sharp, playful eyes, silent. It was as if she was aware of something even he wasn't cognizant of. "So... come along. Let's go inside and do it!"

"What?" Greg asked, confused, his stomach dropping.

"To help me move that furniture," she clarified. "Get your head out of the gutter, dear," she said, slapping his belly lightly with the back of her hand and smirking. "I just need to borrow some of that young man strength of yours. I did let you borrow the mower. I figure this would make us even. You promised you would..."

"Oh, uh... okay," the married man stammered, not knowing what else to say, not wanting to be rude and just say no. He didn't even remember making such a promise...

"Good," she said, her pretty, friendly face lighting up with a grin. "Follow me..." she said, pointing lazily at the house. The older woman began sauntering towards the sliding glass door at the back of the house. As Greg followed her, he was forced to stare at Doreen from behind. As she walked, her practically bare ass swayed side to side. Despite knowing better, he couldn't help but stare at her amazing rear end. Her full, round, juicy ass was impressive. Very impressive. Each firm cheek jutted out from her body like a shelf, perfectly formed, full and perky and shapely. The cleft in between was fantastic, a deep crevasse of an ass-crack that swallowed up the tiny pink string of her thong perfectly. The upper straps of her thong rode

along the tops of the firm cheeks, meeting at a tiny neon pink triangle nestled at the top of her ass-crack, standing out against her smooth flesh. Despite being an older lady, her ass was immaculate. His eyes stayed glued to the older woman's perfect rear end as they walked towards the house, admiring the way the firm cheeks jiggled as she sauntered forward. It was only as they got closer to the house that his eyes began to drift back upward along her long, firm back till they reached the back of her head, just in time for her to look back and glance at him.

"I'm relieved to hear you're not one of those kind of guys. I get that enough..." Doreen said, looking at him. "And besides... you and Molly are a very cute couple." After so many uncomfortable conversations with this woman, he was glad to have a comment he could reply to.

"Oh. Thanks," he said with a crooked smile, still a bit off-kilter from everything.

"And don't worry..." she began. "I'm not one of those women either. I'm not some old spinster prowling for young married men, despite how much fun that would be..." she said, still topless and in a thong in front of this young married man. She turned away from him and continued walking forwards.

"Oh... that's good," Greg replied, still offput by this whole thing, not sure if this was all still some test, or if she was still feeling him out for something...

"How long have you two been married?" she asked without looking back at him.

"About two months," he said to the thong-clad older woman. Now that his eyes were on her upper half, he tried not to notice the fact that he could see her massive fleshy breasts from behind, bouncing lusciously as she walked, the smooth sides of her large boobs visible to him even from the back, jiggling in just the right way with each step.

He TRIED not to notice...

"Well..." she began before reaching the sliding glass door and tugging it open. His eyes jerked upward just as she looked back at him. She didn't seem to notice as she grinned warmly at him. "I'm rooting for you two. I hope you two are together for a long, long time. It'll be nice to have a young couple like you so close by." Greg smiled at her as she stepped inside in front of him. He followed, trying his best not to stare at her exposed butt or her perfect jiggling breasts, keeping his mind on other things. He was so consumed by not paying attention to her that he

didn't notice her stop right in front of him as soon as she got inside, bending over slightly to grab something from a nearby table. And because of that, he couldn't stop himself from colliding with her as he followed her. Or, to be more specific, his big, meaty, throbbing bulge collided with her large, firm, thong-clad ass.

As if by fate, his cock was perfectly positioned for this kind of collision. Pointed upwards in his shorts to hide his erection from further detection as best as possible, his lengthy, clothed, nine-inch bulge nestled in perfectly against the older woman's deep, valley-like ass-crack. His swollen married dick pressed against the older woman's ass firmly for a few seconds as he accidentally walked into her. She stayed in place, not giving up an inch as he ran into her, forcing him to inadvertently grind himself into her. Stunned at the sensation of his big hard cock suddenly pressing against this older woman's full round ass, he jumped back, hoping somehow that she hadn't noticed his bulge rubbing up against her.

"Oh!" she called out in surprise as soon he jumped away. Doreen quickly stepped forward, pivoting deftly on her heel, turning and facing the mortified married man. He looked at her nervously, terrified as to what she'd say. Then, after a long pause, she laughed.

"Well..." she began. "It's because I'm rooting for you two that I'm not gonna tell her about... that. Hahaha." she said, glancing at his still bulging crotch. But what started as a glance quickly became a stare, as she took the chance to again admire the sizable swell in his shorts. "Wow! You really should watch where you're swinging that thing!" she tittered, still looking right at it. "That monster's gonna get you into a LOT of trouble if you're not careful..."

"Uh..." Greg stammered, hiding behind a counter, his nervousness making the older woman giggle again. He looked up and gathered himself. "I'm so sorry, Doreen. I seriously don't know what's come over me today..."

"Don't worry hon... it'll just go on the growing list of secrets between us," she assured him. "Although it seems like that list is getting longer and LONGER..." she teased, glancing downwards knowingly again. He looked away, trying to will himself soft, but being in such proximity with this exposed older woman... it just wasn't working. If he wasn't so addled with the heat... if he and Molly had had sex within the last two weeks... he wouldn't be behaving like this. Sensing his struggle, she smiled. "You stay here, hon. Relax... cool off," she said knowingly, walking away from him, but not before glancing down at his crotch again for a few extended moments. "Let me get changed and then we'll get to work. I'm gonna need you to be able to focus solely on the task at hand," she said, shaking

her nearly-bare butt as she walked into her bedroom and shut the door behind her. At this, Greg exhaled. With her out of sight, it was as if the pressure around him disappeared. Finally, he could breathe.

What was going on? This woman made him supremely uncomfortable, and she seemed to delight in inciting such feelings in him. What was she on about earlier? Young guys on the prowl for older women? That wasn't a real thing... right? That was the stuff of fiction and fantasy. But if that was the case, then why was she dressed that way? And why didn't she put something else on after she saw how uncomfortable it made him? Was it all part of her little test? Or was she in fact the one on the prowl for young game? Something about her, and that knowing, confident glare of hers, left him feeling off his axis. Something was off about Doreen that he couldn't quite place, and it made him want to just run away. The only things keeping him here were social niceties. The promise he'd apparently made. If it wasn't for that, he would want nothing more than to get out of there and get back home.

And why was he reacting so strongly to her? Why did he stare at her exposed body like a horny teenager? Why did he get erect right in front of her? This old woman! Maybe if she hadn't been so brazenly displaying herself, he wouldn't have looked at her like this. Maybe he wouldn't have reacted in the way he did. Maybe he wouldn't be standing there, a bundle of tangled

nerves. But that didn't explain why he was getting so turned on by this. Sure, with the move and all the business surrounding that, his sex life had taken a hit. And he had become so stressed out that he was not at his best. But that didn't fully explain it. He had never once been turned on by any woman remotely similar to her. Maybe the heat had scrambled his brain, cooked him enough where even older women like Doreen were starting to look really, REALLY good to him. Where any exposed flesh caused him to get hard as a brick, even if the person exposing that flesh was a busty older woman in a hot-pink thong who seemed to delight in toying with him.

Greg needed to cool off, literally and figuratively. He had to relax. He had to push past the fact that in the past six months, with the stress of getting married, and the move, and all through the worst of his writer's block, nothing had gotten him worked up as strongly as Doreen had.

He had to clear his head. Take a breath.

Now that he was alone and he had a few moments of peace, he studied his surroundings. Hers was a nice little home, clean and well organized, nothing too crazy. It was decorated well, the furniture seemed nice, and it was very well-furnished. The thing that seemed least fitting in this display was the

surprisingly large, expensive looking flat-screen TV up against the wall of her living room. Her TV was nicer than his! But other than that, everything seemed to be fitting of a woman like her, but a few details caught his attention.

First, on a nearby table were a couple magazines. Gossip mags, the type you see in line at the grocery store. On the covers of both were stories about some famous older woman dating a younger man, just like Doreen had mentioned earlier. One was about some famous fashion lady holding hands with some handsome younger man. The other was about a famous older singer hooking up with some young dude that was the husband of a contestant on the show she was a judge for. Another was some behind-the-scenes rumor about some movie, alleging this handsome young married actor was hooking up with his co-star, a much older, very acclaimed actress. Was this really a thing? Did things like this truly happen in real life? Was he that out of the loop? Was Doreen far more tapped in?

Greg moved on and kept glancing around the room. He noticed a bunch of Blu-rays stacked near the TV, and being a bit of a movie buff, he couldn't help but wonder what movies they were. To him, someone's taste in film was like a window into their true nature, and he could often make friends based on movie taste alone. But upon seeing them, he quickly

realized these were not any movies he'd find in his own collection.

It was porn. All of it.

Seemingly every movie in the stack was a porno. And it wasn't just any porn, either. Reading the titles, it was clear these were all porn of the same flavor. Mature porn. Porn with older women fucking younger guys. Obscene MILF pornography. Greg examined the titles, and each was more distressing than the last.

"Old Sluts Fuck Young Hunks Vol 11"

"Married Men Fucking Nasty Old Whores Vol 17"

"One Man, Four Sluts: Old Lady Edition"

"Evil Older Women Get a Deep Dicking Vol 4"

"Home-Wrecking Mature Sluts Vol 8"

"Busty Old Whores Do It Better Vol 3"

"Hot Mature Women Getting Hosed Down with Semen Vol 2"

"Older Sluts get their Tits Sucked and Fucked Vol 5"

"Restrained and Ridden: Hot Mature Women Make Young Men Beg"

"Scheming MILF Sluts Make Married Men Nut"

"Older Sluts Wearing Out Younger Men Vol 6"

"He Can't Resist That Old Lady's Tits Vol 2"

"Horny MILFS Torment Young Wives by Stealing Their Men!"

"Hot Married Studs Make Older Sluts Cum Vol 8"

"Nasty Old Hags Hunt in Packs: Beach Bikini Edition"

"Big Titty Grandmas Corrupting Younger Men Vol 2"

"Teasing Old Whores Tempting Young Husbands into Cheating Vol 3"

"Slutty MILF's Edging Married Men into Insanity"

"Gold-Digging Old Sluts Stealing Prized Married Studs for Themselves"

"The Society of Older Women's Affairs presents: True-Life Footage of Mature Women Seducing and Fucking Younger Married Men"

At the bottom of this stack of movies appeared to be an actual movie, "Titanic". But moving aside the movies on top of it to get a better look at the cover, it appeared to not be the Oscar-winning film about the famous nautical disaster, and was in fact a movie called "TIT-anic" with a bunch of older actresses with gigantic boobs on a cruise liner, each seemingly sinking their claws into a handsome, young shirtless stud of their choice. Each of these well-built young men wore a look of distress at the predicament they'd found seemingly themselves in, caught in the clutches of these bikini-clad older women.

Greg didn't think this one was a porno, judging by the fact that he recognized some of the actresses from actual movies. But since the front of the case promised that this was the unrated edition, promising extended, uncensored sex scenes, this sexromp probably wasn't far off being a full-on porno that fit right in with the other movies in this stack.

Greg scanned all these movies again. As he re-read through these titles, his heart dropped. As each one's contents got nastier and nastier, he realized he wasn't safe. He was in the viper's lair. The spider's web. Suddenly, it all fell into place. Everything she had done made sense now. There was no innocence to Doreen. She was a twisted old lady aiming to seduce him. All of her actions were done for the sole purpose to get him here, into her house... into her clutches. And he had willingly allowed himself to follow her into her trap.

Was this all just coincidence? Couldn't be! She knew he was married, yet she eagerly exposed herself to him, showing off her big round tits and round, thong-clad ass. She teased him out of nowhere with the idea that he might be into older women like her, all under the guise of a test. And now, despite all that, he was in her house, waiting for her to appear, surrounded by all this evidence to her true intentions. Exactly where she wanted him to be...

Greg had to do something.

"Uh..." he called out loud enough that she could hear in the next room, taking a few tentative steps back. "Doreen, I need to go!" He began moving back towards the glass door when he heard her call out.

"Why?" she asked from her room, her voice muffled.

"I... I don't feel so good," Greg lied, his hand resting on the sliding door, about to pull it open, about to escape. "I need to get home..." he called out without looking back.

"Are you sure?" she said from behind him, her voice clearer as she had now opened the door to speak to him.

"Uh, yeah, I'm sure..." Greg began, accidentally glancing back at Doreen as he was about to pull the sliding door open.

That was when he stopped in his tracks.

Doreen was standing in the doorway to her bedroom, and she was completely naked.

He'd already seen her big breasts. And he'd seen her full ass, too. But now, he was seeing everything. She'd gone into her room under the auspice of changing clothes, and in the five minutes she'd been in there, all she'd seemingly accomplished was peeling off her thong. Even though he'd seen her in next-to-nothing, even though he'd gotten a hint of what was under that tiny thong, actually seeing her fully naked was something else entirely. His eyes went straight down to her now exposed pussy. Unlike his wife, she was completely shaved. He could see the smooth, puffy lips of her mature cunt, and despite himself, he couldn't stop staring. This sight was so sudden and shocking. He couldn't look away.

"What's wrong, dear?" she asked naively. At this, the normally reserved Greg began getting upset. She knew exactly what she was doing. There was no point hiding it.

"I think you're trying to seduce me, Doreen," Greg said plainly, hand still resting on the sliding door next to him.

"Of course, I am, honey," she said with a confident smile, resting one arm on the door frame, showcasing her luscious naked frame to the younger man. She was posed like a centerfold in a magazine... a mature woman centered nudie mag. "I thought you knew. I couldn't have been much more

obvious about it. I mean..." she said, staring at her own exposed breasts, as if that alone should have been his biggest clue to her dark intentions. "If I didn't like what I saw, I wouldn't have gotten out the pool. But Greg... I did like what I saw. And I did get out of the pool to let you see the goods. And you've been responding just as I hoped you would. If you didn't like what you saw, you wouldn't be standing in my house, right? So, you have to ask yourself... why are you still here? Is it because you really liked seeing my body?" she asked knowingly.

"No..." Greg replied, but even to him, the reply sounded weak. She smiled lightly at this.

"Then why haven't you left yet? Why haven't you run back to that pretty young wife of yours?" she asked firmly.

"I'm about to," Greg stated, readying himself again to yank the door open.

"No, you're not," she said confidently, shaking her head and smiling, padding lazily into the living room, totally nude, her amazing bare breasts swaying in the air. Despite his pledge to leave, despite now knowing her true intentions, he still couldn't stop staring at them. "If you actually wanted to leave, you would have done so. No..." she said, shaking her head.

"You're not going anywhere. You're not leaving until you follow me into my bedroom, close the door, you rip off your clothes, and me and you finally have hot, sweaty sex. That's where this has been heading from the start. I know it... and you know it too," she stated, walking towards him, her huge, fleshy tits swinging lewdly with every step. His eyes stayed locked on her nipples as she walked, almost hypnotized by the sight. "You were so obvious, I figured you knew what you were doing, showing off that hot, sweaty body... and that big, swinging cock of yours, haha! There was no mystery what you were packing down there as soon as you stepped in my backyard! Mmm... you looked positively delicious, Greg. I knew had to have you." she said, her voice getting lower as she got closer. "Trying to tempt me. I could even say you were asking for it. It was like something out of the movies. I could see it in your eyes how badly you needed this. You've probably been asking for it for a long time. Well... ask no more."

"I thought you said you weren't this type of woman," he replied, as if trying to fight against her seduction by using her own words against her.

"I lied," she replied simply, almost disappointed he was trying to logic his way out of the trap he'd fallen into. She kept moving towards him, slowly and confidently. "And you knew that, Greg. You had to realize that. It's all part of the game, of course. In my experience... guys like you need to justify to themselves why they're going along with a woman like me, even though

the truth is very obvious. All I had to do was tell you I wasn't some older slut, and that was enough for you to convince yourself that we weren't about to fuck. But hon, we are definitely about to fuck! There is nothing stopping us now..." She said, coming to a stop about a foot in front of him, her hot naked mature body radiating with sex.

Doreen simply looked up at Greg, waiting for him to act. But Greg had the advantage. There was literally nothing stopping him from just leaving. His hand was still resting on the door handle, and he could step out at any time. Then again, he could have stepped out at any time before this... and he hadn't. He'd stayed. He had kept following this thing with her deeper, even though alarm bells had been blaring since the moment she'd first emerged topless from her pool. He'd let her tease him. Flirt with him. He'd let himself stare at her juicy mature body for as long as he could, despite knowing better. Despite the fact that he was married. Despite the fact that this woman was so much older than he was. Despite the fact that the justifications for her behavior were weak at best. He'd willingly followed this topless, thong-clad old woman into her home despite all this. So, was what she said true? Did some part of him really want this? No... couldn't be. He'd just found himself a bit taken aback by this whole thing. That's why things had progressed so far, that's all. It's not that he actually enjoyed staring at her juicy old tits or her perfect, round, mature ass. It's not that he

enjoyed being teased by such a confident, seductive older woman. Yet... here he was. But not for much longer.

It was time to put his foot down. It was time to walk away. To shut this old woman down once and for all and prove that such a twisted scheme would never work on a man like him. To prove that his marriage wouldn't crumble due to the twisted whiles of one nasty old lady.

She didn't even stand a chance.

"Doreen, I'm gonna leave, and..." Greg began, but before he could finish, Doreen confidently reached forward and firmly cupped his clothed, swollen cock in her palm. He jumped at this sudden touch, but stayed in place in front of her.

"You don't have to pretend in front of me, honey," Doreen said, her nimble fingers squeezing his covered meat through his thin shorts. "No one has to know that you get rock hard for older women. It's just our... little... secret..." she said, punctuating each word with a squeeze.

"I don't... it's just..." Greg stammered, unable to pull himself away from her squeezing hand, barely even wanting to. It felt

really good! After being on edge for so long, having anything giving him pleasure was enough to take the words out of him.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, Greg," Doreen assured him, lightly massaging his clothed dong, making him throb. "All the studies these days say men your age prefer older women. That's probably why you've been bursting out of your pants from the second we met. It's probably why your cock was screaming out to me."

"I've been like this because your tits are hanging out," he replied, panting for breath, both angry and turned on.

"That's right, my big, perfect, mature tits!" she cooed, nodding, stroking him through his shorts. "They are perfect, aren't they? Your wife's such a skinny little thing, poor girl probably can't fill a training bra... it's no wonder you were staring at my tits like a starving man. I could tell you loved them. L-O-V-E love! You were so obvious about it, haha! You couldn't stop yourself from staring at them and getting super fucking horny," she added, coaxing his eyes downward towards her jutting rack. He sighed as he stared, unable to deny their perfection. They were absolutely massive. Compared to Molly... there actually wasn't much of a comparison. Molly had petite little breasts, to put it lightly... and these... these were big round fucking tits! And as she stroked his bulge, they were jiggling in just the right

way. He was transfixed. "But don't worry... I'm used to it. It seems like everywhere I go these days, I catch men staring at me. Young married men, just like you, gawking at my big round ass and my massive, juicy titties, even when they're with their wife. At first, I was flattered that hot young guys were checking out an old lady like me. Now... I'm disappointed when I go out and don't catch a young hunk staring into my cleavage."

"Whu... what?" Greg stammered. Was this true? Did young men check out Doreen all the time? It seemed insane to think that this older woman was so used to being undressed by younger men's eyes. Yet here he was, checking her out, just as she boasted about. And unlike those other men, he was seeing a whole lot more than just her cleavage. He was seeing everything. Fuck...

"Don't worry, I won't tell your wife," Doreen purred as she kept stroking his rock hard prick. "I mean, just imagine how humiliating that would be? To find out your new husband's been stolen by a woman so much older than her. Wow. That would really sting, wouldn't it? But that's not what I'm asking from you... at least not yet anyway. I just want to be your booty call. Your number one woman for hot, nasty sex, even above your wife. After finally getting a look at you, and seeing what kind of stud I was dealing with, I think we could easily be having ten times the amount of sex you and her have, at least!

These days, I need lots and lots of sex, and having you a few houses down will be fucking perfect for me! Molly told me you don't go to work during the day... well neither do I. Me and you will have all the time in the world to fuck each other's brains out EVERY day with no one catching on. It works out perfect! A young hunk like you and a woman like me... with as much shared free time as we both have, it'd be stupid not to spend it fucking like animals! Doesn't that sound exciting? Just imagine the type of nasty sex we could be having every day!"

"Jesus..." Greg sighed, his throat dry, his cock bulging in her grasping hand at the idea. "Doreen... I'm married!" he cried out weakly, his forehead resting on her bare shoulder he was so overwhelmed. She paused at this for a moment, before bursting out laughing.

"Oh, honey... you're cute!" she purred, her fingers tapping on the underside of her throbbing shaft as she maintained her grip on his still swollen, clothed cock. "Listen... the secret to any long-lasting marriage is lots of healthy cheating. I was a good girl when I was married, and my husband was loyal too, of course. And it got so... boring! And with all the attention I was getting from hot young guys, I finally just had to indulge myself. And after holding back so long, I just couldn't stop myself from doing it over and over again! So, that's why I'm not married anymore, and with all the fun I have now... I wouldn't go back to that. It's so much more fun being a

confident, mature slut! Trust me... it'll be fine, baby. Since I'm an older woman, your wife will never suspect a thing! It'll be perfect. Just imagine what we could get away with right under her nose because I'm the nice older neighbor lady. Her husband would NEVER cheat on her with an older woman like me... right?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Listen... this isn't a good idea. I need to go..." Greg stated, his cock throbbing in her palm as she spoke, but she was undeterred. He wasn't trying to run. He wasn't trying to escape her grasp. If anything, he was pushing his crotch outwards, desperate for her touch. His body was already surrendering. She just had to wear down his mind, and with the state he was in, that wouldn't take long.

"Wow! You are SO hard!" she said, squeezing his throbbing cock between her fingers. "I don't know if I've ever felt a cock this hard! Fuck..." she sighed, lust heavy in her voice, her nimble fingers working their magic, sending even more lust coursing through the younger man's veins. Greg was so overwhelmed he couldn't think straight. His veins were coursing with pleasure, flooding his system with an overwhelming urge to surrender to this wicked older woman. His head was rolling back against the glass sliding door, unable to handle this all-consuming pleasure.

Doreen studied him. She had gotten very good at this stuff by now, driving young men crazy. And she knew that they all reached a certain point where they got so turned on it took too much effort to lie. Too much effort to do anything but let the truth slip across their lips. And Greg? He was getting so deliciously close to that state. His true feelings were right beneath the surface now.

"Hon..." she said softly, reaching forward with her free hand and sliding her hand around his neck, softly scratching him there. His eyes almost lidded over it felt so good. "We both know you want this. We both know you need this! A young married man like you with all this free time, cooped up all alone, realizing that married life might not be what you really wanted, maybe even realizing that the woman you married can't ever give you what you need... You have all these responsibilities and obligations, when all you want to do is FUCK! Oohhhh... I can feel your cock jump! You must be really excited! I know how hot you young guys get for real women..."

"No..." Greg panted weakly, trying to deny her as his cock literally throbbed in her hand at her words. He was so overwhelmed he couldn't think straight. That wasn't true... that wasn't the case... right? But if that was the case, why was his cock as hard as concrete?

"No?" Doreen questioned rightly. "Hon... you were staring at my body like a starving man out there..." she said with a smile, sliding her hand against his straining, clothed prick at a confident, languid pace, keeping him on the edge, shredding his defenses. "You were looking at me like I was the woman of your dreams. A hunk, a hot young married STUD... as soon as you saw my body, you realized that a woman like me is what you've always needed! You were staring at my big tits like a horny teenager. Your mouth was watering, baby. Haha! And then you kept trying to catch a glimpse of my perfect little pussy, and you didn't stop looking till you saw it! And when you realized I was wearing a thong... boy, you went crazy! I could feel your eyes on my ass. I could practically see all the dirty thoughts running across your mind. Thoughts that most married men know to avoid. But not you! God, you were doing all sorts of nasty things to me in your mind. I'm just offering to make those dirty thoughts a reality..."

"Please... stop..." he begged, his words almost a sigh. He barely had the strength to deny her. He was right at that point. "I... I've never thought about any of that stuff. Honest..." he croaked out. It was true. He'd never thought about doing anything like this before this day... ever.

"Really?" she asked with a raised eyebrow and knowing smirk. "Then how do you know it's not exactly what you need? How do you know it's not what you've always needed? How do you

know that it's not my body that can give you the bliss you deserve?" she asked him softly, stroking his throbbing, meaty weapon through his thin shorts. Ugh! No! It wasn't true. It couldn't be, right? Then why was his cock throbbing? Could... could she be right?

She was in close to him, her massive naked breasts right there in front of him, swaying lightly as she massaged his bloated cock through his thin basketball shorts. Her close proximity only upped the pressure on him, and that combined with her busy hand rendered him unable to think. Unable to come up with any defenses against her aggressive approach. He was literally on the edge, ready to explode.

He was right where she wanted him.

Looking into his lust-filled, glazed over eyes, she could see nothing but crystal clear, obvious desire in them. He wasn't able to hide it. Not anymore.

Time for her to move in for the kill.

"You want to have sex with me, don't you Greg?" she asked knowingly, looking him right in the eyes. He was so blissed-

over, so drunk with need, he couldn't say anything but the truth. He wanted to deny her, to keep defending himself against these absolutely untrue accusa...

"Yes!" He admitted, the words rising to his lips before he could stop them. Even he was shocked he said them. At this admission, the naked older women smiled.

"You see? Isn't honesty so much better?" she asked, grinning wide. She was putting just the right amount of pressure on his straining dick, keeping him on edge without giving him nearly enough to push him over. She looked him up and down once again. "You came marching into my backyard, parading yourself around me, all hot and sweaty and studly, looking so fucking good..." she purred, stepping in closer, her massive, heavy breasts now pressing into his chest. "I knew I was gonna fuck you the second I saw you..." she said with a wicked smile, looking into his glazed over eyes. "And with the way you were looking at me, I reckon you felt the same way..."

"Yes," he answered again. He couldn't believe actually saying this. It wasn't true... was it? No... of course not. Was it so much easier to just say yes than to try and find the strength to deny her... or was it the deep, dark hidden truth he couldn't admit till right now? "But... my wife..." he groaned out, finding some shred of reason in this insane situation.

"A good wife gets the job done..." she replied with a bit of bite in her voice, her talented fingers squeezing his cock through his thin basketball shorts. "If she can't satisfy her man so soon after getting married... of course his eyes will wander to the nearest piece of ass he can find. Luckily for you... I made my ass easy for you to see..."

Doreen continued to grope at the married man's cock through his thin shorts. She could feel his rapid heartbeat through his prominent bulge. Seeing how beholden he now was to her touch, she opted to take advantage of the situation, further breaking the married man down, hoping to turn him into putty in her hands.

"It's amazing how quickly it happens now, it really is..." she mused, her voice silky as she spoke from in close to him. "Especially with women my age. It's not just me... I have friends who've experienced it just like I have. Plus, it's in all the movies now, and with all the celebrity gossip. It seems like one minute, you young guys are getting married to some pretty young thing, without a care in the world, and the next moment, you're balls-deep in some old woman's cunt and you're happier than you've ever been. I've seen it so often... you young guys do your job and try to get married to a nice girl, and when that time comes, you suddenly realize it's not what you need to

make you truly satisfied. Your eyes begin to wander. And that wandering gaze always ends up between an older woman's tits. Always..." she let those words sink in, slowly stroking Greg's loaded weapon, damn near making his eyes roll with pleasure, her confident words practically etching themselves into his mind.

"You can't stop thinking about it," she began, lessening the pressure her touch on his big cock ever so slightly, letting the contents of his balls simmer, wanting to keep this tease going for as long as possible. "You can't stop fantasizing. You boys just can't ignore that nagging thought in the back of your head that older women, with our luscious bodies, and all that experience, could probably do things in the bedroom that would blow your mind. And I assure you... we can. But it shouldn't matter. Having a cute, peppy young wife that you love with all your heart should be enough," she said mockingly. She then smiled and shook her head. "But guys like you... that's just not enough. You just can't ignore that ultimate fantasy. You should be happy with the perfect life you found with your true love, but you always want more. You want the kind of fucking you've always dreamed of. And those young things like Molly just don't have what it takes to get it the job done. A stud like you knows you deserve it, so you never stop looking. And that's why you would throw all that guaranteed lifelong happiness away for the chance to go toe-to-toe with a

real woman. You'd rather get naked and test yourself against an older woman... skin-on-skin."

Greg gulped, feeling dizzy he was so overwhelmed. She continued speaking, her voice sinewy, worming into his addled mind.

"Studs like you have it hardwired to seek out the best sex you can find. You try to ignore it, but when it comes down to the moment of truth, you're willing to betray your true love just to have the type of sex you deserve. You choose to ignore your wife's cute little boobies just so you can get your hands on a pair of big fat fucking mature tits like mine. You'd forsake your own wife's bony little ass just so you can do awful things to a big round juicy ass like I have. You'd forget about the woman's whose lips you kissed on your wedding day... just so you can slide your tongue into the mouth of a woman older than your mom." As she said these last words, she was in so close to him that her smooth lips brushed against his. Greg sighed.

"Here..." she said, using her free hand to grab his wrist, sliding it around her waist until his palm was against her bare ass. His hand reflexively squeezed her ass-cheek softly, and the perfect firmness of her ass against his fingers made him moan softly in pleasure. This allowed her to step in even closer to him. The older woman smiled and gently pursed her lips against his

lower lip, kissing him softly. She pressed herself against him more firmly and kissed him again, this time a bit more strongly.

"Mmm..." Greg groaned, such a bundle of nerves that he could barely think. A slave to the pleasure Doreen was currently bringing him, he blindly followed it, humping against her hand more firmly as she kept groping his big, thick married cock. He kept trying to tell himself that this was wrong, that he shouldn't be doing this, but it felt so fucking good! How could it feel this good? She was an older woman, yet... she had his cock on edge in a way he couldn't believe. Did he truly want this? Had he always wanted this?

He was this young, fit and handsome man, yet he was letting himself be cornered and controlled by this older woman practically without a fight. He could use his strength advantage to easily escape her grasp, however, he was just standing here, pinned against the door, taking it. Either she was taking advantage of his quiet, unobtrusive good nature, or she had struck a nerve so deeply buried that he didn't know it existed. He'd never even thought about anything involving older women, yet... here he was, throbbing for one. Every word she said was music to his ears. Maybe it was the hustle and bustle of the move and still settling into his new life, but marriage had brought him none of the calm and peace he'd hoped for. Maybe, in some deep part inside of him, he had already come to terms with the fact that his marriage wasn't

going to give him the bliss he was seeking. And he found none of that peace in his writing either, having hit the biggest bout of writer's block of his life as soon as the idea of settling down became a reality. Maybe he needed to have his life upended by something completely unexpected. Maybe he needed to shock the system. Maybe he needed to shake something loose so the juices could start flowing.

Maybe he needed to fuck an older woman.

As soon as this thought hit him, it was like he was running downhill, unable to slow down, unable to reassert control, unable to prevent the inevitable fall. As soon as he allowed the possibility to take root, it was already too late for him. And he knew it. He wasn't gonna get away. He wasn't gonna prevent the inevitable. Him and Doreen were gonna fuck.

But that didn't mean he was gonna stop trying to resist.

"Doreen..." he sighed, trying to fight back against her. But Doreen had the young hunk on the hook, and she wasn't gonna let him off now. As soon as his lips parted, she slid her eager tongue straight into his mouth, quickly overwhelming the married man. "MMMPHH!" he groaned loudly as the naked older woman slid her coiling tongue against his.

Greg couldn't believe it. Mere minutes ago, he was mowing his lawn, and now, he was making out with an older woman he barely knew. Not knowing what else to do, he responded to the kiss. Her talented tongue was mashing against his, completely overwhelming him, rendering him unable to fight back. It felt like her tongue was down his throat she was forcing so much of it into his mouth. He responded tentatively at first, engaging with her tongue as their lips smacked together, and her moan reverberated through him as they kept kissing, his body responding by upping his efforts. Even the slightest engagement rewarded him with pleasure, urging him to continue, to get into it more, to give himself over to the moment. As soon as he got more active in the make-out session she increased the heat tenfold, pushing herself against him, stroking his rock hard dick, encouraging him to surrender completely to the lust. And it did the trick, coaxing him to get more active, engaging her tongue, kissing back at her. This only made her turn up the pressure, knowing this would soon be leading to a whirlwind of lust. With her driving the ferocity of this kiss, she quickly turned up the heat to such a degree that their mouths were fully opened, lips sealed tight, cheeks hollowed, tongues in each other's mouths, fully feasting on each other in this nasty, lust-filled lip-lock.

Greg was almost beyond logical thought. He was so lost in the moment, so lost in the waters of lust, he could barely think straight. Trapped between the glass door one on side and the

naked older woman in front of him, there was nowhere he could go but deeper into Doreen's web. Deeper into the moment. Deeper into Doreen's hot body. Both of his palms were now firmly planted against the older woman's round, full ass, digging his fingers lewdly into the firm cheeks, savoring the feeling of the warm, smooth flesh between his fingers. At the same time, they were so pressed so tightly against each other that they were slowly humping against one another. His clothed bulge grinded against her naked pussy as they made out, his dick clearly desperate to be inside her. She had removed her hand from his cock as soon as he began doing this, wrapping her claws around his neck to hold him in place. But at this point, he was so far gone that he wasn't going anywhere.

He found himself filled with a lustful energy he didn't know he had, using his hold of her to spin them both around so she was against the glass. She laughed from deep in her throat, never breaking the kiss, never loosening her grip over him, keeping him in held place against her. In fact, she only tightened her hold over him, wrapping one leg around him as they kept making out. This position allowed him free reign to really hump into her, doing so in a very lewd fashion, his cock grinding against the older woman's pussy, desperate to be inside her.

The sight of them together would not be a difficult one for an outsider to parse. If there were someone standing in Doreen's

backyard, they would stare at the glass sliding door and see her big, round ass pressed against the glass, her light sheen of perspiration making her fleshy body slide against its surface. They would see a young man in front of her, making out with her furiously, his hands now against her meaty thighs, using them for leverage as he humped against her. They would see that round, full ass of hers flex as she humped against him. As their mouths wrestled with each other, they would catch a passing glimpse at their faces, revealing their coupling as an extra lewd one, a young handsome stud and a much older woman. But they weren't holding back, making out with a ferocity few could match. They were brewing up something explosive.

Doreen had him on the hook completely. His mouth was desperate for hers, seeking it as they made out like animals. Tongues in each other's mouths, spit swapping, their hunger for each other could not be slaked. And it was only getting greater. But now that he was on the hook, she wasn't about to waste it. Reaching down, she slid her hand right down his shorts, circling her fingers around his throbbing shaft, gripping it firmly, this first skin-on-skin contact making him jump in excitement. Unlike Greg, Doreen had control of the situation despite being between her partner and the glass. This move made him groan into her mouth, interrupting the moment enough to allow their mouths to part. Doreen slid her tongue out from the married man's mouth, and when his open

searching mouth sought hers back out, she squeezed the root of his straining cock firmly, making him groan with pleasure, stopping him in place.

"No, no, no, babe," Doreen sighed, breathing hard, smiling, her lips swollen from the kiss. She began stroking the young married man's lengthy prick in his shorts, making his eyes roll back with pleasure. "I'm glad you want to make out with me so badly, but it's time for us to take this to the next level." She pushed him back slightly, enough for her to step around him, keeping her hand down his shorts, still maintaining her grip on his throbbing shaft. He kept his lust-addled gaze on her, letting her lead him by the dick as she turned him around. Breathing deep, she made sure she had his full attention as she resumed talking. "It's time for us to go in my bedroom," she began, squeezing his thick, meaty cock firmly. "I'll rip off your clothes," she added, squeezing his swollen dick again. "And then me and you are gonna fuck!"

These words cut through his daze. This... this had gone way too far. This was getting too real. He never considered the idea that things would get this far. They'd... they'd made out. He was a married man, and yet he'd locked lips with this older woman. And through it all, he'd barely even tried to fight it. He'd... he'd enjoyed it. He'd made out with this naked older woman with the ferocity of a horny teenager. And now, she was talking about sex. Full-on, hardcore fucking. He couldn't

actually let things go that far. He couldn't give in to her, as tempted as he clearly was. He couldn't let himself cheat on his wife, especially with an older woman like Doreen. That was just another layer of wrong. He had to step up. He had to fight.

"Wait... wait!" Greg panted out, shaking his head. "We can't... we can't do this..."

"Can't do what?" she asked knowingly. "We can't fuck?" His cock throbbed in her palm at this, and she used her experienced touch to keep him on edge, squeezing his throbbing shaft again, giving him a slow, agonizing stroke along his length. She grinned wickedly. "Trust me, honey..." she began, giving him a full-body glance hungrily. "Me and you can definitely fuck! And believe me, we will absolutely be fucking each other's brains out very soon, just like you've been dying to!" she said confidently, stroking his cock under his shorts, turning up the pressure again.

"Doreen... no..." Greg sighed, trying to ignore the pleasure Doreen's hand was bringing him, but she was really good at this. His cock was literally tingling with pleasure. "My wife... Molly... I need to leave... I can't do this to her," he sighed, humping into the older blonde's hand.

"Oh, Molly?" she asked with raised eyebrow, barely suppressing a grin as she continued jacking Greg's lengthy cock in just the right way. "All that love for Molly didn't stop you from getting as hard as a brick over my hot body!" she stated, her fingertip tickling the sensitive underside of his cockhead. His eyes were closed as he tried to withstand this. "All that loyalty for your wife didn't stop you from staring at my big tits!"

Greg's lust-addled eyes opened wide, darting straight down to the older woman's bare chest. Her heavy breasts were wobbling lusciously as she stroked him, the sight quickly mesmerizing him. His eyes remained arrested by her stiff pink nipples dancing in the air as she resumed talking.

"That's right, baby, my big, round perfect tits!" Doreen said, savoring every word, continuing to stroke the young married man's rock hard dick. "I could have just stayed in the water..." she began, her pale, smooth, round tits jiggling, consuming the young man's gaze. He couldn't look away. "I could have just stayed in the pool, but I didn't. I wanted you to see them. I love letting hot married men get a look at the goods. And after taking one look at you, seeing how worn out and stressed you were, I could just tell that you really needed to see a pair of really big tits! I'd already gotten a look at your wife, so I knew a man in your position would really appreciate seeing them!"

He knew he shouldn't be staring, but once again, Greg couldn't look away. They were just so massive! And perfect! And soft... and smooth. His mouth was watering. As much as he wanted to deny it, part of him couldn't help but admit she was right. Despite not even realizing it at the time, he really did need to gaze at a pair of big fleshy tits.

"You do appreciate seeing them, don't you, Greg?" she whispered, his pre-cum leaking steadily from his cock, coating her busy hand. He didn't have the strength to look away from them at this point. He was transfixed by their sheer size and perfection. Relenting ever so slightly, he almost imperceptibly nodded, for the first time outwardly admitting the truth.

Greg liked seeing Doreen's big tits, even though she was much older than his wife.

But this small admission made her grin wolfishly, sensing her victory was close. Her hand sped up in his shorts, jacking his throbbing cock, wearing away his resistance with every stroke.

"Doreen..." he begged weakly. "But Molly..."

"Young men your age shouldn't already be settling down. It's such a waste," she mused, her hand a whirlwind as she jacked the married man's cock, her weighty breasts jiggling as she did so. Greg was mesmerized. "And if that ring on your finger didn't stop you from ending up here, desperate to fuck an older woman who is very much not your wife, then... does it really mean anything at all?"

In his current state, her words went straight through his normal defenses like a hot knife through butter, planting themselves deep in his fertile subconscious and immediately taking root. It made a twisted sort of sense. If his marriage was strong, if it meant anything real, if it had any sort of power... then he wouldn't be here. He wouldn't be in the clutches of a naked older woman, getting jacked off by her while staring at her big, round, naked breasts. He wouldn't have even come into her house, he'd be so protected. Perhaps she was right. Perhaps he did want this, more than he realized. Seeing this realization dawn across his face, Doreen didn't hesitate for a second before going on the attack.

"You came into my backyard hoping to get a glimpse of my body, didn't you?" she said, firmly stroking his throbbing prick. Greg was so awash in pleasure that he didn't have the strength to deny her. And at this point, she'd torn through his denials so mercilessly that he was beginning to accept the fact that if she was saying it, it must be true.

"Yes..." he groaned, this idea now getting etched as a fact in his mind. She smiled wickedly.

"You knew I was swimming topless, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yeah..." he admitted, a jolt going through his cock as he said it. "I could tell through the water..." he added, so overwhelmed with pleasure that he couldn't help but babble on, adding more to the answer than necessary. He didn't even know if it was true, but if he'd ended up succumbing this much, it almost had to be.

"You could have just left, but you deliberately waited around till I had to get out of the pool, just so you could see my breasts... didn't you?" she asked firmly, squeezing the root of his cock firmly.

"Yes!" he groaned loudly, his dick coated with his own juices. His cock pulsed in her hand as he said it, his meat responding positively to these admissions, the waves of pleasure caused by her hand being raised exponentially to new heights. He almost lost his balance he was so overloaded. Her firm grip held him in place until he gathered himself, and it was only then when

he knew he wouldn't lose control that she resumed her talented stroking of his magnificent cock.

"You were so obvious about it, haha..." she laughed to herself as she kept the young married man on edge. "Gawking at them, drooling over them, unable to look away. You are so dirty! I kept trying to cover up and go inside, but you just kept chatting me up and flirting with me, just so you could keep looking at them! It was SO shameless! Certainly not the way a happily married man would behave. Haha! But I couldn't help but respect how upfront you were being, so I gave up and just let you stare. You like looking at my body, don't you?" she asked softly, stroking his cock firmly.

"Yes..." he panted. He didn't even know what had actually happened anymore. His eyes were too arrested by her nipples to care. They were so hard... they were calling out to him. His mouth was watering.

"You were staring at my ass..." she said, slowing down her pace. "My pussy..." she added, slowing her speed down even further, driving him mad with her slow, tortuous teasing. He couldn't handle this for much longer, getting ramped up close to the edge and brought back down, and if she kept it up he'd go insane. "But I could tell that your absolute favorite part of me are my big breasts. Right?" she stated, her hand a sudden

blur as she re-accelerated to a vigorous speed, her hand smoothly gliding along his impressive length. His body jerked in pleasure at this sudden change of pace. "You like my big tits the best, don't you? Don't you?"

"YES!" he groaned out, eyes clenched shut, his head rolling back against the glass as she stroked his big cock immaculately. If she kept at it like this, he'd blow his top, and he willed her to keep going. But as if reading his thoughts, Doreen stopped what she was doing and squeezed the base of his prick again, getting his attention, squeezing till his eyes opened wide.

"Do you love them?" she demanded, only resuming her efforts once she had his attention. And by attention, she meant having his eyes staring at her big naked tits again. And he was doing just as she wanted, staring at her breasts, her giant round boobs consuming his vision. Her hand resumed stroking his slick, meaty cock.

"Yes!" he replied, his throat tight, his body tensed up, a raw nerve poised to explode. His mind was completely flooded with lust. He couldn't resist. He couldn't lie. He couldn't think. He was driven by lustful need. All-consuming need.

"I could let you leave right now..." she said, removing her hand from his shorts with a flourish. In a daze, he humped forward, desperate for her touch. "Or you could stay here and get your hands on these!" she said, looking down at her breasts. Not that he needed any guidance, as he was still staring at them. "Do you want to go back home to your wife, babe, or do you want to get your hands on my breasts?" she asked. His mouth was drooling as he stared at Doreen's boobs. "Do you want to go back home and wait for Molly, or do you want to spend the rest of the afternoon sucking on my big tits?" she asked.

He'd resisted for so long, he'd tried to deny her. But here, at the moment of truth, when it came time to decide, he didn't even wait a second.

"I choose you! I choose your tits! I need to suck on your big fucking tits! Please!" the young married man begged desperately; his system so flooded with lust that he would assent to damn near anything. At this admission, Doreen grinned.

"Here, hon," she reached down, grabbing his wrists. In an instant, she brought his palms upward and slapped them against her massive tits, his fingertips now pressed against her ripe, smooth titty-flesh. Glancing up at him, she let her head fall back slightly as she jutted out her chest invitingly. "Just do

what you've wanted to do since you met me. Squeeze my big fucking tits, baby!"

Greg didn't need the urging. He was so close to the precipice that even the slightest provocation would push him over the edge. He didn't have enough control of himself at this point to resist. So as soon as his palms were placed against the older woman's gigantic breasts, he couldn't stop himself. Before she even finished talking, his fingers dug into the soft, warm flesh of the older woman's mammoth udders.

"Oh!" Greg groaned from deep in his throat. Doreen's tits were amazing. So soft and smooth and full... The feeling of her massive breasts in his hands was an incredible sensation that he'd never experienced before. He dug his fingers into the expansive, pale udders over and over again, immersing them in her enormous melons, savoring the feeling of the silky flesh pouring between his fingers. He kept kneading her doughy jugs again and again, absorbed completely by this act, her nipples digging into his palms as he did so.

"Mmm, that's it baby... Squeeze my big breasts! Yes!" Doreen sighed, a satisfied heat in her voice, letting the married man have free access to her delectable jugs. "I could tell outside that you wanted to squeeze my fucking tits so badly! Fuck! You tried so hard to pretend like you didn't, but I could tell! Ugh. I

can always tell when young studs like you want to get their hands on my tits! Yes! Keep doing it... ugh... just like that..."

Greg was completely absorbed in what he was doing. He couldn't get enough, digging into her heavy, massively-sized breasts. The luscious flesh overfilled his big hands as he squeezed them over and over again, the immaculate softness a new addiction he couldn't stop indulging. He'd never had any complaints about Molly's body before, but after feeling up this older woman's giant tits, he finally realized what he was missing out on. There was just something about squeezing a pair of huge, perfect tits that indulged a primal need inside him that he didn't even realize he had. He immersed himself in the act, letting his hands slide across the smooth, succulent flesh, appreciating their size, their weight, their perfect shape. He slid his hands along the outside of each breast and played with them, pressing them against each other ever so slightly, appreciating the way they pressed into each other. He then let his hands slide into her deep, cavernous cleavage, letting his fingertips slide against the extra-smooth titty-flesh located there.

"Yes..." the older woman sighed. "I can tell how much you love my tits, babe!" She then put a hand back down his shorts, gripping his beefy shaft. As he kept feeling up her giant boobs, his prick throbbed in her grasp, hard as iron, his body delighting in the pleasure her breasts were bringing him by

getting harder than he ever had before. She resumed slowly stroking his granite hard weapon.

"Ugh... fuck..." Greg sighed, digging his fingers into her chest as this pleasure hit him again. The momentary pause from when she last had his cock in her grasp allowed the contents in his boiling balls to cool down. But with the added sensation of her big tits in his hands, her talented hand immediately turned up the heat back to its previously level. His head rolled forward ever so slightly, Doreen's stroking hand further eliminating any resistance he once had, his body clearly wanting to fall forward and immerse itself in the older woman's hot-as-fuck body. Seeing this, Doreen acted fast.

"Don't be shy, hon," she said, curling her free hand around the back of the married man's neck. "Dive in." She then firmly pulled him forward face-first. And unlike before, when his better thinking kept him from diving into the older woman's pool, he didn't hesitate for a second to dive in between her massive, round bare tits.

Greg barely realized what was happening before it was too late. Before he could think twice, his face was pressed firmly against Doreen's enormous breasts. She hooked the back of his neck in the crook of her arm to keep him locked in place against her luscious tits. His hands were still busy squeezing them, digging into the doughy flesh, but now he was getting closer

to the full experience a huge pair of boobs could offer. With his face lodged in place, the confident older woman began to swivel her upper half, scrubbing her giant naked boobs against his handsome features.

"Mmmphhh!" Greg groaned, surrendering to the moment. Surrendering to the older woman's massive tits. The smooth, heavy breast-flesh dragged across his face, back and forth, over and over again. Being right up against her breasts, with the warm, luscious skin of her enormous boobs literally smothering his face, he couldn't hope to maintain his grip on those massive jugs. Instead of trying to resist the current, he surrendered to the riptide, his hands falling to her hips as he willingly allowed himself to drown in the copious titty-flesh smothering him.

This was like nothing he'd ever experienced. To be smothered in such softness was like experiencing the sublime, absolute nirvana. Some found such feelings in religion, or in finding love with your true soulmate. Greg found it by sliding his face against an old lady's obscenely huge tits. As he was held in place firmly, she pressed herself against him, keeping him lodged in place, ensuring that the only air to reach his lungs was filtered through her cleavage. His eyes were closed as he just took it, as he let this older woman force her giant fleshy boobs against his manly face without a fight. Her tits molded against his features, almost smothering him, but his mouth was

turned in a deeply satisfied grin. It was as if he was floating, lost in a pillowy heaven that he never wanted to leave. She kept scrubbing her smooth titty-flesh across his face, the only interruptions in this canvas of pure softness were her stiff nipples dragging across his features, getting more and more insistent as they circled around his mouth.

"Open up, baby..." Doreen whispered softly into the younger man's ear. And as if he were now fully on her leash, as soon as she commanded it, he obeyed. Greg's lips parted. He didn't even think twice. He was so past thought that even the gentlest of urging was enough for him to commit a betrayal with zero resistance. His mouth opened upon her command, and as she soon as he did, he felt her hard nipple get immediately stuffed into his waiting mouth.

The lips that kissed Molly on their wedding day mere months prior were now wrapped around this naked older woman's stiff nipple. As soon as his tongue felt her nipple make contact, it went into a frenzy, licking the hardened nub. Flicking it. Tasting it. Teasing it. His tongue circled the rubbery nipple, coating her smooth pink areola with his spit, before flicking at the nub again. And finally, he couldn't stop himself from letting his lips form a tight seal around it as he began to finally suck on Doreen's nipple.

"Ah!" Doreen sighed, scratching the back of his neck lovingly as she now used her palm to hold him in place against her breasts. His mouth delightfully tugged at her nipple, sucking on her left breast hungrily. His tongue continued toying with her nipple, flicking at it as he sucked on her massive udder.

After having been teased by her big breasts this whole time, it was beyond satisfying for Greg to finally just be sucking on her big tits. He couldn't deny that there'd been an animal urge to do just that since he'd first met her, and the fact that he was finally doing so was scratching an itch that had been gnawing at him. His eyes closed, his mouth busy, he was experiencing an intense form of satisfaction that nothing before had ever brought him, one that could only be found when sucking on a really big pair of tits. And without even thinking twice, he brought one of his hands back up to her other breast, digging his fingers into the succulent flesh again, palming it, squeezing it, ensuring that both breasts were getting the attention they deserved.

"Mmm... you are so good this!" Doreen groaned, her voice husky as she savored the married man's mouth sucking on her big boobs. To reward his submission, she immediately scooped his large, throbbing cock from his shorts and out into the open air. Due to their body position, she still couldn't lay her eyes on the big cock that he had been teasing her with since the

moment they first met, but this allowed her to really ratchet up her stroking of his big, swollen prick.

His mouth seemed to get hungrier at this, attacking her stiff nipple with more fervor, sucking at it hungrily as he squeezed her other massive breast greedily. The pleasure her talented hand was bringing him only made him sink deeper into the moment. He couldn't get enough, sucking on this older woman's big tits like it was the best thing he'd ever tasted, and frankly, a strong case could be made for that at this point. Sucking and licking at her tasty nipple was driving him crazy, and he couldn't stop himself from eagerly switching nipples, attacking the other one with the same fervor as the first. Perhaps it was the idea of what he was doing that was driving him crazy, but as distressing as it may seem for him and his marriage, doing this, sucking on this older woman's gigantic tits... it just felt right. It just felt natural, like this was what he was supposed to be doing. Like he wasn't meant to be in any other place except right here, with this much older woman.

"Fuck... look how much you're enjoying this, honey," she sighed, stroking his bloated, pre-cum covered prick firmly. "You young, hot married guys are all the same. You always say the right things, proclaim how much you love your wife, how you would never cheat. But when it comes to the moment of truth, you always end up choosing my tits! Yes! None of that other shit actually matters! Mmm. You're a newlywed... ugh..."

you should be basking in all that marital bliss! But here you are, sucking on the old neighbor lady's big tits behind your wife's back! Yes! Keep at it, babe, you are really good at this!"

Her words resonated with Greg, despite his current state of feverish lust. Was his marriage really so flimsy? How could it be something strong and meaningful when he was doing something like this? But in response to that, all he could do was switch nipples again, going back to the first one and sucking on it as hungrily as he was the other one. That was the extent of his decision making at this point. He was so consumed with lust that he could barely talk, barely think, unable to do much beyond which of this old woman's boobs he wanted to suck on. And the knowledge that he'd surrendered so deeply to this mature woman's huge tits had an effect, as a shudder of pleasure hit him hard.

"MMMPHHH!" he groaned, his voice muffled by her giant breasts. She could feel his cock straining in her palm, almost ready to burst. The experienced older woman realized that he might last much longer at this rate, and if she wanted him at his best for what came next, she might have to relieve some of that pressure. And besides... it would allow her to do something she'd been wanting to do all day.

"Hold on, baby, hold on..." Doreen sighed, gently pushing back on the younger man's forehead. It took a bit of a push to get his hungry mouth off of her stiff nipple, but finally, she did so. Her heavy breast followed his mouth for a few moments before its massive weight caused it to fall from his grasp. His eyes were still closed, his mouth open, spit connecting his mouth to her diamond-hard nipple. He was doing his best reconnect his lips to that stiff, suckable nub, and it took great effort on Doreen's part to keep Greg extricated from her breast, allowing her the room to take the next step. Before he could re-attach his mouth to one of her giant breasts, she hooked her finger under the hem of his shirt and tugged it upwards.

"C'mon, babe..." she urged heatedly. "I want to see all of you." There was enough separation between them to allow for her to pull his shirt off of him, revealing his bare upper half to her for the first time. He had a fit chest, not too shredded like some muscle-head, but enough well-defined musculature to show he took care of himself more than most men. He no doubt wanted to be a good husband and give his wife a bit of visual candy whenever he took off his shirt, but now Doreen was going to be the one who got to reap the benefits of all that hard work.

Tossing his shirt aside, she used her forearm to push him so his back was pressed against the glass. This kept him in place in front of her, but it also gave enough space between them to allow her to look down and admire the big married cock that

she'd hefted out of his shorts minutes prior. And even though she'd gotten glimpses of it through his shorts, even though she'd been stroking his stiff, heavy meat for a good long while now, that wasn't enough to prepare her for actually seeing it in the flesh.

"Holy shit!" she said, her eyes going wide, her hand pausing in its stroking to allow her to fully take in what she was seeing. He wasn't just big... he was huge! Jesus... it looked like there was a cucumber dangling from his crotch. After studying it for a few more seconds, she realized that wasn't an unfair comparison. He was certainly as thick as one, damn, and near as long as one too... Fuck, he had to be pushing close to double digits in terms of inches he was packing! With her fingers around the root of it applying the slightest amount of pressure, his cock was so hard it looked ready to burst. The young man had probably never been so turned on, his dick straining under the lustful pressure he was feeling. It was fucking perfect. Smooth and unblemished, the flesh of his shaft glistening with his copious juices, with the mushroom tip an angry red and standing out very prominently, even an experienced woman like Doreen was utterly awestruck by the total package she was seeing.

"Oh honey..." she said, squatting down slowly until she was staring down the barrel of his massive rifle. "Why did you even bother getting married when you have a cock like this?" Such

unblemished perfection was only meant to be defiled. She couldn't stop staring at it. Her eyes were still wide as she was truly taken aback by the young married man's obscenely large prick. With her fingers still around the base of it, she tilted it slightly, admiring its full length from up close as she looked at it from different angles. Pointing it upwards, she let her gaze traverse the underside of his massive married cock, going from the underside of his cockhead and following it down. She stared at the large, impressive tube that would carry all that thick married cum out to the tip, where it would burst out. Her eyes followed that tube all the way down to the source, and her eyes finally arrived on the husband's large, heavy balls. Encased in his sack, his nuts looked filled to the brim, swollen with cum, each nearly the size of an egg. God, he must be going insane with the need to cum. How could he think straight? How could he even focus on anything else? How could he even find the strength to pretend to not want this?

She admired his willpower to hold out for so long. He was as hard as concrete, so hard he looked poised to explode like a cannon. His balls were clearly overfilled with the sperm that her hot body had inspired in him. Sperm he was clearly aching to fill her up with. It was amazing he hadn't fully been broken yet, that he hadn't completely surrendered to her. He had not tossed off all the shackles holding him back, and embraced the lust pumping through his veins by carrying her to her bedroom and fucking her senseless, wife and marriage be damned. The

"joys" of marriage had left him in this state, so desperate for sex that his cock was ready to lock into ultimate action mode at a moment's notice, even if the woman who got him in this state wasn't exactly his normal type. But by the end of this, she would give this big cock what it needed so thoroughly that she would become 100% his type, more than any other woman, even more than his wife.

Pointing his straining, rock hard dick directly at her face, she vowed to herself that she would break this young married man completely. His cock was too perfect to ignore, and she couldn't reject the gift of fate that had brought him strolling into her backyard. She would make him hers. She would make him surrender to her body entirely. He'd already given in to her huge, squeezable, double-F cup breasts, but she wanted him to become just as addicted to every part of her body. Her pussy. Her ass. Her mouth...

Doreen was practically drooling staring at the slab of beef she was staring down the length of. It was rare for her to be this cock-struck, but Greg's big dick was something special. And because of that, this may require some extra special treatment. If she wanted to, she could easily keep this up, just keep using her stroking hand to work him slowly into a frenzy, using her talented touch to slowly draw this out until he was consumed with need, where he was more beast than man, where he was so beyond cognizant thought that he would fully surrender to

her twisted whims. She knew just how to turn a man's crank in just the right way, slowly stroking him into pure lustful insanity. But the problem with that was that it didn't involve putting that big married dick into her eager mouth, and fuck... she was dying to suck this young man's big, tasty-looking cock. Her mouth was watering at the thought of it.

The danger with that was she was really fucking good at sucking beefy young cocks, as many handsome married men had discovered recently. Her throat was a far more effective fuck-hole than what their wives could offer, but Doreen was afraid it would work too well. That she would make this overheated married man explode and send some of that lustful urgency down her throat before they hit the bed, taking some of the heat from the fire inside him before they had sex. But her mouth could drive him even more crazy, which would make their inevitable fucking even better. The safe bet was to just keep teasingly stroking him, maintaining a far firmer level of control over his pleasure, but as she kept eyeing that perfect, smooth, unblemished married cock in front of her... she was ready to take a risk. She was ready to play with fire. If it worked, if she could turn up the pressure to such an insane degree that he completely lost himself in the pleasure, he would be hers for good. No doubt. Staring at that massive married cock hanging out of his shorts... she just couldn't wait any longer. She had to suck Greg's big cock. She had to.

"Oh my God..." Doreen sighed, leaning forwards ever so slightly, letting the tip of his cock brush against her lips. Greg jolted at this ever so slight stimulation, his body desperate for relief. Backing off so his cock was mere millimeters from her mouth, so close he could feel her hot breath against the tip of his prick, she paused. Her gaze rose upwards, meeting his intense, desperate stare. She held it confidently for a few moments before speaking, her voice heavy with lust. "I'm gonna inhale this cock, baby. I'm gonna suck this dick till you can't see straight," the older woman snarled, looking down the length of his shaft once again before glancing back up at him. "I'm gonna suck on this big, perfect cock till you can't take it anymore, till you're just about to explode... then I'm gonna stop!" she said firmly, squeezing the root of his cock.

"OH!" Greg groaned in almost pained pleasure. She then gave his prick a long, slow, teasing stroke before returning her grip to the base of his cock, gripping it firmly. She caught his glassy eyes with her intense gaze, making sure she had his attention again.

"And at that point, when all that thick cum is ready to burst out of you, when you're consumed with need, where you're so desperate that you would do anything to get the pleasure that's just out of reach..." she began, letting the tip of his cock graze against her lips again. She then looked up at him, her lips adopting a wicked snarl before finishing her sentence.

"That's when we're gonna fuck!"

He watched as her lips parted and then, in one smooth motion, she leaned forward and absolutely inhaled the happily married man's big thick cock, taking the whole fucking thing down her throat. It was almost inhuman how easy she made it look, effortlessly taking his entire length in her mouth and into her throat, not stopping till her full, plump lips closed lightly around the base of his thick married prick. Once she reached the root of his weapon, she released her hand's grasp on him. His cock being lodged in her throat was enough of a hold on him at the moment.

"Oh my God! Fuck!" Greg groaned loudly, the lustful shock stirring him from his daze. In what felt like an instant, Doreen had taken his full length into her mouth, and the sight of it alone was enough to make him cry out in surprise. But when that shock faded, he was able to savor the feeling, and it was... heaven. The heat. The feeling of her tongue against the underside of his dick. The tightness of her throat squeezing his bloated cock. It felt amazing. Then her full lips formed a tight seal around his cock and her cheeks hollowed, sucking on his swollen meat. "AH! God!"

After being teased by her for so long, it felt fucking incredible to finally be feeling the pleasure ramping up. Looking down, her eyes were locked in on his as she sucked on his lengthy weapon. Her eyes were glassy, bulging outwards from lack of air as she prioritized sucking Greg's dick above breathing. Finally, after almost a minute of this, she backed off, his cock sliding out her mouth lewdly, absolutely covered with her warm saliva. She reached back up to grasp his spit-covered pole, eagerly stroking it.

"You like that?" she asked with a wicked smile, her giant tits shaking as she stroked his slick cock. But she didn't wait for an answer. Guiding his lengthy weapon back towards her mouth, she eagerly swallowed about half of it before stopping.

"Oh! Ugh!" he groaned again. It was amazing how she was able to take his cock down her throat without gagging in the slightest. She clearly fucking knew how to suck a big cock, and she was displaying that talent on his big married cock. She was hungrily bobbing on the top half of his rock hard dick, her tongue swirling around the underside, her drool soaking his shaft as she went at it. She then focused her attack, using her talented tongue to tease him just underneath the head of his dick, making him jump in pleasure.

"AHH! Fuck!" he moaned, his cock tingling again from the pleasure she was bringing him. She kept at it for a few moments, enough to tease him like crazy, before resuming her unholy sucking of his big thick cock. God... she was taking over half of it now on every bob... and it wasn't giving her any trouble at all. Fuck! With a cock his size, he didn't hold it against Molly that she could only really muster a knob-polish, as his cock was too thick and too long to suck without her choking on it. But Doreen... lord, she was showing him what he'd been missing out on. She was proving her bona fides by attacking his cock without shame, and at the same time stroking his swollen rod, working him over the best way she knew how. He hadn't felt anything this good in a long time... fuck, maybe ever.

Greg couldn't run anymore. As much as he tried to dissuade her advances, as much as he tried to resist her seduction, it felt too fucking good to deny it. He didn't have the will to hold out any longer. No man could when dealing with this level of pleasure. It just felt so fucking good.

"Jesus, Doreen..." he sighed, his tingling cock throbbing in her mouth. Pulling her mouth off him with a smack, she looked up at him and grinned, stroking his wet, swollen prick as she did so. Her drool was so copious on his weapon that it was dripping off of him and onto the floor between them.

"God, your dick is perfect!" she effused. "I could suck on it all day..." She took it back in her mouth, smoothly resuming sucking on the husband's thick member, allowing his big cock to fuck her tight, wet throat again.

"Oh, God..." he sighed, the thought of this older woman sucking his cock all day sounding like bliss. She was doing it in just the right way, taking him close to the edge but never giving him enough to push him over, just as she had been from the second this whole thing started. But this prolonged, pleasurable attack was at a whole other level than anything before it. It felt SO fucking GOOD! He didn't realize how badly he needed his cock sucked until this moment, and he couldn't get enough, even knowing it was this much older woman that was doing the job and not his wife. He was slowly humping into her as she inhaled his bloated prick with her hungry mouth. Reaching with her free hand to palm his ass, she pulled herself forward, swallowing his entire length again and holding herself in place. "Jesus! SHIT!" he groaned loudly as her warm, wet, tight throat squeezed every inch of his sizable cock. After almost thirty seconds of this, she pulled her mouth from him with a loud exhale, giving his steel-hard weapon proper full-length strokes.

Tilting his cock upward, her mouth attached itself to the underside of it, running her lips along its length, licking as she went. As she did so, she hooked her fingers in both his shorts

and his boxer-briefs and roughly yanked them down and off. Stepping out of his shoes so he could step out of the pile of clothes on the floor, he was soon left as nude as she was. Readjusting so she was on her knees instead of squatting, she rewarded this act by focusing her mouth just under the tip, ticking that area just right, making him squirm.

"FUCK..." Greg called out. "How are you so good at this?" He sighed, marveling at how good this older woman was at sucking his cock. Her eyes gave him an amused look as she stuck out her tongue, using the tip of it to first tease the underside of his cockhead before lovingly licking at the tip, each move she made sending fresh lightning bolts of lust through his whole system. She then slowly slid her tongue back into her mouth and looked up at him.

"I could let you go back home now to wait for your cute little wife..." she began, stroking his spit-soaked cock. Her eyes returned to his crotch as she tilted his shaft upwards. "Or I could spend the next five minutes licking your balls. It's up to you..." she said, moving closer to his large, heavy sack, blowing on it lightly with her pursed lips.

Although it was presented as a question, with this older woman's talented tongue poised to make contact with his swollen nuts, there really was no choice at all.

"Lick my fucking balls, Doreen... please!" he begged, and he didn't have to wait long. Before the last word left his mouth, one of his nuts was in Doreen's mouth, her plump soft lips gently capturing one of his cum-filled balls. With her mouth in place, her tongue began its lustful worship, licking his left nut with just the right amount of finesse. "Oh..." he sighed, her tongue doing the job perfectly. It felt so good!

She quickly ratcheted up the heat, extending her tongue to eagerly lick the full expanse of his sack, sucking and licking at both balls, covering his scrotum with her heated saliva. As she worshipped the married man's balls, her hand continued to stroke his straining, spit-covered dick, their combined juices squelching between her fingers as she tightly gripped his thick shaft. She continued licking his balls, her tongue not only lavishing worship on his large nuts but also worshipping the base of his weapon, letting his sack slide across her face as she did so. But she was clearly reveling in this indecent act, going to town on his nut sack, giving his balls a level of worship he'd never received before.

"You like that?" Doreen asked, pulling back, gasping, her lips swollen, her hand still eagerly jacking his big cock. She then leaned forward and let her tongue lewdly slide against his

heavy, bloated balls again. She leaned back again. "You like how I lick your balls, babe?" she asked, voice heavy with lust.

"Yes!" he panted out, fully admitting how good it felt, unable to hold it back.

"Does your little wife suck your balls like this?" she asked with a bit of bite, kissing his nuts lovingly as she looked up at him.

"No! Never..." he said, his voice straining, unable to hide the truth he was so overloaded with pleasure. She smirked and licked his balls again, adding a bit of twist to her strokes of his beefy cock.

"Do I suck cock better than her?" she asked with a raised eyebrow, squeezing the base of his dick. Even if he wanted to pretend otherwise, he just couldn't. He couldn't deny how amazing this all felt.

"Yes! YES!" he cried out, his body jumping as she squeezed the root of his cock again. "You're so much better at this! It's not even close!" Smirking, she leaned back and pointed his big married dick directly at her face.

"You want me to suck it again?" she asked with another raised eyebrow.

"Yes! Please!" he begged, his head rolling back against the glass, desperate for more. Again, she didn't hesitate, leaning forward to easily swallow three-quarters of his lengthy prick straight down her throat. "Ah! Yes!"

The older woman resumed bobbing on his heavy, steel-hard cock. Her thick, smooth lips were sliding along his beefy shaft, his meat getting further marinated in her broiling hot saliva. Her tongue kept swirling around the underside, teasing him in just the right way, bringing his overstimulated cock closer to the edge of explosion. She'd teased him since they'd first laid eyes on each other, kept the pressure on every step of the way, slowly building up the tension, building up to that blessed relief before holding back, taking it away, letting his balls simmer until she resumed the cycle again. And finally, it felt like he was about to break through and finally reach that climax. And perhaps if he could just get all this out of his system now, then he had a chance of thinking straight and maybe getting out of this whole messed-up scenario he'd found himself in without taking things all the way. Without ending up sinking his big cock into the older woman's pussy.

"Ugh! God!" Greg groaned. He couldn't help but look down and watch her at work. He was still in awe how easily she was able to take his big thick cock into her mouth and down her throat, now nearly taking the whole thing on every go. Her spit was leaking down his thick shaft, collecting near the base of his penis and in his closely shorn pubic hair. But she used this to her advantage, letting her stroking hand collect that spit at the base and rub it around him, spreading it around the root of his cock and his heavy, hanging balls. Her hand gently massaged his cum-filled nuts for a few precious moments before returning to work, stroking his bloated prick a little more. She finally pulled back after a few minutes of this, bands of spit connecting her panting mouth and his ready-to-burst cock. Gripping the base and rubbing the large, angry tip of his dick against her lips, she looked up at him.

"You like having an older woman sucking your cock!?" she spat out, smacking her lips around his cockhead, sucking it hard, before removing her lips with a loud pop. "Isn't it so much better getting your cock sucked by a bitch who knows exactly what she's doing?" His cock throbbed in her hand upon hearing this question.

"Yes! YES! This is so much better! Holy shit!" he replied. It was true. He'd never had his cock sucked so perfectly. He'd never had a woman who sucked his cock anywhere close to this, like her life depended on inhaling his giant dick.

"Tell me babe..." she began, pausing to kiss the very tip of his cock. "What sounds better to you... spending the rest of your day at home with your pretty young wife..." She gave the head of his dick another kiss. "Or staying here and getting a sloppy blowjob from me until you cum down my throat?"

"You! You! This is so much better..." he panted out, desperate, his cock getting closer and closer to an explosion. Smirking wickedly, her open mouth fell towards him again, taking his big dick back into her mouth, resuming her amazing blowjob.

At this point, his answer was true. He loved his wife, but this was something he'd never experienced before. Nothing even close to this. She was giving his big cock the kind of treatment it not only clearly needed, but deserved. He'd never felt more alive. This was amazing!

Was it just that Doreen was incredible at sucking dick, or was this the case for most older women? He couldn't believe how good this felt. And there was something about seeing a woman like Doreen that added to the lust inside him. She was so much older than him, with so much more experience, ostensibly a superior, an elder to be respected. So seeing her on her knees sucking his big cock like a total slut added an extra layer of nasty to it. Women her age should have passed their prime and

not be doing stuff like this anymore, but she was on her knees sucking his married dick like a fucking whore, and she was doing it way better than any girl his age ever had.

Getting closer and closer to cumming, he let his eyes fall down to watch her at work again. She now had both hands around his thighs, pulling herself towards him as she took his entire length down her throat on every bob. Her lips were spread incredibly wide to allow his cock entrance, wrapped fully around the circumference of his thick shaft, sliding up and down his length as she sucked him off. Her cheeks were hollowed, her face was red, her eyes were glassy, but she didn't slow down. She didn't hesitate. She was absolutely going for it.

Being on her knees in front of him was actually a really good position to showcase her body, but frankly, with a body like hers, any position made her look good. Looking down, his eyes followed the graceful curve of her back as it arched, allowing her to both suck his cock and jut out her round, juicy ass. From his position above her, each round, perfect cheek was in profile, allowing him to admire the lustfully smooth curvature of her luscious ass, as well as the divine cleft in between, separating these two mounds of perfection from each other.

But with Doreen, speaking of mounds of perfection meant looking towards her front. Looking past her bobbing mouth,

her massive bare tits were swaying in the air as she vigorously sucked him off, some of her leaking spit from this nasty blowjob landing on them as she went at it. Her enormous breasts moved in unison, swaying side to side, her stiff pink nipples cutting through the heated air generated by the boiling lust between them. Her boobs looked absolutely huge like this, with her really jutting them out as she arched her back. His eyes got temporarily lost in her endless cleavage, admiring the way they pressed into each other, forming a succulent crevasse of perfection that he struggled to look away from. But he finally did, letting himself admire the full expansive entirety of her giant rack, jiggling as she inhaled his big married cock.

Looking down at them, looking so huge... so heavy... so soft and squeezable... he wanted to dig his palms into them and never let go. Knowing he had gotten his hands on those enormous, perfect tits made it worse that he didn't have his hands on them right now. It frankly made it worse having gotten his hands on perfection, cause nothing else could possibly compare. He feared he'd never be satisfied with his wife's breasts after this, but part of him wondered if he ever had been. They really were small, especially compared to this older woman's exquisite pair. He couldn't stop staring at Doreen's tits, as he had throughout this whole encounter, but after all the teasing, after everything that led to the point with him standing in front of her as she sucked him off... the sight of her giant firm tits bouncing as she sucked his married dick

was enough to start pushing him towards his much-needed explosion.

"Oh! Fuck! Doreen! I'm gonna cum... fuck!" he groaned, his body tightening, his cock swelling up and preparing to fire. Smiling around his swollen shaft, she pulled back, spit falling from her mouth as she did so.

"You're gonna cum?" she panted out, stroking him.

"Yes! Fuck!" he groaned.

"Do you want to cum in my mouth?" she said, taking the top few inches of his big dick in her mouth for just a few moments, teasing him.

"AHHH! GOD!" he screamed out loudly, his cock tingling, ready to burst. She resumed inhaling his loaded weapon, going from the tip to the balls every time. "Oh my God! Fuck!" he groaned, his cock vibrating as he got closer and closer to finally coming, to finally having some relief after all this teasing. Her lips sliding up and down along his shaft, her tongue teasing him, her palm cupping his swollen balls as they were filled to the brim with thick cum, she could feel how close he was. She

reared back before shoving her face forward, taking his entire length in her mouth and holding it there, her nails digging into his thighs, her nose pressed into his body, his balls resting on her chin. She could feel his cock shaking in her mouth. She could tell he was about to burst.

"Oh my God! Doreen... I'm gonna cum... I'm gonna cum..." he sighed, ready to fire. And it was just at that final moment before the point of no return, the moment he stood on the precipice between unholy tension and blessed relief...

That's when she stopped, just like she said she would.

Curling her fingers around the root of his ready-to-explode dick, she squeezed it firmly as she pulled her mouth off of him. Her thumb pressed firmly against the underside of the base of his dick, right against that prominent tube, blocking off any chance of explosion right at the point he thought it was gonna happen.

"Wait... what? Please!" he begged as Doreen removed her mouth from him, not getting that one last push he needed to get that blissful moment he was expecting. He wanted to cum... the bullets were in the chamber, the trigger pulled, the gunpowder ignited... but nothing was happening. That

pleasure, that blessed pressure relief he was desperate for... it wasn't coming. The system was blocked off. She was stopping it!

"Hold it back, babe! Don't you dare fucking cum!" she demanded, gripping the base of his cock firmly, doing her part to keep that load of cum from bursting out of his big fat cock. He humped against her desperately, seeking out anything that would take him over the edge. But she maintained her grip, giving him nothing, not letting him move, pushing back at him to keep him in place against the glass door.

"Ahh! No! No! Please! Doreen!" he pleaded. His body was in lustful agony, so close to what he needed but so far away. His body was humping against her desperately, seeking out that one last bit of pleasure that he so badly needed to push him over the edge. Alarms were ringing in his mind, lights were flashing behind his eyes. He'd reached right up to the point of explosion, and it wasn't happening, and his body was freaking out, not knowing what was happening to him.

"That's it, baby, just like that," she said soothingly, talking him through this ordeal, helping him let his balls simmer and keep all that thick cum nestled in his balls, right where she wanted it. "Don't you let a drop of that cum out..." she said, angling his throbbing prick, pointing it directly at her face, daring him to

paint her face with the heavy amounts of semen filling his swollen nuts. She'd taken this as far as she could, and this was the moment of truth, if she'd flown too close to the sun and taken the bite out of their upcoming sex just because she had to indulge her hunger for dick.

Luckily for Doreen, her risk was rewarded.

Greg had what it took to give her exactly what she wanted, holding himself off from cumming despite every fiber inside him screaming out to explode. With her hand maintaining its grip on him, she watched that tension fade from his body. His breath slowed down, his body's movements calmed, and his pleading stopped. He exhaled loudly, his head falling back against the glass.

He'd ridden out the storm.

Doreen stood up, maintaining her grip around his pole as she did so. She admired his handsome face lost in the moment, eyes still scrunched up as he recovered. Fuck... this one had some real potential. If he had what it took to withstand this level teasing, she couldn't help but wonder what else he could handle. How much further she could push him, if she could really draw this out and take him to his absolute limit? This

young married man was a quiet one, but he had the potential to be something special. Sidling up next to him, her giant boobs pressing against his arm, she moved her lips towards his ear.

"That's it, baby, calm down," she whispered, giving him a slow, rewarding stroke of his big cock, knowing he was in a state where he could take it without cumming. His balls were simmering, the moment was gone, and all that energy was still in the tank for what he was about to take part in next. His cock had been so expertly teased and overstimulated by this talented older woman that it had practically gone numb, staying rock hard but resigning itself that it wasn't gonna get the release it needed any time soon.

"Doreen..." he sighed weakly, completely under her control now.

"I didn't want you to waste all your energy now, especially considering what comes next..." she whispered, kissing his ear lightly. "You hear me, hon? You know what comes next. You and I are gonna go to my bedroom and have sex. Really hot, nasty, sweaty sex! And I want you at your best, babe... I want all that tension your feeling to be taken out on me... and my body. All that lust and need, that anger and desperation? I want you to be thinking about all that when you are demolishing my pussy and making me scream in pleasure.

And the best part? Now that I've pulled you back from the edge, you're gonna have to work twice as hard to get back. The longer I draw this out, the more work it'll take for you to cum. To empty those balls like you so badly need, you're just gonna have to fuck and fuck and fuck and fuck! And in the state you're in, I'll get to cum about 10 times before you finally finish! Doesn't that sound exciting, Greg?"

"Oh..." Greg groaned, stirring from his current state, her words hitting home. He should have known there would be no easy way out. Why did he even think she would let him cum down her throat, clearing his head enough for him to slip from her grasp? No... there was no way out of this without going all the way. There would be no escaping this without ending up balls deep in this older woman's pussy, and frankly, it felt like that was his destiny from the moment he'd walked into Doreen's backyard. And now, that moment was at hand. Nothing was stopping it. Nothing could rescue him from this fate.

"C'mon, babe..." she said firmly, sliding her fingers up along his shaft and curling them around the end of his dick. "We're gonna spend the rest of the afternoon doing all the nasty things you've been fantasizing about since we met. I'm gonna make you into one of those men that cheats on his wife with older women. And I'm gonna be one of those old sluts that only fucks hot young married men! I've done it so many times these last few years that I can already tell that you're gonna be better than

all of those other husbands! I can see already tell you're gonna make me cum like crazy!" she said, looking straight into his eyes as she squeezed the head of his dick possessively.

Greg was way past thought at this point. His system was so flooded with need that he couldn't say no to any of this. And at the moment he didn't even want to. If he had the choice to stay or go, he would stay. Every fiber in his body was telling him to fuck this older woman's brains out. He needed to take out all the lust she'd inspired in him on her hot body. He wasn't the thoughtful, kind, intellectual young married man anymore. He was pure, driving, unrelenting male need, desperate for Doreen's pussy, desperate to dig his hands into her massive mature tits again, desperate to make this teasing old slut scream.

He was so consumed with thoughts of furiously breeding with his hot-bodied older neighbor that he needed her guidance for some of the more... basic things. Like walking. Luckily, she was happy to oblige, keeping her fingers curled around his steel-hard prick, using it guide the addled young husband towards her bedroom, towards the complete destruction of his marriage. His heavy, lust-filled gaze was glued to her round, juicy bare ass as she slowly led him to his doom, and he couldn't do a single thing to stop it.

For Greg, this whole thing felt like an out-of-body experience. That he wasn't in control of himself anymore, that something was guiding him along to this dark destiny, despite his wishes. That he'd been possessed by some wicked force compelling him to do things he'd never thought he'd do. That thoughtful, logical, kind side of him was still there, and it was screaming out for him to stop, to not let himself cheat on his pretty young wife with this filthy older woman. He couldn't let his marriage crumble without a fight. But that inner voice was screaming into a void. His body, his driving physical need... that's what was at the wheel now. That's what was in control of his body. That's what was allowing himself to be led into this naked older slut's bedroom without a fight.

Seeing that there was nothing he could do that would prevent his cock from ending up buried in Doreen's pussy, even the part that had been trying to stop this began to accept his fate. This somewhat short walk across her living room began to feel like a slow, extended death march, the doom of his marriage and the doom of the man he thought he was. And from the ashes of that doom, the emergence inside him of someone new... someone worse. He thought his marriage would protect him from the scenario he currently found himself in. Not only due to the social expectation that other women would respect the ring on his finger, but with his own behavior as well. He'd never once cheated on a girl before, but he'd of course had immature thoughts from time to time, shameless desires for

superficial things. He felt like getting married and making that commitment was the next step of personal growth, of truly being an adult and leaving immature things behind. But the combination of stress, writer's block, the heat, and two weeks without any sexual relief left him more vulnerable than he ever would be. If only he was experiencing just one or two of these things. It was a perfect storm of stressors that left his normally sturdy foundations vulnerable, and Doreen's giant bare tits acted like wrecking balls, tearing him down, exposing something inside him that he didn't know was there. It truly felt like his soul was in jeopardy here, and he didn't know what man he would be by the end of this.

The click of a door shutting behind him stirred him from his thoughts. He realized where he was standing, in Doreen's bedroom, completely naked. And standing in front of him, one hand still tightly grasping his sturdy erection, was Doreen, just as naked as he was. His eyes fell right back down to her giant round tits, just as they had from the moment she'd first emerged from the pool. Those breasts were what had sent him careening towards this fate, alone in a bedroom with a hot-bodied, naked older woman. And they were about to fuck.

Suddenly, Greg was falling back, the well-built married man hitting the mattress and settling there. Now, Doreen stood over him in front of the bed, admiring her prey as he waited on her bed. His eyes could have been formulating an escape. He could

be checking his surroundings, looking around the old woman's bedroom. The room was large, with the entire room having a brown/beige theme to it. A tall brown dresser was to his left against the wall, in line with the door. To his right was the closet, the sliding doors closed, with a mirror on one of them, reflecting his situation back at him. Some decorations were on the walls, including some pictures that seemed to imply that Doreen had a daughter about his age. And in the center of the room was this nice big bed with smooth beige sheets. He could be noticing all these facts as he scanned the room, searching for a way out, searching for a way to use his superior size to get past the older blonde and out of her clutches. But he wasn't. His eyes were on Doreen, and nowhere else.

"Mmm..." she purred, examining the naked man lain out on her big bed, her eyes landing on his still straining cock standing proud as he rested on his back. She reached up and squeezed her own tits absentmindedly, pinching her own nipples as she eyed her prize. "This could not have gone more perfectly..." she said, her eyes locked on his married dick, sliding one of her hands between her legs to rub her clit. "An hour ago, I was swimming in my pool, thinking about how badly I needed some sex, since it's been like a week since I last got laid, and this beautiful hunk of man just strolls into my backyard and practically begs me to seduce him." She began to approach the bed. "Whose eyes were so hungry for my body that I didn't dare cover up." As she climbed onto the bed, Greg's eyes were

glued to her swaying breasts. "Whose cock got so hard that he just had to know what it was doing to a woman like me..." she said, curling her fingers around the root of his brick-hard weapon again, pointing it upwards. "And now, we're gonna do what we've both wanted to from the start..." she said with lust in her voice, moving to straddle the young man, pointing his cock straight upwards, now aimed directly at her waiting pussy.

Greg watched frozen as he faced down this moment he'd been simultaneously fantasizing about and dreading. The line in the sand that would divide before this moment and after. He was about to become a cheater. He was about to have sex with a woman who was very decisively not his wife. A woman who was much, much older than him. He wanted it as much as he feared it, so he said nothing as she got closer and closer to making their inevitable coupling a reality. The first outward reaction he gave was when she lowered herself ever so slightly, enough for the head of his cock to rub against the lips of her eager pussy for the very first time. It was only then where this truly became real to him. Where the gravity of what he was about to do hit him fully. And in this moment, one last defense came to the forefront.

"Doreen, wait..." he sighed weakly as the tip of his cock was positioned at the entrance to her pussy. She paused for a moment, looking up and meeting his pleading stare. But

huntresses like Doreen don't let prey like Greg escape their grasp. So, after hesitating for only a few moments, not even bothering to hear another word from him, she dropped her weight downwards, and the head of Greg's big married cock entered the older woman's pussy for the first time.

"Oh my God!" Greg groaned loudly, his head falling back as his dick slid into Doreen's pussy. Immediately, it was different than Molly's. Hotter. Tighter. While his wife had a nice, snug vagina that always satisfied him, this was so undeniable better in every way that it again made the married man realize what kind of pleasures he'd been missing out on. It wasn't like Molly was the only woman he'd ever been with, but the type of girls that he always ended up with were about on the same level in terms of how it felt inside them. This was just in a different league. So much hotter. So much tighter. Even with only the first few inches of his cock inside her, the way it squeezed his big cock let him know that her pussy was on another level compared to what he'd experienced before. Was it her high level of experience? Did this just come with the territory with older women? He didn't know for sure, but in the moment, he didn't care. It already felt like heaven. He couldn't imagine what it would have felt like before he'd been teased into oblivion minutes prior... he might have blown his top almost immediately. But this way, after she'd taken him to the limit and pulling him back, overloading his pleasure centers so much that any sensation he felt in the immediate aftermath was

slightly dulled, he could take it. He could take this level of pleasure and ready himself for more.

"Mmmm... fuck!" Doreen sighed as her inner walls parted to allow more of his thick, lengthy prick inside her. Even for a woman who'd gotten fairly used to fucking very well-endowed men these last few years... Greg felt pretty huge, so even her experienced pussy had to take it somewhat slowly. Perhaps if she hadn't teased him into this state where his cock was so swollen it looked ready to burst, it might be easier... But for an old slut like Doreen, that extra oomph that comes from his impressive size made it SO worth it. Luckily, she'd been very, very wet since she first laid eyes on the married man, so she was prepared for this. She eased herself onto the married man's length, letting the head slowly slide into her, followed by the first few inches. When she got accustomed to that, she wiggled her hips and squatted down further, taking a few more inches of his married dick inside her.

"Jesus! AH!" Greg groaned. Her pussy was squeezing his cock in just the right way. The more of him that was inside her the better it felt, to a near insane degree. At this point, he needed to get his entire length inside her pussy... he had to. Mere moments prior, the last gasp of his fidelity had begged for mercy... Now, he'd scratched the surface of what kind of pleasure her body could truly bring him, and he wanted to get

the full experience. He needed to bury his cock in this older woman's pussy more than anything.

"Oh God, you're so fucking big!" Doreen sighed, taking more and more of him inside of her. She had her hands on the young man's fit chest, digging her nails into him as she lowered herself further down, now having taken about three-quarters of his lengthy prick inside her. Her pussy was squeezing the hell out of every square inch of cock stuffed inside her, and he could feel her juices leaking down his thick shaft and dripping down to his balls. "Fuck! It feels so fucking good inside my cunt! Do you like that cunt, baby? Do you like that fucking cunt?"

"Yes! I like that fucking cunt..." he groaned, squirming beneath her as her cunt swallowed more and more of his big married dick. 'Cunt' wasn't a word he ever really used in his vernacular, but here, it felt right. This wasn't just a pussy... this was a cunt. A fully trained, experienced cunt that knew how to handle a cock like his. "Oh my God! Ugh!"

"You like that, babe?" the older woman asked with a cocked eyebrow, pausing, breathing a little deeper as she adjusted to the young man's intense size. Her cunt was most of the way down now, and what was left was covered with her juices as her tight hole gushed all over him. Hers was a cunt that wanted

every inch of the young married man's cock deep inside her, and it was gonna get its wish. "Well, let me know what you think about this!" At that, Doreen dropped her full weight down on Greg's big dick, taking the remainder of his length inside of her, her round ass colliding with his thighs as she did so.

"Oh FUCK!" he called out loudly, his body clenching up as the entirety of his big married cock got lodged inside her. His hands grasped at the bedsheet. His head fell back. As good as it felt when he first entered her, it felt ten times as amazing once he got the whole thing sheathed inside her. It was really shocking the difference an experienced, talented cunt made. Despite the fact that his young, pretty wife would be considered a catch by nearly all, her vagina never drove Greg as crazy as Doreen's did. Doreen was more than double Molly's age, but her insanely tight cunt was ten times better than his wife's pussy. It squeezed every inch of his big fat cock in just the right way, locking around it and massaging it, trying to draw the copious amounts of cum from his heavy, swollen balls into her. If he had any doubts before this, there were now none. He knew that this sexual encounter would be better than anything his wife had ever given him. As much as he hated to admit it, he knew this to be true. Her cunt felt that fucking good. He was experiencing things on a whole other level, one he didn't know existed till now.

"Ugh, God!" she groaned out, her tight pussy spasming around his full length. She slowly rocked back and forth, grinding on his massive weapon, her giant boobs swaying ever so slightly.

"Fuck! FUCK!" Greg groaned through clenched teeth. Each little movement she made was like heaven, sending jolts of lust coursing through his body, making him squirm beneath her. Her tight, grasping cunt was bringing his overwhelmed penis back to life, those once dulled sensations being overtaken by the unholy levels pleasure her cunt was inciting deep inside him. He needed more. He was desperate for more. He was going crazy.

"You feel that?" Doreen sighed, clenching her cunt around his diamond-hard pole, making him call out in pleasure. "Every fucking inch of that big fat cock is buried in my fucking cunt! Ugh! It's what you wanted from the moment I stepped out of the pool, isn't it? Isn't it!?" she quizzed him insistently, squeezing his cock hard as she spoke.

"AH! Yes! Yes! It's what I wanted! Ah! Please! I need it!" Greg begged, completely overwhelmed, aching for her to end the tease, desperate for the action to begin, knowing that if this felt so good, the main event would be mind-blowing. His hands were still clutching the bedsheets, holding on for dear life,

trying to withstand the tortuous pleasure she was bringing him.

"Need what, babe?" she asked naively, with a raised eyebrow, her pussy tightly squeezing his throbbing length, making his entire body tense up, driving him insane. He looked up at her, eyes near crazed. Her hands were still clutching his chest, nails digging into his flesh ever so slightly. Her arms were held straight, a position that forced her giant tits together and pushed them out, making them look extra enormous. Looking up fully, his eyes seeing her pretty face, that knowing smile, and that confident, arrogant stare, he could feel an anger rising inside him. She knew what he wanted. She knew the answer to her question. She just wanted to hear him say it. He wished he had the will to fight back, but in this moment, he didn't. Desperate in a way he'd never been before, held on the edge of a pleasure he'd never experienced, he couldn't hold himself back.

"Please! I need you to fuck me!" he called out. As soon as he said this, it was like a cork being pulled. "Please! I need it more than anything! Oh... I needed it before I even met you! I knew I wanted to fuck you the second I saw you come out of the pool! When I saw your big, perfect tits... I couldn't stop staring at them! Ugh! Every second after, I wanted to fuck you more and more, and I knew you wanted it too! I always knew! Ah! I knew

all along we were gonna fuck! Oh! Please! Just do it! Just fuck me!"

Seeing what her hot body had done to this once composed young married stud, how consumed with desire he was, she knew she had fully made him hers. She'd worked him up so fully that he would do anything for her. He'd given himself over to her in a way he'd never had with any other woman, including his wife, and this was before they'd even fully had sex with each other. That was the power of her hot body. That was what would make him the best boy toy she'd ever acquired, the first that she might keep a hold of for a long, long time. That clear all-consuming need for sex that she'd brought to the surface wasn't gonna just go away, which would mean that she'd be the one cumming most on the end of his cock for the foreseeable future. All she had to do now was seal the deal, to give this undersexed married stud the best fucking of his life, and he would be hers for good.

Smirking at the young man beneath her, she pushed herself up till just the tip was lodged inside her, and then without hesitation dropped back onto him, taking his full length back inside her.

"Ugh!" Greg groaned as her ass slammed against his thighs. She did it again and again in quick succession, driving her ass into him, working herself into a steady rhythm.

After what felt like an eternity of teasing, Doreen and Greg were finally fucking.

"Oh my God!" the married man sighed as the older woman began riding him. After all the teasing he'd endured, the feeling of her expert pussy sliding up and down his length, squeezing his thick, beefy shaft in the way only an experienced cunt could, was bringing his big cock to life. The pleasure was hitting him full force, and he could feel it all. He could feel her tight fuck-hole squeezing every inch of his big dick, lighting his pleasure centers up like a lightning strike. After having that elusive orgasm kept away from him over and over again, he could see a light at the end of the tunnel. He could see that elusive, blissful climax on the horizon again, far away but there nonetheless. And the only way he could get taken there was via Doreen's amazing cunt. Her body was the only way he could get the pleasure he so desperately needed.

"You like that, hon? Oh! You like that?" Doreen asked, looking down at Greg as she bounced her ass up and down on the younger man's big cock, taking his entire cock in her tight cunt on each bounce.

"Yes... oh! Yes!" he grunted out, eyes closed, body writhing, barely able to take it. He was completely awash in pleasure in a way he didn't know was possible. And even though he'd closed his eyes in an attempt to escape the overwhelming pleasure coursing through him, he couldn't run from the feeling. He could feel everything, and it was so damn good!

"Say it, babe! Tell me how that pussy feels!" she demanded, bouncing on him at a slightly faster pace.

"Amazing!" he answered in an instant. "Your cunt feels so fucking good!" It was true. How could this old lady's cunt feel so fucking amazing!? It was so fucking warm. And wet. And insanely fucking tight! Much tighter than his wife's pussy. Much tighter than any girl he'd ever been with. And it was squeezing the living daylights out of every inch of him as it slid in and out of her. His cock was throbbing in excitement. His balls were beyond overflowing with sperm, ready to give this older woman a fucking gallon of cum after all she'd done to him. Her pussy was heaven, and he couldn't believe how he could have lived without such pleasure.

"Open your eyes, Greg! Ugh... fuck!" she sighed, heaving herself up and down the younger man's married prick. "You need to see this. You can't hide from this! Oh! If you're gonna

start fucking an older woman behind your wife's back, you need to bear witness! You need these images burned in your mind so you can never forget! So you can never fucking go back!"

Greg obeyed, his heavy eyes opening slowly. Looking at the older woman riding him, his body jumped with excitement, and his heavy cock lurched noticeably inside the old slut's cunt. He'd only been with younger girls his own age, but the woman he'd been with the most was his wife, Molly. So, the sight of this older woman on top of him in his wife's place was jarring, like some twisted sight out of a nightmare. But nightmares don't feel so fucking good. And they don't look so fucking good either...

He'd short-changed her attractiveness before. Her incredible body notwithstanding, while considering her looks, he'd viewed her as pretty... for a woman her age. Those signs of aging, her slightly graying blonde hair, a few wrinkles and age-lines on her face, her curvaceousness, are all what led him to slightly discount her appeal. But now... now he could understand that those qualities only added to her intense appeal. For her to have those qualities and still make his cock as hard as steel meant she was something special, and she was. In this moment, Doreen, this older woman... she was the hottest creature he'd ever laid eyes on. Hotter than his wife. Hotter than any famous actress. Hotter than any of those young, hot bikini babes in the magazines or on the internet.

Hotter than any porn vixen. She was a 15 out of 10, smoking hot babe, and the knowledge that such a woman was the one riding his big married dick energized him. It also made his downfall an obvious one. Of course, he would fall to her. How could any man resist her, let alone one in the state he was in? She was just too sexy.

He eyed her bouncing body hungrily. Her gorgeous face was a mask of pure pleasure. Her creamy smooth skin working up a sweat as she got to work. Her delicious, round ass bouncing up and down, driving into his thighs, fucking him with some oomph, as if trying to plant her flag that he belonged to her. But the best thing was the sight of her massive tits. Ballooning outwards between her straightened arms as she dug her nails into his chest, they looked absolutely enormous. Oversized blimps vaulting off her chest, jiggling really fucking hotly, her stiff pink nipples dancing in the air as she bounced on him, he just couldn't stop staring at them. As they had since he'd first laid eyes on her, they completely consumed his attention. Unable to resist, he reached up to palm those massive melons again, his fingers digging into the ripe, smooth flesh, squeezing them hungrily. With a firm hold of her chest, he dug his heels into the bed to get more leverage, allowing him to drive up into her as she bounced on him.

"Mmm... that's it, baby! Give in to me! Surrender to this! It'll be so much better that way..." the older woman sighed. She

bounced on him even faster at this, driving herself into him roughly, meeting his body with her own. She was not about to back down from this challenge. She'd gotten very, very good at fucking younger men, starting as a tentative married woman dipping into the forbidden and becoming an unrestrained single older slut, fucking studly younger men as if she were built to do so. And she had proven herself built for this, as her tighter than tight pussy and her massive tits were pulling the handsome married man deeper into the type of all-consuming, raw sexual pleasure that only an older woman like her could provide.

"Oh my God! Fuck!" he growled, her tight, silky cunt driving him crazy. He couldn't stop himself from heaving his huge cock up into her, faster and faster. The pleasure was like nothing he'd ever felt. Her cunt was the best thing he'd ever felt. He couldn't get enough.

"You REALLY like that fucking cunt, haha! I can tell! Mmm... I can feel how hard your cock is!" she asked, her ass slamming into his thighs in a meaty, ever-increasing rhythm, the noise echoing through the walls of her house.

"Yes! Yes! You're amazing! Holy fuck, it's incredible!" he cried out, his ass lifting off the bed as he pumped up into her. But as good as it felt, he still wasn't anywhere close to cumming. After

having been on the edge of a truly volcanic explosion minutes prior, her efforts to curb that eruption had completely cooled the boiling in his balls while leaving his cock in it's primed, ready-for-action state... meaning he was exactly where she'd boasted he'd be. A state where he could fuck and fuck and fuck without stopping, where his climax was taken far away, and the only way to get there was to keep pleasuring this older woman's hot body until he earned the right to cum. Till he fucked her good enough to earn the right to give her the massive amounts of cum filling his balls. Till he fucked for so long he'd be in a damn near-crazed, fuck-crazy state, consumed with lust, where he just couldn't stop fucking this older woman. Where he couldn't stop pleasuring her.

"Oh God!" he sighed in pleasure, the realization that she'd been right about everything making his cock jump in excitement. This woman was so confident, so bold... she knew she could seduce him from the moment they'd met, and she was right about him every step of the way. Only someone really fucking good at this could be so right. He was at the mercy of a true sex goddess, and the only thing he could do was surrender completely and give her exactly what she wanted. Digging his fingers firmly into her massive bare tits, holding onto them as if his life depended on it, he fucked up into her even harder.

"Ugh! Yes! Fuck me, baby! Yes! Just like that! Fuck that nasty cunt!" she moaned, her nails digging into his chest to the point

of being painful, but they were both so in the moment that it only added to the pleasure. "I bet your cute little wife can't handle this big fat cock like I can! Oh! Fuck! Isn't my fucking cunt way better than hers?"

"Yes! Holy shit! YES! Your cunt is so much better! Fuck! It's not even close! She can't handle this cock like you do!" he admitted, unable to hold it back, even if it was a slight against the woman he loved. It was just... it was undeniable. Doreen was just way better at this than Molly was. This old slut was way better at fucking.

"UGH! Goddamn! Fuck!" the older woman groaned out, her body shivering in a small wave of pleasure as a mini-orgasm coursed through her. Until she began fucking younger married men, she never realized how hot she found the idea of being regarded as superior to women so much younger and cuter than her. She didn't realize she had such a nasty competitive streak to her, but there was something about a woman like her being regarded as better in every way than someone half her age, that was just intoxicating. She felt bad about it at first, but when all these young studs kept telling her how much better she was than their young wives, she eventually just had to embrace reality. She was better than them. Even though she was much older than these young women, even though they may be cuter, she was hotter. She was sexier. She had a better body. She had bigger tits. She could fuck way better. So, when

she met cute little Molly a few days prior, this busty older woman knew immediately that she was better in every way compared to her younger neighbor. And now Molly's husband knew that too, and he'd never be able to forget it.

"People like us... ugh!" Doreen began, gathering herself, refocusing on fucking the living daylights out of the married man beneath her, her ass driving into him even more firmly. "People like us are built to fuck! Yes! Oh! You may not have realized it yet, babe, but... ugh... FUCK... with a cock like this, you were built to make women like me VERY happy! Yes! This big fucking cock was meant to pleasure extra-tight pussies like mine! Yes! And it's doing such a good job! Yes! YES! YES!" She was heaving herself down firmly, throwing all her weight down into him, her ass slamming into his thighs. Greg could feel her juices splashing against his crotch as she did so, her pussy clearly enjoying what his cock could do. "We were meant to do this, hon! We were always gonna end up doing this! Yes! As soon as you moved into this neighborhood, your cock was always gonna end up balls-deep in my tight cunt! People like us always end up coming together! And babe... oh... we are definitely gonna cum together!"

"Oh my god!" Greg groaned, his cock tingling. His cock loved this older woman's boastful confidence. At this point, he believed every word she said, and every word that passed by her sexy lips went straight to his cock, adding to the lust he was

feeling. His cock loved what she was saying because it was so clear that she was right. Doreen was definitely built for sex. As his cock was being squeezed like crazy by her amazing cunt, as his thighs felt her big round ass slamming into him, as his hands hungrily groped her ripe, round tits... he had no doubt that this woman was optimized for fucking. And the fact that he was keeping up with her let him know he might just be built for the same purpose.

"That's it, babe..." she said, raising her hands from his chest to put her palms over his, aiding them as he squeezed her mammoth mature breasts. She rocked back and forth with his cock fully inside her, the slick walls of her tight cunt squeezing his full length as it pivoted within her. "Squeeze my big tits, Greg! Squeeze them and think about your wife, hon! Yes! Think about her tiny little boobies. Haha! OH! Yes! Think about how she can't measure up to a woman twice her age! Ugh! Fuck! Think about how strong your marriage is when you end up squeezing an older woman's big tits so soon after getting married! Yes! You must really love her, haha!"

As Greg obeyed her wishes and continued squeezing the older woman's big tits, his fingers digging into the smooth skin, his gold wedding band almost smothered in her excessive titty-flesh, he actually considered what she said. As wrong as it sounded, nothing she said was wrong. If he were so willing to cheat so soon after getting married, maybe there was some sort

of fundamental problem with their marriage. Some imbalance that had only revealed itself once Greg was put under pressure. Greg was stressed beyond belief, it was brutally hot out, and he was sexually frustrated. And when all those stressors combined, he was left in a vulnerable state, with only the power of the love he felt for Molly keeping him together, acting as his last defense. But that shield was revealed to be a fragile one, because as soon as this older woman put the moves on him, he crumbled immediately, ending up in her bed, his cock buried inside her, his hands on her tits. If only Molly had kept up her end of the bargain in the bedroom, he wouldn't be here. Sure, she'd made moves on him... but at the wrong times, when he wasn't ready. And when he made moves on her, she was too exhausted to match his needs. Sure, she was working long hours, plus she was facing the same stress of the move that he was. It was all totally justifiable, but... on some level, he resented the fact that she wasn't satisfying him. At this moment of great importance, where a wife is supposed to be at her best to cement the love her and her husband shared, she came up far short, allowing this old slut to move in and take her place. To do it better than the young wife ever could and leave her forever inferior. It wasn't on him for falling into this old whore's clutches... It was his wife's fault. If she couldn't keep up, of course he'd find someone who could, even if it was a woman twice his wife's age.

Because he was built for this, and so was Doreen. And his wife clearly wasn't.

At the same moment this realization fully hit him, the older woman ended her grinding and resumed bouncing on his big, swollen prick. He met her bounces with his own again, driving up to fuck up into her, their bodies colliding roughly every time. Her giant boobs were bouncing heavily as she did so, but with his hands in place holding on for dear life, they mostly stayed in place. His grip supported her tits, eager for them to never leave his grasp. His fingers kept digging into the luscious flesh, the sensation of such immaculate softness never enough for him.

"Fuck! This cock is so perfect! I wanna ride this fucking big dick every fucking day!" the older woman moaned, letting her head roll backwards and her arms hang, fully letting herself drown in the pleasure coursing through her. "Fuck! FUCK! FUCK! AHHH!" she moaned loudly, a slightly larger mini-orgasm hitting her. He was just hitting the right spots inside her, as if his cock was formed to pleasure just her. It felt like fate, a man like this getting sent to her neighborhood, with such a perfect cock that hits her nasty cunt just right.

"Yes! Oh my God! Jesus!" Greg sighed. He was in the same boat. How could a pussy feel this perfect around his big cock?

He'd never experienced anything like this. His cock felt like a perfect fit inside her, as if it were meant to be. As if her cunt was home. Even though she'd rendered the boiling cum in his balls dormant by her efforts earlier, the contents of his nuts were beginning to bubble to life again, all thanks to her tight, clutching pussy. He was sprinting down the path towards that release he so needed, but it was still a long way off. "Fuck, Doreen! This is perfect! Fuck!" he said, palming her globes, pressing them together, admiring the sight of her fleshy jugs in action. He kept heaving himself up into her, and her body began jerking in pleasure again.

"Oh my God! More! Yes! Just like that, baby! YES! YES!" she screamed out, her delicious body shaking. She raised her hands to her head, clutching her own scalp, as if this level of pleasure was melting her brain. Seeking to add to it, Greg got more active, sliding his fingers to her nipples and giving each a tiny little twist. This set her off. "YES! YES! More baby! MORE!" He did it again, tweaking her nipples again, and her body lit up, bouncing even faster, her eyes opening wide. "Harder! HARDER!" she panted. Showing now mercy, he tweaked both of the older woman's nipples firmly. "AHHHHH! YES! YES! AGAIN! PLEASE!" He did it again... and again... and again. And each time, her moans got louder. She'd been teasing him with those stiff pink nipples from the start, so it felt proper to finally give it back to her a bit. And as he kept tweaking her nipples, she began really going crazy, her arms jerking, fists

clenching in pleasure, her body spasming. "UGH! GOD! More! More! MORE!" her body was in overdrive, bouncing at a rapid pace, her ass slamming into him. He tweaked her nipples again, and again, and again, until finally...

"AHHHHHHH! YES! YYYYYYEEESSSSSSSS!" A huge orgasm hit the older woman, her cunt locking around the married man's thick swollen pole, her juices gushing out of her, covering his balls. She had slammed herself against him with his full length inside her, her body now grinding against him as this orgasm surged through her. Her hands pushed his hands away from her chest, the pleasure too much to take. But instead of just lying back while she rode this out, he took some action. Sliding his hands down to her hips, he used this added leverage to lift himself up, sitting up and moving his mouth straight towards her swollen, tasty nipple. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled himself close to her, taking her nipple into his mouth and sucking on it again. As soon as he did, her arms immediately wrapped around his head, keeping him in place.

"Just like that, baby! Yes!" she moaned as his mouth gently sucked on her stiff nipple, giving it just the right amount of pleasure, not too much to overwork her sensitive nipple, but enough to keep her riding this cresting wave of pleasure. His tongue toyed with the hard nub as he rubbed his face against

her soft, smooth titty-flesh, drowning himself in her ripe udders again.

As he sucked on the older woman's breast, she kept rocking against his lap, her pussy spasming, her juices still leaking out of her well-pleasured pussy. After a few minutes of rocking in the married man's lap as she rode out this orgasm, her mind returned to her. Now fully registering their change in position, she leaned back, admiring his hungry mouth sucking on her hard nipple so eagerly. But after an orgasm like that, she wanted more. Reaching beneath his chin, she lifted his face upwards, his face rising up until it was just below hers. Seeing his puffy swollen lips, she couldn't help herself, leaning forwards and meeting his lips with hers in another fiery kiss.

Their open mouths were quickly sealed together tight, cheeks hollowed, sharing spit, tongues deep in each other's mouths again. But where before, the kiss was somewhat reluctant on his end, this time, there was no holding back. They were together on this, the married man and this wicked old slut making out like horny teenagers. With her on top of him, arms wrapped around his neck, and with him sitting up straight, arms around her waist, their bare sweaty chests pressed against each other, her massive round tits ballooning out against his fit frame as their tongues dueled in each other's mouths. With their bodies interjoined like this, lips locked in a more passionate kiss than any he'd ever shared with his wife,

they weren't a pair of people anymore. They were one. One conjoined being, something stronger than the bond symbolized by the ring on his finger, a bond that could only be forged in the fires of hot nasty sex. Complete and total sexual connection, a thing achieved by a select few, only people like Doreen and Greg, people that were meant for this.

Finally ripping her lips from his, she moved her mouth to his ear.

"I hope you don't think you're done yet..." she whispered, lightly biting his earlobe. "You've got a lot of fucking ahead of you before you should even think about cumming..."

These words had a bit more venom than anything she'd said before, asserting a level of control he hadn't fully given up yet, and his first instinct was to get upset at her for assuming he was on her leash that much. But he couldn't deny the surge that went through his cock at this claim, ratcheting up the pressure inside his cock to fuck this woman's brains out. She ground herself against his full length while still planted in his lap, further quelling his anger. And in response, the only thing he could do was let his hands reach down to grope her round ass, squeezing each of the firm cheeks. Then, she resumed bouncing on him.

"Oh!" he sighed, his chin resting on her shoulder as they stayed clutched tightly together. She couldn't quite bounce as fully as she could before, but both seemed to savor being pressed so closely together. He liked feeling her oversized tits pressed against him. He liked palming each of her round, juicy ass-cheeks. But this position didn't allow for the type of ferocious fucking both of them wanted. Finally, shifting her weight forward, Doreen forced Greg backwards till his back landed against the mattress, with her still on top pressed against him. Then she began to lewdly bounce her shapely ass up and down, taking his entire length inside her on every bounce while keeping their chests pressed together. His palms simply rested against her juicy ass-cheeks as she resumed riding him, continuing to grope her as she bounced.

"Ahhh! Yes! This is so perfect! Oh! Fuck! This cock is mine!" she moaned out loudly, driving down into him roughly, the older woman's ass almost twerking as she rode the married man into the bed. "Poor little Molly practically handed you to me on a silver platter! UGH! Goddamn! A girl like her should keep a man like you locked up! She should know better! Yes! Fuck! She should have known a woman like me would want to fuck you! UGH! And if she knows you as well as a wife should, she should know that you'd want to fuck me too! Yes!"

"Ugh! God!" Greg moaned again, her words hitting home. As bad as it sounded, every small slander against his wife made

his cock throb in pleasure. At the same time, it pissed him off on his wife's behalf, but that didn't slow him down. The needs of his cock were winning out, and he just kept driving up into the older slut's immaculate cunt, unable to get enough. But that anger he felt on his wife's behalf didn't go away, staying beneath the surface, a small simmer beneath the rolling boil of sexual pleasure he was feeling. Everything Doreen said was true... if Molly had kept him satisfied, if she had valued her marriage in the manner she really should, he never would have ended up in this mess. He'd never have ended up fucking this old slut.

"If that idiot is just gonna hand over her hubby to me, I'd be a fool to not seal the deal!" she stated, her ass slamming into his thighs. "And... OH... I'm fucking sealing the deal, aren't I! Haha! Yes! YES! I'm consummating this shit like it's our wedding night! Haha! AH! Fuck! If she's not gonna get the job done, I'll just have to make this cock mine for good! I'll make this fucking big, perfect cock addicted to my body! UGH! YES! FUCK! You can stay married to her... oh! You can try to pretend you've found domestic bliss... fuck! But when your wife goes to work you can come back over here and find true bliss by fucking my tight fucking pussy day after day! AH! Yes! Haha! YES!"

"OH!" Greg groaned, the contents of his swollen balls churning heavily. Her words were hitting home in a way he couldn't believe, loving every bit of delightful filth passing through her

lips. His cock was swelling with need inside her tight wet cunt, full of life and feeling, and that explosion that she'd taunted him with was getting closer and closer.

"You like that, babe?" she asked, moving herself up ever so slightly so her heavy tits were now resting on his neck. "You like the idea of fucking me every god damn day? OH! Cause I love it! I fucking love it! I love the idea of making a young stud belong to me and only me! Yes! And I bet you love the idea of devoting this big perfect cock not to your young, cute wife, but to an old nasty slut like me! Don't you? UGH! Don't you?!"

"YES!" he screamed out. "I love it! I fucking love it!" It was so wrong, but it sounded so hot. She bounced harder at this, her weighty tits jiggling against his neck.

"UGH! You'd rather give your big cock to me every day, and... oh... and not her! Never her! You'd rather make the old neighbor lady cum than the woman you married! Ugh! And...oh fuck... you're definitely gonna do that! You're definitely gonna make me cum again! Yes! This cock is too damn good to not cum on it every chance you get! Yes! Your wife... ugh... your wife should lose her privileges to it fully!"

"Oh fuck... ah... what?" he stammered, confused, his body overwhelmed with pleasure, his nerves exploding in pleasure, his cock approaching the moment he was so desperate for. In the state he was in, he didn't fully understand what she was saying.

"Fuck! You shouldn't fuck your idiot wife again! Yes!" She moaned out, her ass slamming against him roughly. "She blew it with you big time! Ah! And you know it! And because of her... ugh... because she fucked up so badly... AH... you're in love with me now! Yes! You are way more into me now! Yes! She kept you so bottled up with need that you're super-hot for an old slut like me! Yes! You love it! And because of that, you should never give your wife this perfect cock again! Haha! She doesn't deserve it! It's mine now!"

"Fuck! No! I can't..." he groaned, his cock swelling up in excitement. Doing something like that... it seemed insane. He couldn't actually take things that far, right? God, it did sound insanely hot, though...

"You keep fucking this pussy, baby... pretty soon, you're gonna agree with me! You keep fucking my hot body like this, babe, and soon you won't be able to get it up for your wife at all! Haha! Yes!" she boasted, bouncing with more ferocity, her giant tits bouncing under his chin.

"Doreen..." he sighed. What she said... it sounded so wrong... but as much as he didn't want things to go that far, he feared she may be right. He had hopes that despite doing all this with Doreen... he could go back to Molly and move on, leaving this in the past, a one-time mistake. But what if Doreen was right? What if this was changing him permanently? What if there was no going back? What if he could never love Molly in the same way? What if his destiny was far more intertwined with Doreen than the woman he married?

Looking down at the married man, she could feel the gravity of what she'd said hitting him. She could see his pleasure-addled face get hit with a new wave of guilt, but before he could say anything, she leaned upwards, now resting her giant tits against his face. Wrapping her arms around his head, smothering him with her tits, she continued to fuck him like this. She used this added leverage to really drive her ass downward, taking his full length on every bounce.

"MMmmphhh!" Greg groaned. He wanted to speak out, he wanted to slow down, he wanted to defend his wife, but the full weight and softness of the older woman's giant tits just took the fight right out of him. Despite the dark fate she'd forecast, despite the very real possibility that his cock would soon belong completely to this old slut, he couldn't resist from

this deep in. He could only hope to survive this and hope to salvage things afterwards. So, he did all he could do in the moment, continuing to drown against her fleshy tits, scrub his face against them, lick her nipples as they passed by his mouth, and palm her big ass as she rode him, hoping to be able to ride out the storm and survive on the other side.

"UGGGHHHH! GOD FUCKING DAMN! YES!" the old slut grunted out, in full resplendence as she fucked the young married man with no resistance coming from him. He was now just lying there and taking it, despite her giving him every reason not to. But she knew there was no fighting this... she was too fucking good at sex. Young men like him weren't supposed to end up in bed with older women like her, so she always did her best to make it count. She fucked like she wanted to conquer the men she ended up with.

And Greg... he was being conquered.

Greg was laid out beneath her, just taking it. He didn't have enough in him to fuck back into her anymore, he just held on to her delicious ass as she rode him. He couldn't say anything, because one of her nipples was stuffed in his mouth, his lips having sought the stiff nub out as soon as it grazed past his mouth. The cum in his balls was full-on boiling again, his cock was tingling, and he was getting closer and closer to that

elusive explosion. After what seemed like an eternity of teasing, the end was finally in sight. Never slowing down, she kept riding him lewdly, bouncing her hips, driving herself down, her tight cunt swallowing his massive married cock without the slightest difficulty. She was so wet and so turned on that even his big cock wasn't giving her any trouble. Her pussy was spasming around him. Her body was alight with pleasure. She was gonna have another massive orgasm.

"FUCK! I'm gonna cum again! AH! FUCK!" the older woman moaned out loudly, her body ready to explode in pleasure again. Greg's face was now completely smothered beneath her fleshy tits, keeping him weighed down and in place as she rode him, but despite drowning against the older woman's tits, her announcement somehow made it to his ears. And it was good that it did, because he could feel his orgasm about to hit him, too. His nuts were finally ready to fire again. And her orgasm would probably be enough to completely pull him over the edge. It was so close now.

"Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! This cock's gonna make me cum!" she screamed out in pleasure, his huge dick hitting her just right. "Fuck! Your big married cock's gonna make me fucking cum! AH! AH! AH! YES! YES! FUCK! I'm gonna cum! FUCK! Yes! YES! YES! YES! AHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

A massive lightning bolt of pleasure struck the older slut. She drove herself down against him and stayed there, his full length buried inside her, her cunt grinding on the married man's thick married pole. Her juicy ass flexed lewdly as she humped into him, her cunt squeezing around him tightly. Her heated juices gushed out from inside her, soaking the root of his cock and his swollen balls. Her pussy kept spasming so hard around him it was almost painful.

"AHHHHHHH!"

FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK!" she grunted out throatily. Her arms were clutched around him, keeping her tits molded to his face as she savored her delicious climax.

"UUUGGGGHHHH!" he groaned, his voice muffled by her heavy breasts. His body was lighting up and his cock was tingling, prepping for the big one. The biggest orgasm of his life. A soul-changing, body-breaking orgasm that might snap him in half it would be so severe.

"Your cock makes me cum so good! FUCK! FUCK! YES!" the older slut screamed out, lewdly humping the married man as the orgasm rocked through her delicious frame. She wasn't paying attention to him, she was just using his big thick cock

to increase her pleasure, her pussy cumming like crazy as she ground against it, prolonging her orgasm with every lewd hump. The old whore just kept cumming, her juices coating his bloated, swelling prick. But even through her intense orgasm, she could tell his cock was prepping itself for an intense explosion.

"Mmmmm!" he groaned again, humping up against her, his tongue flicking at her stiff nipple. This whole thing was finally almost done. He was getting closer and closer. Her pussy kept squeezing at him, trying to draw the cum out of his big, swollen balls. He was finally gonna cum, then he could think straight. Then this could be over. Then he could see if he'd escaped this all unscathed. Her pussy was magic, squeezing him just right, coaxing his balls towards a massive explosion. He was so close now. "UGH! GUHHH! FUHHH!" he moaned into her tits, ready to cum. He could feel it coming. His cock tingling all over, he could feel himself approaching the edge again, ready to dive over that cliff headfirst with no hesitation. He was ready to let go and just let it all out. He was right there... just a little more...right there... right there...

Then, it was gone.

In a flash, his eyes opened wide as the pleasure disappeared at the last possible moment. Suddenly, his face wasn't smothered

by breasts. His cock was no longer buried in the old slut's magic pussy. It was standing free and proud, looking larger than ever, shiny with their combined juices, an angry meaty pole screaming for that one last push. And the only thing touching it was the older woman's fingers, gripping the base firmly, squeezing and holding his explosion back, keeping all the boiling cum in his balls... again.

"Don't you dare cum yet!" Doreen warned, hovering above him, one foot on the bed to prevent her from falling, her round, massive tits swaying in the air above him, taunting him with their perfection. This was a sudden bit of inspiration on her part. This was some of the best sex of her life, and part of it had been achieved by pushing this quiet young man to his limits. So... why not just see how he far could go? How far she could push those limits till he finally breaks? Just imagine what he could do when those limits he self-imposes are gone and a stud like him is fully unleashed. Where he doesn't have the strength to hold back and the beast lurking inside him is unrestrained. The older slut LOVED the idea...

"No! Please!" Greg begged, humping up off the bed desperately. She did her best to hold him down against the bed, but failing that, she made sure to keep her pussy out of reach of his lengthy cock, withholding the pleasure he was so absolutely desperate for.

"Just hold it back for a little longer, babe!" she beseeched him firmly. "I need you to do that for me. It'll be so much better if you hold it back!"

"Please!" he begged her again, barely able to handle not getting that orgasm he was so desperate for. He felt like his body was gonna explode he was so backed up. He didn't know if he could take this.

"You teased me for so long with this big perfect cock of yours," she said with a smile so calm and jovial that it was infuriating. His blood boiled, and his eyes looked near crazed as she stared at him confidently. He was so close to that ultimate pleasure, and she was taking it away from him!

"I need to cum, you evil fucking bitch!" the once thoughtful married man screamed out, now in a pure desperation state. He could feel that orgasm slipping away from him again. No, he couldn't lose it. He needed to cum so bad! He would go insane if he didn't. He humped upwards again, but she didn't allow him anything, following his humping with her gripping her hand, using her other to gently push him back down into the bed.

"Watch your language, baby," she taunted him with a laugh, shaking her head. God damn, he was furious in a way he'd never been before, and her calm, smug attitude was only making him boil further. "Especially after I've been so kind to you!" She gave his cock a firm squeeze in her fist, emphasizing her control over him. "You just need to learn a little control..." she said firmly, looking him the eyes, "Then you'll reach your full potential. Look, you've given me two really great orgasms... and maybe a couple other small ones... mmm... Those were nice, haha! Does it feel good knowing I've cum so many times and you haven't cum once?" She asked with a poisonous smile. He humped up against her hand again, but she still wasn't allowing him even the slightest hint of pleasure. His ass fell back to the bed once more as he realized his efforts were futile. She smirked victoriously before continuing. "But I meant what I said before. You are not getting what you want until I cum, like, 10 times, minimum. I've cum so hard already, but I want even more! I want this cock to make my brain melt in pleasure! And the only way you can do that is if you just learn a bit of control..." she announced knowingly in a sing-song voice, punctuating this by tapping her fingertip teasingly against the side of his throbbing shaft. She looked him in the eyes again, her gaze squinting ever so slightly, as if she knew exactly what she was doing. As if she knew how much she was torturing him, and was thoroughly enjoying it.

"Fuck you!" Greg groaned out, upset that he could feel the orgasm that had been so close now slipping away, and that same numb feeling began returning to his big dick that he felt when she denied him before. His cock was being overstimulated over and over again, and it didn't know how to handle it. It was still strainingly, painfully hard, but the volcanic explosion had retreated fully back into his balls. Dammit! "I don't need a fucking lesson!"

"Keep it up and I won't let you cum at all," she warned him, her smile disappearing, staring him down, gripping his bloated prick possessively. "What you need to realize is that I control your cock now, Greg. From the second you walked into my backyard and stared at my tits, your cock has belonged to me. I hope you know that." He was taken aback by this change in attitude. It was as if she was trying to piss him off. Well, he was plenty pissed off already, and every word she said was only adding to his furor. She probably didn't realize how close he was to snapping. "It's not yours anymore, and it's certainly not your dumbass, flat-chested wife's either," she said, her biting insults towards Molly only adding to his fury. "Every drop of cum in these balls is mine! I'm the one that got you so fucking turned on... I think it's only fair. And I might not let you cum for another hour," she said, giving his overworked, rock hard prick a slow, teasing stroke, looking straight in his pained eyes as she did so. She knew this wouldn't be enough for him, taunting him with her smug confidence. "Or a couple hours..."

she said, giving his overstimulated prick another teasing stroke with her talented hand. "Or maybe the rest of the night..." she said, giving him another painfully slow stroke. Her fingertip grazed just under the tip, knowing his churning balls had cooled enough for her to get away with it. "Or maybe I'll just send you back to wifey and make you come crawling back so you can get some real sex! I'd love to see you beg..." His eyes were wide, he was breathing deep, and his heart was pumping. She was testing his patience. Then a new thought hit her, one that made her smirk. "Or maybe I'll just invite the wife over, let her see what her hubby gets up to in his free time. Haha! Maybe when she finally sees your cock buried in your neighbor's slutty cunt... when her heart breaks, maybe only then will I let you cum. How does that sound, babe? Is that what you want? Tell me... is that what you want?!" she demanded, staring him down, proposing that the only way he could get the pleasure he needed was to break his wife's heart and destroy their marriage. She looked at Greg as if daring him to deny her.

This denial was hitting him in a manner so profound that she probably didn't even realize it. Being denied what he wanted... that was the core of everything he'd been experiencing for months now. With the marriage and the move... the denial of a calm, blissful day-to-day life. His wife's busy schedule combined with his exhaustion after work around the house... the denial of a regular sex-life. His substantial writing block... the denial of the creative outlet that was so central to his life.

And now this, being denied the pleasure he'd been taunted with for hours now. In every aspect of his life, he was being blocked off. Denied. Was this his fate? His hell to experience? Getting so close to what he wanted, but it's always kept just out of reach? His system was so flooded with lust and anger and desperate need right now, and being given such a twisted offer in this state made the older woman seem more like a demoness, offering him such a loaded, unfair deal in the only moment that he might be in such a state that he might consider it. He loved his wife, but would he humiliate her so thoroughly in order to get what he wanted? Despite the small tingle that ran down his spine at the twisted offer, he knew he wouldn't take the deal. He couldn't. That would not only be a level of cruelty he wasn't willing to even consider just yet, but it would also be completely ceding control to this wicked, teasing slut and her insane whims. Despite how much he'd enjoyed yielding control to her throughout this encounter... fuck, it was really good... he couldn't let her take it that far. He couldn't give in that completely. He thought he could just ride this out and escape, but with her wicked, possessive side rearing itself in full bloom, that was no longer a possibility. What she wanted him to do... no... that wouldn't happen. It couldn't. He had to fight back. He had to prove he was still in control of his own destiny. He had to assert that control. He had to prevent that dark fate from happening. He had to finally break through all the shit holding back to resist Doreen's dark offer to get what he wanted. To save himself.

And save his marriage.

His resolve crystal clear for the first time in ages, and finally channeling some of that pure strength that comes with being a younger man, he grabbed the older woman above him and pushed her off of him, rolling her onto her back next to him. There was nothing between him and escape for the first time in what seemed like hours.

But he wasn't going anywhere.

Following the older woman, he moved to position himself on top of her, settling between her already spread legs. Moving with purpose, he hooked his arms behind her knees and folded her up, so her knees were against her chest, and her ankles were against his shoulders. He reached down, grabbed his angry swollen dick, and guided it towards Doreen's wet and waiting fuck-hole. Not hesitating in the slightest, Greg's hips flexed and he slid his big cock back into the older slut's heavenly pussy.

"Fuck! That's it!" Doreen sighed, her head falling back, grinning lightly as she felt the younger man's weight on top of her, his full length filling her to the brim again. If she was upset by this change of position, she wasn't showing it.

"OH! God!" Greg groaned, finally getting some pleasure as her tight, grasping walls wrapped around his thick shaft again. But that orgasm that he'd been so desperate for was far away again thanks to her twisted denials, the boiling in his balls back to a slow, languid churn. But that all-consuming need, and the sheer volume of thick, potent fucking cum filling his nuts to the absolute brim... that hadn't gone anywhere. He just needed to re-light that fire.

"Fucking bitch..." the young married man growled, angry that he'd gotten that orgasm taken from him when it was in his grasp. It wasn't up to her when he would cum. No... he would show her. He controlled his fate. He controlled his pleasure. And he would prove it.

Prove it by fucking this older woman's brains out.

In an instant, her pulled out till just the swollen head of his cock was inside her before driving himself back in firmly, repeating the motion again, going from 0 to 100 quickly, instantly revving up to the pace of real fucking. There was no more foreplay, no more slow build-ups. Greg was in a desperate, near feral state, and he needed to relieve that all-consuming pressure built up inside him. He needed the type of furious, full-bodied fucking that would finally take him over the edge. That would create a momentum of unrestrained pleasure so

powerful that not even this scheming old slut could hold back. On top of the older woman, his weight rested on the backs of her legs as he drove himself down into her. Every muscle in his body worked in unison to drive his huge, beefy cock into her, giving her every inch over and over again as fast as he could. His heavy balls were soon establishing a furious rhythmic sound, loudly slapping against her ass as he fucked the older slut into the mattress. He was fucking at a sprint, giving it his all, trying to chase down the climax that she'd kept away from him all afternoon. And if he sprinted fast enough, he might finally catch it.

"UGH! Goddamn! Fuck..." he groaned, her experienced cunt feeling amazing around him, somehow even better than it did before, gripping his big cock tightly as he pistoned it into her. His hands dug into the bedsheets, using them for leverage as he fucked the older woman like an animal, giving it to her hard.

"That's it, baby, that's it..." Doreen sighed lustily, her hands rubbing the young married man's biceps, her head falling back in pleasure. Crushed beneath the younger, well-built man as he fucked her, his forceful efforts pressing her knees down roughly into her chest, his thrusts forceful enough to take the breath out of her, she couldn't help but let a small smile cross her plump lips. "This is exactly what I wanted..." she moaned lightly.

It was true. This is what she'd hoped for. She'd done this to him. She'd taken him to his limits, further than he believed he could ever go. She'd teased this once thoughtful, shy young married man to the point where he was now, where he'd finally snapped and become something else. A cursing, rutting beast, consumed with need, to the point where all he could do... all he could think about... was fucking. Rough, nasty fucking! She'd removed every restraint holding him back from his true desires, his all-consuming needs, and now he was unrestrained. Unleashed.

But perhaps that description wasn't entirely true. Because he wasn't quite unleashed. He might think he was, but in fact she'd simple removed the shackles holding him back and replaced it with a new one. She'd removed the shackles of love and marriage and good behavior that society had implanted within him, those pesky restraints that prevented him from the type of fun a man like him deserved to be having. The type of pleasure you can only have when you leave those annoying morals behind. The type of pleasure you can only have with a woman like her. But as soon she ripped off those shackles, she'd instead replaced it with a new one. A leash, with her holding the end of it.

He thought he was breaking free of her grip over him, taking control by throwing her down, getting on top of her, and using his superior strength to sit in the driver's seat for a bit, controlling the pace of the action. He thought he could take back a bit of control, getting the pleasure he needed before possibly walking away. But in truth, he was fucking his way into complete submission. Taking part in sex so fucking good that he'd never be able to match it without her. And in getting the pleasure he needed, he'd also coincidentally be giving her exactly what she wanted, satisfying her in the way she needed. And if you doubted that, the fact that her cunt was fucking gushing around his steel-hard pole practically every time he drove into her should let you know that she was getting exactly what she wanted here.

"Ugh! Yes! YES!" she moaned out gutturally, the lust hitting her so hard that it almost made her feel ill. But that moment passed quickly, allowing her to savor every bit of explosive pleasure he was giving her. His cock was hitting her just right, her pussy spasming on his massive rod, coating it with her juices, her body charging up for an explosion. She was simply lying there and holding on for the ride over the edge, savoring every sensation his beefy young cock was giving her. Her slim fingers dug into his young muscles as they flexed. His entire body was tensed as he heaved his big cock into her, all this desire in him spurred on by her hot body. She could feel his big, heavy, cum-filled balls slapping against her ass, letting her feel the need

she'd inspired in him. Her pussy tightened around him. She was close again.

"UGH! Fucking... ah!" he grunted, pissed that she was enjoying this last stand of his so much. This was supposed to be about him getting his pleasure. But instead... she was the one about to get off. And while her cunt felt as amazing as ever, squeezing his big cock tightly, he'd been so overstimulated that the pleasure he was feeling was still being dulled, as if his cock was afraid to fully feel all that amazing lusty pleasure again for fear of it being taken away. He had a long way to break through that, to feel that raw, naked, sexual high and take it all the way to the finish. "Fuckin' bitch!" he screamed out in fury as he continued driving his cock into her eager, dripping sex-hole, knowing it would only further give her what she wanted.

"Yes! YES! Oh my GOD! Yes! YES! YES!" the blonde screamed out, his prick scratching that itch inside her perfectly. It was as if it was meant to be, as if his big cock was forged to pleasure her and only her. "Make me cum, baby! Make me CUM!"

Her body tightened up as a huge gush of her sex-juices squirted out of her, splashing against his crotch as he kept drilling her. Her cunt clenched around him, but he was unrelenting as he kept drilling her, hoping fucking her through her orgasm would help take him closer to his goal. Her ultra-

tight, squeezing cunt was the greatest thing he'd ever felt, the best thing his cock had ever experienced, but even that wasn't enough to get him that much closer to the orgasm he needed. Sure it felt amazing, a hole of such amazing tightness squeezing the living hell out of his big needy cock, but it didn't affect him nearly as strongly as it did earlier when he'd been ready to explode. That time, it had been almost enough to take him over the edge. This time, after her denial of his orgasm had dulled his pleasure centers, it maybe got him 10% closer to his goal at best.

Even in his addled, sex-consumed mind, he realized what he'd have to do. He'd just have to keep at it, to give this older woman what she'd asked of him, to keep fucking her mature cunt exactly how she wanted for as long as she wanted. And only then would finally be able to cum. Only then would the pleasure be enough for him to reach his goal. He knew this was a small act of submission even in the midst of his lustful rebellion, but he saw no other choice. He'd just have to surrender to her whims again to get what he wanted.

He'd just have to keep making her cum.

"AHHH! YES! YES!" she moaned whorishly, her cunt squirting again and again around him, coating his shaft, covering his balls. Her body was alive, shaking with total pleasure.

"Ugh! God!" he groaned, the knowledge of his submission to her whims sending a shudder of pleasure through his entire frame, empowering him onwards, coaxing him to continue fucking this old bitch senseless. His body slammed into hers harder, colliding roughly as he sawed his lengthy cock in and out of her.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" Doreen sighed, almost mocking him by cumming so hard while his orgasm was still so far away. He drove into her at a more rapid pace at this because he was so upset. But the only thing it accomplished was making her orgasm hit even better, her body continuing to shake as it rocked her.

"Ahhhh..." she sighed loudly, her body relaxing as she came down from her high. Her eyes were closed and she smiled lightly, savoring the blissful moment. All the while, the young married man was on top of her, her ankles still on his shoulders, drilling down into her prone, relaxed form like a wild animal.

"UGH! Fuck!" he grunted, the cum in his balls still at a slow boil in spite of his best efforts. Dammit! He'd hoped he was wrong about what he'd need to do to reach his orgasm, but he wasn't. The strongest kick to the system he'd been able to get

was when she came, and as furious as he was with the older tease, he knew he had to keep at it, he had to keep making her cum in order for her amazing cunt to finally do enough to coax a thunderous load of sperm out of his swollen balls. He had to keep pleasuring her. But she was in a relaxed state as she recovered from her previous high, and her body was almost liquid it was so out of it to the point where her ankles slid off his shoulders and fell to the sides, leaving her legs spread lewdly as he drilled her at a furious speed. Looking down, this change of position had exposed her massive, sweat-covered, jiggling breasts to his eyes again. Practically drooling with lust at the sight of them, he saw a way to bring her back to the action. A way to shock her system. Reaching down, he grabbed both nipples between two fingers, and with a firm knowing twist, he tweaked them both in unison.

"AaaaaaaAAHHHHH! FUCK!" Doreen screamed out, eyes opening wide as she was energized back to life. "Haha! You fucking stud! Yes! Do it again! More!" He obeyed, pinching her stiff nipples with just the right amount of pressure, making her body tense up and her cunt clench around him. And each squeeze turned up the heat in his churning balls, the pressure slowly rising inside him once more. "Again! Again! YES!" He obeyed, pinching them over and over, making her shake. Unable to resist the sight as he stared down at her monumental jugs, he leapt down and attached his mouth to one of her rubbery nipples.

"Bite it, baby! Bite it!" she commanded. He obeyed, his teeth putting the perfect amount of pressure on her stiff pink nub. Her body tensed up, and her pussy locked around his driving pole. "AHHHHH! YES!" she moaned loudly. Now fully focused on her tits, he kept toying with the stiff nipple in his mouth as his other hand eagerly groped her fleshy breast. His hips were unrelenting as he did this, still fucking his big, bloated cock into her at the same driving pace. "I can cum from having my nipples played with, baby. You know that! UGH! Fuck! Tweak one and bite the other and I swear I'll cum! I'll cum really fucking hard! Don't you want to make me fucking cum, babe?"

His eyes were heavy with a fiery anger as he looked up at her, sucking on one of her nipples while his fingers toyed with the other. Part of him wanted to deny her this pleasure in the same way she'd denied his. But he couldn't... he just couldn't. He didn't have that level of control. He was too lost in that surging hunger for raw sex. He needed it. He was desperate. Working in unison, his fingers twisted her stiff nipple as his mouth chewed on the other.

"AAHHHHHHHHH!"

FFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!" the old woman screamed out, her cunt locking around his driving pole again as she came. Arching her back, her tits pressing into his face

and hand, the orgasm hit her violently. As he felt her tits against his face again, her cunt squeezed around his big dick... hard. And that orgasm translated over to him from their conjoined genitals. As if feeling a firm tug from behind the base of his cock, he felt himself be pulled into her, his full length getting buried inside her. He felt the pressure inside him turn up severely, his nuts beginning to really boil, that elusive orgasm getting significantly closer thanks to her amazing pussy and the orgasm he gave her.

"OH! Fuck!" he grunted, grinding his cock inside of her. Unable to do anything but chase that orgasm down, he repeated the act, biting down on one nipple as his fingers tweaked the other one again.

"AHHHHH! YES! YES!" she squealed loudly, another wave of pleasure hitting her, his cock feeling like it was still getting pulled deeper inside her, her cunt squeezing every fucking inch of his big married dong. And that boiling cum nestled deep in his balls got a little closer to the surface.

"MMMPPPPHHHH!" Greg grunted out, his voiced muffled as he scrubbed his face against her big, sweaty tits. Her moisture there mixed with the perspiration on his face, practically infusing through his pores and becoming a part of him. Pulling away, looking to reassert himself, he leaned upwards, planted

his hands back on the bed, and began to pull his cock back out of her before driving it back into her firmly. He was trying to keep control. He was trying to not let her call all the shots. Within moments, he was drilling her at the same pace he was before.

"Ugh!" he groaned, the pleasure beginning to take its toll on him. He could feel it coming. He could see the light at the end of the tunnel, and he would only get there by pounding away at Doreen's tunnel. Working up to speed, he didn't show her any mercy as she rode out the last waves of her orgasm.

"Just... keep going..." she begged through a tensed throat, her hands floating above her, clutching in the air as his cock kept filling her up perfectly. She was almost shivering she was so overcharged, and the young married stud's big dick was hitting her just right. Her heavy bare tits were wobbling lewdly on her chest as he heaved himself into her roughly. He tried to resist the urge to keep touching her, but the increasing pressure in his balls clouded his already heavily under-the-influence mind. Steadying himself with one hand, he used the other to lewdly grope one of the older woman's massive, wobbling jugs, digging into the lush, smooth titty-flesh. At the same moment, he felt one of her calves curl around the back of his leg possessively.

"Don't stop, baby... don't ever stop... ahhh!" she moaned. He kept driving himself downwards, fucking her roughly, their bodies slapping together as they kept at it. Her hands found their way around his back, rubbing his taut muscles lightly as he kept pleasuring her. He was going at it without feeling the wear and tear of his efforts, lust driving him with a marathon-like stamina. "Don't slow down, keep at it just like that! Keep fucking that nasty old cunt, babe!" she groaned out, her voice warbling. "Yes! You're hitting that shit just right! Just keep at it like that and I swear I won't stop cumming! Yes!"

"UGGGHHHHH! God damn!" Greg groaned, keeping at it just as she asked, driving his prick into her without slowing down. He was really starting to feel it, pleasure lighting up his system. He wasn't quite to the edge yet, but his body was warming up, preparing for the big one.

Sunlight blinked through the blinds against the window above her bed. If an onlooker was peeking through the blinds, they would see an attractive, well-built young man with a ring on his finger really going to town on an old slut, her giant boobs jiggling as he used all his strength to really give it to her hard, railing her with pure undistilled lust propelling his actions. His muscles were flexed as he fucked the older whore, his bare ass tightening as he pounded her. As he did so, he kept one hand on one of her bare tits, squeezing it firmly, gripping the fleshy orb as he used it for leverage to aid in fucking the shit out of

her. The onlooker could see her leg curled around one of his, rubbing against him, clearly an act of approval as he kept pleasuring her. At the same time, her hands were rubbing his taut back, soothing his burning anger ever so slightly as that same anger drove him onwards, his body and mind all-consumed by the surging need to cum. And if that onlooker looked down to see his oversized married dong pistoning in and out of her tight, clutching cunt, they could see her juices gushing all over it as his perfect cock kept her pleasure cresting, giving her a series of mini-orgasms, one after the other.

"Ah... ah... ah!" she moaned, her voice warbling, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as he kept fucking her, his balls slapping her ass as her tight hole completely inhaled his big married rod over and over again. Her pussy kept spasming as she just kept cumming. She'd lost count by this point.

"Oh! God! Fuh..." he groaned, her cunt squeezing at him more and more, pulling him closer and closer to the edge every time. His balls were now in a rolling boil, the cum churning, building up pressure once more. He needed to cum... he needed to cum... He didn't know if he would be able to handle getting it taken away from him again. He was so fucking close now. He would do anything...

But the pleasure was starting to finally take its toll. Some of the oomph was being taken out of his driving strokes. Some of the power sapped from his youthful, fit body by the endlessly sex-hungry older woman. His rhythm got interrupted, and although he kept his hips driving into her, his body collapsed on top of her, chest-to-chest, losing some of that leverage as he lost position. But he never stopped fucking her. He never stopped chasing that ultimate pleasure.

But this was where her experience won the day. Even in this act of taking control, he wore himself out, his fury transforming into a full-bodied lust that no man could ever hope to handle. It was then that the oversexed older woman's appetite and experience revealed itself. As he fucked himself into oblivion, she regained her bearings. Her arms both wrapped around his back, and both legs now curled around his. With him fully in her clutches, she moved her lips to his ear.

"Babe! Oh..." she sighed. One of her hands reached down to his butt, digging her nails into one of his butt-cheeks as it kept flexing, driving his cock into her without stopping. "Babe, you have to stop now! Married men shouldn't be porno-fucking older sluts like me! Oh! Fuck! AH YES! But what I was saying... oh... you really should just pull out now and go home to your wife! Ah! It's the last chance you have, babe! I'm sure making love to her will be just as good..." His cock jolted at this

mocking statement. They both knew it wasn't true, and that biting comment ratcheted up the pressure further. That end... it was getting close now.

"Oh! Fuck!" he groaned. "Fuck you!" He kept fucking her hard, his slick, sex-juice-covered prick sliding easily in and out of her. He knew she was mocking him, mocking his marriage and the situation he'd found himself in. But that didn't mean it wasn't hitting his cock just right.

"I mean it, babe!" Doreen sighed, feeling one more great big orgasm on her horizon as well. "Go home to your flat-chested wife and really try to get this worked up with her. It's for the best! UGH! Fuck! You shouldn't be getting so hot for big-breasted old ladies like me! That's... oh... really fucking bad for your marital prospects!"

"OH!" Greg moaned into her shoulder. Her words were so fucking hot! This was so wrong, but it was so good! His cock was throbbing again. Fuck... he could feel the climax he was chasing. It was so close. Part of him wanted her to shut up, but an even greater part wanted her to never stop. She was so filthy!

"You should pull out, hon!" she urged him, writhing on his big cock as it made her cunt spasm around him. Her teeth bit at his earlobe ever so lightly, scrubbing her big tits against his chest as her body lit up with pleasure. "I mean it! Pull out and save it for your wife! Save your marriage, babe! Ugh! I've got what I wanted! I've cum so fucking much on this big cock! Yes! You can go home now, Greg! Go home and give it all your wife! I know you love her so much! Oh! Fuck! You'd better pull out, baby! UGH! Cause if you give it to me... oh fuck... if that great, big, perfect fucking cock of yours cums inside my slutty, wet, extra-tight fucking CUNT... ah... if you do that, you'll never be able to go back! It'll be too fucking good! AH! You'll love it too fucking much! Yes! Cumming in my tight, wet cunt... oh... fucking my hot body... yes... It'll be your favorite thing ever! It'll mean you love doing it more than you love your sweet, kind, cute little wife! Oh! It'll mean that my hot body will mean more to you than the woman you married! AH! It'll mean you'd rather fuck an old slut like me than your wife! OH! Fuck! So, babe... you have to pull out!" she moaned out, pleading with him to save his own marriage. Digging her claws into his scalp, she raised his head up so she could look him in the eyes, his muddled gaze meeting her firm, blazing stare. "I dare you to pull out!" she stated, her cunt squeezing around him.

"AH!" he groaned out, his head falling, his cock spasming violently. He was so close to the edge. It was right there! He could see it! The volcano-like explosion brewing in his balls was on the verge of firing off in an explosion of true upheaval, an explosion he didn't know if he could take. She'd been

stringing him along all day, denying him this pleasure twice. And now... she was asking him to do it himself. Asking him to resist what every fiber in his body was screaming at him to do. She was asking him to torture himself further. Asking him to pull out and go home, go home to a flat-chested wife that could never get close to the peak of pleasure this old slut had given him. Fuck... his wife really was so fucking flat-chested. She barely even had boobs. Doreen was giving him a lifeline to escape, one he would have begged for multiple times this entire day. But taking it at this point sounded beyond terrible. A truly awful deal. His wife would never be able to drain his balls the way he needed them to be drained. The way only an experienced whore like Doreen could. Fuck... his wife couldn't even slightly compete in the realm of sex with this woman over twice her age. He knew the right thing to do would be to do as Doreen said, go home and resist fully cementing this betrayal, saving himself for his wife.

But he couldn't. He just couldn't. He needed this.

Fuck... he wanted to go home. He wanted to stay loyal. But who even fucking knew if she'd be up for sex tonight? Who even knew if she'd even be willing to give the man she married what he needed at this moment of great importance? And that itself was the breaking point. The fact that he doubted that his wife could give him what he needed. He should trust her more than anything, but in this moment of truth, he trusted Doreen to get

the job done way more than he trusted the woman he loved. He couldn't go on like this any longer. He needed to cum. He needed to be free from this all-consuming need.

So, Greg kept fucking the older slut, his cock tingling, his balls swelling, fucking her faster than he was previously.

"UGH!" he groaned, the pleasure hitting him hard, spurring him onwards, as if having taken over the controls, driving the action. His body was practically on autopilot, fucking the older slut at a furious pace, chasing that desperately needed orgasm. He was so close now...

"Oh!" Doreen sighed, acting like she was surprised. "Fuck... oh! Wait! What are you doing? You're fucking me even harder!? But what about your wife? Shit... keep going! Yes! AH! What about Molly!? AH! UGH! It feels so fucking good, babe... fuck... Your cock is so PERFECT! Yes! But you shouldn't be doing this! UGH! You know I love it more than your wife does! You know that fucking cunt loves your big fat cock! Yes! But you shouldn't be loving this so much! Ugh! You shouldn't be fucking me like this when you're so fucking close to cumming! Oh fuck! AH! I've been trying to protect you this whole time, Greg! Oh! You shouldn't fill my perfect, tight cunt with all that fucking cum! Ah! Do you hear me? Oh! I know you want to so bad... fuck... and I want it too, babe! I want it so fucking bad,

and I know it would feel amazing for you! Oh! But if you pump a massive wad of cum inside me, it'll mean you love me more than Molly! Ah! It means you love an old, nasty slut like me more than your... oh... your ugly, skinny, dull little wife! Ugh! Your flat-chested, bony-assed, idiot wife! AH! I can't deny facts anymore... especially not when you keep fucking me like this! Oh! She fucking offered you up to me! UGH! She said you'd mow my lawn too, babe! AH! Well, you're fucking mowing my fucking lawn right now, Greg! AH! Haha! YES! It feels so good!" she squealed out, her cunt spasming around him. His body shuddered, feeling her cunt trying to draw that cum out of his swollen balls. "You're gonna be mowing my fucking lawn five times a fucking week! YES! Aren't you? UGH! Because you love that fucking cunt! Yes! You love that nasty fucking cunt! OH! You love my big, perfect tits! Ugh! You love me completely! YES! You love an old, nasty slut like me way more than your young, perky wife! And if you cum in that pussy, it'll make you mine for good! UGH! YES! I want it so bad! Yes! This cock will belong to me, not your wife! We'll be fucking ten times more than you fuck the woman you married! AH! Fuck! Getting your hands on my hot body will mean more to you than any boring romantic night with her! Yes! That's it, baby! Oh! Keep fucking me just like that! AH! So, you'd better not cum in that perfect fucking cunt, babe, because pretty soon you'll want to do it every fucking day! YES!"

Greg didn't slow down despite her 'warnings', his body a furiously moving engine, pumping the older woman's cunt with his big pistoning dick at a near blinding speed. Despite being in this sex-crazed, berserker state, her words got through the fog. He had hoped that he could get away with this being the last of their encounters, but with the way she was describing it, this would simply be the first of many. And as soon as she said it, he knew it to be true. Deep down, he knew if he took it all the way, if he came in this old whore's immaculate cunt, he would be unable to resist doing it again. And again. And again! This young, handsome stud would be forever bound to a giant-breasted older woman over twice his age, not the young, cute woman he married. This fact hit home. But... he was in such a state that there was nothing stopping him. He was rolling downhill, out of control. He'd gotten this ball rolling on his own volition, and not even he could slow it down. The volcano inside him was poised to blow in a near Pompeii-sized explosion, and he feared the crater in his mind this explosion would leave behind.

"UGH! GOD!" Greg moaned out loudly, the contents of his balls lurching heavily, the feeling of inevitable submission to this old slut hitting his system hard. His mind feared it, but his cock LOVED the idea of being forever bound to this hot-bodied older woman. The lava was nearing the surface now, and his hips were a blur, pounding away at her eager, squeezing cunt

as it worked to draw all that boiling hot cum out of his overfilled balls and into her tight, clutching hole.

"Ah! Yes!" Doreen moaned, having slowly taken over the proceedings again, even from beneath. Her legs curled around him, pulling him deeper. One palm kept gripping his ass, squeezing it as he drove his big cock into her. Chests pressed together, her giant tits making constant contact with his fit body in the manner he clearly loved. And one hand on his back, soothing the beast as he got more and more crazed. This once calm, quiet, articulate young man was a pure, undistilled sex machine right now, built for her pleasure. But it was her filthy mouth that was truly securing her control over him.

"Babe! Ugh!" she groaned, getting near another major orgasm as well, holding it back enough to time it with the young husband's explosion. "You're gonna cum, aren't you? Oh! That cunt's gonna make you fucking cum, isn't it? Yes! You can't stop yourself... that cunt's too fucking good, isn't it? ISN'T IT?"

"Yes! Your cunt's so fucking good! I wanna fucking cum inside you!" he roared out, his body shuddering, getting closer and closer as he kept driving his cock into her hard.

"That cunt makes you love me more than your wife... ugh... right? AH! That cunt gives you more pleasure than she ever has!" she moaned.

"Yes! YES! I fucking love you so much more, you fucking bitch!" he groaned out, his balls swelling up, his rhythm getting interrupted by a spike of pleasure so substantial it was almost painful. He did his best to keep driving into her, but he was finally getting close. He could see the edge in front of him.

"UGH! YES! Make me cum again, babe! Make me cum one more time and it'll be enough! It'll be enough to make you cum! Oh! You have my permission to cum, baby... you just have to make me cum one more time! Yes!" she commanded.

"Oh! God! Yes! Anything!" he screamed out, letting the older woman intertwine their orgasms as opposed to just letting him have his own fun, further training him to think that the only path to true pleasure was by giving her pleasure first.

"Just tell me the truth about your wife, babe," she beseeched him, her pussy squeezing around his swelling rod. "You wouldn't be doing this... AH... you wouldn't be fucking an old slut like me if she was getting the job done! I want you to admit you blame her! Yes! I want you to blame your wife! I want you

to admit how much you resented her for not taking care of you! For letting you get so backed up that you have to fuck an old whore like me to get your rocks off! Ugh! I want you to admit you regret getting married to her! Haha! Yes! I want you to admit everything you can't stand about her! Then you can cum!"

"OH! GOD!" his cock shuddering again from the filth passing through her lips. It all sounded so wrong, but it hit his cock just right! He never thought he resented his wife, but he couldn't deny that he wouldn't be here if not for her failure. But he just couldn't go that far. He couldn't slur his wife like this. His head fell into the crook of her neck as he kept pounding away at her, his balls boiling, ready to fire. He was close enough to get away with ignoring this older woman's demand and still get off. He was just so close.

"C'mon, babe! AH! Yes! If you're gonna betray your wife, at least get your money's worth! Oh! SHIT! Ah!" Doreen sighed, sensing his hesitation. "Trust me, babe! It's always better for men like you to really get off on betraying their pathetic wife! Men like you always go crazy when they do that! Yes! Imagine that orgasm you're gonna have... now make it twice as powerful! Haha! Yes! You'll cum so HARD! Fuck! She's not here babe... you can really let loose! AH! Do it babe, and you'll cum twice as hard! Fuck! If you're gonna do it, then really do it!"

Greg was moments away from cumming. He really was. But the prospect of upgrading this explosion from a volcano level event to a super-volcano-grade climax, it was too tempting to ignore. If he was a bit more clearheaded, he would have turned this offer away and just kept at it. But after having a jackpot in his grasp... instead of taking his winnings and leaving, he opted to double-down.

"AaaaahhhhHHH!" he groaned out, words rising to the surface as his cock furiously fucked her. "It's her fault I'm doing this! Oh! If we'd just had sex once in the last two fucking weeks, I wouldn't be fucking an old whore with big fucking tits! AH!" he groaned, his cock throbbing, readying to fire. The tug of pleasure he felt when letting these words pass his lips only spurred him onward, more words rising to his lips without thought. Without filters. "UGGHHHH! But she's nowhere near as good in bed as you anyway! AH! God! If an old slut is so much better than her at fucking, why did I even bother marrying her? OH! It's embarrassing how fucking bad she is in bed! Fuck! Jesus Christ! AH! She's so fucking bad! Oh! And she has such small tits! Fuck! And I fucking love big tits!" He groaned, reaching between them to greedily squeeze her giant boobs again. His cock swelled up, the bullets getting loaded in the chamber.

It was like his world exploded. It was like his mind and soul left his body and became a being of pure energy and pleasure. Every nerve inside him lit up. His mind was exploding as all his pleasure centers went off. The only thing keeping him anchored in the moment was the high-pressure buildup deep inside his nuts, and finally, with an unholy force tugging him from the base of his cock, it released.

His back arched severely. Every muscle in his body tensed. His hands desperately squeezed her big round tits. Screaming out loud, roaring like a lion, he humped down into her so his full length was inside her as his cock tightened up and fired, a fiery band of broiling hot cum launching from his weapon deep inside the blonde slut's waiting cunt. That first shot must have lasted for 5-10 seconds he was so overcharged, one continuous rocket of cum firing off from deep within his balls and ending up inside the older woman's wicked cunt.

As soon as this first band of cum ended up deep inside her, Doreen's body tightened up, her cunt clenching around Greg's big married pole.

"Oh my GOD! FUCK! FUCK! YYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" the older woman screamed out loudly, another massive orgasm shuddering through her system. Her cunt locked around his swollen pole,

squeezing the living hell out of it, coaxing all that cum from his engorged nuts into her.

"AHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! UGH!" Greg moaned out loudly, humping into Doreen lewdly as jet after jet of thick, potent cum fired out from his overfilled balls. His body was curling backwards, the pleasure was so severe, to the point where it looked like he'd break his back. But he didn't break, and his body kept lighting up with pleasure, his nuts flexing as thick, heavy shots of jizz fired out of him with what felt like the force of a rifle, the pressure backed up inside him giving these cum shots some real power.

"AH! MORE! MORE! FUCK!" Doreen screamed out, her body shaking as her own orgasm wracked her desirable body, humping up into him as he drove himself against her.

"GOD! FUCK! YES! YES! AHHHHH! UGHHHHH!" the married man screamed out. It felt like his soul was shooting out of him, the entire contents of his essence firing out of the head of his cock, filling up the older woman's cum-hungry cunt. It felt like he was so backed up with the stuff that what was left behind would be an empty husk, drained of all his life-making cum. Every bit of stress, every block inside him... it was all firing out of the end of his dick, his system being fully expunged of all that bad stuff. His cock kept twisting up and firing, again and

again and again! That's how badly he needed this. That's how worked up he was. His heart was thundering in his chest. His muscles were tightened up so badly it felt like his entire body would cramp up. His muscular frame was such a tightened coil that he feared the force of this whole thing would break him. That he would twist and snap in half. That he wouldn't be able to survive an orgasm this unholy, this powerful.

"UGH! GOD! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Doreen moaned, her body covered with sweat as she came, her cunt clenching around him, milking him, pulling more and more cum from deep within him.

"AHHHHH! GAHHHH! FUHHHHHHH!" he grunted loudly like a beast. An animal. Sweat was dripping off his body. His jaw was tightened, his teeth clenched so tightly together he could probably bite through steel, he was just trying to survive this violent pleasure. He kept driving his hips into her, as more and more rocket-shots of cum fired out of him, never fucking stopping! His face was looking upwards, staring up at the heavens, seeking salvation as he exploded within this devilish woman's sinful cunt. The only support his upper half had was his hands digging into the older woman's giant round boobs, sizable supports indeed, enough to keep him in position despite his current state. His cock just kept cumming and cumming and cumming, far more than he'd probably cum in total in the last few months. Her pussy kept gripping his

exploding pole, drawing more and more semen out from within him, coaxing it to a new home deep inside her nasty cunt.

"AH! FUCK! I WANT IT ALL! I WANT EVERY DROP!" the old slut screamed, both hands palming the young man's ass, her nails digging into the firm cheeks so hard they were no doubt drawing blood. But both were too far gone to care. Her deep, hungry cunt was indeed swallowing every drop of cum being offered to it, but even her experienced pussy was soon struggling to handle the sheer volume of cum he was giving her. His sperm started leaking out of her, overflowing her sex-hole, drowning it in thick, boiling semen. His seed was soon sliding down her ass and pooling on the bed beneath her. And it just kept cumming.

"C'mon, hon! Don't stop!" she begged him, the strongest vestiges of her orgasm having gone through her, leaving her clear eyed enough to focus on him, prolonging his torturous bliss.

"AHHHHHHH! FUCK!" the married man screamed out, continuing to hump into the slutty older woman beneath him. His nuts kept flexing and firing, cumming over and over again, the entire contents of his balls exploding out of him, lewdly firing off directly into her overfilled sex-hole. Her perfectly-

trained cunt kept clenching around him, drawing out that thick, heavy semen into her. "Oh my God! I love your fucking cunt! UGHHH!"

"Don't stop, baby! More!" she begged him, gripping his ass, not wanting him to stop even though her pussy was filled beyond the brim with his married cum. But even that wasn't enough for her. There would never be enough for an experienced whore like her.

"UGHHH! GAHHHH!" He moaned, finally through the worst of it but still riding the rest of it out. But his brain was being hit with such a heavy dose of pleasure that he felt dizzy and a bit drunk. His head was spinning. His gaze was blurry. But his still swollen, rock hard prick kept shooting, his nuts flexing, what felt like months-worth of backed-up cum still exploding out of him, firing in such volumes that it almost seemed as though he was firing it out as quickly as he produced it.

It felt like it was a race to see which would give first, his exploding cock or his overworked body. His iron-hard cock was continuing to shoot out his creamy white jizz, seemingly without slowing down, so it was inevitable that his body started to fail him, his masculine frame beginning to shudder. His back cramping a bit. His arms weakening. Before he knew it, he'd fallen back down on top of her, his face in the crook of

her neck, his hips still humping his prick into her as he kept cumming. One of her hands stayed clutched against his ass and the other wrapped around his neck, holding him clutched tightly against her neck, squeezing him against her.

"Oh! Ah!" he groaned lightly, losing his strength, nearly every bit of energy in his system having been fired out of the end of his dick. What was once light behind his eyes was soon replaced by an encroaching darkness, his peripheral sight narrowing, his body losing more and more energy. He wanted to ride this out. He wanted to keep control, but after everything he'd been through, it was all just too much. He felt nearly all his waking energy leaving him.

She could feel him fading into unconsciousness, until his steady breath echoed in her ears. His weight fell fully onto her, but before he passed out completely, he gave her one last hump, firing one final shot of cum into her waiting cunt.

Then he was out.

Doreen rubbed his tensed back as she melted into the bed. Her legs falling against the mattress, her head resting on the sweaty sheets beneath her, she lied there and caught her breath for a few minutes, recovering from the best fuck of her life. She kept rubbing his back, and her other hand rested against the married man's bare ass as he lied on top of her, out like a light.

"Good boy..." she said, gently swatting his ass approvingly.

Their sweaty chests stuck together, her body crushed beneath the well-built younger man, she wasn't going anywhere. The exhaustion finally hitting her, too, her eyes lidded over as fatigue overcame her.

* * * * *

When Greg's eyes opened wide an hour or so later, he was alone. On his back on the mattress in an unfamiliar bedroom, it took him a moment to get his bearings.

Then, it all hit him.

The pool. The teasing. The thong. The tits. The sex. Everything.

Fuck! He'd... he'd done it. He'd gone all the way. Holy shit! He'd cheated on his wife with Doreen! The thong-clad older woman who'd teased him all afternoon. He'd actually succumbed to her. He'd gotten his hands on her tits. He'd ended up in her bed. He'd... he'd fucked her. He'd fucked her

brains out. He had the best sex of his life with her. He'd filled her up to the brim with cum. He'd...

Wait... the best sex of his life?

He shook his head. No. No. He couldn't think like that. Sure, it was good, really good, but it was the biggest mistake of his life. He'd betrayed his wife, and the vows they'd committed to each other. He'd cheated on her. And he'd done it with an old slut! Holy fuck! What the fuck was he thinking? Maybe If he hadn't been so horny. If it wasn't hot enough that his brains were a little scrambled. If that old slut hadn't been parading around topless. Jesus...

He'd fucked up big time.

He began to panic, suddenly desperate to get out of there. He lifted his head off the mattress, only to fall back almost immediately. Fuck... it was like he was hungover, his head hurt so bad. Maybe it was all the exertion. Maybe it was dehydration from the intense fucking. But even the slightest movements were agony, and it took him a few moments to work up the strength to reach a sitting position. And when he tried to stand up, he realized it wasn't just his head that hurt. His back was tightened up. His legs were sore. His butt was

feeling the effects of the old whore's sharp nails digging into the cheeks for so long. He just felt full physical exhaustion. And sore. It felt like he'd been hit by a train. In unfamiliar territory, deeply worn out, the full weight of what he'd done hitting him, every fiber in his body was telling him one thing.

Leave.

He didn't know where Doreen was, but he didn't care. She wasn't in his way, and that was all the invitation he needed to get the hell out of there. Moving on shaky legs, he stumbled to the entrance to the bedroom, stepping through the threshold and into the living room.

As he did so, he began thinking over what had happened. The more he remembered, the more he regretted. Sure, it was good in the moment... really good... but it was all a giant mistake. He couldn't believe he could be so dumb. His mind beginning to swirl with regret, the gravity of what he'd done now fully hitting him, he had to try and put his foot down to stop himself from wallowing and focus on the task at hand. He just needed to get out of there. He needed to escape.

But his mind just kept going over it all, and he knew for him to progress forward in the slightest he needed to first come up

with a plan. And the easiest one seemed to be the wisest. He just needed to forget this ever happened. That's it. He couldn't let this affect him. Period. He just had to go on as if he'd never done this. He'd fucked up big time, for sure, and he'd have to live with that regret forever. However, the only way Doreen's scheme would work is if what they'd done together changed him. If the poison that had momentarily affected his system lingered beyond their encounter. He couldn't let the events of this day change him. For the sake of his wife, for the sake of the man he hoped he could be, he'd just have to bury it all, try to resume his life as normal with Molly and hope he could be as unaffected as possible.

But first, he had to extricate himself from the scene of the crime.

With his heavy, somehow still semi-hard prick swinging between his legs, he began searching for his long-discarded clothing. He kept one ear out for Doreen, as if fearing she was about to jump out from the shadows and rub her tits in his face. But luckily, he heard nothing. The only thing ringing in his ears was his internal monologue, 'Just get out. Just leave. Just forget about everything.' Finally seeing some of his clothes near the back entrance where he'd first entered the house, he moved towards the sliding glass doors. It was only when he reached down to grab his clothing that something beyond the glass caught his eye. Standing up straight, his eyes went wide as he took in what he was seeing.

Doreen.

She was back there, laying down on a deckchair by the pool, eyes hidden behind her sunglasses. And she was still completely nude. Lying on her back, her big bare tits were jutting upwards, her creamy smooth skin baking in the sun. It seemed to still be very hot out there, as a sheen of perspiration was coating her succulent naked flesh. Her long taut legs, her fit tummy, her shaved pussy... it was all just out there unashamedly. But knowing her as he did this shouldn't be a surprise. The older woman was sunbathing nude, because of course she was, and despite being on his way out, despite vowing to bury every memory of their encounter... the sight stopped him in his tracks. And despite those promises to himself, and despite every drop of cum having been emptied from his nuts, he felt his cock stirring to life at the mere sight of her.

His clothes slipping from his grasp, he found himself pulling open the glass door, stepping out into the heat once again, just as naked as she was. It took a few moments for her to notice him, and when she did, a huge grin crossed her lips.

"Ah! You're alive!" she said with a knowing laugh, sitting back like a queen examining her servant. She could see the marks of

their furious fucking all over his body. Red marks, scratches and the like. His shaggy hair was mussed up, and she could still see some streaks of their combined sex-juices coating his torso. He was a mess.

Greg just looked at her, his mind sluggish as he tried to comprehend the vision in front of him. Unlike himself, her delectable body looked no worse for wear. She'd undoubtedly cleaned herself up when he was out cold, but even so... he was the only one wearing the scars of battle. She looked unaffected by their encounter, as if her delicious frame was built to handle fucking of such ferocity. If she was feeling any wear and tear, she wasn't showing it. She simply looked pleased. Blissful. He found himself standing near the edge of the pool, staring at her.

"Well, lover..." Doreen began, that word causing all sorts of memories to flash across his mind. No! Forget it! Stamp that shit out! "You're free to go home now. I think we both got what we wanted here. And I'm sure we'll be seeing each other again very soon..." she announced with a knowing grin.

'No! Never!' he told himself. 'They were done.'

"Although, you might want to take a dip in the pool before you go. Clean up a bit, hon. You look fucking wonderful, babe, but you're kind of a mess right now," she suggested, grinning.

Regardless of everything Greg was telling himself, he didn't move. He just kept gazing at the older woman's huge exposed tits, feeling like a dullard in his weakened, slightly hungover state. How could her tits still be affecting him so fucking strongly? How could the sight of them be that powerful? Despite himself, the sight of her massive bare breasts made his cock lurch ever so slightly. Her eyes flicked downward, noticing this.

"Unless..." she said, her voice getting husky, eyeing up the naked younger man. "Unless you want to stay for round two? Because there are parts of my body that you haven't fully explored yet..." she teased. At this, the older woman shifted her weight, moving to roll over on her deck chair. He watched as her massive, heavy, sweat covered tits shifted on her chest, landing one on top of the other as she moved onto her side, bouncing against each other heavily, one jiggling to a stop on top of the other. But he was unable to savor the sight for long as she continued moving, rolling fully over onto her stomach, an act that made those enormous fleshy tits of hers balloon outwards against the material of the chair. Now she was on her belly with her bare ass exposed to him again, but she was about to give him an even better look at her rear end. Keeping her

upper half pressed against the chair, she raised her ass up, rising till she was fully up on her knees. This act pointed her big, round, firm ass directly at him, the smooth flesh coated with a light sheen of perspiration, her glistening skin making this view even better. For a moment, his eyes hungrily consumed the sight in front of him, the perfectly formed, juicy cheeks arresting his vision. Then, she did something that almost made his heart stop.

She reached back and pulled her ass-cheeks apart.

Greg gulped at this sight. The deep, dark cleft between her ass-cheeks was now exposed to the light, and he could see everything. The full expanse of the crevasse between her ass-cheeks, starting at her lower back and ending right near her pussy, was now visible to him. And with the angle she was positioned in, this meant that her bare asshole was now front and center, completely exposed to him for the first time. The clean, pink, extra-tight looking hole consumed his vision, her clenched asshole being exposed so lewdly that it acted almost like a hypnotic spiral, forcing him to gaze upon her tight asshole without being able looking away.

This was an image so lewd and so wicked that it would be forever burned into his memory.

"Mmm... I can tell you like what you see..." Doreen said, looking back at him with her face down against the deckchair.

Greg looked down at himself and his eyes went wide at what he saw. For someone who had vowed to move on, why was his cock as hard as steel again? Fuck! How could this be possible? He'd cum harder than he ever had before, exploding out what felt like a gallon of cum, and here he was as stiff as a board again so soon afterwards. Standing out proud from his fit body, it was pointed directly at her bare, waiting ass. His eyes followed where his cock was pointing, just in time to see her shake her ass ever so slightly, trying to tempt him closer. Unable to look away, he found himself staring at her asshole again, and he couldn't help but think about how tasty that fucking asshole looked. He'd never once considered eating a woman's ass, but as soon as he saw Doreen's tight asshole displayed like this, his mouth was watering. And it seemed like Doreen knew exactly what was on his mind.

"I'd love to feel what that mouth of yours could do to an ass like mine. Mmm... I bet you'd be really fucking good at eating ass! Just the thought of it is getting me excited baby! I'd love for you to work me up with that wonderful fucking mouth of yours before really showing my ass what that cock can do! What do you say, babe?" she asked with a raised eyebrow, her fingers still digging into her fleshy ass-cheeks, holding them apart as she tempted him closer.

The ass that had done its part to lead him into this predicament. It would feel proper to just fuck the living hell out of it after how much that rear end of hers had teased him. God... as wrong as it sounded, he really wanted to. Just being in her presence again was making him react. All his protestations to the contrary, that this whole thing hadn't affected him, were seemingly thrown out the window just seeing her like this.

But he wasn't as overcharged as he'd been before. His thoughts were just a little bit more coherent, his judgment not as clouded with need as it was prior. He recognized that this was a bad idea. He knew he couldn't spend much more time here and risk his wife coming home and discovering him gone. He had a lot more control over himself than he did before, so he shouldn't be as vulnerable to her wiles, despite how tempting they were. He should be able to make the right decision here and prove that the events of before hadn't broken him. But why was he still staring at this old slut's exposed asshole? Why was his cock throbbingly hard again? Why was he drooling at the idea of wedging his face between that older woman's ass-cheeks and worshiping that tight hole with his mouth? And then when it was nice and wet and ready, fucking the hell out of that perfect, juicy ass. Fuck... He just kept staring at that asshole, and it truly did feel like the lewd sight was hypnotizing him, drawing him closer.

Luckily for him, fate bailed him out.

Still a bit hungover from the furious fucking earlier, this additional hypnotic view of the older woman's asshole only added to his instability. So, when he took a step forward towards Doreen, he almost immediately lost his balance, tumbling over the edge of the pool, falling into its soberingly cool waters. Greg landed with a big splash, sinking beneath the surface. When his head rose above the water again, he heard the older woman laughing at his no-doubt ludicrous pratfall.

But the cool water immediately shook him from her spell. No! What was he thinking? He couldn't give in to that old slut again, no matter how tempting an offer she provided him. No matter how delicious and fuckable her asshole looked. Shaking his head, he remembered the vows he promised himself not to let this older woman affect him again. To move on. Rubbing the water out of his eyes, he made his way to the edge of the pool.

The older woman was now on her side, simply watching the younger man's current predicament with great amusement. Resting her head on her hand, her two huge melons stacked one on top of the other, her naked body was posed like a centerfold as she kept her eyes on the married man in the pool. And the best part was that she got a good show out of it. She

suspected the cool water had cleared his head, but not all parts of him had forgotten her. Because even though cool water normally has a certain effect on men, that was not the case here. She couldn't help but notice when he used those young muscles of his to pull his naked body out of the water, his biggest muscle of all appeared to be in an absolutely massive state, looking even bigger than it before he fell into the pool. She enjoyed watching the water cascade down that long slab of beef as it swayed heavily between his legs.

Greg wasn't gonna waste a moment. Not wanting to fall under the older woman's spell again, he jogged back into the house, grabbing his clothes and throwing them on quickly, not caring that he was still soaking wet. Sobered up enough to know not to look back, he practically ran out of her backyard, escaping her clutches and heading back home. The older woman simply smiled and laid back, stretching out and relaxing, a pleased grin across her plump lips as her luscious body took in the heat.

He actually thought this thing between them was done.

She knew otherwise.

* * * * *

Greg made it home without incident. Once there, he took a shower, threw his clothes in the wash, and did everything he could to clean up the evidence of his betrayal before Molly got home. He wanted to get rid of any sign of what had happened to him, not only to cover up what he'd done, but to be rid of it. To leave it behind for good.

The guilt hit him hard when his wife did eventually get home. She was so smiley and happy to see him, rubbing his shoulders to help ease his stress. But whereas before, his stress had been caused by the move and writer's block, this time... it was the guilt of betraying her with the old slut down the street. Luckily, in the moment, Molly couldn't tell the difference.

It was all he could think about for the rest of the night. He just kept replaying it in his head over and over again. What the fuck had just happened to him? He'd cheated on his wife! With a much older woman! A woman older than his mom. What the fuck was he thinking? How could he have fallen so easily to that old slut's charms? It was the heat, for sure. Had to be. And the stress. And the lack of sex, which was from all the craziness of the move. No, not at all. Thinking with a much clearer head, he couldn't believe how stupid and wrong-headed he'd been. It was a weak moment... a mistake... it wouldn't happen again. Never! He could not afford to be that stupid and reckless again. It was the biggest mistake of his life, and he couldn't let it happen twice. He knew he had promised to move on

immediately, but he allowed himself the rest of the night to process what had happened. He hoped by the time morning came, he could start fresh.

Fortunately, Molly didn't seem to notice anything overly amiss the whole evening. He was usually a bit introspective and moody, so him being lost in his thoughts wasn't a huge change in behavior. Luckily, she couldn't read his thoughts, or else he'd be in big trouble. He felt terrible seeing how smiley and happy she was. He shouldn't be getting away with this so easily, but perhaps it was just because she trusted him completely. And she loved him with all her heart. She really was a great wife, and he did love her despite what happened earlier, which only made his guilt worse. Sure, their romantic needs weren't quite aligned at the moment; now thinking upon it with a clear head, he couldn't hold that against her. It was a crazy time. Of course their regular schedule might suffer. But they would work through it. They always sorted out their issues quickly. Because they were a great couple.

The guilt went in waves. It felt like for the rest of the afternoon into the evening, he was in a daze, still processing what had happened, still feeling the after effects of such intense sex, barely taking in what was around him, simply going over it again and again.

He'd never experienced anything like it. Such intense, full-bodied sex. Fucking so good it rocked his world. And after taking part in such raw, physical exertion, it felt like all his senses were extra attuned. It was as if he'd been sleepwalking for years, and suddenly, he was awake. He was alive. His system had been shocked in a way it so desperately needed, and his mind, his body... it all felt like everything was now working as it should. He'd been shaken out of his slumber, and despite his regrets about everything, he couldn't deny that some of the after effects were positive ones. But even though his senses felt stronger, that only meant that the guilt felt even more pronounced.

Although, after going over and over it again for hours, he realized he was somewhat going in circles. He felt like he'd wrung out everything pretty dry, and he didn't see the sense to keep torturing himself so actively. He finally felt like he'd reach the dividing point, where he could leave it all behind and move on to rebuilding. Doreen, and everything they had done together... it was gone now. It was over. Buried. It was time to move on. Time to forget her, and not let what they'd done together affect him any further.

As the day faded into night and they cleaned up after dinner, his thoughts, shockingly enough, actually returned to his writing. After his fit earlier in the day, he didn't know when he'd be up for trying to write again. But suddenly, it began to

feel like his mind was moving. The urge to write was rising to the surface. The block in his mind was seemingly gone. Ideas were starting to hit him, and they all seemed promising. So, at the point where they were supposed to be settling in for the night... he found himself at his desk, his fingers clicking away at the keyboard. Because when inspiration hits, you'd better not waste it, as it doesn't always come around often.

He was able to see the failings with his earlier story concept clearly. He'd tried to dance around it before, trying to resist what he knew was true, but yeah... his story had gotten dull. Boring. The classic sci-fi hero, the plucky, snarky girl he loved, the villainous space pirate bad guys, the bitchy, hard-ass Governess who doesn't like him but respects the results he gets. No... it just wasn't working anymore. The ongoing story was in a tailspin, and if he had any hope of pulling the careening aircraft back, he had to do it now. And to do that, he had to shake things up. Deleting large swaths of his story, his fingers began working the keyboard. He didn't realize hours had passed until Molly came up behind him, rubbing his shoulders and moving her lips to his ear.

"Hey, hon..." she began breathily. "What do you say we head to bed... I haven't been giving my hubby the attention he deserves, and I bet you really need something special..."

The idea resonated with him. This is what he'd been wanting from the start. But something had changed... he was writing now, for the first time in months, and he didn't want to slow down. He didn't want to lose the inspiration.

"Molly..." he began, turning his attention to his wife. "I appreciate it. I really do. And any other time I'd jump at it, but... I'm finally writing! I don't want to interrupt this!" he said excitedly.

"Oh!" she said, seeing he was making progress. Taking her hands off of him, not wanting to upset his mojo, she backed away. "Okay! Sorry! I don't want to interrupt!"

"Sorry, hon!" he replied with a smile. "Maybe tomorrow night!"

"Oh, no problem! It was you I was worried about, but if you're finally back at it, don't let me get in the way!" she said supportively, not thinking twice that her husband was turning down sex. He didn't really think about it in that way either.

He was just happy to be writing again!

* * * * *

Over the next two weeks, Greg made more progress in his writing than he had in the last six months. He was able to sit down at his computer as soon as Molly left for work and just write, and when his wife got back home, he'd still be at it. Molly would walk up behind him, kiss him on the top of the head, and leave him be, not wanting to slow him down.

The key for him was to delete a lot of his progress. He'd gotten himself into a spot where choosing any direction forward seemed painfully dull, so instead of trudging along, he deleted large swaths of the story he'd been crafting for years, instead pivoting and taking things in brand new, fresh directions. And doing so had really rescued this story; because of this fresh angle, the writing felt effortless.

These were exciting times.

He had a new pep in his step. When he'd step away from writing to take a break, or eat lunch, he'd combine that with working on some task around the house, not wanting to let himself fall behind on building up their new home. And where before, nothing was going right, suddenly, everything was working. Where nothing was fitting together previously, things were suddenly just locking into place. Every task he worked on he was able to complete, instead of leaving them all

unfished as before. That block in his mind that was seemingly holding him back was gone, and suddenly, everything was going smoothly. This was closer to what he'd been hoping for when he got married. This was something resembling marital bliss.

He wasn't blind to the fact as to what event had spurred these breakthroughs, shocking his system and resetting his overworked mind. He didn't dwell on the events of that afternoon with Doreen, the biggest mistake of his life. He of course felt regret every time he did think about it, but he only did it to re-examine his mistakes enough to figure out how to not make them again. He didn't ignore what he'd done, but he did his best to just move on. Don't wallow in misery and regret. Just move on and vow never to be so stupid. Of course, actually making progress on his writing provided a nice distraction. He just didn't dwell too much on what had spurred all that progress.

He was proud at how well he'd done at keeping the promise he'd made to himself, to move on from what happened. To not let what Doreen said and did affect him. Change him. Not only did he keep looking forward, he protected himself. Opting to spend a little money, he hired a lawn service to take care of the yard, at least for the very immediate future until he bought a mower for his own. He didn't tell Molly about this extra expenditure, not wanting to invite the questions about why he

wasn't borrowing Doreen's lawn mower anymore. He didn't want to give himself any room for mistakes. Luckily, his job was an indoor one, and staying inside meant hadn't seen a hint of Doreen since that fateful day. He didn't think much about her either, except in a very abstract manner, a dreaded, vague, villainous figure of his past... more than an actual person with a mind and body and really big tits.

He was proud of his progress, at how much of what happened with Doreen didn't change him for the worse. In fact, he used that mistake as a way to spur positive change. He was being a better homeowner. A better writer. A better husband. That old bitch had made so many proclamations about his future, and luckily for him, none of them were true.

However, he hadn't fully resolved the intimacy issues he and Molly had been having lately. It had almost been a month since the last time the young couple had had sex, and even despite Greg's colossal mistake with Doreen, he hadn't had the chance to recommit to his wife in that way. It wasn't a deliberate choice. It was just... he was just so invested in his writing that he ended up devoting most of his energy to that. Not that he didn't want to have sex with his wife, or that he didn't have plenty of opportunities to do just that. In fact, Molly was clearly getting antsy about the fact that they hadn't had sex for weeks. She was acting more amorous and getting more and more touchy-feely with him, making herself available to him

whenever she could, making it clear without saying it that she was hungry for her husband's loving touch whenever he was up for it. But he had finally captured the magic in his writing, and he wasn't about to let it go. Molly was understanding as always, and he deeply appreciated this small, temporary sacrifice of her own pleasures in order to allow him to pursue his passions. Once he was able to fully work through this creative burst, and it was all out of him, then he'd make it up to her. He assured her of that.

And this temporary abstinence wasn't exactly easy on his part either. He was feeling the same hunger for sex that his wife was. That being said, he found that having that added pressure bubbling beneath the surface helped him in his writing. Being too comfortable made his writing lazy, so having this added physical need got his blood pumping, which spurred on his creative juices.

But sometimes the benefits of keeping himself in this state were getting outweighed by the cost. Being a young married man in his prime, not having that pressure release would get him backed up pretty fast, and he'd find it hard to focus on the task at hand. These moments typically happened when Molly was at work and he was alone, or late at night when she was already asleep. Despite Molly's many attempts to spur him into bed, they were still not quite lined up schedule-wise. When she wanted it, he was in the groove writing. When he wanted it,

she wasn't available. But unlike Molly, he was able to find an outlet for these desires.

After everything that had happened, he knew it wasn't healthy to let himself get so worked up without an outlet. That's when mistakes are made. Therefore, sometimes, he blew off some stress and watched a little bit of porn. He was never the biggest porn guy, so this was somewhat new territory for him, but he was able to find what he needed pretty quickly. Whether it be some smoking hot MILF in a bikini, or an older woman with absolutely massive tits, or a mom with a big round ass that knew how to get down and dirty, he found himself getting enough to slake his needs across this clearly wide expanse of internet pornography. He even watched that movie "Tit-tanic", that one with a group of hot older women on a cruise poaching all the young studs away from their girlfriends and wives. It was legit enough to star actual known actresses, and the sex scenes were more than enough to get the job done just as good as any porn. And once all that was out of his system, he was able to get back to work with a clear head, the pleasure coursing through his veins spurring creative new ideas out of his brain and onto the page.

Things were clearly going pretty well. He wasn't going to fall into the same trap and make the same mistakes. He'd protected himself perfectly so far, and he was happy with the results. Happy that he saw potential to actually move on and live his

life with Molly. Happy that the events of that day weren't a cursed chalice weighing him down, influencing his actions. If anything, this mistake had highlighted what could go wrong, He didn't feel negatively impacted by what he'd done with Doreen, feeling no lingering after effects from the poison that she'd implanted in his system. He didn't feel changed. In fact, that mistake had only renewed his passions going forward, highlighting what was really important.

That passion really showed in his writing.

He still remembered the brainstorm he'd had that had spurred his progress into the stratosphere. Working on his grand tale, with the brave hero, the girl he loved, the bad guy space pirates, and the bossy Governess, he quickly realized that the spine of this story was way too similar to hundreds of other stories. He had to pivot away now or get stuck in this rut for good. He had to take some new, bold chances and find a new, more exciting angle to this tale. And his mind kept circling back to the Governess character. What if she had a bigger part here? The most inessential character was clearly the love interest, as she was usually somewhat removed from the action... what if he took advantage of that fact? What if the story wasn't actually as much about her? What if the story really frames it around her, and her relationship with the hero, at least at first, and her presence is there throughout, but she's not a big part of the ongoing story? He'd seeded her through

some of his previous stories in this universe, setting her up to be the hero's love interest. What if she ended up being a decoy, a background character in the hero's adventure? And in the vacuum left behind in the story, insert the Governess in her place and slowly feature her more. Build her up slowly. And instead of making her some boring old crone like he'd originally envisioned, make her a vivacious, lively, sexy older woman. Stories like that were really starting to stand out to him. And on top of that, make her secretly in league with the villains. Yeah! And instead of the tension between her and the hero being the classic "boss vs. rogue agent" tension, make it a sexual one instead. Make part of her bad attitude be the fact that she wants the hero to herself, and a lot of these schemes are part of her grand plan to seduce him to her side. The bad side. The wicked side. She resents his effective measures at fighting the bad guys, because it keeps spoiling her plans to fuck him. She treats him like trash because he took way too long to let his eyes wander her direction. He dislikes her due to her shitty treatment of him every time they interact, but his dislike is clearly a mask for some deep-seeded attraction towards her. Yeah... this could work, even though he'd given no buildup to it to this point. But he could go back and thread it back in. Yeah, this could work. This could be the real story. Make the backbone of this story not be the boring old love story in a sci-fi setting, but one centered on simmering sexual tension hidden beneath the surface between these two opposite characters. And what if in the end... oh fuck, what if instead of the boring happy ending... the hero succumbs to the villain?

The hero succumbs to the Governess and becomes her thrall to do as she wants. Fuck! A force for good giving in to someone motivated by evil, wicked intentions. That's... that's really good, right? That's something! That's not the stuff you see every day. That's the stuff that could make this story pop! That could send this grand tale rocketing forward in a ton of interesting ways.

The Governess... she was what he needed. This was the character he needed to shake up this story, to take a different angle on it. And once he began taking the story in this direction, it all came pouring out of him. He was merely the vessel transcribing it as the story almost wrote itself. From being a poorly-sketched background character, the Governess had become completely three-dimensional. An older woman who outwardly portrayed friendliness, enough to have risen to her current position, but when behind closed doors her demanding attitude and iron will were exposed. Most characters didn't see it, but as her disobedient employee, the hero often saw her darker edges, leading him to be totally okay with pissing her off every chance he could. He saw her as a by-the-book boss who got pissed off whenever he went outside the rules. But despite being an extremely perceptive guy, even he didn't realize that his true nemesis was right in front of him.

This was really working! Filling out all the details, the Governess was now transcribed so clearly that the reader could

see her as Greg did. They could see her blonde hair, slightly graying. Her friendly yet calculating face, her warm smile and raised eyebrow hiding her true intentions. Her big, round amazing ass, because if she were to tempt our hero, it was important for her have that weapon, a juicy rear end that shook side-to-side when she walked. And it became important to note at some point along the way that she was wearing a teeny-tiny pink thong, as the hero walked in on her at one point and got a teasing glimpse of what she kept hidden behind that tight, long, metallic blue cloak of hers, a hint of what was beneath the surface. And in the same way that cloak clung to her round, shapely ass, it also just happened to mold to her gigantic tits. He recognized that giving a character like this such massive breasts might not be the most progressive idea in the world. But to really sell the crass, dark, smutty heart of this twisted tale, her having such a hot body was a literary tool used to symbolize her wicked sexual potential. A twisted, nasty portrayal that could only be inserted if it paid off in the end. And this one would definitely pay off. The hero and the evil older temptress would definitely be having sex in the end of this story. No doubt.

It only made sense for it to end that way.

* * * * *

The married man was so proud at how little his encounter with Doreen was lingering with him. That's not to say it didn't affect him. Because yeah, that mistake had crystallized some things inside him, and the shock of everything had shaken out some of the cobwebs that had been plaguing him for months now. He knew it might sound bad, but could he be blamed for wanting to take some of the positives even out of such a major negative? You learn from your mistakes, and that's what he was trying to do.

For a time, he was happy, savoring how much progress he was making in writing and how smoothly things were going at him. Molly never sensed anything amiss, and again, she was happy with how satisfied Greg was.

Still, they weren't having sex. Molly was quite busy, often working long hours at the office, not always having the energy for much fun by the time she did get home. And when she was in the mood, which was getting more and more frequent as time went on, he was locked in on his writing, putting him in a position to have to deny his wife's sexual advances regularly. He knew it seemed bad, but he was really making great progress on his story. He was almost done with it, and when you get so close to the end, you just don't want to stop, even if those distractions are fun ones. And plus... okay, he knew it was kinda messed up, but whenever he turned away his wife's sexual advances, he kept feeling this odd thrill, and he'd

suddenly find the image of the Governess flashing across his mind's eye. It was as if the Governess would approve of a man like him not having sex with his wife. Again, he knew this sounded wrong, but the thrill that would be incited within him at gaining the approval of someone like the Governess would spur him to get right back to work writing, newly energized with ideas for the evil villainess and the type of wicked plans a woman like her would come up with. And besides, getting his story done quicker would only speed up him and Molly finally having the chance to slip into bed together, so it would all work out for the best in the long run.

For a time, this arrangement was working. The couple was settling in, work was going mostly well for Molly, and he was getting closer to finishing his magnum opus. Once he got that story out of his system, then he could focus on Molly. Then he could take all that energy that he was using for his writing and give it all to his wife.

Then, his writing slowed.

He was shocked that he suddenly felt like something was missing. That creative spark had dimmed somewhat, seemingly overnight, even though nothing had changed. Greg hoped to write it off as a temporary speedbump that he would be able to push past. Trying not to pay it too much mind, he

took a day or two off from writing, hoping that it would work itself out. But it didn't. It got worse. His new ideas had seemed so raw, so fun, so exciting, but he could only wring out so much excitement out of that initial burst of ideas. And unfortunately for him, that progress was slowing down right before the finish line. He could feel that sensation of writer's block encroaching on the horizon again, and he was doing his best to ignore it. To push through it and not succumb to it as he did before.

Stepping away from his writing, he was able to assess the state of things, and in a flash of insight so potent that it alone almost spurred him out of his creative slump, he thought he had the answer. After weeks of subverting classic tropes in his writing, perhaps the answer was the most basic trope of all. Love. What if Molly was the answer? After everything that had happened, by throwing himself completely into his writing, his wife had taken a backseat. So, what if he renewed his focus on her? What if he finally gave the woman he married the attention she deserved? And what if, after everything, repairing the issues between him and his wife would be what would solve everything? Maybe the happy ending would win out after all. And maybe the power of that would re-energize his creativity and carry him past the finish line.

It was time to rekindle the fires between Greg and Molly. It was time finally find that domestic bliss and cement their love and marriage for good.

Greg planned out the entire thing. To really make this night start out the right way. Greg took Molly out to dinner. A fine, romantic date night out downtown, with them dressed up and going somewhere nice, giving them a night that he hoped would help him forget about his troubles for just a few hours. A night that could really rescue his marriage from the trouble it had recently found itself in, and in turn perhaps aid in his writing as well. And even from the start, Greg could tell his hopes were well-founded. Looking across the table at his wife's pretty, smiling face, he thought he felt a tinge of peace even as those dreaded feelings of writer's block bubbled beneath the surface, that encroaching enemy pausing in its tracks for at least a couple hours. His plan was working. Saving his marriage was the way to go for sure. He knew it! More moments like this, nights that reminded him of why he married Molly, that would definitely help him push through this oncoming creative block. Maybe, as trite as it sounded, love was in fact the answer all along. And with how well things were going, it felt like this night could only end one way. A happy, romantic ending, one that would relight the fires of their love life. And judging by the eyes she was giving him from across the table, this night was definitely heading that way.

Walking down the sidewalk after leaving the restaurant, his arm wrapped around his wife, the sky at sunset a brilliant

sherbet orange, he savored the moment. This was marital bliss. This was contentment. This was peace.

But then, Greg's pulse suddenly went up. Like an animal sensing an earthquake, an overwhelming feeling of dread suddenly filled him up, his heart dropping into his belly. His body was sensing something before his mind comprehended it. Looking around in a slight panic, he only had to look ahead to see the source of his panic.

Doreen was approaching from the other direction.

His eyes went wide. His heart began beating like crazy. Sweat formed on his brow. The sound in his ears was muffled by the roar of blood rapidly pumping through his veins. The woman who'd upended his life, the woman he'd been avoiding for weeks... she was right here in front of him. Not knowing what else to do, he simply stepped back and watched events unfurl in front of him, almost completely frozen.

"Oh! Hey!" Molly said happily, not knowing any better, waving at her seemingly friendly neighbor, not knowing what this older woman was capable of. Not like Greg did. He felt like he was having a full-on panic attack, but he did his best to hide it.

Greg had tried to bury the past, and suddenly she was here in front of him.

"Hello, dear!" Doreen said warmly, her tone far more friendly in regard to Molly than it was the last time she mentioned her. Doreen opened her arms to hug the young wife, at first not even glancing at Greg. If she had any shame for what she'd done, she wasn't showing it. Greg watched this older woman embrace his wife without hesitation, and the married man was unable to do anything to stop this wicked woman invading his peaceful life again.

Everything was moving in slow motion, and all he could do was watch. This older woman who'd affected him so strongly was right in front of him again, and just as before, all he could do was stare at her. And with the ladies temporarily focused on each other, he had free reign to do so.

Funnily enough, standing here in public... it was the most clothes he'd ever seen her in. On her lower half, her feet were clad in simple, stylish flip-flops, a look which added a bit of youthfulness to the older woman. His gaze traveled upwards, admiring the white capri pants that were clinging to her shapely legs and molding to her round, juicy ass. Her upper-half was clad with a snug short-sleeved pink top, showcasing her hot body while still being proper, giving her enough

plausible deniability to deny the fact that this outfit seemed solely designed to showcase her curves. But what gave her a little less of that deniability was the plunging neckline of that tight pink top, showing a little more than a proper amount of cleavage. Certainly more than a woman her age should be showing. The tight top, combined with a no doubt very expensive, very snug bra, combined to make her tits look like they were exploding out of her top. Perhaps she was wagering that her being an older woman would allow her to get away with a top like this, showcasing her cleavage almost halfway down her chest. And in the older woman's defense, Molly didn't seem to perceive the threat standing in front of. But Greg did. Did he ever. His gaze immediately became nestled in the smooth, succulent crevasse between her big breasts, unable to stop himself. This moment stretched on for what felt like hours, his eyes never leaving her chest. He was consumed by the sight, and everything else just kinda faded into the background.

The moment only ended when Doreen finally turned to look at him. For a moment, he panicked, fearing she'd give it all away by interacting with him in such a way to make it obvious what they'd done together. But instead, she simply gave him a warm, friendly smile and stepped forward to hug him as well. After avoiding her all week, her giant boobs were suddenly pressed against his chest, and their arms were around each other again.

"Mmmm..." she sighed softly in his ear, the lust in her tone obvious. "Nice to see you again, lover," she whispered, pressing herself against him firmly, enough to feel his bulging crotch.

He hadn't even realized it, but upon sight of her, his cock had immediately become almost painfully erect. His body associated her with absolute pleasure, and he couldn't help but react like that to her mere presence. His cock had no doubt turned to steel before he even recognized that she was nearby. Molly certainly hadn't noticed this, but Doreen immediately had, because she knew the effect she'd have on him. She stepped back and gave him a knowing smile before glancing back at his wife.

"How are you?" Molly asked Doreen in an ever-friendly tone, oblivious that the woman in front of her had had really filthy sex with her husband a couple weeks prior.

As they made small talk, Greg's ears were listening intently, terrified that Molly would catch on that something was going on between him and Doreen... had gone on, he meant. That the older woman would let something slip and hint Molly in that they'd fucked each other's brains out. The longer they talked, the more Greg freaked out. But luckily, Molly was clueless to

anything untoward. But then again, why should she be trying to pick up on things? Men like him shouldn't be having nasty sex with older women like Doreen. To even consider such a thing would be crazy, so the fact that she was clueless that her husband and this older woman had done some pretty serious fucking was understandable. But still... Greg was terrified. His throat was dry. His blood was pumping. He could feel his entire body sweating in fear.

But additionally, he was buzzing. Immediately upon being in Doreen's presence again, he felt like his fingers were touching a livewire, feeling alive in a way he hadn't since that fateful afternoon he'd spent using those same fingers to squeeze Doreen's tits while getting his brains fucked out by her. Immediately, his blood was pumping, his cock was throbbing, and his mind was getting flooded with all sorts of sinful memories. He'd tried so hard to bury these vivid memories, but they were so powerful and so potent that they couldn't stay beneath the ground forever. It was all just rising right back to the surface now, no longer able to be contained, the intense encounter playing across his brain once again. But being that he'd been thinking over his story minutes prior, searching for more ideas, these memories began to flit in between his story thoughts, to the point where he couldn't truly tell the difference.

But in truth, was there any difference? With all this stuff rising back to the surface, with those buried thoughts unable to be contained anymore, his mind finally allowed himself to admit that there was no difference between Doreen and the Governess. They were one and the same. And seeing her in the flesh, feeling how his body was reacting to her... his mind was going into overdrive. Ideas for his story, new angles to take, new things to do, more wickedness that could be had. More nasty shit that could happen between the hero and the Governess. But with these memories and his story ideas practically interchangeable in his mind, he quickly realized that not all the nasty stuff he was thinking about was ideas for things the Governess could do with the hero. No, he was imagining all the amazing, fucked-up nastiness Doreen could do to him. Again.

In the same way he finally reckoned with the fact that the Governess and Doreen were one and the same, he also processed that despite trying to claim to himself otherwise, there was a reason he wasn't having sex with Molly, and it wasn't just about focusing his energy on his writing. He was afraid to confirm what deep down he already knew to be true; that Doreen was better in bed than his wife. That that old slut had satisfied him more sexually than Molly ever had. He feared this truth, and if he were to give his wife the type of loving attention that any good husband should, this fear would end up being etched in his mind as a fact. Doreen was right. As

crazy as it sounded, a lot of what she had said about Molly during their encounter was right. His sex life with Molly just wasn't getting the job done, and that was what had led him into succumbing to that old whore's hot body. He'd never had an issue with Molly in the bedroom before, but after experiencing some truly mind-melting, hardcore fucking with the sexy older woman, nothing Molly could ever do would compare to what he'd experienced with Doreen. So, instead of trying to rekindle his sex life with Molly, he didn't even bother trying, for fear of having to reckon with the fact that he married a woman who was terrible in bed.

Even a passing glance at this deeply wicked thought made his cock throb in his pants.

Yeah, the reasons for him not having sex with his wife went far deeper than just that. As evidenced by the fact that his cock stiffened at the acknowledgment that Molly was bad at sex, there was something else going on inside him. Something very, very wicked.

It turned him on to withhold sex from his wife.

It was as if Doreen's wicked mind had infected his own, guiding his actions in ways that served to make her happy. He

never once would have considered the idea of denying his wife sex to be a turn-on, but Doreen's influence seemed to be infused within him, affecting his judgment, warping his desires so that they matched her own.

As the older woman chatted with his wife, she glanced at him confidently, and it was as if she could read him like a book. It was as if she knew that he hadn't laid one finger on Molly. Doreen had told him that he'd never want to have sex with his wife after experiencing real fucking with her, and without knowing it, he'd been subconsciously living up to her wicked whims and making that declaration a reality. Even as he told himself that he was unaffected by what had happened on that fateful day a few weeks prior, he was in fact behaving exactly as she wanted, while writing a story that was quickly becoming centered around an avatar of her. In truth, Greg hadn't moved on from Doreen at all.

He was OBSESSED with her.

The dam keeping all those memories of Doreen in the past burst open, and all the nasty stuff he'd done with her began cascading outwards, filling his system. With his mind flooding with memories of hardcore fucking with Doreen, anything his wife could ever hope to achieve in bed simply paled in comparison. It had never satisfied him in the slightest, and now

that he was fully processing again just how amazing this older woman was at fucking, his mind and heart took the opportunity to etch it into fact that his wife was rather bad at it. He couldn't try to deny it anymore. And being in this older slut's intoxicating presence only underlined that fact. Being around Doreen, taking in her pheromones, all the married man could think about was having sex with her again. And all the nasty shit she could come up with if he were to just surrender to a round two with her as she no doubt wanted. And if his wife was giving off any pheromones, they were completely overwhelmed by Doreen's. Looking at the two women, being in their presence, it seemed impossible for any man to choose Molly over a sexy older babe like Doreen. If there was any chance of Greg and Molly having sex that night, they were now gone, thanks to Doreen.

Greg was overwhelmed as all of these revelations hit him at once. He was excited in every way imaginable. As he thought more of sex with the older woman, and his mind was flooded with memories and desires and wicked conclusions, his creative side was going crazy. And now, with him and Doreen interchangeable with the hero and the Governess in his mind, new exciting ideas were blooming so fast he just wanted to commit it all to writing before he forgot them. Or better yet, make all those ideas a reality with Doreen's hot body so that he could never forget them, as they would not be fiction anymore. After being bereft of inspiration, new story ideas were flashing

across his mind faster than he could process them, with Doreen and her hot body being front and center in all of them, the star of the show. After having such a wonderful dinner with Molly, all he could think about now was this hot woman twice his wife's age. That encroaching writer's block that had been temporarily held at bay by this romantic night with his wife had been completely obliterated by the mere sight of this old slut. He hadn't felt this inspired since the last time he'd encountered Doreen.

Fuck... could this old slut be his muse?

It seemed crazy, but... FUCK! It might be true! His writer's block had only ended after fucking Doreen. He'd tried to separate those facts from his mind, but only now, with the specter of his past standing in front of him, could he truly admit that those moments went hand-in-hand. Their time together had affected him to the core, and that afternoon of intense, all-consuming excitement had broken apart any blockades within him, and that had spurred the greatest burst of inspiration he'd ever had. He'd never written this consistently, or with such drive and purpose. Not ever. As much as he loathed to admit it... he might have Doreen to thank for that.

He was lost in his thoughts as he went over the ramifications of this realization. It was only when the two women turned to look at him expectantly that he perked up and was forced to pay attention.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Oh! Doreen said the lawn's looking a little shaggy... she wanted to know if you were going to be borrowing the mower again tomorrow?" Molly explained naively.

"Oh..." he replied, suddenly on the spot. The lawn guys hadn't come yet this week. He'd been meaning to call them.

"I told her that you could mow my lawn while you're at it," Doreen stated, giving him a significant look. "It also might give you a chance to help out with that project at my place. The one we discussed right before you left..." she said, giving him a pointed look. "You know, that deep, hard, kinda tiring job I asked you about that might need require the talents of a younger man?"

His eyes flashed to the image of Doreen bent over next to the pool, pulling her ass-cheeks apart, exposing her asshole to his

eyes for the first time, inviting him to butt-fuck her right then and there.

"Oh yeah, I remember..." Greg said, his thoughts elsewhere, his mouth watering. Doreen smiled knowingly, practically reading his mind. Greg glanced at his wife again, and she smiled warmly, still completely unaware of what was really being discussed here.

"That seems fair," Molly chirped, looking between them. "As repayment for helping us out..." Greg looked back at Doreen. Staring into the older woman's eyes, they narrowed as she looked back at him, her gaze blazing with heat. He glanced downward, seeing her nipples stiffening beneath her top ever so slightly.

The things he was feeling again. The memories of what they'd done together. The intense sex they'd had. No longer buried in the back of his mind, these memories were flooding his system, activating him in a way he hadn't felt since that day two weeks prior. But what was hitting him even stronger than that was the inspiration. For a writer, there was nothing that compared to the burst of pure, undistilled creativity that so rarely hits you. He'd found it once, and being in this old slut's presence again, he was feeling it again, even without laying a finger on her. Just imagine what it would be like to get not just one finger

but both hands on her again. Just imagine how much creativity might burst forth from that...

This romantic night had been a pleasant distraction from his impending writer's block. But just being around Doreen again, glancing at her hot fucking body... there was no such thing as lack of creativity. Being around her again... he felt alive!

Would his desire to fully unlock his imagination, that he now discovered could only be achieved through availing himself in this slutty older woman's hot body... would that outweigh all the good work he'd done to put that major mistake of his in the past? Would his selfish desires for personal satisfaction prevail over what was best for him and Molly as a unit?

Greg turned to his wife and smiled.

"Yeah, seems fair," Greg agreed, looking back at the older woman. "I can come over there tomorrow."

Doreen grinned at this, barely able to contain her excitement. Greg couldn't believe he was saying it, but as soon as he did, he was beyond excited. His cock was already screaming out for the older woman.

"Perfect! I can't wait!" Doreen said, still staring the married man down, glancing down at his crotch and smiling, pleased with what she saw.

"Maybe I'll mow your lawn twice... make up for lost time," he offered, the words coming out before he realized it. Molly laughed, thinking it was just a joke.

"Better not make any offers you can't keep," Doreen replied with little humor in her voice, staring him down.

"I'm not..." Greg said, his voice sounding confident.

"Awesome!" Molly said happily, interrupting the lusty moment. In an instant, his wife had gone from a beacon of salvation for the married to appearing painfully clueless to what was happening right in front of her. How could someone like her be on the leading edge of his inspiration when she was just so far out of the loop?

"And make sure you bring your swimsuit!" Doreen suggested warmly. "I won't take no for an answer this time," she added,

stepping forward to hug him again, moving her lips back to his ear.

"But don't worry..." she whispered hotly. "I won't be wearing mine..."

He gulped to himself as she stepped back. Nodding at her, not wanting to give away the game, he smiled and stepped away. They all said their goodbyes and parted ways, walking opposite directions. But as they did so, Greg looked back at the same time Doreen did. He glanced at her round, juicy, shaking ass as she stepped away from him. And seeing he was looking, she reached back and lifted the back of her top, revealing a bright purple thong rising above the hem of her pants, forming a whale-tail that seemed ultra-obscene for a woman her age. His cock jumped his pants, and his mind immediately flashed to her on her knees exposing her asshole to him again. He had to shake his head to clear that thought away, but his mouth was already near drooling. His shocked eyes looked up at her, only to see her lick her lips lewdly. He turned away, stunned, the sight he'd just witnessed burning itself into his brain.

"She's so nice!" Molly effused a few moments later, completely unaware of that last bit of eye-fucking.

"Yeah... nice," Greg stammered, glancing at his wife next to him, his cock damn near bursting out of his pants. He'd gone into this night planning to break their dry spell tonight, but not anymore. He had to save himself for Doreen. He wasn't laying a finger on his wife... they'd be too busy on the keyboard, trying to commit these cascading ideas to the page, all inspired by Doreen's hot body.

And Greg was motivated to write a lot that night.

* * * * *

It was a long hot summer for the newlywed.

The events of the day after Greg and Doreen ran into each other downtown... it was more exhausting, more raw, more nasty, more physical than their first encounter. She didn't wait for a moment after he made his way into her backyard that next afternoon. He stopped in his tracks when he saw her, completely nude and waiting in her backyard, sitting on her pool chair like a queen appraising her servant. He knew this is what she'd promised him, but seeing her in the flesh was something else entirely. Within minutes, he was as naked as she was, and on her command, he was on his knees between

her spread legs, eating her delicious pussy like his life depended on it, right there next to the pool.

She had big plans for him. Making sure he was more focused on her pleasure than his own, she ensured that he knew that his job was to worship her delectable body, making him start by using that talented mouth of his to make her cum. He ate her tasty pussy until she gushed her juices into his mouth not only once but twice, with the last being with her sitting on his face, right out in the open of her backyard, cursing loudly as her sex-juices splashed into the married man's mouth.

That was just the warm-up.

He was still gathering air into his lungs from having her pussy planted on his face for so long when she took his cock back into her mouth, with him splayed on the pool chair. Thus began the slow, tortuous tease that she loved so much. Working him up, before making him back down. Over and over again, with her mouth, with her hands, with her tongue, she got the cum in his balls boiling before turning off the heat. She worked him up to the edge repeatedly, making him squirm. He'd handled this before, so he was somewhat ready for it, but that didn't make it any easier. Or any more fun.

He still didn't know what he was in for.

Even considering her spectacular abilities at sex, he got it extra-good that day. She rode the living fuck out of his big married dick, bouncing on her bed, riding him while facing him, screaming out like a fucking slut. All while giving him access to her massive tits, which he greedily availed himself in, slurping on her nipples as she came on his big dick over and over again. Turning away from him, making him focus on her ass, letting him know what this was all building up to if he played his cards right. And he did just that, doing his best to hold himself back, keeping all that cum in his balls despite the incredible pleasure he was feeling, following her training in order to really build up his abilities. She knew he was something special, all he needed was a little coaching.

And he did spectacularly.

It seemed like too tall a task, feeling this old slut's amazing cunt wrapped around him, clenching around him again and again as she came over and over again, gushing like a whore as she rode his big cock. How could any man deal with this level of pleasure? How could any man deal with having such massive, round tits in his face... his hands... his mouth.

Greg could.

Tapping into some of that potential, he proved that their first time was no fluke, more than keeping up with the old slut, not letting her take him over the edge. She dared him to, repeatedly, daring him to cum, daring him to just give in and give up, that he would never fuck her good enough to earn her ass. He knew what she was doing, trying to piss him off... but it still worked. Causing that anger to boil over, all her words did was ensure that he took out all that anger on her amazing pussy, making her cum again and again and again. And throughout, he held back, with her tight gripping fist around the base of his dick, acting as an aid, helping him resist the urge to cum, helping him keep what felt like a gallon of cum in his balls. He was soon so worked up that he couldn't think straight, and the pleasure was so agonizing that part of him wondered why he put himself in this position so willingly. But he nonetheless did so, knowing the end would make it worth it.

He had no idea.

That didn't stop him from reaching that same berserker state he'd reached the first time, losing all semblance of control as he fucked the living hell out of the older slut. This time, it was against the wall. This sex got rawer and nastier than their first encounter, his driving body slamming her into the wall roughly as she clung to his masculine frame. But the old whore

could take it, screaming out for more, screaming at the top of her lungs in pleasure as she savored the rough treatment. He then threw her back onto the bed and really went to town on her, fucking her so hard his hips were a blur. During their first sex-session, this was the point where he couldn't hold himself back anymore. But even then, she'd dared him to pull out, to inflict this slow, tortuous edging on himself, as a test. That time, he was far too gone to give in to such an insane demand.

This time... he obeyed.

At the moment where he could have let himself fall over the edge, where he had full control to finally cum, he somehow found the last shred of will inside himself to pull out of her. His shaft was coated with their combined juices, vibrating like a weapon poised to fire. His hips were holding himself from her amazing sex-hole, resisting the urge to cum, resisting the urge to give her just a little more and let himself fall over the edge. Without her help, with only his will and stamina being put to the test, he won the day... withstanding the pressure, riding it out, keeping the biggest orgasm of his life in his balls, just as Doreen wanted. But it was such a herculean task that he fell to the side, catching his breath and closing his eyes. He didn't know how he could endure this. He just knew that whenever he finally got to cum, it would be the most powerful orgasm of his life.

When he finally calmed down, and his eyes opened again, he looked over to find Doreen on her knees on the bed next to him, her hands reaching back to pull her ass-cheeks apart, exposing her asshole to him once more. He'd done it. He'd passed her test. He'd earned the right to fuck this bitch up the ass. And he wasn't gonna waste any time.

The old slut smiled when she felt the younger man's tongue make contact with her asshole. Rimming her butthole, kissing it, sucking it, he didn't hold back, attacking her asshole ravenously. He'd gotten so far beyond his limits that nothing was gonna make him pause. And why would any man pause when being offered such a perfect ass as hers? He went for it, eating her ass like a famished man, doing it so well he made her cum again. It was a smaller one, but still really good, just from getting her ass eaten. A warmup for one last big one, one that would only happen when he shoved his 'big one' up her ass. Which he did so, minutes later.

There was no love. No mercy on either one of their parts. They went at it like fucking animals. Him, one hand on her hips, the other hand in her hair, yanking her head back as he slammed his big cock into her tight asshole. It was like he was trying to break her, all that anger and pressure inside him being taken out on her hot fucking body. And her, on her knees, heaving

herself backwards, she was matching his ferocity as their bodies colliding brutally, her tits bouncing like crazy from the action. But as rough as this was, it was exactly what they both wanted. Her tight ass was an all-new level of pleasure he couldn't believe. He couldn't get enough, his body working in overdrive as he fucked her senseless. It was having an equally powerful effect on her too, his big cock up her ass fitting her just right, filling her up and driving her crazy. It was enough to make her cum again, her asshole clenching around his big, thick cock as he drove into her, making her moan like the whore she was, one last massive orgasm hitting her. And with her screaming out to do it, he finally let himself fall over the edge, his body heaving into hers brutally as he came inside her ass, driving his full length into her, humping into her lewdly. His cock exploded in her tightest of holes, his dick rocketing out what truly felt like a gallon of cum into this old slut's ass. But she could take it, because that's what nasty whores like her do.

She was amazing.

When they were done, when they'd each gathered enough strength to recover, she got up first, breathing deep, her body coated with sweat as she looked down at the thoroughly demolished married man still recovering on the bed. As she looked down at him, she made the same offer she'd made the very first time they'd met. A cooling, relaxing swim in the pool,

to clean up and cool off. And unlike the first time, he accepted, the offer too tempting to deny. It had been such an obvious denial the first time, so it felt like one last bit of submission to give into this last request. Swimming nude with this hot older woman while his wife was at work. He knew what would happen. Hands no-doubt touching each other. Bodies brushing against the other. A pair of wandering hands ending up against a pair of very big boobs. A slowly stiffening cock being pressed against a round, juicy ass beneath the surface. That's why he said yes.

And just as expected, Greg fucked her one last time in the deep end.

Thus began their long hot summer together.

Practically every chance he could, damn near every day, the married man made his way down the street to fuck the nasty old slut. She was always waiting for him, and she was always VERY willing. It didn't take long for the number of times they'd fucked to eclipse the number of times he'd done it with Molly, the woman he'd been with for years, and they didn't slow down. The married man quickly worked past any hesitation he once had, the pleasure feeling so damn good he couldn't dream of stopping.

His skills only got better. Where once he was nervous, now he was bold and decisive. He didn't hold back, taking what he wanted, keeping up with the experienced older woman, proving himself damn near equal to her. Instead of being nervous to dive in beneath the surface headfirst, he now did so without an afterthought. At home, he was the same quiet, intellectual young man. At Doreen's, he didn't hesitate to rip off his clothes and go toe-to-toe with the nasty old whore, his true form unleashed only with her. Doreen knew Greg in ways his wife never could. She saw the real him. It wasn't long before he was sauntering around her place naked without shame, walking around as if it was his own.

Not every fuck-session was the same type of marathon battle-fucking as with their first couple encounters. They mixed it up, doing different things between occasions like that. They even started watching some of those many pornos she owned, MILF porn playing in the background as he porno-fucked one of his own right there on the couch. He was skeptical about her movie choices before, but now, he could see that the film choices she made were good ones, each of those flicks being just pure filth in all the best ways. They even filmed one of their own.

If he'd doubted whether this old bitch was his muse, she'd proven it quickly, as his writing went to the next level. Now fully understanding what type of story he was writing, one

with tits and ass and lots of fucking sex, he no longer held off on the dirty details. This was the shit stories like this never got into... that's why his would stand out from the pack. And with Doreen as his muse, he just knew it would turn out great, the Governess in the story living up to her inspiration. Practically every night, coming home after fucking Doreen's brains out, he was at his laptop writing. Writer's block almost didn't feel like a thing anymore it was so easy for him. This sensation of pure unstoppable creativity was so incredible that he couldn't stop himself from keeping it going. He knew cheating on his wife was really fucking wrong, but the benefits were so fucking monumental that he didn't even comprehend stopping. And it felt so fucking good. After all he'd done, it would be impossible for him to slow it down now.

Molly didn't suspect a thing, of course. She was supportive and happy and proud, hiding any disappointment that her hubby was always so busy at work behind a smile. Sure, she loved him, and was happy for him, but part of her felt like she was taking a back seat to his writing, that his stories were his mistress.

She had no idea how far down the line she'd been moved.

Not too long ago, Greg had been hoping to repair the damage his actions with Doreen had wrought on his marriage. Now...

he was almost savoring his marriage's slow destruction, following that wicked woman into the depths of sin at his wife's expense.

In the moments where his thinking was at its most lucid, he vowed to do better. He vowed to get it together so the woman he loved wouldn't be caught in the crossfire of his wicked actions. She was so kind and so supportive that she didn't deserve any of this. He promised himself that he would take the time and be a better husband at some point and finally break their dry spell. Well... her dry spell, since he'd been having so much sex lately, and she'd been having none. She didn't deserve to have gone this long without being pleased as a wife should. At some point, if he could find the time between exhausting fuck-sessions with Doreen, and he could take a break from his writing, he vowed that him and his wife would finally have sex. The longer this drought between them went on, the more he was pushing his luck, as even someone as patient as Molly was starting to get annoyed by the fact that they weren't having sex. Greg hoped to right that wrong. And hopefully, that moment would be soon.

But Doreen made that very difficult.

Doreen kept pushing him to newer and filthier limits. He'd leveled up so much stamina-wise that he didn't even need her

help to resist blowing his top too soon. She'd trained him so fucking well that he withheld his own pleasure to an agonizing degree, just to make this old slut happy. And she was always left very happy, as was he, his cock exploding like a fucking cannon every time he was finally able to let it loose. Well, most times, except for the time she'd convinced him to not cum at all as they fucked, to hold himself back and go home once he was done fucking Doreen senseless. Just to draw it out even longer. Just to make all that cum in his balls simmer all night, keeping him awake, driving him insane. The added benefit was in the extra level of humiliation this would be for his wife in his mind, by making him be near her with a straining hard cock and not even once considering actually giving it to her. How could he ever respect her as a sexual being after he realized how little he desired her touch? With his steel-hard prick affecting his judgment, he got pretty bold in his actions. At one point that night, he let her see his straining hard bulge in his thin pajama pants, and when he didn't even try to make a move on her, he could hear her sigh next to him. Greg went to Doreen's house extra early the next day in a damn near feral state, fucking the living hell out of her for hours before finally being able to cum, exploding so hard it felt like part of his soul was leaving his body. And in a way, that was kinda true.

He slept for nearly the rest of the day after that!

She kept pushing his limits in other ways, amazed at how corrupted he'd gotten thanks to her. One day, they were fucking in Greg and Molly's marital bed, as they liked to do every so often, because some fucking needed to actually occur there. His body was behind hers as they fucked on their sides, his hand palming her tits as he drove his cock into her. And as he pleased her, she came up with another wicked idea.

"I don't think you should fuck your wife ever again, babe..." she sighed out.

"What..." he asked, her wicked words hitting him strongly even in the midst of this heated sex. He couldn't actually withhold sex from his wife forever... could he? Even for someone as patient as her, she would blow her top at him eventually. No, even though his desires had been funneled elsewhere, he definitely planned to have sex with her again once he had the chance. Once his writing was done. Once he was able to pull himself away from Doreen long enough to be able to get it up for her. He couldn't actually hold out on his wife forever. It was impossible, right? That being said, the idea was so wicked that it made his cock lurch noticeably inside of the older slut. "Oh!" he groaned, driving himself into her even harder.

"Ugh! You heard me! Don't fuck Molly again! Ever! Oh! Save it all for me! See how long you can go without touching your wife again! Fuck!" she moaned, the idea sounding really hot to her wicked mind.

"Oh my god!" he groaned, the idea equally hot to him.

"I want her to feel disgusting, knowing hubby doesn't want to lay a finger on her! Yes!" Doreen sighed.

"Fuck!" he moaned, fucking her even harder. He couldn't deny how insanely hot this sounded.

"Ah! Fuck! Maybe... oh fuck yes... maybe next time you two have a date night... maybe you cook a nice meal at home... haha, fuck... and she really expects sex at the end... YES! Maybe you even let her feel how hard that big fat cock of yours has gotten, tease her with what she will be getting! Oh!" Doreen groaned. "Then I come over... ugh fuck... there's an emergency... YES... and ask for your help at my place! Haha! And then you leave with me! YES! Her date night ends with her alone, and you at my place, fucking my brains out for hours! Haha! And she doesn't suspect a thing! Fuck! And when you get home, you're just too tired for sex! Yes! YES!"

"Fuck! FUCK! FUCK!" he groaned, his hips a blur.

"See how long you can keep it up! It would make me so hot if you never fuck her again! So fucking hot! Yes! YES!" she squealed out in delight. "I don't want you to give her even an inch of this perfect big dick ever again! Ever! Yes! Every inch of this big cock belongs to me now! Fuck! We're gonna fuck so much, and she'll be getting nothing! Haha! Yes! Let's see how long it takes before she suspects you're fucking me! Yes! AH! YES!"

"Oh my God! FUCK! YES! YES!" he roared out, humping into the old slut like a wild man, her words soon making cum explode out of the end of his cock, filling up her clutching hole as she came as well. And for a man with stamina as strong as his, the fact that her words made him explode was saying something.

Before this point, he'd been holding onto the idea that he'd at some point repair things with Molly. That maybe once the story was done, he would find the time to finally reconnect with her sexually and get their marriage back on the right track. But as soon as Doreen presented the idea of him not even bothering to try having sex with his wife ever again... he couldn't help but want to make that a reality. To make him not

touching his wife a permanent thing. The idea of it was way too hot to ignore.

So... he tried it out.

For the next few weeks, he didn't even bother wasting mind-space on the idea of keeping his wife sexually satisfied, instead focusing all that energy on other things. He didn't even bother pretending that his wife's sexual needs actually mattered to him. For a small trial period, he treated the woman he married not as his wife but as a roommate, a woman he felt no obligation towards sexually, just to see what would happen.

And damn, did it ever pay off.

His writing went off the charts almost immediately, and it never slowed down. Showing his wife a little less love, a little less intimacy, in order to fully devote himself to satisfying his own needs, both creative and sexual... it worked to a level beyond what he ever could have expected. It worked to the point where this 'trial period' became the standard for the rest of the summer.

As the months went on, not only did he finish his story, he immediately began another, the next chapter. If he had hoped to take a break to rebuild his turbulent marriage at this point between stories, he instead just blew past that point and kept writing. After his long grand tale ended with the hero falling to the sexy, wicked Governess and becoming her pet to do with as she beckoned, it only made sense for the story to follow its most interesting character, the gorgeous, nasty Governess. The galaxy was full of heroes trying to do the right thing, and they would all fall to the evil Governess's hot body, just as his first hero had. Anyone that tried to fight back against her, like the hero's love interest... let's just say, it would always end poorly for them.

Suddenly, his mind was alight with hundreds of ideas. Infinite directions he could go, all sorts of different angles to take, a universe of possibilities. And while the Governess would be the ultimate villain at the center of this specific story universe, he could bring in other women, other villainous old sluts like her to serve the same purpose as the Governess and occupy the role of antagonist in other far-flung corners of the galaxy where she wasn't present.

He had released online the chapter centering on the Governess's rise, with her seducing and corrupting the hero, and the response was insane! His readership exploded almost immediately, energized by the new direction he had taken his story. Sure, some of his initial readers felt betrayed by this

sudden change... like, why would this relatively straightforward sci-fi story suddenly center around the hero getting seduced by an old slut and having hardcore sex with her? But these negative responses had been drowned out by all the new fans who absolutely fucking loved it! He knew sex sells, but he couldn't believe the level of response his story had gotten. Both men and women fans were really loving the shocking new direction his story had gone, to the point where his story almost went viral, getting passed around with good word of mouth, racking up millions of views. Millions!

He even got an email from a woman who ran a pretty big publishing company. She said that she'd found his story thanks to a like-minded friend's recommendation, that she 'absolutely LOVED' the story, and that she'd already read it about ten times. She was gushing about it, telling Greg that she'd never identified with a character more than she did with the Governess, and that she would be prepared to pay him to write nothing but Governess and Governess-style stories for the rest of his career. She explained that she'd been looking for stories like this for years because she knew there would be a huge market for someone willing to delve into the themes he'd explored. She explained that if he signed with her publishing company, not only would it put his stories in print in bookstores everywhere, but she had no doubt they would make 'A LOT' of money. She sounded almost obsessed with what he'd written, saying that people 'NEEDED' to read this

story, and that if his stories could reach a wider audience, they could be legit best sellers. She explained that she knew what women liked, and if women like her read these stories, their themes could really catch on.

On top of that, she explained that her company had connections in Hollywood, and that they had a good track record of converting the stories they published into feature films. She said that she'd already had people from Hollywood, including some very famous older actresses, reaching out to her to buy the rights to his stories so that they could possibly make a movie out of these tales as soon as possible. A movie! A movie based on the stories he was writing! This was the dream!

Greg thought it all sounded too good to be true, but her contact info checked out. Ms. Evita Palmer was her name, and she was who she said she was. The head of one of the most famous publishing companies in the world was offering him a boatload of money to sign with her company. Meeting with her online, Ms. Palmer seemed extremely excited about signing him to a lucrative contract right away, before anyone else could snatch him up. Greg had had a lawyer friend check out the contract, and he'd told him that it seemed shockingly generous to him, and that he'd be a fool not to sign it. Nonetheless, fearing a catch, he kept prying for one, fearing this this was all working out too easily.

He first asked about if all his stories would be adapted, because the Governess story was simply the end of a long tale he'd been working on, and he'd love to see the whole thing play out on screen. It was here that Ms. Palmer pushed back, saying that the Governess stuff really clicked, and she wanted to fast-track her story onto the screen, and that maybe they'd catch up on the other stuff later. Part of him wanted to be precious about his story, that all the build-up was necessary for the hero's ultimate downfall. But knowing she was on the hook for the Governess stuff, he swallowed his tongue and let it be.

He then asked Ms. Palmer if he'd have to tone down the type of explicit sexual content that he'd written in his magnum opus in order for it to be more palatable for wide distribution. She almost laughed at the suggestion of this. If anything, she wanted him to ramp it up, make it even nastier, to not hold back in the slightest. That if anyone ever objected, she would personally step in to override any issues. Ms. Palmer all but demanded that he not hold back and make the sex scenes extra filthy. She said that they were her favorite part, and from the feedback she'd heard from her friends, they all felt the same way. And she personally requested that he not hold back in the destruction of the cute young love interests of any new and rising heroes. She said that her absolute FAVORITE part was reading about how the Governess completely demolished the cuter, younger girlfriend of the hero, humiliating the young

woman as she corrupted and stole her man, leaving the young babe in ruins, locked away, utterly distraught and hopeless. She said that she had read that part over 100 times, and she couldn't wait to see more stuff just like that. In fact, she said she would personally give him a bonus if he maintained those themes going forward.

And in talking about bonuses, she told him that if he signed with her company, there would be a 'signing bonus'. One of the women Ms. Palmer was friends with was a very famous, very legit, award-winning older actress. And she was immediately a huge fan of Greg's story, and she'd sent along a picture of herself essentially cosplaying as the Governess, putting her hat in the ring for any future film. Ms. Palmer said that she had permission to give the picture to Greg, and she would do so if he signed on the dotted line. If he wasn't already convinced, this did the trick. By the end of the summer, Greg had signed a publishing contract, which also opened the door to any future movie rights. His dream was coming true.

And that's how he ended up with a series of selfies of an Oscar-winning actress dressed up as the Governess, her normally dark hair dyed blonde, wearing a long, figure-hugging cloak that looked almost exactly as he imagined it would. And to prove she was willing to go for the part, this series of pictures showed her wearing progressively less and less, until she was standing in one of the Governess's trademark thongs and

nothing else, showcasing her delicious body and huge, squeezable, mature breasts.

She looked just like Doreen.

Speaking of the woman herself, she was right there with Greg every step of the way. In pulling his attention fully away from his wife, Greg was now fully devoted to the older slut as his woman. They fucked literally every day, most of the time at her place, sometimes his, and a few times in other places. She had so thoroughly gotten the younger man addicted to her hot body that he couldn't go on without it. Her round ass, her big tits, and her tight cunt were the most important things in the world to him, well above his wife at this point. He could not function without her. She unlocked his mind in a way he never had experienced before, and he could not carry on with his stories without her hot body inspiring and motivating him. With Greg fully onboard, the sex was only getting nastier and nastier. She'd trained him up to the point where he could fully keep up with her now, always making sure to give her at least a dozen orgasms before letting loose and giving her a gallon of fucking cum wherever she wanted it. That being said, as good at sex as he'd gotten, whenever he approached the climax he so desperately needed, she still loved making the young married man beg for it. No matter how hard he tried not to, at the end she always made him beg...

They'd moved far beyond a one-time thing. A fleeting mistake. No... they were full-on lovers now. She was his number one woman. His perfect match. And as they spent more time in bed together, he only became more and more hers.

On top of that, she was now fully in the loop with his writing. She'd read his stories, and immediately caught on to the fact that the Governess was clearly inspired by her. She could even identify the point where they met, just by the uptick in excitement in his writing. Greg had even brought her in on every step of his contract offer from the publishing company, and a possible movie. She'd seen the pictures he'd been sent of that actress, and nothing could feed the old slut's ego more than seeing someone as famous as that actress dressed up like her. Doreen was on board with Greg through all this, and had even worked it out so that she would have access to that very large windfall coming his way. She'd inspired him to such success... she deserved access to the money he would be making from it, right? And she knew more windfalls would be coming his way. He now had a contract to live up to, and he'd have to devote himself fully to that. And that meant he would need a lot of rough and nasty inspiration. She was attaching herself to his rising star, and she'd be with him every step of the way, helping him navigate through the success that would soon be coming his way. Based on all the gossip she'd read, and just being a woman of experience navigating through society,

she knew there were a lot of older vipers out there in the world of the famous that would love to sink their fangs into a stud like Greg. He'd need someone like Doreen to know which ones to avoid... and which of those wicked women to indulge. She would be closer to him than a wife, something far more important to him than whatever silly vow he'd pledged to that young woman whose finger he put a ring on.

Speaking of...

The big loser in all of this was Molly. At first, Greg had tried to cling to that marriage even as he started to drift away from her. But from the moment he'd stopped even bothering to consider her needs, his progress had taken off into the stratosphere. All that success, that progress, that upcoming monetary payout, it all really began from that point. All it took for him to really lock in and achieve everything he ever wanted was to completely betray his wife and forsake her desires in favor of his own, and it was all spurred on by Doreen's sexual whims. Molly, his cute, sweet, understanding wife, who had done nothing wrong, was not getting the slightest bit of sexual satisfaction from her husband, all because the idea of that turned on the wicked old slut.

Seeing her husband get excited about everything except her began to slowly crush the young wife. She could sense Greg

drifting away from her, and she didn't know why. She'd made herself available for him, and he didn't take it. She didn't know why he suddenly seemed so repulsed by her. She still looked good, but he was far more interested in his writing. Part of her understood, as it was his career... but she was his wife. He was supposed to put her first, right? But he didn't seem to agree. They fought a few times about why he wasn't touching her, and he always seemed dismissive to her concerns, continuing to throw himself into his writing, always demurring any issues to later. But 'later' never came. As the summer went on, he hadn't touched her in months, and he didn't seem bothered by that fact.

At times, she could see his rock hard bulge through his pants, but he never made a move on her in those moments. Sometimes, something around the house would cause him to move past her and brush that bulge against her, but he didn't seem inclined to ever actually use her as a sexual outlet. One night, seeing his huge throbbing dick through his pants, she made an offer for some sexy fun, but again he declined, as he was working on his story. Thirty minutes later, she snuck out to his writing area and saw him stroking his throbbing log to some really filthy porn on his laptop. He wasn't writing at all. He was pleasuring himself to porn, and he had chosen to do that rather than seek pleasure from his wife. A few minutes later, he came to bed and fell right to sleep. And as he did, she could barely hold back her tears.

She felt disgusting.

He just seemed uninterested in her, and she didn't know what the turning point was. He otherwise acted normal, but now that he was writing for long hours, that clearly took priority. The one night he seemed to step back and be devoted to her, the one night it felt like the romance was lighting up again, Doreen from across the street came over saying she was having some big emergency at the house that she needed Greg's help with. Greg, ever the gentlemen, eagerly stepped out to assist their older neighbor, and she tried to keep the fires going while he was gone. But when he returned hours later, he seemed completely exhausted, and the moment was gone. He didn't even bother to try.

The only thing that seemed to interest him was his writing. It didn't seem like he hated her or anything, but it was like he'd gotten bored of her. She suggested maybe going to marital therapy, but he was not interested in that idea in the slightest. She beseeched him for anything that would explain what was going on, and he just kept saying that once his writing slowed down, things would go back to normal. She didn't want to wait long, but she didn't want to be the nag keeping him from his dream.

She resorted to using a vibrator, a dull, sad buzz often echoing through her marital bedroom as the clicks from Greg's keyboard echoed throughout the rest of the house. But it was never enough for her, and she never felt satisfied after resorting to doing this. She wanted her husband. She wanted his touch. And he didn't seem interested in her in the slightest. And more than anything, she just wanted to know why.

She would get her answer soon.

One day, out of nowhere, she found a printed copy of a book written by Greg on the dining room table. He mentioned that the publisher had printed out a prototype to get his approval on. Molly didn't even know he got a publishing contract. And while she was happy for him for that, she was crushed that she seemed like the last person to know. But nothing could contain Greg's excitement, and being supportive of her husband, she was happy for him, too.

When he went outside for a bit, the cover of the book caught her attention. It was a handsome, roguish looking hero standing next to an older blonde woman with a shiny blue figure-hugging cloak, clinging to her very, uh... curvaceous body. She'd read some of his earlier stories, and nothing like this was present before. He didn't write female characters like that. Opening it up, she began scanning through it. And as she

got to the later chapters, some very shocking language caught her eye. Reading through it, she was shocked by what she was reading. Very, VERY explicit sex scenes involving the hero and this evil old woman. And as they were going at it, the hero's girlfriend was to the side, handcuffed to the wall, crying as her love betrayed her with an old slut.

This began to echo too perfectly for even someone like her to ignore. The girlfriend... crushed, feeling betrayed and hurt. It resonated in a way that hurt to admit. And then there were the descriptions of the characters, especially of the older woman villain... Greg's writing was very descriptive, to the point where Molly could see her clearly. Too clearly. As if Molly had seen this woman before.

Her heart dropped. Alarm bells were pinging. The young wife opened the front door and looked down the street. Greg was supposed to be mowing Doreen's lawn. But Molly didn't see him at work. She didn't even hear the sounds of the loud lawnmower echoing down the street. In fact, the grass on Doreen's lawn didn't look like it had been touched at all.

No... it couldn't be...

Dread filling her heart, the young wife marched down the street, almost floating she was so afraid of what she would find. She was about to knock on Doreen's front door when she heard noises coming from the back yard. Noises that made fear course through her veins. Walking with dread around the older woman's house, she pushed open the door of the fence, stepping tentatively into the backyard. And it was there that she found them.

There, in the pool...

Doreen, completely naked, standing in the shallow end, water up to her belly, her arms extended, bracing herself against the edge of the pool. And behind her, driving himself into the older woman, was Greg, his fit frame thrusting into hers, fucking her, water splashing as their bodies collided. His hands were wrapped around her, greedily squeezing her giant, round, bare breasts, his mouth sucking at her neck as his focus was entirely on her and her hot body. And that was why he didn't even notice that his wife was standing at the edge of the backyard, watching him fuck this old slut.

But Doreen certainly noticed.

Facing the young wife, the older woman's face lit up at seeing the young wife finally catching them in the act. It was a wonder she hadn't figured it out yet. Seeing Molly's shocked, wide eyes, the old slut made sure she pushed out her voluminous chest, making certain the younger woman could see her massive, round, fleshy boobs, coated with water, covered only by Greg's large grasping hands.

Molly was paralyzed by what she was seeing, unable to think, unable to comprehend what she was witnessing. But the older whore wasn't terribly bothered by being caught like this. In fact, she was the one who spoke up first.

"Hey hon!" Doreen said brightly to Molly as the young woman's hubby was currently behind the old slut, fucking her senseless. He was so immersed in the older woman's body that he didn't even look up and fully comprehend that he'd been caught in action by his wife. On some level, he knew what was happening, but as the older woman kept driving herself back into him, he knew she had this whole thing under control. She would handle this. "You wanna hop in the pool? You might need to run home and grab your swimsuit, but don't worry, we'll still be here," she said, an evil grin crossing her lips.

For Molly, she couldn't believe what she was seeing. She couldn't think straight. Her husband... the old neighbor lady...

together? Fucking right in front of her. How long had this been going on? Had they been doing this all summer? Was this... was this why he hadn't touched her in months?

It was all too much for her to take. The shock, the intense heat of this humid summer day... she was dizzy. She was weak. She couldn't handle this. She collapsed into the long, unshorn grass, passing out from the shock of what she was seeing.

Doreen watched this, rolling her eyes as the young wife crumbled in front of her. Just like that, she was defeated. 'Very well,' Doreen thought. The running around and sneaking behind Molly's back was fun, but it was time to take things to the next level anyway, and Molly would simply be in the way of her husband's success. It was probably for the best that she got cut out of the game now, right before all of Greg's dreams came true. And certainly before she could stake any claim in the money soon to arrive her husband's way. With the young wife crumbling to the ground, it was as if chapter one of Greg's life had closed along with it.

Now... it was on to chapter two. With a new main character in Greg's life, and a brand-new universe of possibilities to explore.