

MILF FOR CHRISTMAS

silkstockingslover

Lucky guy gets kinky romantic encounter with hot teacher.

Mature

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Summary: Lucky guy gets kinky romantic encounter with hot teacher.

Note: This is a **2018 Holiday Story** so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Wayne, and Robert for editing this series.

MILF for Christmas

Being a brand-new high school teacher, I was overwhelmed by all the minutia of duties and student counseling they hadn't taught me in college. Not that I was officially a counselor, but in addition to their questions about classroom subjects, both the boys and girls were constantly coming into my office to ask for my advice about their life problems, as if I were an expert on them.

The semester had flown by, and I'd survived in large part because of Danielle. She was a student services teacher who helped me create the individual programming many of my modified students required.

There sure is a lot they don't teach you at Teacher College.

In addition to her being an amazing help, she was also a constant distraction to me. She wore pantyhose every day. They were clearly expensive pantyhose, always in my favourite mocha colour, with a sexy shimmer to them.

I also found it distracting when she dangled her heel from her toes, as if trying to hypnotize me with the pendulum-like motion of her footwear. She did this often, and I frequently wondered whether she realized the impact she was having on me.

And just to make things almost unbearable, for the past month she'd begun walking around her small office in her stocking-clad feet, which was my ultimate weird obsession: feet in nylons.

I got turned on by seeing toes in nylons.

I got turned on by seeing painted toes in nylons.

I got turned on by seeing the sole of a foot in nylons.

I got turned on by seeing a heel in nylons.

I got turned on by seeing the entire assembly of a foot in nylons.

Conversely, and unexplainably, those same presentations not wrapped in nylon did absolutely nothing to me. Nada! Zippo! Zilch!

Through the wonderful world of the Internet, I learned that foot fetishes are quite common.

Nylon-only foot fetishes are a lot less so... not even close to some of the particularly strange other fetishes I'd discovered online, such as furry play (dressing up in animal costumes and having fuzzy sex) or infantilism (dressing up as and being treated like a baby).

So whenever she dangled her shoe, or wiggled her toes, or just sauntered around in her stockinged feet, I was completely captivated.

She also was very touchy feely, gently but persistently grabbing my upper or lower arm and giving it a squeeze whenever she was talking to me.

That said, she was married and twice my age, so she was completely off limits.

But then one day she wasn't... wasn't married, that is... but she was still twice my age.

She didn't talk about her breakup, never mentioned it, the only clue was her email signature being changed from Walsh to Campbell.

In December she added to her fuck-am-I-going-to-drive-you-nuts actions by almost always having a candy cane in her mouth. She didn't suck on it like it was a cock or anything, but just seeing her lips wrapped around the small shaft had my mind picturing wicked images of a thicker, different-coloured shaft encircled by those perfect lips.

On Thursday, the second to last day of school before the Christmas holidays were to begin, just as I was packing up to go home, she walked into my classroom, sauntered was more like it in her nylon-clad feet, which was the first time I'd seen that outside her office, and asked me, "Jimmy, are you available around five?" It was already past four-thirty.

"I think so, why?" I answered, my eyes helplessly scanning her legs and feet. God, whatever pantyhose she purchased, I needed to find, for whenever I got a new girlfriend. Most girls I dated found my pantyhose fetish weird or outright inconvenient, one of them even angrily called it sexist, but some wore them for me... as had the majority of the MILFs I'd scored during my college adventures.

"I need someone to play Santa at a fundraiser this evening," she explained, sounding a bit desperate, wiggling her toes in front of me as if knowing that would encourage me to say yes.

I stared at those toes way too long before breaking the hypnotic pull they had over me and joked, "You think I have the physique to play Santa? Thanks!"

She laughed as she looked me over, "God no, you hunk, but we have padding available to give you that Santa look."

She casually placed a foot up on a student's desk seat and adjusted her nylon: toe to top.

My eyes went wide: not at what she was doing, although perversely I found it hot, but because to my surprise, I now knew she wasn't wearing pantyhose as I'd always assumed, but thigh highs. I could see part of the stocking top... just barely... but enough to let me know.

Although I liked pantyhose, I *loved* thigh highs or a garter-belt and stockings... you know, for the obvious convenience reasons.

A pantyhose-enhanced ass was sexy as fuck.

But a pair of sexy-looking thigh highs could remain in place while I had my face buried between a woman's legs or had my cock sliding into her pussy, and when she wrapped those silky-clad legs around me, it felt like pure heaven.

"Deal," I decided before adding, "but you'll owe me."

"Anything you like," she said easily, placing her foot back down on the floor.

I chuckled, "'Anything' is a pretty wide-open spectrum."

"Okay then," she renegotiated, wiggling her toes again as if knowing I was obsessed by them, "*almost* anything."

"Already changing the deal?" I joked.

"You think I'm trying to weasel?" she asked as she walked towards the door. She turned back and added with what I could only read as playful flirtation, "then we're back to 'anything you like'. Sky's the limit, Santa."

Before my brain could unfry itself enough for any witty banter or follow-up, she'd strutted away.

I adjusted my hard, excited cock and thought to myself, *What just happened?*

I then realized I had no idea where I was supposed to be going.

I finished packing up my briefcase; there was no way I was doing any more work after that encounter, and I grabbed it and hurried down the hall to her office.

She was putting on her winter boots, this time with her entire other thigh high stocking and even a tiny bit of bare leg in clear view, when I walked in.

"Mrs. Robinson," I smiled playfully, as she was in a very similar pose to the classic movie, "Are you trying to seduce me?"

She smiled, letting her leg remain up a little longer than necessary, and answered, "Trust me Benjamin, if I were seducing you, there would be no trying."

I was speechless.

"What can I do for you?" she asked me a moment later as she put her leg back down as if she hadn't just rocked my world.

"Where is this event?" I asked.

"Oh right," she said, shaking her head. "I got distracted."

I wondered what had distracted her. Was it me? She wouldn't be the first MILF who had tried (and succeeded) to seduce me.

I knew what was distracting me. I joked, continuing a sly flirtation that could be taken as such, or just as harmless banter, "I'm told I do that to a lot of the ladies."

"I know. That's what your students say," she informed me.

"Pardon?" I asked, not knowing what she meant.

"Surely you know that half of your female students have a crush on you, and likely a few of the boys?" she pointed out.

"They do?" I asked, having never noticed any such thing. Sure, I knew a few students checked me out, but I hadn't given it much significance. It was true they were only five years younger than I, but to me that seemed like a large gap, because of their universally superficial personalities. I just saw them as immature kids, and even though I found some of the girls undeniably attractive physically, they had no impact on me. Thankfully none of them wore nylons (except for Allison, who was more nerdy than sexy), since that might have changed my perceptions.

When you came down to it, my thing had always been for older women.

I lost my virginity during a football summer camp to the woman I was boarding with. I'd frequented a club during college that was famous for hosting cougars, where I scored many hot conquests.

Older women didn't want to talk.

Older women didn't want to be wined and dined.

Older women didn't want to cuddle afterwards.

Older women *did* want to fuck.

On top of that, they had experience.

My best blow jobs were always given by cougars.

My best fucks were always with MILFs.

Plus, they were way more likely to wear nylons.

They were also much more likely to do things girls my own age refused to do: swallow, take facials, take it in the ass, talk nasty, etc.

Although I couldn't fathom Danielle doing any of those things, I had learned early on that looks could be deceiving. My mom's best friend was a mother of four who had seduced me during the summer between my freshman and sophomore year of college. She'd sucked me in her living room while her kids were outside in the pool; I'd fucked her ass in the kitchen while her husband was in the bedroom taking a nap. She loved being treated like a slut, and it was a great summer, when I'd discovered the power of a big cock and of stamina.

"You're adorable," Danielle said.

"Most men don't consider that a compliment," I pointed out.

"How about cute?"

"I loved hearing that when I was six."

"Handsome?" she tried, walking towards me.

"Getting better," I smiled.

Now standing right in front of me she said, her tone a little sultrier, but maybe just because I wanted to hear it that way, "Sexy."

Deciding to flirt back, I suavely responded, long used to these subtle cat and mouse games, "So we're switching the subject of these adjectives to you?"

"You're quite the charmer," she smiled, turning away and swaying out of her office as my cock raged.

"I still don't know where I'm going," I called after her.

"Just follow me," she ordered.

I did, enjoying the view of her ass swaying, all the way out of the school building and across the dimly lit parking lot. The almost-winter sun had already set, and the sky was in twilight.

"Try to keep up," she said, as she got into her car.

"I've never had a problem with that," I responded, my reply a not-so-subtle come on.

"Good to know," she said, as I climbed into my own car.

I followed her for a few minutes to a community hall.

She waited for me to park and said when I climbed out, "I really appreciate your doing this so last minute. Our original Santa called just an hour ago to say he has the flu."

"No problem," I shrugged, as we headed into the hall. "Plus, I've been given a coupon for some sort of anything."

"Some sort?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Exactly," I answered, not giving away any of my cards, yet encouraging her to take my innuendo as far as she wished.

"Well, that coupon means what I said," she reaffirmed. This time her tone definitely changing into sultry as she stressed each word, "I... mean... anything."

"I'll keep you to that," I promised, my cock having flinched with each of her breathy words.

"You'd better," she purred, her tone and look ones I'd encountered many times before from horny MILFs. I think she was even about to reach out and squeeze my cock, but we were interrupted.

"Mrs. Walsh, did you find a Santa?" A woman asked frantically as she rushed towards us.

"It's Ms. Campbell now," Danielle corrected her, but giving *me* a telling look, as if emphasizing to me she was single and looking.

"Sorry, right. I'm so sorry about that," the woman apologized.

"Oh, it was a blessing in disguise," Danielle forgave her with another sizzling look at me. I wasn't one hundred percent certain, but I was a good ninety percent sure she was giving me a wide-open offer.

"So... is this guy our Santa?" the woman asked.

"He is," Danielle nodded.

"Come with me," the woman ordered brusquely, without even asking my name or telling me hers. "There's already a lineup for you."

"Duty calls," I shrugged at Danielle and I was led into a small room where I got dressed in the red and white outfit. With plenty of padding.

Once it was on, the unintroduced woman led me out, and I spent the next two hours in what can only be described as a holly jolly event worse than hell. I mean I already knew I didn't ever want to teach younger kids, but that antipathy was confirmed times infinity as I dealt with endless whining, crying, selfish, obnoxious kids who wanted unreasonable things. For instance, what was I supposed to do when an eight-year-old burst into loud wails when I wouldn't promise to bring him a swimming pool? Fortunately for me, Danielle whispered into my ear to trust her and just agree, then while the squalling brat was calming down, she quietly suggested to his mom that she get him a little plastic wading pool.

The only positive aspect to the ordeal was that Danielle was there the entire time, having dressed up as Mrs. Claus.

Even better, the entire time she kept walking around Santa's Workshop in her stocking-clad feet, which kept my cock hard throughout the nightmare of endless little kids.

Thankfully, after surviving two hours, it was over.

The place was almost empty, and cleanup mostly done, as I stood up for the first time in over two hours... my hard-on poking out slightly, as once again I admired Danielle's nylon-clad legs and feet.

"Santa looks like he enjoyed himself," Danielle smiled, gazing directly at my crotch.

"There was a kind lady providing some visual stimulants that I sorely needed to keep me going," I replied, staring directly at her feet. Unfortunately, we were interrupted before she could respond to my rather bold compliment.

"You can go change, Santa," a pretty, chubby redhead offered me. "You're likely all sweaty under there."

"Let's get a picture with our Santa first," Danielle suggested to her, before I could agree to leave.

"Why not?" the pretty redhead agreed.

My cock, which had taken a beating the past two hours, having gotten sacked at least a dozen times, twitched as I sat back down.

Danielle walked over and sat on my left knee. The redhead sat on my right.

"You survived," Danielle said.

"The jury is still out on that," I responded.

"I owe you big time," she said, turning to face the camera.

"You have no idea," I said, before also posing for the camera, both of us seeming to be implying the same thing.

A couple photos were taken, the place was almost a ghost town by now other than a couple of older women heading out, and the photographer who had already packed up before needing to take his camera back out so he could take the last minute photos of us. As the redhead stood up, Danielle asked her, "Can you go back to the dressing room and grab my phone from my purse? No offense, but I want a picture with just Santa and me."

"Sure," the redhead agreed. "We should get one of Mr. and Mrs. Claus for our Facebook page, too."

As the redhead walked away, Danielle raised a sprig of mistletoe over my head and asked, "Do you know what this means?"

"Gawrsh, no, ma'am," I answered, grinning while playing dumb.

"It's the getting-our-toes-wet step of my doing 'anything'," she answered as she leaned in and kissed me.

I kissed her back for just a few seconds, long enough to make it clear this wasn't just some generic mistletoe kiss, before she surprised me once again by placing her hand directly onto my hard cock, "Oh my, this is one big candy cane, Santa. I just hope it doesn't have barber pole stripes."

"Oh wow," I moaned, surprised by her sudden aggressive touch, even though I'd already become pretty confident I could score this beautiful woman if I played my cards right. Apparently, Danielle was ready to place all her cards on the table right away.

"Hard, too," she added, giving it a firm squeeze.

"I thought it might have been broken forever after today," I said.

"It seemed to have stayed pretty hard all evening," she said, "I was monitoring it."

"That was because of your nylon clad feet," I pointed out, figuring since we'd gone this far, I may as well throw my fetish out there once and for all.

"Oh, I've been aware of your nylon fetish since late August," she said, surprising me a bit, as she looked furtively around before doing something that astonished me completely.

She unzipped me, fished out my cock, raised her dress, repositioned herself and lowered herself onto my cock, all in a single fluid motion. It seemed either she hadn't worn any panties today, or she'd removed them sometime during the evening. Either of these possibilities only added to the hotness of her act.

"Ohhh," I groaned, this time with pleasure instead of pain.

"This is just a test run: I need to make sure it still works in case we need it later," she quipped as her pussy engulfed my cock.

"You may need to really work on it to make sure no structural damage was done by those kids," I invited her, getting a rush from this naughty exhibitionistic moment. The redhead could return with Danielle's phone any second!

I'd once had a woman suck me off under a table at a nightclub; In college I'd fucked a reporter in a bathroom at halftime, and I'd banged a coach's wife in a closet at a year-end party... but this joining almost onstage trumped them all.

"Like this?" she asked, as she slowly muscled her pussy around on my cock.

"It's a nice start," I agreed, with a soft moan.

"A *very* nice start," she moaned, just before the redhead returned.

"Comfortable?" she asked, as Danielle stopped her sly, teasing movements but remained sitting on my lap with my cock inside her, hopefully unbeknownst to her redheaded friend.

"Definitely," Danielle answered, as she leaned back and extended her legs forward, placing her feet on full display for the camera... although it made me moan.

"You two look absolutely adorable," the redhead said perhaps obliviously, perhaps not, as she raised Danielle's phone to take a photo.

"How about this?" Danielle asked, reaching her right hand around my over-padded belly.

"Great," the redhead agreed as she took a couple of photos.

"Or this?" Danielle suggested, turning her body to me, rotating on my cock, so she was looking into my eyes. She leaned in so her lips were just a couple of inches from mine.

"Amazing," the redhead agreed as she stepped around to the side of us, as I thought the exact same word.

"Or this?" Danielle added, draping both her feet over my right thigh, her skirt hiked up high enough that I worried about the particularly intimate portion of our embrace being revealed. I stopped worrying when I considered how hot it would be if we *were* caught out, and I decided just to relax and go along with wherever Danielle wanted to take this.

"Definitely not Facebook tame, that's pretty sexy," the redhead said, smiling as she seemed to catch on to how amorous we were being.

"A few risqué pictures are permitted for my own slide shows," Danielle said. "I *am* single again, after all."

"Likely not for long, if you post these," the redhead teased.

"Let me see," Danielle said.

The redhead handed her the phone and asked, "Do you need anything else? I need to get going."

"No, I'll make sure Santa is taken care of," Danielle said, somehow tightening her pussy around my cock without moving anything visible.

"I bet you will," the redhead smiled, taking Danielle's comment the exact same way I did.

"Veronica, I'm shocked you would imply such a scandalous thing," Danielle mock gasped, "I'm just in the giving spirit."

"You appear to be in the getting spirit too," Veronica said, now that I knew her name. And although I had no idea why, I felt her name suited her.

"Oh, I definitely plan to get as much as I give," Danielle bragged bluntly.

Veronica shook her head and the moment she turned away, Danielle put her hands on the arm of the Santa chair and began riding me as she called out, "Please lock the door. We may be a while."

Just three quick bounces.

"Fuck!" I groaned louder than I meant to, the sudden pleasure after a couple minutes of marinating in her tight, wet pussy was really intense.

Veronica turned around and said, there now being no question about her knowing what we were doing or were about to do, and certainly knowing what was where, "Will do! Make sure Santa gives you exactly what you want... or need... for Christmas."

"Definitely," Danielle said, again bouncing three times on my fully erect cock, this time while Veronica was watching. I almost came just from the shocked but delighted look on Veronica's face!

Turning away, Veronica smiled, "Thanks for the show! Merry Christmas, Danielle; Merry Christmas, Santa."

"You too," we both replied.

As soon as Veronica was gone, Danielle bounced once more, but this time all the way off my cock and said, as she stripped me below the waist, leaving me feeling that I must look ridiculous with my legs and my cock sticking out from beneath my Santa jacket and padding. But she didn't seem to care as she dropped to her knees before me and took my cock in her hand, "Now let's take a look at Santa's candy cane."

"You sure we're alone?" I asked, even though I wasn't sure I cared. I mean, I didn't know anyone here... my image was safe, but hers obviously wasn't.

"I don't fucking care," she said with an unapologetic lust I only ever saw in older women, "I've wanted to check this little man out for a while."

"You have?" I asked, as she took my (flesh-coloured, not red and white striped) cock into her mouth.

She took all seven and a half inches in. I wasn't the biggest guy around, I'd met a couple of basketball players with bigger dicks, but I was bigger than most. Only one girl my own age had ever taken my entire cock in her mouth, and that was a Russian babe I'd met on a European basketball summer trip before my senior year in college, although quite a few well-practiced MILFs had easily devoured my cock. (Even though I wasn't super-tall, I'd played both point guard and halfback all through high school and college.)

She didn't answer; instead, she bobbed on my cock as if she were competing for the Olympic Gold Medal in cock sucking.

My constant staring at her nylon-clad feet...

Our hot and constant flirtation...

Her sitting on my cock...

The fascination in Veronica's eyes as she watched us fucking...

And now Danielle's magical, velvet mouth...

...all combined to have my balls boiling in less than two minutes.

I had a hunch this beautiful, hungry, lustful woman was more than willing to swallow, but I warned her just in case, "I'm going to come soon."

She moaned as she continued sprinting for the finish, which I took as permission to shoot my load in her warm mouth.

Seconds later, I grunted and cried out, "Finish line!"

A full day's worth of boiling balls erupted into her mouth in a few explosive ropes, as she milked my cock to the very last drop.

The rare times we got this far, girls my age usually pulled out or gagged on my large loads, but Danielle didn't even slow down, easily swallowing my entire load while her exultant tongue took several victory laps around the head of my cock.

Once my entire load was extracted she slowed down, nursing on my cock, as if making sure there weren't any late swimmers who'd gotten lost along the way.

"God, do I love cum," she said when she finally allowed my cock out of her expert mouth.

Only older women had ever said that to me; I wondered if it was an acquired taste. I offered, in the holiday spirit, "My gift to you then, is a verbal coupon for a warm load whenever you want one."

"I accept! That means breaks at school will be a lot more fun from now on," she said as she stood up and began stripping for me, slowly and sensuously. Up until now except for her missing panties, she'd remained fully dressed.

"Yeah, and your snacks will have a lot of protein," I joked, my eyes widening.

"I can always use more protein," she smiled as she undid the large buttons down the front of her red dress with the furry-looking white trim, revealing that her breasts had also gone commando today, if that's a term. They were large and lovely, not as firm as they'd probably been in her twenties, but still very shapely. I couldn't wait to explore them by Braille.

"And your morning coffee can have some homemade cream," I added.

"You bad boy," she purred, now completely nude except for her oh-so-sexy mocha thigh highs, as she kneeled down and began stroking my cock.

"Oh, I'm just getting started," I said, wanting her to know I could go all night. "I'm more of a marathon man than a sprinter."

"My ex would already be flaccid and snoring by now," she said, licking the head of my cock.

I shook my head, having heard this before about older men (God, I hoped I wouldn't become one of them), "Well, I usually have a pretty quick reload."

"A dream *cum* true," she smiled.

"I can't believe he would leave you," I said gazing fondly at the pretty woman and reaching out with both hands to fondle her breasts.

"That feels so nice, Jimmy; just like that. I couldn't believe it either," she continued, "until I discovered he loved cum too."

"Oh dear," was all I could say as I processed her words.

"That was my response when I caught him sucking our neighbour," she said, making this real.

"I'm sorry," I said, not sure what else to say; the moment had become awkward; I removed my hands from her breasts.

"At least he didn't cheat on me with a young slut," she shrugged, as she stood up and straddled me. Not so awkward anymore.

"I can't imagine his possibly being able to upgrade from you," I moaned, as she engulfed my cock.

"You're so sweet," she said, "but what can I say? My competition had a bigger cock than I did," before leaning in and kissing me.

I kissed her back and grasped her breasts again, and for a few minutes we did nothing but kiss with my cock buried deep inside her and my hands cupping her, but not moving. This was an intimacy I'd seldom had either with girls my own age or MILFs.

When she finally broke the kiss she said, with an odd insecurity in her tone, "Will you fuck me?"

"Are you wearing nylons?" I asked in playful response.

"I always do," she said, as she leaned way back to lift her right foot up and showcase a glorious sheer leg ending in red-nailed pointed toes.

"And I'll always be ready to fuck you," I pledged, kissing her nylon leg.

"My boyfriend in college loved nylons," she explained. "I've been wearing them ever since."

"Well, I wish you were around when I was in college," I said. "Girls today think they're just for old people."

"I know," she agreed. "But I think they help showcase my legs and finish the ensemble."

"I couldn't agree more," I nodded, as I lifted her up, keeping my cock in her, and began bucking up while holding her hips in midair, a position I had learned drives older women crazy. They want to be fucked; they want to be impressed.

"Oh fuck yes, Jimmy," she moaned loudly, "just like that."

This was always a short-lived position as it really burned the calf muscles, but it usually set the tone for a marathon fuck session in a multitude of positions, and often multiple orgasms for the woman. Plus, the extra Santa padding meant I couldn't get as deep as I wanted to.

I carried her over to a table and laid her down, my cock slipping out of her.

The lust in her eyes was matched by her words as she demanded, "Shove that big cock back inside me."

"You sure?" I asked, as I removed my Santa jacket and the extra padding to show off a pretty nice six pack, if I say so myself. Happily, that was the last of my own clothing and we were now both stripped and ready for whatever.

"Santa works out," she purred, moving a nylon-clad foot to my chest.

"Got to sweat all that Christmas cooking off," I smiled.

"I think I need some pre-emptive calorie burning," she said, as she reached her foot behind my back and pulled me closer to her. She had a lustful look that made my cock flinch, ready for round two.

"You look in pretty good shape already," I smiled, as I rubbed my cock up and down her very wet pussy lips.

"Don't tease me, baby," she moaned; her entire body twitched when I tapped her clit with my cock head. "I need it so bad."

"Need what so bad?" I asked, continuing to tease her, knowing it was driving her crazy and hoping it would make her inevitable orgasm even more powerful.

"I need your cock inside me," she answered, using both of her legs to try and pull me deep within her. "I need your cock fucking me."

"So I see," I chuckled, as I was now leaning above her, looking down at her vulnerable beauty. There is nothing hotter than the look of lust on a woman's face. I love legs in nylons, I like a nice ass and a firm pair of tits... but nothing compares to the look of insatiable lust in a woman's eyes, the wanton redness in her cheeks, and her pursed lips when she's in need.

"Please pound me, I haven't been fucked in over six months," she pleaded, her legs wrapped tightly around me.

"Six months?" I gasped, as I slid inside her.

"Maybe longer," she added.

"Well, we can't let that ever happen again," I said, as I began fucking her... but slowly.

"You'd better keep that promise," she moaned.

"If you keep wearing nylons like this, I'll always be in rutting season," I said, as I caressed my hands up and down her smooth, silky legs.

"That I can do," she agreed.

So I leaned down and kissed her as I slowly fucked her.

After a couple minutes she broke the kiss and ordered me, "Now really pound me: fuck me like I'm some college slut."

Without a word I grabbed her ankles, spread her legs wide, and began fucking her hard.

"Oh yes," she moaned loudly, as the table began to shake.

"Shit, I'm not sure this table can handle us," I said, worried we were going to break it, as her moans got louder and we both got more frantic.

"Don't you dare fucking stop," she demanded, clearly nearing orgasm.

"As you wish," I replied, although I leaned down and grasped her shoulders from beneath, readying myself to support her entire body in the air in case the table did come crashing down.

"Oh fuck, I love your big dick," she cried between moans, her use of the word 'dick' sounding so hot.

I didn't respond verbally, but I kept slamming into her.

"Oh yes, fuck, yes," she moaned loudly, her orgasm imminent... the table really wobbling precariously.

"Damn it," I sighed, lifting her into the air in one quick swoop just as the table crashed to the floor, supporting her shoulders with my forearms and the rest of her with my dick. That's right, my dick! I couldn't believe it either. And I couldn't sustain *that* for very long!

"Fuck!" she screamed, as she wrapped her arms and legs around me, removing the immense strain from my love muscle, and she came violently as we held each other, my cock still deep inside her and my feet surrounded by the remnants of the table.

We continued holding each other during the massive intensity of her initial orgasm, before I stepped laboriously over to the Santa chair and gratefully lowered her into it.

I then withdrew and hurried to lower myself in front of her, spread her legs, and buried my face in her spasming cunt.

"Oh my God!" she screamed as my tongue made contact with her cunt for the first time.

This was my signature move. Going down on a woman while she was still experiencing her first of usually multiple orgasms. Occasionally a woman was very sensitive during orgasm and pushed me away, but that was rare.

She enjoyed the taste of cock cum; I enjoyed the taste of cunt cum.

I licked every inch of her pussy, slowly but thoroughly, as I wanted her second orgasm to follow right behind the first... like wave after wave after wave on an ocean beach.

Although I enjoyed experiencing multiple orgasms, I loved giving them too, and I'd learned that such dedication to mutual pleasure typically resulted in long-term benefits for me, as I'd often had women texting me to fuck them again, long after our first encounter.

My favourite example of these benefits was the time I'd been invited by the wife of a prominent lawyer to be a server at her otherwise all-women party in a gated community. My servant's uniform for the evening was a black domino mask (real), and a tuxedo (body paint only). My crotch had been painted to give the illusion that my erection (unpainted) was sticking out of my open fly. As I glided in and out of and around the room serving hors d'oeuvres and vodka martinis, the ladies all made it their business to use their fingers and mouths to keep me pleasingly erect. Before the evening had concluded, I'd fucked the wife (who I'd already done on three prior occasions) on the living room couch while being cheered on by everyone else, and then two other unsatisfied trophy

wives of rich men. I couldn't help but shake my head at the laziness of men... of course, their pathetic lack of enthusiasm for their hot wives led to some great opportunities for me.

So for a few minutes I lavishly licked Danielle's pussy, listening for any sounds of increased intensity.

I had also learned how to please a woman orally during my college years from a lesbian friend (who actually summoned in real subjects to help her teach me the art of cunnilingus). She also enlisted her willing subjects in teaching me how to do what almost no man can do, which is to find a woman's g-spot.

"I've never been licked for this long by anyone," Danielle moaned.

Figures, I thought to myself.

"You taste amazing," I responded, which was so true. God, did she have a sweet little pussy. I also knew that complimenting the taste of her pussy would have a good psychological impact, as women had been unkindly led to believe they tasted like fish... which was a ludicrous comparison: I hate the taste of fish, but I love the taste of pussy.

"I can't believe what you're doing to me, please don't stop," she begged, her hands gripping my head.

"Not until you come on my tongue," I promised.

"Then you'll have to keep doing it forever, I'm afraid. I've never had multiple orgasms," she informed me... another unacceptable statement I'd heard countless times before, almost always because of pathetic or lazy lovers. I loved to disabuse women of the fallacy that they couldn't have multiple orgasms, and I'd done it more than a few times.

"Let's change that," I encouraged, as I attacked her clit and slid two fingers into her needy pussy.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as I began finger fucking her, knowing this kind of double pleasure always helped to increase the likelihood of the next orgasm.

As I pleased her inside and out and her breathing got more erratic, I went for the orgasmic kill as I found her g-spot and began tapping on it in simultaneous rhythm with flicking her clit with my tongue.

"Mother fucker!" she screamed as her orgasm erupted like lightning. I always loved hearing dirty words when they escaped a prim and proper woman's lips at the moment of an unexpected orgasm. Hearing Danielle scream 'Mother fucker' was pretty damn hot.

I kept tapping and licking as her body quaked, her cunt flooded, and she collapsed back into the chair.

She babbled a series of incoherent nonsense syllables before I stood up, spread her legs and slid my tool back into her cunt while it was still in full spasm.

"Oh yes, fuck me," she moaned deliriously, lost in her overwhelming sensations, "fuck me some more," as she looked up at me with the glazed eyes of a satisfied, lustful woman still coming.

"You're so beautiful," I praised her, gazing down at her naked body, loving the God-given beauty of a woman in the sexy, vulnerable afterglow of orgasm.

Her red cheeks, her pursed lips, her glazed eyes.

"You're amazing," she responded, as I pistoned gently in and out of her.

For a couple minutes I fucked her.

Wanting to fuck her from behind (it being my favourite position, almost as good as the woman on top, where I could admire her in all her vulnerable beauty), I ordered, "On all fours."

"I like a man who can take charge," she smiled, looking at me as she summoned the strength to get into the requested position.

"And I love a woman who knows what she wants," I said, loving when a woman gave into the carnal lust that many others didn't.

"You do? Then what I want is to be fucked hard and used like a cheap slut," she answered, looking back at me, her picturesque back end on full display.

"We both win: we want the same thing," I smiled, as I slid back into her from behind, always intrigued by a confident and beautiful woman's secret desire to be used like a slut. Almost all women had this secret side inside them, although many didn't ever find the courage to cross the invisible line of supposed propriety. I imagine if Danielle's ex-husband hadn't become a cock hound, she likely wouldn't have, either.

"Fuck, do I love your big dick and your stamina," she moaned as I resumed fucking her.

I didn't say anything; I just grabbed her hips and began giving her deep, hard thrusts.

"Oh fuck!" she screamed as I filled her as deeply as I could. "Give it to me, baby."

And I did.

Loving her uncontrollable moans and whimpers.

Loving the way her body reacted.

Loving being called 'baby'.

Loving when her moans increased, and she began bouncing back to meet my deep thrusts, which shifted from slow to fast as her body's tremors communicated ever-increasing volumes of need.

Two minutes became three, which became four, and another orgasm became imminent.

"I'm going to come *again*!" she announced in a mixture of unbridled pleasure and astonishment.

"Come all over my cock, baby," I said, as by now all her strength had returned, and she furiously bounced back on my cock with desperate desire.

"Oh *FUCK, FUCK, FUCK*!" she screamed as orgasm number three ripped through her. She fell forward, and I pulled out and spun around so I could lean back and rest my head on the Santa seat with my mouth tilted up to her pussy as I grabbed her hips and pulled her flooding cunt down to me before snacking joyously on her Niagara Falls of cum.

"Shit," she whimpered, "omigod, omigod, omigod," as I kept licking and she kept coming.

A couple minutes later, she turned her head around and said, "Usually a guy doesn't care if I come or not so long as *he* does, and you've tossed me over the cliff three times already! It's time for *you* to come."

"Tonight, it's all about you," I smiled, meaning it. Giving her multiple orgasms was its own pleasurable reward.

"I guess you mean that, because you've certainly been proving it. But now what I want more than anything else is your cum," she informed me, as she moved a nylon-clad foot between my legs to stroke my balls.

It was my turn to moan, the silky nylon feeling wonderful on my balls.

"Ever had a nylon foot job?" she asked, as her other foot went to my face.

"No, I haven't," I moaned, loving the feeling of the smooth nylon against my skin. Oddly, after all my experiences, many with women wearing some sort of hosiery, I'd never gotten a foot job of any sort. I had watched many, since there's a porn fetish of women giving nylon clad foot jobs (often to sell real estate which was weird, often while an oblivious wife or girlfriend was nearby like 'Real Estate Agent Naomi Swann Gets Loser Client To Buy House By Making Him Cum In Pants' or 'Real Estate Agent Adriana Chechik Seals The Deal With Footjob' or 'Real Estate Agent Nika Gets House By Making Husband Cum In Pants Under The Table Wife Unaware' or 'Real Estate Agent Kittie Catherine Seals The Deal With Cumblast Footjob Wife Unaware', or 'Real Estate Agent Sadie Holmes Cum Blast Footjob Wife Macy Unaware'). There are also hot ones like 'Naomi Swann Caught Staring At Secretary Feet Footjob Blackmail' or 'Principal Stefania Gives Loser Student Cumblast Footjob'. Although the goddess of nylon foot jobs is Sasha Foxx.

Until now.

"Time to change that," she smiled, quoting me from earlier. "Stand up," she ordered.

I did and watched as she wrapped both of her feet around my throbbing cock and using the silky soles of her feet, began slowly masturbating me.

It felt awesome.

"Oh my!" I groaned.

"Oh my, good or bad?" she asked, as she stroked her feet up and down with impressive symmetry.

"Oh my, awesome," I clarified.

"You've fucked me so good baby, better than I've ever been fucked," she purred in a sultry voice that dripped with Jayne Mansfield sex appeal. "Now it's time for me to summon that big load of yours."

I groaned again. Many older women talked nasty, but somehow Danielle mixed nasty with an intimacy I can't describe.

"You can come down my throat again," she suggested, "I wasn't lying, I love the taste of cum. I mean I'd love to have you come in my mouth at break, or in my coffee, and it could warm my belly while I taught academic things to those silly freshmen."

"Oh fuck," I groaned, the idea of a blow job at school so hot and so taboo.

"Or maybe you'd want to coat my face with your massive load," she offered. "Wouldn't it be hot if you spewed a breakfast load all over my face, and then I'd rub it in as moisture cream, and I could later hint to those same seniors who want to fuck you oblivious that I was wearing your cum like a badge of slut honour?"

"You want to be my slut?" I asked, loving seeing her as a mixture of all things feminine: beauty, smarts, sexuality and nastiness.

"Mmmmmm, a better question is whether *you* want *me* to be your slut," she asked, stroking my cock faster.

"I want you to be my everything, my slutty goddess," my mouth answered before my brain kicked in, wanting to argue it might be too much, too soon. But I didn't take it back: once my brain took stock, I knew she was already far more than another notch on a bedpost. Although she was twice my age, I wanted to be more than just a fuck buddy to her. Basically, I knew it the moment I said it.

"Really?" she asked, surprised. I couldn't believe that such a desirable woman could have confidence issues! She'd given me a sign of that before, but those issues couldn't be very deep-seated, given everything else she'd said and done ever since she came into my office. But a bit of sincere flattery couldn't go amiss. I also wondered if I could communicate to her what an impact she was making on me.

"Danielle, you're an amazing woman," I said, taking hold of her feet and stopping her motions. I might be interrupting my first-ever foot job, but right now I wanted nothing more than to look into her eyes and begin offering her more than just sex.

"Jimmy?" she asked, this unexpected emotional intensity surprising her more than if I'd just called her a slut.

"I'm serious, Danielle," I said. "You're so much more to me than just a fuck buddy. If you want this to be just sex I guess I'm okay with that, and if you want it only to be a one-time thing, I'll manage to understand that and respect it, but I'd love to take you out to dinner, and a movie or a play or even to an opera. I'd love to spend some serious time learning everything about you there is to know."

She froze, speechless for a moment... which felt like an eternity.

She then finally spoke, as a wicked smile conquered her face, "Well lover, I don't think your eyes can lie when they show me how desirable you consider me, and I'm flattered, because there are many more younger women eager to be with you."

"I like women with experience," I clarified.

"Well that I have," she smiled. "So while we keep it light for now, let's try working on that third option. But you can't take me out to dinner until after I get my appetizer. I've burned a lot of calories tonight, and I need to be replenished."

"Deal," I laughed, at the hottest 'Yes' ever.

"Now come for me," she ordered. "In my mouth, on my face or on my feet."

"Ooooh, I've never done the foot one before," I said, the idea instantly stimulating, as she resumed foot fucking me.

"Then shoot your cum all over my pedicured toes and nylons, baby," she purred, as she furiously foot fucked me.

"Oh fuck," I moaned, the nylon feet, the intimacy and the cum on her feet idea, was getting me close.

"I'll keep the cum on my feet while we're at dinner," she purred, as my balls were ready to burst.

"Oh God," I groaned, as I pulled back and strenuously stroked myself.

She drew her feet together and lifted them up for me as a perfect cum canvas as she said, wiggling her toes, "Come all over my feet, baby. Give me your warm cum."

"Fuck!" I grunted, as five thick ropes shot out of my cock and jetted directly onto her nylon-clad toes and feet.

"Give me all your cum, baby," she said.

Once I was depleted, she moved her cum-covered left foot to her mouth and licked it clean.

"I thought you were going to wear my cum?" I queried, as I watched her lick it up, impressed by her flexibility.

"Sorry, you can't let a starving woman not eat the meal she's worked so hard for," she smiled as she slurped up some more of my cum.

"Fair enough," I laughed, having indeed learned that when a woman says she's hungry, it's time to feed her.

She moved to the other foot and licked the cum off that one as well. She then stood up and kissed me.

I kissed her back, and after a minute she looked into my eyes and said, "Tonight was crazy."

"No, when I shoot a load all over your face just before class will be crazy," I said.

"Or when I crawl under the table at dinner tonight to siphon out some homemade dessert," she countered.

"Or when I fuck you at the movie theatre," I added, something I wasn't sure would be possible.

"I thought we were going to a play?" she questioned.

"Oh, we're definitely going to play," I promised, as I kissed her again, hoping this was the beginning of something way more than sex...

The end