

NYLON TEASE: A FRONT SEAT FUCKING

silkstockingslover

Young male teacher is seduced by a hot MILF colleague.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Young teacher is seduced by MILF colleague.

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

Nylon Tease: A Front Seat Fucking

"Can you give me a ride to the city this Friday?" Collette asked.

I was barely listening as I had watched her walk into my classroom and up to my desk... staring at her mocha clad silk stocking legs... my utter weakness... nylons.

Pantyhose, stockings, thigh highs, tights all had my cock instantly hard and ready for action.

And although I liked all colours, mocha or coffee, a dark brown, was my favourite.

I answered, trying to look into her eyes and avoid looking like the creepy colleague I was, "S-sure."

"You okay?" she asked, as she slipped her left foot out of her heel to reveal alternating red and green seasonal painted toenails... my cock flinching in my pants.

Although nylons were my fetish, sandal-foot style with the clear toe was my kryptonite. I couldn't explain it, but feet and toes in unobstructed translucent nylons were my biggest visual turn-on... more than tits, ass, eyes, hair, pussy or whatever else was more conventional.

Completely distracted, as I watched her wiggle her toenails as if giving me a subtle wave, I said, "Um, yeah, just distracted."

"By what?" My British MILF colleague asked, moving her foot back inside her shoe... hiding the tempting toes.

Breaking my trance, I looked back up, sheepishly, trying to be suave while also indicating my obsession, "Those are some seasonal toenails."

She slipped her foot back out and wiggled her toes again, "You think so? It was my daughter's idea."

Her daughter Bethany was in my English class, and was a knockout like her mother. Also like her mother she was the only student in school who regularly wore nylons. And, still like her mother, she had an affinity for slipping her feet in and out of her shoes... creating her unique version of a hypnotist's watch as I would spend the entire hour when she wore nylons checking out her legs and her feet.

Am I a pervert? Yes.

Is my fetish weird? Yes.

Was she of legal age? Yes. Moving from England when she was nine, she'd ended up a year behind her peers and was closer to nineteen than eighteen.

I broke free from my perversion to acknowledge her reply, "Yes, I think it's very festive."

"You're so sweet," she said warmly in her sexy English accent, giving my arm a squeeze, "My husband never even mentioned my toenails."

She appeared to be giving me just the slightest sexual innuendo with that, as if I were in a competition with her husband for her favour and I'd just scored a point. Although I was a first-year teacher here, Mrs. Jones (or Collette, as I was now privileged to call her) and I went way back. She'd been my English teacher in this very high school eight years ago and I'd had a mammoth crush on her back then... okay, and a sexual fixation too if you must know... and I'd been fantasizing about her off and on ever since. I'd gone through college on a full ride football scholarship even though I was an English major if you can believe that, then after graduation I'd played three years of professional ball, mostly as a linebacker on special teams, before returning here to my alma mater. Now I was an English teacher and football coach here, and as if she'd been waiting faithfully for me, my hot teacher Mrs. Jones had become my friendly and hot colleague Collette.

Failing to find a snappy comeback, I settled for, "Oh, well it's the time for giving."

Furthering her secret innuendo (if it was one) she quipped, "And receiving."

"Well, of course," I agreed, glancing again at her nylon-clad foot and her adorable perfectly pedicured toes.

She wiggled her toes one more time before slipping her foot back into its leather prison and said, "Well, I'll be fully in the giving mood when we head out on Friday."

Her tone and words seemed to be dripping with innuendo, but I couldn't be sure. I mean she was almost twice my age, my former teacher and married. Yet, if she were my age and single I'd be turning on the charm in hopes of scoring; and actually if she wasn't my colleague I would be doing the full court press. Yet, not wanting to let that go unanswered in case she was flirting (okay she was definitely flirting, but in case it was more than flirting, she wouldn't be the first married woman to hit on me (I fucked my college coach's wife my entire senior year and have fucked more married women than women my age)), I said, "Well, 'tis the season."

She pulled her foot out of her heel again and wiggled her toes purposely, drawing my quick-trigger gaze instantly back to the floor. "That it is."

She just as quickly hid her foot back out of sight as I repeated, hinting at my fetish, "I do love those seasonal painted toenails."

"Good to know," she turned with a wink and nodding her head, she walked out of my room. No doubt that was a wink. No doubt she was flirting. Yet lots of doubt about her intent.

That was Tuesday.

The next three days were excruciating.

On Wednesday, ugly Christmas sweater day, Collette walked into my room wearing a hideous sweater, a plaid skirt and mocha nylons... and... as if deliberately tempting me... no shoes... her nylon-clad feet in full view. She admonished, looking at my sweater, "That isn't much of an ugly sweater."

I didn't have an ugly Christmas sweater and was too cheap to buy one, so I was just wearing a ski sweater. I countered, "I think yours is outrageous enough for two."

"You don't like my festive attire?" she pouted, giving a pose.

"I think you look very festive and likeable," I said, my eyes being pulled like magnets to her red and green painted toes... showcased so perfectly in the dark coloured hosiery.

"I love Christmas," she said, before adding again with a tone that crossed the line to extreme flirting, "I love giving and receiving, especially with people I like."

"I do too," I replied, thinking the naughty Christmas elves were really testing me here. God, I'd love to fuck her.

In truth I've always preferred older women, especially married older women (I know that makes me an asshole, but I can't resist them) for a few reasons:

1. The obvious, they are more experienced.
2. They are often neglected by their husbands and desperate for attention.
3. They love my big barrel and my ability to reload very quickly.
4. They don't want a relationship or to talk... they want to fuck.
5. They do the things girls my age often won't (swallowing, facials, anal).
6. They call me when they need a booty call and are genuinely appreciative when I come (and then come).
7. They are usually nasty and verbal (so many girls today are boring in the bedroom, not all mind you, but more than are not).
8. They like to share (I've had referrals from one MILF to her friends on a couple of occasions. And had even had my first threesome with two best friends who had never done anything lesbian with each other until I suggested it).
9. Older women wear nylons more than younger girls today (a nylon sighting on a younger girl is almost as rare as a politician telling the truth).
10. They can go for hours... treating each night with me as if it is their last fuck before going to the sexual guillotine.

"Do you have the Hamlet DVD?" she asked, bringing me back to reality.

"Aaaah, Yeah, sure," I nodded, going to my DVD player as I'd finished watching the epic Kenneth Branagh version, the sword throwing part both brilliant and hilarious.

"The others are showing the Mel Gibson version," she said with contempt.

"I know," I said, my tone slightly disgusted. "There are no redeeming lessons in that one."

"I couldn't agree more."

"Mel should've made Lethal Weapon Five instead," I joked, as I handed her the DVD, once again glancing down to her seasonal pedicure.

She disagreed, "They should have stopped that series after part two."

I laughed, "You didn't like Joe Pesci?"

"In My Cousin Vinny yes, in Lethal Weapon no. They turned it from a gritty cop series to a formula comedy," she responded seriously.

"Fair enough," I nodded, although I could have argued he plays pretty much the same character in both.

"Thanks," she smiled, as the bell rang.

"No problem," I said, as I glanced back down again to get one last look at the nylon-clad feet I wanted to feel in my hands, to feel stroking my cock, to feel wrapped around my legs, or to feel her toes in my mouth.

"Looking forward to the weekend," she finished, somewhat sing-song, as if an English assessment conference was a good time.

"Me too," I said, although my reason was a fantasy of fucking this hot MILF.

A couple hours later Bethany arrived in my classroom, thankfully in jeans and thus I wasn't distracted all during class. The only thing hotter than fucking a MILF was the idea of fucking a mom and daughter, something I had yet to do. I had fucked a mom and a daughter separately, but never together, my biggest fantasy not yet fulfilled.

That night I jerked off while visions of Collette dropping to her knees under my desk and giving me a blow job danced through my head. Somehow I just knew she would give great head. Her lips were sensual and just looked like great cock sucking lips.

Thursday I only saw her in passing, in a black skirt and black pantyhose.

Her daughter on the other hand, was in a plaid skirt similar to the one her mother had worn the day before, with similar mocha nylons, and as she wrote her Hamlet test, she slipped her feet out of her shoes and literally moved her feet up and down her legs all class... the most erotic fidgeting I had ever witnessed.

My cock was hard the entire hour and I had to readjust behind my desk before doing my walking tour or to go to the whiteboard to answer a question.

Thursday night I jerked off to the fantasy of Bethany using those sexy, cute feet for stroking my cock.

Then came Friday.

Did I expect anything to actually happen?

Not really, but a guy can fantasize.

My hope dwindled when I saw Collette and she was in jeans. I mean it was casual Friday and she usually wore jeans on Friday (yes, I paid attention), but she usually still wore heels and nylons with her jeans, something that was incredibly rare. But today she was wearing runners.

Her daughter was gone for a basketball tournament, thus it was a no nylon day.

The day went by uneventfully and as I was packing up and grabbing my suitcase, which I'd brought in so my clothes wouldn't be frozen as it was bitterly cold outside, Collette walked in and asked, "Ready to go?"

"Suuuuuuure," I answered, turning around, shocked to see she was no longer in jeans, but wearing a very unpractical blue skirt, mocha nylons and boots with a massive heel... a jacket covering whatever blouse or shirt she was wearing. Why would she possibly change into something less comfortable for a two-and-a-half-hour drive? Not that I was complaining!

For the first time really, other than silly teenage fantasies, I thought maybe she was into me. There was no logical reason to change out of comfortable travel attire and into something that was definitely not comfortable travel attire for a two-hour drive, especially on a day that was way minus 18 Celsius outside (not including the wind chill).

She laughed, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah," I nodded. "Just looking forward to getting on the road."

"Great, me too," she nodded, and we headed out to my car talking about the week and generic stuff, which continued for the first hour of the drive... as I tried to focus on the road as much as possible and not her mocha-clad knees and lower thighs.

Like most women, just under half way to our destination she uttered the dreaded words, "Can we stop soon? I need to pee."

"Sure," I said, hiding my usual annoyance. I hated stopping when on a drive. I made sure I had a bottle of water, I made sure I had a full tank of gas and I made sure I went piss before I left. But, she didn't need to know this. Plus, we were making pretty good time.

Five minutes later we pulled into a truck stop just outside a small town and she scurried out. I went inside and grabbed a chocolate bar, a Mr. Big, and was back in my car before she was done with her washroom break.

She came back in and sat back down and saw me taking a bite out of my Mr. Big chocolate bar. She smiled and asked, "Is that advertising?"

I laughed, trying to act suave, "I've never had any complaints."

She smiled and hung something on my mirror. She said, as I realized it was mistletoe, "To make your car a little more festive."

"That and your toes and we're in a Christmas wonderland," I joked.

She said, "Um, do you not know how mistletoe works?"

"What?" I asked.

"When a woman is under the mistletoe you're supposed to kiss her," she replied, as I realized she had indeed put her head under the mistletoe.

I nodded, "Oh, right, I wasn't sure that rule applied to co-workers."

"Matthew, this weekend we are not co-workers," she replied, as she closed her eyes and puckered her lips.

I was completely bewildered as I stared at my biggest MILF fantasy waiting for a kiss. Did she want a peck? A kiss? A tongue down her throat?

I leaned in and kissed her lips; it was more than a peck, as I kissed her lips and lingered there while she kissed me back. It was only five seconds, no more, but more than a kiss between co-workers.

I leaned back to my seat and she leaned back to hers as she took my chocolate bar and took a bite. As I put the car into drive, she said, "I love Mr. Big."

"Me too," I said, and if hers was sexual innuendo, mine sure wasn't.

She said, returning to the conversation before the Mr. Big and mistletoe, "I've never done that before. I'm usually a red or off-red type of toenail girl."

"A classic choice," I agreed, red being my favourite colour of nail polish on a woman's foot. Red was classic, red was sexy.

A couple minutes of silence and she suddenly asked, "Do you mind if I take the boots off, it's too warm in here."

"Sure," I responded, perhaps a little too eagerly.

"Thanks," she replied, as she moved her foot onto my dashboard and unzipped her boot. I had to focus extra hard on the road, especially as I was passing a semi at the time. Hate to kill us both because I wanted to see her foot in sheer nylon.

"No problem," I replied. "I want my passenger to be as comfortable as possible."

"Well, aren't you a sweetheart," she said, her across-the-pond accent making it sound even sexier.

"I love making people happy," I said, trying to hint at something more sexual than the bland words I used.

She pulled her boot off and asked, "Why are you single then? You'd be a great boyfriend."

Deciding to push the envelope a little more, taking a lengthy look at her nylon-clad toes before she moved them down and out of sight, "Girls my age are exhausting."

As she moved her other boot onto the dashboard, she asked rather coyly, "Isn't that a good thing?"

I sighed, dramatically on purpose, "I wish." I then decided to be frank with her. "Young girls today are drama queens and, truthfully, the sex is rarely all that good."

"That wasn't the case when I was young," she said, unzipping her second boot.

"Today's generation," I joked.

She agreed, as she pulled her second boot off, "Yep, entitled and lazy. I'm disappointed to learn that even includes sex."

I was about to respond when she surprised me again by putting both her beautiful feet on my dashboard... suddenly all ten toes... five red and five green... were in clear sheer view.

I stared a moment, wishing I could somehow take a photo of her feet as I wanted to forever remember the picture-perfect pose. Deciding to continue to hint at my willingness to fuck her I revealed, "That's why I generally date older women."

"You do, do you?" she asked playfully, her tone and wicked smile dripping with playfulness. She then added, apparently knowing my reputation of fucking women and not dating them, "Is that what they call sex nowadays?"

I laughed, even as my cheeks went a bit red, "I was trying to be a gentleman."

She said, "We're not at work, you can be frank with me," she said, before she asked, or more like acknowledged, "You're a leg guy, right?" she assessed.

"I guess," I agreed, rather non-committal, as I reluctantly stopped staring at her perfect toes.

"It's pretty obvious," she continued.

"It is?" I asked, although that didn't surprise me since I couldn't ever resist staring at her feet at work or now. Thank God the roads were good today or I'd likely be in a ditch by now.

"Yeah, although I'm guessing you're even more a foot guy," she said, as she wiggled her toes and I automatically looked at them.

"Yeah, I am," I admitted, seeing no harm in admitting it since she already knew. I then added, "Since you've already busted me, I'm more a leg and foot in nylons with your gorgeous toes showing kind of guy."

"I figured," she nodded. "You drooled over my legs back when you were a student, didn't you?"

"Maybe," I answered trying to keep it casual, even though the truth was obvious.

"Be honest, did you have any fantasies about me when you were younger?" she asked, her toes constantly moving.

"Who didn't?" I answered. "You were hot and always dressed sexily."

"I *was* hot?" she questioned, with a pout.

"You're still very hot," I corrected myself.

"Do you fantasize about me now?" She asked, shocking me again.

"I plead the fifth," I chuckled, since it was obviously true.

"We're in Canada so that isn't an option," she pointed out, as she stretched her legs all the way out, her feet now pressing against my windshield.

I glanced down and gasped. Her nylons were stockings. I could see the tops of them being held up by a garter. The conversation, the bluntness, the kiss, and now the lingerie, and I was suddenly confident all the flirting was indeed leading to something more. I answered, even as I stared at her thighs and her skirt riding up, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" she asked.

"You want me to say it?" I questioned, excited but a bit overwhelmed. She was my original MILF fantasy.

"I do," she nodded, acting like she had no clue she was revealing a lot more leg than appropriate.

"Collette, you were my first TILF fantasy," I admitted, before adding "and my first MILF fantasy. Shit, you're likely the reason I'm a nylon fanatic."

"What's a TILF?" She asked.

"Teacher I'd like to...." I answered, avoiding the last word.

She smiled at me as she asked, knowing full well what the last word was, "Tell me what, Matthew, I'm a teacher you'd like to what?" As she asked this, she suddenly spun her body around and in one lightning move her feet were both on my crotch.

I groaned, as every last lingering doubt was suddenly gone. I answered bluntly, "A teacher I'd like to fuck..." I then added, with clear intent, as she moved her feet slowly around on my hard cock, "...hard."

This time she moaned, "It is indeed hard." She then asked, "So was I a teacher you *wanted* to fuck, or am I a teacher you *want* to fuck?"

I didn't hesitate as I noticed her past versus present tense question, "I would have fucked you in a heartbeat when I was a teenager."

"But not now?" she asked, the three words asked with a sultry seductiveness implying she already knew the answer, as she moved one foot up to my face and rubbed my cheek... which was erotic and rather distracting and dangerous.

Taking control, sensing she was looking for a man who knew what he wanted, who knew how to treat her like a slut for a night, I answered, "Now I'd fuck you all night and turn you into my personal slut for the entire weekend."

To my surprise and disappointment, she moved her feet away. I feared I'd pushed too hard by calling her a slut. Most older women loved being called names as I fucked them, but maybe Collette was different.

I watched as she grabbed the mistletoe from the mirror, repositioned herself and leaned towards my crotch, and said, "Well, we do have some mistleblow here."

"And I have a candy cane in need of sucking," I countered, playing along with her witty Christmas play on words as I was relieved to realize I hadn't read her wrong at all.

"Do you?" she asked, as she hooked the mistletoe to my steering wheel and moved her hands to my zipper.

"Be warned," I warned, "My chocolate bar wasn't the only Mr. Big in here."

As she pulled it out and stroked it she approved, "Oh my, this is a *very* big candy cane, mister."

Reaching for the mistletoe, I put it over her head and my eight inch cock and said, "I assume you know what to do when mistleblow is over your head."

"I think I do," she purred, looking up at me and the mistletoe briefly while still stroking my cock. She then returned her focus to my cock and took it in her mouth.

I moaned loudly as her warm mouth engulfed my cock. Girls my age usually sucked cock awkwardly with no flow. To them it was often no more than a task expected of them. But older women, they knew how to suck, how to worship. They knew how to please a man.

Collette was no different. Even though the position had to be incredibly awkward and uncomfortable for her, she bobbed smoothly, seeming to take more of my cock with each downward bob.

Her mouth was like velvet and I really had to focus on the road, which wasn't easy with such pleasure being given.

I knew I wouldn't last long, Collette knew how to suck a dick. I had learned early on always to warn a woman when I was close to coming, most older women kept bobbing or asked where I wanted to shoot my load, while most girls my age would stop sucking and jerk me off or worse yet have me finish myself off. So I warned, even though I was confident Collette was a woman who swallowed, after only two or three minutes of exquisite pleasure, "I'm going to come soon."

As anticipated, she kept sucking, bobbing faster, and in seconds I deposited a load in the mouth of my former English teacher, my current colleague, my married colleague. She easily swallowed my big load and kept sucking for a good minute after my load was in her belly. The best cock suckers were women who worshipped a cock, swallowed the load and then nursed the cock to its complete conclusion. Those were rare.

When she sat up, she smiled, "Sweetest, creamiest candy cane ever."

"It reloads in no time," I offered.

"Good to know," she smiled, as she sat back up. She leaned back, hiked up her skirt, displaying her garter-belt, and spread her legs revealing she wasn't wearing any panties. She asked, "Do you like pie?"

"I love homemade pie," I smiled, as I stared at her shaved cunt with just a tussle of hair above. I also noticed it was already wet.

I was pulled back to my reality by a honk and quickly swerved to the right realizing I'd been switching lanes.

"Sorry," she laughed. "I probably shouldn't distract you while you drive."

"Yeah," I laughed, "this is some serious distracted driving."

Yet she didn't close her legs. Instead she looked outside where it was already getting dark, December in northern Canada having sixteen hours of darkness, sometimes more, "Maybe you

could find a place to pull over."

"I am a bit hungry," I smiled, as she moved her legs to my lap and put her nylon-clad feet on either side of my still hard cock.

"I still have a warm snack ready for you," she said, while I glanced down at her feet. She then added, moving her hand to her pussy while rubbing my cock. "I also have a warm place for your candy cane."

I saw a side road and slammed on the brakes a little too hard before I turned onto the road, my cock leading the way.

"Ready to drive something else?" she naughtily purred, her feet never leaving my cock.

I drove to another side road, a gravel one, and pulled over. I said, "I'm going to pound the shit out of you."

"You want to fuck my arse hole?" she asked, twisting my words and making my intent even nastier, this hotness doubled by her use of the word *arse*, which I found so much hotter than ass.

"You want to be my three-hole fuck slut?" I confidently questioned, unbuckling my seatbelt.

"Is that any way to talk to your elder?" she mockingly questioned, acting shocked.

As I moved to kiss her, my hand going directly to her wet cunt, I used her full married name since it turned me on when a married women couldn't resist me, "Tell me what you want, Mrs. Collette Jones."

She moaned as my finger easily slid inside her, "I want to be your slut, Matt."

"Two hole or three hole?" I cross-examined, sliding a second finger inside her.

"Three," she declared loudly, before adding, "Although I'm not sure my arse can take that big fucking wanker."

Hearing her sound so nasty, her English accent really enhancing the dirtiness of the words *arse*, *fucking* and even *wanker*, really had my dick raging. Yet, I resisted positioning myself to fuck her, and instead awkwardly moved down to the floor between her legs.

I loved getting my dick sucked and expected any woman I fucked to give me head. I was an equal opportunist though and believed in *giving* head too. Although every woman I fucked was different, and it was through oral sex that I mostly found the differences between one and another.

Every woman's taste was different: some sweet, some bland, and some, yes, a little fishy... only a smoker's cunt had a bad taste to it and thus I no longer went down on women who smoked (although usually I didn't even kiss a smoker as that was a complete turn-off).

Every woman's body responded differently to a tongue: some moaned softly, some came quickly, some grabbed my head and held me deep inside them, some talked dirty, some came in floods and others' orgasms lasted an eternity.

Every woman was an enigma: the erogenous zones of a cunt are complex and diverse. Each clit is unique in look and impact; each pair of pussy lips varies in thickness, colour and sensitivity; each cunt has its own distinct nectar.

"Let's taste you first," I said, as I buried my face in her excessive wetness.

"Ooooooh, I love a man who *gives* too," she moaned, as my tongue made contact.

"You taste amazing," I replied, knowing many women were insecure about their own taste and smell. Although I wasn't lying to make her feel good, she tasted incredibly sweet... one of the best cunts I had ever tasted, especially because she was already excessively wet.

"I eat a lot of fruit," she explained, "especially pineapple."

I had no idea if fruit impacted the taste of a cunt in a positive way, but if that was why her taste was so appetizing then I would be suggesting it to others. Usually I took my time and explored a cunt thoroughly, but being on the side of the road I went with a more aggressive strategy. I licked up and down quickly, mixing it with quick tongue spanks on her clit, which really made her body twitch and moan.

"Oh fuck, I knew you'd have a wicked tongue," she moaned, as her hands went through my hair and gently pulled me a bit deeper into her wetness.

I was good at reading a woman's body: her wetness, her legs twitching or tightening, and her moans. I could tell when an orgasm was inevitable and when to go for the orgasmic kill so to speak. Which was now. I moved to her clit, tugged it between my lips and shook my head like a terrier.

"Mother fucker," she screamed, which was so hot to hear coming out of her mouth, especially because I *was* a mother fucker. Not my own, (although I'd be lying if I pretended that fantasy didn't often linger in the back of my mind), but many other people's mothers and very soon this one.

As her cum leaked out of her cunt, *oozed* was a more accurate descriptor, I lapped it up eagerly, but only for a few seconds before she demanded, "Shove that big prick in me, Matt."

"Those are the hottest words I've ever heard," I replied back, giving one more long lick before moving up and saying, as I moved up, "but I'm not sure how to go about this."

"Well my good fellow, the traditional way is for you to *slam that big fucking wanker in my wet cunt and pound me until I scream*," she bluntly instructed as she reached over and stroked my raging rod. "That is if you find such uncouth activities to your liking."

"Well, when you put it that way my good woman, let's abandon our couth," I laughed, as she released the chair back, making it more horizontal and her cunny more accessible.

"I've wanted this dick ever since I saw you back in school," she revealed, as she spread her legs.

"I've wanted you since I was a senior," I admitted, awkwardly moving between her, wishing the seat was bigger. Her right foot was on the windshield and the left propped on the steering wheel, making her as accessible as possible. I acknowledged, "You're more flexible than a cheerleader."

"Give me a C," she started, as my cock rubbed her pussy lips. "Give me an O-C-K," she finished hurriedly, as she moved her left leg behind my ass and pulled me into her fevered twat.

"Ohhhhhh," I groaned, as I slid inside her.

"Fuck!" she moaned, as my cock filled her. "You're so much bigger than my husband."

There it was, something I heard often when I fucked a married woman... a comparison to their husband. It was usually my size, but sometimes it was my oral eagerness or my stamina, but almost without fail the married woman wanted to defend her unfaithfulness with mental confirmation of her man's inadequacies. I would feel bad, but if a man couldn't keep his woman satisfied, that was his problem.

So I didn't say anything, but began pumping my cock in and out of her.

"Oh yes, pound my pussy," she demanded, as she wrapped both her nylon-clad legs around me.

"Your cunt is so tight," I groaned, surprised by the tightness.

"Well, it's partly your massive prick, but I also do cunt exercises every day," she explained.

"That's the hottest work out regime I've ever heard," I nodded, as I cupped her tits through her blouse, happy she had unzipped her jacket earlier.

"At the hotel, you can tit fuck me too," she purred, as I squeezed her big breasts.

"At the hotel I plan to fuck you all night in every position imaginable," I promised, knowing it was going to be a wild night.

"And tomorrow night?" she questioned.

"I'll fuck you anyplace, anytime," I guaranteed, thinking we should have just gotten just one room and saved the school board some money.

As if reading my mind, she smiled, "I guess I should let you know I never booked a hotel room for myself."

I smirked, "That was a pretty big assumption."

She smirked back, "I do everything big!"

I answered, "That you do. Well, you can stay with me, but you'll have to work for your accommodations."

"Will taking your massive pecker up my arse hole, taking a facial and being your complete submissive fuck toy be good enough?" she wickedly asked.

"For a start," I responded with a wry smile, before I leaned forward and kissed her.

Her tongue explored my mouth and mine hers as we kissed intimately for a few minutes while I fucked her.

Finally, she broke the kiss and said, "I want you to fuck my arse right now."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, I've never been arse fucked in a car," she said. "Want to help me change that?"

"Definitely," I agreed, as I pulled out.

She reached into her purse and handed me a tube of lube.

"You came prepared," I said, taking it and moving back to my seat.

"I've been planning this for a while," she revealed, as she moved into position, her head between the chair backs and partially in the back seat, her ass suddenly in view and one more surprise: a butt plug in her arse.

"It's been there all day keeping me gaped for your dick," she explained.

"You're one nasty slut," I approved, pulling the plug out of her ass.

"And for the weekend, I'm *your* slut," she added.

I corrected, making it clear this wouldn't be a weekend only thing, "Oh, once I take all three of your holes you'll become my anytime, anywhere slut."

"You going to arse fuck me in my classroom?" she questioned, looking back at me as I poured lube on my cock.

"And you'll suck my dick under my desk," I added.

"While you teach?" she queried.

"Well, that may be pushing it," I laughed.

"With my daughter in the front row cheering us on," she continued, as I moved behind her, wishing we were already at the hotel, as the positioning was cramped to say the least.

"You're so bad," I said, as I rubbed my cock in the gaping hole.

"She wants to fuck you so bad," she revealed, shocking me yet again.

"What?" I asked, pausing with my cock head about to slide in her ass.

"I heard her talking to her bestie Nelly the other day and they were talking about how big a dick you must have and how they would love to tag team you."

"Oh my," I said.

"She's a slut just like her mother," she said proudly, as she leaned forward and my cock disappeared in her ass.

"Oh my God!" I groaned, her tightness amazing, her words enthralling.

"So big," she whimpered, as she took all eight inches in her ass.

"God you're tight."

"Never had such a massive fuck stick up my shit hole," she said, as she seemed to be getting used to having eight inches up her back door.

"Your holes will be useless to your husband once I'm through with you," I promised.

"He only used to fuck me once a month at most," she revealed, as her back door began slowly riding my dick.

"You're shitting me," I said, appalled.

"Yeah, he'd rather watch porn," she said.

"Oh my," I said, shocked at how many married men neglected their wives.

"Yeah," was all she said, as she began moving faster.

"Well, I'll always be available when you need a good fuck."

"Promise?" she asked, looking vulnerable.

"Cross my heart and hope to fuck," I said.

"Good, because the truth is he left me for a webcam girl a month ago," she said. "And I'm going through major withdrawal."

The reveal should have been sad, but she didn't seem sad. No, she seemed excited as she began bouncing back on my cock. "Now enough talk. I want to feel you ream my arse and shoot your load all over my face."

"Oh God," I groaned, her ass squeezing tightly around my cock, milking it.

For a couple of minutes, she bounced back on my cock, taking every inch up her ass.

She then leaned forward and begged, "Now pound me, baby. Drill my arse and make me your slut."

I did as she requested, pushing her forward, her head now resting on the back seat as I began slamming into her ass.

"Oh yes, fuck the living shit out of me," she demanded. Then for the next couple of minutes, as my balls began to boil, she talked so fucking hot. "Oh yes, I love your big prick," and "Pound my arse," and "Make me your TILF whore," and "I want you to fuck me all night," and finally, as she rubbed her cunt, "I'm coming, Mr. Big!"

As she had her second orgasm, my own was close. I enjoy coming in an asshole, but as she requested, this time I wanted to coat her face with my load. So I kept fucking her until I was close and then pulled out and ordered, as I moved away, "Turn around, slut, get your present."

I had never seen a woman spin around so quickly. She surprised me as she took my cock in her mouth and bobbed. Only one other woman had ever done ass to mouth for me, it wasn't something that turned me on. But she was obviously completely clean back there and thus her foresight enhanced the pleasure about to erupt through me.

She sucked me for thirty seconds, before I pulled out and seconds later coated her face with cum.

Four ropes splattered her face and as soon as I was done, she opened her mouth and took my cock back in, extracting any cum still lingering inside me.

God, she looked so hot with cum all over her face.

When she finally stopped, she sat back into traveling posture and said, "Now let's get to the hotel, I still have two holes without any cum in them."

"Don't forget the load I'm reserving for your tits," I added.

"And how about one all over my nylon toes?" she suggested, as she moved her feet back to the dashboard.

"So four more loads," I said, as I got ready to drive again.

"At least," she agreed.

"The cum stays on your face," I ordered.

"Even when we stop for me to go pee at the next town?" she asked, even though the question was rhetorical.

"Definitely," I nodded, wondering if this could be more than just sex. Wondering if a Christmas miracle was in the works. Wondering if I'd be moving in so I could keep up with the Joneses.

ONLY THE BEGINNING... MAYBE.

This story could go many different ways including anal, threesomes, seduction from daughter, incest and pegging. Or maybe this is a one off... let me know.

Nylon Tales: A Threesome

They pick up a younger female teacher.

Nylon Tales: Another Threesome

They find another guy for a threesome.

Nylon Tales: Classroom Seduction

Bethany seduces him and reveals she has a few teacher pets in her stable.

Nylon Tales: Daughter and Mom

The threesome where he learns Collette is her daughter's and her friends' slut.

Nylon Tales: Orgy

New Year's Eve is well-attended and wild.

Nylon Tales: Pegged

He learns the hierarchy is Bethany, him and then Collette.

Merry Christmas all and all a good fuck... Jasmine December 2017...