

## The oldest virgin

### Foreword:

He must have been one of the oldest virgins in his town. His name is John and this is based on a true story. The fictional part is that he isn't a virgin anymore. Let me tell you a bit about John. He is 60 years old, epileptic, and still a virgin at the time I write this story. I know you might find that hard to believe, but trust me it is true. I am the first person he has ever admitted this to! From surveys I have read, although rare, older virgins do exist. He is a devout Catholic and was raised to believe that sex before marriage was wrong. Even masturbation was discouraged, but he broke that rule early on. Most Catholics seem to have a guilt complex.

I am going to write the rest of the story from John's point of view. This is the fictional part.

I decided I didn't want to be a virgin anymore and fate came along and helped me out.

I attend a church on the upper east side. We are a close group and I have many friends from church that I see regularly. Andy and his wife Darlene are two of my oldest friends. We see each other in church and we have volunteered for many church events. I have known them for many years. They have invited me over for supper many times, and this was one of those times. Though they are about twenty years younger than I am, we seem to get along well. Darlene works as a trainer coach at a local gym, which they own, and Andy is an accountant. They both keep themselves in great shape, unlike myself. I have a bit of a paunch but I try to go the gym twice a week.

We finished supper and cleared the dishes away and sat down to watch a movie. I sat in the middle of the couch and Darlene and Dave sat on either side of me. The popcorn bowl was on the coffee table in front of me and Darlene kept leaning over me with what looked like 36C tits to get at the popcorn. I found it quite distracting. After the movie I got up to say my goodbyes.

"That blizzard looks bad out there John, why don't you stay here overnight and leave in the morning." said Andy.

They live in a three bedroom bungalow in the suburbs. One of the bedrooms is set up as an office, and the guest bedroom was being painted so they insisted that I stay in their bedroom and they would sleep on cots in the living room. I protested but they wouldn't hear of any other option. I got into the queen sized bed and looked around the room. It looked like a couple of paintings had been removed from the walls recently, because of the different color patches. I also noticed a number of mirrors on the walls and one on the ceiling. "How odd" I thought. It also looked like something had been removed from the door frame, leaving a couple of brackets behind. Being nosy I checked out the rest of the room. There were two end tables, one on each side of the bed. Each end-table had a drawer with a lock in it. "How odd." I thought again. They have no kids so that couldn't be the reason. Then a thought came to me. "Maybe they have a handgun in one drawer and lock the ammunition in the other drawer for safety." Eventually I got tired and fell asleep.

I woke up with a start. Someone was standing in the doorway. The light went on and I saw the most

beautiful site. It was Darlene standing in the doorway totally nude except for a silver ankle bracelet on her left ankle. I was in shock and my first reaction was that she somehow forgot I was there and wandered in by mistake. I was just ready to turn my back to her to give her some privacy when she started babbling some words I couldn't understand. I then realized that she must be sleepwalking. At that point I took in every detail. Gorgeous big firm tits with big nipples, and surprising to me, a totally shaved pussy.

She seemed to be unaware of me, so I kept studying her anatomy. She turned away from me and seemed to be trying to pick some imaginary object off the floor. Her ass was amazing, and the view of her pussy from the back fascinated me.

I couldn't believe my luck. Here was a woman I had known for years and now I was seeing every detail of her body. Of course I had tried to imagine what she looked like under her clothes, but this was far better than my imagination. The gentle bounce of her breasts as she moved was like poetry in motion.

At that moment Andy stuck his head in the doorway and I thought I was in big trouble.

"So this is where she went." said Andy. "Sorry to disturb your sleep John, she took an ambien to help her sleep and sometimes she sleepwalks. Isn't she lovely?"

I was totally in shock again at this remark, and all I could stutter was "very lovely". I started to turn my back when he said,

"You can look all you want, she isn't the shy type. You look like you have never seen a nude woman before."

"Not for about 14 years. Unless you count the internet." I blurted out. At that point Andy was the one that looked shocked and he quizzed me for details. I don't know why, but I told him my story and the fact that I was a virgin. That gave Andy an even more shocked look. At that point Andy said he should put Darlene to bed and they left with him pulling her by the hand. On his way out he said that we would talk more about this later.

I had trouble sleeping that night. Part of it was the guilt I was feeling for the sexual thoughts I had about Darlene, one of my dearest friends, and part of it was what trouble I might be in with Darlene if he told her about this. Another thing that bothered me is why Andy wanted to discuss this further with me. Was he mad at me after all?

The next morning there was a knock on the bedroom door. I opened the door and Darlene walked in totally nude looking like she had just taken a shower. I couldn't believe my eyes. This must be a wet dream.

"Pardon me for bothering you, but I need to get some clothes and get dressed. I have to get ready to go out with my girlfriends shopping. The storm is over." she said.

"My eyes are up here" she laughed. "Just kidding, look all you want. Andy told me you already saw everything, and I don't have the time." She proceeded to get panties and a bra out of a drawer in the dresser and put them on. Andy came in while she was dressing.

"Don't let her get to you John. She loves the power she has over men." With a wink she finished dressing in a blouse and jeans and left the room.

I was in a hurry to get going as well. I grabbed my things and got ready to leave. I hoped they didn't notice the bulge in my pants.

"Will you come back next Friday for supper?" he asked.

I was a little overwhelmed but couldn't think of an excuse not to be on the spot. So I agreed to come over about 7:00 Friday.

When I got home I couldn't stop myself from masturbating. The site of Darlene standing there talking to me while she was nude is something I will never forget. What was going on with those two? How could she stand there like that with not a crumb of modesty or embarrassment like that? That couldn't have been the first time. She must have done this before. Was she a nudist? I sure didn't know those two as well as I thought. How can I possibly go back there seeing Darlene and not remember her nude? My next confession was going to be a doosey.

Friday night came and I went over to Andy and Darlene's house. They greeted me like any other time I was over. I really had to try hard to look Darlene in the face whenever I talked to her. We had a great supper and two bottles of Merlot and then sat on the couch together.

"I want to apologize to you John for the joke I played on you last time I saw you." Darlene said. "When Andy told me that morning that I was sleepwalking and that you got to see me in all my glory, I thought it would be funny to walk in on you like that. That wasn't fair of me. I could see the shock on your face and realized that something was wrong. I thought that at your age and as handsome as you are, you would have seen many a nude woman. Later Andy told me about you being a virgin. The last thing I want to do is lose your friendship. You are one of Andy and my best friends. I want you to be honest with me, do you think less of me?"

"Of course I don't think less of you. If I am being honest here, you walking in nude like that was better than a sailor's dream! Are you some kind of nudist?"

"Not exactly. Are you sure you want to know my story? I haven't done anything illegal or anything, but it might shock you. Again I don't want to lose your friendship. Maybe you shouldn't ask the question and we can just go on as if nothing happened."

"You two will always be my good friends no matter what your story is. As far as going on as if nothing happened, it will take me a long time to stop remembering how great you look under those clothes!" I can't believe I just said that! I thought.

"Oh, that! I love it when men see me as a sexy woman. I worked hard to get the body you saw. It's a great confidence builder and a real turn on!"

You have to promise to keep all this a secret. Here is my story. I grew up in California in a family of five kids. In my family there was very little opportunity for privacy or modesty. With only one bathroom with my parents and my two sisters and two brothers, bathroom doors were never locked. If someone was taking a shower and we had to pee, we used the toilet. When we were young we even took baths together. We are all about a year apart in age. I lived at home until I finished college. My brothers and sisters were in no hurry to move out either. I even took a shower once with my older brother when we were in a hurry to get going somewhere. Nudity was no big deal. We didn't parade around nude, we just walked from the bedroom to the shower nude and back again. If we had to get up in the middle of the night to pee we didn't bother getting dressed. Of course if we had visitors we were much more modest. My brothers and sisters didn't bring up their kids that way because their spouses weren't brought up that way, although if my brothers come to visit us I don't worry about getting dressed and neither do they. My sisters on the other hand, if they are visiting, keep their clothes on if Andy is anywhere in the house, and so does he. I just wanted to try to explain why nudity is no problem with me.

Growing up, I learned about sex early. I was an early bloomer and a lot of boys noticed! I lost my

virginity when I was 13 and before that I would drop my clothes for just about any boy who asked. Once I learned about the joy of sex I couldn't stop. I was the school slut, and I don't mind the word. I am a slut and proud of it. I have an extremely high sex drive and love the power I have over men. I am not a hooker because I have never charged for sex. By the way, I still sleep with other men. Any questions?"

And I thought I couldn't be more shocked! "What does Andy think of all this?" I asked.

"Andy is the only man I have ever or will ever love. Right from the beginning I told him that although he was amazing in bed, I could never be satisfied with monogamy. Andy and I fulfill each other. I love going to hotel rooms with new men and Andy gets sexual fulfillment from sometimes watching and getting every detail from me afterwards. Sometimes Andy joins in the action, like two weeks ago when we had a threesome with a married guy from Andy's work. Apparently there are lots of men like Andy."

"Darlene is right. I love her more than I can say. I enjoy the fact that she is getting fucked by a twenty year old stud or making a salesman's night. She sends me selfies all the time. Some day I will have to show you some of them." I swallowed at that.

I looked at Darlene and asked; "You sleep with married men?"

"I prefer married men. There is no chance they are going to tell anyone. They have too much to lose. Don't look at me like that. It is only sex. The wife has nothing to worry about from me. With some women it takes the pressure off them for sex and makes for a more stable marriage." Darlene said.

"I worked my butt off getting a masters degree in kinesiology and moved out here where I met Andy. An inheritance of mine and a bank loan allowed us to buy the gym and rehab centre I now run." Darlene added.

"I am not meaning to offend you Andy, but would you call yourself a cuckold?"

"No offense taken. The term cuckold usually denotes a man who feels inadequate and there may be aspects of humiliation involved. Actually the old English definition of cuckold is a woman that cheats on her husband. She has my permission so she doesn't. I prefer the term "wife sharing or hotwife". I am not into the humiliation aspect some men are into." he said.

"No Andy is certainly not inadequate." Darlene said. "He is 9 inches and can last 20 minutes. The longest cock I experienced was almost 11 inches long, and yes I do measure them, but not many men can make it 20 minutes! The average is about 5 minutes. From my experience cocks average about 5.5 inches long but every one of them looks different. Some of them hang down, some curl up, and some of them curve left or right. Some are thick and some are thin. Actually I am doing my own study on cocks. I measure each one and photograph it and add the info to my "spread" sheet. Get it? SPREAD sheet. I guess it wasn't that funny. John, maybe I can measure you some day?"

"Maybe" I squeaked.

"I am sure you have measured yourself, right John?"

"Yeah, I am sure most guys have." I said sheepishly.

"How large? if you don't mind me asking. You don't have to answer, that is a rather personal question."

"About five inches when I get really excited." I said.

"I might be able to arrange that if you help me out. All this info is confidential. Just for science of course. I am not going to publish the results." she laughed.

"Five inches is about normal. I am dying for a peek but let's save that for another time." Darlene added. Just then she put her left ankle up on the coffee table and showed me her silver ankle bracelet.

"I am sure you noticed this before when I was nude."

"I noticed it in passing, but that isn't what I was staring at!"

She laughed and said "I'll bet you weren't!"

"To people like me in the lifestyle this signifies that I am a hotwife. Notice the H and the W charms? A hotwife is a wife shared by her husband. It is different from swingers because with a hotwife usually the husband rarely participates. I also have two other charms on my anklet, two male symbols and one female symbol. I think you can guess the significance. These charms are all pretty small, so you have to be really looking to notice, but the odd man will notice and know exactly what this means!"

"This is a lot for me to take in, tell me, do you and Andy have any rules for you sleeping with other men?" I asked.

"We do. here they are in no particular order:

1. Either one of us can veto the pick for the man.
2. The man must always wear a condom, we don't trust them that much.
3. If either Andy or I decide we want to quit the lifestyle, we will on the spot.
4. I never sleep with men I know, I don't want my professional reputation ruined. We keep this a secret from most people in our lives.
5. The other guy has to host. I never bring a guy home, and never have sex in a car. Sometimes when we go on holidays we arrange to meet guys in our hotel.
6. I use a separate Walmart cellphone for all my hotwife communications with other men.
7. Andy and I always meet the man ahead of any sex, the man must agree to all conditions.
8. When I first started I didn't sleep with married men unless he got his wife phone me up to give the OK. This actually happened once if you can believe it. Now I prefer married men as I said.

9. I generally don't meet with the man more than four times. There is one FWB who is an exception. This prevents me from forming an emotional tie to him. If I start to get emotionally attached to the guy I quit seeing him immediately.

10. I will brief Andy during and after the sex. Photos and videos are a bonus. Andy really gets hot when I give the phone to the man and he asks permission from Andy to fuck me."

## Chapter 2.

When I got home my head was spinning. I thought I knew Andy and Darlene but WOW, how wrong I was. This was another world to me. I remember one poll taken among Catholics stating that 65% do not see cohabitation before sex as a sin. These two people were married already. The Catholic morals were created to keep stability in marriages. These two were the most loving couple I knew. I am not without sin and am not going to judge them.

Andy phoned me up the next day to make sure that they hadn't done anything to jeopardize our friendship. I laughed and said of course not. He also laughed and said that Darlene promised not to take her clothes off when I was around without my permission. I said that it caught me by surprise. I told him that she didn't have to make promises like that in her own house. I agreed to come over again the following Friday to see some of their pictures of their trip to the Bahamas. Darlene got on the phone and said she was trying to hook me up with one of her friends for a blind date. She also said she didn't have any slutty friends so if I wanted to get some sex I would probably have to go on a few dates and maybe get lucky. I was desperate enough that I agreed to the plan.

Friday night came and they greeted me at the door. We sat down and talked and had a couple of drinks. It was just like old times with nothing mentioned about what had happened. We sat down in front of the 55 inch TV and Andy put on the slideshow. The scenery and the beaches were fabulous.

"I have to warn you John that I may be nude in some of these shots on the beach." said Darlene.

"I can handle it." I said, but wasn't sure.

They weren't kidding. Darlene was topless tanning herself in some of the shots and totally nude in others.

"We found a nude beach." Darlene giggled. "I couldn't resist."



I had to admit that she looked great in these shots. The slideshow continued with some shots of the city and nightlife.

"We have some shots of some of Darlene's sexual escapades while we were there, but we left those out."

"Thanks, probably for the best." I gulped.

The slideshow ended and we sat talking for a while. Darlene was the perfect hostess, and made a great martini. She was wearing a very conservative outfit. I got up and went to the washroom, and on my way back I noticed the bedroom door open. There were pictures on the wall that weren't there when I slept there before.

Darlene noticed me stop in front of the bedroom door and came over. "Oh yeah, we always take those down when we get company over, but you can see them if you want. She walked over to a sketch of her nude taking up a sitting position pose like the thinker.

"Back in California I filled in for a drawing class. Damn hard to sit still for so long in one position like

that. I was given that copy by a talented friend in the class."

Next she walked over to a framed 8 X 10 photograph of Darlene nude posing like a Vargas painting. It showed her wearing high heels holding a telephone receiver with the caption "It's your wife, should I tell her to phone back during business hours?"

"That was taken by a sexy photographer I modeled for who was trying to recreate the look of the old pinups. Of course I seduced him." she laughed.

The next photograph she walked over to showed her in mid air spinning nude on a strip pole in what was obviously a strip club.

"How do you think I financed my Master's degree?" she stated.

Darlene then walked over to one of the endtables I had seen earlier and unlocked the drawer.

"These are for my pleasure when I don't have a date. I have an extremely high sex drive." With that she pulled out a number of different vibrators and set them on top of the table. Then she went to the other endtable and unlocked the drawer. This contained a number of different types of lubes and a whip, blindfold, and fuzzy pink handcuffs. There was also a large box of condoms in there.

"The condoms aren't for Andy. I don't use them with him."

We went back to the living room and Darlene brought out some cheesecake for a snack.

"Darlene stop trying to shock John, he isn't your toy!" Andy laughed.

"Sorry John, I couldn't resist. I have no self control."

I don't think anything could shock me anymore. The rest of the evening went like any other evening had. They invited me over for lunch at Christmas and I accepted.

The phone rang when I was home one night and it was Darlene.

"A friend of mine is in town this week attending a conference. I set you up on a blind date tomorrow night. I hope you don't mind."

I was at a loss for words but I hadn't had a date in ages. It seemed like I was too old for the younger women and the older ones only thought of me as a friend. Who am I kidding? I was too shy to ask



many women out.

"Sure, I can make it." I said. We were going to meet in the lobby of her hotel, but neither of us knew what the other looked like. I decided it would work better if I went to her hotel room and we went out for dinner from there.

"What does she look like and how old is she?" I asked.

"Does it matter, she is a lot younger than you are." Andy said.

I agreed to the arrangement and met her at the door of her hotel room at the agreed upon time the next night.

She opened the door and I was amazed how young she was. She must have been in her 20s. She said her name was Julia. She was tall, about 5'11 or 6' and very skinny but beautiful. She was wearing a lot of eyeshadow and had on bright red lipstick. She was wearing a red evening gown and very high heels.

I took her to a nearby restaurant I knew of that served fabulous Italian food and we had a great time laughing and sharing a bottle of wine. After the meal, she wanted me to come back to her hotel room and share another bottle of wine with her. I was hesitant, because I had brought my car and didn't think I should be driving. I decided to leave my car and take a cab home instead. She wanted to sit on the bed and talk. I asked her if she was going to be back in town again, but she didn't think so because this was a regional conference and she probably wouldn't be attending one again. She seemed a little vague while answering my other questions.

We opened up her bottle of wine and had one glass each before she whispered in my ear that she thought I was sexy, then she kissed me hard on the lips. I was astounded but tried not to show it. I think it was a new record with how fast she took her clothes off. There wasn't much to take off because she wasn't wearing any underwear. I had to admit that Darlene looked far, far better than this woman. I noticed how different the two vaginas were.

She undressed me quickly but saw that I wasn't rising to the occasion. She was the only other woman I was nude with before and I was a little nervous. With that she sucked my cock until it couldn't help but rise up. She had very small breasts for me to fondle while she was working on my dick. Once I was hard she praised my dick and insisted she wanted me to fuck her hard, NOW! The moment I was waiting for had arrived and I fucked her for what must have been two minutes before I shot my load into the condom she put on me from out of nowhere. Just like with anything you dream about for so long, the actual event was a bit of a letdown. We probably lay there for about five minutes when she said she was getting a headache and wanted me to leave. I didn't even get a chance to take a shower before she had me out the door where I took the elevator down and walked over to a local coffee shop to sober up a bit before I drove home.

Wow! I wasn't a virgin anymore. That was a huge relief and confidence builder. Before this, it felt like I had "VIRGIN" stamped across my forehead. I've heard that first time sex is sometimes not the best and I am sure next time will be better.

I didn't see Darlene and Andy again until Christmas day. Darlene outdid herself with the Christmas baking and delicious meal we had for lunch. After lunch they quizzed me about my date. I nervously admitted that we had sex. They both gave me high fives at that confession.

"I have to ask you two something. Did you hire a hooker for me?"

The two of them looked at each other sheepishly.

Finally Andy said "Merry Christmas? And it was an escort by the way."

"We wanted to get the virgin part out of the way as soon as possible so you could get your confidence back." Darlene said.

"If you weren't our friend I would have fucked you with pleasure. I have only fucked two good friends of mine since I was married and that was back in California. With the first guy it worked out well. We agreed to only have sex when we had no other dates. This worked out well and we became friends with benefits. We had no interest in each other except for casual sex. We still text each other every now and then. If I ever get back to California I will gladly jump into bed with him, with Andy's permission, if he has a free night. We are still good friends.

With the second guy he tried to get too clingy. If I didn't want to come over right away for sex he got pouty. We eventually blew up at each other and I lost a good friend.

I don't think it would be a problem with you, because you are a really stable guy, but it is risky. We always want to think of you as our best friend."

"Nothing you or Andy could do would hurt our friendship, I assure you again." I said.

With that out of the way we opened up some small gifts for each other and had coffee.

"Hey John, would you like to see our gym?" said Darlene. "It isn't open today, but if you and Andy want to work out free, of course I have the keys."

"I would love to see the gym. I go to a gym two or three times a week." I said.

Darlene and Andy put together some gym clothes in a bag and Andy drove us downtown to the gym. When I got there I noticed the sign that said Ladies only. Darlene opened the door and turned on the lights. The offices were out front and we went further back into the main gym. I noticed the line of stepper machines, treadmills, and other equipment I didn't recognize. Andy dressed right there in the gym and started working out on a stepper machine. Darlene went back into the office.

"Come on John, if you want to get the girls you have to be in shape." Andy said.

"I didn't bring any gym clothes" I said.

"Just strip down to your underwear, no one will see you."

I couldn't see the harm so I stripped down to my boxer shorts and tried out some of the equipment.

"Darlene is the expert, if you want she can give you some pointers."

"No, I think I will just try out a couple of machines." I worked out for about half an hour and then Darlene came back out. She came out carrying her gym bag. Even though I had seen her nude, it still felt odd standing in front of her in just my boxers with her checking me out. After I turned down an offer of a personal trainer she said:

"I haven't showed you the rest of the place." I followed her in my underwear as she showed me other training and meeting rooms. She explained that the rehab rooms are in the back with a separate entrance.

"The gym is just for women but the rehab room is for both sexes."

We walked into another room and saw what looked like a stripper pole. "This is where one of my personal trainers teaches poledancing. A lot of women like the exercise and dance aspect of it. I used to strip on a pole like this. I bet I could remember my old routine." she said.

"You two wait here and I will be right back." She came back in about 10 minutes dressed in a sexy blue bra top with a black edge around it. She was wearing a blue micro skirt that showed her blue panties.

"I have to warn you John that there might be nudity involved." she smirked.

"I can handle it." I said.

"Cheering and catcalls are welcome" she said.

She proceeded to lean her butt against the pole facing us and did a slow slide up and down the pole. She started to wiggle her hips in a mesmerizing wave. Then she turned her back to us and bent towards the pole giving us a great view of her beautiful rear end and continued to shake her booty. She grabbed the pole and did one spin around the pole and hooked her leg on the pole and turned upside down. While upside down she untied the micro skirt and threw it away. Wow those were small panties! You had to shave to wear them! It wasn't quite a thong, but was darn close. She continued to do a number of acrobatic spins on the pole and then slid down the pole and stood facing us while leaning her butt against the pole. She untied the laces on the back of the bra and held it up in front of her tits modestly as if asking if we wanted to see more. We cheered madly and said "more, more!" She slowly moved the bra down and threw it away. She did some more spins on the pole and I was fascinated by her tits waving around with no support. She did some more spins and eventually stopped upside down with her leg hooked around the pole. She untied the laces on the sides of her panties and looked at us while holding the panties in place with one hand. Andy and I gave several more whistles and catcalls and she let her panties down and threw them away. She was completely shaved and a mesmerizing sight. She did many more amazing spins and finally she spun upside down while holding her ankles. She stayed on the pole and then did the splits in slow motion while facing us. I didn't know you could spread your legs that far apart! She eventually jumped down and jiggled her breasts for us. She headed towards us tits bouncing up and down as she walked.

"Those underpants must be uncomfortable with your cock coming out the side like that." she laughed. "Take them off and I will measure you."

I hesitated but did as I was told. She found a ruler in a desk and measured me. When Darlene grabbed my cock I almost came right then. My heart was pounding!

"I was going to say 5 inches but that sucker keeps on growing!" she laughed. She settled on 5.5 inches. "About average. The average in my limited study is just under six inches."

"Can I give you a blow job John? I really like giving blow jobs!" she said.

"Take it John, trust me she knows what she is doing." Andy said.

Oh my God! I thought.

I hesitantly agreed. She started by slowly sliding her mouth down on my cock until it was half the way in, then she slid her mouth off. She did this while looking me in the eyes and giving me this evil grin like this was the most fun she ever had. I got so hard! When she started swirling her tongue around the underside of the head of my cock I couldn't take it any longer and spurted a stream of cum all over her

face.

"Wow!" she said. "That is a lot of cum. I only got started." She wiped some of the cum off my cock with her finger and licked her finger like it was a lollipop. She then licked all the cum off my cock. We took a break while she got cleaned up in the washroom. I just sat there with this shocked look on my face and looked at Andy. He had a smile on his face from ear to ear. Once we were cleaned up she continued the tour. I dressed again in my shorts but she remained nude. I just couldn't help watching her tits jiggle as she walked. I started getting hard again.

"Come on John, let's go work out together." she said.

She stopped in front of a stair stepper machine and started working out.



I started working out on the machine next to her but soon got tired out. She called me over beside her so we could chat. I stood beside her and chatted about everything day things like sports and the weather. I can't remember exactly what we talked about but I stood there the whole time watching her boobs bounce around as she exercised. She smiled at me. She knew exactly what I was doing and loved the attention. She then worked out on a couple of other machines.



She then walked over to the weights and worked out with some small hand weights.



Her next exercise was using a stability ball. After working out with it she bent over forward over the ball showing her ass and cunt from the rear to me. I couldn't take any more of this teasing and had to look away. she eventually noticed I wasn't looking.



"Let's hit the showers." she said. She led the way and said "Since this is a ladies gym you will have to use the showers with me since there all no men's showers." she laughed.

Andy stopped and talked to Darlene. I could only hear part of the conversation. I heard Andy tell her that I could handle it. They both continued walking toward the shower room. Andy had this grin on his face again.

I followed her and Andy into the shower room and stopped.

She looked at me and said "You can't take a shower with your shorts on." I took them off and was walking away to another stall when she called me and said "Come over here and wash my back." She turned on the water and handed me the soap. I was sporting this great big boner and she was looking at it and smiling. I washed her back and then she moved my hand down to wash her beautiful ass. I couldn't help myself from caressing it lightly. she laughed and suddenly turned around and wanted me to wash her tits.

"Oh my God!" I thought. I just stood staring until she took my hand without the soap and placed it on her breast. I dropped the soap and started playing with her nipples. She started moaning and grabbed my cock and without any foreplay inserted it in her cunt. I was in heaven. I started pumping and she kissed me passionately.

"Fuck me hard John, fuck my married pussy! Oh God, oh God, oh God!" she screamed. Any other time I would have chastised her for her blasphemy. I didn't last more than five minutes before I came. I soon fell out and we both stood there breathing heavily. I turned around and saw Andy smiling away behind me. That smile was starting to irritate me but it reassured me that he was alright with this. He was sporting a much larger cock than I was but he explained that Darlene and him were too different in height to make shower sex work. He dragged her out of the showers dripping wet and said he was going to take her to the couch. I cleaned up and dried myself off and met them on a couch where he was pounding away at her doggie style. It was fascinating to watch her tits flop around as she was hammered from behind. Once he was finished we sat talking until I got hard again.

This time it was great with a capital G. She took me by the hand to a sofa where she let me feel her tits again. I can't say enough about the feel and look of them. I won't bore you with the details but we fucked in missionary position, doggy style and her on top. I was exhausted but came twice more that day. After the fucking was done she gave me an anatomy lesson on the female body. She showed me how to use my tongue on her. That girl is a screamer all right. She showed me how to put two fingers inside her towards her belly button and find her G spot. Andy had disappeared during the fucking but had reappeared and was watching me with this great big grin on his face. He obviously wasn't jealous! He moved in and got sloppy seconds. I got cleaned up and watched them and we went home later after getting cleaned up again.

If anything this made the three of us closer in the future. Sometimes we had MFM threesomes and sometimes I fucked her alone. My confidence with women has gone way up and I have actually dated a couple of their friends with great results. At least I got no complaints!

Illustrations courtesy of exhiblovers