**Meeting Carol**

by ckbres

*Carol and I meet at work*

I met my wife, Carol, at work. We were both junior software engineers and worked with a number of eccentric people who had open opinions about everything. We worked outrageous hours, evenings, weekends, holidays, etc. The company encouraged a social atmosphere. Everyone was very welcoming. In my first week at work, Carol came to my cubicle and introduced herself. She was stunning - blue eyes, long lush brunette hair, firm breasts and ass, a body to lust after. She sat on the edge of my desk, her legs dangling, her skirt, short and tantalizing. As she swung her legs back and forth I would get peeks of her panties. I couldn't tell if that was on purpose or accidental.

The company sponsored an old-fashioned bowling league and Carol was captain of one of the teams. Carol wore her shortest dress to go bowling in. I sat in the back chairs and watched as she twirled the ball down the alley and her skirt would flounce up. All the guys cheered each time Carol was up. When she knocked some pins down the men would slap her on the back and a few of them patted her ass. The bowling alley had an attached bar. After one of the matches, Carol and I sat around and chatted. She sat on a tall stool and flashed her panties at me. She told me she was meeting her date there. A tall slim guy arrived and came over to us. She introduced him as Peter. I could see a wedding ring on his hand. They walked off hand in hand.

Carol regularly had lunch with a group of men in senior management. Some days she would return a little tipsy. On those days she would spend a lot of time in my cubicle flashing me.

We talked about everything. She was very open about her life. She was having an affair with a married man. She hinted that she was fucking a number of men. I was turned on like never before.

One day at work it had snowed and she asked if I could give her a ride home. I drove her home and we sat in my car and talked for overan hour. She was very flirtatious and I was enthralled. Finally, she got out of the car and asked if I would pick her up in the morning.

I didn't sleep very well that night, my thoughts wild with ideas about Carol. I arrived at her apartment the next morning. I knocked at the door and she opened it. She was wearing a silky kimono and skirt. She asked me to come into her room while she finished dressing. When she took the kimono off she was wearing a sexy bra. She casually brushed her hair and chatted with me. I was stunned. She put on a very low-cut blouse and we went to the office.

That night, she asked if I would take her home. Her apartment was a walk up second floor in a somewhat shabby building. Her apartment had a living room with a couch, a somewhat unused kitchen and a bedroom with a large ornate bed. She offered me a glass of inexpensive rose wine. We sat drank and chatted for a while. She put on some music and held out her hand to me to dance. We danced to slow sweaty songs and murmured into each other's ears.

I pulled her to the couch and we started making out. We exchanged passionate kisses and clung to each other. When I went to caress her breasts, she pulled my hand away and said too soon. After a hot make-out session, Carol said that I needed to go home. I went home and I masturbated to the carnal images of Carol in my head.

The next morning, I went to pick her up. She was wearing the same kimono and when I sat down to chat with her she took the kimono off and her breasts were bare. Her tits stood straight out from her chest. They were smooth-skinned and glowed with lust. Her areolas were light red and nickel-sized and her nipples were standing out like pencils. She casually began brushing her long hair. I stepped behind her and wrapped my hands over her breasts and starting caressing them and tweaking her nipples. She moaned and smiled up at me. Then she brushed my hands away and said we had to get to work.

I was horny all day. She visited me in my cubicle several times and never mentioned our moment this morning. I drove her home again and this time she invited me up to her apartment. We went into the apartment and immediately began kissing and holding each other tightly. I whispered in her ear that I loved her and wanted her. She led me into her bedroom and started undressing. Carol was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her skin was flawless, blue eyes clouded with lust, breasts proud and firm with sprouting nipples, long gorgeous brunette hair, a vision of beauty and sex. I quickly took my suit and underwear off. She sort of laughed at my enormous boxer shorts.

We lay down on the bed and began kissing and caressing each other. Our tongues darted in each other's mouths with muffled groans. Carol, naked, was beyond beautiful. Her skin glowed, her eyes glistened, she was the embodiment of my dreams. I ran my hands over her tits and sucked one nipple while fondling the other. I skimmed my hands down to her damp slit. I began to finger fuck her. Carol moaned and grabbed my cock and started stroking it. She rubbed her body all over me and I felt like I had gone to sexual heaven. I was more in lust than I had ever been in my life.

I kissed my way down her body, lingering over every inch. I sucked the skin of her thighs, wanting this to last forever. Finally, I licked her moist cunt lips. She tasted like sexual ambrosia. I opened my mouth to cover all of her slit and slathered her lips with my tongue and mouth. Carol moaned and pulled her legs together trapping my head at her cunt. She started humping my face and groaning with lust. I could only manage a few unintelligible grunts. Carol came like a volcano. I held her as her orgasm rolled through her whole body.

I finally got up on my hands and knees over her body, flush with desire. My face was soaked with her juices. I kissed Carol sharing the taste and smell of her cunt. I bent my head down and nipped at her nipples.

Carol put her hand around my cock and rubbed it up and down on her streaming cunt. I nudged my hips forward putting just the crown of my cock into her. I froze, overwhelmed with lust, feeling her labia clutching my cock. Carol thrust her hips forward and I was in her cunt. I moved slowly savoring every moment. Carol started humping with a frenzy; she groaned "Fuck meeee, Fuckkkk." I started plunging into her. My cock was on fire. I was plunging into her hot juices. Soon we were both fucking madly.

I don't know how long we lasted. It seemed like just a moment and yet it felt like a lifetime. When she came she was moaning and thrashing around. When I came I felt like I was shooting lightning cum.

We cuddled for a moment when there was a pounding on her door. "Carol, I know you're in there."

She looked at me in panic and said, "You have to leave." The only way out was a window with a fire escape. I threw my clothes on, totally confused, and slid out the window. My shirt untucked, holding my pants up with my hands, two shoes and one sock on, my cock still dripping wet. When I was back in my car I sat there in total confusion. I knew Carol was upstairs, naked and full of my cum.

When I got home I stripped and went to bed. I started imagining Carol naked and full of cum welcoming her boyfriend. I knew they were fucking. The images aroused me in a way I can't explain. I was hard and very horny. I slept restlessly, dreaming of our fucking and my sudden exit.

The next morning was a Saturday I called Carol to see if she wanted me to come over- yes. Carol answered the door wearing only the kimono. I looked at her with a question in my eyes.