

CamelToe

Ted had worked for my husband for ten years. He was something of a computer genius and had helped Mike take his startup and turn it into a real company. Mike and I had delayed having kids because of the business and I was more than ready to start a family. So ready that I had stopped taking the pill so that if we ever did have sex again I might get pregnant. To make a long story short I have a pretty vivid fantasy life and spend more time than I would like to admit masturbating. Sometimes I even write down my fantasies and post them to sites like literotica.com for fun. Recently Ted was fixing my computer and accidentally learned that I had been posting stories on the web. I never use my real name when I post, but I always incorporate real people in my stories. After finding my user name, Ted spent a few nights reading my stories and worked up the courage to confront me about them. I am embarrassed to say that several of them were about him.

After Ted revealed his knowledge of my secret he explained, in not so direct that he would be blackmailing me. If I didn't want Mike to find out I would have to have sex with him. We negotiated for what seemed like hours until I convinced him that I would NEVER have intercourse with him. I offered to give him a handjob, but he countered that he wanted something he called a 'cameltoe slide'. He explained that I would rub his penis between the lips of my vagina until he ejaculated. He argued this wasn't 'sex', instead it was basically masturbation which wasn't cheating. I wasn't the least bit happy about the compromise, but I felt like I didn't have much of a choice. I convinced myself that I could do it without cheating on Mike.

Ted tried convince me that I really wanted this and that my stories about having sex with him were proof. Tears were welling up my eyes when I began to remove my panties. I guess I was looking for some sympathy or remorse as stepped out of them. When Ted saw my vagina, instead of showing remorse he seemed more surprised than anything else. My sadness turned to embarrassment as I realized that Ted was shocked to see my 'bush'. With tears running down my, now, red face Ted took my hand and led me to the bathroom.

Without much conversation he took a dollop of shaving cream and was about to start shaving my pubic hair when I grabbed his hand and told him he couldn't. The only thing I could think of was what my husband would say when he realized I was shaved. How would I explain it to him? Ted ignored my protest and continued rubbing the shaving cream into my pubic hair. I closed my eyes as I felt his fingers rubbing a place that only one man had been for over a decade. Ted then carefully began shaving me. After about five minutes I took over and shaved myself clean. I've always thought guys who like shaved women were perverts. When I was done, Ted rubbed his hand over me, inspecting my work. I had never felt anyone touch me there without hair, feeling his fingers against my skin made me feel like a slut.

Ted led me back to the bedroom and I stood there sort of in a stupor as he removed his clothes. I watched him undress and caught myself wanting him to fuck me. Again, I couldn't help but feel like a whore for allowing him to seduce me in spite of the blackmail. At this point I would have continued even if he guaranteed me that he wouldn't tell Mike. I was committed. Once he was done he untucked my blouse and began to help me remove it, but for some reason I stopped him. I didn't want to let him see any more of me than he already had. I had to preserve some of my dignity. I jerked my shoulder away and forcefully told him, "NO!" Ted backed off and laid down on the bed. He motioned for me to come over.

I had actually fantasized about making love to Ted. He was young, well proportioned and handsome. The truth was I had thought about him while making love to Mike. I couldn't tell him, but part of me was thrilled Ted was doing this. In many ways Ted was taking my stories and turning them into reality. I guess he realized that before he decided to blackmail me.

I climbed onto the bed and with Ted's help straddled him. I watched as he squeezed KY over the length of his penis. It occurred to me that I had never really seen another man's penis in years. I could tell Ted's penis was a lot bigger than Mike's. Size never really factored into my sexual decisions, but I'd be lying if I didn't admit I had wondered if it mattered from time to time.

Still straddling Ted, my skirt was hiked up revealing my cleanly shaved pussy. Ted reached up and slipped his KY-covered fingers in between my pussy lips. His fingers were cold and I jumped when I felt him violate me. I pushed his hand away. Ted just looked at me in that sort 'it's your move' sort of way. I took his queue and slowly lowered myself over his cock.

It was as if I was hit by a shot of electricity as my vagina came to rest over his penis. At first I didn't move until Ted grabbed my waist pulling me forward. The KY made him so slick I slide forward easily and had to reach out to his chest to steady myself. Tilting my pelvis forward I was able to press my clit against his cock as I slid back and forth. Ted told me he had a feeling I was enjoying this, but I vigorously argued with him that I wasn't.

Leaning forward with my back arched Ted immediately noticed when my nipples got hard. He reached up to touch them through my blouse, but I quickly pushed his hand away. What Ted probably didn't notice was how wet I was getting. I was almost gushing at this point. My mind was racing. I was in bed with a man who was not my husband. He had just made me shave my pubic hair and now I was sliding my pussy up and down his oversized cock. Whatever reluctance or embarrassment I had felt previously was completely gone I was 100% into this. I looked down at Ted who was clearly enjoying this himself. My own satisfaction was quietly revealed to Ted through moans and heavier breathing. I could tell Ted knew I wanted him.

Ted had convinced me that sliding his cock through my cameltoe wasn't sex and it wouldn't be cheating. To be honest I really had convinced myself he was right. That was the only way I could have made it to this point. Up until this point it was the situation that had been a turn on, I was living out one of my stories, but I began feeling my body betray me. For some reason I decided that if I let myself have an orgasm it would be cheating so I had to keep myself in check. While I was pretty clear I wanted Ted, I couldn't give in and betray Mike.

Sliding up and down the length of Ted's cock I closed my eyes and willed myself NOT to climax. I began concentrating on not having an orgasm, which seemed to bring me closer and closer to actually having one. While I had my eyes closed Ted tried to pull my blouse up over my head. I started to stop him, but when I felt myself losing my concentration I decided not to risk having an orgasm to keep my shirt on so I let him pull it off. Even though my skirt was still bunched up around my waist, without my blouse on I felt completely exposed. I looked to the left and saw my profile in the mirror. It was like seeing someone else. I couldn't believe what I was doing. I knew I should stop, that I should get up and run away, but I didn't want to stop. I realized then and there that I was a slut, that I was betraying Mike and I liked it.

I leaned back down, my fingers and nails digging into his chest to help hold myself up. Again I began tracing my steps asking myself how I had got here. I looked down and watched Ted watching me. I was

almost completely naked riding up and down the length of his cock and I was close, so close to an orgasm I could taste it. I took Mike out of my thoughts and decided to concentrate on the here and now. I held my ground, sliding back and forth willing myself not to climax.

Soon I realized that I was working harder and harder to keep myself on the edge of an orgasm. I could feel the yet-to-be realized orgasm building in strength and intensity and I to be honest fighting it was giving me as much pleasure as I thought the orgasm might provide. I closed my eyes, bit my lip and began moving a little faster. While I was holding Ted's chest he wasn't able to reach my breasts, but I could tell he was dying to squeeze them and that fact turned me on even more.

Instead Ted grabbed my waist. His hands were strong and he was in complete control of my body. He was helping me slide back and forth, but he was helping a little too much. With each forward slide he will pull me a little too far forward so I could feel the head of his penis pressing against my vagina. The pressure felt good, but if we went just a little farther his penis would pop up and I would lose the momentum and the orgasm I was holding back. I let Ted do more and more of the work, letting him move my body back and forth, relaxing just enough to let myself come even closer to climax.

Just as those thoughts filled my head Ted pulled me too far and his penis flopped to the side. The trance I was in abruptly ended, but I didn't want it to end. Quickly, almost too quickly I lifted my body and resumed sliding over his cock. Again I wondered what I was doing. I could tell Ted was about ready to cum and assumed it was almost over, but I didn't want it to end. My only question was, "Would I let myself climax?" I had already convinced myself that an orgasm was the line I would not cross, but I began to rationalize that I was getting as much or more pleasure from holding back than I would from the actual orgasm. In fact, the sensation of stopping the orgasm was perhaps the most pleasurable experience I had ever had as a woman.

Here I was really beating myself up and the truth was I was riding the cock of my husband's employee. There was no 'innocent' way to do this. I had all but given myself permission to have an orgasm when Ted pulled me too far for a second time. Not wanting to stop since I had given myself permission to climax I tried to slide back over Ted without stopping. I arched my back to keep my clit in contact with Ted, but Ted had tilted his pelvis trying to maintain contact. When I began to move backward the tip of his penis pressed against my vagina. At first I thought that it would slide through the lips of my vagina allowing me to keep stroking his cock, but the tip slipped inside of me instead.

The tip of Ted's penis was inside of me. My heart jumped as I felt him penetrate me and then I began having an uncontrollable orgasm. My momentum hadn't stopped, I was still moving backward. I started to sit up, but that just made Ted slide farther inside of me. Ted was still holding my waist when he settled the matter. If Ted wasn't already aware, I told him that I was having an orgasm and that I didn't want him to stop. I wanted him to fuck me. Ted responded favorably and smiled as he began fucking me in earnest.

After the orgasm subsided and I regained some of my composure I sat back and arched my back allowing his penis to fully penetrate me. Feeling him inside of me I could tell he was bigger and longer than Mike. I looked down at Ted and for the first time I thought I could feel something for him. Staring into his eyes I said, "Oh God, this feels good."

Ted reached up and I let him lightly touch my nipples and soon he began to trace the outline of my breasts with his fingers. His hands felt amazing on my breasts. I was in ecstasy.

Slowly I began to lift my body up and down over Ted's beautiful penis. I was taking him all of the way in each time. As I realized I was an active participant, enjoying every minute that I was fucking Ted, all of my prior rationalizations began to make less sense. Before I had convinced myself that Ted's concept of a cameltoe slide wasn't actually sex, but now I rationalized that it was no different than sex. I was naked on top of him and I sexually aroused, how was that different?

It had only been a couple of minutes since I started fucking him when I had another orgasm. I couldn't contain my excitement telling Ted that was making me cum and that Mike had never been able to make me cum like this. Literally, I thought I had been having orgasms all of these years, but this was an experience like nothing I have ever known.

When the orgasm subsided, sense returned, and I looked down at Ted and told him I wanted him on top, but he had to wear a condom. After putting on his condom, he threw me down on my back, removed my skirt and rammed his massive penis inside of me. I looked over at the mirror again seeing Ted's body pressing against my, now, completely naked body. For the first time I saw myself. It was really me here in bed with Ted. It wasn't a fantasy, a story or a movie; I was here fucking another man and I was loving it.

Feeling him penetrate me again made my eyes wide. I could really feel the size difference laying like this. Ted's face was next to mine as he thrust his penis in and out of my vagina. I told him to kiss me. Ted began to kiss me just as I felt my second orgasm building. I had to stop kissing to catch my breath and arch my back to allow my orgasm to escape. I wasn't really sure why, but I began saying the silliest things. First I begged him not to stop. Then I begged him not to tell Mike. Then I told him I loved him. He was blowing my mind and I had no idea why I was saying the things I was saying.

Ted told me he had always loved me. That he fell in love with me more than ten years before. Without really thinking I through I told him I wanted him to cum inside of me. Ted looked confused, but he quickly pulled out, removed the condom and slowly slid back inside of me. Ted took his time, but I could tell he was close. I had already cum twice and I could tell I wasn't going to cum again. Instead I wrapped my arms and legs around him and began whispering to him. I told him that I wanted him, that I wanted his semen inside of me, that I had wanted a baby for so long, but I didn't realize until just now that I wanted it to be his. Holding him tight, whispering in his ear I could feel his body pulsate as he began to ejaculate deep inside my womb. When he was done he kissed me and told me he loved me.

When it was over I immediately regretted living out one of my fantasies. I was pretty sure I wasn't in love with him and I certainly didn't want to leave Mike. Ted climbed out of bed and went to take a shower. He invited me to join him and I told him I would be a minute. I climbed out of the bed and stood in front of the mirror. I couldn't believe I had shaved my pubic hairs. I just stood there for a few minutes when I felt Ted's semen begin to leak out of me. I didn't move, just standing there staring at myself as Ted took a shower and I watched Ted's semen roll down my leg.

I am not sure how long I stood there, but I snapped out of it as soon as my phone began ringing. It was Mike. I debated whether or not to answer it, but decided I had to answer. Mike was going to be home early and he wanted to see if I wanted to join him for dinner. I decided I should meet him and we made plans to meet at the restaurant in thirty minutes. I wiped Ted's semen from my leg with a tissue and put my clothes back on and jumped into my car, if I didn't catch any lights I would make it just in time.

Dinner was strange. I had a hard time looking at Mike without feeling guilty, but when I wasn't talking I couldn't help thinking about Ted. I couldn't get the image of me having sex with Ted out of my head

and my panties were getting wet just thinking about it, or maybe that was Ted's semen still leaking out of me. Either way I was turned on. Mike reached over and asked me if I wanted to head home to make love and I immediately agreed.

After we got home we began making out and I decided I better tell him that I had shaved myself. He was intrigued and perhaps a little more turned on by the idea than I had thought. I hadn't showered since having sex with Ted so I wasn't too keen on letting Mike go down on me, but he insisted. He did note that I tasted strange and I laughed out loud as I realized he was tasting Ted's semen, but I wasn't getting off. Maybe I was too distracted.

Mike stopped eating me and slid his penis inside of me. I couldn't help but compare him to Ted. It had only been a couple of hours since I made love to Ted. Did I just say 'love'. I meant, it had been a couple of hours since Ted fucked me. While Mike's penis clearly isn't as big as Ted's, Mike's size had never bothered me before now. Mike's stroke seemed much shorter than Ted's and his circumference didn't stretch the skin around my clitoris like Ted's penis did. I almost felt annoyed now that I knew what I was missing. It was a strange experience. I was thinking about Ted as Mike fucked me, but after having the real thing I couldn't pretend Mike was Ted anymore.

Mike was fucking me faster and faster, clearly enjoying himself when I whispered to him that he needed to pull out, because I wasn't on the pill. Mike grunted in agreement, immediately pulled out and began ejaculating. I could swear I saw white globs of Ted's semen on Mike's shaft as his semen dribbled on to our sheets. Mike collapsed on the bed and I stared at the ceiling. I wasn't sure why I wanted Mike to pull out since I had specifically asked Ted to cum inside of me. What was I thinking. At that moment I promised myself that I wouldn't see Ted again.

Ted texted me all week, but I didn't respond. Finally, on Monday the doorbell rang shortly after Mike left for work. I am not sure why, but I was certain it was Ted. I thought about not answering the door, but eventually I climbed out of bed and answered the door. It was Ted and before I could say anything he pushed his way inside, closing the door behind him.

There was something different about Ted this morning. He was determined and he wasn't interested in talking. Before I could say anything he pushed me against the wall and ripped open my robe. Embarrassed and guilty, I looked down toward the floor as I began trying to tell him I couldn't do it again, I couldn't cheat on Mike.

Ted held me against the wall with one hand and with the other he slid his finger inside of my vagina. I grabbed both of his arms and told him to stop. He was too strong. I couldn't get him to budge. He slid his finger in and out of my vagina until I started getting wet. I closed my eyes and begged him to stop. Once my vagina was sufficiently swollen and lubricated, Ted unfastened his pants and pulled out his penis. Lifting my leg he rammed his cock inside of me.

Ted lifted my other leg and then he began fucking me, slowly at first and then faster. He kept telling me I wanted this. I kept telling him he was wrong, but part of me knew he was right. I wanted him. I wanted to feel him inside of me, but I didn't want him to know. It was about that time that I began having the most intense orgasm. Ted could tell and began taunting me asking me if I wanted him to stop. Then he did stop, he just sat there staring at me. I looked down in shame and wrapped my legs around him, pulling him deeper inside of me. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and arched my back. I didn't say anything, but Ted resumed fucking me. I held him tight as he did until he finally came inside of me. When he was done he didn't say anything, he just put me down, pulled up his pants and

left.