

## Sarah's Surprise

It was a rainy summer day and I was lost in a mystery novel when the insistent ring of the telephone shocked me out of my fantasy world.

"Hey Jon, I'm having trouble with my computer. Got a second to give me a hand?" It was my good friend Michael, a man who was all thumbs when it came to anything mechanical. "I need to get this report done for work and I am having all kinds of trouble downloading my background information.

Now don't get me wrong, Michael is a smart man. It's just that he and computers barely get along. Not that I am a computer genius, I'm not much of a techie either, but I do manage to find my way around the keyboard using the help key and manuals. Michael and I went way back, aside from borrowing and not repaying \$1,000, he was still okay in my book.

I told Michael I would be right over, and told him it would cost him a beer and a hoagie at least.

Michael and his wife Sarah lived nearby, so the trip was quick. Sarah was at the gym, working on her sweet body, so we were alone in his rec room.

Sarah and Michael have been married 15 years, a perfect couple. I had lusted after her since I first met her some 10 years before. She had a great body, but the prim and proper lady didn't show much of it off.

Sarah really didn't like me. Something about me pushed all the wrong buttons. She always talked down to me, as if she was the queen and I was the lowly stable boy. Her comments and tone cut to the quick. We went together like oil and water, but I was strangely disappointed that she wasn't home.

After some small talk, we discussed his computer problem, and I sat down at the computer and began clicking away.

"How about that beer?" I inquired.

Michael handed me a cool Corona and asked what kind of sandwich I wanted. He was going to head down to the deli to grab our lunch, which was a good thing, as I hated someone hanging over me while I worked at the keyboard.

Fixing his dilemma was a simple enough task, and I had his problem solved before he had backed out of his driveway. With time to spare, I decided to clean up his files, and began deleting some of the trash on his hard drive. Somewhere along the line I accidentally noticed a file, "Embarrassed", hidden deep within his files and clicked on it.

Boy, was I in for a surprise. On the screen in front of me was a note Sarah apparently had composed and sent to Penthouse Letters, complete with a risqué photo. Upon close inspection, that photo was indeed of Sarah, a much younger Sarah, but even with the blurred face it was clearly a shot of her from days gone by.

Interest peaked, I began reading her note.

[F-36] I just read the embarrassing moments piece in last month's magazine, and thought of a couple embarrassing sessions I've had in my life.

I wanted to tell you about one from years ago. I am now 36, but this embarrassing moment occurred when I was 18.

It was summer and I was with my boyfriend at the beach. Unfortunately, he was staying with his parents, and I was rooming in a house nearby with four other girls and a landlord who had a strict "no boys" policy. Now, my boyfriend Rick and I weren't hot and heavy at sex, but we had made love several times.

On the day in question we visited a house where my Rick had several friends who had rented a three story side-by-side house for two weeks. We sat in the living room and talked with the boys --- I was being flirted with in a playful way by several --- as we drank beer and told stories while watching a baseball game. We laughed and laughed, especially at their "wall of shame", a wall filled with Polaroid's of the guys in various stages of drunkenness. After a while I stopped to use the bathroom, and when I came out Billy met me and said he's show me around the house.

We went upstairs, looked around the second floor, before heading up to the loft on the third floor. As luck would have it, nobody was around, and after some pleading we began making love. We both knew it would be a quickie, but as we hadn't been "with" each other in more than a week we both wanted it badly. I slowly went down on him and then reciprocated on me, but we quickly moved on because neither could concentrate when 69ing. Rick slid a lubricated rubber onto his cock and lay back on the bed. I maneuvered on top (both of our favorite way), wearing only my skirt, which was bunched up around my midsection. I rode him for several minutes, coming a couple times before he shot his copious load deep inside by wet and willing pussy. It was a hard, quick sex, but we were both satisfied.

After cleaning up and getting presentable, we went back downstairs. We laughed and joked a bit more with the boys. They were unusually wild, and were wondering where we had gotten to...making several suggestive comments. After a while, one said I had a "perfect ass" and I felt that went over the line. I told him to stop, and he said again, "no, it's absolutely perfect". I told him he'd never know and got up and started to leave, my boyfriend in tow. Halfway out the door one of the guys said, "hey, you're forgetting something." I said "huh" or something, and he pointed to the wall with pictures.

Curiosity got me, and I walked over and looked, and was embarrassed to death to see several Polaroid's of me on top of my boyfriend, taken just minutes before. How we never saw or heard anything I'll never know. I started crying, and tried to get the photos, and after a while they gave me them.

The worst part was that, months later, I found out a couple other photos had been taken. My boyfriend Rick told me he had seen them, and while you couldn't be sure it was me, we and the boys there knew it was me. I lost some sleep over that and couldn't help but wondering who knew and who didn't.

It was a long time ago, and I've never let anyone photograph me in the nude. My husband always wants me to, but once was enough of that embarrassment.

My husband knows nothing of this black mark in my background, nor does he know that I cheated on him --- with Rick --- just last month. I don't know what it is, but Michael (my husband) is just too nice, too good. I miss living on the edge, and Rick does that to me. It's a physical thing, there is no love between us. It is just sex, wanton sex. We've met secretly a few times a year for the last five or six

years. As much as I love Michael, well, messing around with Rick does things to me I just can't describe. We make love in the car, in sleazy motels, and even in the stairwell of the school he worked.

It's nasty, it's wrong, but it is exciting just the same. I guess I just have a very special need.

I stared at the computer screen, my dick hard in my pants. Attached to the note was a grainy Polaroid photo showing a young girl riding a hard cock. The girl's skirt was lifted high on her waist, and the ass that was displayed was fantastic. A side view of a young face was blurred, but there was no doubt in my mind about whose it was.

Quickly, I copied the file and several others and stuck the disk into my shirt pocket as Michael returned.

We ate our lunch as I wondered if he had a clue his lovely wife had been a wild one in her younger days and had cheated on him in recent years. One part of my mind told me to clue him in, another told me to keep the knowledge to myself. I decided on the latter path, and bid my goodbye after explaining to him about how to access the information he needed for work.

I re-read the note that night, cock in hand. Upon inspection, one of the other files I copied included several other shots taken that fateful day. None had a great facial shot, but the body and the clothing were the same. I couldn't believe Michael's prim and proper wife could be such a wanton slut. I masturbated that night with visions of the pretty housewife doing all kinds of sexy deeds with a man who wasn't her husband. Somewhat later that night a plan began to formulate in my brain on how to take advantage of the situation.

First came a trip to the local library where I found a copy of Sarah's high school yearbook. Luckily, there were only 56 in her graduating class, and only three Richard's. From there I went to the archives, where I searched on her class' 15th reunion. One of the Richard's was remembered as a man who was killed in a tragic automobile accident. Another, from a nearby town, was listing as have attended the reunion, while another, from the west coast, had not.

I surmised it was the Richard who lived less than 90 miles away who was porking my friend's wife, and decided to escalate things a bit and confront him on it.

Actually, it was easy. My research indicated he was a history teacher, and one afternoon I drove upstate and stopped by to visit with him...under the ruse of me being a private detective. I found him sitting in his classroom, grading papers. His eyes widened as I told a little story about the married schoolteacher who was cheating on his city councilwoman wife, a woman whose family had deep pockets. In the yarn I spun I reflected on how that wife might be a little ticked off about her husband's transgressions, and how she, and her trust fund, might exit the premises. I mentioned this and more, and it wasn't long before Richard guiltily muttered the right words.

"What do you want?"

I glanced out the window then back at the scared man. "I want what you have..." I said with a smile.

"You mean, uh, money?"

"Nah, something more, uh, female."

"Sarah?"

I smugly nodded.

"She'll never go for it," he quietly said.

"Leave it to me, I just need you to set up the meeting. I will handle the rest. Do this and you are off the hook with me, and your little wife won't have to know anything."

Yes, I know it was blackmail, but it would be well worth it if I could confront Sarah with time, places and all the other details she needed to keep quiet from her husband. Her life would be turned upside down if he knew, as would Richard's. All of the details I acquired would be the perfect enticement to complete my plan. Richard told me more than I could have possibly imagined, how Sarah liked being spanked, how she loved sex in unusual places, and how her husband, my friend, couldn't meet her needs in the sack.

I left Richard with a "to do" list, and when I called him a week later he reluctantly assured me all of the details were taken care of.

The following Tuesday night, a night when Michael was out of town on a business trip, I checked in under a fictitious name at a local no-tell motel just outside town. I sat in the one chair in the room and sipped a Corona, patiently waiting for the honored guest.

I heard an automobile and spied out the side of the window. The car wasn't familiar, but the woman who emerged was. Sarah had on sunglasses, but it was she. Wearing a very short black dress, she smoothed it down her thighs as she carefully glanced around the parking lot before stepping to Room 205.

There soon was a light tap on the door. "Richard?"

I quietly said the door was open, and smiled as I saw the confused woman enter.

"You're not Rich...Jon?" she stuttered. "What are you doing here?"

Her appearance was more stunning than I had remembered. At home she didn't show off much skin, but this afternoon the low cut dress she was wearing displayed lots of cleavage and the majority of her shapely, stockings enclosed, legs.

"I might ask that same question," I replied. "You better close the door before someone recognizes you."

The woman blanched and started to back out.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you. You better come in and shut the door, and fast," I commanded.

It was only seconds, but it seemed like minutes before the brunette stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. I laid out the facts, and she began to cry as she realized her predicament.

"There is one way to keep this between us," I cautiously said, not wanting to scare her off but needing

her to know she was up the creek if she left. "Michael doesn't need to know anything about your, uh, dalliances. Nor do your friends or employers. Richard and his lovely wife will be safe too. Let's just say you have been upgraded from Richard to me."

Sarah falsely smiled at my attempt at a joke, and muttered something that sounded like "men!"

"So you want me to 'dew you'?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Sarah. I do want that. I've wanted you since the first time I saw you. I've wanted you, and now I have you. Get over here."

She wasn't in for the ounce, she was in for the full pound. The woman slipped across the room, looking me straight in the eyes. I looked down at the floor, and she nodded, getting my drift. I couldn't believe it was so easy, but given the predicament she was in her actions weren't totally unexpected. She slunk down onto her knees and opened my zipper, pulling out a hardening cock. Sarah, my good friend's wife, began licking my cock. It was awesome.

"Slowly, Sarah, savor the taste," I said.

The woman did as she was told, taking the now fully engorged hunk of man meat out of her mouth and inspecting it like a fine cigar. She licked one side, then another, then another, slowly from stem to stern. This woman clearly had cocksucking experience. All the while I described what I would do if she didn't comply with my requests. I told her she was doing great, that I would fill her special needs, but I needed to trust that she wouldn't cause me any trouble down the road.

Stroking my dick in her hand, she looked up at me and said she always had a soft spot about me. She said her insults were just a façade, that I was kind of cute in my own sort of way. I took that as a compliment, considering the source, and smiled down at her.

"Suck my dick," was all that I could come up with.

She did, ovaling her mouth and sucking my cock into it. I securely held her head but she clearly took the initiative. Sarah sucked on my bulging manhood, alternating slow, licking sucks with fast and furious movements. She bobbed her head while kneeling on the hard motel floor, hair flying this way and that. She was a great cocksucker, a woman with experience and enthusiasm. It wasn't long before I shot a copious load of hot sperm into her willing mouth.

I kept my cock deep in her mouth until she had swallowed nearly all of my man sauce, and then let her clean off my dick with her sticky mouth. I lifted her to her feet then kissed her, our tongues exchanging a little bit of cum residue as they wiggled against each other. Sarah was hot from her cocksucking, and she rubbed against me as we fell down onto the bed.

She centered herself on one of my thighs, and rocked herself against me. I lifted up her skirt, revealing the sexy black garter belt that held up her silky soft black stockings. I began stroking her tender ass after finding her sans panties, only to hear her coo at my touch.

Remembering Richard's advice, I pulled her first up then pushed her over my thighs. I looked down at her perfect ass, which was so white against the black dress and stockings. I rubbed her ass for a while as she obediently lay there, and then began slapping it with short, quick strokes.

Sarah cried out in pain once I began the brisk, strict spanking. Her ass reddened as each slap stung her butt. It was exciting for me, and apparently for her, as after just a few minutes she begged me to fuck her. I didn't need more enticement, and quickly lay back as she mounted me. She positioned by dick against her hot, wet pussy, rubbing me around it. Then she sat down on my dick and mouthed an earthy, "Oh Yessss."

The woman started slowly lifting her ass up and then down on my cock, clearly in control. It was almost as if I was a prop, as her eyes were closed and she moved to her one tune. I may have blackmailed her into performing, but once in the play she emerged as a star. She had a half whore, half angelic look about her as she used my dick for her pleasure.

I slipped my hands onto her ass, noticing it was still hot from my spanking, and merely held on as Sarah bounced with abandon. She moved up and down and from side to side for several minutes before announcing to me, the room and anyone nearby, that she was cumming. I held her close after she slowed her strokes, out of breath.

I rolled on top of her, hands still encasing her ass, slipped inside her wet pussy and began to rock inside as she purred. I fucked her fast and furious, and soon was close to cumming myself. She put me over the edge when she cried out, "Fuck! I'm cumming again!"

We came together, rocking like teenagers on a parent's bed. Like honeymooners entwined for the first time. Like lovers who had been separated for months. All rolled into one. Awesome.

That was the beginning of a torrid affair. To keep it hot there was a lot of impromptu meetings. We tried it at my house, but it wasn't the same for either of us. Our rendezvous needed danger, which led to couplings at a local park, in the back seat of a car, at the parking garage at a mall, and at our favorite, seedy, no-tell motel where our cries of passion were legendary. We even felt each other up in the living room while talking to an out of sight Michael making dinner in an adjacent room.

Michael, for his part, was never the wiser. He was actually pleased that Sarah and I had started to get along swimmingly.

I never did ask him to repay the loan.