

Dear Diary

A short story by jokermon

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June 5

Dear Diary:

I went to the gym tonight, straight from work. These long hours are a pain. I ran into that mousey woman who always seems to come late, like me. Unlike me, I think she chooses to exercise late at night because she's shy, or maybe antisocial. She always seems too rushed or flustered to talk to me.

I don't mind working out in a nearly empty club. It's actually a bonus because I've never been comfortable in communal showers like this one has. The gym near our old home had private stalls, but with this one it's like girl's phys-ed all over again. I'm pretty sure Mousey waits until I'm done before heading in, and that's just fine by me. This place is like a tomb after 10pm, and that attendant does nothing but sleep all night. I have more privacy here than at home.

Today I cheated on my promise to quit smoking, but only once.

June 12

33 years old. What a dreadful birthday! I don't know where the time has gone. Robert doesn't look a day over 23 and he's two years older than I am. Men are so lucky that way. It's that old double standard: women become crones, while men become *distinguished*. I shouldn't bitch. Sometimes when I look at him, I could just eat him up; I'm so lucky to have such a foxy husband in such great shape. Have I mentioned that recently? Lol. I just wish we had more time to be intimate.

I wonder if he regrets never having kids.

June 15

Hi Diary,

Robert has hired the Kelsey boy from two doors down to do our gardening. Between our new jobs and the move, our neglect is showing; the lawn, front and back, is a jungle. The boy seems pleasant enough, and is certainly a nice-looking chap. He's about 17, blonde, very fit and wholesome. He would drive the young girls wild if he were a little more confident and less innocent. He has the bright eyes and apple cheeks of a boy scout. Honestly, he doesn't look old enough to drive.

Robert later joked about me having Mrs. Robinson thoughts and it made me mad, I guess because I'm so frustrated. It's been so long since we made love, over a month and that's no joke. We've been working so hard and we've both been so tired recently. Scratch that, I've been tired. Robert has been working from home this week, so I'm sure he's doing much better. All I have the strength for once I get home is a bath, Thai take-out and uninterrupted sleep.

Robert insists I mustn't sacrifice my workouts. I pretend to protest, but really, my time at the gym keeps me sane. Burning off all that unused sexual energy is therapeutic and getting me in better shape than I've ever been.

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<http://www.Obsidian.net/futa/forum/index.php?showtopic=13972>

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June 16

I had a bad moment watching Robert out there with the Kelsey kid today (his name's Adam, I think). Robert was standing next to him, showing him how to use our ungodly German mower, and they looked so much like father and son I suddenly felt I might cry. The boy clearly looks up to Robert. He paid rapt attention while my husband was talking (he was probably telling him about his time in the *marines*) and there was nothing but admiration in his eyes. Robert liked talking with him, and it got me wondering all over again if he felt cheated out of being a Dad by my inability to conceive. Or if by marrying me, he bought a lemon.

Oh shit, why do I even write things like that?

Mrs. Robinson. Give me a break. I'll take my own beautiful husband any day. Sigh. I just wish I could.

ps – Almost forgot - Mousey has a name! It's *Irmgard*. Can you believe that? We were working the steppers the other day and I was wondering about how late it was getting. I asked her if she had the time and we just started talking. She's so shy, but I think that's because she's new in this country. I thought I had it rough being new in town! She's from Sweden (she pronounces it *Sveden* – her grammar is perfect, but she has the most adorable accent) and she's only 18! I never would have guessed. She seems much older, but I suppose that's just because of the way she carries herself. Her hair is always in her face, and her clothes are strictly yard sale.

She told me she lives with her parents, who moved to San Diego because her father's company promoted him to head up a new office here.

That must be tough, and especially for such a shy young girl: moving to a new country, leaving all your friends ... it really puts *my* woes in perspective.

It's too bad she has so little self-confidence. I'm sure she'd be a very pretty girl if she tried. Her hair is all stringy and ratty, but it's nothing a little conditioner wouldn't cure.

We talked about her starting at the University in the fall. The poor thing is terrified. She'd picked up a lot of nonsense from old movies, and had nightmares about hazings and paddlings. It felt good to put her worst fears to rest, although it was hard to do with a straight face.

I found she was ignorant of a lot of real pitfalls - frat parties, nasty boys with doped drinks, university parking lots after dark, things like that. I promptly set her straight on *those*.

It would be nice to be a big sister to her. It would certainly take my mind off my own problems to help her come out of her shell. That is, of course, if she wants to.

pps – I didn't smoke a single cigarette all week! Yay me!

June 18

Robert asked me if it was all right for Adam Kelsey to use our swimming pool. It struck me as odd because he seemed so anxious about it, like he was worried I would say no. I told him that was fine as long as Adam didn't bring all his friends over or stay til all hours of the night. Robert was absurdly grateful. I wonder if I've been acting moodier than usual.



Irmgard is a sweetheart. She brings me her homemade banana bread and we have lovely talks about our respective school experiences and life in general. She has a part-time summer job in an ice cream parlor and she says she works out because she makes too-frequent use her employee discount. I'm glad I never worked in an ice cream store - with my weakness for Mint Chocolate Chip, I would have turned into a blimp in no time.

I'm glad to see all her panic about this fall fade away. She still hides behind her hair and carries herself like someone trying desperately to be invisible, but she has such a good heart, it makes me feel quite fierce and protective when I think of her facing all those sly college boys.

I think I understand why Robert is bonding with Adam. I don't mind anymore.

June 26

Dear Diary,

Wow. I can't believe what I'm about to write here, and I saw it myself. I can't believe [illegible - scratched out]

I can't write this yet. I need a minute.

Later

Okay, I'm better.

I was at the gym last night, and as usual, Irmgard was already there. I used to wonder why she always wore concealing clothes, but no more.

Oops, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Deep breath.

We both worked up a good sweat, chatting like old friends (for all her naïveté, she's very mature for 18 – much more so than I was at that age) and I hit the showers first. I toweled off, got dressed, and heard Irmgard start her shower. I remembered I had promised to let her try out this great conditioner I had brought with me, so without thinking, I went to the shower to give it to her.

I have to say that it never entered my mind that I was doing anything inappropriate; we had really hit it off in these last few weeks, and I already considered her a good friend. Anyway, she always takes forever in there, and I didn't have the time to wait around for her to finish.

So I went in, and at first, it was kind of hard to see for all the steam. The showers here make such a racket, I know she didn't hear me walk in, and I was about to call out when I saw her.

Irmgard's body is beautiful. She stood with her back partially to me, and her head tilted back. She's very toned, and her skin is creamy. I'd say she wears about a C cup bra, a size or two smaller than mine, and my boobs were never that firm even at her age. I immediately noticed her nipples: they were rose-pink and erect in the spray. She has a tiny waist and very well-developed hips, giving her nice firm, full bum. Her legs are curvy and muscular from all her time on the Stairmaster. Her face, *finally* visible with her wet hair plastered back, has deceptively arrogant cheekbones, and a full, expressive mouth.

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I was not expecting this. She was such a vision of feminine beauty and perfection that I'm afraid I just gaped for a moment or two.

Her mouth was open a little, and her eyes were closed. She seemed to be off in her own little world. Her hands were between her legs, and I belatedly realized, with a guilty little thrill, that my young friend was masturbating. I scolded myself for intruding, but kept right on watching. My sexual frustration has my prurient interests in overdrive.

After a few more moments of furtively enjoying Irmgard's lovely body (well, more than a few, to be honest), I decided to be discreet and slip away. Then she shifted her weight a bit, turning her body more towards me. My eyes of course dropped to between her legs. Her hands were wrapped around something long and thick that stuck out from between her legs. At first I couldn't see for all the steam, I could only make out her hands sliding back and forth. For a moment I was confused. I thought, *is that a dildo?* Then the steam cleared and I just about passed out.

Irmgard has a penis! And not just any penis - it's *huge!* It jutted out at least a foot, all thick and smooth and threaded with blue veins. It had a fat angry foreskin rolled back from a smooth, pink, plum-like head. She was masturbating with some shower gel, using both hands, and even through the steam, I could see it throbbing.

Before I could fully register the impossibility of what I was seeing, the first thought that popped into my head was, *Good Lord, that's much bigger than Robert's!*

Then the full impact hit me and I was properly thunderstruck. I couldn't move, couldn't do anything but stare.

Odd little details registered in my shocked brain. A set of immense balls swung below her moving hands, dripping and running with soap suds. Irmgard's pubic hair was a regular forest, a big golden triangle, slightly darker than the blonde hair she has on top and all lathered up. Through her bush, I could see the unbroken course of skin running from her mons through the haft of her penis - it was undeniably a flesh-and-blood part of her body. I noticed Irmgard's tan lines, showing that she wore a modest two-piece swimsuit when she sunbathes. The bottle of shower gel lay at her feet, rattling with the shower droplets that struck it.

My next cogent thought was *I can't believe Irmgard is a boy*, but that was merely the first explanation to which my overtaxed brain had leapt. I didn't really believe that for a second. Her body, aside from that mind-bending appendage, was entirely too female.

The confirmation came later, when one of Irmgard's hands slipped down to cup and massage her balls. She lifted her sac and revealed what could only be a vulva below it! Her hand slipped lower, and she rubbed her clitoris around and around with the pads of her fingers before putting her hand back around her penis. My brain could not resolve what I was seeing as real, even though it was right in front of me. I experienced a wave of vertigo, and I thought I might really faint.

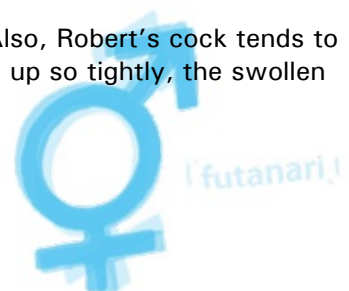
I didn't faint, and this vision didn't vanish in a puff of smoke, either. Irmgard kept masturbating, and I saw her breathing quicken and her balls pull up tight against the base of her penis. I had an odd moment of *déjà vu*; Robert's balls do that same thing when he's ready to come.

Robert is not a small man, but Irmgard's penis is at least half again his size. Also, Robert's cock tends to stick straight out, while hers has a brash upward curve. Her balls were drawn up so tightly, the swollen nodule of her clitoris was visible below them.

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She stroked herself faster, and her mouth opened wider in a dreamy smile. I had another odd observation: huge organ and all, Irmgard was unquestionably beautiful at that moment.

Then her smile disappeared into a grimace and she gave a low, sexy groan. She shuddered, and suddenly long, thick streams of semen began squirting from her penis. I was absolutely amazed at the quantity and force of her ejaculation; she painted the wall with her spurts. I couldn't even begin to keep count of them.

She grunted and moaned and even her red-faced frown of effort was pretty. She switched to loud panting as she tapered off, and her smile, now lazy and content, came back.

As for me, I finally came to my senses and backed away, absolutely stunned in every cell of my body. I barely remembered my bag when I fled the gym.

I thought I was breathless from running to my car, but as I turned the key in the ignition, I realized it was much more than that. I was turned on. My panties were drenched and my nipples were so stiff they hurt. My thighs were trembling. I felt excited, swollen and hot all over. I could barely focus on my driving, and small wonder – when I glanced at myself in the rearview mirror, my pupils were the size of nickels. The fact of my arousal amazed me almost as much as what I'd seen.

I hadn't driven two blocks when I decided I couldn't stand it. I pulled into the dark parking lot of a closed supermarket and parked in the darkest, furthest corner. No sooner had I killed the engine than my hands were in my sweatpants. I masturbated. I didn't care that I was in a public place. I didn't even check to see if anyone was around!

I kept picturing the sudsy bulk of Irmgard's penis, the cute way her face scrunched up as she climaxed, and the fountains of sperm. I remembered the sexy way her body jerked as she came, and that did it for me. I came, grunting, in the front seat of my sedan in the corner of a deserted parking lot. My face was so hot my cheeks felt sunburnt. I'd never come so fast in my life!

The funny thing was that first orgasm hardly took the edge off. I kept going. I twisted myself sideways so I could keep one hand on my vagina and put the index finger of my right hand up my asshole. I was groaning and gyrating in my seat like a madwoman, and my panties were soaked right through. My long-deprived body asserted its needs and I had to masturbate twice more before I was calm enough to continue home.

I had nearly forgotten what being turned on was like. My body was all tingly and I was acutely aware of my clothes against me. They felt rough to my now-sensitive skin, like I'd slept in them.

At a red light, I fumbled with my purse for my forbidden pack of emergency cigarettes. To hell with good intentions and New Year's resolutions, I needed a *smoke*, by God, and after what I'd seen, all bets were off. I took a deep drag, and Diary, *Jesus* it was good. I could feel that nicotine roll through my overheated bloodstream in a cool rush of concentrated evil. I drove around slowly so I could smoke a second one before I got home. I drove with the windows down to get rid of the smell of the smoke, and my own scent as well. The interior of the car smelled like an orgy had taken place in there.

Once home, I slunk into the bathroom. Boneless and light-headed, I stripped off and disposed of my soiled clothes like an adulteress. I saw my flushed, guilty face in the mirror and ran my hands over my breasts, half-expecting to see hickeys and love bites. My nipples were so swollen they looked like traffic cones.

As I peeled off my underwear I couldn't believe how goeey I was. My fingers slipped inside myself



effortlessly; I'd never been so wet. I took a shower, and had no choice but to keep on masturbating. I had to stuff Robert's washcloth in my mouth to keep the noise down because my final orgasm of the night was such a doozy. My whole body felt so weak after that I could barely towel off and get into bed. Robert was already asleep and, feeling more like an adulteress than ever, I slipped silently into bed next to him. I'm not proud to say I slept like a baby. I can't remember when I slept so long and deeply.

I'm writing this the next morning, still curled up in bed. Robert has been up for hours and left me a cup of coffee by the bedside, the darling. It's Saturday, thank God, and for once I don't have to work through the weekend. Despite all the strangeness, I feel good: cozy, sated and happy, like a well-fed kitty.

I'm still trying to get my head around the whole experience.

I'm reasonably sure what I saw was physically impossible. I'd never in my life heard of anyone with that kind of ... what? Deformity? Condition? I'm still weirded out, a day later. I'm an Assistant Editor for a women's magazine, for God's sake, not a geneticist. This is so beyond me.

Poor Irmgard. I can't imagine having to carry around such a secret. Good grief, no wonder the girl's so shy! This explains everything.

I don't know how I'm going to face her. I can't get that enormous penis out of my head. I think about what it would be like to be penetrated by such a huge organ and it makes me all shivery and wanting to masturbate again. I don't know how I'll conceal the fact that I'm on to her. I'm such a terrible liar. At the same time, I don't want to cut her out of my life - I know how abandoned she'd feel. Poor thing, it's not her fault she's a hermaphrodite. I had to look the word up this morning.

There's the lawnmower again. Adam's doing the backyard today.

June 27

Ooh Diary, I am a wicked woman. Wicked, wicked wicked.

Although I am also a much happier one, now. Oh yes indeedy.

Yesterday, after writing all about Irmgard's you-know-what and my reaction to it, I took a long bath and pattered around the house for a bit. Mostly I continued with the endless task of unpacking all these boxes. Finally, I managed to put Irmgard on the back burner.

Then I noticed the mower had stopped. I looked out into the backyard and saw that Adam was done for the day and rolling the mower back into the shed.

He came back out and matter-of-factly began stripping by the poolside. My jaw dropped, and then I saw he was wearing his Speedos underneath, which were nearly as skimpy as any of my bikinis.

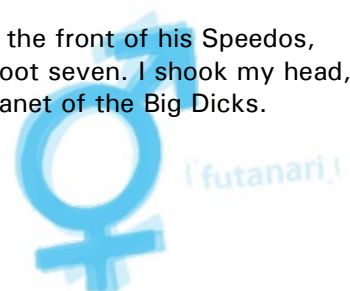
My, my. For all his boyish looks, Adam has the body of an Olympic swimmer. His skin is peachy and smooth, like a girl's. He had his back to me as he dropped his pants, revealing a tight pair of buns that *very* nicely filled out his swimsuit. His biceps and calf muscles were like grapefruits, and had me pursing my lips. Ordinarily I never check out teenage boys like some lecherous old slut, but Irmgard had left me distracted, with sex on the brain. It was all her fault.

When he turned around, I gasped. That boy had a whopping great package in the front of his Speedos, hugely out of proportion to his slender body, and he can't be more than five foot seven. I shook my head, bemused. First Irmgard and now Adam; I felt like I'd been teleported to the Planet of the Big Dicks.

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I could feel my blood stirring as I watched him dive into the pool and swim around. He really was a lovely boy and I imagined his parents must be very proud of him. I noticed that Robert was also watching him, standing by the window of his study. I thought it was sweet of him to play lifeguard. I shook my head again, and went off to prepare lunch.

Robert's office door was shut, and when I knocked he called out that he was in the middle of something and would make himself a sandwich later. He sounded very distracted, distant. I was a little disappointed; after ogling Adam, I was half-hoping I'd be able to coax him back into the bedroom.

I ate on the patio, and after I'd cleaned up, I noticed Adam had finished his swim and was now sunning himself on one of our long deck chairs. He was leaning back, his eyes were closed and he was lazily smearing lotion over his chest. His legs were spread wide open and his feet planted on the deck. The bulge in his swimsuit was nothing short of obscene. The material was so wet and clingy I could actually tell he was circumcised. He shifted a bit, and the movements made his fat penis uncoil a bit in its pouch. It sent a shiver through me.

I caught a hint of movement at Robert's study window and realized he was still playing lifeguard.

Now that is really too much, I thought. Concern for Adam's well-being was all fine and good, but not at the expense of his frustrated wife. Without a further thought I went and changed into my skimpiest bikini. It had thong-backed bottoms that rose in a Y over my hips, and the top was really too small for my big boobs. I loved the way it excited Robert, though, and I usually only wore it when I was looking to get laid.

I fluffed up my hair, and just to go completely over the top, stepped into a pair of red high-heeled pumps.

I strode breezily out to the pool, swaying my hips a bit too much, making everything bounce and jiggle every which way. I was immediately aware of the open air and the hot sun on all my bare flesh.

"Hello Adam," I trilled. "How's the water today?"

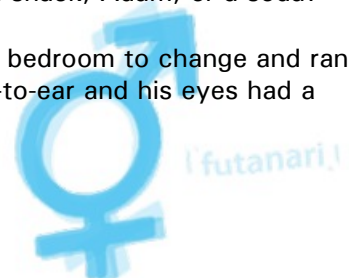
The poor boy swallowed his tongue. He goggled at me for a good 5 seconds before he stuttered, "uh, really nice."

"Oh excellent," I said with a bright smile. I stepped out of my shoes and slinked to the poolside, pretending not to notice how his eyes were frantically zigzagging over every exposed inch of me. I turned my back to him, and tried not to giggle at his audible gasp at the sight of my blatantly displayed ass. I dove into the pool and had a delightful swim. The day was brutally hot, and the cool water was a blessing. In addition, I hadn't had a chance to use this lovely pool of ours once since we'd moved in, and I was long overdue for a nice long dip. I splashed, backstroked and swam laps. Adam was staring at me open-mouthed the whole time, which gave me a nice exhibitionistic tingle.

When I emerged, dripping and refreshed, he was lying awkwardly on his stomach, clearly trying to conceal what must have been a very painful erection. His face was flushed and he looked cuter than ever, because he was so flustered. I finally took pity on him, and wrapped myself in my towel to present less of a visual distraction.

Before I went in, I let my towel dip a bit and asked politely, "Would you like a snack, Adam, or a soda?"

With admirable composure, he just as politely declined. Smiling, I went to the bedroom to change and ran straight into Robert, charging like a bull out of his study. He was grinning ear-to-ear and his eyes had a



meaningful glint that I'd been dying to see for weeks. He ripped the towel away from me.

"You are a wicked woman," he said, and picked me up, caveman style. I shrieked with laughter and play-struggled. "Teasing that poor boy like that," he scolded. "Wicked, wicked, wicked."

He gave one of my exposed bum cheeks a spank and carried me laughing into the bedroom and proceeded to ravish me eight ways from Sunday. Oh Diary, it was *wonderful*. He hadn't been so passionate in *ages*.

It was great sex, the kind we used to have all the time, and it's so good to have it back. We fucked, and then (finally!) spent good quality time naked, talking and touching. Then we fucked again. Robert put it up my ass that second time, and I welcomed the initial pain because it was just so sweet to have him back in me. We ordered pizza from the phone in the bedroom, and Robert put on a robe only for as long as it took to pay the delivery boy and bring the pizza back to bed. We ate cheese-strings off each other, and then humped so hard we made the crusts rattle in their boxes like maracas.

It's Sunday afternoon and I'm still sore and sticky. I'm so happy I could sing. It's another beautiful day outside and I feel like everything's going to be just fine.

June 28

Had a lovely workout with Irmgard tonight. This good mood of mine just won't fade. I had decided that I didn't care one bit about her you-know-what, so I treated her no differently. If she wants to tell me about it herself, fine. If not, I've decided that's fine too. It's her life, her decision, and her business.

Then I went ahead and spied on her again. I'm sorry! I just couldn't help it. I showered early, and when Irmgard came into the changing room all sweaty and ready for her shower ... it was too tempting. I made like I was leaving, and hugged her good night (I had to quash an irrational impulse to grind my hips into her big buddy), and then snuck back. I heard her start her shower and then waited, giving the steam time to develop, and then tiptoed over to peek around the corner.

Good Lord, that girl is lovely. Big dick and all. She was masturbating again, and I guess this is a nightly thing with her. She was partially turned away from me again, so I could see the end of her penis as her soapy hands went back and forth. She teased herself, and it was charming to see. She fondled her balls, probed and played with her vagina a little, and even her ass some. Her hands went back to her big prick to finish things off and soon my delighted eyes were rewarded with the sight of another dramatic orgasm. I didn't know what to watch; her adorable face, mouth open and eyes closed, her thrusting ass, or the grand eruption of sperm. I was so excited I stuck a hand in my panties and fingered myself to a bright sparkly climax right there. I was grateful again for the showers being so noisy, as I gasped pretty loudly when I came.

When I was done, I watched her for a little while longer as she soaped herself up and then rinsed herself off, her movements languid and erotic. Her penis swung between her legs and even soft, she was huge. Incredibly, her mood became sensual again, and as she played with her nipples, her penis inflated and stood up once more. I was every bit as hot as I had been in the parking lot the last time I watched her, and as Irmgard masturbated again, so did I.

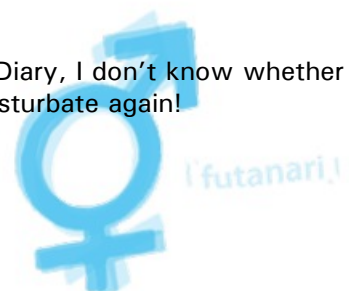
I was still in a soaring high heat as I noticed Irmgard turning off the taps. My legs were like wet pasta, but I managed to get out in time.

As I drove home my cunt was throbbing, and my blood was still rushing. Oh Diary, I don't know whether to be ashamed or proud to admit that I parked in the same deserted lot to masturbate again!

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I showered again when I got home, feeling like an adulteress again. Strangely, I also felt happy. Spying on Irmgard and playing with myself while doing it seemed to satisfy some buried kinky part of me. I never dreamed I could be such a voyeur.

I got into bed naked and pressed my body up against Robert. He was sound asleep, but it still felt good to cuddle up to him.

I whispered in his ear, "I love you," before I fell asleep. I knew he couldn't hear me, but that wasn't the point.

July 1

Hi Diary, just checking in. Work is such a pain, these screwy hardware upgrades are driving everybody crazy. Well, everyone except me. I'm feeling so upbeat and well, *sexy* these days, nothing seems to get me down. We just did a cold system reboot, and since there's nothing I'll be able to do for the rest of the day, I'm free of work four hours early, woohoo! My editor's idea, not mine. I think he's coming on to me.

Tee-hee. Irmgard was in fine form last night. She came three times, every one a gusher. I matched her, but she wore me right out, that shameless big-dicked studhussy. She has a birthday coming up. I wonder if I should buy her some dildos so I can watch her use them. ROFL!

I have to watch myself with her. We've really clicked as friends and I don't want to spoil that. I could never admit this to anyone but you, Diary, but sometimes, when we're talking, I get turned on. Fully clothed and everything. I haven't felt this way about a girl since eighth grade when I had that *insane* crush on my best friend's older sister. I have to consciously stop myself from becoming flirtatious or even seductive with her. I love being with her. I'm sure she feels the same way about me. She turns me on so much.

I hope I'm not falling in love but I can't be bothered to worry about it. It's not like I love Robert any less because my feelings for Irmgard are growing.

Sigh. I'm horny again, but what else is new these days? It's alright, feelin fine, good and alive, thank you very much. I think I'll surprise Robert with some new lingerie. Maybe we'll have time for a quickie or two before I head to the gym. Robert heaps compliments on me these days, and I love it. I can see the muscular definition in my arms and legs now, I've dropped about eight pounds but thank God, none of it in my bustline. My butt has never been tighter or my thighs sleeker. Life would be great if only I wasn't writing this in traffic, which is absolutely gridlocked right now. Grrrr. Hang on, I think I see an opening. Later.

Later

My...life...is...over [ragged, uneven writing]. Oh god, it's all over. Bastard! He promised me! I ... I can't write this now. God I can't even think!

Still Later

Hello again, Diary. I'm sorry for the cliffhanger. Things have gotten very strange. I've checked into a motel so at least I can freak out in peace. That's where I'm writing this. Dogs playing cards on the wall. What a hole. And the worst part of it is I'm smoking like a *chimney*. God damn Robert.

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I owe you an explanation. God knows, you've always been there for me during the weird times. Deep breath.

I came home from work early today, like I mentioned. Robert wasn't in his office. His office overlooks the pool and I thought he might be taking a swim, so I looked out the window.

The first thing I saw was Adam Kelsey's naked ass. It was a very cute ass and he was standing in a wide-legged stance on the deck, completely nude. I blinked. *That cheeky so-and-so has been skinny dipping*, I thought, but when I saw he wasn't alone, my heart stopped.

Robert was there, naked and kneeling in front of him on the deck. My beautiful husband was *blowing* him!

Adam had both hands gripping Robert by the hair and was directing his head back and forth. The boy's pretty face was twisted in a smirk.

"Suck it," Adam was saying. "Suck it, bitch. My big dick owns you, doesn't it?" To my horror, Robert made a groaning, helpless sound of assent. True to Adam's words, my husband was moaning and slurping loudly and eagerly. He was sucking hard, his cheeks drawn in. Robert's own penis was erect and dancing.

I was paralyzed with emotions. I can't even begin to say what I was feeling. Shock, anger, betrayal, jealousy ... and titillated. I can't lie to you, Diary, it was a very erotic sight.

I was paralyzed. All I could do was watch. I saw Robert's hands fondle Adam's balls, then move around to cup his ass.

Adam pulled back and his prick exited Robert's mouth. He teased my husband with it. He slapped Robert's face with its fat, sticky column and wagged the red-crowned bulb inches from his open, beseeching mouth.

Adam turned around and presented his firm backside to Robert's face.

"Lick my ass, Robbie," he ordered.

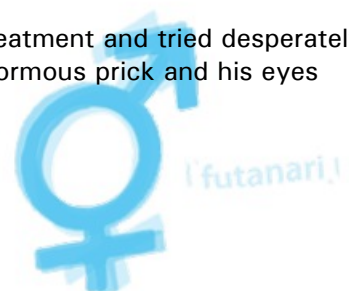
I felt a stab of jealousy as palpable as pain. I was the only one who got to call my husband that, and only during our most intimate moments. Robert didn't hesitate. I felt I might cry as he put his face into Adam's butt and slurped loudly.

Adam bent forward, opening his ass fully to Robert's tongue and shivered. He slowly stroked his own huge member as my husband serviced him.

Adam straightened, turned and thrust his hips forward, spearing Robert's open mouth. He shoved deep, and Robert began gagging; I guess his throat was breached. The boy showed him no mercy and fucked Robert's throat ruthlessly, drawing out to the tip and then slamming in till my husband's face slapped against his belly.

Look at me going into such detail. God, I am such a masochist.

Robert made no protest; his face went red but he seemed to like the rough treatment and tried desperately to accommodate the boy. His lips stretched in a wide oval around Adam's enormous prick and his eyes were clenched shut in concentration.



Adam tilted his blonde head back and shoved faster and harder. His brow furrowed and his mouth opened.

"Oh that's it ... use your tongue ... get ready for it, Robbie ..."

My husband visibly increased his efforts. He moved his head in counterpoint to the thrusts of Adam's hips. He mumbled and moaned into his mouthful of cock. The teenager's cool façade of control began to crumble. He moaned, sounding very young.

"Put your finger up my ass," the boy ordered in a trembly voice, and my husband obediently pushed a spit-slicked digit up between his cheeks.

"Oh yeah," gasped Adam and his pelvis jerked. "Oh ...!"

He's coming, I thought in dismay. *He's coming in Robert's mouth.*

Robert groaned in ecstasy and swallowed loudly, again and again. Frothy white sperm leaked out of the corners of his mouth.

I couldn't stop watching. My mouth was dry and my panties were soaking as I watched Robert ease Adam down from his peak. Robert stroked his thigh, and asked him something I couldn't hear. Adam nodded, and knelt down on a beach towel on all fours. Robert followed him, licking and fingering the boy's asshole again. Adam's eyes were closed.

Robert asked him another low question and Adam nodded again. Post orgasm, the boy's demeanor was softer, less dominant. He almost seemed dazed.

Robert rose up onto his knees and poured suntan lotion over his own quivering dick. He stroked it in, and then liberally anointed Adam's upturned ass. Two glistening fingers disappeared between those sweet cheeks.

"Ready?" Robert asked clearly.

"Yeah," sighed Adam.

There was such a dreamy look of pleasure on my husband's face as his big prick sank between that boy's firm cheeks that I cried.

That was enough. I sniffled and got a hold of myself. I wouldn't watch Robert come too. I turned around and walked right out of our house. I couldn't bear to watch one more second. I stood and listened to his moans for a while though, burning all over.

As the tears trickled down my cheeks, another type of wetness was trickling down my thigh. I can't lie: through all my rage and heartbreak, my traitorous pussy was a throbbing, juicing furnace of sexual need.

I drove to this motel, the first one I came to, tossed my purse on the chair and my clothes on the floor and dropped naked on the bed to masturbate with a big dildo I had purchased at the lingerie shop. I had planned to give it to Irmgard as a gag birthday gift. I came so hard I passed out.

2:00pm



I knew that Robert had had sex with men before we married. We had told each other everything about our lives. When he was young, he had sex with his brothers, but he said it was from the natural curiosity of typically oversexed boys rather than any gay or even bisexual predilection. I had been taken aback by this, but Robert was so matter-of-fact about it that he completely disarmed me. Robert's eyes were unmistakably fond and nostalgic when he recounted how exciting and good it felt to discover the secrets of sex. I knew I ought to feel disgusted, but frankly, it turned me on. He chuckled as he recounted how their father caught them once, and while he didn't hit the roof, nonetheless made it clear that he intended Robert and his brothers to look for their sex outside the home. Which they did, soon discovering girls, and while Robert was in high school, me.

He and his brothers always 'played around,' as he put it, whenever they could do so without their father catching them, however. They sucked each other off and indulged in anal intercourse frequently while in their mid-teens, but that faded out as they found girlfriends. He was very firm to me that it never did any of them any harm, and actually taught them patience, sensitivity and staying power with their female partners. All of Robert's brothers are married and have kids.

I got a real tingle when Robert confessed the last time he had done it with his brothers was the night before our wedding, at his own stag party, after all the strippers had gone. Since it was family, and we weren't married yet, I didn't consider it cheating, and neither did Robert, but still I made him promise not to do it any more after we'd spoken our vows in church. Robert agreed readily enough, and I've never doubted him. The lying bastard.

Oh tell the truth. The fact is, Robert's confessions really excited me. His brothers are all good looking like him, and though I'd never confessed this to Robert, I'd often pictured him and his brothers together when I masturbated. One of my most deeply buried wishes was to watch them do it in the flesh.

Life imitates clichés. I should have been more careful what I wished for.

July 2

It's amazing how things are flip-flopping around for me. I'm reviewing what I've written, and I can't believe I ever thought my life was boring!

Well, to get back to that momentous day, after I wrote yesterday's entry I passed out at the motel and slept for several hours. I woke up with no idea what to do. Should I go home, confront Robert, get a divorce, or what? That, I think, was the worst part. Lying there in that cheap bed, staring at the tacky swirly-stucco ceiling and being unable to get up from the depression and indecision. And smoking, cigarette after cigarette.

I masturbated again, just to pass the time, I think, and thought about Irmgard, as I often do these days when I play with myself. I noticed it was about time to go to the gym, and functioning more out of habit than anything else, I showered and headed out.

I was late, and the happy look of relief on Irmgard's face when she saw me come in was so touching, I nearly started crying again right there.

I'm sure she sensed something was wrong, but she didn't press me, the darling. We exercised and made careful small talk until it was time to shower and go home. I dreaded that time, because I didn't want to go home and I didn't want to go back to that dingy motel room. I still didn't know what to do.

I showered first, like I always did, and then said goodbye to Irmgard and pretended to leave like I always

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did. I was still on auto-pilot as I waited for my young friend to begin her usual routine and then snuck over to peep at her.

There she was, rampant and beautiful. I never get tired of watching her. Water streamed down her naked back and curled over the working muscles her arms and shoulders as she beat off. Rivers poured off the tight, voluptuous globes of her buttocks and her legs glistened in the spray. She was so lovely it brought a lump to my throat.

It went beyond that. I have no explanation for what happened next. I became so aroused, and my emotions were in such turmoil, it was almost a kind of fury. All my feelings of betrayal and hurt and desperate arousal sort of bubbled over. I stripped naked and strode into the shower.

Irmgard heard the wet slap of my bare feet on the tile and saw me over her shoulder. Her eyes widened in such an expression of shock and terror like I have never seen. It didn't deter me in the slightest. My lust made me ruthless. I took her by the shoulders and spun her around to face me. She tried to hide her penis with her hands, which was such a sadly impossible task that I grabbed her hands and pulled them away. She opened her mouth to say something and I kissed her. I kissed her hard and deep and pressed her up against the wall with her wrists pinned to the tiles. I squashed my big, soft boobs into hers and melded our bellies together. I ground my hips against her, and her cock smooshed upright against my tummy. Her balls rolled against my mound, and I snuggled in closer.

I have damn near photographic recall of everything that happened in that shower. I remember her body was so warm and silky and slippery and her cock was so hard and hot. I let go of her hands and ran my hands up her arms. I cupped her face as I slipped my tongue firmly into her mouth. I devoured her, and felt such joy when her lips and tongue began to respond to mine. I planted my feet about a yard apart and hunched my pussy against her bone-hard pubis. I shivered and shook as my clitoris stroked the slick, hot meat of her erection. It felt like leather-wrapped steel.

I broke our kiss to study her face. Her cheeks were bright pink and her mouth was moving, like she was trying to speak but couldn't. Her lips were swollen, almost bruised-looking and her eyes were wide as saucers, beautiful in their doe-like alarm. I didn't care.

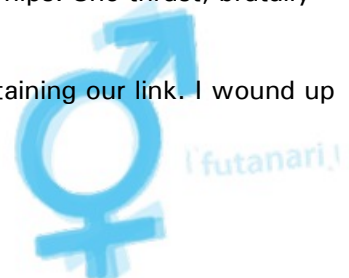
I was half a head taller than her so it was a simple matter to stand up on my tiptoes and capture her prick between my thighs. I angled my hips to match the upward curve of her rod and felt her broad head touch my entrance.

Irmgard gasped, a frenzied sound of disbelief. We looked down, watching the swollen purple glans nuzzle me, and our foreheads touched. She glanced up into my eyes and in hers I saw fear, dazed incomprehension, and paralyzed acquiescence.

I gripped her shoulders for balance and pushed down, feeling the head of that gigantic organ spread my labia wide, wider than they'd ever stretched before. Her crown passed inside me and I almost screamed. I felt my center being stretched, opened wide as a subway tunnel as I engulfed Irmgard's burning-hot pillar. I bent my knees to swallow her deeper, lowering my pelvis down that heavenly length. I was transported by pleasure and pain. I was wet as a river, and yet could only take her with agonizing slowness that first time, inching my distended vagina down over her til I thought I would go wild.

Irmgard gave a helpless, despairing sob and then her hands were gripping my hips. She thrust, brutally completing our union, and I nearly passed out. It was unbearably delicious.

Her knees began buckling, so I lowered her gently to the floor, carefully maintaining our link. I wound up



straddling her, seated on her hips, feeling those big balls nestled up between my cheeks. I had never been filled so deeply. When I closed my eyes, skyrocketed went off behind my eyelids, and when I opened them, I was still seeing stars. Irmgard's head was lolling back and forth, her mouth open and issuing a steady stream of moans. The shower drenched and captured us in a steamy mist, making this moment magical. Water droplets beaded us like diamond goosebumps.

I was a woman possessed. I leaned forward, putting my hands on her shoulders to pin her to the floor, and began working my hips up and down.

That first long pull felt like it might yank my vagina inside out. The friction and tightness inside me was incredible. I could feel my toes curling and I knew I was just too wound up to last. I rose and fell exactly six times, and then I came with a scream. I could feel my cunt clench and release in ecstasy, and then Irmgard choked and pitched under me, her back arching deeply. I struggled to maintain my seat, like a cowboy on a bucking bronco. She gave a gurgling cry, and I felt her penis swell up inside me and then pulse as it shot its hot jets of sperm straight up into the heart of my womb.

I thought of the times I'd watched her come, the huge volume of semen that would spurt like a high-pressure hose all over the shower. Now that hose was going off inside my cunt, sending her sperm deep within me, where it belonged. A sense of triumph and completion bloomed inside and I came again, within seconds. My orgasm was a long, heavenly convulsion that made me pass out.

When I came back to myself, I was lying on my back and Irmgard was still deeply embedded in me. She was lying on top of me with a blissful expression, cuddling close, pillowing her head on my bosom. She was still hard as stone, and even though my pussy had relaxed somewhat, that almost painful stuffed-full feeling really hadn't diminished. It was wonderful.

I was feeling pretty dazed just then, lying there lost in the pleasure and wonder of it all when Irmgard lifted her head and spoke to me.

"How ... how did you know?" she sounded like she might cry.

"Know what?" I asked, sounding as clubbed and stupid as I felt.

"That I ... want you ... so much."

That brought me back to reality pretty fast.

"What?"

"Your body ... so full ... so beautiful." Her eyes were bright and feverish. Her hands came to life again, smoothing over my hips and belly. They moved up, plowing runnels like windshield wipers through the blanket of shower spray that studded me. She grabbed my breasts and squeezed, surprisingly hard, and it felt so good it hurt a bit. I gave a small gasp. She hefted them, lifting and crushing them between her fingers, roughly, the way I secretly like it. She pinched and rolled my nipples between thumb and forefinger, tugging, and I squirmed.

Despite having just come, Irmgard was definitely ready for more. To my surprise, so was I.

"You make me so horny," Irmgard said, and if she hadn't been so earnest, her clumsy attempt to talk American would have amused me.



This was a different Irmgard. She watched her hands mauling my big breasts, her face greedy and avid. Her lust, so naked and pure, was almost scary. It transformed her, made her look sexy and dangerous.

"Every time we work out ... I have to masturbate. Two, three times." She swallowed, and tears ran from her eyes amid the spray from the shower. "I dream of you. I never dreamed I would have you."

I was stunned, as much by her admission as her sudden, aggressive turn. All those times I spied on her, marveling at her drive and virility. *She had been thinking of me.*

My arousal was back at a full gallop in an instant. Her hips were moving, jolting back and forth with tentative, amateurish strokes. It was unlike Robert's assured, precise thrusts. I wrapped my legs around her ass and pushed back with my pelvis, teaching her the correct rhythm and angle of entry.

She caught on quickly, and with a few more wiggles of my hips, Irmgard was humping me like a champion. The slick, endless length of her penis slid over my clitoris with a delightful rasping, and once fully buried, she would roll her hips, grinding her trunk against my G-spot and even ... mmmm, my other orgasm zones even deeper inside. I love remembering this, reliving it in my imagination.

She began humping me aggressively, and I let myself be borne away by her sexual delirium. It was splendid.

I wanted to assume the role of calm sexual mentor, but I just couldn't; it felt too marvelous. We were moaning, gasping, and making all these hot sexy noises. I recall the lovely way her breasts shook and quivered as she hammered away. I couldn't resist taking hold of them and squeezing them, rolling them around on her chest. I loved playing with those big, firm young breasts. Her nipples swelled up as big as thimbles, and I pinched them without mercy. I tried to crane my head so I could suck them, but I couldn't reach.

My first climaxes took me by surprise; this next one had a nice long, slow build-up. It gathered force and momentum from the deep sluicing plunges of Irmgard's penis, growing in intensity. She pumped me to the edge, and then as that familiar trembling expectancy built up in my limbs, she gave me the sweetest hip-rolling thrust that took me over.

My stomach muscles began contracting and I wailed as I exploded. I closed my eyes and saw stars again, and this time I could feel them shooting from the tips of my fingers and toes. My orgasm jerked a sound out of me that was halfway between a grunt and a shriek, and I flopped and bucked helplessly under my beautiful friend as my delicious paroxysm played itself out.

Before I was done coming, Irmgard began thrusting fast and erratic, her voice rising in an erotic aria as she came again herself. I could feel it; rushes of liquid warmth quenching the need within me. I coaxed out the last spurts of her orgasm with fond squeezes of my vaginal muscles.

Finally Irmgard softened. I held her and we traded dreamy kisses for a long time. Tears streaked both our faces. The hot spray of the showers, the haze of steam made the moment magical. I caressed her back with long, languorous strokes, fondling her buttocks as my hands slid past the dip of her back. She brushed the wet strands of hair out of my face.

I noticed that my fingers were wrinkling from the water. I had no idea how long we'd been under the shower together.

"Irmgard honey," I whispered in her ear, "I'm starting to prune up here."

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She nodded and reluctantly disengaged from me. I knew how she felt. I hated to feel her big soft squeeze-toy slip out of me. I watched it emerge, juicy and slick, and licked my lips as it popped free and swayed.

"Hang on," I said, "there's something I want to do first."

Irmgard had risen to her knees, and looked at me quizzically. I crawled between her legs and took that big droopy monster into my mouth. I'd wanted to do this for so long. I closed my eyes and sucked her clean, savoring the tang of my own juices and the salty-sweet stickiness of hers. I licked her head, tickling the open lips of her urethra and groaned as I tasted fresh sperm oozing thickly out onto my tongue. I hefted her balls, and slipped a finger underneath to probe her vagina. As I did, I shivered; I'd never touched another woman's pussy in my life. I found her clitoris and rolled the slick pad of my index finger on it.

"Ooooh ..." Irmgard's moan was amazed and heartfelt. Her eyes rolled up and she threw her head back.

I inched my way down her fleshy column. I was careful not to graze her with my teeth, which took some doing because she filled my mouth so fully. I sucked her, loving our combined tastes and reveling in a fantasy fulfilled.

My eyelashes fluttered in trepidation as I eased my index finger inside her simmering vagina and let my thumb take its place on her clitoris. Her interior was moist, hot, soft, and snug. I found the tiny bump of her G-spot and felt a fresh wave of wetness drench my hand as I began stimulating it.

Irmgard moaned louder, and I felt her penis stiffen in my mouth. I lifted my head long enough to ask, "Irmgard, do you think you can come again?"

She moaned and didn't speak, just nodded. I resumed sucking her, letting my head slip back and forth along her length. I grasped the broad root of her trunk – my fingers couldn't quite encircle it – and began vigorously jacking her off in tandem with my mouthwork.

She moaned again and murmured something in Swedish. Both of her hands were on my head, and her fingers ran through my hair. Her thighs started quivering, and her stomach muscles began flexing. I rubbed her clitoris with my thumb while drawing circles on her G-spot with my index finger. I loved pleasing her. I sucked hungrily, slurping and twirling my tongue over her glans, delighting in her groans.

"Oh," she cried out, and deluged me with ropes of her hot tasty ejaculate. I sucked and gulped, milking her for every last ounce of pleasure I could provide.

It was grand, feeling her shoot off in my mouth, swallowing my way through her thick spurts, and then feel her stiff prick deplete itself and go pliant in my mouth. I nursed on her big softy while listening to her breathing return to normal.

There was so much more I wanted to do. I wanted to take her back to my motel and ravish her all night. I wanted to pump her pussy with dildos; I wanted her to fuck my ass; I wanted to eat her cunt and have her eat mine, and my asshole, too. I was dizzy with the possibilities and didn't know what I wanted to do first. But Irmgard gently told me her mother would be picking her up soon.

I gave a deflated sigh that made Irmgard smile, and accepted the reality that she was a teenager who lived at home, out on a weeknight.

I asked her if she wanted to meet tomorrow to talk and "maybe do this some more," and she said 'yes' with an eagerness that made *me* smile.

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We cleaned off, got dressed, and made small talk out front while waiting for Irmgard's mother. I smoked a cigarette, and Irmgard was kind enough not to chide me for it. She seemed a little tense as her mother pulled up, but relaxed as I calmly shook her mother's hand and introduced myself. I wasn't about to give away any secrets.

Mrs. Bergström was a stouter, darker version of her daughter, with a cheerful, outgoing manner that was at odds with Irmgard's usual guarded mien. Her accent was much thicker than Irmgard's, and my young friend blushed crimson when her mother thanked me profusely for 'helping bring my Irmie out of her shell.'" I remembered how my mother would embarrass me with pronouncements like that in front of company. I guess all mothers mortify their kids that way.

Irmgard looked a little alarmed as her mother took me by the elbow and drew me to one side for a quick private talk. I was a little alarmed myself.

"Irmgard is a very *special* girl," she told me in a confidential tone. It was so hard not to giggle at that. She was so right.

"My daughter has ... special needs. It has been hard for her, moving to America. The other young people make fun of how she talks. It is good you are giving her confidence. It is good that you do not pressure her to date boys."

"I wouldn't," I said. "Irmgard can do whatever she likes."

"*Ja*," she said a little sadly, as if she knew it wasn't true. She sighed. "I just don't want her to get hurt. People can be very cruel to people who are different."

That struck me right in the heart. I totally understood her protectiveness. Impulsively I hugged her. She looked startled, but not displeased.

"Yes they can be," I agreed. "But we'll look out for her, won't we?" I smiled at her and she smiled back.

We talked a little longer, and I liked her, but now I know now where Irmgard's naiveté comes from. Her mother was even less streetwise than she was. I'm amazed that woman had the resources to cope with a daughter as 'special' as Irmgard.

I caught Irmgard's eye before they drove off and winked at her. The pleasantly vain thought, *Irmgard is so lucky to have found me* popped into my head and made me smile.

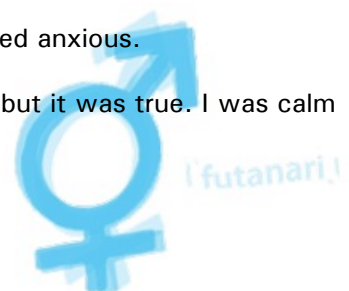
The episode with Irmgard calmed me. As I headed to the gym's parking lot, I had decided to check out of the motel and return to Robert. I found I wanted to talk with him and see if we still had a marriage left.

Halfway back to my car, my cell phone began ringing. It was Robert.

"Hey baby," he said and I had to bite off a quick retort *don't you hey baby me*. I wanted to talk this out with him. My time with Irmgard had left me feeling happy and optimistic. I didn't want to spoil it with any ugliness.

"You're a little late at the gym tonight, honey. Is everything okay?" He sounded anxious.

"I'm fine," I said, which was the oddest thing in the world to say, it seemed, but it was true. I was calm



and centered.

"I need to tell you something," Robert blurted out. "Something happened today ... I don't know if it can wait til you get home."

"Go ahead." Jesus, was he going to come clean with me?

"Adam came around this morning after you left. He was really upset. He gets bullied a lot, because of how he looks ... they call him a sissy and stuff, you know. Anyway, last night, he got jumped in the parking lot outside the multiplex."

"Did they hurt him?" I wondered where this was going. I hadn't noticed any bruises on Adam earlier. I could easily imagine how adolescent boys could be murderously envious of Adam's pretty looks, coupled with that enormous dick. I wasn't feeling terribly sympathetic.

"No, he outran them. But they called him a lot of names. You know ... 'faggot,' like that."

"I can imagine." Serves the little swine right, I thought.

Robert sighed. "Adam was in tears when he came over. He needed to talk to somebody. His mother died last year. And his father is absolutely no help. He sympathizes with the boys who tease him."

I began to feel uncomfortable. Jealous girls with flatter chests than mine teased me without mercy about my big 'cow udders' throughout middle and high school. It was not a pleasant memory.

"Adam's all confused inside. He's at that age, his hormones are pulling him in a million different directions. And to make it worse, he feels ashamed because ... well, both males and females really do turn him on. He got an erection in the showers during phys-ed last year, and his life's been hell ever since."

I winced. That's the kind of thing that would make you change schools.

Like I had to when my best friend told the whole school I was in love with her older sister.

"Anyway, we had a long talk, and I told him he had nothing to be ashamed of. He believed me, I think. He calmed down, anyway. He's a good kid, really. He's bright, and just wants somebody to like him. It really broke my heart to see him so miserable."

My discomfort increased; I did not want to feel sorry for Adam, but against my will, my heart began swinging over.

I heard him take a deep breath. "Adam told me he found me attractive. He asked me if I felt the same way about him. I couldn't lie to him, Denise. I told him yes."

"You never told me that." The hurt and accusation spat out in my voice, unbidden. I bit my tongue. I didn't want to put Robert on the defensive.

It made sense of course. Robert was always so horny after watching Adam swim around in his skimpy little Speedos. The fact that Adam and his bulging swimsuit had the same effect on me was neither here nor there.

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Robert sighed. "I should have, and I'm sorry. I didn't think anything would ever come of it. I haven't had feelings like that for years. But that's not the end of it."

Robert took a breath and I could sense him steeling himself.

"It's important I tell you this. Something happened today, Denise. After we had talked for a bit, and I got him calmed down. Adam ... he just pulled down my shorts and began going down on me."

"Did you make him stop?" I bit my tongue again. I didn't *want* to be this accusatory.

"No." Robert sounded miserable. "I was just stunned. It was ... I didn't know how to make him stop without hurting his feelings ... and then I guess I just didn't want him to stop because it felt too good. I'm sorry honey. I screwed up. I had sex with him." His voice broke.

I was silent for a while. My thoughts were whirling. If Robert was making a full confession, it meant there was still hope for us. I needed to hear the whole truth from him, first.

Robert said, "Please say something honey."

"Was it just one time, Robert?"

He sighed again. "No. We got carried away. I can't tell you how much I regret this."

He'd told me the truth, but it wasn't the whole truth. I couldn't get the image of Adam out of my mind, standing over my kneeling husband, sneering down at him, lording it over him.

"I have something to confess too, baby," my mouth was speaking before I realized what I was doing. "I came home about four hours early. I saw you two by the pool."

Robert sucked in a breath. "Oh god, honey. I'm so *sorry*."

"I went to a motel and laid down for a while," I ground on determinedly, "and then I went to the gym, like I always do. There's a girl I work out with. A friend. I had sex with her there."

My ears rang with the silence. I couldn't *believe* I'd just blurted that out.

My cell phone was silent for a moment, and then:

"At the gym?" Robert's voice was disbelieving.

"The place is practically empty after nine," I said defensively.

"But ... *at the gym?*"

What on earth was wrong with the man? Doing it in a public place certainly didn't make the fact of my infidelity any worse!

"Robert ..."

"Okay." He paused. "You did it with her ... to get back at me?"



That put my brakes on.

"No. Well, yes. That was part of it. My feelings were all messed up. I ... she'd been attracted to me for a while, but she hadn't told me. I guess I'd felt the same, though I never meant to ..."

Now it was my turn to trail off. What I said was technically true. I'd fantasized about sleeping with Irmgard, of course, dreamt of it often and feverishly, but I'd never made any solid plans to do so.

I gave a helpless shrug, then realized Robert couldn't see that over the phone. "It just sort of happened."

It sounded so lame. For the first time, I began feeling sheepish about my side of this.

"Wow." Robert sounded dazed. "I never knew ... I didn't think you liked women."

That's true, but at the same time it isn't, as you know very well Diary, it's the other way around; *women* don't like *me*. They never have. My big boobs make them jealous and vicious. By default, I've always been more of a 'guy's girl', always with more male friends than girlfriends. I certainly wouldn't have minded more close female confidants in my life, but it just never happened.

"I don't, normally, but ... Irmgard's special."

"Irmgard? Her name is *Irmgard*?"

For the first time in this conversation, Robert really began to irritate me. "She's from Sweden, Robert, and English is her second language. She's new in this country, she has no idea how to act, or what's in store for her when she starts university. This girl ... she's so young, and bright and yet she acts like she's a hundred ..."

Irmgard's dilemma, her enormous vulnerability and isolation caught at my voice and I could feel tears coming on. I shut my mouth. I didn't want to reveal anything else by accident. The fact of my infidelity was enough; there was no need to bring Irmgard's penis into this.

"You empathized with her," Robert said suddenly.

"Well, yes, of *course*."

"You knew what it felt like to be the odd person out. You saw a chance to help somebody who would otherwise get thrown to the wolves. You felt *compassion*."

"I ..." He was right, and I didn't know what to say.

"I love you honey." Robert's voice broke. "You are just so great."

He cried. I was totally mute.

Through his tears, he said: "It is so like you to help someone out like that."

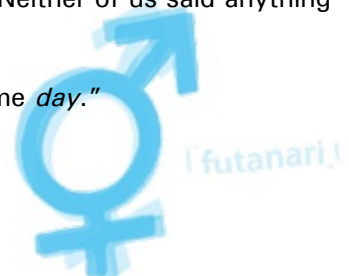
I felt my own tears getting dangerously close, and I tried to blink them back. Neither of us said anything for a moment.

Then Robert said: "I can't believe we both made the same mistake on the same *day*."

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I gave an involuntary chirp of laughter, and found myself close to hysteria. He was right of course. In that moment I knew he had told me the truth, and in that moment I forgave him everything, and it felt so good, like an exhilarating relief from some spiritual weight I didn't know I was carrying.

"Oh Robert," I said, and then I was crying, braying great big sobs like a donkey. "I love you." I snuffled.

"I love you too baby. Please come home."

"Wait, Robert, there's something I have to know." I took a shaky breath. "When I saw you and ... that boy ... he sure didn't look like some shy, vulnerable kid. He was *nasty* with you."

"Oh." I could hear him blushing over the phone. "That was my idea, Denise. Adam got comfortable with me, so I thought it would be good for him to experiment. Try a little role-playing, like you and I do sometimes. I think it really blew his mind. He's a really sweet young guy."

We'll see about that I thought to myself.

"I'll be home soon, honey," I promised. "I just have to get my things from the motel and check out."

Well Diary, as you may have guessed, I wound up back at home that night, in my husband's arms. My poor cunt was still sore from Irmgard's great pole, but I didn't mind a bit. Afterward, we kissed through each other's tears. I knew he would never leave me, and I knew I could never leave him.

Eventually, the real world crept back in, and we knew we had to put our heads together seriously the next day. It was sometime long after midnight we were staring at the ceiling when Robert said, out of the blue:

"We both reached out to somebody, and we both let our feelings get out of hand." He turned on his side to face me. "The wrong thing for the right reason."

I nodded, and kissed his shoulder.

"We're both in quite a pickle, aren't we, honey?" I cocked an eyebrow at him. "If we break it off with our respective homewreckers, they get hurt. And neither of them deserves that."

"What are we going to do, baby?"

"Um." I was really too sleepy for any deep thinking, and I didn't want to let go of my happy glow. We slept deeply, holding each other tight.

Well that was all last night, Diary. It's morning now, and I've been up writing for hours. Robert is still sleeping. I called in sick a minute ago; Robert's still working from home so he doesn't have to report in to anybody. Today, I think, is going to be very eventful.

Whew. Looking over what I've written, it looks more like a perverted Lit Comp 101 exercise than a journal entry. It helps me to tell things to you, Diary, it always has. You're so much less judgmental than a shrink or a girlfriend. I see things much more clearly, after I've written them down in you.

I hear Robert in the shower. Gotta go, his back needs scrubbing. 😊

July 5

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Oooh, do I have an update for you, Diary! *Big* changes in our lives.

Okay, to bring you up to speed: after Robert and I made love in the shower, we went out and got lunch. We strolled along the promenade, enjoying the day, holding hands like newlyweds. My cellphone rang and it was Irmgard.

She was calling from her job at the ice cream store. She said she'd been thinking about me all night. She said she worked the early shift and would be off soon. I told her I would pick her up.

After I got off the phone I told Robert there was someone I wanted him to meet. We drove over and there she was, slouching in an ankle length skirt and a bulky men's work shirt that did nothing for her.

"That's her, Robert," I said quietly. He had the grace to withhold judgment.

I got out of the car and embraced her. I waved to Robert and he got out too. Poor Irmgard looked very surprised. I introduced them, and Robert was charming as usual. He clasped her hand and gave her a gentle smile. She blushed (Robert has that effect on women), smiled back, and as hesitant and brief as that smile was, it still lit up her face.

"Come on Irmgard," I said firmly. "We're going shopping."

We talked as we drove to the mall, and Robert was wonderful, so relaxed and chatty that he put Irmgard completely at her ease. She darted me frequent quizzical looks, and I can imagine she was wondering what was going on. I just smiled back.

At the mall, we deposited Robert in a café so Irmgard and I could go to my favorite clothing store. I took her by the hand and trotted off to Coquette's.

Irmgard's birthday wasn't for another week, but I told her that this year her presents came early.

She blushed again and with a knowing little smile, said she agreed with me. I knew at once she was referring to last night, and it was such a sweet thing for her to say, I had to stop and kiss her on the cheek. I had to remind myself we were in a public place – whenever I'm close to Irmgard I just want to put my hands all over her.

The first thing we looked at was tops. Irmgard was probably the only teenaged girl in San Diego who didn't own a cute little tank top and I was going to correct that.

Eyeing the skimpy little tops and stylish, flirty little skirts that filled the shop, Irmgard looked nervous.

"I don't know if I could wear any of these," she whispered to me so the clerk wouldn't hear.

"I think you'd look very pretty in them, honey."

She just stared at her plain, dingy tennis shoes. I stroked her arm.

"If you don't want to wear any of this out in public, that's fine, Irmgard. I'd never want you to do anything you weren't comfortable with. How would you feel about wearing them for me, at my house? In private? You'd model these for me and Robert, wouldn't you?"

"I'd do anything for you." She said it so automatically it was a little frightening.

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"Thank you sweetie." I dipped my head to kiss her again, and she turned her head so her full, moist lips met mine. The clerk did a double take. I felt a giddy little rush.

"Now," I said, "I think this little pink number would work well with your complexion ..."

Well Diary, we shopped for about two hours. I bought her two tops, two skirts, some lingerie (she blushed scarlet every second we were in *that* store) and a delightfully skimpy little neon-pink bikini. Irmgard was happy to try on the tops for me, and she looked wonderful in them after I gently suggested she discard her enormous old-fashioned white brassiere. I insisted on tying her hair back in a nice French braid just before she went into the changing rooms and the clerk did another double take at the stunning young woman who emerged. Her beauty was almost intimidating.

When it came to bottoms, however, Irmgard put her foot down about coming out of the changing rooms in anything but her grandma skirt. She would tell me if the skirt or bikini or whatever fit alright and I didn't argue. I did ask her to wear one of her new tops out of the store (sans bra!) and after a little coaxing, she agreed.

Walking through the Mall back to Robert, there was a big difference – Irmgard was really noticed. Her breasts bounced and her nipples made fetching little points through her top. Men and women both turned their heads as we passed. Her cheeks were pink from the attention. She stared at her shoes, and tried hunch over. I took her aside, lifted her chin, and firmly pushed her shoulders back.

"Don't hide, sweetie. You look great," I told her.

Her eyes were wide and beautiful as it sunk in, and I could tell how much it meant to her. But then a shadow came over her eyes again. She looked down.

"What's the point?" she mumbled.

"What's the point of what?"

"What's the point of looking attractive?" She shrugged and gave me a brittle, bitter smile. "So the boys will like me?"

Her smile broke and suddenly she was crying, right there in the middle of the mall. I immediately understood why and my heart swelled up and overflowed. I took her in my arms and hugged her. She buried her face in my shoulder and wept. A fat woman pushing a stroller stared at us, and I glared back until she hurried away.

"I like boys very much," she sobbed. "I think about them all the time. But ... who would want *me* to be their girlfriend?"

I stroked her back. I think it was then that the first glimmerings of the Idea came to me. I set it aside for the moment and spoke soothingly to her.

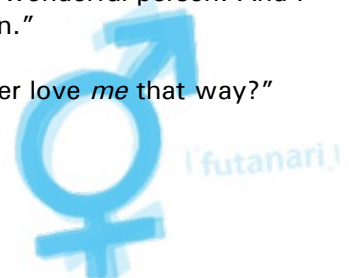
"Irmgard, you are beautiful. You should be proud of how you look. Whether you have a boyfriend or not. You should be proud of yourself because you're clever, generous, sexy and a wonderful person. And I think any boy who had you for a girlfriend should consider himself lucky as sin."

It did no good. "You have such a beautiful husband," she wept. "Who will ever love *me* that way?"

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Much as I adored her, I despise self-pity. I took her by the shoulders and gave her a shake.

"Listen to me, honey, *there's nothing wrong with you!*" I glanced down between us. "And for the record, I think *it's* beautiful too, and you should never be ashamed of *it*, either. *Ever*. Got that?"

She stared at her shoes, sniffing. I took her chin between my thumb and forefinger and tilted her head up to face me.

"Do you trust me?" I don't know how I sounded so calm.

"Yes," she answered, so quickly and definitely it unsettled me again.

"Then will you take my word for it that everything's going to be all right?"

Her eyes were very wide and red with crying as she stared into mine. I don't know what she was looking for, but eventually she found it. She snuffled again, gave a little hiccup, and nodded.

"Good," I said brightly. "Now let's get you to a washroom before we see Robert. You look an absolute mess."

She gave a weepy little laugh as I led her to the nearest Ladies' room. Fortunately, it was empty, so we were free of all the stares.

I pulled out some tissues and wet them under the taps. Irmgard stood very still and obedient as I wiped her down, and I felt more like a mother than ever. I realized that I'd taken on a great responsibility. I welcomed it.

"Did you tell Robert about me?" she asked in a tiny voice.

I paused, and then continued cleaning her up.

"He knows we've been intimate," I answered in that same unnaturally calm voice. "He's my husband, and he had a right to know."

Irmgard's lovely, oceanic eyes widened further.

"But," I said firmly, "I have not told him a thing about what makes you special. That's *your* business. It's up to you to tell him that."

"Oh," she said in an even smaller voice. She looked up at me and she was so hesitant and unsure I just wanted to hug her, cuddle her, and throw her down and fuck her right there on the washroom floor.

"Are you and I ... going to be intimate again?" she asked, and there was so much desperation and love and need in her that it touched me deeply, and this time I did hug her, albeit chastely.

"We'll see, baby," I whispered. "That's what we're going home to find out."

We finally got her face clear of all the redness and puffiness. I re-tied her French braid, something a little flirty this time that really set off her cheekbones, and you'd never know she'd been crying her heart out.



I moved to leave the washroom, but Irmgard stood still. Her hands were on the counter and she was leaning forward, staring at her reflection.

"You look fine, honey," I said. "Come on."

"I can't." she said in a tiny voice. "I'm hard."

It took me a second to realize what she meant. Then I understood why she was leaning over the counter.

"When you hugged me," she explained. "I'm sorry." She was red with embarrassment.

It finally came home to me then, as I looked at her, desperate to prevent her erection tenting the front of her skirt. *This is her life*, I thought. Concealment, paranoia, and the constant terror of discovery. The poor girl.

"Will it go away on its own?" I asked.

"It takes forever," she answered, sounding more miserable than ever, "unless I ..." she bit her lip.

"I understand honey." That unnatural calm was upon me again. I took her by the hand.

"Just this once, okay?" I whispered to her and drew her into one of the stalls.

Her eyes doubled in size as I knelt down in front of her. Her skirt had an elastic waistband and I pulled it down to her knees. She was wearing a plain pair of white cotton panties, and they bulged obscenely, stretched and distorted to the ripping point around her distended member. Her oozing fluids had wet the cotton in large dark circles.

With a thrill of excitement, I pulled down her sticky panties and her beautiful monster leapt out at me.

I couldn't believe what I was doing, the risk to us both in addition to the purely depraved aspect of doing it in a public washroom.

I clasped her burning hot shaft with both hands and bent my head to service her. I licked the wetness from the open lips of her urethra and then slid my own lips over her glans and engulfed her.

Yum. I sucked up and down, letting my tongue revolve around her head. She was salty and delicious. I sucked hard, and pumped her shaft with both hands. I wanted her to come, not just to relieve her of her hard-on, but because I earnestly wanted to do this for her, to give her pleasure and reassure her that her cock was something wonderful and good.

I can deep throat Robert without any trouble after years of practice, but Irmgard was a real challenge. It took a great deal of concentration to relax my throat muscles to the point where she could enter, and even then I could only get about two-thirds down my gullet. Irmgard was amazed regardless; she gasped loudly and let out a long 'oohh' as my pursed lips slid magically down her stalk.

She was too much, and I had to give my throat a rest after a minute. I pulled back and licked her balls while I continued to stroke her member. I bounced and juggled her silky-bristled spheres on my tongue. I adored watching her quiver, the sexy way she bit her lip and stared down at me with those wide, beautiful eyes.

I reached up. "This," I said, taking hold of the spaghetti straps of her tank, "is one of the advantages of a

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