

Unexpected Pleasures

I'm 55 years old, married and straight. I have an active sex life with my husband so I don't even masturbate. I can't remember the last time I went solo. Until recently I've never felt a desire to experience sex with another woman. A couple of weeks ago, my friend and neighbor Tracy broke her leg in an accident. The break was bad and put her in a large cast covering much of her leg. Her mobility was greatly impacted. Last week her husband had to leave on a business trip that would keep him away from home for 2 nights. I volunteered to spend both nights with Tracy and help with cooking and anything else she needed while her husband was away and she remained essentially bedridden. I made dinner for Tracy and, after we finished, she encouraged me to mix a pitcher full of gin and tonic, so we could have some fun while watching a movie on her TV in her bedroom. Tracy is about 45, a short, slender woman with short hair, a pretty face and a nice smile. As the evening wore on, the drinks flowed and we had a grand time, half talking, and half watching what was on TV. I could see Tracy was getting rather drunk as her words began to slur and at one point, while we were watching a mildly R-rate movie, she made some loose remarks about sex. I was pretty high myself, but not nearly as drunk as Tracy. At the same time, I could see my friend was a bit uncomfortable. She kept wincing as she tried to move and the cast chafed on her thigh. Finally, in frustration, she gave up on watching and with my help rolled over on the bed, facing downwards. In a slurred but pleading voice, she asked if I would mind putting some lotion on her leg where the cast ended. I grabbed a bottle from her bedside table and began to rub the ointment on to her red and tender skin. My hand was only inches from her crotch, which was covered by her nightgown, but I kept massaging where the skin was chafed. Tracy made murmurs of appreciation, her face buried in her pillow. But then she reached down and tugged up her nightie and asked me if I could massage a little higher. I found myself staring at the lower half of Tracy's naked rear. Feeling somewhat uninhibited by the alcohol, I took a moment to admire her lovely looking skin, the dark curve of her butt crack and imagined what lay between. Slowly, I began massaging with the lotion, rubbing the uppermost part of her thigh, just below her left cheek. Despite the liquor, I could feel my pulse pick up at the uncertainty of what was happening. It didn't take long to realize Tracy was also feeling very uninhibited by the alcohol. Her occasional murmurs turned into soft moans of satisfaction. Slowly, Tracy parted her legs a bit more and scooted down, pressing her warm pussy against my hand. I felt her wetness and knew immediately she was aroused. Much to my consternation, so was I. For a brief moment there was absolute silence in the room other than the sound of a ticking clock. I ran my fingers up and down the lips of her pussy, and felt her clit. I touched it softly, trying not to over-stimulate the sensitive nub. Tracy started to roll her hips, thrusting them back for more contact. I obliged by inserting my middle finger into her wet loveliness. Oh, I couldn't believe how excited I was becoming; to feel another woman so intimately and to feel her respond with such obvious sexual excitement. My head was spinning. I moved my fingers in and out rhythmically and soon heard that familiar smacking sound as Tracy grew wetter and wetter as she moaned louder and louder, even though her face was buried into her pillow. Despite my own increasing excitement, I concentrated on pleasing my friend and began thrusting 2 fingers in and out of her rapidly, replicating the rhythm of a man. Soon, I was slapping the base of my hand against her clit as I pumped her and brought Tracy to the edge. And then I began to feel her lose control, as her muscles contracted and as her hips shook and her ass quivered. Between the alcohol and my beating heart, I felt incredibly dizzy from what had just happened. I had just finger-fucked my neighbor and good friend to a gin-soaked orgasm! Somewhat embarrassed, I staggered to my feet and mumbled that I need to get to bed. Tracy said something, but she was too inebriated to make sense. I was hoping everything would be forgotten when we woke up in the morning. I got to the guest room, closed the door and stripped off my clothes as quickly as possible. I held the fingers that had just been in Tracy's wet pussy under my nose, breathing in her sexual musk as I masturbated feverishly for the first time in years. I came with a thundering, thigh-shaking orgasm in about 60 seconds, but before it had even finished my last orgasmic convulsions I fell sound asleep, exhausted. Hours later, I awoke, groggy, hearing Tracy call my name. I had no idea what time it was, and was a bit shocked to find myself lying naked on my bed, until I remembered what had happened before falling asleep. I threw on my nightgown and stumbled into Tracy's bedroom. She was leaning over her bed, throwing up in to her trashcan. The poor girl had drunk way too much and was now paying the price, gagging and retching. When she stopped, I knelt down and wiped her face. She looked up at me and asked in a husky voice, if I would help her to the bathroom so she could pee. We struggled down the hall and into the bathroom. A night-light was on, so I didn't turn on the lights to avoid the harsh glare. With great difficulty, I eased Tracy down on to the toilet seat and soon heard the gurgling sound of her pee splashing into the bowl. Tracy was still quite drunk and I noticed some vomit had stained her nightgown. I quietly asked her if she wanted to change, and she nodded slowly. As Tracy continued to pee, I reached down and lifted the gown off. I looked down and found myself looking at the rest of her body. Her breasts were modestly sized, but she had luscious nipples that, to my surprise, appeared erect. In that soft light, I thought she looked incredibly attractive. I dropped the soiled gown on the floor and was about to go back to Tracy's room to fetch a clean one, when she put out her arms and stopped me. Please don't go, she said, as her pee now splashed in little spurts. I didn't move any further and then realized that Tracy hadn't taken her hands off my sides. The only sound was of her pee, now trickling into the bowl. Slowly, Tracy ran her hands up and down my outer thighs and then she tried to slide one hand inside my gown and onto my inner thigh. I looked down, my body shaking, and took in the strange view of Tracy, sitting naked on the toilet, her legs splayed apart, one in a long cast. In the soft light, I could make out a dark, thick bush. In any other situation, I would have been hard pressed to see the eroticism of the situation. But not now. Tracy's hands fumbled with my nightgown as she tried to caress my pussy. Suddenly, I heard her whisper, take it off, please. It took me a moment to react, but when Tracy started to lift the bottom of the nightgown, I understood, and slowly removed it. I was glad the light was dim. Unlike Tracy's slender body, mine was rounder, plumper and older. My 38d tits sagged, my tummy bulged a bit and I had a bush as thick as hers. But the alcohol-laced lust had us both in a new frame of mind. Tracy tugged me closer to where she was sitting on the potty. She leaned forward and began licking me. It was like a mild electric shock. Almost at the same time, she inserted her finger into my soaked pussy. My knees buckled slightly, but I reached down to steady myself by holding Tracy's head close. I could hear

her licking and heard the sopping sound as her finger moved in and out. This time, I really felt my climax, every earth shattering spasm of delight. It was so strong, so deep; I had felt nothing like it before. I knew why. As I caught my breath, Tracy tugged on me. Please come down, she said in a stronger voice. I want to feel your tits, she said. I was now inches away from Tracy, kneeling in front of her. She smelled of gin. She caressed my breasts and almost automatically, I did the same to hers. Her nipples were so hard, I couldn't help but to squeeze them, which made her moan with distinct pleasure. And then she began kissing me. Deep, tonguing kisses that aroused me. My husband never kissed me like that. Nor did any of the men I had ever kissed in my entire life. I was in ecstasy. I kept one hand on her lovely nipples and with the other reached down and began to play with Tracy's pussy. It was sopping like mine and her clit was swollen, no longer a pea but more like a pinky finger (at least it felt like one). She shuddered as I massaged her and as we kissed. In a minute or two I began to feel Tracy sway, almost undulate, moans seeping out of her throat, despite the fact our lips were fastened together as we kissed each other torridly. She moaned deeply, and for a split second, I feared she was going to be sick again, but instead, she started climaxing and as she did she began to spurt, splashing on my fingers which were jammed into her pussy. As she continued cumming, she sucked on my nipples and then bit them gently. Somehow, we both got up on our feet and staggered towards Tracy's bedroom. We kept trying to kiss and fondle each other, but Tracy's leg cast made the whole thing very clumsy. Eventually we made it. Tracy lay down first and then I lay next to her. I remember kisses and more fingering and then the next thing I knew, Tracy was asleep, even as I continued to kiss her and finger her. I couldn't stop. A door had been flung open and I was running through it. All I could think was that I would be with her for another 24 hours.

About the Author

 Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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