

CHAPTER 1

And in the beginning

I had met Jodie at a party not long after my wife had left me. It had been some time since I'd been out to mix with people, and the invitation to a party was more than welcome. Liz was a friend of my eldest daughter, and it took a while to work out why she'd invited me and not her. As it turned out, I'd been invited as the main course for the hostess. Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on how you looked at it, her boyfriend wasn't too happy about her arrangements. Once I knew this, I backed off, not wishing to cause any friction.

My chances of finding any one else at the party who might want to play, were slim to non-existent, to say the least. All the guests were young enough to be my offspring, all of them around twenty years younger. So as the night wasn't a total waste, I decided to drink a little more than I'd planned, and just have some fun.

Towards midnight I was talking to Liz's boyfriend in the kitchen; he'd relaxed now he knew I wasn't going to stay. During our conversation, he mentioned there was a female there that might want to play. With just a nod of his head, he indicated who he was referring to.

"Yeah, but she's here with her hubby isn't she?"

"Yep, but don't worry, they don't live as husband and wife any more, Liz tells me she's a horny little bitch."

The girl he'd indicated was a stunner. A petite blonde, small breasted, and a great figure. Unfortunately, she looked far too young to imagine she'd be interested. But what the hell, I might as well try my luck, the worst she could do was tell me to get lost. Jodie and her husband had been sitting at opposite ends of the room all night, so I didn't find it difficult to chat to her.

Right from the start, for some reason I couldn't fathom, she seemed interested. I couldn't believe my luck. The more we talked the more interested she seemed to become, and when I wandered off to the kitchen to refill my glass, Jodie followed me.

"Would you like a drink?" I asked.

"That would be nice, I'll have what you're having," she said, nodding to the wine I was pouring.

With the drinks poured, we made no move to rejoin the party; the longer we were together, the more it looked as though we might soon be having our own. Half an hour later and another drink and as though drawn by a magnet, our hands were touching, our heads moving closer together. I was going to have to say something. Her closeness was beginning to stir my blood.

"Maybe we should join the others; if I stay out here with you much longer I'm going to make a pass at you."

"Maybe I'd like that," she replied, taking my hand, bashfully looking into my eyes.

Let me assure you I didn't need to be hit over the head with a club to know she was more than interested. Where to from here I wondered as I moved closer. Taking her hands in mine, I gazed into her eyes. She held my gaze, squeezing my hands, smiling up at me.

"Shall we?" I asked as I drew her towards the darkened passageway.

“Yes please,” she answered, almost passing me as we moved into the darkness.

As one, our arms wrapped around each other, and our lips met, tentatively at first, but then we began an all our assault on each other, our tongues darting into the others mouths, our bodies pressed firmly together.

Well, well, Bill had been right; she was one hot little girl. What to do, should I try my luck with her here and now? Jodie took the decision from me. As we embraced, one of her hands wandered down and began feeling my rapidly elongating manhood, taking away any doubts I may have had.

Here we were; two complete strangers only one-step away from having our way with each other. We moved towards the spare room, our hands busy with whatever we could get to, neither of us sure what we'd be game to do when we got there. It wouldn't be much, the others were right next-door, and one of them was her husband. At this stage of the game, I wasn't too sure about him.

Jodie backed away from me a little and her hands busied themselves with my fly, untangling my erection. Her hand rubbed along its length for a moment. Then taking me totally by surprise, dropped to her knees, taking the slobbering thing into her mouth. Surely, I'd died and gone to heaven. Five minutes later and she was still at me, bringing me close to going off.

“If you don't stop doing that I'm going to cum,” I said, my hips thrusting into the warm recesses of her mouth.

“Mmmmm, do it then,” she mumbled as her hand took hold of the little that wasn't in her mouth.

“Where I am?”

“Mmmmm,” she mumbled again, nodding her head.

With that, she began sucking harder, working on me with her hand. I soon reached the point of no return and began a leg shaking orgasm, shooting my load into her. To my surprise, Jodie swallowed all I had to give her, little meowing sounds coming from her as she drank from me.

Once I'd deflated, she stood, and we kissed again, my hand now wanting to go exploring. I worked it under her skirt, searching for what I knew was at the junction of her thighs. As I approached her pussy, her legs parted, making my job easy. I expected to find knickers barring my way, but no, this little girl had come prepared, and hadn't bothered with panties.

My finger slid into one of the warmest, wettest pussy's I'd ever encountered, two finger slid effortlessly into her, as I tried to decide how I could get this little nymph into my bed.

“Would you like to come home with me so we can do this properly?”

“Yes,” was all she said as she squirmed harder on my fingers.

“What about your husband,” I asked her.

“No worries I'll tell him I'm going home with you, he'll be okay with it.”

“Are you sure?” I asked, not quite sure if I could be so understanding.

“Don't worry about him, I'll go and tell him,” she said as she wiggled off my probing digits. “Do you want to go straight away?”

“Yes,” was the best I could say. My legs trembling and my heart pounding in my chest, my cock doing its best to iron the wrinkles out of itself.

Jodie moved off and spoke to her husband, he glance in my direction and nodded as I walked through the lounge room, heading for the door. I stood there while Jodie got her things together, feeling the eyes of the room on me, wishing she hurry.

Five minutes later and we were away, heading for what I hoped, was a nights depravity.

And what a night it turned out to be. From that night onwards, we saw each other at least three nights a week, and one way or another we had the most delightful sex together.

After three months, I asked her to move in with me.

The next six months were fantastic, we screwed each other two or three times a day, the pair of us always ready to please the other.

Then something began to worry me, on many occasions I'd asked her about any other affairs she'd had while she was married. Her answer was always the same. No, she never fucked around with other guys while she was with her husband. There was something wrong with that answer. It had been much too easy for an old fart like me to get her into my bed. Surely, there must have been others before me.

The more she lied, the less I wanted her, sluts I like, but girls who didn't tell the truth pissed me off, and this one wasn't telling the true story. The more she deigned her affairs, the more I began having headaches, and not wanting to fuck her, until in the end I wouldn't touch her at all. Jodie knew she was going to have to tell me if she wanted things to get back to what they were between us. Day by day, I could feel the tension building in her; her not wanting to come clean about things, but knowing if she didn't we would split up.

One night while we were lying in bed, my arm around her shoulders, I couldn't take it any longer; I just had to clear the air between us.

Eventually after a long talk to her, she decided to take the chance and to come clean about her past. The stories she told me were enough to keep me in lust for years.

It seemed right from the moment she was married she started fooling around. It seemed as though she just couldn't get enough of them. Anyone, and anywhere, seemed to be the order of the day. Her husband eventually woke up to what was going on, and he asked her to leave.

Now this was the type of girl I'd been looking for. From the moment I knew what she was like, things got better between us. My headaches disappeared, and the starch returned to my old fellow. She could be herself, and I was screwed whenever I wanted. Things were great.