



***Experience in the Attic (MF, wife-cheat, intr)***  
***By Unknown Author***

I recently had sex with someone other than my husband for the first time. What bothers me is that it was by far the most exciting experience of my life.

I am a forty-year-old mother of two sons. I have been married for nineteen years to a wonderful, caring and loving man. Before we had children, Frank liked to take nude photos of me. We have a very large scrapbook of me in steamy poses from fully clothed to butt naked. That book has been hidden in the basement for years. I must admit that I have been able to maintain my figure. I may not be quite as firm as I was, but I am still a size six.

Recently, my older boy, James, who is eighteen, invited a friend, Richard, to spend the night. He is living with an aunt and uncle who are his legal guardians. Richard is a little older than James, and is originally from Jamaica. It seemed a little strange having a black man in our home, but he seemed to be a really nice boy.

Frank was taking the boys to the Baseball Hall of Fame for the weekend. Richard was supposed to go along but, unfortunately, his uncle called and said he needed him to help with some family matter. He could not pick Richard up until Saturday night as he would be away on business until late Friday.

After Frank and the boys left for the weekend, Richard and I had dinner. After dinner he helped me clean up. We then watched some TV and chatted. He is a bright, outgoing young man. About eleven o'clock, Richard said goodnight and went up to bed. I watched the news and then went upstairs to straighten up myself.

Saturday morning I was in the cleaning mood and started washing up the kitchen before Richard was up and about. I was surprised when he came into the kitchen and offered to help until his Uncle showed up.

I casually looked him over noticing how handsome he really was in his denims and T-shirt. I was glad of the help and told him that after he'd had a hearty breakfast he could do some clearing up in the attic for me.

After eating 3 eggs and a stack of pancakes Richard dutifully climbed the stairs to the attic and began moving the old discards to the back of the room for future disposal.

After I finished up in the kitchen I thought I would help Richard with his project so climbed the stairs to the attic. I heard a noise that sounded like a moan and stopped and looked at the door which was slightly ajar. I peeked in to see Richard lying on top of an old camp bed totally nude. He was leafing through a somewhat familiar looking scrapbook, and was stroking the largest, hardest cock I had ever seen.

I knew I shouldn't, but I just kept staring at Richard playing with his huge black cock. I realized that he had found the scrapbook of my nude pictures and that he was masturbating to my naked shots. The thought of this young black man being so excited by my naked body really made me hot!

I had never harbored thoughts of infidelity, but I was now actively imagining how his huge black rod would feel as it slid in and out of my cunt. All of a sudden, Richard asked, "Who's there?"

From outside the door I called, "It's me," and I entered the attic. He had just managed to pull a tarp across his erect manhood. However, the scrapbook was still in plain sight.

"Where did you find this?" I said in feigned anger. "While putting away the boxes, I came across it," he said in a cute ashamed and embarrassed tone.

"I'm really embarrassed. Those photos were taken by my husband many years ago. They were not meant for public consumption." "That's a shame," he replied. "You certainly have a beautiful body." I don't know what was coming over me, but I was getting highly excited. In fact, I was even getting wet between my legs. Those pictures were taken almost twenty years ago. Richard eyed me lasciviously and said I still looked great.

"You were jacking off over my nude pictures, weren't you?" I asked. With that, Richard removed the tarp, exposing his shiny, hard black weapon I had been staring at in secret only moments ago.

As much as I wanted to leave, I couldn't. My eyes were riveted on this young man's incredible tool. My cunt

was on fire as I slowly unbuttoned my blouse and removed my bra. I kept gazing at his rod and mumbled "It's beautiful," between my now heavy breathing while I slowly began to grab and squeeze my tits. Richard got off the camp bed and grabbed me, sucking a nipple into his eager mouth. At that moment, more than anything in this world, I wanted to be used just as a sex object by this beautiful black boy.

I reached between his legs and fondled his large, hairy balls as he continued to feed at my breasts. Soon, his hand was inside my panties, rubbing my buttocks. I removed my panties and stood before this Black Adonis totally nude. Whatever I had denied my husband sexually, I could not deny Richard.

I kissed my way down his smooth chest, stopping to suck on his nipples. I licked his stomach and was soon on my knees, my nose inhaling the manly aroma of his pubic hair, my fingers squeezing and rubbing his hard black ass. I craned my neck and sucked his balls into my mouth, all the while exploring his asshole with my finger. I kissed the length of his steel-hard black shaft, every rippling vein explored with my hungry mouth and lapping tongue. I passionately kissed his massive, mushroom head and prodded his peehole with my tongue.

When I felt his balls tighten in my hand, I knew I was going to taste semen for the very first time. He shot gobs and gobs of his rich, creamy goo into my mouth. I sucked and swallowed furiously. I sucked him until every drop had been milked from his gorgeous black cock. I then let him out of my mouth and just held his empty balls in my hand as I watched his penis, coated with my saliva, shrink as the mushroom head ducked back into his foreskin.

I had never seen an uncircumcised penis before. The sight caused me to take him back into my mouth and suck with renewed passion until he once again was hard. I then begged Richard to give me all of his hard black cock in my hot white pussy. He mounted me and with his first thrust, I reached an orgasm plateau I had never known before. I had multiple orgasms while he pounded that "black beauty" home. Richard told me he wanted to cream in my asshole as he pulled out and turned me on my belly. I buried my face in his pillow as he buried his massive black staff in my virgin asshole. After some discomfort, he had me moaning in ecstasy as he pumped that uncircumcised black wand of pleasure in and out of my asshole. I reached down and fondled his nuts as he spurted his load deep into my bowels.

I spent the night sucking every inch of Richard's body. I couldn't get enough of his cock or cum in my mouth. I even reamed his hairy black ass and loved every lewd lick. I let him fill my cunt with his hot love juice. I came so many times I couldn't even venture a guess. We fucked in every position possible. When his uncle called say he would pick him up in an hour, I wasted no time in giving my black lover a blow-job he would not soon forget.

How can I now go back to the gentle, yet boring sex I have with my husband after "the experience in the attic?" I have become hooked on beautiful black cocks... Richard has used his outstanding welcome to our house many times since then!



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