



Secrets of a Woman

by Anonymous Author

Technically, this is not erotica because it really happened. It is not the product of some fevered imagination, but the accurate recounting of certain events in my life shared with a rather unusual woman.

I

She would become my wife. Her name was Suzanne, Suzi for short, and she was eight years my junior, but many years my superior in the ways in which she could access inner parts of herself, especially when it came to her own pleasure. She had grown up quickly, married young, had two children, and then left her marriage after her husband had proved adulterous. I met her soon after she moved to the area

I was living in, and we hit it off immediately.

She was a petite ash blonde, full figured, with a sexy hourglass shaped body – what the Germans call "zaftig". Very engaging, a pretty smile, and possessing a love for men, both as friends and lovers, as I've met in few women. The picture above gives an idea of her gifts.

Our first date was on my 35th birthday, and after dinner at a trendy eatery on the water, we sat up until 3 am, talking and kissing in the parking lot. Because it was so late, and she was living about 30 miles away, she came back to my house where she stayed the night, in my arms and unsullied.

It wasn't until two months later that we consummated our relationship. We had gone back to my house, and were furiously necking on my bed when, with a breathy "I've waited long enough!" she suddenly unzipped her jeans. As she slipped them down her thighs, I started unbuttoning her shirt. Once I'd finished with her bra, I worked on getting myself equally as comfortable. I was surprised at how firm her breasts, being so full, and abdomen were, considering that she had had two children not too many years previously. Her skin was mildly tanned and of an exquisite softness usually only found on the inside of the upper thigh. I buried my face between her breasts and sucked my way first to one nipple, and then to the other. As she sighed with a pleasure clearly too long delayed, her hand moved to my erection and deftly squeezed and stroked it, quickly getting me hungry for penetration. I spread her thighs with my hand and felt the warm wet there between them; as my fingers worked her clitoris, she moved in a rhythm that would ensure she had as much sensation there as possible.

Moments later, her arousal got the best of her, and she pulled on my ass in order to get my now very hard dick into her. I, however, not having had sex for some time, knew I wouldn't last long enough, and instead suggested an alternative. "Do you like to play?" I asked her. Through eyes narrowed by passion, she smiled and asked what I meant. I pulled out from under the bed my old Panasonic massager, and asked her if she enjoyed such things. "I enjoy it all," she answered, and pulled the now humming toy against her wet pussy. Her feet were on the floor and as I moved between her thighs at the edge of the bed, she worked the machine's head in and around her lips and clit as her head moved deeper into the pillow, turned hard to one side and eyes shut tight in sheer pleasure. She was clearly very skilled at such play, knowing exactly where to put the massager for maximum effect, and with a total absence of self-consciousness. I entered her hard and deep then, and with that sudden, added sensation, she came immediately. Seeing her writhing in orgasm on the bed underneath me was too much, and, unable to stifle a loud groan, I joined her. I fell into her embrace and we fell soon fast asleep.

During the following months, we progressed in our lovemaking in ways similar to most new couples. We fucked in the shower regularly, as she was able to straddle me by wrapping her legs around my hips, impaling herself on me, and rotating her hips in such a way that she (and thus I) could come in a very short time. Or we might have a quickie on her parents' bathroom floor while they were in the next room watching television. Risk was for her a potent aphrodisiac.

I was delighted to find that she came very easily and quickly from straight fucking (she attributed it to her American Indian ancestry). For her almost daily "itch", a quickie was all that was required; in this, she was like a man. No long foreplay or romantic wooing, and when she was done, she was done. She would call me into bed, pull me on top of her, and after about 30 seconds of deep, short thrusts with my hard cock, her hips started their rhythmic rocking that meant she was about to come, and with a breathy groan, her fingers spasmodically digging into my arms, her orgasm would shudder through her.

Sun and heat also aroused her. After spending an afternoon at the beach or the apartment pool, she expected that the fast, yet effective, fuck would follow at home. She would peel off her bikini bottoms and jump, still wet and sandy, onto the bed, spread her legs, and beg for attention. I never ignored her pleas. It was after one of these moments, in fact, that she first revealed a side to her that would later take on huge significance. Commenting on how we often seemed to end up in bed after a day in the sun, she chuckled and admitted that tanning booths had the same effect on her. Lying naked inside the table, she rarely resisted the sexual urge stirred in her by the heat, and augmented by the nearness of strangers. One hand's fingers invariably ended up between her legs as fingers of the other worked on her nipples. She claimed she never needed more than 30 seconds to bring herself to a strong, satisfying orgasm, with the hardest part being the need to stifle her moans of pleasure.

III

With time, Suzi began to share with me more about her past: her work, her relationships, her sexuality. She told me everything about herself, and with the help of an aphrodisiac we came across in our search for new pleasures, the stories became part of the sex. All this came from her as we lay in our sensual rapture: the stories she told in bursts of confessional passion while we made slow love, the stories raising us both to never before experienced heights of sexual intoxication.

Not surprisingly, she developed early. By thirteen, she had a woman's body, and one she was very proud of. Her breasts were large and high, and she liked showing

her body off by wearing crop tops and hip hugger jeans so her abdomen was bare and a slight hint of her breasts were visible. She sought the attention of the boys in school and soon had a select group she hung out with, for whom her body was a playground. She liked making out with them in secluded places after school and during football games, and she was eager for them to explore her young firm body. She always let them fondle her breasts, for she loved the pleasure they gave her, and once or twice tried lying with a boy naked, but she never got up the nerve to go all the way.

Often during these years her attention was forcefully directed to her pussy as well. For reasons she could never fathom, sometimes just the act of getting into bed and feeling her skin against the sheets was enough to arouse her. Her nipples were especially sensitive and as she moved in bed, a sharp electric current would run from her breasts to between her legs. It both upset and thrilled her. She was compelled to touch and stroke her pussy because of these sensations, and she found in her foam body pillow a way to satisfy her uncontainable desire. Once these feelings were aroused, and she no longer needed her fingers, she would start kissing her pillow, pretending it was a boy, and, wrapping her legs around it, she made sure that one edge of it (it was triangular in shape) made contact with her clit. It was then merely a matter of slowly and firmly moving against the pillow, humping it, until she came, sometimes several times in a row.

Her sex life continued in this way until she got married several years later, and discovered new ways to enjoy herself.

IV

While one of her favorite porn videos was running on the TV, she started our nights by slipping on a black camisole, sitting at the head of the bed, and waiting for me to ravish her. Anticipation of the night's events and seeing people fucking on the screen aroused her to such a degree that, on my way to the bed, I could see her juices glistening in the soft light, flowing out from her cunt onto the sheets. If a woman came in the video, she would sigh and let out a tiny groan and shudder, and beg me even more urgently to hurry to bed. By this point, it was rare if she wasn't already touching herself somewhere.

I usually sat in front of her and stroked her breasts through the camisole, pulling on her nipples to heighten her arousal. I asked what she was feeling, and she told me that everything she felt in her breasts was moving down between her legs, lighting up her pussy. It was electric, it was swelling, it was hungry for touch and pressure. She went limp, lying against the headboard, in a sexual swoon, unable to decide if she wanted me to continue on her breasts or to move my attention to her pussy. If I moved my fingers to between her legs, she would work on her breasts. She often

took off her camisole at this point, and had me pour oil on her breasts so she could work them in an even more sensual way – she said she wanted to do nothing but play with them for hours.

If I moved back to her breasts, sucking and biting on her nipples, her hands would rush down between her legs, and begin a long slow stroking. She would push me away and make me watch her touch herself, pulling at her clit with her fingers one moment, inserting two fingers inside her cunt the next. She enjoyed the sensation, she said, of feeling her fingers inside her, exploring for the sensitive spots on the walls of her vagina.

She asked for a hand mirror and had me hold it in front of her exposed pussy so she could watch herself finger fucking herself. This would usually set off the first of the night's many orgasms for her, and she would do all she could to keep watching while she came.

The trusty Panasonic was next. Whether it was on the bed so we could watch the porn flick or on the floor in front of the full-length mirror so we could watch ourselves, Suzi would lie against me, sitting between my legs, and move the massager against her nipples and pussy slowly and playfully, arousing herself in measured steps. I think she liked the mirror best, because she liked describing how she was feeling and comparing it to how obviously wet her reflection was getting. While I played with her nipples, she talked about the sensations moving up into her vagina, how she felt it contracting in waves of pleasure, building in intensity so that a release had to happen soon. Her speech was broken by her arousal, deep sighs of passion pulled out of her by the approaching climax.

When she signaled that she was about to come, I pulled the massager away from her now very wet slit. She shuddered from the arrested passion, and begged me to give the toy back. I agreed only on the condition that she tell me again when she was about to come. The massager went back to work, again she rose to a new level of arousal, signaled me that orgasm was near, and again I pulled it away. We repeated this five or six times until she became so wound up that her orgasm, the strongest yet of the night, overtook her as soon as the massager touched her clit. She let out a loud groan, pushing the humming toy hard against her, and rode it until her orgasm subsided.

V

After several years of marriage and two kids, Suzi's and her husband's schedules gradually diverged, leaving her alone a lot. The sex began to be less and less frequent, even when she would ask for it. He was always too tired or the kids might hear. So she found other ways to ease her longing.

She was often troubled by erotic dreams during this time, and waking in the midst of them, she turned to him for satisfaction. She was rarely able to wake him though, and because she knew sleep would not follow unless something was done, she turned back away from his sleeping bulk, lay on her side, spread her legs a little, and fingered herself under the covers until she came in a burst of stifled groans. He never knew what he was missing.

She worked nights, and so usually had the mornings to herself. She would put the youngest down for a nap, and retire to the bedroom to take one herself. Wearing a t-shirt and panties, she always slept on top of the covers during the day. If sleep was slow in coming, however, she regularly turned to an old hand strap massager for relief. Turning it on, she moved her hand over her abdomen first, as she always found the vibrations very soothing. Next she moved her hand with the massager up over her breasts, concentrating on her nipples, which hardened immediately and sent the familiar current down between her legs. She could feel her panties immediately getting wet, and so slowly moved her hand down until it was resting on her pubes, sending the soothing vibrations through the bone into her sex. She stroked herself with her humming fingers in a delicious combination of pressure and vibration until the sweetness could last no longer and she came, suddenly and sharply.

VI

After Suzi had left her husband, and was working at the company where we first met, she was between relationships; she wasn't actively seeking one because the breakup of her marriage still grieved her, and she wanted to give her kids a chance to be with only her. She missed having the physical connection with a man, though, and, true to her nature, sought novel ways to overcome the lack she felt.

Her work had a small unisex bathroom for its employees, containing only a toilet and pedestal sink. When Suzi's loneliness got to be too much, she would go into the bathroom, lock the door, and stand at the sink in front of the mirror. She slowly unbuttoned her blouse so her bra was exposed, and her breasts close at hand. She preferred front hooking bras (they made her feel sexy and always available), so a simple movement was all it took to free them. She also favored long skirts that buttoned down the front or side, so while she watched in the mirror, she unbuttoned the skirt almost all the way up to the waistband. By opening the skirt and pushing it to one side, she had access to her sex. She moved her pelvis up against the sink edge so that her clit made firm contact with the cool porcelain, and as she supported herself with one hand, she pushed her cunt slowly and rhythmically against the sink. Her arousal grew as she pulled at her nipples and watched herself in the mirror becoming hotter and hotter. She pushed harder the

closer to orgasm she got, and if she felt bold, would sometimes pull back from coming too soon, instead letting the contractions fade before she continued. Less than a minute was all it usually took to finish, again the risk of being caught sweetening her pleasure.

Following our fun in the mirror, she would don her bathrobe and invite me into the bathroom to watch her. As I stood behind her, fondling her breasts, she opened her robe, and pushed her cunt onto the sink edge, and recreated for me her passionate solos from so many years before. She fondled herself too, and she would tell me everything she did alone then, and what she felt, as she was doing for me now. Soon, her eyes shut in a passionate swoon, she would go limp against me as she came. We returned to the bedroom, and, as I watched, she would mount the corner of the bed in the same way as she did the sink and move against it until she came again.

VII

By this time, Suzi was hungry for more direct contact. She lay down and, as I started sucking and licking her pussy, inserted one of our toy dildos into her vagina, pushing it in only a little at first, and then deeper as her excitement increased. She started pulling on her nipples to increase her frenzy, so I took over on the dildo. The combination was more than she could handle and her first orgasm followed swiftly; there was no dreamy sexual languor here. She got into a state of such arousal that each orgasm quickly followed the one before it, producing a series of twelve to fifteen that she counted off with her fingers as they happened. In the short intervals between each climax, she tried to tell me what she was feeling, and it all came out in a jumble:

"Oh God, they are not stopping!" Orgasm.

"I'm not getting all the way back down before the next one starts..." Orgasm.

"I wish you could feel thi..." Orgasm.

"It's coming from so deep...ohhhh..." Orgasm.

And so it went on like this for a blissful eternity.

Sometimes, if we had company staying the night, she liked to insert a vibrating dildo up inside her, put on panties to keep it in, and go into the kitchen – only a few feet from our sleeping guests - to fetch something to eat or drink. I had to help her then because the sensations from it vibrating inside her while she was walking were so strong that it was all she could do to prevent herself from coming while at

the refrigerator or cupboard. She could only take a few steps before having to stop when a fresh wave of voluptuous ripples passed through her; she gripped the counter to steady herself, trying holding off the inevitable orgasm. Returning with great relief to the bedroom, she leaned against the wall and let the vibrator finish its work on her as I watched.

And still she wanted more, the Big One, and she knew how to get it. With the massager tight against her clit and one dildo deep in her pussy, she rolled over and had me slowly push the other dildo, sufficiently oiled, into her anus. It went in a little at a time, her husky sighs and moans signaling to me that she was getting intense pleasure from this new violation. I asked her if she wanted me to stop; she frantically shook her head "no," and told me she wanted more of it. When it had gone in as far as it could, Suzi rolled back over, sat up, and used the heel of her foot to keep it in. With one hand she held herself up, with the other she used the massager, and I worked the dildo in her vagina. I saw she was building to a massive climax as she rocked back and forth, moving the dildo in her ass up and down, her head thrown back in an intoxicated frenzy, completely oblivious to her surroundings. Noises I'd never heard before came from her; her rocking became more frantic and lost its rhythm as her orgasm approached, her whole body shook violently as it passed through her, and a loud guttural moan was pulled from her throat as she collapsed on the bed, completely in its unstoppable grip. It was a while before it was done with her, and now freed from their earlier work, her hands slowly roved over her breasts, pinching and squeezing, milking the last voluptuous sensations from them, as the last sweet spasms subsided below.

She slept.

It is not the intention of this archive to infringe on anyone's copyright. We accept the word of the contributors at face value -- but if an author or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this archive -- and wishes it removed, we will do so immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators. Thank you. *The Staff*

[Kristen's Illustrated Archive](#)

[erotic stories](#)

[free 2 find](#)

[offer fun](#)