the younger man

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After her earlier escapades with an older lover, this time she finds a much younger man giving her a lot of attention. She is flattered and he enjoys having the opportunity with his boss. Their early relationship quickly moves on in the first month to more than just kissing.

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For the years after her first extra marital relationship we enjoyed the memories of her days out with him and these featured in our fantasies.We both remained aware of the excitement it had brought to our relationship and she would wear revealling outfits and let me watch other men looking at her or flirt with her. She enjoyed teasing me and them, but nothing more happened.

Then she started mentioning a young lad at work he was only 19 and so 11 years her junior, but he seemed to feature in her accounts of her works social eveings. Finally she admitted to liking him and having fantasised about having sex with him. I don't think either of us thought it would go any further, he was young and drank and smoked neither of which were things she approved of. However, I noticed her work outfits were becoming increasingly tight and sexy, she was clearly making sure he noticed her cute body.

One evening she had an evening of squash with her manager and the young boy, on her return home I asked her how it had gone. Clearly she had enjoyed the evening and I discovered she had wore her thin white top, short skirt and panties, but had not taken a bra. She admitted that playing against the two men was very strenuous and the top had cling to her sweaty body. Her description of her breasts and nipples being very evident and her short skirt pulled up high to show off her buttocks, was clearly to tease me, but also she admitted that her boss and the young boy had both watched her intently and she had enjoyed it. I was intrigued and asked her more about her "toy boy", I did consider the options of him being able to please her but also the possibility of her making a fool of herself.

The next day she went into work in a long translucent dress and a low cut top, I thought she looked great but I wasn't sure what he would think. That evening when she came home I mentioned how good she looked and she laughed, she admitted that he also had said something similar when she had bent over his desk to talk to him. I asked her how much he had been able to see and she bent over in front of me to demonstrate. I was shocked to realise that the top just hung loose and I could see her naked breasts and even her stomach. I mentioned that it was quite a sight and that she was in effect topless when she bent forward, and she smiled and said she had noticed his eyes were fixed on her breasts. It was obvious she was happy to encourage him and to share any progress with me. In bed I only had to mention his name for her to become aroused and start groaning, but I was still unsure if she would get any further with him.

Things then started to step up, she had gone out to a girls night out and discovered that he had spent the night wandering the town unsuccessfully looking for her, then they had to go to a business meeting with the manager. She dressed in tught black trousers, black jacket and white silk blouse, she looked very smart, but on the journey home will the manager dtove she sat in the back of the car with him. She removed her jacket to reveal the silk top which clearly revealled she was not wearing a bra. She sat close to him and casually let her hand touch his, she admitted to feeling very aroused and having made a bit of a fool of herself, stroking his hand and removing the jacket. Even with her manager in the front seat she had made the first move.

It seemed he was happy with her attentions and he hinted to her about an evening out he had planned. She took the hint and I returned home that evening to find a note that she had gone to a nightclub with him, I checked her wardrobe to try and get an idea of what she was wearing. I noticed her black leather mini skirt was not in the wardrobe, her note had ended with an exclaimation mark after his name and the fact she had the mini skirt on meant a lot. She arrived home at 2am and found me still awake and desperate to hear what had happened. She described how she had brought him into our home while she changed for the night out and left me the note, and then they had gone to his home and she had met his mother and talked to his mother about his problems with girlfriends which was quite bizarre. They went out to the nightclub and she had acted as his girlfriend chatting to his young friends, he had drunk a lot of beer which later turned out to be dutch courage

(so he wasn't sure of her intentions after all). Once he had lost his inhibitions they had kissed and he told her that he had dreamt of having sex with her from the first time they were introduced.She admitted that he was quite drunk and she had not taken advantage, but she now knew that this affair could go much further. I remained aroused by the thought of another man, but also concerned as it was a much closer work relationship and he was very young it could go horribly wrong, but I didn't want to intervene and waited for the next stage. Unlike last time they were meeting everyday in our home town, at work and most evenings so things were moving very quickly.

By the end of the first month the next stage had been achieved and they had gone beyond fondling and kissing.

As before she did tell me she would keep me informed and wrote down an account of their first time, needless to say I have read this thousands of times since. Looking back now I can see how she was enjoying the seduction even though a young randy man did not take much seduction of course. Even though the evening did not go too far it proved that they were both keen to go further, and once again she was enjoying sex with a relative stranger in a public place.

her account....

Hot and very sweaty squash was followed by a drink at the squash club bar , then goodbye to friends as we went on to another bar. By closing time there had been a few tentative kisses and he had touched my leg a couple of times and put his arm around me. So when he said lets go somewhere quiet I wasn't really expecting much to happen.

I parked the car by the wasteland and we walked down the main path. Of course when we stopped walking we had to decide what to do next -if anything. So we went quite a way down the path. We finally halted at a fairly open stretch of openland and he pulled me close under his coat and kissed me, his tongue probing inside my mouth. He squeezed my hips and put his hand up my

loose shorts to stroke my buttocks. Then he laid down on the ground and pulled me down on top of him, kissing my earlobes and neck, his hands groping over my buttocks all the time. We were both breathing a little heavily. I undid his trousers and stroked his penis which was hard and damp.

Then he rolled over on top of me and pulled my blouse up over my breasts and began to lick me. He ran his tongue over my nipple and right down to my groin several times, then he sucked at my breast while his hand groped inside my damp silky knickers and his fingers slid between my legs. I was very wet for him as he pushed his fingers inside me rhythmically, kissing me passionately, alternatively sucking and licking my breasts. I think I was doing a lot of gasping.

I don't know how long this went on for, quite some time I think. I was very close to orgasm several times. He said he would like to fuck me in the grass when he finally stopped. He didn't even give me a chance to do anything to him, maybe next time, eh?

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