

A Hot Night With A Married Woman

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I met her when I was doing the final year of my masters in U.K. I happened to be attending one of those parties thrown by one of my classmates. The club was warm and comfy, lot of scantily clad girls and good music to go along. It was Aksh's birthday and we were expecting few friends to join us. I was middle of my second drink when I saw her and few friends enter the room. I knew her friend, her name was shiksha. She used to stay near my apartment. We knew each other for sometime now. But what caught my attention was her friend. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. Her pink top hugged her full breasts. A pink skirt with lot of legs showing and 4 inch heels completed her outfit. She was around 5'4 with shoulder length hair and a body to die for. Just looking at her gave me very bad hard on. She reminded me of the girl wearing pink skirt in Ricky Martin's video "She Bangs". They came straight to our table and Shiksha introduced us to her. Her name was Sonal. She was doing her studies in U.K. We hit off really well since she like me was born and brought up in India and we shared many tastes. So we had so many things to talk about home our interests and other things. Through the course of conversation I came to know she was married but luckily for me her husband was working somewhere in India and was not with her.

The neckline of her top was deep and I was finding very difficult not to stare. Her round firm breasts were bulging out of her top and I could make out she was not wearing her bra. Within a short time we were able to establish a good rapport with each other. Of course the flowing booze and two-three rounds of tequila shots helped the progress. Slowly she was getting into the groove of party and started swaying to the music. I asked her if she cared to dance with me and she said why not. I grabbed her hand and moved to where everyone was dancing. The place was packed. Having suitably immersed ourselves into the throng, I turned and began to move to the music. She followed my lead. She had beautiful rhythm and she was really moving to the music, her braless tits were jiggling with her movements. I could make out her hard nipples trying to pop out through the dress. Her legs were long and flawless and her skirt rode higher with her movements revealing more and more of her sexy thighs. Since the room was packed it was hard not to keep from bumping into those around. We found ourselves uncontrollably bumping into each other. I didn't mind. Sonal was as beautiful as anyone I have ever seen. The drinks and the music and the sight of her swaying butt and tits soon left me a leaking dick. My cock was trying to push a way out of my pants.

During next song, Sonal was dancing with her back to me. Her hair brushed against my face. Suddenly, she lost her step and she fell into me. I caught her by the waist and pulled her back to her feet. I could feel her full breast against my palms. Now there was no hiding my growing erection. I could tell

by the look in her eye that she knew exactly what was pressing on to her back. For a moment both us did not know how to react. To get diplomatically out of the situation I told her I needed to catch my breath. Both of us went back and refilled our drinks. She had strange smile on her lips. I really did not know how to react since usually Indian woman are really loyal to their husbands and react rather violently to even to smallest of a pass. She started asking about my girl friend and I told her I did not have one. I asked her how is managing without her husband and she said “ well it is tough, u know”.

To reduce the tension in my head I started talking to other people around me and started gulping the drinks rather fast. May be it was the alcohol, I knew I had to do something or atleast give it a try. Sonal was sitting right next to me. I started pressing my thighs against her. Since she did not show any reaction I started moving feet against her. Then also she showed no reaction. Everyone in the group has stopped dancing and were enjoying the drinks. Someone said a good joke and I pretending to be laughing heartily put my hand on her thigh as an accident. Then also she did not respond. This encouraged me and I started moving my hands along her thighs, she closed her thighs but continued talking to shiksha and others as though nothing happened.

My dick was near point of explosion now, I always wanted to fuck a married woman, it was my greatest fantasy, to feel one next to me was driving me crazy. I asked her to dance with me again. This time we really immersed into crowd where no one from the group could notice us. I held her by the waist while we danced, feeling her hour glass waist line. Slowly I moved closer so that I could press my hard on against her legs. By the look in her eyes, I could make out she was really horny. Her nipples were jutting through her dress. I knew this was my last chance. I pulled her close and kissed her on her lips. I could feel the wetness of her mouth in his. The feeling was overwhelming – the warm massage of her tongue in mine and the pressure of her body against my body. I put one hand in her tits and started squeezing it. With other hand I started squeezing her tight butt. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was half open. She was now rubbing her crotch against my dick. The feeling was exquisite, I wanted to take her there and then. I slipped my hand between our bodies and felt her wet cunt. It was totally wet and her juices were flowing. She started grinding her married cunt against my fingers. Soon I was shagging her publicly. She had really become a bitch in heat. But the crowd and crazy strobe lights prevented any one from watching us. Looking at her face I could feel her explosion growing inside. Suddenly she hugged me tight and said “fuck I am coming” and came all over my hand.

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