

Experience with experienced woman

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Like most of you I like married woman. Although it is difficult to seduce married wives coming from good homes, but once you did, they indeed make your efforts and waiting worthwhile. They fuck tirelessly, without the fuss of shown by young, inexperienced girls. I especially like the women, who even after fucking several times, show a lot of hesitation and feel shy before taking off their clothes before me and getting fuck another time. Kusuma was such an example and I would to share her, sorry, experience of fucking her with you.

Being a student of literature kusuma had developed a hobby of reading books. Her marriage to a person with a taste only for business rather for books had hindered kusuma's love for books. Her husband would buy a silk sari worth three thousand, but hates to buy a book worth fifteen rupees. I met kusuma in one of the neighborhood functions. She was a nicely built 5' 6" woman, with round lovable face. What attracted my first attention were her prominent breasts, which were evident even from behind the cover of her sari, blouse and bra. Though she did not have a narrow waist, her broad and swaying buttocks made it look narrow. Her lips were thick and promised ounces of juice when kissed ardently. What made me feel particularly sexy about this woman was that she was a mother on child. Her son was about 5 years, then. Fine, you can not get all the women you like to your hot bed, forget it.

But when kusuma visited my home to borrow books from my collections and our friendship grew more and more intimate and when she revealed once that her husband does not know about the visit she makes to my house, my urge for having this sumptuous woman under me. I had no idea if she had any of this kinds of thoughts about me.

We grew quite free with each other. Once when came for changing the books, I told her I was busy and she can go upstairs and take any book she likes. When she walked up the stairs, the sight of her fleshy ass swinging left and right was tortuous. It was very difficult for me not run for from behind, grab her from behind with me face rubbing on her warm flesh and perhaps lift her sari and fuck her straight right on the stairs. But I thought it would disastrous with a married and dignified woman like kusuma.

I went upstairs after a while. I found her picking books from the shelf. She kept talking to me while going through the bookshelf. It gave an opportunity to look at her from one side. She possessed a shape of shilabalika of belur temple. Her ass rightly rounded behind her and her breast protruded proportionately in front of her. When ever she lift and arm and angled her feet to reach books at a higher compartment her sari gave away a charming show of her naked waist and breasts further tightening behind her blouse.

I went near her. On the pretext of picking books standing behind her, I made tentative attempts at touching her soft body with mine. She did not either mind it or was totally unaware of it. In one of such moves I put me both arms on either side of her and picked up a book. This made me press my front on to her voluptuous ass. We were arguing about which book she should take this time, picking and replacing them, our bodies touched several times and at several places.

With kusuma's mature body, fresh after bath, with a small bunch of jasmine in her tresses, with a lot of lust for her pressuring from inside me, it was hard to keep away. When next time kusuma lifted her both arms to pick a book from top level I just grabbed her from behind and took her soft and warm body fully into my hungry arms.

Kusuma seemed to be shocked by the event and inactive for a very brief moment. Then immediately she started struggling to escape from my grip. From the position that I had held her, with her arms lifted above her head, she was almost defenseless. I decided for a resolute attack. Now or never kind of situation. I placed my palms right on her breasts and held her tighter. At the same time I pushed my erection on to her ass. I mumbled saying that, 'kusum I want you kusuma.. I want you so much darling..' kusuma did not say a word but intensified her scuffle to get away from me.

She turned around so that she could push me away. I had to change me grip. I held her tight by her waist. Looking at her swigging breasts my desire for her was further enraged. I wanted those voluminous flesh balls to crush on my chest. Her arms were still above our heads when I forcibly embraced her tight to my chest. When she lowered her hands, she could not help putting them around my neck. I lowered both my hands down to her sumptuous ass, holding each of her ample ass cheeks I pulled her harshly towards me.

Her luxurious thighs touched and rubbed mine. I caressed and pressed her ass flesh mercilessly. I pressed kusuma to the wall and I pushed one of my thighs between her soft thighs and further pressed her buttocks towards me. I lifter her arms and nailed them to the wall above her head. Her breasts, by now quite swollen by the manipulation, were heaving up and down. Kusuma seemed quit the struggle. She was at my mercy now. What she thought I didn't know, what I wanted became much clearer looking at that bundle of sexual pleasure.

I again took her in my arms and dragged her a step or two and pushed her on to my bed. Before she could recollect herself I fell on her body straight and kept her pressed to the bed. With her back flatly pressed to the bed, her breasts became more prominent and inviting. Despite all this I wanted her willingness to invade her lascivious body.

For the first time after attack kusuma looked straight into my eyes and asked me in a low and submissive voice, 'why are you doing this to me?' I said as clearly and resolutely as that, 'I wanted to make you mine, I wanted to taste from inside out, and I liked to possess you. I wanted to make my fantasies about you real ' 'I am a married woman.' she said meekly. 'that is what made me like you. I wanted to fuck a real dutiful wife of another person. I wanted to fuck you honey.' leaning above her body I described each part of her body in a very poetic form, which perhaps made her melt. Her resistance died down and she became soft.

With her hands stills in mine pressing them on the bed kusuma looked away from me. I neared her beautiful face and whispered in her lovely ear, 'kusuma can I kiss you, honey?' 'how can you expect a married woman like me say yes to you.' (but you can go ahead- she did not say, perhaps meant it.) I straighten her face to face mine. Her lovely lips were quivering. They were sensuously parted only a bit. I freed her arms being quite sure that she would not struggle any more, I bend on her face and placed a very soft and brief kiss on her virgin (for me) lips. I was only a test dose. She kept herself still, closed eyed. This time I put my hot lips on hers and my kissing was hungrier and more forceful . At first her lips seemed very tasteless. But with my body now rubbing hers lightly, and my lips forcing hers to part more and touch the inner parts, her mouth became sweet and hotter. She writhed her body restlessly. She could not even bear that much stolen pleasure. When I tried at the same time try to keep my hand on heaving breasts she suddenly pushed my face away.

"you are a bastard. I think you can any woman melt under you. Now I know why my sister, latha craves to get made love by you." with a pretension of surprise I asked, "do you know that your sister, latha comes here often to get fucked?" "yes, I do." "not only latha, your another sister, majula also comes here often. Sweet little pussy. I have fucked her only twice, honey." the sincere surprise on kusuma's face hearing that little, innocent sister also gets fucked by me, was very sensuous to look at. Brushing away my hand which was trying to grab her fleshy globes kusuma asked me, 'then you should have taken parvathi also.' I said, "no. Though pari also want to get fucked, but she does not interest me. She too thin and weak to take fucking. I don't get as much excited to see her as I do when I see you, honey." I again rubbed my erect prick under my lungi, and put my face on her blossom.

Kusuma, allowing me to lie lightly on her body, but not letting me feel her breasts, asked me teasingly. "you have been taking the young girls in series, why do you want me, a married woman with one kid.?" "That is your specialty, honey. You are a married and experienced, hot and gorgeous. Your sisters are only like snacks. But you are like a sumptuous dinner. I am terribly hungry, kusum, let me bite you, let crush you and let me please eat you entirely." kusuma started laughing. She seemed relaxed and in a little sensuous mood.

“tell me what you do with my sisters, each time they come here.” kusuma surprised me with this question. This some one else’s pious wife was lying under me, likely to be forced into fucking, asks me describe how I make love to her sisters. I wanted to play my own game. I said, if you allow me to put my little master inside your pussy, I will narrate everything with my prick inside you. She protested. Whether I told her what I did with her sisters or not I wanted anyway to fuck this woman.

In an attempt to stops her struggle I pressed my body little more closely to hers. Her soft and warm body excited me further. My prick hardened so much that it was trying to pears through the fabric of her sari. I bared her breasts removing her sari cover. Her flesh balls were fabulously rolling on her chest. They were bursting out of her tight blouse. I knew that it is not a good idea to denude a typical Indian wife completely, not at least in the first encountered. So I put my mouth on her blouse covered breast and started eating one of them. At the same time my hand was pressing and kneeling her another breast. I put both my legs tight around hers to stop her thighs making violent motions. My prick sat snugly between her things.

I shifted my mouth to hers and inserted my tongue into her wet mouth and wrestled with her sweet tongue. This was a little too much for that woman moderately used by her husband. She started cooing and moaning very deeply but silently. I held her by her shoulders and turned sides. This brought her on top of me. To stop herself from falling she had to spread her leg and support herself on her knees. I put my hands on dainty buttocks and crush the flesh there. I made jerking movement of my prick as if I was fucking her. I held her bouncing boobs and again started squeezing them. Kusuma seemed to gradually submit herself. She leaned on me pressing her soft and hot body to mine and brought her face near mine. She actually wanted to kiss me but was hesitant to show her desire. I turned my face to her and held her face which has become lovelier with her sexual arousal and kissed her.

I once again put her on the bed crushed under me and caressed her fabulous body hungrily. For the first time kusuma said, with her eyes closed, ‘please don’t hurt me.’ this was a conditional permission granted. I didn’t want hurt this lovely woman, I just wanted to make to love to her.

While pressing and eating her motherly breasts, I slowly lifted her sari inch by inch. As the sari went up and up her breath became faster and her breast started heaving with mounting excitement and expectant insertion of a strange person’s penis into the depths of her cunt. Finally I raised her sari to her waist level and uncovered a lovely pussy. She wore no panty and pussy seemed newly shaven. Many women get turned off when man starts staring at their cunts. I removed my lungi, lifted my waist with my rock hard prick dangling downwards; slowly parted kusumas lovely things and descended between her

round fleshy thighs.

When the tip of my prick touched her cunt lips kusuma jerked her body as if shocked by the development. I pursued and entered her already wet and excited cunt with one resolute push. Kusuma pushed her waist involuntarily and this took another two inches of hot prick into her. When I settled I was deep inside her valley, kusuma became restless. She started moving her waist as if in an effort have my dick deeper in her cunt. I could feel her crotch making involuntary movements upwards. She wanted it. She kept her hands on my buttocks and pulled me towards her sexily moaning in deep voice. I gave a taste of how it feels when my rock hard cock rubs into her slipper pussy. She cried with delight. 'Do it do it..' she begged almost silently. But changed my strategy.

I lifted my upper body from her and started at her lovely face gleaming sexual excitement. I slowly but deliberately kneaded her voluminous breasts. She opened her eyes. I started talking to her while making very minute jerking movements inside her cunt. "kusu Your sisters are really hot. First I took manju. She was a little too ripen for her senior high school age. First time I had used a little bit of force to enter her tight pussy, but surprisingly she her cunt soon became hot, slippery and allowed the entire dick of mine to move in and out."

While caressing kusuma's ripen breasts I continues, "manju has a fabulous pair of boobs. They stand out like tennis balls, from her chest. I could hold them and roll them in my hands." because of my handling of her sensitive breast, kusuma moaned softly. "yes, manju also used to moan like you do now.. Very sexily.. That would encourage me further to squeeze all over.."

My hardened dick was poking between kusuma's thighs. She was aware of it. She adjusted her thighs in such a way to receive the rub on her cunt. "what about asha?" "oh, asha was another sweet pussy, kusum. Though she is two years elder to manju she is much more shy and hesitant. But after she learnt about manju her younger sister getting the rare pleasure from me.. She started giving shy signal to me. I caught not only her signals but, once her eager and sexy body itself. Her breasts are small but very firm. I cant hold her breast like manju's or yours." I gave another fondling to her lovely breasts. "but I like to put my mouth on her sweet little titties and eat them and bite them at their nipples. She moans and struggle to get away from my mouth, but I hold her tight at her back and eat her more and more."

While saying this, I was rubbing my face on kusum's blouse clad breasts, I put my mouth on them and started biting their tips. Her blouse had drenched in my saliva and her bra was showing. Surprised and aroused by this kind of manipulation kusuma had started wrestling her body to escape from my mouth attack. In an attempt to make her available to me, I held tight by her waist

and turned my self down. With this movement, now kusum was on top of me. She laid on me with her thighs tightly put together. I knew they would part very soon and allow my dick to have a go between them. So I didn't bother about it.

Holding kusuma's lovely face in my hands and placing a light kiss on her red lips, I continued to knead her boobs. Because of the position her sari dropped from exposing her globes. Half of her swollen breasts were spilling out of tight blouse. When she herself felt like rubbing her breasts to my chest, I shifted my hands to her soft buttocks. When I caressed and patted her sexy ass she started jelling between her thighs. In response to it, her thighs start spreading. Sari eventually rose up to her upper thighs. I could insert my hand under sari and petticoats and caress her soft and warm skin on her buttock. She did not wear a panty. So I could insert my finger between her ass cheeks and reach her hot pussy. Kusuma jerked to avoid my attack there.

I continued with narration. "kusum, your sister asha has a fine pair of tight ass. I like caressing it and squeezing the ass cheeks like this. Because of the sexual excitement her petite breasts start itching. So asha starts grinding her little breasts on to my face, give their titties into my mouth and asks me bite them like this.." I again bit kusuma's big tits, holding her breasts in both hands. By this time my prick had stood up like a flag pose and now then tentatively touching kusuma's bared pussy lips. When kusuma became conscious of this, she started sighing heavily. Her pussy lips became wet and hot. Once my prick tip made a brief entry into the threshold of her pussy. Kusuma jumped.

"her legs being long and slim, asha when lies down on me like this her pussy open and she takes my prick gradually into her warm and wet pussy. Kusum, asha is fond of taking my prick according to her convenient, inch by inch into her willing pussy. She has a wonderful way of pounding her ass on my prick, using my erect penis as a piston.. .."

By this time kusum had gone completely mad. My prick had a full entry into her experienced mature cunt. She had involuntarily moved her ass, her waist in such a way that my prick rubbed all over inside of her love box. She was already grinding as massive buttocks on me prick. I found that kusuma was not responding to my talk anymore.

I thought it was unfair to delay the final act any more as my lovely kusuma had become red hot and was awaiting the beating. I threw her down on the bed, spread her dainty thighs, looked at the cunt lips making welcome dance, drenched in her own cunt juices. I came over her body, while holding her beautiful orbs in both hand pushed my waist down. My erect rod finds its way right through gaping pussy. For once, kusuma opened her eyes, which were looking heavy with sexual excitement. I started to hump her cunt with right

earnest. I really forgot both her younger sisters whom I had fucked similarly on this same bed. I got engrossed in the bliss that this married, experienced woman was pouring limitlessly on me.

We remained friends and lovers for a long two years. Being educated and grown up she knew how to keep her homely affairs and that with mine separately. That is what makes a married woman adorable.

So you now know that I love married, experienced woman, not only for straight fuck but also to just chit chat, or exchange email so experience married women of Gujarat and especially from Baroda can mail me.. I like you, if you like me. Write at :

Aatish_patel2001@yahoo.com

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