

## Back to Back

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*Disclaimer: The following story is entirely fictional and the characters are not related to anyone or any situation living or dead. It is a product of the author's imagination only. This story involves graphic sexual situations. If it is illegal in your area to read such stories or if you are of not the proper age, please STOP reading right now and leave.*

Karen stepped out of the shower, dripping wet, and wrapped a towel around her nude form. She stepped into the master bedroom of the apartment she shared with her husband, Steve. The apartment was a small one but it was home. She heard the television playing in the living room through the bedroom door which was open a crack. Her husband was watching a movie, something violent and science fiction. Definitely not up her alley. It was Friday night so he wouldn't be to bed until the movie was over and then he might even watch another movie. She didn't know. Their DVD collection was pretty extensive.

She gently closed the door and went to the queen sized bed in the middle of the room. She let the towel drop to the floor and looked at her nudity in the large mirror on her dresser. She had lost a lot of weight in the past year and was looking especially good if she did say so herself even for a forty year old, even for twenty year old. She had creamy white skin which was smooth and soft. Her husband loved to caress her soft skin all over her body. He would say he was "a junkie" for her flesh.

She ran her hands up her sides, shivering slightly at the feel of her own touch, and held her breasts in her palms, her nipples pointing hard from the cold air after the shower. They weren't extra large but they fit nicely in a person's hands. They were another aspect that her husband loved about her body. He couldn't keep her hands off her. She gently squeezed the fleshy globes, rolling her brown areolas between her fingers.

Karen sighed and laid down on to her back on the bed, her head hitting the pillow with a puff. With her husband preoccupied, she knew she had some time. She pinched her nipples, feeling the sharp tingle go down her spine. She closed her eyes and began to fantasize. She thought about a young stud, one younger and with more stamina than her middle aged husband. She imagined him caressing her, telling her how beautiful she was. She imaged his naked form, his erect penis, something her husband had difficulty with, sticking straight out in front of him.

She quietly moaned at the image. Her hands slid down her sides at the same time her thighs opened. The moistness between her legs could have been mistaken for water from the shower she just took but she knew better. The dark pubic hair around the lips were matted and wet, sticking together in clumps. Her fantasy image had her aroused. In fact, she had been aroused all day. It had been a slow day at her job so she found herself reading a trashy novel she had found online for free. There were quite a few sexually charged scenes in the book which, of course, got her sexually charged.

She delved one hand to open her pink fleshy lips, her fingers combing through her soft fur as she did so, and with the other she dipped her fingers into the gash. She quickly found her clit and began to massage

it gently. The electricity shooting through her body made her shiver and moan a little louder than before.

Unbeknownst to Karen, on the other side of the headboard, her husband sat on a couch. Yes, he had a movie playing but he wasn't really watching it. He was, instead, surfing the internet on his laptop. Specifically, he searched for porn. There was tons of it out there and he had been addicted to it since puberty. Now, it was pretty much the only thing that could get his erection up and pounding anymore.

It wasn't that he didn't love his wife or that their sex life was bad, it was simply a fact that he wasn't very good lover in bed. He tried his best but most of the time he needed a pill of some sort just to get a hard on long enough to slide into his wife and then be ejaculating within mere minutes. Not enough time at all to satisfy his wife the way he wanted to satisfy her, how she deserved to be satisfied. He had become pretty good at oral sex, if he did say so himself.

He found a particularly good video and watched it with intense interested. He moved his sweat shorts down under his scrotum, freeing his package. He wasn't hard yet but with this particular sex video and some manipulation, his full six inches would be rock solid. That was another of his problems. His cock wasn't that big which didn't make Karen very happy during intercourse most times.

So, they ended up doing what they were doing now, masturbating in separate rooms with a wall separating them so they could both get the relief they so desperately need some days.

Steve watched intently as an older woman with a thick body and large breasts lay on her back playing with her fingers between her legs. She moaned over and over. For Steve, the sound was the most important part of any video. He loved to hear the sounds of pleasure created during sex. He gripped his soft member between his thumb and forefinger and began to move the foreskin up and over the head very slowly, rubbing the sensitive head with each stroke.

Before long, he felt it begin to rise. It jerked and moved, pointing to the sky.

To his back and behind a wall, Karen rubbed her pussy up and down, spreading the moist juices all around. She inserted a finger into her vagina, imagining it was her young stud sinking his steel rod into her. The finger disappeared, knuckle by knuckle, into the fleshy tunnel. She couldn't help but moan, licking her lips.

She sat up in bed, putting her back against the headboard. If there was no wall, she and her husband's back would be touching at that very moment as they jerked themselves ever closer to orgasm.

Karen spread her legs open further, putting her bare feet flat on the bed, bending her knees toward the ceiling. She moved her finger in and out of her wet pussy while her other hand rubbed her clitoris. Her mouth opened up and she gasped in a long breath.

"Oh god," she whispered.

The finger became a blur of motion, shaking her thighs and sending ripples through her breasts. In one stroke, she added a second finger and she let out a moan, a loud one. At first, she was worried that Steve had heard it but she knew the television was too loud for him to hear. She never stopped her manipulations between her legs, however.

Steve was now stroking in a slow, determinate rhythm on a now iron flesh pole. His hand wrapped around it tightly and he moved up and down the shaft. He watched and listened closely to the video on the laptop screen. The older lady was now getting hard pounded by some younger man, someone old enough to be her son. He was between her legs in missionary position, his smooth butt rising and falling, the slapping of their bodies clearly on the video. The youngster on the screen obviously had much more stamina and was a much better fuck than the woman had ever had. This was evident by her screaming and crying. She kept repeating “yes yes yes” over and over and kept insisting her partner “fuck me” and “fuck me harder.” It was likely this was all an act but it was a good one. It made him horny as hell to watch.

Steve’s breath came and went in quick gasps at the pleasure his fist was giving to him. He flipped his tank top over his head to bare his large, hairy belly. He thought, maybe hoped, that he might shoot a lot of cream once he did orgasm and wanted to feel it all over his chest and not all over his clothes.

Karen breathed heavy, panting, as her fingers worked at her pussy opening. She could feel she was close but her orgasm just wouldn’t go over the edge like she wanted.

She stopped and rolled onto her side, her tits rolling with the gravity and reached for the top drawer of her night stand. She needed help getting her orgasm to come out of hiding. She needed her vibrating friend. She brought out the curved purple vibrator and quickly turned it on. It buzzed quietly.

She brought the instrument to her clit and re-inserted her two sticky fingers back into her vagina. She placed the buzzing shaft against her clit. It sent a wave of overwhelming pleasure through her. She arched her back, flailing her head back, her mouth open. Her head knocked softly on the wall. If her husband hadn’t been so involved with his own activities, the sound would have made him think she was calling for him. She moaned at the feeling and knew it wouldn’t be long now until release came.

Her husband felt close too. His fist moved up and down his small shaft at a lightning speed, a blur of motion between his hairy thighs. A soft but rather loud slapping sound indicated his urgency and his fist impacting with his bouncing balls with each stroke. He couldn’t even remember now what movie he had chosen to watch. It was totally blocked out now as he worked his cock toward a throbbing orgasm.

At about the same time the porn star on the laptop was accepting her young lover’s sperm on her breasts, Karen began cumming. Her muscles in her legs and thighs seized up. She stopped her fingers from continuing their in and out action in her pussy and held the buzzing vibrator tight to her clit. Her whole body shivered and shuddered, her back arching and her eyes shut tight. She imagined her young lover’s pulsating member inside her and almost thought she felt him shoot inside her.

“Oh shit,” she said.

She let out a groan and her head rolled to one side. Sweat appeared on her forehead as she felt her vagina muscles clamp shut and pulsated at her fingers.

At the same time, in the living room to her back, Steve let out a moan as well. His cock jerked and throbbed. White cream flew from his penis, landing on his chest. This was followed by several more similarly powerful jets, each time his cock recoiled like a deck gun on a battleship. Then it would shoot another round.

He grunted, trying to be quiet so as not to wake up his wife. She was probably fast asleep anyway. The relieved feeling washed over him as the last of his semen dribbled out over the strained purple head of his cock and coated his hand in a frosty glaze.

Karen's arched back slowly lowered back down to the bed. She let the vibrator, still buzzing, fall to her side next to her hip. Her clit was far too sensitive now. Her breath came and went in quick gasps as she tried to catch her breath. Her breasts rose and fell on her chest in quick time to her breath. She lowered one knee but kept the other up. The moisture dripped down from between her thighs and soaked the sheets beneath her. Her creamy thighs covered in a clear wetness.

She took a deep breath and let it out in a long cleansing sigh. That had been a good one. Now, she was sleepy and needed to sleep. She returned her vibrator to the drawer, put on some pink panties and laid her head on the pillow to sleep.

Steve sat for a moment himself, feeling the warmth of his semen on his body. After a while, he reached for a roll of paper towels he kept nearby and cleaned himself up. He turned off the laptop and closed it. Flipping his tank top back to its normal position and pulling his shorts back up, cream still leaking into his underwear, he returned to watching the television, getting back into the movie. It took a while for him to catch his breath.

Later, he would return to his bed with his wife who would already be fast asleep. They both would sleep like babies.