

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 7 My Sexy Milf

I continued to screw her slowly, and as I deep stroked her, she softly climaxed on my c\*ck. "Ooh yeah, I love that," she exclaimed, wriggling her butt with my c\*ck still in her.

"By the way, the pancakes are done," she added as I continued to mess her up.

I just sort of grunted at her. "Patrick, baby....oooh f\*ck..." You need to eat....ahhhh....so you can keep... mmmm, yes... "Build up your strength; I want you to dig me deep afterwards."

She tried to converse while I continued to impale her on my c\*ck, and she returned. "Fine," I responded, pulling my c\*ck from her soaking wet c\*nt and spanking her soft fleshy ass.

"Mmm, I'm looking forward to it," she remarked as she adjusted her pantyhose and handed me a plate of pancakes, kissing me on the cheek.

We ate in her room while watching TV and playing in her bed like two hot teenagers. We cuddled after we finished eating and watched TV.

Her phone rang about an hour later. She grabbed it and responded. "Hello," she said as she sat at the foot of the bed on her stomach.

"Well, Damilola. "How are you?" She carried on talking. In those tight blue panties, I focused on her ass and crept up to her like a predator.

I lowered my head and started kissing, licking, and sucking her thick, juicy ass cheeks. "Oh f\*ck yes," she exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, Damilola." I'm alright, I simply saw something on television." I then stopped taunting her and pulled down her pantyhose, revealing her dripping wet c\*nt.

I straddled her thighs, resting my stiff member in the cleft of her buttocks. I gently held her shoulders and placed my c\*ck at the entrance to her c\*nt.

I pushed my hips forward, thrusting my pole deep into her tight, hot, wet c\*nt. "Oh my f\*ck!" She shouted and threw down her phone.

I proceeded to jackhammer her from behind, fueled by her pleasurable shouts. Our bodies slapped each other quite loudly.

"Aaaargh!!" she yelled, flexing her c\*nt around my shaft. After a few minutes, I unloaded on her and collapsed beside her. "Don't you think you could have

given me some kind of warning?" she asked, reaching for her phone.

There was a bang on the gate as she took it up, and we both froze and looked at each other. "Are you expecting someone?" I moved to the window to look. I noticed Damilola standing beside her car, looking worried.

My pupils dilated as I heard Miss Tolu walk to the door and exit the room.

I didn't know what to do as I stood there staring out the window at Damilola. At that moment, I was also feeling a little paranoid. 'I'm doomed; what if Damilola discovers my presence and decides to contact the cops?' I was thinking to myself.

I sat on the bed and waited for Miss Tolu to unlock the gate. "Hey, Tolu," Damilola said as she entered. I

peered out the window again, and Damilola maintained her frightened expression.

She eventually spoke up. "If you're in danger, blink twice," she whispered gently. 'Oh,' I thought as I stood there. She believes Miss Tolu is being held captive.' I laughed a little.

"What are you really talking about?" Miss Tolu inquired, puzzled. Damilola reached into her purse and added, "Don't worry, I packed a knife, he can't touch you."

"Wait a second, Damilola. "Stop, you've got this all wrong," Miss Tolu tried to reassure her friend while calming her down. "Dami, please do understand, I'm not in danger, but he's here." He' is among my students.

He's merely a young man with a huge crush." Miss

Tolu added, laughing. "Oh, well, I just thought something was wrong when I heard you yelling on the phone," Damilola explained still worried.

"Yeah," Miss Tolu murmured, her eyes glazed over. "He's very skilled at what he does." "Can I meet him then?" Damilola stated as he pushed past Miss Tolu into the house.

"I'm not sure, Damilola," Miss Tolu responded, attempting to stop her friend.

"You'll definitely try to seduce him and steal him away from me." "Oh, Tolu, relax. I'm a married woman, not some sl\*t." "I'd wait until he's not at your house to attempt to screw him," Damilola said, laughing.

"Even if we're friends, I'm not above kicking your buttocks," Miss Tolu hissed. I could hear her footsteps approaching her bedroom. I assumed she was

coming to check up on me, so I hurriedly changed into my clothes from the night before.

I stood there watching as she opened the door and entered. "Hey, my friend would like to meet you." She said this while staring at me puzzled.

"I heard you. It's fine with me if it's fine with you." I said this while walking closer her and grasping her hips. "I suppose it's fine, but you should be aware that she will flirt."

"She's a hot sl\*t of a cougar who is always seeking to screw the next young hot boy who crosses her path," Miss Tolu stated jealously.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure she understands I'm all yours," I reassured her by holding her. I let her go and walked out of her bedroom, past her, to greet her friend. I'd seen her before, but never up close like this.

I thought to myself, "She's one sexy milf." She wasn't as hot as Miss Tolu, but she was still attractive.

She was tall for a lady, nearly 6 feet tall. I was just 6'1 and despised it when women were at eye level with me. But I could understand why she was so tall; her long, tanned legs were insane, and they were model-worthy and thick as well.

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