

## The Angel Part 3

And while Esse was dedicating herself to me in a loving way, we heard some noises coming from the main entrance.

Needless to say, I was agitated somewhat because I now had my trousers undone and I wouldn't have had time to get dressed, plus sitting and with a sore ankle, I felt quite helpless.

Esse, regardless of what was happening, told me to stay calm and that it was probably just her ex-husband who was bringing home one of the children after a football match.

Did I show my questioning look? But how can you be separated and allow your husband to continue to enter the house with the keys as if nothing has happened?

Surely I was not so open minded but I trusted Esse and in the end it was not so unusual... or maybe it was?

Esse got off the table and went to meet her son and ex, explaining what had happened to them and that she had just finished dressing my ankle; I noticed that she hadn't done up the top buttons of the dress and indeed one could still see her beautiful tanned breasts... and I have to tell the truth, I wasn't the only one watching.

At that moment, looking up, I saw that her ex-husband was looking at me and hinting at a smile, he nodded at my open trousers.

What to do? Pretend nothing was wrong or blush? I think I wanted to action the first option but in reality I exercised the second and asked if I could go to the bathroom.

What happened next? Well meanwhile, as I came out of the bathroom but hidden behind a curtain, I could see that Esse had come very close to her ex-husband and was whispering something in his ear. I wanted so much to listen... but my gaze was then drawn to another particular: his hand was slowly unbuttoning her buttons as the other hand slipped slowly under the dress.

Needless to say, my blood was starting to heat up inside me and my throbbing increased in “all” of my body! Seeing the scene whilst hidden behind the curtain created an excitement like I had never had before.

It must have been their erotic game, it must have been the adrenaline and it must have been the desire to participate with those hands, but the trousers began to tighten and I absolutely had to do something.

Intent on thinking about what to do, I kept looking at what was unfolding right under my eyes: Esse now had the dress completely open, her head tilted back a little and her breasts were now turgid peeking from one side of the dress.

But how sensual was it? At that point Esse's hands began to unbutton the his shirt and her hands began to gently massage his nipples to make them swell in turn.

I thought I could still enjoy this vision when, by chance, I turned and I saw that just in front of Esse there was a mirror and I noticed that she could see my reflection!

The game was getting interesting, should I have come out from behind the curtain?

Should I have made my excuses and left or should I initiate a new game?

While I was thinking about all this my ankle started to hurt again, I just wanted to sit down, but I couldn't miss all this ...

As so often happens, something comes to your salvation... a little stool was on the other side of the curtain so I grabbed it and settled down.

But as if in a comedy film, I made so much noise that I attracted the their attention ...

Then what happened?

.....*To be continued*