

The reluctant wife

The reluctant wife

By : intwrite

Fantasy was one thing but when it actually came to being shared with another man she drew a line.....

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/intwrite

Copyright © intwrite, 2015

Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

The reluctant wife

Table of Contents

The reluctant wife Chapter 1

The demon drink Chapter2

She has started to obey.....HIM

He Took Complete control...

sloppy seconds

One of Those Long Hot Summer Nights.....

The second weekend together...he showed his true nature

The reluctant wife : Chapter 1

As we drove through the narrow side roads I tried to engage her in conversation..nothing,for the last few hours she had been tight lipped.

I cast my mind back to how our sex had gradually turned to events that would lead up to this stormy winters night. It had all started when Gillian had asked me about the other women in my life before we married just over three years ago.

One thing led to another ending up with some of the best sex for ages.....that gradually turned into us talking of her with another man and that sure lit the fires so much it got to be a regular thing.

Time after time a whispered dirty description of what would happen with another man involved with us was getting more and more appealing to take things further (for me)

After a while I suggested we put a advert in a publication that ran contact adverts for swingers,she eventually agreed but it was only for curiosity,nothing more.

I ran the ad for ..A well educated male age between twenty five to forty years old,slim,discreet,well spoken well blessed and experienced to entertain attractive young couple.

We recieved over sixty letters,what fun sorting through them,it certainly brought a flush to my wifes cheeks and despite trying not to show how hot she was after reading, some had photos of nude men with erections. Of course although she said that is as far as all this goes I could tell she was nibbling so after a month of gentle persuasion that it would be interesting just to meet one of the men,just for a drink she said agreed but just the meet in a pub and nothing else.

The man was chosen..the day fixed and just before we left I had persuaded her to wear the back lace matching panties,bra and suspender belt with black lace topped stockings that I had bought with a wrap round skirt that tied at the waist and a satin blouse.

She looked fabulous..but then she turned heads however she was dressedthe raven black hair,upright carriage and beautiful features with high cheekbones,large brown eyes... honey brown skin and petite five foot two slim but curvy figure.

Yes sir I sure was a lucky man yet here I was persuading her to ...A'hh sod it I thought,better concentrate on my driving,the car was rocked by gusting wind and rain smashing against the windows,I wasn't sure if we were on the right road made plain by my wife huffing impatiently.

She spoke..only to suggest we go back home,I didn't want a argument so never replied, it was with relief we entered the village where the pub was that our 'friend' had suggested to meet just for a drink and chat.

He was in the car park as arranged in his BMW but with the rain still sheeting down we all ran into the pub with no real introductions.

It was so quiet with just a few locals who made no attempt to hide the fact that they were listening to every word and watching us like hawks.

The fire crackled,old copper jugs and pots glistened in the dancing flames,the only murmur of conversation came from the three of us,well him and me, (my wife was all but silent.)

The reluctant wife

It was excruciating..he spoke about his holiday in the USA..how he had travelled down the East coast.....after a couple of drinks my wife had thawed to give a quick smile now and then as a reply when he spoke directly to her. No doubt the two large gin and tonics helped to relax her and become more sociable,the flush on her cheeks always a indication that the drink was having a effect.

When he lowered his voice and bent forward suggesting we go to his house, but only to talk he promised..... I said it was up to my wife.

She shrugged and wouldn't agree and when he spoke reassuringly once again she said to me "It's up to you".

I felt between a rock and a hard place being in a no win situation so when he whispered to her to ' come on,just a ten minute drive,stay half hour then go" ..she shrugged and agreed to go

I followed him through twisty lanes until we drove through a gateway and pulled up outside a large old stone built house.

In next to no time a huge log fire was blazing,we were all settled with drinks, he soon put us at our ease..turned out he was over fifty but easy to get on with and after half hour or so he steered the conversation around to his experience with as he put it.."the reason for our meeting". At first he asked us how we got interested,and listened intently with me winding up to hear how we were still trying to make up our minds. In reply again he assured Gillian there was no pressure at all,he was only expecting a chat.

After Gill was half way through her second glass of gin I could see the drink had really hit her..his glass must have been a quadruple by pub standards. He spoke of couples he had met,gradually his broad outline grew more and more detailed. With the wind lashing rain rattling against the window,the fire crackling the only sounds he described how the husband of a couple he had been meeting regularly had shared his wife with him,taking turns with her...then he stopped and asked my wife if it was all right ..she giggled and nodded.

Well I dont know if you?.....as he paused he reached to open a drawer in a small cabinet and pulled out a envelope and handed it to my wife,she took out a stack of photographs..as she shuffled through them I could see it was him and another woman. On one he was licking her as he held her ankles high in the air.some were of her sucking his cock...he was certainly well blessed with a impressively big penis.

My wife nervously glanced at a few before handing them back to him with her cheeks bright red...however he picked one out and gave back to her explaining the husband had taken the photograph of him fucking his wife along with the rest as keepsakes.explaining he had met them regularly until the husbands job took them to Holland.

The picture he gave back to my wife was taken from above showing a close up of the face of the wife..she was around forty and attractive with her dark hair wet.... plastered across her face,the moment captured portraying her abandon, eyes closed,teeth bared with her fingernails digging into his shoulders, he stood by my wifes side as she looked at the photo explaining how she felt as she held him tight with her cunt and pointing out the sweat above her upper lip and the hair plastered across her face.

When my wife held the picture for him to take he carried on pointing out other details such as the hand of her husband showing on the bed..he explained that her husband often held her in his arms as she was being fucked by him.

Gillian either forgot to be embarrassed or maybe overcame her awkwardness at his choice of language..anyhow she studied the picture as he carried on explaining details of that meeting...

The reluctant wife

After..the next day she admitted to me once she got over the initial shock of his language he was turning her on with his description of the action taking place in the photo's.

My heart started racing, stomach turned over as he casually dropped his hand on Gills shoulder to let it rest there. I waited for her to move or shrug his hand off but she sat listening and when he showed her more pictures she looked and listened to his commentary that was growing more and more obscene. I was trying to think how to put a stop to what was going on..I had promised Gill nothing would happen. As if he could read my mind he looked at me over the top of her head and looking me in the eye mouthed silently "DONT WORRY"..a long pause before with a meaningful expression he indicated his hand that rested on her shoulder then with a short nod he mouthed LOOK.....

His hand started to knead and squeeze her shoulder as all the while he talked,I was sure she would stop him or move away....she sat there,eyes sparkling, every now and then her tongue licked her upper lip.

Suddenly she put the photos onto the arm of the chair, perched on the edge of the chair took a long swig of her drink before sitting back to recline with her head resting back on the armchair. Quickly he moved to stand behind her to take both her shoulders in his hands massaging the nape of her neck and shoulders.

He nodded to me with eyebrows raised inquiringly..after a long pause I nodded back feeling pressurised and awkward. I thought this was all my own fault with a sinking sensation in my stomach..yet also a realisation this was reality, it really was happening with my wife abandoning herself to him.....deep down a gut wrenching excitement tore through me..

He fell silent, massaging shoulders and neck in a gentle patient manner,this went on for what seemed a age,my wife's eyes were closed but her breathing fast,the rise and fall of her breasts bearing witness to the effect this stranger was having on her... In a soft voice he asked her "Is it nice?".....a long pause then I heard her whisper "Oh yes".

The massage gradually turned to caressing,he stroked her face,ran his fingers through her scalp..reached around to stroke her neck under the chin,toy with her ear lobes.Traced her lips with his fingertips in a way so intimate it brought a surge of resentment inside me.

I knew what was coming and was torn between jealousy and arousal..my head jumping all over the place.

Then he casually slid his hand down inside her blouse and cupped a breast...

My wife didn't move a inch or even open her eyes but her fingers dug into the arm of her chair..I felt a excitement,a thrill that made me shake.

His other hand unbuttoned the top of her blouse enough for him to slide both hands down insidehe leaned over her from behind the seat cupping both her tit's ..squeezing and playing ,,it wasn't long before as if by magic her satin blouse was fully open and down over her shoulders, deftly he unhooked her brassiere and whipped it away to leave her small ripe breasts on display.

In a croaky voice I asked "Are you all right Gill"?..no response so I asked her again,this time she opened her eyes..looked at me and asked "Are you all right?"

All the while he juggled,squeezed and hefted her breasts, he rolled her swollen nipples between thumb and fingers bringing a stifled groan..but her questioning eyes asking if I was all right and despite what was happening as her eyes held mine with the silent question ..private between her and me..as he played with her bare breasts I gave a quick signal but to affirm told her "It's all right my love."

The reluctant wife

He played with her swollen breasts, nipples jutting hard and spiky, as he went on and on until to my surprise it was getting rather boring in a impatient sort of way.

Part 2 to follow

Chapter 2: The demon drink Chapter2

As this stranger who we had only met just over three hours ago stood behind my wife fondling her breasts my head was a mix of surprise, arousal and a resentment..jealousy I suppose that came and died in waves.

So when he bent to nuzzle her neck with his lips and squeezed her breasts together my breath caught in my throat....she groaned so loud and squirmed, knees pressed tight together, rubbing her thighs as her hips wriggled around in the seat. She pressed her tits forward and bent her head back offering her throat to his mouth. He started to whisper in her ear..I couldn't hear what he was saying but my wife repeated over and over "Oh yes,yes...O'h.Oh yes....."

Suddenly she looked over at me,she moved to sit upright gripping the arms of the seat....he dropped his hands away from her to stand silent,poised behind her chair. . What a sight, naked to the waist, jutting breasts and nipples so swollen they looked to be tender. Our new friend wise in the ways of women (as he told me later) just let her be,he even pulled the blouse up over her shoulders and covered her nakedness.

I went to her side and knelt down in front of her,held her face real gentle in my hands and whispered that I loved her...she leaned forward and kissed me..I was giving her a gentle tender kiss when her tongue slid into my mouth ..our tongues slid,intertwined,my cock jerked inside my trousers. When she pushed a mouthfull of her saliva into my mouth I swallowed he called her name.....she turned her head towards him,little fine tendrils of hair hung down the nape of her slender neck. He motioned her to go to him...she took one of my hands in hers hand and gave a squeeze so hard it hurt then rose to her feet and hesitated.....he stepped forward to her side,took her hand and led her to a huge couch alongside the fire,they stood facing each other and without a word he undid his trousers,reached inside and with a wriggle pulled out his cock.

He was bigger than he looked in the photos he had shown earlier

Only half erect but impressive, to be honest I felt awkward and totally out of my depth,he was so confident and my wife responded to him in a way seeped out as he held it towards my wife...he circled the fat girth with his fingers and rubbed the length before beckoning my wife to take hold of him.

She ignored him twisting around to look at me holding her arm out.....I took her hand and she hugged me,put her lips on mine and shoved her tongue deep into my mouth, sucking and pressing so much our teeth clashed, she broke off and spoke into my ear..."Do you want him to fuck me?" I told her that it was her choice..."I do love you and I'm doing this for you" with those words she stood up, lurched sideways before steadying herself on the arm of the chair. Carefully she went to him...it was then I realised how drunk she was, once more I felt torn between arousal and guilt,she will be sober in the morning I thought,what will she think of me if she is not happy with maybe thinking she was taken advantage of.

As I looked on he hugged her in a tight embrace,his hands cupping her buttocks before pulling her skirt up and up until he had it rolled up around her waist,as he slid his hands down inside the lace panties to cup her ass I felt my cock jerk as Gill's arms snaked around his neck. He looked at me over her shoulder..."What a lovely ass your darling wife has,her panties are wet through,naughty girl".....can you feel my cock pressing into you Gill, is it big enough for you?" When she didn't reply he took a hand out from inside her panties to give her a stinging slap on the ass.....he repeated the question and Gill whispered "Yes"

As he held her against him he started to bend and straighten his legs rubbing his prick against her stomach and cunt,she held tight around his neck and when he started to kiss her I could see her hips move against him.

The reluctant wife

I was bursting for a pee..had been for ages so I had to break in and ask where the toilet was....he just pointed to a door and said upstairs.

I found the bathroom and quick as I was when I went back into the room it was empty....a door across from the one I had just entered was open so I stood in the doorway and called..In here he shouted back.

I followed through another door into a room with a huge couch out...more like a big bed really,it was quite warm in the room with smaller couches scattered around,a deep pile carpet and a huge tv with a small bar in a alcove...."My playroom,do you like it?" he was undoing the side of my wifes skirt as he spoke, she was already naked to the waist, her nipples glistened witness to his mouth

He unwrapped the skirt to let slide off and pool on the carpet,caressed her face and left her to walk over to me. .I jumped visibly when he put his arm over my shoulder,he laughed.."Dont worry,I only want to ask you if you are all right with this,you have been so quiet." I told him it was strange but it was all right as long as Gillian was happy.

(Ctrl/Cmd+V)

Chapter 3: She has started to obey.....HIM

He told me she would be fine...said "Just look at her, isn't she gorgeous, you are a lucky man".

She stood sipping her drink, dressed in stockings and wispy suspender belt, the firelight picking highlights in her big brown eyes but the highlights vanished, he had turned the overhead lighting, the room no longer shadowy and discreet but bright, well lit. My wife froze for a split second and moved to put a hand in front of her sex and stand with one foot against the other in a pose models use....."No no my dear, come now, show us, stand up straight and hands on hips, come on Gillian, be a sport".

He laughed ..I thought you are wasting your breath but again she surprised me.. Slowly and deliberately she put down her drink and stood with slightly parted feet and put her hands on her hips.

She stood for just a few secondsposing...her breasts shapely, small but ripe jutting proud, nipples swollen, her hairless smooth slit on display in the bright lighting, I could see her cunt lips were engorged,. ... she sat down quickly, her nerve had gone , once again she reached for her glass. I started to go to her but he was off the mark like a fucking greyhound.

He knelt down in front of her, he told her.. "That was naughty, now I'm going to punish you, give you a severe tongue lashing". thus said he gripped her knees, pulled them open until the long tendons in her thighs strained..... My wife had her eyes closed, head back as he viewed her pussy. The flesh above the lace tops of her stockings, her inner thighs soft velvety, her cunt glistening with the pink folds showing as he held her knees apart at their very limit.

He leaned forward, put his mouth over her cunt and started sucking noisily, her knees wide, keeping the tension, straining "O'h, Ahhh, No", she pushed against his head as he slobbered , his head nodding and shaking from side to side. He started giving short sharp tugs, back and forth so her lower body was rocking against his mouth. The struggle to push his head away suddenly changed with her fingers cupping the back of his head to hold him there....He tongued her, licked, sucked then as she started to groan he released her knees to slide his hands under her buttocks pulling her forwards until she was reclining with her ass on the edge of the couch, of her own volition she put her heels to rest on the edge of the couch toobut it wasn't long before she hung them over his shoulders as he crouched before her

Her fingers dug into the couch.....scrabbling as her hips rose in the air ... she screamed that she was cumming and went rigid, the cords in her neck prominent as she orgasm after orgasm, he took his mouth away, stared between her legs but his elbow wriggled and movedI was watching from behind perched on the arm of a armchair. After a while when it calmed down he looked round at me, face glistening from her juices, he told me it always does the trick and resumed his administrations to her pussy. (I found out after he had coated his finger in her juice and slid a finger inside her ass) The room smelt of sex, the creaking of the couch, liquid wet sound of his busy tongue, her groans, rain lashing ...rattling against the window glass.

She abandoned herself to him, allowing him to arrange her how he pleased... he had her sprawled on the couch with arms and legs akimbo, in a star shape, when he reached under the side of the couch and brought a camera...a video camera out I called out to him "No photos or camera".....That was one thing I knew my wife would worry about and at that place and time I agreed with her. We had already let him know that so he shrugged and put it down.

The brief respite lasted only a minute but that minute sure was a long one...it turned me on more than anything that had happened up to then on that first meeting.

The reluctant wife

The reason???? My wife led back still sprawled out, arms outstretched above her head, legs parted with one out straight and one slightly bent at the knee. Her lower stomach, her smooth hairless mound, the inside of her thighs wet....the neat pussy again swollen, the bright overhead lights illuminating her sprawled body. She was giving him a show, he spoke to her, telling her how her cunt was sweet and tight on his fingers how he was going to fuck her....as he spoke his BBC style English, his cultured voice somehow made it even more obscene

She looked over at me from eyes heavy lidded, raised a arm and held a hand out to me and rested herself on one elbow as she rose her upper half..

I moved over to her, took her hand, kneeling on the couch by her side. She squeezed my hand so hard, pulled me down and whispered that she loved me, asked me if I was all right....I nodded, she pursed her lips so I put my lips to hers and we were sharing a loving gentle kiss when she bit my lip as she led back on the couch taking me with her, pulling me our lips still together, then her arms snaked around my neck holding me tightly. I felt him alongside my legs..tried to look around but Gill held me in a vice like grip pulled my

head down and shoved her tongue inside my mouth. I could feel he was by her legs, the couch dipping and moving, my wife started moaning into my mouth before breaking away to gasp for breath.

I looked round to see him fingering her, he held he clit between finger and thumb wanking on the erect bud as if it were a tiny cock.

I saw he had been busy as Gill and I kissed...her suspender belt was on the couch at her side, one black stocking around her ankle and he had the other in his free hand wrapped around his cock. I put my hand down between her legs, as he friggd her clitoris I slid a finger up and down the length of her slit.

She grunted.. 'Oh yes.. M'mm come on, come on " over and over she panted the same words...my cock was bursting,, pants wet with pre cum juice...something inside me clicked..I put my mouth down to her stomach and trailed my lips down until my chin was against his fingers but I pressed down until he moved his fingers enough for me to dab my tongue against her labia.

She tasted different, salty against my tongue, I pressed my face into her very aware this other man had been kissing, licking and sucking her too. THAT GAVE ME SUCH A THRILL I NEARLY CAME. I broke away to kneel by her side, trying to control myself. it was a struggle but I just managed to hold back from cumming.

HE was back like a man dying of thirst..he clasped her bottom and tilted her hips towards him, Gills legs trembled and she made a choking sound in the back of her throat. It softened into a contented mewl as focused his attention on her clitoris he flicked his tongue over the surface of the hard little bead with rapid repetitive strokes but soon she had reached her limit and he urged her to foward to sag against him covering his face with her quim. Then when she squirmed he pushed his tongue into her, to lick and jab with its velvety caress'

Gills breaths became sharper, she writhed against him,, the stocking still around her ankle. her hips jerked in sharp waves as she panted trying to catch her breath.. "Gillian, are you all right, what did I do?" she just giggled but he asked again..she just shrugged with a smile.

He looked at me, winked without her seeing and asked me to go in the kitchen and get another bottle of bubbly from the refridgerator, I followed his directions and went out leaving them on their own.

What happened then was to set the manner of our future meetings with him awakening a sexuality I never saw even a hint of in my wife..she had never even thought of participating in so submissive a role, but with words and actions he educated her(with me a bystander) into taking pleasure in the obscene, the enacting of depraved scenarios that whilst under his spell left her being a different woman, one that I did not recognise as my wife.

The reluctant wife

He was expert, predatory but our time with him was full of shocks and thrills, new pleasures that my wife and I enjoyed with greed, with a willing abandon

(Ctrl/Cmd+V)

Chapter 4: He Took Complete control...

I found the kitchen...not as he directed me,it was a big old house, high ceilings with ornate plaster,wood panels along the passages,sumtous velvet curtains and arts of work all around. Paintings,statues and all manner of collectable things in abundance...one room impressed..his record collection (vinyl)was huge.

Eventually I found the kitchen,got the Champaign in a ice bucket and rushed to get back wondering what he wanted to talk to my wife about ..on her own.

What a shock when I went back into the room with the champaign....HE WAS NAKED,SITTING ON A CHAIR. MY WIFE KNEELING BEFORE HIM HOLDING HIS COCK. I was instantly pissed off. He said to my wife,"Now your husband is back we can begin,when she hesitated he told her...Come on now,dont be shy,re start,pick up where we just left off,come on Gillian,start now. she held his cock with both hands..how small,how brown her hands were on his fat white length, only cock I ever saw that size had been in porn films.

"Before you start tell your husband what we were doing my dear,now remember what I explained to you,come talk to him... I was by then eager to hear whatever he was hinting at. She quietly told me she had been rubbing his cock up and down her quim. I set the bucket down on a table that stood alongside the wall,come over he invited,hold your wifes hand,she only needs one he joked. Gill was so akward... but she held one hand out to me as she gripped his prick with her other hand. He took one of her breasts to fondled and squeeze before moving to encircle her nipple with his fingers....she jumped when he squeezed ..."NOW!"was all he said.. she let go my hand and with a two handed lollypop put the fat end to her open lips and took him inside her mouth,she sucked and licked . her cheek bulged as she took him deep...she took him out every so often to lick the lengthh. his smooth white skin was a dark purple on the end..she did one of her little caresses she often did to me..gripping him around the end of his cock and running her thumb over the tip to smear the juice from the slit around the end of his cock. This carried on until he told her to stop. As she stopped sucking I was still by her side..she took him out of her mouth,as she did so a long string of spittle stretched from his prick to her teeth, as it parted it dribbled down her chin. His cock close up sure put me to shame, she released her grip as he pushed her to lean back on a pile of cushions then held his cock against her face and squeezed some leaking juices from the slit rubbing it across her lips,SHE OPENED HER MOUTH,SUCKED HIM UNTIL SHE GAGGED AND RETCHED

She very rarely sucked me,told me she had never liked doing it yet here she was with a man she had only known for about three hours. "How do you want me to fuck you..Hmm,do you want me to fuck you"?....no reply. one more chance he told her..."Yes" He asked her "Yes what" She looked me in the eye as she said in a loud even voice"Yes I want you to fuck me" I was so close to her our bodies touched , she looked so beautiful,her slender neck and shoulders,her hair was still held in a cute roll with a pony tail spiking out eyes luminous, with her high cheekbones and full lips..wonderful there was a dribble down her chin glistening,tenderly I wiped it away with a finger,it was not spittle as I had thought,it was slippery,slick?????????

He put a big pillow by her side told her to put it under her buttocks. She sat on the pillow until he moved foward telling her to lie down.

SHE LED BACK,HER CUNT RAISED BY THE PILE OF SOFT PILLOWs UNDER HER HIPS.He pulled her until she was how he wanted her arranged...pressed the plumlike end of his prick against her entrance. What a sight..it was a tight fit, he inched his throbbing skin in carefully,stopping as my wife caught her breath and froze...he gained entrance with the pussy lips distending to open around the girth. But he pulled away and told her to pass him some more pillows from the head of the bed...then proceeded to pile the pillows.... balanced in a pile, he then ordered her to turn over and lie over them face down..without a word she did as he

The reluctant wife

asked..went on all fours,her buttocks thrust up towards him accentuating the shape of her body.Between the cheeks of her bottom we could see the lips of her sex,just parted enough to reveal the inner pleats,and above them the tight dark bud of her anus...he slapped her buttocks,it made her shiver..he kept slapping,wasn't gentle either.

As Gill lay face down across the pillows I held my hand to him in a sign to stop..he smiled,,,shook his head and carried on smacking until with her buttocks quite red he held back and stopped...he caught my eye to silently voiced look and gestured with his chin. She had started to wriggle,a little shiver too.... her sex was opened wider,we could make out the glistening moisture of her juices,gathering in the sensitive folds, he asked her if she was wet...when she didn't reply he slapped her and she quickly told him yes she was wet.

I could see she was desperately trying to retain some sense of dignity,or control..her breathing coming in short gasps as he closed in on her. The room had a definite air of expectancy a tension and had grew silent..It was well gone midnight....the rustle of the couch,silence, the wind had stopped,the storm over but I could sense another storm was about to break.

It was hot,the smell of sex and arousal strong, the naked bodies contrasting, her slim brown curves and his white angular length..I noticed for the first time he had a small pot belly..BUT his erection seemed bigger than ever..

His prick jutting out and upwards,bobbing and jerking as if by invisible strings. I thought how large he was for my petite wife,hoped he would be careful.

That picture is imprinted in my mind forever....Gill on her knees,head and elbows resting on the sheet and the high pile of pillows carefully positioned for her rear to be high in the air as she rested on her splayed knees

He moved forward and held her hips and rested his cock against the valley of her buttocks , the tip like a ripe plum nudging her rear...he held himself back so I had a good view of his prick resting against her. "Put it in", he spoke in a low voice, the response was instant. she reached under to grip his cock with her hand looking so tiny as she pulled him and held the broad end against her glistening slit...slowly he pressed,I heard Gill take a sharp intake of breath...he gained entry,the tip parting her pussy lips until they stretched around his girth .as he kept up a relentless but steady pressure my wife started to wriggle,she moved,straightened up her arms crouched opening her knees wide apart as she came up raising her ass high. She was the one working his cock in now....he knelt back straight,upright as she wriggled and pushed back against him.

Suddenly he slid smooth as silk.right in,she moaned thrusting back against the cock buried deep....then for what seemed a eternity they were both motionless. Locked together, his prick buried to the hilt..my wife on her hands and knees,her arms straight,knees wide her head hanging down,her black glossy hair a curtain hanging covering her face...she was stock still but when he pressed in a steady press...relax.press relax motion she grunted,then as he started to fuck her...gradually his strokes lengthened until he was plunging in and out..her cunt gripped his cock...she panted and gabbled senseless words as they fucked..she moaned writhing under him until she started grunting loud and without any inhibition at all every time he pushed in. He had stamina and fucked her hard,slow holding her hips. the room filled with wet squelching,liquid smacking and the two of them moaning ,panting and at times he bent over her to whisper obscenities in her ear as he slid relentlessly in and out..she kept responding with "OH YES ..M'MM OH, COME ON COME ON ' and the strangled sounds she always made when she was having orgasm after orgasm

She was covered in sweat,her brown skin had a sheen of perspiration, hair wet as if she had just got out of a shower...but still he kept on until she started pleading with him to .finish instead he reached round her to play with her clit as he carried on fucking..she made so much noise loving it anew...he rammed into her the slapping loud and rapid until he groaned and shouted as his ass clenched and loosened as he filled her womb

The reluctant wife

with his cum.

He crouched behind her panting, Gill just collapsed splayed out on the piled up pillows ,not exactly the most elegant of postures but decidedly erotic...as the panting died down he slowly pulled out of her

Oh what a night,all my fantasys rolled into one. but the smell of fresh sex the squelching,the sighs,moaning and panting,the submissive nature of my wife and at the end..... I had such a thrill to see the length coming out of her. So big,so fat..Gill is petite and how she took all that,how he rammed hard...he was still nearly fully erect .glistening,shiny from her juice.

(after we all finished there was a huge wet patch on the couch)

SUDDENLY SHE LOOKED AROUND, 'Ah,there you are"...give me a kiss darling"

I led along side her,cuddled her..what a strange feeling, she felt different.the sweat had cooled and goose pimples covered her.she kissed me hungrily,demanding.her hot breath in my ear.." her hand reached for my semi hard cock.

Chapter 5: sloppy seconds

I stood up suddenly and although I did not show any of the emotions running through my head I knew my wife understood just how confused I was at that time. The thought warmed me and made me feel a whole lot better, even though she was lost once he had his tongue in her mouth, as she was wriggling on his finger inside her eager pussy.....even the fact she had been totally swept away as they fucked.....all of that coupled with the copious amount of booze and she was still panting from his long and thorough shaggingEven after all that she was concerned for my feelings.

I knew I was jealous..sick with the way I had badgered my wife to do this but like a petulant twat there I was acting like a regular dick head,

Her fingers gripped my semi hard penis,she laughed and teased me all the while squeezing and releasing my cock in a regular cycle until she had me stiff.

I can recall that night ..how she was totally unashamed of the way she lay naked,legs splayed carelessly wide for him to see as he sat by her feet.

Her brown skin a sheen of cooling sweat,the raven black hair usually so glossy way dank and messed,strands pasted across her face,stuck by persperation.

She displayed herself with unconcerned abandon that amazed me

The hairless sex on display, lips puffy,engorged....shiny and slick with his pumpings that dribbled out in liquid pearls,clinging to the pinkrose petal of her gaping cunt before slowly elongating to ooze and slide down her ass helped by the fact that somehow she was on her back with a few pillows under her buttocks raising her hips.

She pulled insistently on my cock and reached an arm around my neck....she whispered to me,her breath strong with fumes of drink,asked me what I thought now,did I enjoy seeing her get fucked?,I didnt reply other than to ask her was she all right?.

She didnt bother to whisper..told me out loud how she had come and come,how he had a 'lovely cock".....I moved close to lie alongside pressing myself against her ...again I have to say how my wife felt different,smelt different and was acting like I had never seen her act before. It was weird but at the same time it turned me on and gave me such a thrill

As I nuzzled her neck I felt warm skin rest alongside my thigh,instinctively I moved away but her leg slid under mine raised her knee and pull me back to her with her leg pressing urgently against mine.

I looked down the length of our naked bodies to see our new 'friend' was fingering amd smearing his dribbling deposit over my wifes belly and breasts.

In no time at all she became serious,a intense look on her face as she bucked her hips upwards and held them up in the air giving fast repeated jerking motions pressing against his fingers that were buried deep.

She reached down and pushed his shoulder..He realised what she wanted and moved away with a "Sorry" as my cock was grabbed in a vice like grip and pulled towards her. Easily and with no hesitation she place my

The reluctant wife

cock against her quim.

loose clingy warm sloppy ecstatic sensual silky gliding swelling leading to her moans of pleasure as I drove into her.

My rhythmic thrusts were met as she arched her back and lifted her ass.... *our bodies slid on is spunk that he had smeared over her belly and breasts just a few moments before.* We pressed against each other lost in our own pleasure as he watched us .

I had only just got going, only been minutes since I first slid into her.....when I felt the contractions of her cunt, as she convulsed awash with his spurtings and her juices,

I gripped her buttocks, slippery wet...when my finger rested on the puckered small snail and I pressed to my surprise she grunted my finger slid straight in with hardly any resistance that made her orgasm again.

It was too much and with a despairing "SORRY" I shot flood of my own .to mingle with his

THE NEXT DAY AS WE DROVE HOME she told me that he had fingered her her bottom when he had her before I took my turn, that he had whispered in her ear he wanted to have her in the ass, she said that she had not replied but after he wriggled his finger in there she wasn't exactly against it she.... was waiting for him to do her there but he didn't although once again he had her ass impaled on his finger.

The next morning as we drove home we talked about the long long night.

My wife had been kept awake for more sex as I slept, she told me what he did to her, have her do to him

I relived the pictures stored in my head .

The SQUISH..SQELCH....meaty wet sloshing, slapping of belly on belly, belly on back until he slowed down to grind against her, put her legs over his shoulders and sunk deep. He thrust and worked with superb control as my wife savoured the delicious sensations of her new lover's stiff cock.

Kissing ..lips locked and mouths working as they swallowed each other's spittle, lost in lust, the added thrill of a new body, a partner who was a stranger.

She writhed beneath him, rotated herself around his pistoning flesh bringing loud words and moans...it also drove him on the start fucking her hard and fast until as he fucked my wife was helpless under him making a continual AHH HMMMM NMMMMMM He carried on and on continually until my wife was like a rag doll as he pounded away.

In the end I went to her side and asked her if she was all right..no reply but when I said to her should He stop she gasped "OH NO, NO, DONT STOP..hold me ..hug me..

That was how I came to holding my wife in my arms as her body jerked and moved as he thrust into her, as wet sloshing of his meat inside her carried on and on. I soon felt some of her movement against me was caused by his ramming against her but most of her rubbing and movement was her body undulating.

As for me I am not a repeater, my cock lay limp alongside her thigh.....but we kissed long and lingering as he fucked, her groans inside my mouth caused by him

The reluctant wife

BUT RIGHT THEN I FELT A OVERWHELMING LOVE for her..we were as close right then as we had ever been..shared something,a secret life just starting

There was to be a friendship that was to last years....so many of our fantasys played out,so many nights of fun and pleasure as we slept three in a bed

But thats another story

Chapter 6: One of Those Long Hot Summer Nights.....

The pub was busy ,as I waited to get served I looked through the crowd to see him talking to my wife,she looked up at him smiling as she shook her head. He shrugged ...I wondered what they were talking about because up to now it was almost formal with no hint of our first (and last meet).

I got served and carried the tray of drinks through the noisy crowd and joined them,oh how those cold drinks slid down so easy...ice clinking,glasses beaded with moisture,it was one of those evenings when the drinks just flowed one after the other and I remember thinking how glad I was that it was a Friday and there was no work in the morning but silently cursed the fact that I wouldn't be able to dive home now....never liked waking up n someone else's house.

Well as the buzz kicked in from the booze we all felt utterly at ease,mainly because it was with no sexual overtones at all,just a normal drunken conversation with lots of laughter with all three of us having a good time.

We left the pub with the mood one of utter drink installed feel good ...Gillian (who had visited the powder room) walking to where we waited by the car park entrance.

In a flash the mood changed ..she was wearing a wrap round skirt that tied at the waist and a breeze parted the skirt exposing her high up on her thigh,she made no move to close it..the open skirt stayed part open for two or three steps before falling closed again.

My heart leaped ..I had persuaded her not to wear any knickers.....

Our new friend ,oh ..best I sort out this new friend thing.

I have avoided his name because I dont want to leave any hint or clue to any of who we are..so I will call him Dave from now on...H'mm,where was I...Our new friend Dave jogged me with his elbow as her skirt parted and commented 'Nice'.

I refrained from telling him she was naked underneath.

We walked for about five minutes back to his house,he asked if we would like to sit in the garden adding 'It is private and not overlooked'.

I felt sleepy after a while.it was still warm and rather humid,the drinks,the lounge in the quiet garden..I struggled to keep my eyes open and did not touch my drink but the other two sipped away with my wife teasing me for being a lightweight..

I retorted that I had done a early shift,been up since five in the morning and next thing I knew I opened my eyes to find myself on my own.

I jumped up to go inside..heart thumping,wondering what I would find inside but they were in the kitchen preparing a chicken salad.

We ate,we talked, we never got near any naughtyness. Gill's skirt had dropped open a few times but she quickly closed it but as we ate we drank and by the time we finished eating we were all quite pissed(drunk)

The reluctant wife

The skirt fell open again but Gill just left it....we were transfixed as she sat with only a few inches of material covering her crutch..I blurted out to Dave that she wasn't wearing panties.

At first he jokingly mopped his brow ,then he leaned forward and in a serious tone said "Show us then"....

Gill laughed but he asked again adding a heartfelt "Please".

Beetroot red she opened her skirt exposing her lower belly for a few seconds..us two men chorused "More..more"

slowly she opened once more to leave it gaping,a serious expression as she avoided looking at either of us.

"Well let us see darling" I asked and when she didn't respond Dave echoed my request

With a sigh she moved to open her knees wide enabling us to see her pouting pussy lips..his voice husky he said "Wider,come on now,stretch wide,let us see properly'.

She spread-eagled her legs,we could see from where we sat that she was wet for him,she remained with her bare cleft on full view in a obscene display with glistening juice on the hair free lips.

As Dave moved to ease the bulge in his trousers she abruptly closed her legs and closed her skirt too.

But the die was cast...as with one mind we both moved over to her but she teasingly kept her knees together and held her hands over the front of her skirt in a protective manner.

As I took her wrists to lift her hands away my darling wife was so strongly resisting I didn't use all my strength in case it hurt her...the silent struggle distracted her and in one smooth motion he pulled the off the shoulder blouse right down over each shoulder down to her elbows taking no notice of the ripping sound .

She wore a push up white bra with delicate thin straps that sure looked creamy against the brown skin of her shoulders

and in no time at all her bra fell away as she undid the back fastener..I saw a brief flash of her breasts before his hands covered them full of her firm flesh he squeezed,kneaded and tugged on her nipples stretching them making her stifle a moan.

Squeezing her breasts must have weakened her last vestige of resistance because suddenly she allowed me to hold her hands by her sides... greedy Dave dropped one hand down to caress her stomach..he teased her running the tips of his fingers down her belly to the crease of where her thighs met her tummy.

As for me I held her knees wide apart..no struggle from my darling and I knew she would leave them open if I released them but it gave me such a thrill to hold her wide open for him.

As I looked on he continued to tease with his stroking fingers just a fraction away from her cunt..I smelt the musk of her arousal and pressed my throbbing cock against her calf...WITH A IMPATIENT BUCK her hips jerked.

He bent to put his lips to her ear and asked if she was happy...she never spoke,just gave a obscene jerk of her ass making her mound rise against his hand...he slid his finger inside the swollen slit and buried it deep inside.

The reluctant wife

As I knelt holding her knees he started to finger her,that familiar wet smacking as he finger fucked her until she groaned and bucked throwing her head back into the lounge whispering over and over "I'm coming,o'h I'm coming.

He licked his fingers,took her hands and pulled her to her feet,she stood there with her blouse around her waist breasts jutting with swollen nipples and allowed him to lead her into the house,I picked up her bra and followed them inside.

I was only seconds behind them but he had her in his arms hugging her with the skirt up at the back cupping her naked buttocks pulling her against him...he bent his legs pushing his erection against her belly making fucking motions. It was still a jumble of emotions but the apprehension was fast being swamped mainly by my wifes increasing appetite to have another man sharing her with me not to mention her pleasure and rapidly lack of any inhibition. Her head was thrown back her hips glued to his as she leaned back from the waist looking into his face her arms around his neck as he squeezed and rotated the cheeks of her ass still rubbing against her.

Locked together they slowly sank to the floor..he couldnt wait..trousers around his knees her skirt around her waist and on top of her . I caught a glimpse of his thick bell end,saw his ass flex and clench as my wife yelped as he impaled her. With a gasp her hands clutched at his buttocks as he fucked her with short fast thrusts...Gill made strange mewling sounds I had never heard her make before..it was wild animal fucking.

That was the start of a wild night

Chapter 7: The second weekend together...he showed his true nature

The sex was quick and urgent..a frantic slapping of belly against belly,the loud liquid sounds...proof of my darlings wet juicy arousal as they were locked together.

It only lasted a minute or two before he rammed into her and grunted as he pumped her with semen.

Gillian still writhed against him,hips jerking causing him to pant "Sorry" over and over promising he would last longer next time blaming her for having him so eager after the previous Friday.

He rolled off her his cock limp,shiny from her juice and his cum..my wife as if I had never known her. Now so shameless and slutty that my stomach lurched as I realised I had unlocked something inside her,tempted my beloved into enacting my fantasy and constant longing for another man to have her....Now here she lay on her back ,legs carelessly sprawled wide exhibiting her used slit still gaping pink, shiny, wet and puffy..

She looked me straight in the eye and jerked her pussy upwards in a suggestive invite and raised her eyebrows, It compounded my feelings of worry of a wistful sadness for it would never be the same with her and me. A two pronged spear though,a lusting there for more that made my breath tremble as I moved to kneel and cup her mound pressing firmly with my hand before sliding a finger inside her honeypot.

Oh the sweet slippery velvet closing around my finger..how loose she felt after his thickness,it would contract soon.

She smiled as she led back resting on her elbows to watch my finger,she reacted in a instant catching her breath biting her lower lip and closing her eyes.

He watched me fingering her ,he squeezed his cock and it wasn't long before he was fully erect pumping the full length in long slow strokes .

Well it was then he suggested we go up on his bed and after a drink we climbed the stairs with my wife in the lead as he tried to get his hand between her legs from behind but with a playful giggle she ran swiftly on up .

We led on his bed with Gill in between us..I felt a sudden rush of sensation to my head in anticipation of what I knew must happen..

His hands brushed lightly over her skin lingering over her neck,on her nipples,along the crevice of her waist and up over her hips,just the way she liked it. As his fingers passed down along the inside of her thighs she shuddered...silence,no one speaking as he cupped her tits and began massaging them gently,he bent over and gently bit into her nipple nearest to him. I did the same and together we suckled on her breasts.

For a long long time we shared her cunt,our fingers alongside each other,being careful and gentle...she moved about constantly writhing causing a loud slurping from him and myself as from time to time her nipples broke contact with our suckling.

Our mouths,faces and chins wet with spittle as was her breasts...he moved to kneel by her feet.

'Flex your knees and allow them to fall out to the sides'..he spoke in a different tone of voice than usual.

The reluctant wife

Her eyes closed she was in a different world she took no notice..he turned her onto her side to face me and as she pressed the length of her body against mine he slapped her on the buttocks with a loud crack. he slapped four or five times in fast succession and just as I started to speak my wife grabbed my cock and pulled ,her fist moving to and fro ..she hooked a arm around my neck pulling me with her as she rolled on to her back ...she groaned wriggling her body against me in a obscene jerking motion. Tongue licking her lips her arm tugging until her warm breath tickled my ear as she whispered ...asked me how I felt after watching her get fucked.She told me that this is what you wanted....It shook me up as she told me how she loved his cock and although she was breathing it into my ear in a whisper I suspected he could hear.

She did as he asked,rolled onto her back ,bent her knees let them fall apart exposing her cunt...he looked for a long long moment and the,

He held her to arrange her ..

He guided one of her legsover mine until she was half mounting me, my leg trapped between hers.. her wet sex pressing against my thigh .

'OH.AHHH!' she gasped as his hand rose and fell the slaps loud and stinging. Her lips fastened on mine our teeth clashing as she shoved her tongue deep inside my mouth,greedy and demanding as she rubbed her cunt against my thigh.

The slapping stopped,Gill broke off the kiss and as she buried her face in my neck,I looked down to see he had his face nuzzling her buttocks as his hands gripped them holding the cheeks apart and his mouth pressed against the little puckered place

My thigh grew wet with her constant rubbing and as her breath quickened I knew she was close to cumming and that was when he knelt upright and took her knee,told her to release my leg from between hers following up with a really hard stinging slap that made her tell him 'No more' (but she did as he asked).

He told me that he wanted her for a hour or two,asked her if she agreed to be his plaything,That I would be present,'This is for your husband too,so can I have you for a few hours my dear'?

As he knelt at her feet,caressed her stomach with his fingertips gently tracing low down her brown belly,following the crease of her thighs,all around her mound but not once making contact with her sex.

The room was so quiet as his question hung in the air...she drew her head back ,looked me in the eye as he stroked her satin smooth stomach,he commenting how flat it was but that she had just enough curve to please a man,I led there with my mind racing ...(after I realised how this experienced man was taking over to exploit WHAT HE could sense in us...his near thirty year age difference to my twenty three year old wife and myself enabling him to shape us into doing what he wanted and that so far he had been right)...

He didnt ask again but looked at us in a inquiring manner giving a slight jerking of his head in a silent questioning 'Yes'? all the while playing with her belly

He left his playing to roll making her naked red buttocks available as he raised a threatening open palm for some more slapping.

Her hand stroked my cheek for a tender caress and as I looked into her eyes she whispered 'Yes'

The bastard..he slapped her 'Yes,yes what....what do you want Gillian'?..

The reluctant wife

She squirmed away to get over me and stand by the side of the bed...' I want a pee then I want a gin and tonic with plenty of ice and a slice of lemon ' she spoke over her shoulder as she left the room.

He stood up to sort out the drinks from a tray beside the bed,even had a ice bucket..'Talk about the small detail' I told him in a joking manner but his reply was quite serious when he replied 'Oh yes'

As he mixed and poured he had a massive hard on his cock upright and jerking evry now and then,I gulped on a tumbler of whisky...it was neat whisky but smooth as silk,fifteen year old malt that lit a fire in my belly.

Gill was gone for ages,I asked how many other couples had he met,he said around ten or maybe eleven....but stressed he used condoms with most of them but with two couples he had gone bareback the same as he was with us because we were beginners and the risk of infection hardly at all.

We spent around half an hour,the three of us naked casually sipping our drinks perched on the edge of the bed as he told us about another couple he was seeing,they were i their late forties but there was problems because the wife kept calling him.wanted just him and her behind her husbands back but he wouldnt do it.

He was going to call it a day with them,one of the reasons he had replied to our ad...

The drink had left my head spinning and I felt pretty drunk even though there was still quarter of a glass left ,in fact we were all quite merry when he pulled my wife to her feet and as she stood with one foot reaching to contact my foot he embraced her,started to kiss her.

Naked and entwined their mouths locked,arms around one another his slid down to grip her ass ,his fingers pushing,parting her cheeks to play with both entrances.

My wife removed her foot from mine to press against him as he bent his knees lowering his cock to rest pressing into her belly...GILLIAN GROANED

The reluctant wife

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 10:27:48