

Swingers and Play

He held me closer, and there was a lot of excitement coming from him, about groin high.

When I came out of the lounge a couple of minutes later, with Ted's arm around my waist, and mine around his, I saw Tom sitting in the lobby. The hall was pretty bright, and Ted had trouble concealing the fact he had an erection. I'm sure Tom noticed.

He watched us walk across to the elevator. He watched as we held hands, watched as the elevator opened, and watched his wife get in with a guy who had less than honorable intentions toward her. I expected him to stop me, but he let me go, holding hands with Ted as we walked away. The elevator doors closed, and opened, too soon, I thought. But no, we arrived, walked down the hall, stopped in front of room 635.

He opened the door, let me go in first. I looked at Ted as he posted a "Do not disturb" sign, heard the door close, and the night lock engage, too. That sounded kind of final!

He took my hand and led me past the door to the bath room, to the main room. I saw the king sized bed. What was I getting into? Could I keep this under control? Did I want to?

He took me into his arms - I went willingly, expecting that first kiss. Instead, he talked. "Barbara, you're wearing a wedding ring. Are you married?" Opps. I forgot about that. Well, try honesty. I returned his embrace, one arm around his back, the other to the back of his head, and said "yes". "Does your husband know you're out like this?" "Yes." "What's going on? Is it an open marriage deal?" "No, it's just that a couple of weeks ago we both got excited about the idea of someone picking me up, so we wanted to try it for real once. And here I am."

"You're kidding! Do you mean he's one of those guys where it's a turn on for him for you to meet a guy, and come up to his room?" "It's new to us, but we both liked the idea." "Wow. . . Well, I'm not used to bringing married women to my room." "That makes us even; I've never been in a hotel room like this with a man I hardly know." "Well, this changes everything. What do you want to happen?" He still had his arms around me. I snuggled closer, and decided to be bold. "You wanted privacy. Me too. I'd liked to be seriously kissed by somebody other than my husband. Will you kiss me?"

He kissed me, and I kissed back. It may be the 90's, but this was the first sexy kiss I responded to from anyone but my husband since I was a teenager. It got hot quickly. Both our mouths opened, tongues touched. And I liked it! Ted needed a shave, I felt myself getting what I used to call beard rash, and didn't care. "I couldn't do that in the lounge", he said, and I told him "Then I'm glad we came here. That was very nice". I couldn't believe I was saying and doing the things I was saying and doing. He lowered his hands to my buttocks, pulled me up toward him. With just a skirt between his hands and my skin, it felt very sexy. I didn't resist at all, just moved closer to him. Still, it wasn't too much different from what he did downstairs. I could feel his erection, too. My hands were around his back, but I figured two could play - actually three were playing - so I lowered my hands to his ass, and pulled his hips, saying "Two can play at that, Ted".

His pelvis - his erect dick - ground into me big time! "That's nice, too", he said. He broke the embrace. I thought of Tom with his imagination going wild, and reached for him again. "I'm glad your husband likes this idea." "We both liked this idea." I put one hand around his neck, pulled his head close for another kiss. I liked kissing this guy, and wasn't sure how things are supposed to proceed, anyhow. But he did. His hands were on my ass again, working at pulling up my skirt. He wasn't being very successful at it. I pulled away a little, reached behind me, and helped him. Now he could lift it again. I felt coolness on my legs as it went up - how strange to feel that. But there was also the touch of his hands on my skin - cool, controlling, experienced. At least one of us knew what to do..

In a moment, his hands were on my buttocks again, but on skin, not skirt. "No panties. I like that!" "That was my husband's idea." "That makes it even better." No other man but Tom had ever touched my ass before like that. It was strange, but very sexy, too. I had one hand on the back of his head, the other on his cheek, so I could touch his mouth as he caressed me. I used that one to trace down to his neck, then between us to his chest. Oh, what the hell, I let it drift across his crotch, too. I am not good at judging things like this, but it felt huge! What an odd sensation, feeling that heat, that hardness, feeling his hands grabbing my ass, hands of someone I met only a couple of hours ago.

Being seductive and seduced like this was new, wicked, exciting, and fun. I realized I had my eyes closed while his fingers were tracing up and down between my buttocks, rubbing my anus. I opened them. His were open, looking into my eyes, then behind me, and into my eyes again. I suddenly knew he was watching us embrace in the mirror, or looking at the reflection of his hand on my ass. By now I could feel one hand was holding my skirt against my back while the other one fondled me, probing at my ass. That was shocking, but very thrilling, too. I didn't try to stop him, and instead stood a little taller, and kind of lifted one leg a bit over his, making it easier for him. "Are you looking at me in the mirror?" "Yes, do you have a problem with that?" "No, we wondered what it would be like to have someone else hold me and look at me, and touch me, too. So far, I like what you're doing."

He broke the embrace, dropping my skirt, and pulled the cover off the bed, grabbed me, and pulled me on it. He pulled at my blouse. "Wait, don't pull like that" I said. Well, Tom and I agreed breasts were in bounds. I knelt, facing away from him. pulled at my blouse, pulling the front free of my skirt, was very aware of the feeling of its hem sliding up my belly. Ted knelt behind me and helped - such a gentleman - by pulling it free from the sides, and the back. Then his hands were on my skin, on my hips, under the blouse - an electric touch. I looked up, saw myself in the mirror, saw a man behind me, saw movement under my blouse, felt hands touching the underside, then the most sensitive part of my breasts. I saw a man lean towards a woman's ear, felt a tongue create a thrilling sensation. Saw his mouth slide down from ear to neck, felt wetness there. Felt his mouth's progress impeded by my blouse's collar, and saw the woman in the mirror reach up, release one button, then another and another, and then slide the partly open blouse's collar toward her shoulder, so the man in the mirror's mouth would be free to feast on flesh. Felt the little bits as it feasted. Saw the man look up at the reflection of the woman in the mirror, and heard him ask "I wonder what your husband would say about this?"

"I know what he'd say." The mouth bit at my shoulder. "What?" "He told me he'd want me to have you see my breasts, too." "Then show them to me!"

The woman in the mirror's hands went to the buttons, releasing them. I felt the tension in the blouse, caused by his hands on me, releasing. The last one was opened. The woman in the mirror's right hand took the left lapel, pushed it to her shoulder. I felt the cloth drag over my nipple, as his hand cupped my breast. The man, still kissing the other shoulder, watched as her breast - my breast - being held by his hand, was uncovered. Then the woman took the other side, already on her shoulder, and started it down her arm. The man in the mirror released her breasts, so he could help her pull her arms from the blouse sleeves. I felt the blouse slide down my arms, and his eyes on me.

Her breasts, my breasts, were ruddy colored from his hands, from my excitement - aurora smaller than I ever remember as an adult, nipples more extended. I wanted him to look at me like a sexy woman, not a tenure track professor. And, Tom did say to make it sexy. This was much more exciting than the pretending I did with Tom a week ago in the parking lot. It was so erotic, the mirror now showing each nipple trapped between his thumb and forefinger, being twisted, kneaded. I felt the pinches, the mild pain.

I looked down at his hands, holding me, and mine, holding his to me, then up again, enjoying seeing, in the mirror, a woman, topless, a man behind her, kissing her neck, his hands on her breasts. How sexy! I sat up straighter, shoulders back. The woman in the mirror was thrusting her breasts into the man's hands!

Those breasts had been only Tom's for all of these years. Well, until now. Tom wanted me to share them, and I liked seeing them held by this guy, and the erotic and mild pain of his twists and pinches, too. After a moment, I sort of scooted down on the bed, and then turned to Ted, hoping he'd like what he saw. "My husband also said he hoped someone would kiss them. I want that, too." He stared at me, lying beside him. He looked at my breasts. He put both hands on one breast, in a pushing, spreading motion, flattening it, putting tension on my nipple. He opened his mouth as wide as he could, lowered in to me, sucked in as much as he could, hard, and his tongue teased it. More beard burn! What a wonderful, exciting feeling. Tom never did it that way. I resolved to teach him. I realized I had one hand under my breast, lifting it to his mouth, the other on the back of his head, holding him to me. How erotic, how wicked!

I remembered how exciting it was in the car last week. How he thought, no, how we thought, I should do the same thing to someone else. How I should be provocative, sexy. And now, how much I wanted to be! I pushed Ted away, reached for the buttons on his shirt, and said "Your turn." He sat up, kicked off shoes, pulled off socks. He stood beside the bed, got off his tie, his shirt, his undershirt, too. I watched, and said, truthfully, "Nice body." Belt open, pants off. Jockey shorts, having a hard time hiding an erection. I had not seen anything like that, except my husband's. This was why I was here!

He seemed to hesitate. "I'm not sure about this, with you married and all. . ." I sat up on the edge of the bed. "Come here," I said, got my arms on his waist, pulled him to me, between my legs, opened my mouth, and let my warm breath add to the heat coming through his briefs from his crotch. Well, Tom liked that last week. A different smell, different feelings. "I'll show you I'm sure". I pulled his shorts down slowly. I saw some dark pubic hair exposed, then the veined shaft, thicker than I expected. The elastic on his shorts slid along what seemed to be a long shaft, and a moment later his entire penis sprung free. I loved knowing this woman could have such an effect on this man. I saw a drop of pre-come already, and found this new cock throbbing in front of my face fascinating. I wanted to remember every detail. "That looks wonderful" I said, as he finished stepping out of his shorts.

I leaned forward, towards his cock, hands now on his bare ass. . . I closed my eyes, remembering, and then said "This is my husband's idea, too," and drew him - it - closer. I took his penis in my hand - so warm, so alive, looking so urgent - the only cock except Tom's I'd touched. A gentle dry kiss on its shaft, and a gentle lick of its head, and then, as I did in the car with Tom, with my eyes closed, took as much as I could in my mouth. I told Tom my lips would be doing something un-wifely. I wondered if a different cock would have a different taste. It did. Ted's hands went to my head, and he held me, while his hips flexed. His cock was moving in my mouth - fucking it! So big, so hot, so exciting! What would my friends say - this very straight Barbara, Ph. D., sitting on a bed, a stranger's cock in her mouth, and her loving it!

In a moment I pulled away. I got out off the bed, pushed him on it, being totally sexy, free, and wanton. I stood pretty much between his knees now, lifted one foot, and the skirt did what it was supposed to, and fell away from my leg, as I slipped one shoe off. Changed legs, got the other one off, too. By now he was stoking himself. I moved closer: he pulled me between his legs. My breasts were about mouth high, and he started working on them again. One went into his mouth, the other was getting twisted and teased, hard, with his one hand, and his other hand was stroking his cock. I had a brief reluctance, but I held his head to my nipple. Tom, I decided, didn't pay enough attention to my breasts, but Ted was. His teeth on one, fingers twisting the other, was almost painful, but wonderful, too. I leaned into his mouth. His other hand began working its way up the inside of my leg, touching me in ways no one but Tom ever did. Maybe he'd show me other things to teach Tom.

I released his head, and moved his hands away. I found the clip on my skirt, and using both hands got it unhooked, and held it closed, in position. I took about a half step back. He looked at me with lust in his eye, mouth open. I felt a moment of hesitation, remembered the play acting Tom and I did in the car, and remembered what my husband said he wanted me to do. I hoped he still wanted it. I let go one side of the skirt, and felt it unwrap around my body. It felt as sensual as anything I ever did.

Now I was standing in front of him, with my skirt held up by one hand so the material flowed down in front of me. I looked down at bare breasts, exposed hips, the thin chain around them, and a draped skirt hiding my pubic mound, and a stranger holding an erection with both hands.

"Breath-taking" he said. "This is more exciting than I hoped. I love it!" I hadn't been this horny in years! "Please, will you turn around?" Still holding my skirt up, I did the same modeling turn I showed my husband a little while ago. Except, Tom saw me clothed. I wished I had put perfume on my thighs, like Tom wanted me to. Ted looked at every inch of me: my hip, my ass, my other hip, and my breasts, again. Now someone other than Tom saw me

almost totally exposed. I don't think a man can understand the feeling! "Come closer."

I did, watching as he reached to pull me closer. I wondered what Tom would say when he heard about this. But Ted knew what he wanted. He put one hand behind my knee, lifted it. I put my free hand on his shoulder both for balance, and because I was feeling weak-kneed. He guided my leg so that I had one foot on the bed, next to his hip. The skirt was still draped across me. Then he took the wrist of my hand that was holding the skirt. It was almost at my cleavage.

He started lowering it, and I didn't resist, was just enjoying the moment, and the sensation of the material as it moved on my body. I watched as his hand moved mine lower, and enjoyed the touch of his fingers as they followed the material.

I watched as it moved over the chain. Tom gave me that so I'd remember this was for both of us. Then my navel became exposed, and in a few seconds, the start of my own pubic hair. Tom wanted someone else to see my complete body. Now it was happening. I felt him moving my hand, and watched his face and eyes, as they followed the progress of the skirt. For just a moment I stiffened my hand, but Ted, with a gentle pull, started the movement down again. Another couple of inches and out along the thigh of the leg I had on the bed. Now my cunt was exposed, too. With one leg on the bed, I felt as though my vulva was exposed and open, the skirt was shielding only one of my thighs. I knew at one level when I came into this room I might - no, probably would - have intercourse - fuck - with someone other than Tom for the first time. This was the next step..

I knew all of that, and decided my skirt was kind of the last shield between me and him. If it went, I was even more committed to this. I thought of Tom, downstairs, and our acting out in the car, and relaxed my grip. The skirt, no longer protection, slid off my leg, and off the bed. He was staring at my cunt. I couldn't help myself. I put my other hand on his shoulder, too. I stretched and arched my body, felt myself moving my knee that was beside him away, and with my hands on his shoulders, and one foot on the bed, couldn't be more exposed and available!

I closed my eyes, felt his fingers touch my vulva. I was so wet and horny that his fingers met nothing but heat and moisture as he ran them along its lips. And a finger found its way inside me. The analytical part of my mind logged it as a first penetration, but everything else was focused on the physical pleasure. My legs were quivering - this was what Tom wanted to know about, and now it was something I wanted to do, and memorize for him, too. As his finger moved up and in, I moved to help it penetrate. And watched his face as I took his wrist in my hand, and guided his hand to just where I wanted to be touched. . . "You haven't done this ever before?" he asked. "Never." "Well, then, in that case. . ."

Now my eyes were closed, and I was enjoying every second. I muttered something about my body bringing pleasure to my husband in a different way, tonight. I felt movement, felt his mouth on my inner thigh, felt his tongue tracing up, and I arched even more as it found my clit! A penetration of the second kind! So different a motion than my husband's. I put a hand on the back of his head, pulling him to me, feeling fingers opening me, and tongue and fingers doing new and strange magic on me. I never had an orgasm standing up before. I wonder if other woman had as much trouble standing while it happens.

Ted paused while I shuttered. When it was over I pushed him away, and still holding his hand, moved onto the bed, rolled on my side, pulled him beside me. I felt this warm body, different than my husband's, all along mine. I guess putting my leg over his hip was automatic, but it put his cock against my pelvis! He was watching me as his hands stoked my back, my ass, and over my buttocks to my cunt as I stretched and arched closer to him. "I can't believe your husband wanted you to do this," he whispered. I closed my eyes, remembering. "We talked about this happening," I whispered, "and I told him maybe someone would be kissing and touching me. He said that would be all right, and he could do even more. When I said the only more would be that he might have sex with me, he said that was OK, too."

I opened my eyes, saw Ted still looking at me. I took my leg from over him, moved his hands from around me, rolled on my back. I looked at him beside me, pulled him towards me. He moved closer, and then he was kneeling, straddling me, his knees outside of mine. He leaned forward, put his hands near my shoulders, and bent to kiss me, while his erect cock pushed at my pelvis. He lifted away, suspended, arched, over me. I was now a bit scared, my legs were tight together.

His cock poked at my belly, my pelvis, again. "Barbara, open your eyes." I did. "Are you having second thoughts?" I nodded. "Do you want me to stop?" I moved one leg, pushing at his. He shifted, lifting his, so I could raise my knee, and got that leg outside his.

He shifted again, so I could release the other one, too. Now, when he straightened he was between my legs, my knees were up, near his hips, his cock was touching my pubic hair, my cunt's lips were partly open because - well - I was spread out for him. "No, don't stop." I whispered, to him, to me, and for Tom. He said "Show me what you want - show me exactly what your husband wants you to do. Show me what you think would turn him on."

What an exciting, perverted idea. I reached for his cock. There were a lot of firsts tonight, and I was very ready for the next one.

I moved my knees up on either side of his torso, and got my feet flat on the bed. I hoped Tom would enjoy hearing about this as much as I was, doing it. I lifted/rotated my hips a little, got my knees as far apart as I could. Ted moved so I could lead the tip of his penis to the lips of my vagina. Then he held his position. I moved his cock along my lips, back and forth a few times - it felt so good, and so odd, too. "He wants me to do this", I said as I felt, and helped, its head find the lips, I used my other hand to spread myself a little wider. "Don't look at my face now, look there." We both watched, and I opened myself for this new, hungry, erect cock. I raised my pelvis and felt the blunt pressure of his penis's head against me. I moved so that his cock's head was just parting my lips. I closed my eyes for a moment, remembering my husband, and the games we played, and whispered to myself "This is for you, too." I held his cock, lifted another fraction, felt myself being forced open, and saw and felt half its head, then all of it, start to enter me. I aligned my pelvis as best I could, looked at him, and said "Let me do this."

I lifted my hips some more, towards this cock. I felt and saw the shaft of his cock slip into me, opening me, the head probing, spreading me as I raised myself in one delicious, long, slow movement. I felt myself flush red hot. His penis's head pushed the walls of my cunt, making space in me for that

long, hot, veined rod, going deeper in me than Tom could reach. Then, pushing, slowly rotating his hips, he moved, too, until his stiff pubic hair was against my belly, and his cock was fully seated in me. I could feel his pulse in it - it was rapture! This new cock fit - I know, they all do - and I thought "This is how adultery feels, when your husband approves." I was fucking - really fucking, now - a man I wasn't married to.

His pressure and weight forced my ass back on the bed - I realized I had lifted my pelvis a lot to get him into me. I looked down along our bodies, seeing breasts, my nipples erect, red, his chest, torsos joined at the crotch with what looked like common hair, his and mine, together, touching. And where the visual part ended, the sexual part began. I could feel little movements in me as he adjusted his pelvis's position. His cock would press more on one place, then another, as though it was searching for, memorizing, the right spot to erupt. I was full of him, his heat, his size!

He began withdrawing; exposing what was now a glistening, wet shaft. That was me, my moisture, wetting him, lubricating him! I had done, was doing, what had been unthinkable only a couple of weeks ago! He withdrew slowly until it was almost out. I watched and felt his erection disappear in me again, spreading and stretching me with less effort this time. It didn't take too long for me to get close to another orgasm, and I was pretty sure from how hard and fast he was pushing that he was close, too.

He moved in and out of me slowly, I could feel wetness everywhere, cool under my ass, hot in my cunt, as he fucked me: no, as we fucked each other. You can tell I had an accurate memory until now, but it became clouded here. I do remember bringing my legs together again, under him, relaxing them as he pushed, then hard together, squeezing his cock as he pulled. I remember my wrists being held above my head by his strong hands, as his pelvis pushed against, into, mine, as his cock pushed and stretched and filled and violated and in its own instinctive way found new places to give me pleasure. I don't think I could have been a more enthusiastic partner as he pounded into me..

In almost too short a time he whispered "Barbara, I can't hold back much longer! Should I pull out? I didn't put on a condom." I felt him throbbing, felt a strong heart beat bounding in his cock, from him, in me, felt my own little muscle spasms grabbing at his cock as he started to pull away. "NO" I said, freeing my hands, grabbing his waist, holding his hips close. I got one leg out from under him, then the other, wrapped them around his back, locked my ankles, and pulled him closer. I tipped my pelvis so that I was as wide still, and almost hissed. "Come in me. Give me every drop!"

I watched his face redden, and I felt myself flush and quiver, too. I loved the way he pushed in, and loved the way his cock seemed to grow a little longer at the last minute, reach still deeper in me, and get hotter, too. I looked down, saw him pull back a couple of inches, thrust in, again and again, and I could feel the twitches his cock was making as he ejaculated in me, grunting, making "Uhhhh" noises with each spasm as he came, in time with my own noises. I put a hand on either side of my cunt, spread it as much as I could, and pushed against his pelvis. I captured his shaft between the thumb and fingers of each hand, and began a milking motion ". . . every drop. . ." And he delivered. Each time he'd thrust, I heard myself moan, and met him, with my knees far apart, sometimes legs bent, sometimes straight out and up, masturbating him with each stroke, very aware of feeling him push in me with each spurt, of that very male look on his face. I'm sure I could feel his semen pumping into me. Tom wanted me to be memorable for this guy. I was trying.

It seemed to take a long time to empty him self. He was pushing, stroking, even when I felt, in all that heat and moisture, his penis finally get a little softer, get a little smaller. At last he stopped, paused on me, then rolled off, trailing a thread of his cum and my lubrication across our pelvises. We lay there, both out of breath, both sweating, my hand stroking his cock, his fingers probing my vagina, heat radiating from pelvises, coolness from the puddle of my lubrication under me. I could feel some of his cum cooling, too, as it leaked from me, could feel his cock softening in my hand. What a sense of power I had, and of relief at having gone through this thing for Tom, and for me. "I loved it", I said. "Me too. Thank your husband for me."

A few minutes later, somewhat recovered, I said "I got to go, now." I kissed him. After all, he was only the second man to have done that to me. "Before you go, can I have your name, your phone number, maybe at work?" "Uh-uh. This was only time only, it won't happen again. Pleasant dreams." I stopped for a minute in his bath room, wiped some of what he put in me away. I washed up quickly. He had some talcum powder, and used a bit of that on my pelvis, got into my blouse, skirt, shoes, and let myself out. I took the "Do Not Disturb" sign as a kind of trophy.

Tom was in the bar, looking very anxious. "Honey, you weren't gone very long - only 45 minutes. I guess nothing happened." I didn't answer that. "I'll tell you at home. Let's go" I said, instead. When we got home, he wanted to sit and talk, but I insisted he come to bed. "Please talk to me" he said. "Get in bed", I told him. He did. I got out of my outfit. I turned around at the foot of the bed. "How do I look?" "You look great. Are you going to talk to me?" "I promise to not to keep any secrets, but you're going to have to give me some time."

I was scared of how he'd feel. I stood close. "Take off the chain." He did. "No one else did that tonight." "Good." I got into bed. He reached to kiss me, but I stopped that. I lay on my back, and spread my legs. "Get on me." He did, and tried to get his penis where he wanted it. "Not yet, please, honey." He was lying between my legs, and looked at me. "What's going on?" "Honey, look at my face." He did. "What do you see?" "Barbara, it looks like the skin is roughed up a bit." "Now, why do I want you to shave before we make love?" "So that my beard doesn't scratch you." "So what do you know now that you didn't know before?" "Oh, I get it. Someone else has been kissing you, hard." "That's right; you are not the only man to kiss me tonight. Is that all right?"

He shuttered with excitement - totally turned on. So that much was still OK with him! "Sexy kisses?" "Yes Very sexy kisses!" "I love it. Tell me more." I put my hands on his shoulders, pushed his head lower, to my breast. His mouth found it, began sucking the same breast that was sucked on a short time ago. "Look at me, Tom. Is anything different?" He paused. "This one looks a little bruised, and this one looks like it has some of the same whisker rash your mouth has."

I could feel hips making the little motions that mean he's very horny. More evidence that I could tell him some more about the night. I said "Tom, I hope it's OK that you're not the only man to play with my breasts tonight." "Good!" "Open your mouth really wide, and suck at my whole tit." He did. "That's

what he did, too!!!" I thought he'd go crazy. "Oh, I like this. Tell me more. What else did he do?" I pushed him a little lower, and then caught him with my legs when his head was at about my navel.

He was getting into it, now, and I was getting hornier, too. "I smell talcum. Since when did you start using talcum powder, honey?" "I don't use it. Could that mean some other man's talcum was where your face is tonight?" He was shaking with excitement. Me too, I liked doing this to him. I released the hold I had on him with my legs. I opened them for a second man tonight, I could feel how wet I was, and how excited I was. I put my hands on his shoulders, and pushed him lower still, until I could feel his breath on my pelvis. I rotated my hips again this evening, opening myself, and felt him put a hand on either side of my vagina, and felt him lower his face into it. Now I was holding his head in place, while he explored every part of me. "I smell something different here, too!" "Maybe. Is that OK with you?" I thought there'd be a premature ejaculation then. "Tom?" "MMMMmmm?" "I'm about to come!"

I grabbed his hair, pushed his face into my crotch, and had an orgasm. Again. And then pulled him along my body. I asked "Are you mad at me?" "No" "Did you like going down on me just now?" "Yes". "Even if I fucked someone else a hour ago?" I kissed him, and found his cock, and guided it - not that it didn't know the way - into me.

I was as again as wide as I could be, and he was pounding me as hard as he could. "No, I'm not mad, I love it! Your cunt feels all open and loose! Tell me!!" I wrapped my legs around him - "Tom, don't be mad at me, but I held him like this, and stroked his cock while it was in me, and I asked him to give me every drop he could, and he did. Is that what you wanted to happen?" Yes, yes, yes" "And I had two orgasms while he fucked me, too."

I was milking him like I milked Ted, and felt pretty much the same twitching, and little jerks, and I'm pretty sure I could feel him start to come into me, too. "Honey, when I told him I was married and you wanted me to get fucked, he got really hot - he was in me really deep!" I guess you could figure out that Tom exploded into me. Just as he started to I said "And your cock is swimming in its own cum, and someone else's, too."

I thought he'd burst! I knew he was weird for wanting to have other guys screw his wife, and I was weird, too, for letting it happen, and enjoying it. That all happened about six weeks ago. We've talked about it, and acted it out, and enjoyed it, every time. But you might want to know if we think there'll be a next time. We think so, but it won't be quite the same. Next time, we decided, I'm going to do the seducing, and select the man I want! We've even practiced. I dress up, always with the gold chain around me, usually in the silky, dark print front buttoned dress I told you about earlier. But no half slip, no panties, no bra. We both like me to keep the top unbuttoned a couple of inches, and keep the bottom unbuttoned to about mid thigh. The dress reaches to mid calf. Then, when I cross my legs, there's a lot of exposure, and we both get turned on by that. We especially get turned on because if I let the dress hike up a bit, a guy in the right position, like sitting next to me, could find out by touch pretty easily that I was nude underneath. At least, when Tom and I sit in a lounge like that he can get a couple of fingers very warm and moist while each of us is sipping a cocktail.

We go out, and I let other guys try to pick me up, and dance with me. Almost always the moment they hold me they get bold, because they can't feel a bra strap, or slip, or panty seam, and they figure I'm an easy pick up. I love the casual way their hands seem to glide over my ass, how they figure out the chain I wear on my hips, and how quickly they get an erection. Then, I pick up my husband, bring him home. By the time I get the dress unbuttoned and held closed only with a sash - then it's like a negligee, with legs and cleavage showing every time I move - he can hardly control himself. We think we'll "go to completion" at one of Tom's out of town technical conventions where most of the attendees are straight arrow type guys who would really enjoy me as a treat and remember what happened the rest of their lives. Oh, there's another thing that'll be different.

When I told Tom what it was like to have Ted help take my blouse off, and to show myself to Ted, he said he wished he could have seen that. And I realized it was something I wanted him to see. And when I told him what it was like to unhook my skirt, and have it unwrap, until I was holding it up only in front of my pelvis, and how Ted took my hand and moved it so I was all exposed, well Tom said he wanted to see me do that, too. And, it's something I wish I could have shown him, instead of just telling him about it. And finally, when I told him what it was like to guide Ted's cock to my vulva, and then to raise my hips while he stayed still and rigid, until his cock got inside for the first few inches, well, he wanted to see that, too. And I really like the idea of him watching as I help a cock slip into me.

So, next time we'll have to fix it so Tom can see. I guess it means we'll have a hotel room with a closet in the bed room, or a balcony, or something. But sooner or later we'll find the right place. Until we do, every time we travel I'll pack my silk dress. And practice by picking up my husband, and giving him the same treat we both want to give to a nice stranger. Or, there's always a chance I'll meet a nice guy here in town, who'll tell me he once read a story about a woman named Barbara, and her husband Tom. . . (We do use those names when we go out to play). If he's nice enough, we think I should confess to being that Barbara, and introduce him to Tom, and we'll rent a room so Tom can watch, up close.

I know that's a long shot, but it will add even more excitement to our home town practice sessions.

THE END

About the Author

Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the

non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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