

Creampie Slutwife Dancer

I heard the squeaky frame of the car from Rent-A-Wreck in the driveway as it passed by the window of our bedroom suite. My wife Julie was home. We had rented the car for her slumming, because her Alfa Romeo was far too noticeable. I saw on my keypad that she opened the house door and came in.

I waited patiently until she opened the bedroom door and stepped in, her stiletto heels clicking on the marble entryway. She set her bag down, and strutted to the bed.

When she had left the house six hours ago, she had not looked like her normal self. Instead of her nicely tailored fashionable clothing, she had worn her sluttiest outfit. She had worn a tightly fitting yellow mini-dress that barely covered the tops of her garter hose, and clung tightly to her "enhanced" breasts. It displayed the toned muscles that endless hours in the gym created. Her golden blonde hair had been stacked on top of her head in order to cascade down sexily with wispy tendrils. She had been incredibly hot.

Now... well, now was a different matter. She had changed clothes into her lacy red dress that you could see through if you looked hard enough (and I imagine the guys had been looking rather intensely). Her garters were gone. Her elegant hair was down and loosely braided. Her makeup was a mess, appearing to consist mainly of dried cum.

"How was it?" I asked. My cock was making a tent of the bed covers.

"I got the \$500 and made another \$750 in tips," she smiled, standing over the bed. She opened her bedside table drawer, and tossed it in. She had to pat down the currency to close the drawer, because of the money already in there. We'd count it in the next day or so to see if there was enough for the new carpeting she wanted.

"That's good," I said. "Did the guys enjoy your performance?"

"Look and see," she smiled. She pulled her dress up and over her head, revealing her inflated breasts. Her nipples were very red, as if someone had chewed on them, and her left had a big hickey on it. But I wanted to see the main evidence.

I swung out of the bed, and kissed her deeply. My eyes held hers affectionately, and then I took a big lick of the tangy cum on her face. There was plenty of time for that later, but first I wanted to see her pussy for proof of her wickedness.

I knelt before her, and saw the Saran Wrap sticking out of the edges of her g-string. I gripped the strings, and delicately pulled her panties down. The clear plastic cling wrap did its job, clinging tightly to the folds of her pussy. Her bald pussy, I realized.

"You shaved?" I asked. She had left the house with a neatly trimmed black bush, proof that her hair wasn't naturally golden. I loved that, because her died hair to me was evidence of her sluttiness. I looked up at her, seeing her smile at my reaction.

"Well, I didn't," she giggled. "The bachelor did." I could picture in my eye the look on his face when she offered to let him do it, and the trembling hand he would have as he removed her pubes. I am sure he would have gotten the point that she was wide open to almost anything.

I turned again to her cunt. The cling wrap clung partially because of the gluey semen holding it there. I was glad for that, because I could see her hole was slowly oozing more cum. The purpose of the Saran Wrap was to try to contain as much cream as possible for my consumption when she got home.

"Lay down," I said, standing. She sat on the edge of the bed, her legs off. She tossed me a pillow for me to kneel on; it was part of our ritual. She took other pillows and propped herself up so that she could see me.

"Don't you want me to suck your cock?" she asked. Usually, she did, because I felt the need to explode in her mouth right away. You can imagine how horny I was when she left the house, and it always built until she got back. Many times I was almost irrational with the need to cum, and our arrangement was that I had to wait to do it in her mouth.

"I love your bald pussy so much," I explained, "that I want to eat it right away."

"MMMMmmmmm, suits me fine," she smiled. "Get to it, then."

I knelt on the pillow, and she spread her legs wide. I kissed the inside of her thighs first, tasting a little cum. Then I kissed down her firm legs to her delicate ankles. Our eyes locked as I took her stiletto in my mouth and sucked it as I could imagine she sucked those guys. Then I kissed back to her pussy, sliding my tongue along her ticklish flesh.

I looked closely at her pussy, then removed the cling wrap. A flood of musky fragrance wafted out, a mixture of her natural strongly smelling juices and the sperm of the men who had fucked her. Her hole began to ooze cum... there was a lot of it.

"How many guys this time?" I asked. I ran my tongue over the cling wrap, getting my first taste of the creampie she had saved for me. The tangy saltiness was sexy as hell.

"The bachelor and six friends," she said. Before I could even ask, she informed me that she had gotten 15 ejaculations in her pussy and 2 in her ass. Several others were in her mouth, missed the mark, or came on her face.

"Two in your ass?" I asked. She nodded and shifted her hips to tilt her ass up. I saw the butt plug she was wearing. I pressed her thighs to urge her legs into the air. Between her firmly rounded cheeks was the base of the big black plug. I would get to that later.

Now I needed to suck her pussy. I returned my attention to her red pussy, and she spread her legs far apart to give me access. I didn't waste any time, but slid my tongue between her lips to taste her creamy cunt.

As always, while I ate her she told me of her evening. I could only half concentrate on what she was saying, because I was busily licking her denuded crotch. It was very exciting to run my tongue over her newly slippery mound. I would occasionally bury my tongue deep inside her, probing for more of the thick mixture.

She trembled occasionally, loving the nastiness of her successful husband so eagerly eating the cum of her clients. If I could only half concentrate on what she was saying, she could only half concentrate on saying it!

She had arrived in her rented wreck, and strutted to the door. Before she even got on the porch, the door opened. Inside was the crowd of guys, already liquored up pretty good. They had taken her to the walk-out basement, where a sturdy coffee table had been placed. After a little drink together, they paid her the \$500 dancing fee and she was ready to go.

Her first set, she teased the men pretty mercilessly. She had spent three songs stripping to just her garters, although she had to remove just one piece of clothing. Then she did the "bend over and look at my pussy" routine for another couple songs, getting tips for a close-up view. The guys all whispered about the visible black plug in her ass, and what that might mean. When the set ended, she gave each of the guys a nasty french kiss and a pat on the crotch. All had been hard as rocks.

Her next set she came out in the red dress she had worn home. When that came off, it was the last time she wore clothes before the end of the night. She got more tips, then sat on the bachelor's lap. She reached up, and let down her hair as he sucked her hard nipples. Then she kissed him for an entire song while humping his crotch. She went around the room, then spending 30 seconds or so with each guy, humping him, before moving on.

During her next break, the best man approached her to inquire about her openness to giving blow jobs. She pulled him into the bathroom, and pressed his face into her crotch. "Do you see how wet I am?" she had asked. He moaned, running his tongue through her deeply flavored juice, and she continued, "Does it seem likely I'll say no?"

Instead of dancing the next set (or any other set), she went around the room giving mini-BJs to the guys. The best man laid on the coffee table, and she squatted over him. He licked her flowing juices while the guys lined up for more sucking.

At this point in telling her story, she had to cum. She reached down and pulled back her clit hood with manicured fingers. I moved up to wet it with my tongue, then began to suck it until she was about to cum.

"Get ready," she panted. I dropped my mouth back to her sloppy hole as she brought herself over the top with her fingers. Her orgasm was a nice strong one, and she cried out as her abdomen clenched. I pressed my mouth in close and sucked hard at her opening as a river of creampie was squeezed out. I moaned, fighting my own orgasm back down. I loved nothing better than to have my mouth full of her creamy effluent and it always made me about cum. I felt my balls tighten but somehow managed to regain control.

When my mouth was full, I stood and laid on top of her, pressing my mouth to hers. I gave her a creampie snowball, and we spent a few minutes fighting for shares of it. Her tongue brushed mine as we tried to capture as much of the mixture as we could.

Then I went back and resumed eating her. A thin trickle of cum was all that remained, but her own juices were really flowing. It was her signal to continue.

By the time the set was to be over, no one cared about keeping track any more. She had the guys get a bowl of warm water, soap, and a razor. Then she let the bachelor carefully remove her pubic hairs as the others crowded around to gawk. When he was done, she did a careful touch up, removing the strays that he missed in his excitement. The guys eagerly took up her offer to cop a feel of a freshly shaven pussy.

She had the bachelor lay down and she mounted his face. He wasn't as eager a pussy eater as the best man, even though her pussy was now slick. Facing his feet, she reached down and slid his pants off, then his undershorts. Of course, that led to a 69, which all the other guys appreciated watching.

She had felt the need to be fucked, so she slid down his body and put his cock into her pussy. She slid him inside, emitting a nice moan as he penetrated her. At that point, she offered to suck off any guy who wanted it, or they could wait to be next to fuck her. Only two wisely chose to blow in her mouth;

they had correctly guessed that they could fuck her later too.

The bachelor and the first guy came at about the same time. One of the guys realized that it would be a sloppy fuck, and blurted out that fact. "You can choose not to fuck me," she laughed as the best man plunged into her gooey hole.

The next hours were bliss, as man after man took turns fucking her. She would have lost track of the numbers of loads she took, except that it was part of the fun she would have later with me. She did lose track of her orgasms. Some of the guys, when the initial cum was out of the way could fuck a long time, especially since she was so sloppy wet and loose.

It was the best man who was bold enough to remove her butt plug. He pushed into her gooey pussy, coating his dick with slime. Then he ass fucked her for a nice long time, long enough that she came hard. The guy she had been sucking was so surprised that he lost it and sprayed her face as she howled in pleasure. That in turn loosed the best man to pump shot after shot into her ass.

The bachelor took her ass again as the last act of the night as the other guys dribbled puny their third and fourth loads onto her sweaty body. It wasn't actually that pleasurable, since she was worn out and sore. However, she was delighted to be used like this and to know that I would enjoy how slutty she had been. He buried himself deep into her nasty ass and came. It was the first time he had fucked an ass and he had cum a lot from the thrill of it. As he pulled out, the best man pushed the big plug back into her ass, preserving the goo inside her darkest cavern.

Since all the guys looked beat, she quietly put on the saran wrap and gathered her things, then stole away. The best man caught her on the porch, chasing her outside but still buck naked. He gave her their collected cash, the \$750 in "tips" she had earned. She gave him a quick kiss, and squeezed his flaccid member.

I looked at her asshole again, again urging her legs up so I could have access to the plug.

Gripping it, I pulled it out of her. I saw clean cum on the tip of the plug, then looked at her gaping opening.

The plug was 2.5 inches across at the fattest part, and necked down to an inch before flaring out to the base. Her asshole had been held open a good inch almost all night, and now I could see inside her. Her opening showed signs of rough use, which she loved, and also signs of leaking sperm, which I adored. I put my mouth to her asshole and stuck my tongue inside her forbidden hole.

In minutes, she was squirming uncontrollably. I rarely probed her backside, but she had given me the

gift of a huge creampie. She started tapping her hard clit with her fingers, spanking it lightly. "Cum for me... let me eat your fudge pie," I moaned at her. With a gasp, she let loose. Her asshole clamped onto my tongue, then released, over and over again. I could see her sloppy pussy contracting too, which was amazing to watch.

Then she started squeezing out the fudge pie, crying out that I'd 'better eat it'. Before we began our kinky games years ago, I would have quaked at the thought. Now though, I sucked at her ass, gulping down the goo. It was an act of love, and not as gross as you'd think. Besides, I was really horny.

When she calmed down, she had me lie on the bed. For the next half hour, she continued the tease, sucking me with all her prowess. She'd bring me to the very edge, and then pull down on my nuts and squeeze the base of my cock. My back arched as I struggled to cum despite her efforts. When I could breathe again, she started again and took me to an even higher plateau.

All the while, she kept telling me about how much I liked sharing her mouth and pussy and ass with men I never even would see. I kept agreeing, because it was true. And the mere fact that I knew I liked it made it more horny for me. I liked sharing my society circle wife with mere mortals, and I liked sucking her pussy clean, and I liked that we both knew it.

Finally, she gave into my whimpering pleas to cum. She gave me nice long normal kiss, and reminded me that she wanted me to leave "nothing in the sack" when I came. She nibbled down my body, lingering at my nipples to charge me to the highest peak of arousal. It was torture, not just the painful/pleasurable nips and pulls of my hard little buds, but also the knowledge that each nip delayed when I would cum. I had to start begging again before she'd move.

"OK, baby," she purred with my cock poised to enter her mouth, "fill me up." She sank quickly onto me, my cock popping into her throat as she swallowed me whole. She lifted off me slowly, sucking hard, then 'dropping' her mouth back to my pubic bone. She did it three times and then I came.

She pulled off enough so that just my head was in her mouth. Her left hand continued to jack my shaft while her right squeezed my sack to make sure nothing was left. I could only partially comprehend this was going on, because fireworks were exploding in my head. It was a fantastically fulfilling orgasm, both emotionally and physically. Wave after sticking wave of cum shot through my penis, making me feel complete.

I was a quivery hulk when she pulled away, her cheeks distended chipmunk-like. She took advantage of my mindlessness, opening my mouth wide with her fingers. Then she spit/dripped some of my own cum back into my mouth. Then her mouth opened wide and she drained the rest into my mouth as we kissed. Truthfully, some escaped in the shower of my spunk falling out of her mouth and splashed my face. Not to worry, though, since she licked it off after our extended cummy kiss.

She kicked off her shoes and crawled up and under the sheets. I slowly followed, and we snuggled.

"So," I smiled dreamily, "what kind of carpeting do you want?" When she looked questioningly at me, I pointed to her nightstand, filled with cash from her adventures.

"Mmmmmm," she said, putting her head on my chest. "I am thinking now about making all the floors marble." That meant many more adventures, and we both smiled as we dropped into slumber.