

## **Kelly's First Date**

Kelly and Brad were alone together in their garden, enjoying the morning sun rising and warming them as they had breakfast. They hadn't spoken of it since the night three weeks ago when it had happened. It was a night full of sexual energy and excitement. After Kelly had arrived back home, they'd made passionate love for hours, with Kelly retelling each step of her very first date since her and Brad had married.

It was something they'd both fantasized about since their honeymoon, when Brad brought it while they fucked. As any young bride should, Kelly acted shocked. But, no matter how she tried, the thought wouldn't leave her and eventually she gave in to the fantasy and months later she talked with Brad about it and they'd agreed to make it happen.

They'd met a handsome man named Mike at a local bar they frequented. He was tall and muscular and everything Kelly enjoyed in a man. She'd flirted with him all evening and Brad could tell they were attracted to each other. This is the one, Brad thought to himself as he watched Mike and Kelly flirt.

Mike took her out onto the dance floor several times and Brad could see how much fun she had with him, letting him twirl her in his arms and bend her back and even pull her skirt up her thigh to tease Brad when he knew he was watching.

When they were alone, Brad suggested they arrange a date and very hesitantly, Kelly agreed. It startled Mike when Brad offered to let him and Kelly go out together. But, he agreed, saying it was a terrific idea and made the arrangements with Kelly as Brad looked on.

Nothing too risqué' had happened. Kelly wouldn't let it go beyond some flirting and kissing and light exploring. But, it had been a huge turn on for her and for Brad as well. He was a very outgoing type of guy, always expressing his emotions he'd let Kelly know how aroused he'd been during her very first date since their marriage. But, he'd made the mistake of telling her how jealous he'd been, and that worried Kelly. The last thing she wanted was her marriage ruined.

And now, three weeks after her date, here they were... Kelly and Brad in their garden and both wanting it to go further with Mike but neither wanting to say so.

Kelly put her arm on Brad's and looked up.

"What's on your mind?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"Crazy thoughts maybe," Kelly returned.

Brad gave her a knowing look and said, "Talk to me, Kelly."

"It's too hard," she said defensively.

"Listen Kelly, I know you want to go out with Mike again. I've sensed it when we have sex. You've almost spoken his name several times. But, each time you hold back."

"Ohh, Brad. You know me so well," she replied and burst out with her feelings.

She told him how she had enjoyed her date immensely and for the three weeks that followed, she couldn't get Mike out of her mind. And, it really wasn't that she was consumed with lustful thoughts because of Mike. "That isn't what's driving my passion. Instead, it's the idea of you waiting for me at home while another man is giving me his attention," she confided.

"Go out with him again, Kelly. Do it," Brad insisted.

"But, your jealousy, Brad. You told me how jealous it made you. I can't let destroy what we have together."

"It won't. I can control it. Look, yes I was jealous. But, I was also aroused and excited. I was full of emotions and every single one of them was at the high extreme. That's why I was turned on by it, Kelly. Yeah, I'll be jealous again. But, I want it. I want it all over again."

She admitted that she couldn't stop the naughty thoughts from running through her head and as the days passed, each time Brad suggested she contact Mike to arrange another date, she came closer and closer to actually going through with it.

Finally, with Brad's urging, she gave in and called him. When Kelly heard Mike's voice she swooned. The memories of his soft lips touching hers and his hands caressing her body came rushing back. Brad's curiosity was piqued by his wife giggling so sexily on the phone with the man that would very likely make love to her before the week was out.

When she hung up, Brad asked her what she had been giggling about. She blushed a little and hesitated before she spoke. "It was about you."

"What?" he chided. "What did you say?"

"He asked if it was OK with you, and I told him you were absolutely fine with it. Then he said, "Tell him that when we're in bed I'll be gentle with you.""

"He said that?" Brad asked. "He's going to be gentle with my wife. Oh, man... my wife in bed with a stud and he's promising me he'll be gentle with her."

"He did," she said laughing.

Kelly's date was set up for the following Friday night. She and Brad went shopping during the week for a new outfit. She tried on several, only to be rebuffed by Brad each time until she found one he approved of. He was being so particular and made her try on everything he thought she'd look sexy in and he hovered around the dressing room door, watching her with each outfit.

Wednesday and Thursday were excruciatingly long for them both. And when Friday evening finally arrived, Kelly walked out of the bedroom in her new outfit. She looked stunning. Brad pulled her close to him and kissed her. "This will be an adventure we will both never forget," he told her.

Kelly's phone chimed. The text message told her that Mike had arrived. He was parked out front. Apparently, he didn't want to come inside. Brad couldn't say that he blamed him. After all, this was a date with a beautiful married woman and husbands have been known to get very jealous. Especially when they know their wife is going to be fucked and all three of them knew that was going to happen

this time.

"I want to ask you one last time," she said to Brad at the front door. "Are you sure this is OK?"

Brad nodded 'yes'.

Mike was watching from the car as Kelly stood in the doorway. "After tonight, you will be a cuckold. You know that, right?"

"I don't see it that way, Kelly."

"You won't be able to take this back. You'll be waiting at home while your once innocent young bride is fucked by another man. A man you've begged me to fuck, Brad."

"It's all a kinda weird," he said, pulling her hand into his. "But the first time he took you out, I was turned on the entire time you were gone. My emotions were running from jealousy to arousal and back again. I've never had a feeling like that before and I want it again."

"I love you, Baby," she said, kissed him on the cheek, turned and intentionally swung her hips on the walk to the car.

Five minutes later a text came across his phone saying, 'I'm teasing Mike. I won't let him see this message. I'm going to fuck his big cock tonight. My pussy is already wet. I'll tell you all about it when I get home.'

Brad nervously flipped the phone shut and thought of Kelly's body being kissed and teased and slowly aroused to the point of orgasm and he thought of her long legs wrapped around Mike's hips and his cock pumping sperm into her wet sex.

It was like this the entire time Kelly was gone. He couldn't think of anything else. He was sick to his stomach with jealousy one minute, then hard as a rock, and fighting the urge to jerk himself off thinking about the how she looked partially dressed in another man's place and how they were embracing and he drove himself crazy thinking of Kelly writhing on Mike's big cock.

At about midnight Brad's phone chimed with another text. 'Hi Baby. It was wonderful. I'm so tired from the exercise! hee hee! Be home soon. Wait up for me.'

Brad paced for the next fifteen minutes until he heard a car door shut. She came through the front door, glowing. Her hair was a bit tussled and her cheeks were slightly red, showing she'd been embracing another. And, her heels clicked as she walked across the floor and a very nice smile was curled across her face.

As soon as she made eye contact with Brad, she blushed.

"You're blushing, Kelly." Brad said teasingly.

"No, no I'm not."

"Oh yes. You are blushing right this very minute."

"I'm not blushing. Stop that," she responded.

Brad stopped teasing her and asked the question he'd wanted to ask since she'd left. "Was it everything you'd hoped for?"

Kelly didn't answer, choosing instead to give him a 'come hither' look and stripped her way to their bedroom.

"Please," Brad begged. "Tell me."

"It was a dream. Almost too good to be true," she replied.

"How was it?" Brad asked nervously.

"It was great," she said. "But I'm glad I'm back here with you."

"I knew it would be! I just knew it. Shit, I couldn't think of anything else the entire time you were gone, Kelly," Brad admitted to her.

They each hurriedly pawed at the other's clothes.

"I'll tell you all about it." She pulled him by the hand onto the bed. Kelly was naked now, and her breasts and nipples were still swollen from Mike's kneading and sucking.

Brad examined her body as she spoke, looking up and down, checking for signs of her lovemaking.

Kelly pretended to ignore her husband's inquiring eyes as she began retelling the events of the evening. "After dinner, we went over to his place," she began, "He sat with me and charmed me with his flirty nature and made me feel so good and then we kissed. It was really nice. We just kissed for about fifteen minutes, and then he slowly started to feel me up."

"Over your clothes?" he asked. "Did he run his hands over your breasts?"

"He was rubbing me gently over my clothes, yes. And, he let his fingers linger on my nipples. They were poking out through my dress and he pinched them between his thumb and finger. I wanted to feel his hands on my skin so I stood and asked him to help me out of my dress. He leaned forward on the sofa as I turned my back to him so he could find my zipper."

"And?" Brad asked.

And, then he pulled my zipper all the way down until my panties were exposed. I turned and faced him and slowly stripped out of my dress and let it fall around my ankles. He didn't say a word. He just stood up and he led me back to his bedroom. As he led me to his room I thought of you and how you'd love to be able to watch me fucking him."

"Ohhh, damn yes I'd have loved to have been there, Kelly. I was going crazy back here thinking about it. Did you just leave your dress on the floor?"

She smiled. "Yeah, baby. I stepped out of it and left it out there. I knew I wasn't going to be needing it for a while."

"Then did he take his clothes off?" Brad asked.

"As soon as we got into his room, he got on his knees, took his shirt off, and kneeled in front of me. It was really strange, really exciting. I was standing over him, totally naked, and he just started to kiss my thighs."

"He was right in front of this gorgeous pussy, Kelly?" Brad asked as he moved closer and brought his mouth to within inches of her kitty.

"Well, yes. Yes, he was as close as you are right now. Can you smell him, Brad?"

Brad leaned in to within a few inches of Kelly's pussy. The pubes on her labia were encrusted in cum and he sniffed the air close to them and smelled Mike's scent on his wife. Brad pulled back and took a big sniff of the air as he did. "Oh, fuck...fuck, fuck, fuck!!! I smell him on you, Baby!"

"Tell me about when he fucked you," Brad asked impatiently.

She laughed. "Easy, Brad," she told him and ran her fingers through his hair. "Mike didn't push. You don't either. Okay?"

Brad looked at her with anxiety. He wanted to hear the rest of the story. Laughing, she pulled him toward her on the bed face to face with her, and whispered, "I just don't want you to get jealous when you find out that you're going to be the second one to taste my pussy tonight."

Brad took Kelly's breast in his hands, leaned down and suckled at her nipple. His mind was spinning with images of Mike doing the same. He moved down her body with his tongue, until it was only an inch from her pussy; all while thinking of Mike doing it instead of him.

"He kissed my thighs for about ten minutes, and he kept coming close to my pussy with his tongue and with his hands, but just teasing me. I was squirming and whimpering a little, and finally, I couldn't take it anymore, and I just grabbed his head in both hands, and pushed it between my legs."

"Did you really?" Brad asked, beside himself and he licked the very edges of her labia. "Like this?"

"Yes, but much harder. He wasn't gentle and loving any more. He wanted me with a passion that was almost as if he wanted to claim me as his own and get me ready for his cock," she said. "He buried his face in my pussy, and then he just pushed me back on the bed, and licked me and licked me."

"Did it feel good?" Brad couldn't keep his hands off his own balls and cock. He stroked himself and massaged his balls as she answered.

"It felt unbelievably good. He totally knew what he was doing. I think he's done a lot of that, and he knew just how to play with my clit. He was rubbing his thumb on my clit in circles, then sucking me inside his mouth. When he put two fingers inside me and started moving his tongue faster on my clit, I came so hard I was shaking."

"Oh, my God," Brad said. "I cannot fucking believe that. You came on his tongue? Did you suck his dick?"

"I was going to, baby. But after he had eaten me out, and after he took all of his clothes off, I just wanted to feel him inside my pussy."

"Oh, my God," Brad exclaimed, as he felt his own cock about to burst. "I'm going to cum," he told Kelly.

Kelly reached down to give him a little love squeeze, and on contact, he came all over her hand.

"You love this don't you, Brad. You are enjoying hearing about a stranger making love to me that you've cum in my hand. Oh god, this is almost as much fun as I had with Mike."

Kelly massaged Brad's cum all over her tits as she continued retelling the story. "Lick it off me," she told him. Brad eagerly licked his wife's tits, the tangy scent filled his nostrils and swept over his tongue and before he'd finished cleaning her off, he was erect again.

"This really does it for you," she proclaimed, in amazement. "I'm telling you that another guy laid me down on my back, squeezed on my tits, pushed his tongue inside me, licked my clit clean, and told me that he wanted to fuck me, and you get harder, faster than I have ever seen you get in my life?"

"I can't explain it, Darling," he said. "Tell me about when he fucked you."

"Okay, but I want to talk about you first."

"What do you mean?"

"I told you before I left that you couldn't take this back. What's done is done and you're my Cucky now."

"That's my new nickname? I'm your 'Cucky'?"

"Yes, and I'll say it with affection when we make love. I'll never call you by your pet name in public and nobody will ever know except you and me. You're my little Cucky and I love you for it," Kelly whispered and kissed Brad on his lips.

"Tell your little Cucky what happened next," Brad said lovingly.

"OK." She pushed Brad back, and gently stroked his balls, gliding her fingernails, teasingly, just a little way up his shaft.

"After he made me come with his tongue, he lay down on the bed with me, and we kissed some more. I was stroking his dick just like I'm doing to you right now. Then he asked me about you."

"What?" he said, and she laughed. "What did he say?"

"He asked if your dick was as big as his. And, he asked if you licked my pussy as good as he did."

"What'd you tell him?"

"I told him his cock was bigger than yours. And, it is, Cucky. It's much bigger and I could hardly believe how handsome it was. His shaft was fat and meaty. It was so fat that his head was smaller than the shaft and it had a slight bend in it."

"You must have been dying to get it inside you, Kelly."

"Oh, yes. And I told him that you were better at licking my pussy."

"Awww, that's so nice of you," Brad replied. "You didn't have to say that."

"I did. I did because it's the truth," she said in earnest.

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say a word. Then he rolled over, started sucking on my tits again, and he started slowly rubbing the head of his cock against my pussy. He had me totally moaning again, and then, he slowly sunk his cock inside me, and pulled himself up off of me, and we both kind of watched as his entire cock disappeared inside of me."

"Oh, my God. I can't believe my baby got laid," Brad screamed.

Kelly laughed. "I got laid so good, baby. He was just slowly pumping in and out of me. I was just smiling up at him and I felt him get even harder when I started pinching my nipples, and telling him how good he felt up inside me."

"Did it feel good?"

"Oh, baby," she said, stroking Brad with some force now, "It felt so fucking good."

"Did he come in you?"

"He came in me so hard, Cucky. Each time he shot off, I felt his hot cum against the side of my vagina. It got all warm inside me and then I felt it leaking down between my thighs and he kept pumping in and out, in and out, until his big dick softened up.

"Oh, my god," Brad shouted, about to blow his load again.

"Baby, thank you," she whispered.

"You're welcome. Thank you for what?" Brad asked.

"Thank you for being such a loving husband. Thank you for making me feel good about everything."

"You're a perfect wife," he said.

They cuddled all night and slept in the next morning and giggled and laughed as they made plans for the next time.