

Wife Date

I am married to a petite, sexy blonde. Terri is absolutely beautiful, with full surgically enhanced breasts with long eraser tip nipples. Terri is the atypical fun loving party girl.

She always dresses in tight fitting clothes, which show off her nice figure. She enjoys the attention she gets from other men, in an innocent way. It is not unusual for men to compliment her or flirt with her at the store or when she is out with the girls. She usually will tell me about this guy or that guy who tried to pick her up or whatever. I have to admit that I have always been a bit aroused when hearing about it.

For a while, I kept this to myself. During sex, I would often fantasize about her with another man. Terri gets very wet when we have sex. She will have a visible flow of cum and multiple orgasms. Her pussy will open like a flower. It is then I imagine how she would look with a really large cock in her.

Finally, I began to drop little hints about my fantasy of her with another man, to the point she would joke around about it with her girlfriends. It was always dismissed as lighthearted banter and never taken seriously. That all changed on one particular night. We were at a party at a friend's house. I don't care all that much for dancing and prefer to find a quiet spot to have a conversation with someone.

Terri, on the other hand, loves to dance. I don't care and encourage her to have fun. But during this party, she got the attention of this one guy who, I must admit was quite handsome. He was tall with an athletic body.

I watched from the sidelines as Terri danced with him several times. It was a slow burn so to speak. Terri was wearing her predictable short, tight skirt. She looked awesome as she danced with a sex tease look in her eyes and ready smile. I remember my cock got hard when the guy put his hands on her waist and pulled her to him, their hips grinding together, although briefly.

On the way home, I was still aroused about her little bout of dirty dancing. We got home and undressed for bed. We both had consumed a few adult beverages and we were feeling loose, but certainly not drunk. I started a little foreplay, kissing her nipples and rubbing against her. I told her it seemed she enjoyed her dance partner. She directed my hand between her legs. I slipped a finger inside her. She was very wet.

"I got a little turned on watching you dance with that guy. It seems you did too."

She rolled me over on my back and proceeded to suck my

cock.

"Put your fingers in me," she said as she paused.

I slipped two fingers inside her. Her pussy was wet and open. Terri was sucking my cock with enthusiasm now. I knew she had become aroused by dancing with Mr. Handsome, and the fact that it had turned me on too. I seized the moment and once again brought up the subject of her fucking another man.

In so many words, I told her how excited and aroused I was at imagining her being with another guy and how it turned me on to see her flirt and dance with that guy. I told her it was really okay if she wanted to let it go farther with him or anyone else for that matter.

Finally, I told her how much I would love to hear about her with another man with a large cock, larger than mine, filling her up and imagining him cumming in her, and how good it would feel to her.

Her pussy got wetter and wetter as I talked. She rolled on her back and spread her legs. We both had incredibly intense cums, almost at the exact same moment.

Later, Terri said, "I was imagining that large cock when I came.

**

About three weeks passed. I came home from work on a Wednesday night as usual. Terri met me in the kitchen and handed me a martini.

"Drink this, you might need it," she said.

I looked at her, not understanding but taking a gulp anyway.

"You love me, right babe?"

"Of course," I said.

"And I love you. So with that said, I have some news." She idled up to me with a mischievous look and outstretched arms, which she put around my waist.

"I made a date for Friday night... with another guy."

I was stunned. My heart was racing; I was at a loss for words.

She continued; "I got to thinking about what you told me. It kind of excited me too, and I kept thinking about how you said it would be really okay with you. Besides, I know you would fuck the hell out of me when I got home if I did it."

"Who?" I asked.

"That's for me to know and you to find out. That's part of the fun. I can tell you it's not the guy I danced with at the party. And if you want, you can call it off. I'm doing this for you, even though I do like the idea."

My mind was racing. I kept thinking about all the times I had dropped hints to her. I was scared but at the same time aroused at the thought.

"Okay I'm game. Just once. As long as you tell me about it."

"Trust me babe, it'll be better than that."

After it sunk in, I began to relax and eagerly anticipate Friday night. I came home from work to find Terri getting dressed. She had already showered. When I came in to the bedroom, she gave me a kiss and then sat down on the tiled deck of the bathtub. She pulled one knee up to her chest and spread her legs. Her pussy was neatly trimmed.

"Just a little taste," she said.

I got down on my knees and whisked my tongue between her legs. She was warm and wet.

She got up quickly and proceeded to dress. She put on white lace panties with a cotton crotch, pantyhose, a short skirt, and a cotton blouse sans bra. Her erect nipples were visible through the fabric. Her blonde hair was curled. She put on a neat pearl necklace and matching earrings. I don't think she ever looked this good even on our dates. I felt a pang of jealousy and at the same time arousal.

She grabbed her purse and slipped on black leather heels. She turned to look at me. We exchanged glances for a long moment, neither of us saying a word. We both knew it was silent approval. She unzipped my pants and took out my erect cock and held it in her hands.

"Imagine my dear, in a short while your petite little slut wife is going to have a cock considerably larger than yours in her mouth and pussy."

I just about came on the spot.

"Don't beat off my dear. I may be home late but I will be home."

She turned and left. I watched in silence. The lingering smell of her perfume was in the air. I was left to myself to imagine once again what I had imagined many times before. "Don't beat off." Right. I beat off two times in the first hour. I could not wait

for her to get home.

**

About 1:30 A.M. I heard the unmistakable sound of the garage door opener. Terri had been gone for almost seven hours. I tried to act nonchalant sitting on the edge of the bed. She walked in, dressed as she had left except that she was no longer wearing nylons. Her hair was slightly disheveled.

She sat down on the bed next to me. We immediately kissed. I could taste and smell alcohol on her breath... and something else too... it was Cum!

She drew away and I saw that her eyes were tired and glassy. She smiled at me. "Were you a good boy?"

Without waiting for an answer, sitting up on the bed she half way pulled up her skirt and spread her legs. The white cotton crotch of her panties was visibly wet with a man's cum.

"While you were a good boy, I was a bad girl." She rubbed her crotch with two fingers. She proceeded to lay back. I immediately positioned myself along the side of the bed. I unbuttoned her blouse and began to suck and kiss her breasts and nipples. I pulled her panties aside and slipped my fingers inside her sopping cunt.

"Just fuck me, come on fuck me good and hard!" she said.

I mounted her. My cock slid into her easily, fitting loosely. I came quickly, not waiting for her, knowing that she had been thoroughly fucked already. As we lay together, she reached over with one hand and took something out of her purse. It was videotape. "For your viewing pleasure. I am a lousy story teller."

I got up and looked at the tape. On the jacket was a Polaroid photo of Terri with an enormous cock in her mouth.

"I thought it should look like one of those amateur porno's. I thought you would like that," she said.

I anxiously put the tape in the VCR. As I watched Terri explained that she arranged to meet this guy who was an acquaintance of the woman who did her nails. She told her manicurist Lucy about my fantasy, as women do. Lucy had arranged for Terri to meet this guy who was known among the hair and nail set as a well-hung stud.

The tape started out showing a rear view of Terri walking arm in arm with the guy down a hotel corridor. They stopped at a room and opened the door. They embraced and kissed before going in. My dick got hard

watching this and seeing his hands caress her breasts and nipples under the blouse. They went into the room.

The next shot was of the guy standing facing the camera and introducing himself as Shaun. He looked directly into the camera and said, "You will now watch as your wife willingly sucks and then fucks my large cock," and wondering aloud if her pussy could take him.

He turned to face Terri. She was on her knees. She unzipped his pants, as if rehearsed, and took out his flaccid cock. It must have hung down 6 or 7 inches. She moved her head under him and opened her mouth while stroking him with her free hand. He became hard. He held the back of her head and at one point told her to be still. The camera panned in close showing her with his erect cock halfway in her mouth.

"Now let's measure," he said.

He pulled out and handed Terri a cloth measuring tape. She pronounced him to be 10 1/2 inches long. She wrapped the tape around him. His girth was almost 5 inches.

The next thing I felt was Terri sliding over my lap, sucking my cock as I watched.

Needless to say, they did everything you could imagine to each other. There were close ups of her sucking his cock and salivating on him; of Shaun eating out Terri and fingering her pussy, and finally of her spreading her legs and slowly taking him in. There must have been five or ten minutes just showing his cock sliding in and out of her wet cunt with her cum visible on his cock and her pussy lips tightly around him.

Her pubic hair was wet with cum. I couldn't get over watching; realizing that my pretty wife was being thoroughly and willing fucked by him. She began to have her usual orgasm as he patiently moved his cock in and out of her. Finally he pulled out and cum ran out of her opened cunt.

He jacked off on her pussy and then moved up to her head, standing over her and putting his cock in her mouth with Terri eagerly accepting.

Up until then, it never occurred to me that a third party was shooting the video. The video ended with a home made sign to simulate one used on a movie set. The sign said "Slut Wife - scene 2." It then showed Terri unzipping the pants of another man who appeared in the scene and then mounting his erect cock with her sitting on top, guiding him in. The final frame was a still shot of his cock buried in her.

I have watched that video many times since. My favorite thing is to eat her pussy while thinking about her

being a slut just for me.