

My Wife's Fuck buddy

My wife is a secretary for a large regional office. She's 5'9", slender, with long legs and brown hair -- sometimes dyed black -- and brown eyes.

Three years before, I had encouraged her to date other men for months before she relented. She was then 25. She had a fling that lasted several months. My intent was for her to date with my knowledge. As it turned out, she jumped into the affair but was unable to admit it to me. I found out through unanticipated circumstances.

When that relationship ended, she suggested we try swinging with couples, by answering personals ads or placing our own ad online and in a swingers' magazine.

We used her personal computer and scanner to produce photo copies and placed three ads. We mailed letters with copies of those pics to selected couples who advertised online, in the magazine.

We posted some pics of her in a web blog, along with stories of her past experiences.

We fucked around with a few couples until I realized about myself what I'd suspected; I'm a "watcher." I'd rather she have sex with other guys than be a participant. My wife joked, "You're really a 'cuckold.'"

I travel during most work-weeks but am home Friday afternoons through Sunday.

A few months ago after work, she was pushing a cart through the supermarket when another cart firmly bumped hers at an aisle's end. The man released his grip and apologized. She grinned and said, "I do that sometimes too. It's okay." They struck up a conversation in which she learned he was single and lived in the condo within walking distance of the market.

Over the next several weeks, she saw and talked with him on three different occasions. He made the usual lame joke for those situations, "We should stop meeting like this."

They chatted on each of these occasions. He worked at his condo as a remote computer specialist for a local research company. As an afterthought, he reached into his shirt pocket and handed her his business card.

That Thursday night she was twirling his business card in her fingers when she phoned my hotel told me what happened. She said, "He's really cute."

As you can imagine, I joked, "So why haven't you fucked him yet?"

She laughed and said, "I just might do that," which told me she found him attractive without her admitting it.

That Friday night, she and I talked more about him as we watched TV from our couch. Typically curious about what attracted her, I asked what he looked like. She said, "Well, he's 30. About 6'1". He has blond hair and blue eyes." In other words, nothing like me. I don't know why I like that.

Perhaps unconsciously, her hand massaged her groin as we talked. Her eyes rolled up, staring at the

ceiling, and she said, "And we seem to like same books and movies."

I would learn later what she left out. When a man is described as "cute," I think of a guy with a slight build; he isn't. He's a workout enthusiast with a 32" waist, 42" chest, long powerfully-built legs and arms like telephone poles. It wasn't like she hadn't noticed.

And in the back of her mind was her curiosity about the size of his dick, but she didn't mention that to me either.

Her enthusiasm excited me as well, and I grinned, "Sounds stimulating." My cock was as hard as a stone.

We didn't mention him again that weekend. She phoned the number on his business card Monday night. They talked for an hour.

The next night he called and asked if he could make dinner for them at his place.

The following Wednesday, she called my cell phone as she stood at the perimeter of the guy's condo and left a message, "I may not be home tonight. Umm, well, I guess you know why." She clicked off, took the elevator to his floor and knocked on his door.

I was with a client until after 5. When I called back, her phone was turned off. I lay in the hotel bed watching cable porn.

My wife was wearing a thin, pearl-white summer dress with nothing beneath. That dress reaches to mid thigh and has wide body-length slits at each side, secured by shoe-lace like ties, revealing a lot of skin.

Because she's tall, she usually wears flats so as not to stand taller than most guys. But this night she wore her 4" black heels, which gave the appearance of those two being about the same height. Her long brown hair hangs beyond her shoulders.

He was wearing a custom made, blue short-sleeve shirt that accentuated his muscular arms and slim-leg khakis.

They ate salad and vegetarian dishes and chatted at his small dining table. While passing salt, his fingers touched hers.

She allowed the touch to linger and returned his anxious stare. His mouth fell open to say something but instead he stood and walked around to take her hands and lift her from the chair.

She glanced down to see a massive bulge, answering her unspoken question about his "length." Her immediate thought was, "Twice as long as my husband's four and half inches . . . Oh gosh!"

Their arms entwined and he kissed her full on the lips. His hips pressed tightly against hers and his cock throbbed urgently against her mound. She rotated her hips, masturbating against his rod.

He lifted and carried her to the bedroom. Their clothing fell away. Her eyes widened as she stared at the smoothness of his firm body and broad, intimidating span of his penis. He paused to admire her breasts and curves.

She gasped as he urged her back to the air bed and parted her legs.

Kneeling between her thighs, he tongued her breasts and guided his cockhead to the mouth of her creaming pussy.

Her groin impatiently rotated as his oversize pole slithered full length into her cunt. She bawled as he thrust into her. His hips slapped at her bare flesh. Her legs wrapped around him and her heels dug into his buttocks as she matched each fucking plunge.

She rolled, forcing his body beneath hers. Her legs straddled his powerful hips as she rode atop him. She had believed his large pole might prove difficult inside her cunt but they found the fit to be perfect. She moaned with pleasure. He muttered thankfully, expressing his appreciation for what he believed to be our town's finest cunts.

He pushed her away, forcing her to kneel, with her hands braced against the bed's headboard. He entered her pussy from behind. Her head gyrated wildly as he rammed into her. She yelled, "Oh yeah! Do it good! Fuck my hot cunt with that big fuckin' cock!"

His large veins kneaded the hotness of her clitoris. She was cumming in wave after wave.

With each thrust, his balls smacked her buttocks. She reached a hand behind her and wrapped her fingers around base of his long cock that hadn't fully penetrated her. She squeezed.

He groaned. Her fist sensed his hot lava rocketing through his staff. His seed splashed through her cuntal walls. She came again, moaning gratefully, "Oh thank you! Thank you, thank you!"

They lay side by side and she said without looking at him, "Biggest damned dick I've ever had." That was saying a lot. Her largest until now was the first guy she fucked, but he wasn't nine inches. And, of course at four and half inches, I don't count; I'm not even close to most guys she has fucked. She once said, "That's, like, not even middle-school size, you know?" Those sorts of comments aren't the greatest ego builders.

I met him the following weekend when the three of us went to dinner at a local, dimly lit restaurant. I'm not gay, but I was taken aback by his impressive build. The last word I would've used, as my wife had, was "cute." This guy was a bull.

She and he sat together across from me. He laid a large brown napkin over his lap. Without taking her eyes off mine, she reached under the napkin and opened his zipper. She enclosed the breadth of his cock and gripped it tightly beneath the napkin as the unsuspecting waiter took our order.

After dinner, she invited him to follow us home. He led her by the hand from our front door directly to the dining room. His rod bulged inside his tight slacks, its length fully halfway down his thigh.

He laid my wife's back onto our dining room's tabletop and pushed her dress up to her waist. She had worn no underclothing. Her shaved mound lay in our full view.

Her eyes widened and her mouth quivered. Panting feverishly, she invited his anticipated invasion by eagerly spreading her legs. "Oh yeah," she breathed. He responded by pulling out his big dick and

guiding it to the mouth of her excited pussy.

But she hesitated and gestured for me to approach them. "Get the lubricant," she said. I scurried to our bedroom, rummaged through a drawer and returned as demanded.

She said, "Put in on him. Get it really slick."

My cock tent-poled in my slacks. I squeezed a portion onto a hand. I massaged it onto the firmness of his mammoth cock, beginning at the broad dickhead, lathering it about his rod down to its base.

She tilted her head forward and watched between the narrow space between their bodies. When I had completed the job to her satisfaction, she said, "Now stick it in me. I want you to see how much longer his length takes than your tiny thingie."

I held it and massaged it up and down against her cuntal lips, hitting the clitoris. Her body quivered with each stroke against her clitoris. Her cream merged with the lubricant on his cock.

I struggled for breath as I watched his broad dickhead part her cuntal lips. She threw her head back and howled as his python slithered through her hot opening. He clearly was taking longer to enter my wife than normal, realizing that she intended to make me suffer with jealousy. Although she often does this with me, she is completely submissive to her fuckbuddies.

Ultimately, he had sunk his torpedo full depth. Her hips rose and fell in rhythm with his vigorous thrusts. She wailed and gyrated her hips. She threw herself fully into ecstasy or some imitation of it to enhance my envy of her partner, now fully united with her as emotionally as they were physically joined.

Her efforts worked. I coveted his endowment and their mutual pleasure. Unzipping my slacks, I pulled out my much smaller cock and jealously masturbated.

He eased the emotional pain while plunging deeply into her. He swiveled his head around and said to me, "Thank you. She's the best present you could offer any guy."

And I liked that. I hadn't realized until then that "giving" my wife to other men was exactly what I had wanted all along - giving my greatest treasure to another, for the most intense of their pleasures.

When I mentioned this later to my wife, she said, "I feel the same way. I like the fucking, of course, but I'm bestowing my utmost gift." She smiled and added, "And it's much better that I can offer that to him with your approval." I added, "My enthusiastic approval!"

They're regular fuck buddies now, and he keeps her wholly gratified during my time on the road. And he does it better than I ever could.

This makes me unbelievably happy. My wife thanks me after each time his well-endowed member has left her fulfilled and exhausted.