A Promise From A Slut

By redlips

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Apr 2012

A silly promise leads to a night of fun.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bisexual/a-promise-from-a-slut.aspx

"Unbutton another button."

My husband's eyes were twinkling. It was that silly promise I had made to do anything he asked for one week. He knew that when I was on the brink of an orgasm I would agree to anything and he had me right on the edge when he had suggested it. Now I was having to deliver.

"Come on Jenn, everyone wants to see those big titties of yours."

It was Shawna, my best friend and sometime lover. I tried to give her my best glare, as I unbuttoned the next to last button on my blouse, but I had to smile at her as she giggled like a kid in a candy store. I had forgotten all about that silly promise when my husband had suggested we go dancing with Shawna and her husband Walt, but now it was apparent that they were all in on it from the beginning. Walt has wanted to fuck me ever since we have known them but I would never let him because Shawna is my best friend in the world. Now I was going to have to dance with him with my blouse undone to my belly button and wearing that damn short brown skirt which barely covered my ass cheeks.

I expected Walt to hold me close and press my breasts against him as we danced but, instead of that, he took every opportunity to do a twirl or a loop and everyone close by could see inside my blouse. I loved it. Embarrassed yes, but so arousedI could hardly stay standing up. I was being openly exhibited, my breasts exposed to anyone's glance, my ass covered in only that tight satin polyester skirt and of course my four-inch fuck me heels. I knew I looked like a sexy slut and was enjoying every minute of it. Walt walked me back to our table with his hand squarely in the middle of my ass and Shawna kissed me openly, her sweet tongue in my mouth, before I could even sit down. Obviously I was going to be their sex toy for the night and I was curious as to how they were all going to use me before this night was over.

When we left the club, Shawna and Walt rode in the back seat but we were hardly out of the parking lot before Shawna leaned over the seat and put her hand inside my blouse, squeezing my left breast

hard, her nails digging into my soft flesh. With her other hand in my hair she pulled my head around and kissed me roughly, then told her husband to feel my other tit. He responded immediately reaching around my right side and pulling on that nipple. My husband's right hand was between my legs teasing my pussy. I didn't care what people in passing cars might see. I was in ecstasy, being an object for my friends' sexual pleasure.

As we walked into the house, my husband gave my ass a hard swat and told me I was going to be our friends' slut for the night. I was thrilled, but did my best to look just a bit put out as he smirked at me. Without saying a word, Shawna took my hand and led me to the bedroom where she undressed slowly, looking into my eyes all the time. She has the brownest eyes, which look almost black at times with her blonde hair around her face.

My hair is long and dark and I have blue eyes, making us joke sometimes that our eye color got mixed up. She didn't undress me, justcrawled on the bed and motioned for me to come to her. We kissed. I love kissing her. Her lips feel just right; soft and moist with just a hint of cherry from the lip-gloss she always wears. When she unbuttoned the last button on my blouse it fell aside because I was bending over her as she settled down onto her back. She reached up and pinched both my nipples which sent a shock all the way to my mound. I scooted back and got between her legs and got busy with my mouth and tongue.

When one of the guys, my husband, pushed my little brown skirt up onto my hips and entered me, I didn't even look around or stop my assault on my lover's sweet cunt. She was writhing on the bed and I was keeping my mouth glued to her, following her every motion. The guys changed places and I knew Walt was fucking me but all I cared about was getting Shawna off and, when she did, it was loud and wild and I stayed with her, my tongue lapping her furiously, then slower, until I could feel her relax and settle down, then I raised my head from between her legs.

"I love you, bitch."

"I love you too, slut."

We smiled at each other and she jumped off the bed and disappeared. My husband pushed me over and positioned me with my head off the edge of the bed, my hair hanging down, and drove his cock into my mouth. It was wet and slick and I could take it all. When he came, I swallowed as fast as I could, but with my head in that position I couldn't swallow fast enough and a portion of his cum ran out of my mouth and onto my face. Before I could recover Walt slipped his larger cock into my mouth and once again my throat became the receptacle for a load of cum from a hard, pulsating cock. I was choking with cum bubbling from my mouth and into my eyes and hair.

A scream!

"What the fuck are you doing?"

A slap! I was struggling to get into an upright position but could see Shawna's arms flailing around the head of her husband. He was retreating to the safety of the other side of the bed as fast as his naked body and limp dick could go.

"Bastards!"

"We were just feeding slut Jenny our cocks and they happened to be full of cum," her husband laughed.

Shawna froze in place and the look from her big brown eyes could have melted a glacier.

"Big boy, you're through feeding your worthless cock to anybody for a LONG time. Now get your clothes and get out of this room."

She got in the shower with me, washed me all over, towel dried me off and it was while she was drying my hair that she bent close to my ear and whispered, "You enjoyed it didn't you, you big slut?"

I smiled.