What lies underneath – The beginning

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Published on Lush Stories on 04 Feb 2012

Jenny takes his fantasy of women's lingerie to the next level

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It was Friday night and I was heading home from a long day at work; too much drama in my office if you ask me. The secretaries are always arguing amongst themselves attempting to decide who is the sexiest: My opinion, it was definitely Claire. The way she wore those short skirts and when she bent over I could sometimes get a glimpse of that sexy underwear. Oh, I longed to see it every day and figure out which tiny pair she was wearing and think about if it was matching the equally fantastic bra encasing those luscious breasts. Truth be told, I have a serious thing for lingerie.

“I must stop,” I said out loud. “I’m so fucking hard. I hope Jenny is home.”

Jenny is my amazing wife. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever laid my eyes on (and not just because I am biased). She has a perfect figure at five foot four inches, 32D breasts, a tiny waist and the most picturesque, curvaceous ass imaginable. To top it off, her face is flawless beauty with blue-grey eyes and her long black hair that makes her features stand out. She is amazing in more than just her looks though, as she is the most giving person in and out of bed, and our relationship could not be better; especially the sex.

I got home and pulled the car into the garage, being careful to adjust my hard cock before I got out of the car. I did not want to walk in with it so obviously protruding though my slacks as to catch the attention of my wife who had apparently gotten home early, as her car was already in the garage.

“Honey, I’m home!” I exclaimed as I swung open the door.

“And already warmed up I can see…” Jenny was standing there in the kitchen staring straight at my crotch. She must have heard me open up the garage and was waiting to ambush me. “Has my lovey been paying too much attention to the women at work?” She was talking in the most enticing tone. “Trying to get a peek at their undies no doubt?”

By this point she had a sheepish grin on her face and my cheeks were filling with blood almost as much as my growing cock was. I really do love that she embraces my fetish for female

undergarments. There are a lot of women who wouldn't, and for me to find such a goddess who loves me the way she does, and who is so tolerable of my fetishes is unbelievable.

"Go take a shower and change, we are going out." She commanded. "And don't even think about playing with that gorgeous cock!"

I was slightly taken aback, but I must admit I liked this new dominant side to Jenny. Where was this leading? What is ahead of me tonight? There were so many things running through my mind causing an insufferable aching in my cock as it grew more engorged than I could remember it ever being before. I needed to stroke it to release the pressure building inside my balls, but I dared not at the whim of this new woman in the next room.

When I dressed, Jenny ensured that I wore some fitted jeans to control anything that 'popped up'. She was wearing a tiny blue dress that was so tight and contoured to her body that it may have been painted on. We got in the car and she told me to drive to *Curves,* the local strip club. When we arrived we paid the fee at the door and nestled in a nice booth in the corner with a great view of the stage. She told me that no matter what I was not to touch my cock and that she was the one who would be having the fun at first.

Time seemed to inch by as I watched all the women prancing around in the lingerie, offering up lap dances while the girl on center stage seductively moved around the stage continually eyeing Jenny, like a bird hunting prey. We sat in silence until the end of the song when Jenny asked me for all the money I had in my wallet, which turned out to be three hundreds and a couple of twenties. As she took the bills from me, either the allure of the '100' printed on the green paper, or the sexual electricity that had built up between the two brought the girl who had just exited the stage directly over to our booth.

"Hey beautiful," she said to Jenny as she sat down, completely ignoring me as if I was not there. "I saw you from the stage and just had to come over to see that amazing body up close. Can we move to somewhere more private?" Jenny smiled and accepted, so we followed the young stunner to the private lounge where she parked me in view of my wife but out of ear shot and proceeded to start entertaining her.

For about an hour straight, the dancer was grinding on my wife while getting down to just her panties, and in the process exposed Jenny's panties and pulled out her breasts to suckle on. Just as I was about to break down and start rubbing my swollen cock, Jenny whispered something in the ear of the dancer who let on a dark smile as she looked in my direction. She got down on her knees and slowly slid off my wife's precious lace thong, looking at me the whole time with an intensity that had me bursting to run over and get involved. As the tiny piece of material passed over Jenny's silver high

heels, the dancer turned and walked towards me.

“Your wife came at least three times and wants you to take her soaked panties to the bathroom and put them on, then come and join us on the couch. And no messing around in there either, put them on and nothing else!” I was stunned at how casually she instructed me, but I wasted no time. I do not think I have ever moved as quickly as I did in that moment, and was almost instantly on the couch beside Jenny feeling the cool wetness of her cum on my balls as my cock pressed hard against my jeans trying to stand up, but restricted by the tight material. My cock was sore from the restraint and my balls ached from the hours of torture they were sustaining.

“You loved watching our panties rub together didn’t you?” I nodded. “It feels incredible to be in my drenched panties, doesn’t it?” Again, all I could manage was a nod.

The dancer started to grind on Jenny again and this time began thrusting her groin into my wife’s face. I could see her swollen lips and clit pressing against the thin material of her g-string as Jenny’s lips caressed up and down the area between her thighs. I was in ecstasy, I thought to myself.

This last tease did not last long as I think Jenny gave in to her raw need for penetration to put out the fire burning from her pubic mound to the deepest depths of her being. She grabbed me and pulled me out of the club straight to the car and told me to drive home as fast as possible.

Jenny could not stop caressing her entire body and staring at the bulge in my jeans. Finally she leant over, undid the buttons and slid them down to my knees revealing my cock standing at full attention with my calls cupped in the lace fabric of her thong. By this point the car was rich with the scent of her cum and it was becoming harder and harder to drive in a straight line.

I was not prepared for what came next, as my wife carefully moved over the gear lever and straddled me in the middle of the freeway. She leant to one side to allow me to see and then slowly lowered her body allowing my member to penetrate her hot, slick sex. I was so built up from all of the evenings events, after only maybe a dozen movements, my cock began to erupt in the most magnificent orgasm of my life. I filled Jenny’s pussy with shot after shot of cum, and am sure it was at least twice my normal load. After she knew I was fully spent, she removed herself and settled back in her seat with my juice running down her thighs.

The rest of the journey was silent, except for some moaning as Jenny rubbed her swollen clit. When we arrived back at the house, we were both naked accept for the tiny thong cradling my balls.

“I want you to clean up all this cum that you have gotten everywhere, and then I need you to fuck me like you never have before.” Jenny coaxed. “Tomorrow is when the real fun begins!”

After tonight, I thought to myself, how can this get any better? I was sure to find out.