That One Night in Vegas

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Husband and wife finds more than they bargained for on the strip in Vegas

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It’s amazing what a little anonymity can stir up. I like to think everyone has one of those moments we excuse as college experimenting. Most of them don’t actually happen during college, but we all have one. Don’t we?

Mine was on vacation in Las Vegas. Could there ever be a more fitting place to say farewell to an inhibition? Or three?

Brad and I had only been married two years and recently graduated from the newlywed syndrome. We still had sex. A lot. But it wasn’t like it used to be. You know how it is. Always touching, looking for any excuse to go at it like rabbits. Five times a day and it wasn’t enough. These days, five times a week was the norm.

The IRS kindly afforded us a big return so we decided to splurge. We were doing okay at a time when the rest of the world was in dire economic straits, so we said ‘what the hell’. Throwing caution to the wind, I made a call to our travel agent, packed up an overnight bag and we hopped a plane to the neon city of lights.

Wanting to use most of our money for gambling we skipped on a suite and opted for a tiny room at an off boulevard hotel. It didn’t matter. All we needed it for was sleeping, fucking and a place to shower.

The first night we wasted half our cash gambling, saw a show, ate like pigs and drank way too much. It was a blast. But the second night was our indoctrination to the catch phrase of ‘what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas’.

Brad was too embarrassed to ask me if we could go see some of the adult entertainment available, but I like to think I'm a fairly empathetic wife. I could sense it. His eyes would stray towards the never ending stream of posters advertising burlesque shows or erotic dancers. Truth be told, I was curious myself.

I wouldn't have said I was bisexual, but beautiful women were certainly a pleasure to see. A naked one was even more exciting I suppose, but it was more how it affected Brad. He wouldn't ever let on, thinking it a bad thing for a husband to like or enjoy, but I wasn't foolish enough to think any man wouldn't be happy to see a naked hot chick. We all wish it weren't true. A nice fantasy, but guys are wired that way.

I took it upon myself to make sure we hit one of the many erotic dance clubs on the strip, since he wouldn't. Without asking, I grabbed his hand and lead him inside a cheesy looking club. The leopard skin print and pink fur that lined damn near every single thing in the club was tacky, but not out of place.

He blushed but followed as I grinned at him. We had both put away several drinks and I was feeling pretty relaxed. I could do this. I found us a booth that was close enough to the main stage to give us both a little buffer and a great view of the dancers.

If Brad had been in a strip club before, he didn't let on. Everything seemed as new to him as it was to me. We ordered drinks and bashfully watched three dancers in succession before we felt comfortable enough to participate in the atmosphere.

Blaming everything on the drinks would be blatantly false, but you have to understand how I am when I drink. Alcohol is like throwing gas on the fire. I confess that I become a complete nymphomaniac. Okay, slut if you will. I admit it.

We began discussing each dancer, comparing which ones we thought were hot. Honestly, they all were, but I had my favorite. Brad was resistant to fess up which one got him going. After sucking on his earlobe for a minute, he caved in and confessed to liking the tall mocha-skinned girl.

Her nationality was a mystery, probably a mix of Pacific Islander and African, but she was gorgeous. Admittedly, I was a little jealous at first. Being in my late twenties, I wasn't exactly chopped liver, but I wasn't tight like the dancer. Few women were. Still, I could definitely understand why she was his favorite.

I waved to her when she left the stage and she came straight over. Brad groaned and I laughed. He

knew what a mischievous little wench I can be.

“Can you do a table dance for my hubby?” I asked, a little surprised at my bravery. She smiled and nodded and we both looked to Brad who was blushing brightly.

“Teri,” he blurted out.

“You come too,” the dancer said with a cute high pitched voice that didn’t really fit her tall lean body. She meant me, so I blushed as well and she took my hand, and led us to a special area they had in back. The booths there had a curtain and she ushered us into one.

Now, when you waltz off into privacy with a gorgeous exotic dancer, the first thing that does, but should not, pop into your head is sex. They endure thousands of horny guys and even some girls too, wanting them, dreaming of them, and fantasizing about them. This is normal, but it was ridiculous to think they might feel the same of you. They aren’t sluts, contrary to popular belief. However, irrational as it might be, those thoughts suddenly flood into the back of your mind. They did, and I blushed as she watched us with an alluring grin.

In our defense, Brad’s a handsome guy. I see the ladies peeking at him when they think I’m not watching. He’s tall, athletic and has a great smile. I’m not too shabby myself, if I may say so. When I get dolled up, I turn heads. But you have to understand, if you’ve never seen a stripper, a Vegas stripper, they are drop-dead gorgeous. They look like they just up and walked out of a lingerie catalogue.

So as we entered the booth, I couldn’t help but fall prey to that common mistake and wonder if she got turned on dancing for people. I can’t imagine she did, doing it day and day out, for anyone who asked. But we all like to think we’re the exception, right?

The leopard print beanbag chair inside was huge and we slumped down into its plushness. I thought we might sink in and disappear but it held us both side by side. I giggled at Brad who was trying so hard to pretend he was completely put out by this. Closing the curtain behind her, she wasted no time and began.

I was completely unprepared. What I imagined they would dance like was completely different than real life. Especially in private and so not like it was on stage. The gentle sway of her hips, the gyration of her pelvis and the smooth gliding touch of her hands against her own breasts had me growing moist between the legs before the first minute elapsed. I was spellbound, staring in awe. How she could just touch herself like that, for us, while we watched? Well, it was amazing.

She dropped to her knees, straddling Brad's legs and grinding her thong against his thigh as she pulled off her bikini top and tossed it to me. My hand didn't respond, even as I told it to catch it and my mouth was permanently agape I think. She had perfect, conical, and pert breasts that I would kill for. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the skimpy little slip of cloth covering her pussy as she dry fucked my husband's leg. I wasn't quite expecting that much contact from a lap dance, table dance, or whatever they call them.

Her lithe body rolled in a fluid motion timed to the heavy pulsing music as her dark brown eyes gleamed with a sultry hint of mischief. Brad was blushing furiously as the first song ended, gathering his hands from where he had them pinned under his butt, as if to leave, but she didn't stop. I was frozen, staring with amazement and I confess, a bit of lust. She was so beautiful and it was strangely arousing to watch her seduce Brad.

Another song began and she stood over him, shifting her hips left, then right, and then left again to the beat of the music as she wiggled out of her carnation pink thong. She left it like shackles about her ankles as she smoothed her caramel hands across her glittery skin, caressing herself in ways that made me blush for the moist warmth I felt between my legs.

Turning, I watched my husband, his eyes glossy with that hunger that I knew quite well. He was enjoying the dance immensely. Call me weird, but I was getting hot seeing him all aroused and didn't care that she was the one making him hard. I knew I would be the one to reap the rewards, so why should I care?

The dancer, whose name I still can't remember, turned around and dropped to her knees once more. With sensual rolls of her body, she backed her firm little ass up against Brad's crotch, grinding against him. I laughed as he did everything in his power not to reach out and touch her. I can't say I blamed him. She was so sexy and that perfect ass was just so tempting.

She turned back, winking at me with a playful grin and all I could do was blush and grin right back. She knew we were not only enjoying the scene, but rookies to boot. At least she seemed to be having just as much fun as we. If the fact that our jaws had dropped into our laps wasn't clue enough, my erect nipples and the tent forming in Brad's shorts was.

"Is he hard?" she asked with that cute little voice. Without bothering to check, I nodded and we both blushed. It didn't take a rocket scientist, but I followed her gaze past her ass to the swell in Brad's khaki shorts. She looked back to me with those dark mesmerizing eyes. Those plump luscious lips parting into a bright smile was a little captivating. Everything little thing she did turned me on.

"Are you sure?"

“I’m pretty sure. You’re so hot,” I said with a laugh and I realize I wasn’t exactly articulate at the moment. I was tipsy and horny as hell. Brad just laughed and nodded. Neither of us really knew the etiquette but we were pretty sure she was simply teasing us as part of the act. It didn’t occur to me, even though I had hoped, that her flirtations were actually an invitation.

“Prove it,” she said with another wink. We both laughed again, but she nodded back down to his crotch where her ass was swinging side to side against him. I wasn’t sure what she meant but I was game. Brad could thank all the liquid courage I had consumed. Reaching down as I leaned up against him, I patted his fly and I could feel his stiff hard-on beneath. Very hard. Of course he was. I was steaming my panties by then, so I knew he’d be rock solid.

“Yeah, he’s hard alright.”

She turned about, moving to his side and reached across his lap, grabbing my hand and moved it back to his fly, and placed it there tenderly. I laughed but she was moving again and suddenly she captured my mouth with hers. The kiss was so soft, so sensual, hot and moist. An inferno raged inside me, melting any thought or rationale. I kissed her back as she moved my hand along the swell of his cock through the thick fabric of his shorts.

I had never kissed a girl before. Not like that and I can see why it’s all the rave these days. Girls are so sensual. She was smoking hot and that kiss said volumes. Straight or not, I realized she was going to fuck me and I didn’t care. Our lips melded together and I managed to look at Brad who was staring, mouth wide open and I could feel him throbbing beneath my hand.

This was it. My college experiment moment was upon me and I didn’t hesitate. I wasn’t exactly myself, but it felt so right. It felt awesome. Fumbling a bit, I pulled down his zipper and got his cock out, and stroked it as she kept kissing me. Her tongue was teasing me, darting in and out of my mouth, flickering against mine. It was fanning the flames big time.

His cock was throbbing, so thick in my hand as I glided my hand up and down his length and he just sat there, gaping as we made out. She helped me out of my tank top and we smashed our breasts together, lips locked and his cock between our bellies. The show we were putting on for my husband was more than any man deserved, however, it was a thrill to do it for him. Okay, it wasn’t just for him, but I’d never tell him that.

The song ended, but we kept going.

Her hand joined mine and we stroked his hard-on, kissing, caressing and groping one another. It was

so odd to look down and see her caramel hand wrapped about his thick shaft, right over mine. It was outrageous. The eroticism of the moment consumed the last of my inhibitions and I gave myself over to it. Wiggling about frantically, I managed to get out of my shorts and panties, kicking them aside until I was as naked as she was. At last.

“Suck his cock,” she hissed with a devilish grin. There was nothing to debate and I dropped down, sucking his swollen head into my mouth. Her dark skinned hand continued to stroke it as I mouthed him, gliding my tongue across him wildly. With wicked abandon, I attacked all she could shove into my mouth.

Ten seconds later he exploded, back arching dramatically as he came. A deep groan escaped past his gritted teeth and his come filled my mouth. Then suddenly she was there, licking it from my lips. His shaft pulsed and another shot splashed into my mouth, filling it with salty thick come.

Swallowing wasn’t my favorite thing to do, but I wasn’t a prude either. I did it for special occasions and this definitely qualified as such. Having this succulent goddess there licking the overflow from my lips and chin made it all the more intense. Brad owed me big time and I could tell the entire scene was a little slice of heaven by the way he watched us with worshipful eyes.

We were kissing again as I felt him grow limp in my hand and she was pushing me back. Falling back onto the thick red carpet, I blushed brightly as she pushed my legs wide. She was so beautiful and I was entranced watching her dip down to kiss my pussy. I was so wet by then, I thought I might come just as quickly as Brad.

It had never occurred to me that I was straight and this was not exactly what straight women did. The things she was doing were deliciously wicked and my body demanded I relax and enjoy everything she wanted to do to me. So I did. Her mouth was tender and sweet as she lapped at me, sucking on my folds and flickering her tongue deep into me. It felt so good.

Gently she eased two fingers in as well, stretching me as her tongue teased all along my pussy. In and out she pumped her fingers as her mouth sucked on my clit, clobbering it with her tender wet tongue and I could feel the fire raging out of control. I was so lost to her.

“Fuck me,” she commanded Brad and my eyes shot open wide. This whole thing was a series of firsts for me and for Brad, but I hadn’t given any consideration that she might want Brad to fuck her. I felt conflicted, watching her fingering me as she slid her knees out wide on all fours. The thought of his cock in another woman was not a comfortable one, but at that moment, my rationale was in the insane column.

He looked to me. Smart boy. Silently he sought my permission and was leaving the decision in my hands. The dancer returned her mouth to my pussy, licking my nectar, pushing me closer and closer to the edge. How could I say no? We'd already gone this far. It was Vegas after all. I nodded at him and tried not to laugh as he nearly dove into her.

He moved behind her, his strong hands grasping her tight little ass as he pulled her back onto his throbbing cock. She gasped in pleasure and almost immediately the entire rhythm she and I had established was destroyed. Brad's thrusts shoved her face into me, which wasn't bad, but it threw off her finger, lick lick, finger rotation that was driving me wild. His eyes met mine with adoration. I was the best wife a guy could ever have at that moment. Damn straight.

He slowed his thrusts and then caught onto the motion, following her lead but it was too late for me. I came. Shivering with orgasm, my whole body shook as she lapped up my sweetness. Grinning hungrily as she licked me clean, clinging to my thighs as I shuddered in ecstasy, she continued fucking me with her wonderful fingers. Her whole mouth pressed into me as I came, each of Brad's eager thrusts shoving her and all I could do was cling to her hair in desperation, biting my lip to keep from screaming.

Flashing me a wink, she pulled away from Brad and I could see him frown. Crawling like a panther, she slid up across me, kissing me. Her lips were soaked with my juice and there was something completely erotic about kissing someone, whose mouth was drenched with your sex.

Her warm body felt so good against me, slippery from our sweat, slick and sliding skin against skin. It was one thing to admire a sexy woman, and quite another to have one slipping across you naked. The intensity of my climax was doubled for the surrealism I was feeling.

Panting for breath, I beckoned Brad with a single finger, who was sitting there, hard as a rock and kneeling, still watching us. No one had to tell him twice and he moved to us, lying down next to me. I spun in place, moving into a spoon position. Wanting him inside me, he understood and as I made out with her, he crammed his slippery hard cock fully into me. I moaned deeply as he began pumping me full of his thick hardness. I loved the way he filled me so completely.

Never in a million years could I have every imagined myself sandwiched between a beautiful woman and my man. Her breasts crushed against mine as our lips meshed, sliding against one another and framing our entwined tongues as Brad's steaming hot cock pounded me. It was incredible.

Then she slipped out of my grasp. Somehow, she found a way to straddle my face and allow Brad all the room he needed to keep fucking me. I had never gone down on a girl before. Whether or not there was a protocol to it, I didn't know, but my adventurous side was winning all battles that night

and I kissed her dark folds.

It was a different taste from Brad, but it wasn't bad. Although her quivering delight was a high I hadn't expected. Driven by Brad's sensational thrusts, I plunged my tongue into her and her body squirmed across my face in response. Marvelous.

Every nerve in my body was standing on edge, my skin erupted in goose bumps everywhere and each touch, kiss, and thrust arced through me like a lightning bolt. Brad and I came together, his steaming white load filling me as she slid back down into my arms. Cradling me to her breast, I cried a good cry, trembling in orgasm between them.

Her smooth caramel hands caressed my face, turning it towards her. She grinned and I matched it with one of my own. Then she kissed me, tenderly and then winked.

"Thank you," she said, standing in a fluid, graceful movement and walked out leaving us there, entwined, Brad still buried deep inside me. Just like that.

I craned my neck around and looked at Brad and he shrugged. We burst into laughter, gathered our clothes, dressed and made our way straight for our hotel room. That night's adventure had opened the floodgates of desire and we were like newly weds all over again.

Whenever we would hear of or see something about Las Vegas, we would just smile at each other and find the closest private spot we could. A memory of a life time, a skeleton for our closet and we would never forget that one night in Vegas.

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