The First Step

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When a couple wants to explore by adding another

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/the-first-step.aspx

Start:

I've always wanted to visit Key West and had been curious about nudist resorts, so I decided we would stay at the Atlantic Shores Resort. The brochure was captivating: pictures of ample-breasted slender young women lounging around the pool. I could just imagine my wife, Beth, naked and surrounded by other striking beauties. I couldn't believe it when Beth agreed to go to a nude resort! I was seriously looking forward to a little rest and relaxation, as well as the obvious visual banquet.

Saturday started out a little lazy. The pool was an immense freeform structure with a large shaded swim up-bar at one end. To my delight, nude women were everywhere. Beth kicked off her flip-flops and asked if I was ready. I nodded.

"Who's first?" My wife asked. I hesitated, looking around. Waiting no longer she said, "I guess it's up to me," and unsnapped her top. She gave me an encouraging smile, slipped off her bottoms and jumped into the pool. I removed my shorts and followed.

I enjoyed cavorting with my wife nude in the pool while others watched. Beth is stunningly beautiful and commands attention, even with her clothes on!

Finally, Beth announced that she was thirsty, so we made our way to the bar. I sipped my drink sitting on a barstool, but Beth remained in the pool up to her shoulders. By the second drink she was next to me on her barstool, clearly relaxed, feeling at ease with the situation, and very much enjoying herself.

I don't know what I was thinking, but I decided to watch the game on the TV in the pool-side bar. Beth decided to soak up some sun. She gave me quick kiss and off she went. I just had to watch her as she strolled away. My normally conservative wife was walking around naked like she'd done this all her life! I couldn't help but be aroused! Luckily the bar hid my spontaneous erection.

Eventually, I lost myself in the game and my cock went flaccid. But at some point I noticed that a man had grabbed the lounge chair next to Beth, and that he was talking to her. As I watched them, a pang of jealousy hit me. But, to my surprise, I had sprouted a new erection. It was difficult for me to sit at the bar, but the pool gave me an excellent vantage point to watch my wife and her apparent suitor. At some point, Beth looked over at me, her eyes asking me join them. I wanted to comply, but I couldn't get rid of my erection! So nudist etiquette dictated that I remain in the pool. After a little while she joined me and discovered my predicament.

Delighted, Beth asked if I wanted to go back to the room. She let me recover so I could get out of the pool. Then, proudly, I walked next to my wife, watching all the men watching her.

Once in the room, I stretched out on the bed. Beth slid in next to me, placing her leg over mine. She caressed my chest and nibbled my ear.

"So it looked like you enjoyed the game this morning," she said. I smiled sheepishly.

"Was it the game or something else?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" I replied, embarrassed that I had been that obvious.

"Well, you seemed to enjoy watching me more than the game. Beth reached down and held my rigid cock. "Would you like to talk about it a little?"

"I'm not sure."

"Well, I can't help you with it if you don't tell me about it."

I couldn't believe this was happening! My wife had never been one to share fantasies. Beth worked her way on top of me and started slowly rubbing her ample breasts across my chest. Then she began massaging herself against my thigh. Beth looked into my eyes, and into my deepest secrets.

"So are you a voyeur?" she asked.

I managed a shy smile. "It was fun watching you at the pool."

She wrinkled her nose and firmly said, "That's not what I asked. Do you like watching?"

I looked deep into her eyes, "Well, I guess I enjoy both."

She nearly cut me off, "Would you rather have me, or watch someone enjoy me?" This was my first hint that tonight was going to be unusual.

At first, I just laid there stunned. Beth grabbed my cheeks. "You wanted to come to a nude resort. You didn't seem interested in the other women. I think we both know what you want, and I think its time you admit it -- not only to me but to yourself."

I felt utterly vulnerable and unable to speak.

"I noticed that you liked it when other guy talked to me as I lay there naked. If you get off watching me exposed in front of others, maybe you want to watch me with others. Are you sure that you're not a voyeur?"

My body betrayed my mind. I was clearly very excited. Beth responded and began rubbing her bare body against mine, taking care not to stimulate my genitals. She was taking control, and she was asking me to answer a question to which I knew the answer, but was afraid to reveal. I looked into her eyes and felt the warmth of her crotch on my knee.

"Yes," I replied, my voice husky with desire.

"Yes what?" she pressed.

"Yes, it would excite me," I admitted.

She rose and placed her breasts in front of me, and then she placed my hands on them.

"Would you like to see another man do this to me?"

I hesitated, and she brought a breast to my mouth and I gently sucked a nipple. It became hard instantly. She moaned and pulled me in tightly.

"Would it give you pleasure to watch another man do this to me?" she continued.

"Very much," I replied.

"Would you really enjoy watching another man caress and fondle me? Could you really enjoy that?" She waited for my reaction.

"I would love to try. Could you go through with it?" I asked.

"How far would you want this to go?" she asked.

"I'm not sure. It would depend on the situation." As I answered her, reality started to hit home. We actually might do this!

Beth pressed for more. "What situations?"

She was now rubbing her groin more firmly into me, and I knew that she was concentrating on her clitoris. She wasn't groaning, but she was ending her questions with audible sighs.

"I think it would depend on who, where, and how comfortable we were. It would also depend on you and how far you want to go with this," I answered, somewhat distracted by her movement.

"Oh my kinky husband! I am perfectly happy never having another sex partner for the rest of my life. But if you would get pleasure from watching me with another, I would love to explore the options. But I need to know what you want – how you want to take this." I sensed that our conversation might end and I desperately wanted it to continue. It was an erotic confession on both our parts.

"I'm not sure how to answer. I don't want to offend you or cross the lines of our marriage vows. I don't want to suggest something that would upset you," I answered.

"I would really appreciate an honest answer," she said smiling down at me.

She looked a little confused, but at the same time she was visibly aroused. "Would you like me to do this to another man?" Beth leaned forward and gave me a sultry, wet kiss. Her tongue probed my mouth. She pressed her body into mine, masturbating her pussy against my thigh. Then she stopped and looked at me with a questioning smile.

"Yes, that would make me very excited. Do you find the idea exciting too?" I asked. Fear briefly took hold. What if she was going along with this scenario for my benefit? What if my answer revealed a fantasy that she simply couldn't embrace? What if this was some sort of test of my fidelity to her?

Beth grabbed my very erect penis and firmly but slowly began stroking. Again, she looked deeply into my eyes. "Yes!"

She kissed me again. When our kiss broke, she was pulling my cock upward firmly before slowly releasing. She looked at my penis and then looked back into my eyes. "Would you want to watch me do this to another man?" and she slowly continued to stroke me.

"Oh God, Yes!" I blurted.

"What if he wanted to cum in my hand?" she teased.

"That would be hot!" I moaned. "Would you really do that for me?" I asked pleadingly.

She smiled and kept stroking, slowly and firmly. I was close to cumming in her hand. She sensed it and released her grip slightly.

"What if another man wanted more than my hand? What if he wanted something like this?" She bent down and engulfed my cock with her mouth in a single motion. She moved up and down a few times before returning to meet my eyes. "Would that be OK?" she asked in a sultry voice.

"Oh God yes," I said, feeling a rush of excitement. Did she know I had thought about this image many times while we had sex? I was breathing much faster and harder now.

"What if he wanted to cum in my mouth? Would you want him to cum in my mouth?" She squeezed my cock a little more firmly for emphasis.

"I would love to see and hear that," I said. "Oh God, I am so close!" She kept smiling and controlling the pace. She nodded her head with each stroke and watched my expression closely.

"What if I get so excited that I want more? What if I wanted him inside of me? What if I was so wet that I couldn't stand it anymore? Would you want me to do this?" She raised her hips and straddled me. She rose up just enough to switch hands, then she slowly guided my cock inside her. I felt the heat of her moist pussy at the base of my cock. She was as wet as I have ever felt. She slowly glided up and down my engorged member. I was barely able to keep from exploding.

She asked again, "What if I want to do this? Could you enjoy this? Could you really enjoy me giving myself to another man like this?"

She was in another place now. She held her head down as she methodically ground her hips and mound into me. I felt the swell rising. I was no longer in control. The thought of my wife pleasuring herself on another man . . . The idea that she had been enjoying the same fantasy I had . . .

She continued to fuck me and I began to orgasm. I couldn't stop. I grabbed her ass and thrust, hard. She began to pant and we climaxed together. "Oh God!" I mumbled. I came so hard I thought I would pass out. She was right with me. She let out a low moan and almost crying.

Afterward we lay there quietly, her head buried in my chest. I was still erect and she began moving again, ever so slightly. We were both thinking and wondering what the other thought.

"Well, could you?" she asked without looking up. Her body begged the question as well, as she gave me a little more intense rock with her pelvis. I pushed back, and together we restarted. I held her tightly and closed my eyes. "Yes!"

She groaned and we rocked in unison, fucking intensly. We were like animals in heat. Again, we climaxed together, thinking about the same thing. Then she slid off of me and we slipped into a deep sleep. We were spent . . . exhausted . . . and swimming in sexual after-glow.

We awoke early in the evening, hazy from our nap. Wordlessly, we smiled and kissed. In the shower we washed each other. Then we dressed for dinner and possibly more. I kissed her deeply and looked into her eyes. I knew we had just opened a new door in our sex lives and I couldn't wait to share the rest of my fantasies with her, and her with me. But on this night, I knew we were about to make one fantasy come true.

The end!

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Authors Notes

Feel free to send me an email telling me what you liked and disliked. I even enjoy getting emails from people helping me with my grammar and technical issues! My skin is pretty thick and as appreciate people pointing out flaws with my writing.

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Let me say something silly, yet some people don't get it. This story carries and adult theme. If offended by sexual stories, its simple, don't read the story. This story is fictional with fictional characters. These characters will never get AIDS.

A dear friend shared her story with me and I wanted to share this with you.