The Silver Dress

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It was Friday night. My wife and I often go out for dinner on Friday night. A new place had opened up not too far from our home. There was a piano lounge in front, and some tables for dining at the rear. The place was advertised as having a quiet and relaxing atmosphere, suitable for a sexy cocktail dress or dressy blue jeans. I mentioned the sexy cocktail dress because that's how it all started.

My wife was successful and beautiful; a five foot nine brunette with B sized breasts and womanly hips. We'd been married twenty two years, and our only son was away at university. As a lawyer specializing in family law she had seen marriages breakdown in a multitude of ways, and we both understood the value of working to keep a marriage fresh and exciting. And that was why we did things like go out for a Friday night date.

So back to the cocktail dress, we were shown to a nice table in the back. My wife was wearing a dark skirt and white blouse that she had worn to the office, but she had ditched the jacket. As we were sipping our first glass of wine, we looked over to see the rear of a lady similar in size and shape to my wife, wearing a very short cocktail dress. When I say short I mean if she lifted her arms up or bent over at all the lower portion of her butt cheeks would be clearly visible. The place wasn't very crowded, but there wasn't anybody in the place that didn't take notice. Well certainly Carole, my wife, noticed that I was taking notice, and she commented on it.

"The girl in the silver dress, you seem to like the view."

I take no shame in taking notice of other beautiful women, and I responded honestly, "It's definitely an attention grabber, are they really wearing skirts that short now?"

"Apparently, I guess if you have the figure for it, you might as well show it off while you're young, I mean she does have beautiful legs." With that the young lady turned around and she was no teenager, I mean she looked great, but she was definitely over thirty. My wife let out a bit of gasp. "Well imagine that, a woman of her age. That takes some courage."

“Well there’s nothing she has that you don’t have,” I said reassuringly, “she must be a cougar on the prowl.”

Our dinner arrived and we chatted about a bunch of stuff that happened throughout the week. All the time my eyes wandered, hoping to see the silver skirt rise up that final inch or two. We ordered coffee, and my wife excused herself to go to the rest room. As she left I turned to give my full attention to the young lady, who had been sitting by the piano player, but she was gone.

I sat there in reflection for some time; in fact I was concerned my wife’s coffee was going to be cold. The music was nice though, I could see us coming back to this little hideaway quite often. All this thought went right out the window when my wife returned, smiling and wearing the silver dress. I was speechless.

“Well you seemed to like this dress, and I noticed when she went to the ladies room, so I followed her. I told her that she had every man’s attention, especially yours, and that I would never have the courage to wear such a short dress, and well she dared me, so here I am.”

“Hi, I’m Mia,” said this attractive lady who in the dim light of the restaurant could be mistaken for my wife, especially since she was now wearing her white blouse and dark skirt, as she sat down at our table.

“Surprised?” said Mia.

“I’m in shock.”

“It’s really not so crazy, it's George, right?” We shook hands. “I work in a ladies' fashion store in town, if Carole likes the dress maybe she’ll buy one. Doesn’t she look great?”

“Ah no question about that, she’s incredibly sexy," I replied, "It’s a very daring dress.”

Carole leaned in and whispered, “You’re right about that I had to take my bra off as the straps would show, I feel damn near naked.”

The waiter came over to see if we wanted anything. “I think we all need a drink,” I said, as I ordered a martini. The ladies followed suit, although Mia’s was on the house. It turned out her brother was the piano player, and it was his first night so she came to give him some encouragement.

After the waiter left Mia continued with our hushed tone, “I feel just as naked. I’m wearing your white blouse without a bra. I’m one cool breeze away from poking someone’s eye out.”

With that we both looked down and it was pretty obvious either Mia was getting as turned on as we were, or someone had a left a window open. Her breasts were on the smaller side like my wife's but her areolas were darker and very much on display as were her very erect nipples through the sheer fabric.

Mia looked down and crossed her arms, as the waiter came back with our drink order. Mia was facing away from the bar, and uncrossed her arms unselfconsciously after the waiter left. She was divorced and had moved in with her brother until she got on her feet financially. It wasn't the best arrangement, but she really liked her job at the dress store.

"So Carole you look amazing, but I can't see much with you sitting there, can't you walk around and show off for us?" said Mia.

My wife meanwhile shook her head. "No way am I getting up again, I've got tee shirts longer than this thing."

"Well, Mia's right, you look really sexy." We sipped our drinks and as the sexual tension between the three of us thickened, Mia broke the silence and leaned in. "I've worn that dress at work without panties when the store was quiet, and it makes me crazy."

With that my wife got up and walked to the ladies room. "Oh, oh she smells a challenge, and as you've found out she loves to take on a dare."

Mia, looked a little flushed. "Maybe I should go back and sit with my brother, and let you two have your fun."

"I don't think you want to be sitting at the bar in that white blouse. Anyway this is getting pretty exciting and we've got you to thank. Please stay."

"Oh I'm happy to play, I could use a little excitement but I just didn't want to intrude," said Mia. "But if you're sure, maybe I can take it up a notch as well," and with that she undid two of the buttons on the white blouse, and leaned forward, giving me a beautiful view of her tanned and perky pointed breasts.

"Tanning bed?" I asked, just in case she didn't think I appreciated the view.

"Outside on the balcony, I tan all over, head to toe."

We turned to watch Carole walk from the ladies room, across to our table. She was taking small steps, making sure not to fall. I immediately got up to hold the chair for her, but kept my back to the bar, as it was somewhat obvious the effect these two were having on me. Using my back and Mia's as a shield, Carole felt confident enough to hike up her skirt as she sat down, keeping her legs wide as she did so. I stood there frozen, looking down at Carole's freshly shaved pussy. Mia watched closely and saw the smooth pouty cleft as well. I did a bit of a side shuffle back to my chair keeping my back to the bar, as the girls stared at my pointing bulge in what was either amusement or lust.

"Oh my I see what you mean, Mia; I'm absolutely dripping from just walking across the room." Carole had her panties scrunched in her hand, and made a show of handing them to me under the table.

She looked over at Mia and the open cleavage. "Oh, aren't you naughty. Poor George is going have to excuse his self, just to get his urges under control."

"Maybe he can take these with him?" Mia said as she opened her purse and handed me her panties.

Mia leaned into Carole. "George was just complementing me on my all over tan, I noticed you're a little pale in spots, maybe we could sun bathe together sometime?" Mia's hand had disappeared under that table and I was pretty sure it was high up on Carole's thigh.

Carole smiled over at me. "Are you enjoying yourself George, because I certainly am. Maybe Mia could follow us back to our place so we can switch back our dresses?"

"Yes by all means, Mia if you have a car here, Carole can go with you and I'll follow."

The martinis were already made by the time I arrived. The two girls were standing in our kitchen facing each other. Their faces were only a few inches apart; they were sipping their drinks and having a serious conversation. Carole looked over at me. "George I was just telling Mia, that I'd like my skirt back"

That was all the permission I needed. I went and stood behind Mia, and held one hand on her flat belly as I unzipped the black skirt with my other. The skirt fell to the floor. Carole placed her hand on Mia's beautiful bronze bottom and pulled her towards her. As the two girls began kissing I moved my hand up and undid the remainder of the buttons on Mia's white blouse. I was now stroking and pinching those beautiful pointed nipples. I began licking and biting Mia's neck as her tongue intertwined with my wife's.

Given where I was standing Carole was able to feel Mia's soft round bum and my straining cock at the same time. Carole and I kissed over Mia's shoulder, and I watched as Mia pulled the familiar

zipper down on the back of silver dress.

My wife stepped back and let the dress fall. Mia turned around and whispered in my ear, “It’s all okay, Carole and I talked about it, and she wants to do this with you, no rules, and no guilt.”

Carole had moved behind me and was undoing my belt. I could feel her bare breasts pressing against my back as Mia’s were pressing against my chest. “No rules, no guilt,” Carole repeated in my other ear. Mia and I began kissing as Carole pulled my pants and boxers down around my ankles.

Mia moaned as she felt my dripping and rigid seven inch cock push against her belly. I leaned back slightly as my wife undid the buttons on my shirt. Carole’s hands slid down my chest, and nestled briefly in my trimmed pubic area on her way to my shaft.

I could feel Carole’s bald pussy rubbing against the crack of my ass as she pulled my cock away from Mia’s belly. She pressed down on my cock, sliding me teasingly along Mia’s bare slit.

Mia opened her legs to receive her present. Carole directed the head of my cock along the full length of Mia’s vagina drenching her hand and my cock with a mixture of pre cum and girl juices. The girls leaned over and kissed passionately. I groaned as the girls slowly sank to their knees.

Carole had my cock in her mouth instantly, desperate to taste the juices that she was causing to flow. Mia helped get my pants off my ankles and pressed her tongue under my ball sack forcing my legs to open wider. I was about to explode, and Carole knew it. Carole looked up at me as she stopped sucking. “Let’s move this to the bedroom so that we can all want to lie down.”

Standing in our kitchen with a raging hard on I poured three martinis and walked into the bedroom with a tray of drinks to serve. The girls were already drinking, from each other, in a full on 69 position. It was a beautiful sight and I sat on the bed to enjoy the view as you would a morning sunrise. Carole was on top and keeping her head to the side so that I could enjoy the site of Mia’s open pink playground. Carole had Mia spread wide open, and was licking hard all the way from Mia’s tight back door to her raging hard clit.

She left her finger on Mia’s clit as she sat up and remained straddled over Mia’s face. Carole motioned for me to come to her which I quickly did. We kissed and once again Carole wrapped her hand around the base of my cock, but this time pushed it deep into Mia’s gaping pussy.

Mia and I both gasped, from her view I doubt if she knew what was coming. Carole continued to direct us, “Fuck her hard, baby.”

I threw Mia’s legs onto my shoulders, and began pumping her for all I was worth. My balls slapped against Mia’s ass counting out the timing and Carole fucked Mia’s face at the same pace. Carole squeezed her pink nipples as she screamed out her orgasm. This sent me over the edge and I filled Mia’s pussy with stream after stream of hot sticky cum.

Mia rolled on her side and slid in between our two heaving sweaty bodies. We cuddled her like a pet. Both of us sucking at her girl cum soaked pointy tits, while more cum oozed out between her legs.

The girls kissed, while from behind I scooped up the sticky white mess from Mia’s pussy. I directed my spent cum into her body pushing into her asshole with my finger. Mia pushed herself into the intruding digit, forcing me to penetrate her deeper.

Carole felt the rocking motion and once again began massaging Mia’s clit. I had two fingers into her ass, and Carole had two into her new girlfriend’s pussy. We could feel each other through the thin vaginal walls of our new lover. We were pounding her and kissing her at the same time. We were forcing her to climax, as we invaded her from both sides. All of us, Mia, myself, and Carole were meeting in the middle. It was powerful, beautiful and emotional. No rules, no guilt.