I couldn't stop her

By andrea1jane

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Nov 2010

reluctant orgasm

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/i-couldnt-stop-her.aspx

We were out drinking, or at least that was my belief. We were in London, my husband Paul and myself, staying overnight. The Cosmopolitans were going down well, really well in the upscale cocktail bar of the hotel we were staying in. What I didn't know was what Paul had planned, or how it would change my life.

Paul, as most husbandsseem to atsome time, had mentioned how turned on he was at the thought of me being brought to orgasm by another woman; typical man. I have to admit that sometimes watching the lesbian scenes on porn videos got to me, I but I really wasn't into the idea of indulging him.

I had to go to the ladies room and made my excuses and left, but when I was walking back across the room to our table I noticed Paul in conversation with another woman. He's a self confessed flirt, Paul is, and the sight was not uncommon but it didn't stop the usual pang of jealousy and a hint of anger.

As I approached the woman made her excuses and left, giving both me and Paul a knowing smile. I asked him if he was having fun in my absence. It was his response that left me speechless however when hesaid, "It's not me she's interested in, it's you."

Mmm, a new one that, I thought, but he was adamant. When I glanced over at her the look she gave me with that smile again I knew he was telling the truth. But only as I found out later, because he had organised and paid for her to be there. He had set the whole thing up, arranged it all for his own fantasy.

Getting back to the drinks, I couldn't help the feeling of being watched and every time I looked over the same woman happened to catch my eye, but as the evening passedI forgot her andasked Paul if we could go to the room. The drink and the romantic nature of the evening were having an effect and I was feeling horny and in need of some attention.

As the lift doors opened we entered the it and pressed forour floor, but as the doors started to close

the woman from the bar slipped in and thanked us before looking around and with a big smile greeted us both as long lost friends. "What a coincidence it is, all of us staying at the same hotel".

She kissed Paul on both cheeks and leant in to do the same to me. I leant back away from her approach, somewhat awkward knowing her interest, but the wall of the lift stopped me and she brushed her lips to my cheeks, whispering, "You are beautiful," and leaving a taste of her perfume on my lips.

The silence in the lift was total. I couldn't speak and Paul lookedstood there with this silly grin on his face. I was just desperate to get out and to the room.

At our floor Paul and I got out and made our way down the corridor to the room, along with the woman whocommented againon the coincidence of us being on the same floor. She stopped at the door opposite to our room and fumbling with the card entry said, "Damn," loudly and turning toPaul said, "My card's not working, again!I'm going tohave to go all the way down to the reception to get it fixed."

Paul replied, "Don'tbe silly, youcan use the phone in our room and we couldhavea drink whilstyou wait". Never once seeing the look I was giving him he walked into our room followed by the woman.

Ihad to hand it to Paul, he put a lot of effort into the whole scenario pretending to make thecall to reception, fooling me completely.

Whilst he was on the phone the woman came over and introduced herself. "Jane," she said, "Andrea," I replied.

"I'm sorryfor being so forward aboutmy interest inyou," she said, "butI haveno regrets and would kissyou here and now ifI thought it wouldn't involveyou slapping me". She came across really sweet and I reasoned that I wassafe until she just leant over and kissed me, there and then with her hand holding my cheek and said gently in my ear, "Slap menow if you want".

I was dumbfounded,speechless,but I did slap her, not hard, but hard enough. She smiled, stroked her cheek, leant forward and kissed me again, harder this time andit was almost as if someone had brushedmy clitoris. I slapped her again harder, but I was concious of a sudden wetness down below.

"I think you should gonow," I said, and asked Paul to show her out.

He just smiled at me and said, "The maintenance man will be here any minute sorelax," and then laughed that I'd been so feisty.

I wanted Jane gone. I was confused, hornyand in need of sex and she was in the way physically and mentally.

Paul walked over to us andsuggested we sit and drink the drinks he had made, I walked away as he and Jane sat on the sofa and sat on the bed, a really stupid move. Jane got up and walked over to me and sat next to me on the bed, leaning over she kissed me again, hard, overbalancingme and the next thing I knew we were laying on the bed, her kiss making me so aroused, her hands insistent on me.

I was kissing her back, how and why I didnt understand but it was so erotic, but not what I wanted. I asked Paul to make her stop, but he said, "I can't, Andrea onlyyou can do that."

I couldn't say anything, couldn't make her stop. Her hand ran up the inside of my thigh and to my panties, she moaned in my mouth, "You are soaking wet." I was soaking wet, she didn't have to tell me, I knew. What I also knew was that in aboutone second I was going to come. Shewas stroking my clit through the thin material of my panties and I was building up for the biggest orgasm I'd had in, well forever, when she slipped down my body off the bed.

It was at that moment that I thought I had regained my sanity and was about to get up when she lifted my dress and kissed my clit hard through my panties.

"Make her stop Paul," I asked. "MAKE HER STOP!"

"I can't," he said and I knew that neither could I, shepulled the gusset of my panties to one side and licked me from the bottom to my clit and sucked hard on my by now engorged nub, I came hard and long and again, three times in succession, I couldn't breathe, couldn't see just heard far away a woman shouting out uncontrollably not realising it was me.

When I finally came down, Jane was stood at the end of the bed looking for all the world like she'd just stepped off the catwalk except for the broad smile on her face.

Paul just stood there with his cock in his handthe evidence of his excitement all over the floor. He asked me if I had enjoyed his surprise and bragged how he had set it all up. I was furious, so furious I threw him outof the room and told him he could sleep the night in another room.

Jane was walking out of the door after him but I closed the door before she could and slapped her for a third time, this time with some venom, then leaned in and kissed her hard, very hard.

"Where," I asked her, "do you think you are going?"and led her to the bed.

He should have stopped her, I couldn't and now didn't want to ever again