Valentine's Lingerie Gift - part 1

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Her husband gives her a gift of lingerie, which leads to another gift.

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Valentine’s Day was approaching, and my husband didn’t know what to get me. I had gone through a weight loss and was feeling confident enough to start showing off my body a bit more. His gift to me was handing me the credit card and telling me to go pick out some new lingerie. I could get whatever made me feel sexy. He gave me the name of a small boutique that he had been to and had several things he would like to see me in, but he wouldn’t tell me what they were.

Credit card in hand, I headed out to the store. The sign in the window said they offered complimentary bra fittings. I had never been fitted for a bra before so I thought I would start there. I was greeted by a lovely young woman. She had a be beautiful figure, long dark hair and she was dressed in a short skirt, stockings and high heels with a form fitting, low cut top. She must have men chasing after her; probably several women too. Maybe I would look at an outfit like that after I got done with the lingerie shopping. After all, my husband told me to get what I wanted.

She introduced herself as Amber. Her name fit her well.

“What can I help you with today?” she asked.

“My husband sent me shopping for new lingerie as my Valentine’s Day gift, but I’m not sure what I would like to get. I think I should start with a bra fitting since I have never had one,” I responded.

Amber led me to a fitting room and told me to remove my shirt and bra. I felt a little self conscious. I figured she would just measure me over my clothes. It’s not that I haven’t been naked in front of women before, but the women were always friends or family. This was a stranger. My arms covered my chest as I waited.

Amber instructed me where to place my arms as she went about her measurements. The tape measure dragging across my nipples sent shivers down my spine and they were soon erect. If Amber

noticed, she didn’t say anything. As she placed the tape measure under my breasts, her hand grazed the side. I felt my panties grow damp. I had often fantasized about being with another woman and had discussed this fantasy with my husband while we were having sex. It made for some incredible sessions as I told him my fantasies of sucking another woman’s tits and eating her pussy. I hoped I wasn’t giving away my thoughts as Amber continued her measurements.

Amber announced that my bra size was a 36D. She then said she would get me some bras to try on. I barely registered what she said until she returned with several bras in my new size.

“Since this is a Valentine’s gift, I thought we’d go with red and sexy. What do you think?” she asked.

I snapped out of my day dream when she showed me her selections. “Oh, those are so pretty,” I replied, fingering the lace and silk material of the bras she had chosen.

“Would you like me to help you try them on?” she asked. I simply nodded my reply.

Amber stood behind me, sliding the straps over my arms. Her hands lifted each of my breasts, placing them properly in the cups. Her fingers slid across my nipples. I had a slight intake of breath, which I had thought was undetectable until Amber said, “Don’t worry. Many women have that reaction when someone helps them.”

She continued to adjust the bra, fastening it when she was satisfied with the fit. She stood behind me as I looked in the mirror, then slid slightly to the side to look with me. Her hands slid down my sides as she told me, “I’d have to say that your husband would be nuts not to want to see you in this. It shows off your figure beautifully. “

I tried on several more bras, and each time Amber’s hands touched my breasts, I was in agony, wanting her to touch more of me. I savored the sensations while they last and my panties went from damp to wet. Amber never gave any indication that this was anything other than a normal fitting so I kept my thoughts to myself. Part of me couldn’t wait to get home. Sex was the primary thought on my mind, and I wanted it NOW!

I snapped out of my thoughts, realizing that I was standing topless as Amber waited. She had removed my bra and I never noticed. My skin tingled with the thought of her hands on me again.

“Are you interested in any of these bras?” she asked me.

“I’ll take all of them,” I replied, unable to make any decisions.

“I think we should go for something sexier,” stated Amber. “Valentine’s Day calls for something red hot. Do you want to go for long and sultry or short and slutty?”

“Long,” was the only word that could come from my mouth.

Amber returned with a long red silk gown. It covered everything, yet screamed sex. It was cut low in the front and back. About half of my breasts were showing, the nipples just barely covered. It clung to my curves without being too tight, and had a slit up the side, showing most of my right leg. Even I had to admit it looked great.

Amber’s hands slid over my body smoothing out the material. As she touched my chest, my hips, then her hand slid over my ass, I groaned. She turned me around to show me how I looked from the back. Her hand slid over my ass again as she said, “Look at how great your ass looks in this.” I wanted her to just continue stroking me. I’d buy anything she wanted me to if she just kept touching me.

“Lift your arms and I’ll help you get out of this one. I have something else I’d like you try. You need to see just how sexy you are,” Amber stated.

My arms went up. Amber pushed the gown up my body, her hands touching my bare skin ever so slowly. At least it felt that way. It was the first time I had felt her hands on my bare skin, aside from helping me with the bras. Ever moment was torture and ecstasy at the same time. Her hands were hot on my skin or my skin was hot, I’m not sure which.

The outfit she returned with made me stop – completely still. It was something I had seen on models, but never imagined wearing myself. The corset style top was red with little white hearts on it, had garters attached to it, black stockings, and a tiny thong. However, the material was sheer so you could see my through it. It covered everything, yet showed everything at the same time. This was unlike anything I had ever owned before.

Amber instructed me to remove my panties so I could try this outfit on. So many thoughts ran through my head. Most of them involved being naked with her, but then I realized how wet my panties were and she was sure to see the soaking spot. What would I do? When I didn’t begin to remove them, Amber stuck her hands into the waistband and slid them down my legs. All I had to do was step out of them. She was kneeling in front of me, her breath hot between my legs. I resisted the urge to press my pussy against her mouth. I wanted to feel her tongue on me. To have her lick me; make me cum. I ached with desire.

I stepped out of my panties. Amber didn’t say a word about the obvious wet spot. I stepped into the

thong, enjoying the sensations as she slid them up my legs, the flat of her hand caressing me all the way up. Amber was still on her knees when the thong reached my pussy. I keep it neatly trimmed, but had never shaved it.

“You know, you should really shave. You would love the sensations you get and I bet your husband would love it too. He might even spend more time licking your clit.”

I was shocked by Amber’s brazenness. Up until now she had not acted in that manner. It turned me on even more than I already was. She finished sliding the thong up, pressing it into place. Her hands slid over my pussy and ass.

“Oh! It feels like someone is enjoying her fitting,” she observed. I could only groan in response. Could this really go somewhere?

She reached for the corset, wrapping it around me, beginning to fasten the hooks. As she got to my tits, I could feel her breath on my nipples. Her mouth was only inches away and my longing for it to be on my skin was increasing with each second. She pressed her lips to each nipple before fastening the final hooks. That was a fraction of what I wanted. I wanted her whole mouth and tongue fastened over me.

Amber gently pushed me to bench so she could slide the stockings up my legs. The combination of the silk from the stockings and the heat from her hands nearly sent me to orgasm. Her head traveled up my legs as she slid the stocking up, then fastened them to the garters. I sat on the bench with her head between my legs, which were spread open. I never imagined I would be in a position like this with another woman. I wanted it to go so much further.

Amber took my hands, pulling me up to examine my reflection in the mirror. As I looked at myself, I saw a different woman. This woman was sexy, filled with desire, and eager to devour the woman standing behind me. Amber’s hands were on my skin. The thin material allowed me to feel the hardness of her nipples pressing against me. I wanted to take them in my hands and my mouth. Every fantasy I had ever had about another woman played through my brain at this moment.

Amber’s hands slid over my tits, my pussy and my ass as she spoke to me. “Look how damn sexy you look in this. Your legs look fabulous, your tits are lifted up, your brown nipples show through, this little thong covers your pussy, but it still shows through, your ass is amazing. I could eat you myself.”

“What did you say?” I asked her, uncertain if she had said what I thought she did.

“I said, I could eat you myself. Would you like me to?”

“Oh yes. I have been thinking about it since we started,” I replied, no longer restraining my thoughts.

“I was hoping you would say that. I’ve wanted my hands and mouth on you the entire time. Have you ever been with a woman before?”

I simply shook my head to indicate that I hadn’t.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be gentle and take it slow. Just let me know if you want to stop.”

Stopping was something I could think of until my brain snapped to the thoughts of the door.

“What if someone comes in?” I asked, excitedly.

“Don’t worry. I locked the door when I brought this last outfit in. We are closed now anyway.”

Had I really been here that long? I came in two hours before closing. My husband must be wondering where I am. Oh damn, what should I do?

Amber’s mouth on my neck answered this question. Her tongue stroked my neck, hot and wet. I no longer held back my moans and groans. I took her head in my hands, pulling it up to mine. Our mouths met, tongues entwining, seeking, hot and eager. Our hands searched each other’s bodies.

I struggled to remove Amber’s shirt, my hands uncertain of what to do. She stopped for a moment and removed the top, showing me her beautiful tits. She didn’t have a bra on underneath so I got to gaze at her skin with her hard nipples. My hands immediately went to her tits. They felt different in my hands. So different than my own, but it felt natural to be caressing them. I pinched and pulled at her nipples, causing Amber to begin moaning. The sounds from her lips increased my desire even more. It was so damn sexy.

Amber’s fingers quickly unfastened several of the hooks on my corset, freeing my tits. In a swift move, her mouth covered my nipples as she licked, sucked and nibbled. I had my first orgasm quickly, although, it was a long time coming with everything that had transpired up until now. The thong I was wearing was quickly drenched with my juices. The scent of sex filled the air and I was ready for anything that was to come, and I hoped it didn’t stop here.

Amber and I quickly dispensed with the corset and her skirt. We both stood in thongs and stockings. What a sight we were. As I contemplated what to do next, Amber slid down my body, her tongue working my tits, trailing down my stomach and stopping just above my pubic line. Her hands caressed

and squeezed my ass as she placed light kisses on the material of the thong. She teased me with her tongue. It traveled to the creases of my legs, one of my most sensitive spots, across my thong encased pussy, and up and down my legs. Her tongue was everywhere but where I wanted it the most. She was an expert in foreplay!

“Please, please put your tongue on my pussy,” I begged. “I want you to eat my pussy. Please!”

My urgent request was rewarded as she slid my thong down, her tongue meeting my clit for the first time when she was done. I nearly came again. Her fingers parted my pussy, fully exposing my clit for her to lap at. Her mouth enclosed my clit as her tongue worked the sensitive nub. It didn’t take long for me to want to come again, but I held back as much as I could, enjoying every moment of Amber’s tongue rasping across my clit. She was an expert pussy eater. She teased my clit with varying speeds, sometimes sucking it, giving it gentle nibbles, probing her tongue into my wet hole, pushing me to the brink, then backing off so my pleasure lasted longer and longer. I thought I might collapse from the pleasure of it. It took all my energy to remain standing as she continued to eat my soaking wet pussy.

When I thought I couldn’t stand it anymore, her tongue worked it’s fastest yet, assaulting my clit with wave after wave of pleasure. My pussy pressed into Amber’s face I came, hard. It was the most amazing orgasm I had ever had. I drenched her face as I unloaded my pussy juice. Her tongue worked to clean every drop. When she stood, her face glistened with my cum. She kissed me, as I cleaned my cum from her mouth.

When I should I have been drained, I was fueled with more desire. It was my turn to feast on Amber’s body. I wasted no time in taking her tits into my mouth. Her nipples were hard and she was eager for tongue to tease them. Knowing this was my first time with a woman, Amber gave me some guidance. I began with doing things that I like done to me. Amber let me know if she needed things harder or softer, faster or slower. She was teaching me how to please her. I must have been doing OK, because her hands found my hair, her hips were bucking and moans came regularly. Her excitement fueled mine.

I sat Amber down on the bench I had been on earlier. I knelt in front of her and began to remove her thong and stockings. Being on my knees in front of her was exciting enough, but watching her skin being exposed as I removed the last of her clothing added to the excitement. I caressed her bare legs, letting my mouth and tongue explore them. It felt so different to lick and suck bare legs with no hair. They were so smooth and silky.

Amber’s pussy was growing wet. The scent of sex came from between her legs and I was eager to find what was beneath the thong. As I slid it down, her freshly shaved pussy came into view. I had

never seen a bare pussy before, except in some pictures. Being up close was different. Now I understood why men are so turned on by it. The lack of hair made her clit stand out. I wanted to suck her so badly, but I resisted and instead used my hands to explore my first pussy besides mine.

Amber felt so differently than I did. The smooth skin was amazing. I easily found her wetness and she let out a loud groan when I did. I slid Amber's ass to the edge of the bench, giving me a full view, as well as full access to licking and touching. I was torn between savoring what may be my only opportunity to eat another pussy and wanting to have the experience.

I could no longer hold back. My mouth encased as much of Amber's pussy as I could. I wanted to take all of her in. My tongue explored every inch of her, tasting and probing her wetness, teasing her clit, and tracing along every spot on her pussy lips. What a different but wonderful sensation this was. I was so sorry I hadn't tried this sooner.

Amber's hands were guiding my head as I continued using my tongue to give her pleasure. Simply using my tongue did not do enough to ease my curiosity. My fingers felt for her slick hole. I wanted to know what it felt like to have my fingers inside another pussy. Two fingers slid in easily and Amber pressed against them as I did.

"Oh yeah! Fuck my pussy! Fuck me!" Amber cried out. "That's it. Put those fingers in my hot wet pussy." I happily obliged her.

Her pussy was contracting around my fingers, as I lapped at her clit. I varied my pace as Amber had done to me. I varied the speed in my fingers and tongue as well. If I was slow in licking her I finger fucked her as quickly as I could and vice versa. The feel of her in my mouth and around my fingers was wonderful. My pussy was wet again as I gave her the pleasure she wanted. I wanted to make her cum as hard as I had.

I no longer held back. My fingers and tongue worked as fast as I could make them. I felt her pussy grown tight around my fingers and I could tell she was about to come. I covered her clit with my mouth, clamping tight around her as I continued to lick and fuck her. She rewarded me quickly, covering my hand with her wet cum as she pressed my head tight against her.

"Oh fuck yeah! Make me cum! Ohhhhhh yyyeeesss!" she screamed. I continued as she rode out the orgasm. As she neared the end I removed my fingers, probing my tongue as deep into her pussy as possible. The sensation was so different but was absolutely amazing.

When we had both come down from our sexual high, we continued kissing and caressing each other, fingering each other to yet another orgasm. I thought I could continue for hours or days.

Another set of hands on my skin made me jolt and jump back. It was my husband. How the hell had he gotten in here? And why was he here? And what was going to happen?

He kissed me – hard. Not the response I expected.

“Did you have fun with Amber?” he asked.

I wasn’t sure how to respond when he told me, “This is the real part of your Valentine’s present. I knew this was a fantasy for you. I came in here a few weeks ago looking for a sexy outfit for you and Amber and I got to talking. We arranged this shopping trip with the condition that it would only go as far as you wanted to go. I am not angry. I am glad you got to live out your fantasy. I have been watching the entire time and I have never seen you so free or so damn sexy. I want to fuck you right now. My cock is so hard. Amber said she would love a threesome with us if you are interested. What do you think?”

My husband was giving me permission to eat the pussy of this beautiful woman again? Hell yes! My answer to his question was the kiss I gave him as I lowered the zipper on his pants.