Beer Store Threesome With a Drunk

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Drunk Punjab Indian has hot young white wife

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My wife Elle and I have been having some problems for quite some time now. We were married for almost 5 years and most of the spice was completely out of our sex life.

During the early years of our relationship we didn't take our hands off one another. We often talked about sexual fantasies, both realistic and unrealistic.

One of our fantasies was to bring another guy into the bedroom. I pushed the limits even further, saying it would be an old or fat guy, something unconventional. There was something about a guy completely below her league having her. Elle didn't really like it when I veered into that world, probably the reason why our fantasies began to drift apart and eventually we did not even talk about them.

Elle is a beautiful, blue eyed, blond woman, standing at 5'3", 110lbs with an athletic frame. She loves yoga and has a very proportional body with great legs and an amazing firm ass. Guys always look at her when she walks into a room. Elle knows this, giving off a bitchy attitude and not giving them the time of day.

About six months ago, Elle and I decided to take a trip to get away for a week. We decided to spend the night at a airport hotel since our flight was leaving at 6am the following day. Being an international flight, we had to be there several hours before our flight and thought we would play it safe.

We got to our hotel about 7pm and settled our things. I decided on heading to the beer store for a couple of cold ones. Elle chose to stay at the hotel, advising she was going to take a bath and enjoy a glass or two of wine.

The closest beer store was unfortunately located in a shady part of town, immigrant dominant with low income housing. I got out of my car and immediately saw the poverty in my surroundings. There were a few older Punjab Indian guys gathered on the side of the beer store and shitty older cars

littered the parking lot.

I went into the store to get what I had come for, grabbed my 6 pack of beer and headed out. While reversing out, an old Punjab Indian guy came out of nowhere on a bike, darted behind my car and hit the rear bumper. I got out to see what happened and he quickly got up saying, "Sorry sir, sorry sir," as he quivered like I was going to beat him.

This guy was clearly somewhere in his 60's or 70's, maybe older and probably lost control due to being so fucking old. Luckily there was no damage to my car and the Indian guy seemed to be fine.

In a very thick Indian accent he began to say, "Sir, no call police please, I not want jail again, I old man."

This guy was about 5' 7", 230lbs, with a very fat belly and skinny arms. He had a long, white beard, an orange stained turban and was wearing older clothes which were tattered and looked like they came from a good will or some sort of charity store.

I actually really felt bad for this guy and asked him his name. He told me his name was Raj and came here from India about 20 years ago just before turning 50, I guess thatmade him 69 years old. He had not been able to find a job due to his age and limited English so was just living on forms of social assistance. Raj said he came here in hope of getting a job and bringing his wife over who is still in India but had no such luck.

During our talk, he showed me a picture of his wife who he had not seen in two decades. His wife looked very old and traditional, not an attractive lady, but who was I to judge. Raj also showed me pictures of his children who were all in their forties, along with some of his grandchildren and great grandchildren. It was obvious he kept in contact with them the best he could but unfortunately they where on the other side of the world. I truly felt bad for the guy, he appeared to be trapped with no solution.

Then I had an idea, asking Raj if he would like to help me drink my six pack of beer. I knew he wouldn't turn me down as I recognized his tell tale large red alcoholic nose. He jumped in the front passenger seat, I put his bike in the back seat of my car and we headed off for my hotel.

When we got to the hotel parking lot, I cracked open a beer each for us; his was long gone before I had half of mine done. We drank the entire six pack and talked more, finally I told Raj my wife was upstairs and there was something I needed him to do. Raj quickly accepted even before knowing what it was. Now I had to think how I would put this idea to action.

I called my wife on speaker phone asking her what she was doing. Elle said she had just gotten out of the bath tub and finished all her wine, I could easily tell she was feeling tipsy. I told her I would be up in a few minutes but wanted her to tie a scarf around her eyes because I found a surprise for her. My wife is very high maintenance and loves gifts - she gladly accepted my request thinking I bought her something such as jewelry.

"Sir, wife sound like beautiful woman," Raj commented after the call.

"She is Raj, would you like to meet her?"

"Sir, an honor it is," replied Raj.

As Raj and I walked upstairs I told him to be very quiet and not to do anything unless I told him to. I wasn't really sure if he understood as the old guy followed me, hobbling up to our room; he had no idea what was going to happen.

I opened the door a crack and said my wife's name to see where she was.

Elle responded with a giggle, "Hi honey, I'm on the bed wearing my new bikini and yes, I have my eyes covered as you asked."

I crept in with Raj tailing behind me and motioned him to sit in the standard hotel chair positioned in the corner. I noticed his eyes almost shot from his head when he saw my sexy 28 year old wife lying on the bed almost naked with a silk scarf tied around her eyes, not much left to the imagination.

She was wearing a sexy two piece bikini, her arms spread across the bed and legs crossed. I could tell she had just shaved her legs and gave off that silky smooth look.

Elle asked, "Now whats this surprise honey?"

"Be patient, but first I want to inspect your bikini," I replied.

I got on the bed and began to kiss her neck while exploring and touching her partially exposed body. My hands reached behind her back, pulling the string which held the top portion of her bikini on and freeing her beautiful breasts. I glanced over and the old Indian guy looked in shock sitting there seeing this, although his hand was on his crotch.

I continued playing with Elle and removed the bottom of her bathing suit, revealing all to Raj. Elle had also freshly shaved her pussy, you could see she was already getting wet. She now lay on the bed

completely naked, wet and horny. It was obvious Elle was ready to go and wanted cock more than anything.

Coincidentally, I looked over and saw Raj had his cock out, stroking, and his pants were completely off. His cock was only about 5 or 6 inches but looked thick with very hairy balls and not cut. I was sure Elle had never seen anything like that before and I now worried my plan wouldn't even work.

I knew it was time and had to make a move so motioned for Raj to come closer to the bed. He didn't hesitate and hobbled to the side of the bedand stood there, his wrinkled hand still on his cock. He looked like a dirty Indian Santa with an orange turban. I continued to play with Elle's pussy, getting her wetter and hotter, and I knew she was horny.

Elle suddenly giggled as she asked. "Did you bring Indian when you came back from the beer store?"

I froze for a second and looked at Raj.

"If you brought curry take out, you should have left it in the trunk of the car until after sex, it's smelling up the room. Ohhh well," Ellie commented as she giggled again.

I then made my move. Taking her left hand, I guided it to Raj's stiff cock which was an arms reach away by the side of the bed. I had no idea what the reaction was going to be but to my surprise and relief I saw a smirk on her face. She began to move her beautiful hand over the strange stubby cock as I played with her pussy. Her hand moved to his balls as she played with them and back to his shaft. I could tell she was trying to explore his equipment and didn't look disappointed yet.

To continue the progression I got off the bed and moved away so Elle could focus on her new friend. She leaned over and was now cupping his balls with one hand and jerking with the other, obviously his hairy sack didn't bother her. Suddenly Elle repositioned herself so she was lying on her stomach with her face just inches in front of the cock she was vigorously jerking.

"Why don't you kiss it, hun?" I bravely asked.

Elle didn't respond and continued jerking the cock. At one point she tried arching her back upwards, rubbing Raj's cock on her beautiful perky breasts and nipples. In doing this you could see a trail of precum stretch from her chest to his hard cock.

As she pumped the cock between her breasts, her head got closer and closer. A few times her chin hit the top of his cock, it was obvious she was working the courage up. Suddenly I saw her tongue

come out and, to my surprise, she began to flicker the top of his cock with her tongue. Eventually her lips wrapped around the top of his cock and her head began to lower around it. Cupping his balls in one hand and stroking his cock with the other, she moved forward, sucking and licking his shaft, I couldn't believe my eyes.

Elle sucked his cock like a champ and looked to be loving it. At one point she got off of the bed and knelt on the floor in front of Raj. He just stood there, an old 70ish Punjab Indian guy getting his cock sucked by a sexy hot 28 year old white girl, got to love it. She kept up her pace of sucking, moving her hands up his body to his fat belly, it was impressive he hadn't cum from the treatment he had been receiving.

Elle eventually stopped sucking and stood up in font of him, using her hands to position herself as she was still blindfolded.

"Get on the bed," she commanded Raj.

He looked at me as if for permission.

I looked at him with a nod and he slowly made his way on. You could see the bed sink as his large frame took position, lying on his back in the center of the bed.

Elle awkwardly followed, again using her hands to guide her. Once on the bed she found Raj's large body and mounted him just below his hard cock. Elle began to unbutton his shirt, opening it up and feeling his large pot belly. From there she made her way to his face and ran her fingers through his long white beard.

Elle giggled again and asked, " OK Santa, I have been a good girl, what do I get this year?"

I spoke up, "By the looks of it, a stiff cock."

"OK, but I don't want Santa's baby. Where are the condoms?" Elle asked.

I couldn't believe I forgot condoms, shit!

Raj suddenly spoke up in his thick Indian accent, "No woman long long time."

A confused look suddenly appeared on Elle's face and she reached up, pulling the blindfold from her head.

"You brought me an old Indian guy to fuck, holy shit, I thought he was at least a biker or something. Well, I guess that makes me a pretty big slut," Elle commented.

She just paused for a moment, still mounted on his upper thighs with Raj's stiff cock inches north of her pussy. I didn't know what to do or say in fear that I had just had the last straw and went too far.

The silence suddenly broke when Raj moved his rough hands towards Elle's perfect breasts. He began to cup and massage them followed by a decaying smile and said, "You very, very nice, I thank you."

"Well, I guess you did say thank you, more than most men would do or say," Elle replied as she giggled again.

I noticed her nipples where getting hard again while Raj continued to play with them and her hands made their way back to his hard shaft. She began to rub his cock and balls as her eyes closed, probably trying to think of who her new lover was.

Elle began shifting her body up. Her pussy was rubbing his bare shaft as she held his cock there with her hands. She then let out a soft squeal; as I looked closer, the head of his cock was in her pussy and she was lowing herself further down on it.

This was crazy, she was riding him bareback and loving it.

She suddenly shouted "What's your fucking name?"

Raj replied, "Raj, Raj."

"OK Raj Raj, don't you fucking cum in me," Elle said as she continued to ride him.

"Umm hunji," Raj replied.

My wife rode old Raj hard and fast, it was crazy and I never thought I would see anything like this.

Suddenly Raj moved his arms from Elle's breast and pulled her close to him by her arms. He began to buck and his face cringed.

"Hunji," Raj once again yelled.

The fucker was cumming in my wife, it was obvious. She suddenly pushed away and jumped off his

cock.It was obviously too late, there was a steady stream of cum running from her pussy and down her leg. I don't know if Raj misunderstood her request from the language barrier or if he just didn't want to listen.

"OK, you need to get your ass out and find a morning after pill, maybe when you drop Raj Raj off wherever you found him," Elle commented with a giggle.

To be continued...