With Jo a second time

By Mobius_NR

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Dining and dancing at its best.

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This story picks up where “Mall-ing Jo” leaves off.

As promised, I mailed Jo’s cum and pussy soaked lace panties to her husband, Dave. She told me by email that he was ‘lovin it and became so turned on that he fucked her hard just minutes after opening his ‘gift’. Jo told me that Dave wanted her to go on a date with me, to go dancing and possibly to show her off in a crowd and he wanted to be part of that crowd. She told me also that he had read and enjoyed the “Mall-ing Jo” story. All this was a little much to get my head around. Ordinarily, a guy fucking another guy’s wife would have to be extremely careful to avoid him because the guy’s jealousy might make them mortal enemies. In this case, Dave was more than a little excited when Jo took lovers, strangers, or even when she allowed strangers to ‘catch’ a glimpse of the charms she so barely concealed. So, if I have this straight, the key to Jo’s pussy lie in seducing her husband with Lush stories of our couplings, backed up by physical evidence such as photos and dried bodily fluids. Amazingly, the sperm from uncounted testicles was a glue binding their love for each other! It also occurred to me that ours probably would be a ‘limited engagement’ relationship because to have something long term would dissolve my ‘stranger’ status and possibly make me a threat to the stability of their marital arrangement. So it would be Wham, Bam, two or three times, Ma’am.

I was intrigued.

I had to admit that there was a curious, if practical, logic to all this once I set aside more conventional paradigms about relationships. As social and psycho-sexual constructs go, this was a bit like learning to drive all over again, perhaps in the UK, Thailand or Australia where people drive on the opposite side of the road as do we. So, if I understand the plan, Jo and I will go on a date, dining, dancing, fuck-her-silly-romancing while her husband is a sidelined but very interested observer who will reclaim her once I’m driving home pussy-whipped and our cum drys on Jo’s silky thighs. In fact, Dave will get a little extra pleasure up front because he’ll also enjoy watching Jo dress for our date and see

her apply the makeup and perfume she's wearing for another guy. The more I'd show her off while dancing and the more men who'd ogle her there, the better they'd both like it.

Wow.

A vision filled my head almost like an experience of Déjà vu with a flashback to maybe fifteen years prior and a business trip in New York City's midtown Manhattan. While lodged at the Marriott Marquis in the theater district on Broadway, I was in my room putting the finishing touches on a PowerPoint presentation for a meeting the following day and decided to stretch my legs for a few minutes and visit the gift shop on the third floor lobby to buy a Diet Coke. Walking from the gift shop back to the elevators, I noticed a couple making out on a bench. Both wore formal wear and the man appeared to be in his sixties. He looked quite distinguished in a tux, a black overcoat and his Bowler Derby sat next to them on the bench. I'd never seen a Bowler Derby in this country before except in movies and on Halloween. The woman appeared a good bit younger, maybe in her mid forties and she wore a sexy black dress. When I say they were making out I mean these people were going to town! She was more or less lying across his lap and upper body, lip-locked, and arms around each other. The guy had the hem of her dress pulled up so high, three quarters of her bare ass and part of her pussy was visible as he fondled and fingered her. At the time I was thinking, "Sheesh, get a room guys!" Now, seeing sexuality with a fresh set of eyes, I wonder if the woman's husband was there in the lobby enjoying the scene. In fact, I even wonder if the woman might've been Jo!

Returning to our story, this night my wife thought I was on an overnight business trip and I had changed into 'date clothes' in a gas station rest room. After numerous marriage counselors and therapists I've given up on sexual adventure with her. A plain vanilla sex life isn't enough for me. When I rang Jo's doorbell, Dave answered and invited me in. I was nervous but he did his best to put me at ease. Jo made one of those grand entrance stairway descents and she was jaw-drop stunning in a black lace dress. A sheer black kerchief drew attention to her neck and her deeply scooped neckline refocused one's attention towards her bust. I wondered idly if there was a hickey under her scarf. Black spaghetti straps held up the fragile garment and four inch heels set off her long legs and positioned her gorgeous ass right where it belonged. Jo did a pirouette revealing that, A: she was a good dancer; and B: that her dress was backless with no bra under there. Almost in unison, Dave and I said, "You look beautiful." Although we spoke the same words, our voices were markedly different. My voice – at least to me – was appreciative in its tone. In another form it might have been a low whistle. What I heard in Dave's voice was different, a tonality of deep, endearing love, sincere affection and no small measure of awe.

I was thunderstruck! Jo was my date for tonight and my partner in crime for abandoned sex, but she was also the consummate, enduring love of this man's life. I would do nothing to violate the trust the two of them placed in each other and jointly, now placed in me. Jesus, this arrangement was

amazing.

Jo leaned forward as she kissed me hello and those beautiful, unsupported breasts with their tightly stiffened nipples fell under my adoring gaze. I was conscious of Dave's watching me watch her and it was disconcerting but only a little. Jo opened a closet for her wrap and she also withdrew a small overnight bag. I looked closely at Jo and then at Dave for his reaction and when she said, "just in case," Dave's body shivered for the briefest of seconds. We bid him goodnight and Jo kissed him affectionately, if chastely, on the cheek leaving the faintest trace of her lipstick on him. We'd see Dave about two hours later, from across a dance floor.

I left the pickup truck at home and used my new Challenger for this date, the car's powerful Hemi engine, six speed manual transmission and throaty exhaust lending another note of sexuality to the evening. Also, its heated seats might be a turn-on for Jo. Holding the car door for her, I briefly wished that I'd used the truck for its high vantage of another glimpse under her skirts but this was not Jo's first rodeo and she didn't disappoint. Just like those widely circulated photos of Paris Hilton and Lindsey Lohan alighting from cars commando style, a s Jo sat down she gathered her skirts in a way that revealed black garter straps crossing her creamy thighs and then her wonderful girl parts appeared in the folds of her dress not unlike a the heady drama of solar eclipse.

Over dinner we exchanged intimate conversation interspersed with small talk and every now and again I'd feel Jo's toes encased in their black stockings tease my leg under the table. Now that I knew Jo better, I discretely looked around and sure enough, a man at another table was all but ignoring the annoyed woman facing him and was riveted to the image of Jo's foot teasing my leg. I knew damned well that Jo was doing this for his benefit as well as mine and her toe traveled north and between my thighs. This was going to be one memorable evening!

Back in the car, we continued our conversation and gently stroked each other. A thought popped into my head as we approached the nightclub. I wondered how Dave and Jo learned that this lifestyle was good for them. From her photo gallery, you can see Jo dressing provocatively from her twenties if not the whole of her life. But it's a far cry from showing off your titties to being shared sexually by and for your husband. I'd read somewhere that roughly ten percent of men have fantasies of their wives with other men and about one percent actually act upon it. Did Jo cheat on Dave once and in the rebuilding process they learned that he liked it that way? Was it some kind of a dare? In any case we were pulling into the nightclub parking lot at this point and so I put my curiosity on the back burner and would ask Jo about it one day.

In the club, we checked Jo's wrap and found a table. The club was one of those catering to a mature crowd, some singles looking to find partners and some married's looking for diversity. The big draw is that the music selections are more amenable to men and women who remember where they were

when JFK was shot or when the Challenger space shuttle fell into the sea.

While we spent some time at our table, Jo came here to dance! Dance we did and she is amazing on her feet! Her husband doesn't like to dance and so that fact led in large part to this choice of venue. Additionally, Jo's dancing offered her opportunity to show off her body and her moves to a roomful of people. Jo's lithe body swayed provocatively in the dance and while I kept up fairly well, there was no scintilla of doubt that she was by far the better dancer. Smiling to myself, I noted that a number of men were so focused on Jo's dance moves that they bumped into other dancing couples or stepped on their dance partner's toes! Jo seemed oblivious to the attention but I know that in her heart of hearts she was basking in the glow of the men's – and a few women's - lusty gaze. I felt proud to be with Jo and to show her off like a trophy date. The experience gave me a small insight into Dave's motivation. The mens attention to Jo was boosting my ego as well!

A set of slow songs came on. Holding Jo close with my hand resting on her bare back and her perfume slapping my senses into a frenzy and I was fully erect with my wood pressing its way into Jo's pelvis. As we danced, I looked around the room and finally saw Dave at a back table. He tried to appear to be casually scanning the crowd but every three seconds or so his full attention returned to us and so I timed it and just as his eyes fell onto us, I leaned forward just a bit more and gave Jo a soft kiss full on her luscious mouth. We danced kissing and enjoying the smooth softness of each other's inner lips for quite awhile before breaking our kiss. I cast a smile in Dave's direction and heard Jo giggle lightly in my ear. When I caught sight of Dave I could see that he was recording us with one of those new amazingly tiny low light video cameras. The unit was so small that his hand covered ninety percent of it. I smiled again and kissed Jo softly on the neck and pivoted deftly in the dance. "He's recording this," I whispered to Jo, her head now resting comfortably on my shoulder. "He usually does", she said in a self-assured, almost dreamy voice.

Someone cut in and so I left Jo with her new partner and returned to our table and sipped a rum and diet Coke. Jo easily adapted to this new partner's dance rhythms and when their dance was over, the set was too and the DJ shifted gears to a faster tempo. Jo thanked the man and flashed a smile towards Dave before returning to me. I watched the guy leave the dance floor with his pup tent leading the way like the pointer on an antique Chinese compass. From this angle I couldn't see Dave but I was sure he'd caught every frame of video during their dance. Jo showed me the business card the man had pressed into her hand. He was an account rep for a brokerage. "What do you think?" she asked me, looking at the card between us on the table.

"I think it doesn't matter what I think, it's what you think and what Dave supports that matter." Jo smiled with more than a bit of coquettishness as her brown eyes lifted up and she tilted her head slightly back and forth with a girlish smile, not unlike a kid leaving her decision to a daisy with 'he loves me, he loves me not.' Finally, Jo folded the card and left it on the table smiling broadly at me.

“Let’s dance” I said, finalizing the subject.

Standing to walk towards the dance floor, Jo said “I have a better idea,” and grabbed her purse. Jo led me by the hand towards the rest rooms. Never in my life have I seen a companion assist restroom anywhere but an airport but this club had one between the mens and ladies rooms and it was vacant. I guess there were too many complaints about people fucking on the sinks and so the management crafted a brilliant solution.

I locked the door and turned towards Jo who already was rushing into my arms and our mouths found each other. The only thing dancing now were our tongues. My hands tingled on the bare skin of Jo’s back and I slit the spaghetti straps off her shoulders allowing the dress to fall below those beautifully erect breasts. I lifted Jo onto the countertop and began suckling those beautiful, thick erasers. Jo has very sensitive breasts and I’m sure the lace on her top had been mildly raking over the tips of her nipples driving her wild with lust. I sucked her pert nipples and touched her body for long minutes, safe and secure in our little room. I wondered idly if anyone had ever used the toilet.

“I want to suck your cock,” Jo spoke hoarsely, returning me to the moment and she dropped down off the counter. In a flash my pants were at my ankles and my cockhead south of her tonsils. I leaned against the wall and held the counter for balance as I was positively lightheaded by now. Jo’s mouth was a delight to fuck and for long minutes she fondled my balls with an instinct for how to generate the maximum of pleasure in a man. “If we keep this up baby, I’m ‘gonna cum right here in your mouth,” I warned. Jo picked up her pace and left no room for misunderstanding and I literally held her head in my hands and pumped like the hammers of hell until the spasms hit and my balls discharged themselves into Jo’s mouth and throat. She sucked me some more to clean my cock before releasing my softening member to slip from her mouth. As Jo straightened to a standing I saw that she had a camera identical to Dave’s and she’d been videoing herself blowing me! My jaw dropped in amazement. “You two are well matched,” I said with a smile. “We are” Jo replied and impulsively keened forward and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. Jo fixed her dress and touched up her lipstick and hair and we left the room just as another happy couple headed our way. “Have a good time,” I said brightly and Jo elbowed me playfully in the ribs.

We danced for another half hour and I noticed that a woman was sitting with Dave and he alternated his attention between her and us. Joe saw me looking and said, “That’s Helen. We’ve had a threesome with her a couple of times and she and Dave are friends. She’s probably here waiting for her boyfriend to arrive.” Returning to our table after the set Jo leaned forward and as always my eyes fell to her luscious boobs. Smiling broadly, Jo lifted my chin and said we need to talk. “I want more than a mouthful of cock tonight, my pussy is feeling unappreciated. We either can go to a hotel or we can go back to my place.” What about your husband?” I asked.

“He’s OK with either one as long as it’s OK with me. If we go to a hotel, he’ll leave here and wait for me at home. If I’m not home by 4AM I won’t come home before ten because we don’t want our neighbors seeing me dropped off by another man as they leave for work. Or, if we go to my place, Dave will give us a couple hours and then come home. Or, if I let him know that you’re open to it, he’ll come home right behind us and he’ll be a spectator to our time together.”

“How will he know which?” I asked.

“If he’s to come home and watch us, I remove my scarf,” Jo smiled in reply.

“If he’s there he’s just going to watch us?” I ask. “I’m uneasy about being in bed with another guy even though we’re both making love to you.”

“Oh he’ll behave himself,” Jo said with a soft, winsome smile, “he always does, but you wouldn’t want to be between his chair and me after you leave!” she laughed. For the eternal span of maybe five seconds I considered Jo’s options and then leaned forward and untied the soft scarf at her lovely neck. “I have an idea,” I told her. “Grab your purse.” Taking Jo’s hand I walked deliberately to Dave’s table and smiled. He looked first at Jo’s neck and then at me. Helen had an odd smile on her lips. “See ya Pal,” I said to Dave and handed him the scarf I’d palmed. Dave smiled broadly and offered his fist for a fist bump which I returned and then led his beautiful wife to the coat check and then out into the night.