# Introduction to Bryce - Chapter 3

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Published on Lush Stories on 23 Mar 2011

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*Lee and Monica meet Bryce for lunch, but you'll never guess what the Lee and Monica slip away to do!*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/introduction-to-bryce-chapter-3.aspx

**Lunch with Bryce**

After breakfast, we decided to take a walk around that part of the city and maybe do a little shopping. We spent at least an hour in a fascinating antique toy store. I didn't even know such a thing existed! After picking up a couple of Christmas gifts for the kids, we walked around the park across from the hotel (hand-in-hand) and enjoyed the very sunny Autumn day.

Just before noon, we were cuddling together on a bench watching all the kids playing in a fountain when my phone rang. It was Bryce. He informed me that he'd finally gotten out of the Q&A session after a lecture and hadn't eaten all morning.

"Dude, I'm starving. You guys wanna meet for lunch?"

"Yes, absolutely," I replied. "We're at that park across from the hotel, can't remember the name. There's a little café about a block south of the hotel with a red neon sign in the window. You wanna meet us there?"

"Yep, I'm leaving right now. See you there."

"Was that Bryce?" Monica's eyes were wide open in poorly concealed excitement, her gorgeous eyes looking greener in the shade under the tree. Her hair was covering a little of her forehead and her creamy white skin was a shockingly sexy contrast next to her naturally bright red, full lips. Luckily she hadn't had time before we left to put on too much makeup, so her adorable little freckles on her cheeks were exposed.

I grabbed her hand and gently kissed each sexy cheek, saying softly, “Yes, sweetheart, that was him. Ready to go meet him for lunch?”

Her eyebrows raised with anticipation as she futilely tried to suppress a wicked-looking grin. “Sure, I could eat,” she tried to say nonchalantly.

When we got to the café, Bryce was there waiting for us. The sun was directly in his face, so he was wearing very dark sunglasses. As we approached, I had the strange feeling he was staring at my wife, up and down, undressing her in his mind. He took off his glasses and for the first time I noticed his light brown eyes, his pupils contracting quickly to the bright sunlight. He was wearing a dark blue suit, light blue shirt, maroon-colored tie, and some very nice, expensive-looking brown loafers. I was caught a little off-guard when his entire body turned to face my wife. He was looking at her face, but twice I caught him glancing down at the enormous curves her breasts were making through her tight, short-sleeved white top. I looked over and you could just make out the slight protrusion her nipples were making through her thick shirt.

I reached out my hand and he took it immediately, said “Good afternoon” and smiled. I put my left arm around my wife and pulled her close, as if to remind him that she was spoken for.

Bryce held the door open for us and as I let my wife enter, I caught a reflection of him in the glass once again staring at Monica’s shapely rear end. There were very few customers in there, possibly because it was so cold, like an old ice cream shop. We grabbed a table by the front window, Bryce choosing the side in the sun. Our side of the table was in a dark shadow from the awning outside, and with the thermostat seemingly set so low, we were quite chilly.

We all ordered some simple subs then chatted for a few minutes about the conference and Bryce’s lecture. He seemed to really enjoy discussing the complicated topic. I hadn’t used the restroom since we left the hotel room hours ago, so I excused myself to the men’s room at the back of the café. Before going in, I stood in the little hallway and watched my wife continue socializing with the stranger. She seemed to really be into him.

I finished pretty quickly but hung back in the dark hallway for a few more minutes checking the college football scores on my phone. I didn’t realize how long I’d been when my wife came looking for me. I heard her footsteps and looked up to see her approaching. The first thing I noticed were her nipples were now poking through her shirt as if she were braless. I stared for a second, quite alarmed, but shook it off and smiled at her.

**Bathroom Bash**

“You’ll never believe what he just told me,” she said quickly. Her eyes were huge, she was breathing erratically, and she had a look of panic on her face. I looked at her curiously as she continued. “First he apologized like three times for what he was about to say, mumbling something about us being married and looking happy and not wanting to mess with that. It was so weird. He said he thinks it’s wonderful we’ve been married for 14 years and has always wanted a marriage that would be as happy and last as long as ours.”

“Ok, well that was nice of him. So why are you telling me this? You could have waited until I got back.”

“No, that’s not all,” she continued. “He told me I was very beautiful and ‘incredibly sexy’, or something like that. He said I was ‘stunning’ and matched exactly the fantasy woman he’s had in his dreams since high school. He said that if he could ever design a perfect woman that I would be what he had in mind.”

“Wow,” was all I could think of. This was pretty awkward. I looked around the corner and saw Bryce still sitting there, looking kind of nervous.

“I just wanted to tell you immediately so you knew what was going on,” Monica explained. She grimaced a little then continued ,”and I have to admit to you that I find him very sexy and am turned on by him. Come here, let me show you something.”

She grabbed my wrist and led me directly into the ladies’ room, not even hesitating to see if it was occupied first. Luckily it wasn’t. She then pulled me into one of the stalls and closed and locked the door behind us. She unbuckled her pants and pulled them down just below her waste. She grabbed the back of my hand, spread her legs apart a little, and placed my hand directly onto her pussy.

I was nearly speechless. She’d been alone with this man in a public place, fully clothed, and in less than 5 minutes, she was soaking wet. “What the fuck,” I said and pulled my hand away, alarmed.

“I’m sorry,” she said quickly. “You know this doesn’t happen to me with other men. That’s why I wanted to let you know immediately.”

When she said this, my attitude relaxed and I no longer felt jealous or betrayed. I still felt like the one, special man in her life. I put my right hand back on her wet cunt, then grabbed the back of her head with my other hand and pulled her close, giving her a very deep kiss, my tongue slowly probing the deepest reaches of her mouth. She gave me her tongue and I sucked on it lightly as I pulled away.

“Wow, you’re pretty fucking wet. That guy must really turn you on.”

“Only a little! You’re still the only man that really gets my juices flowing,” she said unconvincingly.

I slid my middle finger between her pussy lips and inserted in only about an inch into her eager vagina. She closed her eyes just for a second, then opened them, shook her head, pulled my hand away, and said, “No, not here.”

I tossed her policing hand to the side and cupped her snatch once more, easily sliding my middle finger two or three inches in this time. She grabbed my wrist more forcefully this time, telling me in a commanding voice, “Lee. No.”

I grabbed Monica around the waste, spun her around, and pushed her back against the stall door.

“Wait,” was all she could get out before I pinned her protesting arm against the door, shoving my tongue into her stuttering mouth and placing three fingers hard against her clit. She gasped and whimpered into my mouth as I roughly rubbed her clit with all three fingers in several hard strokes before forcing them into her tight pussy. Her knees buckled a little, then she spread her legs a little more, giving me even better access.

With one arm still held against her will to the stall door, she grabbed the hair on the back of my head and pulled me off of her mouth, quickly moving her lips to my neck. As I retracted my three fingers from her soaking cunt, she sucked my neck into her mouth, hurting me a little and causing me to jam all three fingers back in.

I continued finger-fucking my wife’s splendid pussy until she bit my neck hard. I involuntarily pulled them back out before regaining focus and forcefully rubbing her clit again. I could hear her whimpering again as I began flicking her clit furiously with the tip of my middle finger.

Her entire upper body spasmed as her orgasm began, and I could feel her weight lean against me. This was my cue, so I ran the three fingers down her clit and back into her pussy, holding them there as her sweet vagina gripped my hand powerfully and filled with cum. I held her body in this position until her orgasm had fully stopped. Monica had her head on my chest and was breathing fast.

“Damn,” I whispered as she pulled her pants back up. I opened the stall door slowly to make sure nobody had come in unnoticed, but the coast was still clear. I had gotten worked up myself, so I washed and straightened up to try to hide what we’d been up to, giving Monica a few minutes to compose herself and calm down.

As we slowly snuck back out toward the dining area, I thought for a moment, then got very, very

excited about this opportunity to fulfill our long-time fantasy. “Well, if you like him that much, how about if we go out with him tonight to see a movie or something?”

Her eyes seemed to light up again instantly. “Yes,” she said alarmingly fast with unbelievable enthusiasm. She caught herself and toned it down quickly, “Yea, that would be fun.”

“Ok, well let’s go ask him and see if he’s up for it,” I replied.

She agreed but hung back as I started walking back to the table. I glanced back to see what was wrong. She whispered loud enough for only me to hear, “Sorry, I can’t go back like this. I don’t want him to figure out what state I’m in right now.”

“You’re in Texas,” I joked. But she just gave me an eyeroll and said, “You go set something up with him. I’ll be back after I calm down.”

I agreed and rejoined Bryce at the table. “I saw Monica by the restrooms.” I gave him a big grin, trying to convey that I knew how he felt about my wife, without having to say it out loud. I don’t know if he got it or not. “Anyway, we were wondering if you wanted to go see a movie or something tonight?”

“Oh, that would be great! I’ve been studying so much lately, I haven’t seen a movie in like a year.”

“Cool. You wanna meet us here then? How about 6:00 in room 872? We’ll get something to eat and find a movie in the big mall down the street.”

“Yea, man, I’ll be at your room at 6:00. 872.”

“Ok, well Monica said not to wait for her. Said she’s gotta make a phone call and she’ll just see you tonight. Bryce seemed to understand the hint and grabbed his jacket and tie off the chair next to him, which I had not even noticed before, but he must have removed while we were in the restroom.

He stood up with his jacket folded in front of him, said “already, see ya later,” and then left. When he got outside, I noticed him putting his jacket back on, and then became very aware of what he was trying to hide: a huge bulge in the front of his pants. This dude had a massive erection. I wondered to myself how big his penis must be to produce such a huge bulge.

Monica reappeared almost immediately and said to me in a whisper, “did you see his pants?” She apparently had been watching from the hallway.

“No, why,” I fibbed.

She said, “Oh nothing,” trying to suppress another grin.

“Well, he’s gonna meet us at our room at 6:00 and we’ll go to the mall for a movie and dinner,” I informed her.

My wife just smiled.

We were exhausted by the time we got back to her room and just rested and napped for the rest of the afternoon.

**Room 872**

I was awoken by my Monica’s sweet voice at around 4:30. “You need to go get in the shower now. I’ll take mine after you. Looks like the weather’s getting pretty bad.”

I looked outside and it was sprinkling and very dark already. Obviously a bad storm was near us and I was hoping it would pass before we left.

I had a nice, hot shower and shaved, including down where she likes me to keep the hair off. I didn’t know what was going to happen the rest of the weekend, so I needed to keep myself ready for her just in case.

When I got out of the bathroom, she was sitting on the edge of the bed just in her underwear, watching the news. It was a bit of an odd sight. I said, “shower’s open.”

She smiled, stood up, and walked toward the shower. I paused and gently grabbed her arm as she walked by me.

“Sweetheart, does Bryce really turn you on that much? If so, then you know the fantasy we’ve always talked about? Well, if you think this might be the right guy, I’m ok with it.”

Her face lit up like she’d just won the lottery. Then forcing herself to calm down, she said, “Yea, he’s kind of cute. But I don’t know if I could ever go through with it. It’s always been just a fantasy. I’m not sure if I could really do it.”

“Well, don’t worry, baby,” I said. “If you feel like it’s not the right guy, then that’s ok. I’m ok with whatever you’re comfortable with.”

Once again her eyes grew huge and she tried to suppress a grin. “Ok, I hear you. Then we’ll see.” She closed the bathroom door behind her and I heard the tub running a few seconds later.

I sat on the bed in my underwear and glanced at the TV. Just some boring news show. I clicked the “Channel Return” button to get it back onto the sports channel where I was watching the football game earlier. But instead of sports, I got something unexpected. Porn. Very raunchy porn. It was two guys screwing a skinny blonde chick with fake boobs. “Definitely not my type,” I said out loud. I always did hate fake boobs and skinny women. The banner across the bottom corner of the screen is what caught my attention next: “DP Marathon Saturday” it said.

It only took me a second to put two and two together. While I was in the shower, my sweet, innocent wife had been watching double-penetration porn, in only her underwear. This was getting interesting.

I opened the bathroom door and found her completely naked, sitting on the edge of the tub, shaving her legs.

She just smiled at me and said, “Hey, just shaving. I’ll get in the shower in a minute.”

“Oh no problem,” I said. “Just wanted to watch for a minute.”

After her shave, she closed the shower curtain and bent over to turn on the shower, her dazzling ass staring me right in the face. The angle gave me a perfect view of her delectable pussy and tight asshole. Something was different though. It took me a moment to realize that my sweet, innocent Monica had shaved her pubic hair around her pussy lips and higher into a cute little landing strip. In fact, ALL the public hair on the back side of her pussy was now gone, smoothing out the surface all the way back to her anus.

I think she realized I was staring at her, so she looked around at me, smiled and said, “Watcha lookin’ at?” She kept glancing back and forth between my face and my growing erection in my briefs. I just smiled back in embarrassment.

“I see you shaved a little more than normal,” I responded with a grin.

“Oh you noticed? Do you like it?” She now had a huge smile on her face. “That’s not the only thing I’m about to do that’s unusual. I’m gonna take a special shower and make sure EVERYTHING is ready for tonight.” Her smile changed into an evil grin and she gave a quick wink.

I smiled and exited, gently closing the door behind me. I was pretty sure I knew what this meant. The extra shave, “special” shower, and the DP marathon? This was definitely a side of Monica I had never

seen. I couldn’t wait to see what the night had in store.

Her shower was longer than normal, as expected. I passed the time switching back and forth between football and the marathon, fantasizing about what might happen to us that night. I was fully dressed in jeans and a button shirt by the time she came out.