

From Good Wife To Whore

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How I cheated on my husband in Vegas.

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From Good Girl To Whore Part: 1

My name is Tiffany. I am five-foot-eight, have light-brown-straight-hair, green eyes, and a light complexion. I am very athletic and lean. Sometimes I feel like I should gain weight rather than lose it. Most women my age would kill to have my looks. I have my good genes to thank.

When I was sixteen, I was a cheerleader; when I was 21, I was a biology student at Boston University and a part-time model; when I was 25, I lost my virginity on my honeymoon in India to my husband, Didier; when I was 26, I was a college graduate; I am now 32, a scientist, a college professor, and most importantly, a whore. I must note that I only modeled because I wanted to prove I was beautiful enough to be one. I sure as hell did not need the money.

I come from a very loving and religious family who is very judicious about sex. I was always told that god wouldn't love me if I lost my virginity before marriage, and of course I didn't believe that passed my twentieth birthday, but my parents had brainwashed me into believing I was this untouchable relic who nobody was good enough for--nobody but Didier, of course, and that is only after my family approved and we married.

Didier is not the manliest or rugged of men. He was cute when we married, but now, he seems to have lost that charm. He has aged badly. His hair thinned out a lot and he is already showing patterns of baldness. Not sexy. He can't really gain muscle so he looks a bit scrawny. When I think of it, I never really was in love, I think I just married him because my family thought he was perfect. My parents can be impressed by such royalty labels.

He comes from a wealthy family in France that can be traced to royalty. His great, great grandfather was a count, just so you can get a sense of how erudite we are of status. If tradition had been kept, Didier would be a count and I a countess. However, although tradition has been somewhat lost, cash certainly has not.

Didier studied political science, law, and economics, which makes him a lawyer and some other things that are beside the point. We use our careers only to keep us stimulated because with the money we have, we could basically rid a small African country of hunger for about a decade. My great, great, great grandfather was a slave owner who made his fortune selling cotton and tobacco. Since then, the Burberrys have been one of the wealthiest families in the state of Missouri. In simple terms: we are filthy rich.

Didier travels to France a great deal because of his family. We plan to move there next year, but for now, I spend my time alone during his travels. I love France, but I also love my time alone, so I often prefer not to accompany him as I blame it on work.

My first erotic escapade was only last year during June. Didier was gone for an entire week. One night, I was bathing in the hot tub, watching "Casino", and indulging in a chocolate cheese-cake. That movie caused me to feel nostalgia towards the lavish-city-lifestyle and triggered a sudden urge to visit Las Vegas. Of course, I had been to Vegas countless of times, but Didier had always been there by my side.

I wondered what could be if I were to visit sin city all by myself. It would be a sort of escape from my reality which was loneliness in a massive house. It could be compared somewhat to the fantasy a child has at some point to visit Disneyland without the restraint and restrictions from mom and dad. Didier was my restriction. This would be my secret escape--one which nobody would be informed of--not my friends, not Didier, not mom and dad, not nobody.

It was Friday night about nine o' clock and I figured I could be in Vegas by midnight. Somebody like me has no need to pack more than the basic feminine products, but even my period was about its last effects. Rapidly, I called up my chauffeur, who was also my pilot, and zoomed to the airport.

"Where to, Mrs Dupont?"

"Vegas, baby."

I arrived at Vegas at precisely 12:45 AM. That was much later than I anticipated but in ol' Las Vegas, that is considered Dusk. As you may have assumed, I hold a high roller status and a card to prove it. I need no reservations. Mandalay Bay was my pick for this night. Before I checked into a suite, I stopped by the Dolce & Gabbana store and purchased a sweet bikini, a sexy golden-dress and a pair of shoes to go with it. Afterwards, I quickly checked into my suite and changed.

Forget gambling, that's no fun when you're all alone. I set off to the pools--the topless pools. I had absolutely no intentions of having an affair, but attending a topless pool was already tainting my

fidelity. I had no idea just how far I would let go that night; nor had I the slightest clue of what I would become that weekend. That city is not affectionately nicknamed the city of sin for no reason. As I would soon find out, sin is the most delectable facet of religious belief. The transgression of god's will would prove to be the most amazing three days of my life.

It was a beauty to behold. If Atlantis ever was, the pools in Moorea at Mandalay Bay are its superordinate models. I walked into the premises sporting my brand new D&B golden-bikini. I was the only woman who was not topless and there were many who weren't wearing anything at all. I felt overdressed. To my right, on a little bungalow-tent thing, knelt a gorgeous girl, probably barely of age, performing fellatio to a gorgeous man who winked at me. To my left, a sexy couple of girls stood checking me out and smirking at me sensually.

I was walking through a mass of half naked and naked beautiful people. I had never even seen a dirty film, much less another man's penis, but this was a penis showcase. I think I picked the wrong night. Perhaps it was nude night or something. Regardless. Of course, mottled throughout the gorgeous men were a few not so very gorgeous ones, and shouldn't have to explain why, I don't think. I figured I should just find a hot pool where I could relax and order a drink. Suddenly, a naked man walked up to me.

"Hey," he said.

As much as I tried not to, my gaze kept making its way down to his glorious member. My goodness, he certainly was glorious. "What a gorgeous man", I thought. "And he is naked for my viewing pleasure." Certainly there was no harm in looking. I'm sure Didier has visited the topless bars and clubs with his friends many times since we've been married, so this was such a minuscule occurrence I should not feel the slightest guilt. As long as I didn't touch, everything would be ok.

"Hi," I responded.

"You don't have a drink."

"I agree."

"Let's get you one."

"I agree." I smirked uncomfortably. It was quite nerve-wracking standing by a naked man who probably passed on girls my age. He was likely in his early twenties. I later found out he was barely 21.

“What will it be? Mai Tai?”

“Sure. Thank you.” I hardly ever drink so I get buzzed pretty easily. When I checked into the pool area, they wrapped a ribbon around my wrist to show that I was over twenty one.

“Mai Tai for the lovely young woman.”

“Thank you.” I was flattered that he would call me young. I took care of myself, so I knew I looked good for my age, but I wondered if he suspected my true age. Perhaps he thought I was around his age group. “You, my friend, are naked.”

He smiled. “And the way it should be,” he said as he scanned my body from head to toes.

“Oh, I don’t know about that.”

“What? Why not? Why are you at these pools, then? Don’t tell me your here for the eye candy. That’s very selfish of you.”

“Well, I suppose you are right.” I shrugged my shoulders. The bartender handed him the drink and he handed it to me. I took a sip and mixed it a little. I hadn’t had such a lousy drink since my days in college. He walked right up to me and pinched on the thread of my top.

“May I?”

“Yes, you may.” I nodded my head. This was the first step towards the total liberation of my inhibitions. He placed his arms around me. I felt his pectorals press against my breasts as he unbuckled the back of my bikini top. He was tall, and though I was also tall, my eyes were at about his chest level, to which I took advantage and took a peek at the enormity of his pectorals, then a bit lower towards the protruding of his abdominals, and finally at his neatly-shaven member.

All these years I had been married to Didier and he had never taken the time to groom himself very well, at least not as well as this pretty boy standing in front of me. It was a beautiful penis. A sudden glance was enough for me to realize it. A thick vein running across his shaft made my mouth water a little. He was a perfect specimen. He reminded me of the models I worked with back in my modeling days, but I certainly never saw any of their penises.

I then felt a cool breeze on my breasts. My top was in his hand. I looked up at him. He was looking at my breasts. Adrenaline streamed through my arteries at an alarming rate. No other man besides Didier had ever caught a glimpse of them exposed. I felt like a thirteen year old about to kiss her

crush.

“You are stunning.”

“Thank you.”

“How rude of me. My name is Mathias. And what may I call you?” He took my hand as a greeting. I didn't even know this man's name and yet I was looking at his naked body and he was looking at my breasts.

“Tiffany, Tiffany Dupont. It is a pleasure.”

He laughed. “Well, ok, Miss Tiffany Dupont.”

Had I forgotten my ring by accident or had my roguish subconscious somehow caused me to forget it on the dresser? Regardless, I dare not confess--not yet, anyway. I was now caught in a collision between my married conscious and my free spirit. The empty Mai Tai was aiding my free spirit by far.

“Wow. Somebody's thirsty. Another drink, Miss Tiffany Dupont?”

I Smiled. “Why, yes, please. I'll have a Margarita this time.”

“Bartender. Top Shelf, Margarita.”

“Thank you.” I knew I was surely crossing the line now. I was accepting drinks from a strange, naked man, knowing he was flirting with me. I took another glance at it. I swear it shone as if it had been polished. His foreskin looked so tender. It was different looking than Didier's and I know realize that it was because Mathias was not circumcised and Didier's is. Penis is so much prettier when it is not circumcised, I should note.

“I'm up here, Miss Tiffany Dupont.”

“Oh goodness, I'm sorry, this is just so... outlandish for me. I've never been to one of these and it just...”

“Are you here alone? Where's the crew?”

“Oh, no crew. I mean, they're somewhere around. I just wandered off.”

“Well, I’m glad you did, Miss Tiffany Dupont.”

“Oh, please stop calling me that. Tiffany will do.”

“I was waiting for you to say that.” He handed me the margarita and immediately took a sip. We began walking towards the flow of the crowd. Nowhere, really, just walked for the sake of walking.

“Wow, this is strong, but I like it better than that cough medicine.”

“Mat! Mat! Come here!” A lovely girl yelled from a crowd not too far off.

“Excuse me one second.” He walked towards her. His ass was amazingly firm. I wanted to spank him. He returned in ten seconds.

“Oh who was that?”

“That’s my sister.”

“No. No.”

He laughed. “No?”

“You are naked, Mathias.”

He giggled. “In my house we grew up very liberal. Nudity isn’t a big deal for us. We’ve seen each other naked all our lives. We shared a bedroom growing up. ”

“Oh. I see. It’s just that my family is just completely the other way around. They are devoted Christians. You can imagine.”

He laughed. “Yes, I understand. Your parents would be very disappointed in you.”

I laughed. I was already feeling a little buzzed. The margarita was insane. “They will never find out.”

“You know, you’ve already gone this far. Take it to the limit, Tiff.”

I liked that he called me Tiff. It made me feel more personal to him, like we were beginning to break the ice. Perhaps the ice was never there for him to begin with, but for me, it was barely beginning to crack. I had not flirted with another man in a decade. Now, here I stood, topless, walking beside a

naked alpha male who was holding my bikini top.

“Oh, no, I don’t know about that.”

“You’re making me feel undressed, Tiff.”

“You are undressed, Mathias.” I looked down at it again and licked my lips without even realizing it.

“Did you just lick your lips?”

My eyes broadened in shock. I was so embarrassed. “They’re a little dry.”

“I see. Take those bottoms off. It’s fucking Vegas, baby! C’mon, live a little! It’s summer vacation! Where are you from, anyway? What college do you go to?”

He actually thought I was a student. I decided to play along with it, given I would never see Mathias ever again. I felt that if I was honest, he would run away.

“I live in Boston at the moment. I’m from Missouri, but I go to school in Boston.”

“Wow, that’s a trip. I’m from Cali. Los Angeles.”

“Oh, and what do you study?”

“I study business. I’m a musician, too.”

“Oh, that’s nice.”

“Yep. I have my own band. You should come see us sometime. We’re pretty good.”

“Well, we’ll see about that. How bout another drink?”

“Certainly. What would you like this time?”

“A beer.”

“Now you’re talking.”

Eventually, we small talked all the way till 2 AM. “This place is clearing up, a little,” he said.

“Yes.”

“Everybody’s probably hitting the clubs now. What are your plans for later?”

“Umm... well, I don’t know.” I laughed.

“You should ditch your posse. How would you like to go to a club with me?”

“Dance? I don’t know about that. I would much rather just go relax somewhere more mellow. I kinda like talking to you.”

“Well, that sounds good, too. Ok. Where should I pick you up?”

I gave him my suite and cell number, and we parted. Thirty minutes later, he arrived at my door. He had clothes on, for a change.

“Now this is a suite! Wow! Can I check it out? This is ridiculous! How many are staying here?”

“This is mine, only.”

“No way! How could you afford this?”

“I-I...”

“You’re a rich bitch, daddy’s girl, aren’t you?”

He had no idea. If only he knew my true status. “Yeah.” I laughed.

“Well, you look absolutely stunning.”

Of course I looked stunning. I was wearing a three-thousand-dollar dress.

“Thank you.” I smiled. “You don’t look too bad yourself.” I tapped his chest.

“Thanks.” He smiled.

I had no idea what I was doing. I was stupid if I didn’t think he was gong to try something. It was just a matter of waiting. It was only a matter of time before he tried to kiss me.

“You know, maybe we should hang out in this joint. It’s such a waste not to.”

“Hmm... I don’t know.”

“Oh my god, just look at the view!” He stepped inside. I followed and closed the door. I figured I might as well. It was definitely a better place to talk. He was like a child in a candy store. Everything was fascinating to him. I didn’t understand his fascination until I remembered that most people will never see a suite like that in their entire lives.

“Mi casa es us casa.”

“Thanks.” He looked at me intensely. He had amazing eyes. They were dark brown with long lashes. His lips were phenomenal and I knew he would be a great kisser. “Tiffany, I know you probably get this a lot, but you are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.”

I was melting. He made me feel like I was thirteen again: innocent and naive. My flush was probably so obvious. I started caressing my own hair out of nervousness.

“That dress complements your eyes very nicely. Although I think they are equally gorgeous when you are topless.”

I giggled. “Thank you. You truly are a sweet heart. By the way, you look cute in that blazer...”

“Thanks.”

“Yeah, but I think you looked a little hotter at the pool.” I smiled. I couldn’t believe myself. I was practically on automatic. I had no control over my actions. I was drunk by then and my flirting was spilling out naturally. I was speaking my mind and the feeling was thrilling.

“Are you suggesting I take my clothes off?”

I giggled and laughed. “I dunno.”

“Well, I will if you want me to but you gotta do the same. Does this mean we’re just chillin here?”

“Sure, why not?”

“Ok. Sounds good to me.”

We opened a bottle of wine and talked for a while. He asked to bathe in the jacuzzi with me. I agreed. He undressed in front of me and I followed but left my panties on. I was still a little shy.

“You’re gonna go in like that?”

“No. Just get in the jacuzzi.”

“Not until you take those off.”

“I’ll take em off when you get in the jacuzzi.”

“It isn’t fair. I’m totally naked. Maybe I should put my briefs back on.”

He began putting his briefs back on but I couldn’t stand it. “Wait! I can’t take my panties off in front of you. I’m way too shy. I need a little help. Take them off for me.”

He smiled and walked towards me. He stood very close to me. I could feel his heat. He looked down at me eyes and began fiddling with the straps of my panties. I took his hands and pushed the down with my underwear. I wiggled out of them and flicked them away with my foot. I was now completely naked--a married woman, naked with another man and about to bathe together.

This was already cheating. At that moment, Didier crossed my mind and I felt sick, so I just took him off my mind and I then felt amazing again. For the first time in my life, I was doing what my heart was telling me to do and it was the happiest I had ever been. Sadly, this was the most exciting moment of my life. He took my hand and walked me into the jacuzzi.

I sat beside him and he placed his arm around me. We talked and flirted for another while as we drank the entire bottle of wine. I asked him to reach for another one so he sat on the edge of the jacuzzi, exposing his lower body, in order to reach a bottle from a counter nearby. His hot dick caught my attention once again and I decided I needed to feel it, so I just grabbed it. I began to caress it and jerk it slowly, making my way down to his balls. I was pretty much juggling his balls in my hand.

“Mmmm... that feels amazing,” he said as he poured wine into our glasses.

“Yes, it does,” I replied. “It’s so soft.” It began to get big in my hand as I stroked it softly. In a matter of seconds, it was stiff and fully erect. He was about two inches bigger than Didier and definitely thicker. That vein I had noticed earlier got bigger too. I ran the tip of my finger up and down on his vein and then made my way up to his head. It was so soft and plump. Pre cum was oozing out of it and I

tapped the top with my finger to make a cum string. I giggled as I played with it like a silly girl.

“This is fun,” I said.

He moaned.

I then began jerking him off. He was so big I had to use both hands and still had the head poking out of my grip. “You have a really big dick, Mathias.”

“Yeah, I know.”

I was moaning, too, for some reason, even though I wasn't being touched anywhere, but playing with his dick was making me moan and even drool. I had to slurp my spit back into my mouth before it oozed out and made me look like a total retard. I had his shaft gripped between both hands as I pumped him faster and faster. He began moaning a little louder. I enjoyed looking at his face as he threw his head back in pleasure. I didn't even know it was possible to use both hands to jerk off a penis.

“Oh, Matt, you're so fucking hot.”

“Thanks. You're hot too, baby. Put your mouth on it, already.” He poured some wine on it and it spilled all the way down on his balls. I sighed and went for it. I began licking the wine off his balls first and made my way up holding his dick up with only my thumb and my middle finger so I could lick more shaft. Eventually, I put it in my mouth. It stretched my mouth open really wide and it felt super hot. I swirled my tongue around felling his head and tasting the pre cum--something I never did with Didier. Mathias was delicious. He tasted so good I began sucking his head to get more cum out of it. I sucked on it really hard like a lollipop.

“Your cum tastes good.”

He smiled. “Thanks.”

“You're welcome,” I mumbled with his dick in my mouth. I tried to put all of it in my mouth but I gagged only half way. He was just too big.

“How do you carry this thing around?” I mumbled again with it in my mouth.

“I wear loose jeans.”

That made me laugh. I had never laughed with a dick in my mouth. I slurped the mixture of his cum and my spit and swallowed it.

“This thing is delicious.” I told him as I licked my lips. I was still looking at it, admiring it as if it were some sort of art work.

“Do you think you can take it?” he asked.

I looked up at him and smiled seductively with it still in my hand. I spit on my hand and jerked it little more.

“I definitely want to try. I am already dripping wet. Try it. See how far you can go.”

He took me out of the water and carried me out of the water, then threw me on the bed, face down, and spread my ass open. He took his wine glass and poured wine all over my ass. Then, he began licking my asshole. Didier had never licked my ass. I didn't know anybody even did that, but Mathias was swirling his tongue in my ass. It felt so good I was moaning loudly. He then placed two fingers in my pussy and began to fuck it as he ate my ass. His face was submerged in my ass and I was twitching and convulsing all over the bed.

As I began to cum, he slid his tongue all the way into my pussy and fucked me with it. Then his finger made its way into my asshole as he licked my pussy. My ass tickled so, so good. I came again, this time in his mouth.

“You have a delicious ass, Tiffany.”

“Mmmmmmm.”

He pulled my legs off the bed and made me stand. He then placed his arms around me from behind and kissed me. He was pinching my nipples as he slipped his tongue in my mouth. I was so fucking horny, I was ready to let him fuck me and cum inside me without even thinking about the consequences. He then pushed me onto the bed and grabbed my arms quite roughly. He grabbed both my wrists with one hand and pushed my head down onto the bed with the other. My legs were still standing on the ground, though. I was squirming and moaning like a whore that I had become.

“I just got off my period. You better not use a condom, you fucking asshole.” He finally pushed his cock inside me and I screamed. It was huge, I couldn't take it all. It hurt so much but I asked him to do it harder, anyway.

“Put it in all the way. I want it completely inside me. Fuck me, hard. Fuck me, hard. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me, Mathias. Give it to me, baby. I want it dirty tonight. I’m your dirty slut, Mathias. Fuck me however you want.”

Indeed, he began fucking me. He was entirely in control of me for my wrists were bound by his grip and my head was being shoved hard onto the mattress. We fucked for an hour in various positions until he was about to cum.

“I’m cuming. I’m cuming.”

“Don’t!” I screamed. “I want it in my mouth.” I put it in my mouth and felt the cum pumping into my mouth. His shaft convulsed as I felt the goo released into my mouth. I played with it and savored it before I swallowed. The load was massive and the flavor was phenomenal. I had to swallow twice for it all to be gone, and even then I went back to his dick for the remainders. It was then I learned I liked to drink men’s cum. It’s so delicious when you find the right cock.

We collapsed onto the bed and kept silent for a while. His phone began ringing.

“That’s probably my sister wondering where I’m at.”

“Oh, well, you better get that.”

“Hey, that was amazing.”

“Yes, it was.”

“Would you ever mess around with a girl?”

“Umm... I don’t know.”

“What if I’m there?”

“Umm... Do I have to kiss her and stuff?”

“Yes, you have to do everything with her.”

“Umm... I’m not sure about that.”

“Even if I’m there?”

“Hm.. I don’t know how I’ll feel about it. I really don’t know.”

“Well, do you want to try it?”

“With who?”

“With my sister.”

My eyes broadened. “What?”

He laughed. I pick out girls for her. She loves girls. She’s really hot. You saw her.

“Yes, she is beautiful.”

“Well, what do you say?”

“How old is she?”

“She’s eighteen.”

“Oh, my, she’s very young. You are going to watch? She doesn’t mind?”

“Nope. Not at all.”

To be continued...