Nightline

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After another busy hectic day, I settled down in front of the television to relax for a few minutes before bed. Watching the local news, I was intrigued by the promotion for the upcoming news program Nightline. Tonight's program would have a report on "Hooking Up With Strangers."

I decided to stay up a little later than usual to watch the broadcast. Apparently, according to this report, it is a growing trend for clubbing couples to hook up with strangers they encounter during an evening of partying. The couples they interviewed said they enjoyed watching their partners meet a stranger and then engage in a variety of sex acts while their partner watched. As a single mom, in her thirties, I don't get out much and was thinking about how little I knew about the current social scene.

As I got ready for bed after the news, I looked in to my mirror as I brushed my long chestnut hair that I had always been so proud of. I looked into my brown eyes. "Okay," I thought to myself, "so there are a few little wrinkles, but what would you expect of a woman in your situation?"

I stood up and slipped off my shirt and looked into the mirror at my body clothed only in my bra and panties. I still looked pretty damn good. The hours running, swimming, and working out kept me pretty toned for an "old lady." At 5' 9" and 132 ponds, my mother still was convinced I was anorexic.

I unclasped my size 34B bra and tossed it on the dresser. I looked over my body again in the mirror. My breasts weren't as perky as they were in high school, but they weren't hanging there either. I caressed them and imagined that I could still attract my share of horny guys -- if I just had the time and the courage. I gently pinched my nipples wondering what it would be like to be in a club fondled this way by a stranger while others watched.

I watched myself in the mirror. I don’t know if it was imaging watching someone else in the mirror getting so aroused or if it was the feeling of my hands caressing my body that was making me so horny, but either way it felt so good!

I slid my hands slowly across my body as I watched in the mirror. I saw my hands slowly slip into my panties as my fingers slowly worked their way around my rapidly swelling labia. My finger slowly parted my lips and gently pushed into the wet warmth of my pussy. I quickly slid down my panties and kicked them to the floor as I lifted my foot to the chair in front of the mirror.

I watched as my hands returned to my swollen pussy glistening with moisture in the mirror. Gently my finger entered me again and soon was followed by another. I imagined myself naked like this in a room full of strangers with one of them pushing two fingers inside me while everyone watched.

My thumb pressed against my clit ever so slowly joining in movement with the rest of my hand. Oh how delicious this felt. My hand began to pick up speed as I felt myself building to a needed climax. The beautiful cascade began as I stood there watching the woman in the mirror shaking and panting in that beautiful orgasmic pleasure.

After breakfast, I walked my son across the street to my neighbor Marnie’s house. Her son and mine were best friends and it was Marnie’s turn to host the day of play while I ran errands on my day off.

“Do you have a minute for coffee before you go Jess?” asked Marnie.

“Always,” I said, as I sat down at the kitchen table as the two five year olds ran by already screaming as they headed off into the back yard.

After a few minutes of chitchat, Marnie pulled closer to me and quietly asked if I had watched Nightline last night. I told her I had. She wanted to know what I thought about the report on hooking up with strangers.

I blushed a little as I told her, “I thought it was titillating actually. But I could never, ever do anything like that myself. I would be afraid of attracting a pyscho or getting a STD” I chuckled. I didn’t tell her how I had masturbated the night before because of the show.

“Bill and I talked about it after we went to bed,” Marnie confessed. “We both were so excited by the thought of doing that.”

I had known Marnie for three years and although we had casually chatted about everything under the sun, including sex, I had never really seen Marnie in this light. She was cute and sexy. She had

beautiful blue eyes, short blonde hair, and a very disarming smile. Marnie was shorter than me, about 5’ 5”, and was a little chubby - not fat, voluptuous with large breasts.

“You look shocked Jess. Did I shock you by what I said?” Marnie inquired.

“No, not at all,” I stammered, “just surprised a little I guess.”

“Bill and I have been so busy and stressed. You know how it is Jess.” Marnie explained, “We just haven’t had much of a spark for the last few years, if you know what I mean.”

“Oh, I understand all right Marnie. I haven’t been with a man for years. I can’t remember the last time I slept with a guy,” I confessed.

“Oh I can’t believe that Jess. Both Bill and I have said you are the sexiest woman we know.” Marnie added, “We assumed you had a lover or lots of lovers! Bill even wondered after the report if you were into that party play.”

“Hardly, like I said, I would be to afraid of doing anything like that.” I told her.

“Would you ever do anything like that *if* you could be sure of the guy and your safety?” Marnie wondered.

I then confided in Marnie about what I really thought of the Nightline report and about my masturbation session after the show.

“I have a confession too, Jess. I was the most excited about how they said spouses would watch their mates have sex with someone else and how that excited them.” Marnie waited for a reaction and then went on, “I would love to watch you have sex with Bill.”

I was shocked but yet I immediately imagined what having sex with Bill would be like. I blushed as I remembered one masturbation session thinking about this very thing after seeing Bill without a shirt on while he was mowing his lawn. Bill *was* attractive, about 6’ 1”, fit, with blue-grey eyes, and brown hair slightly starting to gray at the temples.

“Are you serious Marnie?” I asked in shock tempered with interest.

“Jessica, I am absolutely serious. Our sex life needs a jolt and so does yours. This is the perfect situation for all of us. We all know and like each other. It would be 100% safe.” Marnie pointed out, “The only question would be if you are interested.”

“Marnie, I wouldn’t want to do anything to spoil your marriage or ruin our friendship,” I explained and then added, “Is Bill onboard with this?”

“He could never imagine that I would ask you or that you would agree,” Marnie offered, “but I know for certain that this is his ultimate fantasy and mine too.”

“Marnie,” I paused for a moment, carefully considering everything, and then saying, “the very thought of living out this fantasy with you and Bill is making me incredibly aroused at this very moment. But I don’t know if I could.”

“Jessica, I am a little scared too. But I am so turn on at the thought of us doing this that my panties are soaked at this very moment.” Marnie whispered. “I am so excited. What do you say?”

“Have you really thought this through?” I worried.

Marnie went on to describe the plan she had. She already had made arrangements to take her son over to her sister’s house for the night. My son could join him and we would have the house to ourselves. She would tell Bill and we would go out for a nice dinner together and then come back to the house for a drink. If any of us wanted to call it off we could and there would be no hard feelings and no change in our relationship.

“What do you say?” smiled Marnie.

“If you are sure.” I said as I added, “We have the day to consider all this and call it off right?”

“I know for sure Bill and I won’t Jess, but it is absolutely up to you,” Marnie promised. “We will pick you up at seven.”

I went home and packed a backpack for my son Bobby and took it over to Marnie’s. He was so excited about the overnight and so was I. I decided I needed a new outfit for this special night and headed out to the Mall.

I found the perfect dress at Victoria’s Secret. A little black push-up bra dress to give me a little sexy cleavage for a change. It was very sexy with a simple ruched front and a fit-and-flare skirt. A black lace thong and black platform peep toe high heels completed my little seductress outfit for the night.

The rest of the day went both quickly and slowly as I considered all that had happened. I decided my one worry was that Bill or Marnie would change their minds.

Keeping my eye on the clock and fearing a phone call of cancellation, I took a long luxurious bath and shaved in all the proper and improper places. I dried off in front of the mirror, lotioned my body, and looked at my naked self in the mirror imagining what lay ahead. I put a touch of Prada on my neck, between my breasts, and on my inner thigh.

At the last minute, I decided against the black thong. For the first time in my life, I was not going to wear panties out in public. I slipped on the dress, pearls, and my new heels. The doorbell rang.

It was a little strained in the car on the way to the restaurant, but maybe that was just in my mind. Lots of chitchat and then into the restaurant and a booth in the back, lit by candle light. I sat between Bill and Marnie as we slid into our seats.

After a nice bottle of cabernet, bread sticks, and pasta, the talk changed over small glasses of Limoncello to the Nightline broadcast.

“Marnie told me what you did after you saw the broadcast Jess,” Bill smiled, “Were you really turned on as much as we were?”

I blushed as I told him that I was. It was then I felt his hand on my knee under the table. I reached down and caressed his hand and saw him smile at Marnie. I felt his hand slowly slide under my dress and up my thigh. I smiled leaning back in the booth.

His hand reached the top of my leg and he felt that I was with out panties. Our eyes met and we both smiled at each other as his hand gently stroked my labia and mound. I now felt Marnie’s hand at my knee, I held it and we looked into each other’s eyes and both understood the other.

I moved my hand with hers up to my pussy and the three of us stroked my swollen wet opening. Our three fingers entered my pussy together. I had never felt such intimacy and arousal before. Our fingers felt as one as I was masturbated there in the restaurant. We all were looking around, did the other patrons know what we were doing? That made it even more exciting.

My hand now rubbed Bill’s thigh as I felt higher along his leg for his cock. “Ah, there it was,” I thought, “hard as a log.”

While the three of us continued fingering my pussy, Bill’s other hand pulled mine from his cock as he said, “Not yet Baby.”

Our waiter approached as we continued fingering my pussy. The way he asked if there was anything

else he could do for us and the smile on his face convinced me he knew what we were doing. That brought me closer to cuming as Bill asked for the check with out missing a stroke into my pussy. I came moments later as the waiter returned with Bill's credit card.

We finished the Limoncello for a few minutes, giving me the time I needed to recover. The valet delivered the car and we drove back to their house. During the drive we all gushed about how exciting that was and argued about whether the waiter knew. Bill and I thought he did, Marnie didn't.

Back at the house Bill made us drinks and he and I sat on the sofa while Marnie sat in the chair across from us. I kicked off my new shoes complaining my feet were sore. At that point Bill knelt on the floor and started giving me a foot massage. Marnie said, "He never does that for me," as she laughed.

Soon however, his hands left my feet and started working their way up my legs. They pushed my dress up and I opened my legs, exposing my pussy to both Bill and Marnie. Bill started licking my labia as his hands parted my lips, his tongue entered me.

I leaned back moaning in ecstasy. I watched as Marnie pulled up her dress and put her hand inside her panties as she watched her husband licking her neighbor's wet pussy.

Bill was good. He buried his tongue deep inside me, then gave my labia long slow licks, as he repeated the process. He then started using his fingers to play with my clit. That sent me into my second orgasm of the evening.

Bill sat next to me and held me as we watched Marnie stand up and remove her dress. Smiling as she undid her bra and released her large breasts. They were stunning and sumptuous. She then slipped off her stockings and panties and walked over to us and hugged the two of us as we were hugging and kissed us both and returned to her seat. Bill and I watched as she opened her legs and began to finger her self in front of us.

Bill told me it was my turn to get naked and to stand up. As I stood before him as he smiled and said he had dreamed about seeing me naked for three years - ever since I had moved next door.

I unclasped my dress and let it fall to the floor as I stood naked in front of my neighbors.

"You aren't wearing a bra!" Bill gasped.

"It's built into the dress you dummy," both Marnie and I said exactly at the same moment. All three of us laughed.

“Now it’s your turn Bill,” I cooed as I knelt down between his legs and undid his belt, then his pants, and slid down his zipper.

Bill raised himself off the couch as I slid down his pants and boxers all at once. His cock bobbed up to attention instantly. I had forgotten how much I like looking at a hard cock. I gently fondled and stroked it, playing with his balls as he leaned back in the sofa with a broad smile on his face.

My tongue traced around the base of his head and flicked at the hole and then started taking him into my mouth. Bill grabbed my head and guided me as I let him fuck my mouth.

As my head bobbed up and down on his cock I felt Marnie behind me. She started to lick my pussy. As she licked up and down my pussy across my ass hole her breasts smashed into my ass. I have never, *ever*, felt such absolute extacy in my wildest fantasy.

Within a few minutes, both Bill and I were close to cuming. I felt his cock twitch in my mouth and then the impact of his hot cum striking the roof of my mouth and down my throat. At that very instance I screamed out a muffled cry from my cock and cum filled mouth as I came with Marnie’s tongue buried inside my pussy.

We all collapsed in a naked tangle on the floor as Marnie deep kissed me as we played back and forth with her husband’s cum now in both our mouths. Marnie and I both holding and slowly masturbating Bill’s slippery, softening cock as we took a rest for a few moments following all this.

After a little while, Marnie and I both felt Bill’s cock hardening again. Bill smiled and said, “Let’s go up to the bedroom ladies...”