

Borrow Me

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Husband keeps a watchful eye on his wife

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Bambi wanted to go to the “The Foxes Lair”, a newly opened gentleman’s club. She knew I wouldn’t say no, especially seeing as we’d already been to quite a few strip-joints together and had had some great fun, especially afterwards. She knew just how much I loved to watch the naked women dancing on stage, as well as ogling the topless waitresses at the bar. She would tease me about how much I’d love to fuck each of those girls, suggesting all the dirty things I’d do with them. After we went home, I’d fuck Bambi’s brains out, thinking about all the sights I’d seen and how she had teased me, knowing full well that only she could make me cum like she did.

We’d been pretty much following the same pattern for several months and now that we were married things hadn’t slowed down one bit. It wasn’t just sex clubs either. Bambi had a knack for winding me up just about anywhere we went; restaurants, cafés, shopping malls, parks, museums etc. She would pick out a pretty girl from the crowd and tell me in glorious detail what she thought I would do to the unsuspecting ‘victim’ if I could. She felt no shame, for example, in telling me how I would “love to bend that little blonde slut with the big tits over the picnic table in a crowded park, lift up her dress, rip off her panties and fuck her unashamedly in the ass in front of everyone”. She knew it turned me on because I would often blush at her graphically sexual descriptions. Sometimes she was OTT, but mostly she hit the mark on some level of arousal, often causing me to walk around with a stiffy in my pants until there was a chance to relieve the pressure.

Before I go on with the story, I’d better explain that Bambi is not her real name; it is Helen. In the same way, my name is not really Rock; it is Dan, or Daniel. We chose porn star names for each other on our first date and somehow the names stuck, much to the amusement of our friends and the dismay of our parents; Bambi Bigguns and Rock Hardon, although of course we never used our last names in family company. It’s cheesy, I know, but cheese really doesn’t matter when you’re in love.

I met Bambi in a bar and we hit it off immediately. Up until then I'd had a couple of real girlfriends, but I wasn't very good at the chat up lines and hence I'd spent the past several months without scoring. She was seventeen and I was eighteen when we met. I remember going into this wild-west style place on my way to the cinema in the late afternoon. It was hot and I was thirsty, so I stopped for a cold beer. I sat there on the barstool for about five minutes before she finally came out from somewhere in the back. My jaw dropped when I saw her. Let's just say the Hooter's girls can go home right away. She was beautiful, with long wavy black hair and dark brown eyes, a big white smile and a petite body that screamed "fuck me!"

"Are you with the Johnson party?" she asked, seemingly surprised to see me there.

"No, I just came in for a beer." I responded, "Is there a problem?"

"Damn, I must have forgotten to lock the front door," she replied, sighing, "There's a private party on tonight. Maybe you can help me out."

Normally I would have felt offended at someone suggesting that I perform unpaid work for their benefit, but something about her demeanor made me want to help. After all, I was only going to the cinema to kill time. I told her I'd be glad to offer my assistance, after which she served me a cold beer and gave me instructions on how I could help. We both went about setting the tables and laying out the fare for the one hundred expected guests that evening. We chatted while we worked, and by the time we were done half an hour later I had learned that she came from a posh family and was a student of graphic arts, had an uncle who made low-budget B-movies, a sister who lived permanently in a mental institution, and a lecherous cousin who had once tried kissing her at another family member's wedding reception. Needless to say, she had done most of the talking. My life felt boring in comparison.

Once we had finished preparing for the party, she thanked me for my help and told me that if I wanted to, I could pick her up at the bar at 1AM. I had struck gold, knowing damned well that she and I were going to hit it off later that night.

I wasn't disappointed when I returned to pick her up. She was having an argument with the bar owner when I walked through the door, telling him that she'd been busting her ass off all night for "this bunch of slobs" and that she certainly wasn't going to spend another minute serving those "goddamned assholes" for the peanuts wages that he paid. I figured she wasn't too happy with the Johnson party. He got angry with her and told her that she was fired, to which she responded loudly that he could go fuck himself. I later learned that this was their standard way of communicating, and that she had already been fired three times that same week.

She asked me to take her dancing, so we headed off to one of the trendiest spots downtown, a place with a glass-covered aquarium dance floor surrounded by palm trees and sand. After working up a good sweat on the dance floor, she invited me back to her place where we fucked like mongrels for several hours until both of us were too sore to continue. When we woke up late in the afternoon I looked over at her and grinned.

“What?” she said, then realizing why I was looking at her that way, she continued; “I’m Bambi.”

“Really?” I asked, thinking it was a bit of a strange name.

“Yes, Rock,” she said, “You and I could do some good porn together.”

And so it was. A year later, Rock and Bambi were married.

The Foxes Lair was quiet when we got there, despite it being midnight. There were just three other tables occupied, two with single gentleman watching the stripper on stage and one with a couple like ourselves, except that he was over fifty and she looked like she was twenty at most. Bambi remarked that she was probably an expensive high-class whore, and how lucky I was to have a whore that I didn’t even have to pay for. As she said this, she ran her index finger down the split seam of her red silk mini-dress, stroking her leg through her black nylon stockings with the tip of her bright-red polished fingernail. I smiled at her, knowing that she was working her way up to something naughty once again.

I looked around at the décor. Despite being a new establishment, they had kept things simple; a red velvet carpet, dark walls decorated with gold silhouettes of naked women, a handful of wooden tables and chairs, and a small stage with a pole for the strippers. I liked it a lot, preferring it to some of the other places we’d been to recently, where the focus was pulling in the crowds and making turnover profits. At least here, everything seemed well-paced, including the girl on stage. For the past five minutes she had simply been dancing to the music as though she were out at a club, doing none of the rushed circus pole theatrics which one often sees in cheaper strip-joints. The two bargirls were equally relaxed, chatting away together and minding their own business until someone asked for another drink. The place was really cozy.

Shortly thereafter more people started pouring in, filling the bar area and tables until some people had to stand with their drinks. I was happy to see that there were quite a few women too, always a good sign of a decent establishment. Bambi and I sat there sipping our champagne, watching the strippers, observing the crowd, and whispering funny comments to each other. Aside from Bambi making lewd

comments about women she thought I might like to fuck, we also enjoyed a good laugh about what we saw going on around us.

“He’s touching my leg!” Bambi whispered to me with a gasp.

I was about to stand up to see what was going on when she took hold of my arm and ushered me to sit back down.

“It’s ok,” she continued, “He’s just having a little touch of my stockings.”

“Who?” I said, looking around her and seeing a distinguished guy of about thirty-five at the table next to us.

He was wearing a grey flannel suit and a tie, as though he had just finished work. When I looked at him, he smiled back at me and then swiftly turned his head toward the stripper on stage.

“You mean the guy in the suit?” I whispered to Bambi.

“Yes,” she said, “He’s been moving closer and closer to me ever since he sat down.”

“Do you want me to tell him to stop?” I asked, getting ready to protect her from this perverted intruder.

“I don’t know.” Bambi answered, looking at me with a puzzled expression on her face.

“I can tell him to fuck off if you like?” I continued, getting macho.

“No!” Bambi said almost out loud, “It’s kind of sweet in a way. You should be proud that other guys are trying to touch up your missus.”

The way she said this last sentence made my snake spring into action. I was surprised about what I was feeling. I felt conflicted at wanting to protect her and feeling turned on by another man groping her. I sat there, pretending to watch the stripper while keeping an eye on the flannel suit guy.

He shifted his chair a couple of inches closer, acting as though he was just trying to make himself comfortable. The place was quite dark, so it was a bit difficult to see exactly what was happening but about a minute later Bambi turned to me and whispered “he’s doing it again. It’s starting to make me

wet.”

I looked over at him, and again he smiled before turning away. He didn't look at all perverted. In fact he was quite a handsome-looking businessman.

“Are you sure you're ok?” I asked, “Because I can tell him to stop.”

“Yes, I'm fine,” Bambi said, “So long as you're ok?”

“I'm a bit confused.” I admitted.

“Why? Because you like the idea of a stranger feeling up your girl?”

“I guess.” I said, my cock bulging inside my pants.

As I sat there watching the stripper, I noticed Bambi fidgeting about on her chair. I was thinking about what was going on over the other side of the table; namely the guy running his hands over her stockings. I placed my hand on my groin and toyed with my cock through the fabric of my pants, feeling some pre-cum dribbling from the tip.

Bambi shifted again, only this time I could see her sliding the bottom of her dress over the top of her thighs. Again, nothing was clearly visible, but it was quite obvious to me that it was what she was doing under the table. She let out a little moan, which I imagined was because of him slipping his hand between her thighs. It was a sound I had heard many times before when we played in public places. She looked at me briefly to gauge how I was feeling, and I nodded back at her to signal that I was doing fine.

A couple of minutes later, she turned to me again, taking my hand and placing it on her thigh. I rubbed her skin gently, continuing to stroke my cock through my pants with the other hand. Then, I started to slide my hand over the top of her panties toward her crotch. It was dripping wet. She moaned again as I tickled her clitoris through the cotton material.

Suddenly I felt the hand of the flannel suit guy from the other side of the table slide his hand down inside her panties, his fingers probing Bambi's pussy. At first it was a very strange sensation, but not unexpected given the circumstances. I was even more excited now that I had first-hand knowledge of the guy teasing my woman. I took the back of his hand in my palm, and felt his fingers stroking gently while Bambi tried to look composed, but was obviously near-orgasmic.

She turned toward me again and whispered in my ear.

“He wants to borrow me,” she said, giggling.

“He wants to what?” I asked, not knowing if I had heard her properly.

“Borrow me.” She repeated.

The idea was flattering, but I certainly didn’t want her going away with some stranger. She was my woman, and I didn’t want anything bad to happen to her.

“Tell him you’re sorry but you’re taken.” I whispered back.

She spoke with him for a brief moment and then got back to me.

“He says he’s very sorry. He didn’t mean to take me away from you. He’s inviting you too.” Bambi said.

I was a bit taken aback at her telling me all this. It was one thing for another guy to be feeling her up under the table, but perhaps another for him to be fucking her. I say ‘perhaps’ because the idea was exciting and scary at the same time. I certainly didn’t want to be involved in a threesome with another guy.

“What do you want?” I asked her, my heart pounding.

“I think it could be exciting for you to watch.” Bambi declared, as though she knew I didn’t like the idea of getting intimate with another man. It was one thing to hold his hand and encourage him to titillate her, but quite another to engage in bi-sexual activities.

Bambi reassured me that if anything became too stressful for me, she would stop at any time and we would go home immediately.

The flannel suit guy stood up and went to the bar while Bambi and I finished up our talk about what was going on. She was absolutely clear that we didn’t even need to go ahead if I didn’t want to. It was one of those things which she had decided on the spur of the moment, and that she didn’t intend to do on a regular basis. I told her that I found it strangely exciting and scary, all at once, but that I wanted to go ahead.

Mr. Flannel Suit guy came back to the table and introduced himself as Harry. I figured it wasn't his real name, but what the heck. He then told us he had paid up the drinks and asked for a room upstairs, in the same establishment as the gentleman's club. Neither Bambi nor I knew that there were rooms upstairs, but were pleasantly surprised to hear this, initially thinking that we would have to drive around town looking for a suitable hotel. Harry led the way, key in hand.

The room was clean and freshly decorated, if a little bit gaudy with its purple velvet curtains, dark brown wall-to-wall carpet, and red and black bedcovers. Bambi looked at me again to check if I was alright. I gave her a quick smile and walked over to the armchair at the foot of the bed. There was only one place in the room for a spectator, so that's where I sat, throwing my jacket on the ground next to me.

Harry lost no time, turning on the bedside lamp and switching off the main light. The dim lit room resembled something out of a porno movie, which was perfect for the upcoming scene. He walked over to Bambi, took her by the arm and turned her around to unzip the back of her dress. She slid it over her head and turned to face him, whereby they briefly held each other for a moment before she slipped down into a crouching position and unzipped the fly of his pants.

I wasn't sure I wanted to watch, and almost stood up to tell her to stop, but then I thought about what it meant to her. She wouldn't have been doing it if she didn't want to, so at least I should try to accommodate her. After all, she had often given me fantastic sex, and would likely return the favor by watching me fuck a girl of my choice at some point in the future.

I looked over at them; Bambi crouched down on her high-heels wearing her panties and bra, black stockings and a black suspender belt. I could only see the back of her head as she bobbed her face back and forth at the height of his cock. He was still fully clothed. He had his head raised upwards and his eyes were closed, but I could tell he was enjoying every second of her sucking and licking him. An image of Bambi sucking me off flashed through my mind, reminding me of how it felt to have her tongue swirling over my throbbing knob. It made excited once again, so I unzipped my pants and started jerking off while I watched them.

Harry leaned down and played with the back of her bra until it came open. He told her to stand up and started playing with her breasts. I think he realized they weren't in a good position for me to be able to see, so he turned Bambi sideways until I had a full view of her perky tits while he played with them.

"Fuck, your tits are fantastic!" Harry declared, "I bet you'd want me to cum all over them!"

I didn't know what had hit me. Hearing Harry talking to my wife like that almost made me ejaculate without further ado. I felt a surge in my balls, but luckily it was just a mini-ejaculation, not the full thing.

Harry licked Bambi's nipples, sliding his hand inside the front of her panties and fingering her wet pussy. I could tell he was slipping two or maybe even three fingers inside her judging by the angle of his hand and the look on her face.

Bambi pulled away for a moment and started undressing him, taking off his jacket and shirt, and then sliding down his pants. She jumped onto the bed and stripped off her panties, throwing them over the side while Harry removed his remaining clothing and got on the bed with her. I saw that his cock was huge, straight as an arrow, and completely shaved. As she lay on her back, he knelt down between her legs and lifted her up by the bottom until her pussy was at the height of his face, her legs slung over his shoulders. He buried his face into her mound and although I couldn't see it directly, I figured he was licking her like there was no tomorrow. She was like rag doll in his hands until she started thrashing about and screaming with delight. I had never heard her making so much noise.

Harry turned her over and lifted her butt in the air, then entered her doggy-style. I whacked away at my shaft, totally thrilled at the scene being played out before me. They rocked back and forth, their skin making slapping sounds when they got out of rhythm, and moaning loudly together when they got back in rhythm. It was only a matter of a few more seconds before Harry started grunting heavily. When he finally came, he let out a loud moan. The thought of him squirting inside Bambi set me off too. The sticky goo spurted out of me like a fountain, making a mess all over the armchair and the carpet.

Harry got dressed quickly, while Bambi lay there quietly holding the sheets over her naked body. He looked over at me before leaving the room, smiled and said a simple "Thank you."

Bambi took a quick shower, got dressed, and then we left together. Nothing more was said that night, but later on we spoke about it, fondly remembering it as a night to never forget.
