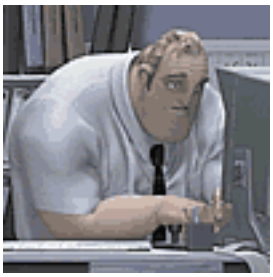
Girls' Night Out



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Published on Lush Stories on 28 Jan 2013

A friend takes me to see the secret life my wife lives.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/girls-night-out.aspx

When I was in school I never had much luck with girls. I was one of the geeks and was literally blown away when I met Karla. We were introduced through a mutual friend who knew her through his church. We got along well and within a few months we were engaged.

Marrying a stunning woman like Karla was the best thing that ever happened to me. She was the best wife imaginable. Life was great. With her strong religious beliefs, I found trusting her to be easy. Her family could have been a TV show in the fifties. A family scandal for Karla was when her Aunt Barbara brought pumpkin pie instead of her renowned apple pie for Thanksgiving.

We shared everything with each other, especially in the bedroom. She was surprised at my fantasies of seeing her with other men, but I also made it clear that it was their divergence from reality that made fantasies interesting. It was easy to talk about Karla being with another man because it was so out of character. Karla's fantasies were more about romance than sex. The locations were her focus along with what we might do to set a romantic mood, whereas mine were all about sexual activity and could be in a cardboard box for all I care.

My wife loves dancing, she could go out every other night. It feels like too much effort for me, so I only join her once every few weeks, choosing instead to send Karla out with the girls. There are five in her close knit group with Beth as her closest friend. On this occasion it was just the two of them going out to a club.

Karla looked stunning in her tight black dress. She liked to wear tight fitting clothes because it gave her modest bust a little more definition. The balcony bra did not hurt either. How she could dance in heels was beyond me, but she said taking them off was admitting defeat. The hardest part of sending my wife out was trying not to get too aroused before she left. The way her dark wavy hair partly obscured her cleavage and the short dress that allowed me to see most of her thighs made me want those things which were marginally out of sight.

Since my wife was out having her kind of fun, I got a drink and looked through our DVD collection

until I settled on Die Hard. It was going to be a relaxing night for me, not so for Bruce. An hour into it Bruce was fighting terrorists when the doorbell rang. It was Zoe, one of the regular clubbers. I told her Karla went out with Beth already.

"I know, that's why I'm here."

Zoe tried to convince me once before that Karla was cheating on me. It did not work then and I was not going to believe her this time either. She insisted, "I think you deserve to know the truth. Just come with me." She reached for my hand. Then she begged, "Please."

My mood was sour for having to leave in the middle of my film. Giving in to Zoe, who was more stubborn than me about this, I endured the journey in her yellow Beetle. Zoe drove through the city into areas unfamiliar to me. Clubs were scattered throughout the area and Zoe finally parked on the road a couple blocks away from what I took for a warehouse. Two bouncers flanking double metal doors were the only indication it was a club. The sign above was not lit up and I could not read the name.

Thumping bass could be heard before we got to the entrance. The doorman let us in, but not without a hefty cover charge. Zoe paid for both of us and took my hand. Inside the floor felt like it was moving under my feet. A rainbow of lights filled the room. My hand was pulled through the crowd. If it had not I would have lost Zoe immediately. She led me up an iron stairway, again making me think this should be a warehouse, and squeezed through to the railing where we could overlook most of the club.

The dance floor covered more than half of the room below and tables lined the edges beneath us and around three sides. Zoe shouted and I barely heard her, "Karla should be down there somewhere."

Fashion varied among the clubbers. Some were in casual clothes like me, others dressed to impress like Karla and Beth. The dance floor was mobbed. Finding the pair would not be easy.

While I scanned the crowd looking for my wife, I realized this was no typical club. Behind us a young couple was up against the wall making love, well having sex at least. Below us two girls were locked in an embrace, kissing and rubbing their bodies together. Two boys with them, I assumed to be their boyfriends watched the girls with keen interest. It was easy to see how people would get turned on being surrounded by scenes like those.

Zoe slapped my shoulder and pointed. Spotting them still took a moment. There. In the middle of the crowd on the dance floor was Karla. A young guy was dancing close to her and paying her enough attention that they must have been dancing together. Distance made it difficult to judge his age. He may have been just a teenager with jeans slung low and showing most of his designer underwear.

His interest was plain and sexual, an eager beaver if ever there was one.

Only a few feet away from her I located Beth. She was kissing someone. Beth is single and available so that was no big deal. Her activity did not hold my attention as well.

I was glad to see Karla having a good time. She looked very happy with a smile on her face and letting the eager beaver dance very close. If Karla wanted to flirt while she danced it was fine by me. She looked good out there and I was glad to see her beauty affirmed by others; It was good for her self-confidence.

Our lookout spot was ideal. Zoe and I continued to watch the girls dance. Eager boy was keen to get his hands on my wife, repeatedly putting a hand on her waist or hip. It did not stay long because Karla never stopped dancing. There was no visible indication of objection, it was simply impractical to keep his hands on her.

My interest grew when he moved behind her. Karla did not lose a beat and the pair were soon moving in unison. The man held Karla's hips and appeared to be holding her against his pelvis. Whenever I do that with her it always gives me an erection. Did this guy have wood? Surely, Karla would notice as soon as he does. Unless he had a defect in the groin area the man was a little horndog and my wife was his target.

Beth slipped away with her dance partner. My eyes stayed on my wife who was happy to be left with this mystery man. I was looking forward to seeing how she handled it when his hormones finally made his interest obvious to Karla. She could be naive at times, but a hard dick against her ass would get her attention.

Self-appointed loverboy nuzzled Karla's neck. She is a bit ticklish there and I could see her giggle from his caress. She was facing our direction which allowed us to see his lips kiss her shoulder. It was more than I thought my wife would allow a stranger to do. Perhaps Karla already knows horny boy.

The next move he tried was sliding an arm around her waist. Horny bastard had Karla in his grasp and held her firmly against him. Instead of a rejection Karla put one hand back on his hip to keep their bodies in time together. Lips moved from her shoulder up her neck and then to her cheek at which point she turned her head to the side and let him kiss her lips. A rather sloppy kiss ensued if it even qualifies as a kiss. The act was more an extension of the dance. Even at our distance we could clearly see their tongues. It was a jolt to see her do that, it looked a little grotesque and unclean, but that may have just been my biased take on it. In my pants a very different response was growing.

They held hands. The man took the lead, guiding my wife and lifted her hands up over her head. She held them up, swaying side to side as his hands slid down her arms. His large hands slipped down past her shoulders and over her breasts where they stopped. The outrageous chancer had his hands on my wife's tits and held them.

It was outrageous. I waited for my wife's response. Would she give him a sharp elbow in the ribs or politely pull his paws off her body? Neither occurred. Karla continued to dance with her arms up high as if it was perfectly normal to have a man groping her tits. In fact, she soon did quite the opposite, putting her hands over his and pulling them tighter against her chest. Her head tipped back as if her neck went limp and they had another sloppy tonguing session.

I began to doubt that was really my wife. Zoe gave me a 'Sorry, but I told you so' look. She held my arm as if I was going to faint. Trying to speak to her was difficult. On my third attempt I had my face against her ear, "She must be drugged. We should go save her."

Zoe gripped my arm tight to stop me from leaving. "If you really want to go down there and confront her you can. But don't think for a second that she is there against her will."

A punch in the gut would have been kinder. I knew Zoe was only trying to help me see the truth, but that did not make it any easier. I no longer had the strength to go get her. Saving her I could manage, but not interrupting something I could see she was enjoying. She was my wife, after all, and I knew she was not drugged or even drunk from the way she moved.

Maybe it is a weakness, but I never make a public scene. I would only confront her privately, having experienced a public spat with a girlfriend once, I knew it was not my way, particularly if Karla fought back. It was difficult enough as it was, without everyone knowing I was not enough for her.

It was a relief to see Beth and her partner return. Messing around like that in front of friends is too awkward and I could begin to relax. Horndog whispered something in Karla's ear that gave her the biggest smile of the night and an emphatic nod of approval. The girls had a chat, similar to Zoe and me, with Karla's mouth right in Beth's ear. It became Chinese whispers at the nightclub as Beth passed it on to her partner. Beth's partner headed toward the bar on his own. Was ordering drinks that complicated?

Their dance became more interesting. They made a chain with Beth in front of Karla. It actually looked like a fun dance sandwich with my Karla in the middle. I would not object to being behind her right then.

They were unstoppable. My wife could dance anywhere and not lose her step, even wedged between

two people. She tipped her body side to side throwing her hands down near the floor and sliding them up her legs. The seductive move caught the attention of my own cock. She was so engrossed in the music she did not even realize she caught her dress. The one drawback to a tight dress is that it does not drop back down on its own. Soon her dress was riding so high that most of her hip was exposed. The man behind her was so aroused he had to step back to adjust himself and took his time doing it too. Hair on the back of my neck stood on end. My glimpse was so brief, yet what I saw was so brazenly obvious. It was no minor dick adjustment, the horny bastard had whipped an erect penis out of his designer underwear and stepped up behind my wife.

Karla continued waving her arms but held her legs still when she felt the man against her. There was no question she was complicit in the act. The man lowered himself and put one hand down between their bodies. The way he lifted himself up with his pelvis against her butt clearly signaled penetration. If it was not obvious from that alone, the look on my wife's face was fairly convincing, too.

The evil fucker put his hands back on her hips and they started gyrating again. The world slipped into slow motion. Even with the distance between us I could see Karla close her eyes and tilt her head just like she does when she is on top in our bed at home. The wholesome image of my wife was shattered as I watched her have sex in public with an evil fucker I have never met.

It got even worse. He started bumping against her and she pushed back with gusto. Arching her back, she leaned back for another long kiss. Even the way they fucked was in time with the music. My gaze locked and I became entranced. Whether it was the music or the sexual movement of my wife I was not sure, but my own body swayed gently.

Zoe handed me a drink. I was not aware she had left my side. I sipped. It was whiskey. "I don't like whiskey," I shouted to be heard.

The shout back was, "You need whiskey." She was right. The soothing burn blunted my anger and worries. I asked Zoe why Beth was so keen on dancing right in front of Karla when she could be with the other guy.

"She's cover," whatever that means. "Karla has nothing under that dress." My eyes shot back down. Why underwear matters to me at this point was irrational, but for some inexplicable reason I needed to know. No underwear only made sense if you intended to have sex and did not want them in the way. Is that how Zoe worked it out?

I looked down at them again. Cover became clearer since their actions were noticed by the others dancing near them. A couple guys passed them and gave the prancing gigolo a high five for fucking my wife on the dance floor. At least one person snapped photos of them on a phone.

Karla was still the sandwich filling, holding onto Beth with both arms. Time sped up again and the man was fucking like Thumper on my Bambi. He had given up on keeping to the music, unless he could hear something much faster than the club music. For a split second I thought Karla was in pain. No, not pain, I realized. An orgasm. She was not moving her body much at all, just clinging to Beth while the young stud worked magic between her legs. I guess an orgasm is one way to stop my wife from dancing. It looked like her fuck buddy was about to explode too. The last few emphatic thrusts were each proceeded by a pause and a look on the man's face indicating that he was ejaculating into my wife.

It was not fair. Karla is my wife. The the two finally separated. The greedy fucker put his dick away and Karla drew a visibly deep breath and straightened up. There had been no opportunity for a condom, so my wife had unprotected sex. Karla turned to face him for the first time since he grabbed her tits. After a friendly hug, the girls went to the bar and he went another direction.

What was I supposed to do now? Part of me just wanted to leave, pretend none of this happened and get on with life. Something in me decided to stay. If this was how my wife behaved when she went out, she could find herself in trouble. I should stay in case she needed me.

Another voice in my head said she was not going to need me at all. Zoe asked if I was okay. No, not really. Still, I was not sure I could leave either. It was not even ten o'clock yet. Karla often does not get home until two a.m. What else would she do in that time? I had to know. Another whiskey would help.