# My Wife's First Experience (and mine too)

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For years I had been sharing with my wife my fantasy of having her be with another man. Once, years ago, a fellow worker took her out on a date, with my knowledge, and they ended up making out in the car and theguy stuck his hand down my wife's panties and begged to fuck her, but she didn't go along with that. The whole thing ended up in a disaster because the guy's wife found out about it and put him, and my wife, through hell, with hatefultext messages, emails, phone calls and more. Unfortunately, for months afterwards, my wife didn't want to even begin to hear about my fantasy.

Yet, as the years went by, I began to notice that my wife was feeling unappreciated and unattractive because no other guy came on to her. She said she didn't want to attempt anything ever again, yet she also hated the fact that no one tried. I wonder, at times, if guys realize how many married women want men to try. Perhaps they don't want the guy to go "too far" but they still want to feel attractive and alluring.

Recently, I began to share my fantasies with my wife once again. At first she was very reluctant to hear them, but then I noticed she began to enjoy them and even welcome them. She liked hearing about how some guy would want her so badly that he just had to come on to her. It turned her on, but still, for months, not a thing happened.

Not a thing happened, that is, until one night she called me to tell me that she had to work late, on a Friday evening, the night that we had planned to go out to our favorite restaurant and listen to one of our favorite bands. She told me that she had brought a change of clothes so I shouldn't worry, and that she would meet me at the restaurant at the "usual time". At "the usual time" let me know that nothing was going on, so I left work and went to the restaurant and grabbed a table in the corner where we usually sit. It was then that I checked my text messages and she had sent a text telling me that she was bringing a guy from work with her; a guywho was interested in hearing this band.

When they arrived my wife was wearing one of my of her dresses: Thin straps, low cut (not allowing a bra) but long and flowing. I met the guy, her boss,and he seemed niceenough and we had dinner and

listened to the band while making small talk. During a break between the sets Tom excused himself and I had a chance totalk privately, for the first time, with my wife. I told her how great she lookedand she mentioned "Thank you! Oh and guess what? I'm not wearing a thing under my dress."

Needless to say, this was quite exciting for me, but I had to ask: "That is great honey, but how does that make you feel? I mean, with nothing on under that dress and sitting so close to your boss?"

She blushed a little and then replied, "Well, it's a little embarrassing; but it also makes me feel a bit naughty and honestly, it makes me horny too."

I wanted to follow up on this, but Tom returned, the music started and the evening progressed without anything much happening. At the end of thenext set, my wife said she was going to leave and take Tom back to his car and I agreed that it was time to go home and I'd meet her at the house. I arrived home in about thirty minutes, feeling quite honry myselfand expected my wife shortly thereafter. But the time went by. First it was thirty minutes, then an hour, and then two hours later, before I heard the front door open and close.

My wife came into the dark bedroom, slipped out of her dress and put on her usual sweats. I welcomed her and mentioned that it sure was late. To this she responded: "I'm sorry I'm so late, but Tom wanted to talk after I got him to his car, then, well, one thing lead to another andpretty soon it was really late."

I noted, "Yes, but two or three hours? What were you talking about?"

"Well, it wasn't all talking. We started talking about work, then Tom mentioned how much he enjoyed the evening, and then he asked if he could kiss me to thank me for the great time."

Somehow I knew where this was going, and my cock immediately stood straight up, and I gasped: "Did you kiss him?"

"Of course. It was a nice kiss, but then, well, uh, his hand went up onto my breast and he began to fondle me, and even slipped his hand insidethe top of mydress." With this she took my hand and ran it across her breast and hard nipple and softly asked, "How does it feel to know that you are the second man to feel my breasts tonight?"

I was ready to crawl out of my skin, my cock was so hard. "Is that what you did with Tom?"

"No, there's more. He slid his hand up my dress too, and wasexcited to feel my pussy, with no panties on. He began to feel me and you know what he said? He said he knew I wasn't wearing anything

under my dress by the way it clung to my body, and he had promised himself that given the chance he would get his hand between my legs! As he touched me, you know what he kept telling me? He told me he wanted to fuck me. He said he wanted to take his cock and slide it between my thights, deep inside me, and he wanted to empty his cum into my cunt. Oh, he was so dirty and nasty."

"He was getting so horny, and I knew it". He then asked, "Have you ever thought about my fucking you? Tell me the truth, have you have had the fantasy of what it would be like if I fucked you?"

My wife then told me, "I had to tell him the truth, that yes, I had thought about it, and "yes, I had imagined it would be a great thing to do." She then told me, "You know what he did next? He took my hand and slid it down his pants. My hand went right onto his cock and I slid my fingers around it. It felt so smooth, and hard and it was big. He started working me then, and told me he wanted me to cum. He wanted me to imagine him fucking me and he worked me more and more, telling me how wet and open I was and how great it was to have my hand around his cock, and how much better it would be when he slid his cock inside me. And guess what honey? I came. Oh yes, I had a great orgasm that was so huge I begged him, out loud, to give it to me."

I gasped at this, and asked quietly, "Did he give it to you? Did he fuck you?"

She answered, in almost a teasing way, something that was quite foreign to her, "No, he didn't fuck me. But, he asked if he could, sometime."

"And what did you answer?" I asked. I knew that this was crucial.

"I told him he could, that I would really like that?"

She then quietly asked me, "You know what else he asked me? He asked me what I thought my husband would say ifmy husbandknew I had letthis boss of minefondle her, beat her to cumming, and promise to let my boss fuck his wife."

"And what did you say," I asked? Somehow I knew the answer to this was crucial to every fantasy I had shared with my wife for years.

"I said, who knows, my husband might even like it. Maybe he'd even want to watch his wife getting taken by another man. Maybe my husband would be turned on watching another man fuck his wife and listening to his wife beg for it."

"How did he respond to this?" I asked.

He sort of chuckled, in sort of an devilish way, and said in a low, almost articifial way: "Then maybe we'll just have to let it happen. How about Tuesday?"

"Tuesday," I responded, "That's only a few days away! Did you tell him Tuesday was okay?"

"Oh yes, sweetheart. I told him Tuesday would be perfect. I told him that I'd tell you all about it, and that you would be expecting him, and would be expecting him to come over to the house to fuck me. He's coming over on Tuesday."

And on Tuesday the doorbell did ring, with Tom standing there, at precisely 4:30 as promised.