Part 2 - My Wife's First Experience (and mine too)

By tryingtokeepup

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Tuesday was the day and our tension built, day-by-day until Tuesday finally arrived

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From Friday, when Tom, my wife Cheryl's boss, had put his hands up my wife's dress and played with her until she climaxed, until Tuesday, the day Tom had promised to come to the house, and in my presence fucked my wife, the house was filled with a electric energy that neither of us had ever felt before.

Each night I was awakened by the shaking of the bed and my wife's soft moans as she played with herself. Each day we looked at each other, and my wife would ask me, "Are you really sure you want to go through with this?"

It was difficult for me to verbalize how much I wanted this to happen, but also to tell her how uncertain I was of this path we were headed down, but each time I would nod my head, 'yes'.

By the time Tuesday arrived, I was useless at work and all I could think about was: "How is this going to play out?"

My wife arrived home shortly after I did, and she immediately went in and took a shower. Tom arrived about thirty minutes later and I let him in. We sat down together and we could hardly manage any small talk. I think he was as uncertain as I was, and maybe even more so. My wife joined us and the three of us sat together. To say the whole situation was awkward and strained is perhaps an understatement.We were all just feeling weird, yet no one was putting a stop to it.I asked if anyone wanted a beer or wine and Tom asked for beer while Cheryl asked for a glass of wine.I poured myself some wine as well. As we finished our drinks, the conversation hadn't gotten any better.

At that point I thought to myself, "It's either you get this thing started now, or it isn't going to happen at all, and maybe it'll never happen in the future."

I stood up, grabbed Cheryl's hand and suggested to Tom, "Maybe we should go into the bedroom."

I led the way, my hand still in my wife's, with Tom following.We entered the bedroom and I walked over and quickly pulled the blanket off the king sized bed.I then stepped behind Cheryl, and with trembling fingers I ran my hands up and down her bare arms.

I looked at Tom and nervously said to him, "Cheryl told me that you touched her on Friday. She told me all about it and she told me how much she enjoyed it.She also said that you want to have sex with her."

With that out of the way I pulled the thin straps off my wife's shoulders and pulled them down to her waist. My wife is 45 years old, not in the greatest shape and carries a few too many pounds (no, not many), but she is very attractive and sensual. Her breasts are 36C, lovely and still fairly firm for her age. I could see Tom's eyes staring at her now naked breasts and occasionally flicking up to mine. His lust was beginning to overcome his hesitancy. After an appropriate pause, I slipped the dress off Cheryl's hips and down to the floor. She stepped out of it and stood only in her soft black panties with white lace fringe and lace. I knew I had better not over-think this, nor wait too long, so I hooked my thumbs into her panties and slid them off as well.

My wife's inclination is to let her pubic hair grow long, but I've always encouraged her to keep it as short as possible. On this occasion, her hair was indeed short and her pussy lips full, soft and now totally exposed. She seemed unsure of where to put her hands, so I grasped one and led her to the bed and lowered her onto it, on her back.

It was Tom's turn, but he appeared almost uncertain or reluctant. He didn't seem to want to leave, but he didn't know how to progress either, so I walked over to him, as he stared at my wife, unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off. He didn't move a muscle, so I unfastened his belt and the hook on his slacks and let them fall to the floor. He now stood, lustily looking at Cheryl, yet still his eyes tried to catch mine, in an attempt at receiving my approval, every now and then. Still he didn't move, so against my general inclination, I grasped the waist band of his black jockey shorts and pulled them out and down, going down onto my knees in the process, revealing his total nakedness and his stiff erection.

He looked down at me, past his bulging cock, and I couldn't help but stare at his erection. I'd never in my entire life been this close to another man's erection and I was fascinated by it, and yes, a bit terrified of it. It wasn't as massive as some sites suggest. Yes, it was larger than mine, but mine isn't small by any means and his was perhaps only slightly longer and thicker than my erection.

With my head I indicated he should move to the bed and now he finally moved, standing next to the side of the bed, staring at Cheryl's naked body. He slowly moving to caress her breasts and then moved his hand down between her legs, to finger her there, once again, just as he had a few days ago. Cheryl's legs began to pull apart and her eyes closed with the pleasure of it. None of this

shocked me, it was how I imagined it would be, but now it wasn't a fantasy or a dream, it was real. Cheryl's hand reached out and surrounded his erection and slowly he moved onto the bed, between her legs and thighs.Bit by bit he moved closer to her pussy and my wife's hand guided him. Once again he looked over at me, but now I could detect a level of lust, pleasure and even a hint of triumph in his eyes and mouth that I had not seen before.

Without much delay, I quickly pulled my clothes off and stood about five feet away. I didn't want to be too close, I wanted to take it all in and I definitely didn't want to interupt their lust for each other. My hard-on was as big and as hard as I can ever remember but after that look, Tom moved his hips down to my wife and with small, short thrusts he began to work himself inside of her. Her hips moved up to greet him and welcome him into her inner most body.

Over the past few days I had not allowed Cheryl to beat me off to climax and I had certainly not allowed myself to fuck her. I knew that the only way I would ever go through with this was if my own sexual tenstion and desire was left unfulfilled. Now my hand began to touch myself and my newly shaven cock (when things are going well sexually, for me, I like to keep my hair shaven or very tightly trimmed because I feel more exposed, more sexual). I didn't match their movement and thrusts but took it slower. This might be more than a one shot deal and I didn't want to turn myself off with an ejaculation that would hinder my own lust.

As Tom's thrusts became deeper, longer and harder, his breathing more ragged and gasping, he kissed Cheryl, sucked on her erect nipples and thrust in harder and even more deeply. I knew he wasn't going to wait for her to climax, this was all going to be about him, and his pleasure.

He started to moan and gasp out loud, "Oh this feels so good, better than I could have ever imagined it. I'm ready to cum inside of you babe, and I've got so much cum in me, just saved up to fill yourcunt. Do you want me to cum? Do you want it right now?"

Cheryl has never been one for talking about sex or during sex. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why I wanted her to have sex with another man, to open her up emotionally; to allow her to experience something she's never felt before, to do something she's never done before. It might have been naive, but I also thought that, in the long run, I would benefit sexually from her experiences and her new found openess. In this, I was partly accurate.

Cheryl then gasped out, ""Oh yes, oh please yes, fuck me, cum in me, fill me. Do it!"

These were words she had never said to me, and Tom made a quick glance in my direction, eyes locking on mine, as he thrust into her, hard, and groaned out "Oh babe ... Yes!" and I knew he was emptying himself into my wife's pussy, filling her with however much cum he had stored up for just

this occasion.

Tom almost collapsed on top of her and my wife's hands pulled his lips down to hers, her tongue gouging at his mouth. She was so horny and passionate and oblivious to my presence.Tom knew I was there, however, and his look of triumph filled me with jealousy, hurt and yes, even anger. But, my cock and unsatisfied balls were driving me on, and they told me that at this moment, my lust was more important than my jealousy or anger.

Tom then slid off my wife, his half-erect cock glistening with a mixture of my wife's and his juices. He smiled at me and kissed my wife again, fondling her stiffened breasts. He looked at me, and with a new-found confident tone in his voice that he hadn't had before, he tilted his head and commanded, "Cover that thing up."

I knew what he meant. He wanted me to cover up my erection so that neither he, nor my wife would look at it and be reminded of how sexuallyaroused I was, and how I was left unsatisfied. He was afraid I might want to join in, or even take over.

I reached down to grab my shorts but he shook his head, "Not with that, with those, and he pointed to my wife's panties. At this point it's probably more appropriate."

I shook my head yes and grasped my wife's black panties, with its white trim and lace, and pulled them up my legs and covered myself and my hard cock.

"That's better," Tom suggested then turned to kiss my wife once more. "Did you enjoy that babe?"

Cheryl seemed to snuggle into him as she whispered, "Oh yes, I loved it.It felt so wonderful. I really loved it."

Her words seemed to stab my heart and my soul more than anything he had said and more than any look he had given me to this point.

"Are you going to let me fuck you again?"

"Of course, Tom, anytime you want to. Anytime"

"How about right now?" he grinned at me as he said this, and I watched as my wife turned him over onto his back and mounted him. "By the way, Jason, I'm getting hungry. Go down and make us something to eat. After I fuck your wife once more, I'm sure we'll both be hungry. Oh, and don't bother getting dressed. From now on, your cock is going to be covered in your wife's panties, always, and

she's going to keep her pussy bare, and ready just for me, only for me. Understand?"

I knew that I was being dismissed and the tone for further encounters was being set.A change in our life-style was being established, so I shook my head yes and responded softly, "Yes, Sir."

I left the room to their giggles and groans, knowing that Tom had just taken possession of my wife's body, again, and of all of her sexuality.