



Permission to Stray

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I gave my wife permission to act single

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I had not thought about the permission story in a long time. Writing for Lush has stirred the sediment deep in the pond of my memories. Mental images from long ago are now floating lazily and randomly toward the surface. Some reach the top with total clarity while some hover just deep enough that I can't quite tease out the details. This "permission story" is like that. Some things are clear and some are hazy, so the tale I tell will be partly fact and partly fiction. I can't remember it well enough to claim otherwise, but I hope you'll enjoy it just the same. It's the story of giving my wife permission to pursue her lusts outside the confines of a conventional marriage...

That first year together was tough. We moved a bunch. We lived together in three different apartments in two different states and all of that was because of my job. I assured Cindy it would all be worth it when I became the best salesman in the state or region or even (I hoped) the country! Right. Corny enthusiasm of youth and all that. There was the promise of great financial reward, international travel, perks aplenty and more. It would be worth it. Eventually. But in the short term it basically blowed.

The moving left her out of sorts with friends, her environment, and her identity. Shortly before marrying me she had been a popular college student and standout tennis player; now she was "just" a housewife in a new apartment. And then another apartment. And another. It got old fast. She couldn't really pursue a job because they kept moving us--or at least me--around. She didn't have time to get really established with friends. She couldn't do a whole lot of anything she wanted to do. She became cranky.

My company told me I had one more temporary assignment and told me I'd be in that location for four to six weeks--but maybe more or less by several weeks-- and Cindy decided she'd had enough. She decided she would move back to her hometown and would live with her folks until this training period (and any others they might throw at us) was over. I was "graciously" given about five days off to take her home to California and then I had to bust ass back and plan on being totally absorbed in my thing.

Her parents had a really nice place with a private apartment above a detached garage. It was a wonderful setup for guests. We had sex every day and/or night during our short time together and didn't have to worry about anyone hearing us or interrupting us. How cool was that! But all week I had something very special in mind to talk about and I could not get the courage to say it until the last night.

After we were nude and had been making out for a while, complete with the usual caressing, suckling, and teasing, I began murmuring in her ear about her sexual past. Over the course of our year together we had discovered that it was a huge turn on for both of us when either we talked about her sex life before marriage or we made up stories about past, present, or future adventures. My forte would become whispering naughty fictional stories to her about her having wild sex with others. Her forte was simply telling me what she'd already done--and she had done a lot.

So as I nuzzled her ear, with my erection pressed against her thigh and my fingers lightly teasing her pubus, I asked with a huge amount of trepidation, "If you could have sex with any of the guys you had in high school, who would it be?"

Believe me, it was a hard question to ask. I was nervous as hell when I said that. I can't believe I actually did it. My heart was absolutely pounding. I was, as you know, leading up to something.

"Oh, gee, that's a tough one to answer," she said as she drew in a deep breath. "There were so many."

She giggled when she said that but I already knew the number was 15. She had gone to a fairly large high school and had had sex with fifteen guys (and four girls) before heading off to college and really letting loose.

She put one hand casually behind her head and lightly followed my hand as I traced lines around her nipples and down past her abs.

"I guess it would be Jerry," she said with a very slight tremor in her voice.

I let out a quick puff of air and said, "Burrito boy?"

She laughed. "Oh, it's so sweet that you remembered." And her voice jokingly implied I had remembered something very nice, like maybe her great aunt's birthday. And maybe it was nice--for her.

"How could I forget that story," I said, rolling my eyes in the dark.

Jerry had been her third or fourth lay; I can't remember now which. She had described him as being "Not that long--maybe just a little longer than you--but his cock was really thick. It was like trying to stuff a burrito in my mouth."

I was by then sucking her breast and teasing her wet pussy with my fingers. Her hand was on top of

mine and together we massaged her labia and gradually worked our fingers inside. Her hips were moving nicely. I was so hard and so nervous I could barely speak.

"So...why Jerry?" I asked innocently, leading us both along.

She laughed just a little and said, "Why not?" Then she said, "Well, I'm curious. He was nice and polite and clean and he had pretty eyes...and I'm...just curious." She laughed nervously again.

I knew what she meant by "curious". She had been relatively unexperienced and clumsy when she'd had her one night stand with the thickly hung young man. Now she had been with many others and wondered what it would be like to try him on for size. She undoubtedly wanted to show him what she had learned. And as much as she desired him, she would act very nonchalant when she handled him expertly. I knew how she thought.

My heart was really pounding by then and I wasn't breathing quite right. I think I was holding my breath off and on as I tried to sound cool. My cock was rigid. I'm sure she knew what I was about to suggest and the lead up was torturing both of us.

"So...have you stayed in touch with him?" My voice trembled.

She paused for a few beats, then said, "Matter of fact I have."

I groaned, but couldn't speak. Naughty, naughty girl.

The nervous laughter was gone, the probing of our hands more intense and she was slowly but firmly moving her hips. Both of us were breathing unevenly. I did my best to keep sucking and teasing that breast, but both of us were focused on my words and her pussy.

"So...um...is he single? Is he here in town still?"

She groaned and didn't answer at first. Deep, deep breaths.

"Yes," she said quietly, "he is."

She was close to coming, but I didn't want to let her do so just yet. Timing was important.

I whispered, "So...what if I said...you know...that it was okay--" but I couldn't finish the sentence before she arched her back, pulsed her hips repeatedly, and started coming. Loudly. She grabbed my head and pulled it fiercely against her breast while we both just fucked the hell out of her pussy with

our hands. She really came hard. But she's lucky. She often comes two or three times. The first one just climbs a plateau, but she's not to the top of the mountain yet.

"Don't stop," she whispered urgently and I began working my way out from under her arm. I started kissing my way down toward that throbbing pussy. She was fingering herself, so I kissed my way down to her hand, gently moved it away, then began teasing her with my tongue and lips.

I took a couple deep breaths, then said, "I want you to pretend you're single while I'm gone," and was surprised at how clearly I said it. "You may never get a chance like this again."

I teased her clit with the tip of my tongue. She put both hands on my head and pulled me hard against her and began grinding against my face. I pulled back after a bit and teased her with my tongue, waiting for her to speak. When she really gets going she tends to wrap her legs around my head and I can't hear anything.

"Are you sure?" she breathed. It was nighttime, but not completely dark and I could see she had her head back against her pillow. Her brow was furrowed in concentration, hair matted against her forehead and cheeks. Her knees kept trying to close against my head. "Oh fuck," she said, and her hips began moving. Another aftershock was on its way. She pulled my head down and ground out another orgasm--a small one--against my mouth. Then breathlessly, "You'd better be really fucking sure." And then she shuddered again, but I thought she had one more in her.

I flicked my tongue against her clit and she winced. I did it again, delighting in her reaction. It looked so painful when I did that that I couldn't help smiling. "Yes," I said quietly, "I'm sure." Then I thrust my tongue deep inside her and she groaned, clamping her thighs against my head. We stayed like that for a few moments, then she released her thighs from my head and spoke breathlessly.

"I guess I can tell you a little secret then."

I was surprised at this turn, but kept my cool. I bounced my lips against her mound and sort of laughed, "By all means."

"After I drop you off at the airport tomorrow, I'm meeting Jerry for a drink." She let that comment sink in, then grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled my head firmly into her pussy as I groaned. I tongue fucked her and pushed against her thighs so I could hear what she was going to say. She was breathing very heavily and would tell me later it was almost an out of body experience. "I talked to him earlier today and set it up."

And with that we both stopped talking. She basically just fucked my face, with her thighs clamped

against my head, her fists full of my hair, and when she came I thought she might've hurt herself. It was an utter release of all her energy. She basically just collapsed afterwards, totally spent. I kissed my way north to her mouth and french kissed her deeply as I entered her with my cock. She groaned in pleasure but we did not speak. She moved slowly but as I began to work toward my release she stopped us.

"No," she said. Then she slowly moved us over to our sides and pulled off my almost painfully hard cock. "Not tonight. No release for you until you're back at your hotel."

I was pained but did not ask why. I was pretty sure I knew.

"If you come you might change your mind," she said as she very lightly stroked my erection. "And we don't want that, do we?" She leaned in and kissed me slowly but gently on the lips. "You want your fantasy and I want mine..." Another kiss. "Let's play this one very carefully and see what happens."