Pete's Wife

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My best friend went away and I had to 'look after' his wife...

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My best friend in school was Pete, he was a year behind me but we were inseparable. I had dated Pete’s sister briefly but that didn’t last as she couldn’t handle me spending more time hanging with her brother than her.

About six months after I finished high school I joined the Air Force; university would have been a waste of time for me. I wasn’t ready and was looking to learn some marketable skills and travel some before settling down. I had just finished basic training and was stationed with my first line squadron when I got a call from Pete. He and his girlfriend were getting married and he wanted me to be the best man. Of course I was thrilled and immediately started planning my leave to attend the wedding the following summer.

At some point Pete must have decided it was time to start being a contributing member of society so after a couple of conversations with me he decided to put on his country’s uniform and join the Air Force as well. I was excited when he told me and we talked about how awesome it would be if we were stationed together down the road.

The weeks and months passed and finally the big day came. The rehearsal and dinner went off without a hitch as did the stag night. Pete’s fiancée, Amy, placed me in charge of keeping Pete out of jail and getting him to the church on time and in decent shape. We went to a club near the local university and there were a group of girls there who, once they heard he was getting married, decided that Pete’s fidelity needed to be challenged. They spent most of the night dragging him onto the dance floor, bumping and grinding with and against him to see if he would try to pick one of them up but he was a hero, resisting all advances in spite of his inebriated state. Just after 2am I finally got him out of there after many well wishes from the girls and from others we knew and had just met.

The next day went smoothly, after we nursed our hangovers and got ready we made it to the church with time to spare. The wedding went off without a hitch as did the reception, everyone seemed to have a great time. Just before the bride and groom left Amy came up to me and thanked me for looking after Pete and making sure he was where he needed to be. She hugged me tightly and as I

bent to kiss her cheek she turned her face and my lips met hers. The touch of her lips on mine was like an electric shock, it startled me so. I tried to pull away but she pulled me closer to her and let her lips linger on mine for longer than was probably appropriate for the day.

She finally broke away, licked her lips and said, “I’ve wanted to do that since ninth grade!”

I was speechless so I just grinned stupidly and turned to hide in the washroom as they left, hoping that Pete hadn’t seen what had happened.

A few months after their wedding I got a call from Pete. He was to be stationed at the same base where I was and would be arriving in a month. Although we wouldn’t be on the same squadron we could at least hang out together and continue our friendship.

Pete and Amy arrived and they stayed at my place for a couple of weeks until they found an apartment not far from the base. Amy found a job at a local daycare and things were going well until Pete was due for deployment. His first away trip was going to be a short one with his unit deploying to Hawaii for an extended training exercise. I had deployed there the previous year and was filling Pete in on the sights to see when Amy came in from work. As soon as she found out what we were talking about she turned surly. It seems she was not pleased at the prospect of being left on her own for three weeks while her new husband was off on “a Hawaiian vacation” as she put it.

“Don’t worry sweetheart, Iain will be here to look after you if anything needs doing while I’m gone, right buddy?” he said trying to soothe his wife’s anxiety.

“Sure,” I replied, “I’ll even take you out to a movie or something a couple times while he’s gone so you don’t go stir crazy.”

Amy smiled and said, “I know, this was part of the deal when we got married but that doesn’t mean I’ll like it. I’ll just have to lean on Iain for a couple of weeks.” She turned and went toward their bedroom giving me a wink that Pete couldn’t see as she went. I immediately thought back to the long lingering kiss she had given me at their wedding reception and my cock twitched a little at the memory. I finished up my beer and got up telling Pete I had promised to meet one of my work mates to help him with his car and I left.

A few weeks later Pete’s crew went away and after a couple of days I got home and found a message from Amy on my answering machine. Seems she was a bit lonely and wondered if I’d like to go out to a pub for supper and a couple of beers. I called her back and told her I’d meet her there in an hour. I quickly showered and changed and headed for the restaurant.

I walked in and noticed that Amy wasn't there yet so I picked a table and ordered my pint. It was only a short wait when Amy walked in, as she did every head turned. She was stunning! I had noticed how attractive she was in school but I had always thought her to be out of my league. Her trim 5' 8" figure was dressed in in a flowing flower print dress, bare legs and heels. Her red hair falling in soft curls to her shoulders accentuated her green eyes and the green and gold colors in her dress. Her face was made up perfectly, not overdone but with just enough eye shadow, blush and lipstick in the right shades to accentuate her features.

She waved when she saw me and walked over to our table, I stood up to greet her and noticed the soft scent of her perfume flowing past as she moved behind me to her chair. I pulled out her chair and pushed it back in as she sat down, enthralled to be with the most gorgeous woman I had ever seen.

"Hi Iain," she said as she sat down, "Thanks for coming out. I was going a bit crazy alone in that apartment."

"My pleasure, I never turn down an offer of dinner from a beautiful woman,' I replied as I took my seat. "Wow, you look wonderful, Pete is a very lucky man."

"Well aren't you sweet," she smiled, "I like to look nice when I go out, makes me feel good after working all day."

We chatted for a bit about work and whether or not she'd heard from Pete since he left. She said he called at about 4am, midnight in Hawaii, drunk as a skunk and lonesome. She said he wanted to have phone sex but she was turned off by his being so drunk so she ended up telling him to call back when he's sober and she'd think about it.

"I'm sure he just crawled into a corner and jacked off!" she said laughing.

I laughed with her but thought to myself, "If I had you at home, I'd be checking up on it too."

We ordered supper and another round and had one more round afterwards. After three pints I was in no state to drive but I knew that if we stayed there I would likely make a pass at her and as Pete was my best mate, I suggested we should probably call it a night as we both had to work the next day but she disagreed.

"Nonsense!" she objected, "It's only early. Take me dancing, I want to dance."

I knew this was probably a bad idea but I found myself unable to resist this gorgeous young woman across from me. I paid the bill for dinner and we went out to grab a cab. It was still early, only 9

o’clock but she said she knew a piano bar that we could stop at before the club she wanted to go to got busy. She gave the cab driver the address and settled back into the seat beside me. She reached over and kissed my cheek and looped her hand into the crook of my elbow, pulling me close to her. Her perfume was intoxicating, I wanted to smell it, and her, forever as the cab rolled along.

The cab stopped in front of the bar and we got out, Amy insisting that she pay since I had picked up dinner. We went inside an I noticed there were about 20 or so people seated at the small tables with a few more around the piano, some of whom had obviously been there for quite some time already. We ordered drinks and sat back to enjoy the music adequately performed by a silver–haired gentleman who was taking requests. After a few songs he started playing a song I recognized but couldn’t quite remember the name. It was a slow bluesey-jazzy kind of number and after a few more bars the tune started coming to me. I started mouthing the words as they came to me and then began singing along softly.

Amy took my hand and stood me up, leading me to a small section of parquet floor to one side of the piano. I held her as respectfully as my growing infatuation allowed and we swayed slowly in time to the rhythm.

“You dance nicely,” she whispered, “I like the way your hand fits on my waist.” She pulled me a little closer and our bodies touched ever so slightly as we moved. Her breasts were just brushing my shirt and our thighs would occasionally touch as we swayed. “Sing to me,” she asked, “I like your voice when you sing.”

I continued singing softly until the song ended, we turned and applauded along with the other guests. I excused myself and went up to the piano player, dropping a couple of singles in his tip glass.

“Anything special you’d like to hear?” he asked.

“Not really, you’re doing a fine job,” I answered as I turned and went back to my “date”. Amy excused herself to the washroom and while she was gone I sat there wondering what I was getting myself into. She came back to our table and we continued to chat about everything and nothing, my fascination with this adorable creature growing every moment. Suddenly her phone rang. She fished it out of her purse and answered it.

“Oh Hi sweetie!” she said, “I’m glad you called.”

I excused myself so they could talk privately. I was only away from the table a minute or so when Amy waved me over and held out the phone.

“Pete wants to talk to you,” she said as I took it.

“Hey buddy, how’s Hawaii?” I asked.

“Nice, really nice.” Pete replied, “I gotta bring Amy here someday she would love it. Listen I just wanted to say thanks for keeping an eye on Amy while I’m away. I know that if she’s with you she’ll be well looked after.”

Pete and I obviously had differing opinions as to what looking after his wife consisted of but I resolved to not violate my friends trust.

“Don’t worry buddy, she’s in good hands.” I signed off and handed the phone back to Amy so she could say goodnight to her husband. She pressed the end button and sighed as she dropped her phone back into her purse.

“He promised he wouldn’t call home drunk again tonight,” she laughed as she finished her drink. “Now I’m lonelier than ever, I really miss him.” A sad look came across her face for a moment then she brightened up. “Ah fuck him,” she said firmly, “if he can go out on the town, so can I.” She waved the waiter over and ordered another round. Our drinks came after a few minutes just as the pianist started another song.

“Oh please Iain, dance with me, I love this one!” she said dragging me out of my chair again.

The song was a soft version of the Beatles “In My Life”, a song that I remember had been played at Amy and Pete’s wedding. This time there was no thought of respectable distance between us as Amy pulled me close to her and wrapped her arms around my neck. My hands found her waist again and we swayed slowly, she nuzzling her cheek to mine. Too soon on one hand, and not soon enough on the other, the song ended and we just stopped. Amy reached up and kissed me softly.

It was the most sensual kiss I had ever experienced, her lips pulling on my lower one a little as our mouths parted. I could feel my cock stirring in my pants as I held her firm body against mine, her perfume now combining with the unmistakable scent only a woman can generate when she is becoming aroused. We parted and she took my hand leading me towards the door. We stepped onto the street and she kissed me again but I stopped her after only a second.

“Amy, we shouldn’t…” I objected.

“If you’re going to say we shouldn’t be doing this, don’t,” she panted. “That asshole went to fucking Hawaii and left me here alone. Then he calls all liquored up and starts talking dirty to me last night,

getting me all horny. Then tonight he calls and is all apologetic, only to say he has to go, the guys are waiting to go hit the bars. Well fuck that!” she exclaimed. She kissed me again, urgently this time, biting my lips and pushing her tongue into my mouth. “Hail a cab,” she commanded, “if you’re lucky I won’t fuck your brains out on the way to my place”.

I surrendered and waved down a cab, we climbed in and she gave the driver her address. It wasn’t far, only about 10 minutes to her apartment, after I paid the fare we went up the elevator. Amy was trying to kiss me all the way there. I fended her off telling her to wait till we got to her place before we went any further. I was still hoping I could talk my best friend’s wife out of what she was thinking but part of me wanted to take her and ravish her. She took the key out of her purse, unlocked the door and stepped inside, I waited at the door knowing that if I entered I would probably violate my friend’s trust by having sex with his wife.

Amy turned to me as I hesitated. “Aren’t you coming in?” she asked. I slowly stepped inside and closed the door behind me.

“Amy, really, Pete’s my best friend and this would be such a betrayal” I offered a final protest.

“And he’s my husband!” she stated, “Whose is the bigger betrayal?” She came over to me and wrapped her arms around my neck. “Tell you what, I won’t tell him if you don’t,” she whispered as she placed her lips beside my ear. Her tongue flicked out and licked my earlobe and I was done, all resistance melted away as I took her into my arms and kissed her lips.

I could feel my heart hammering as I became fully aroused, our hands were exploring each other’s bodies outside of our clothes. Suddenly she stopped and placed her finger on my lips.

“Excuse me a second,” she said softly, “the bedroom is right there, why don’t you wait in there?” She pointed the way with her long painted nail as she turned rubbing her breasts against my chest. She went into one room while I went into what I assumed from looking at the rather spartan decorations was a second bedroom. I sat on the bed and put my face in my hands, wondering once more if I should allow this to happen.

“This is your best friend’s wife,” thought my big head as I stood up and tried to think of an excuse to get out of the situation. Just then I heard Amy behind me so I turned around and saw her in a white corset and stockings, her soft pink lipstick from earlier replaced with a hot, bright red glossy finish that just beckoned to be kissed. I had always known that Amy was in great shape but this outfit showed every curve to perfection. She twirled in front of me showing a white thong hat disappeared between the perfect globes of her ass. Her pale skin was unblemished, not marred by the tattoos so popular with young people these days that I find a turn off. As she turned back to me she smiled, her perfect

white teeth showing between her red lips. She tilted her head and as a lock of red hair fell over one eye my little head told my big head to “Fuck Off!” and I went to her.

I picked her up by the waist and we started making out in earnest. I placed her feet back on the floor and she sighed, her body moulding against mine. I kissed her neck, nibbling at her earlobes then tracing the lightest of touches with my lips downwards along her neck to her shoulder, moving from the curve of her shoulder inward to the hollow at her collarbone. She moaned softly as my light touches feathered across the top of her chest to repeat the path along the other side back up to her other ear.

“Ohhhhhhhh, I like that,” she whispered as her hands went to mine to interlace our fingers. She stood on tiptoe and gave me a long smooth kiss, a real toe-curler, the kind that makes you forget your own name. She broke the kiss as she dropped onto her knees and started unbuckling my belt, undoing the button, slowly drawing down my zipper and pushing my pants down over my hips to bunch up at my ankles. Her index fingers slipped into the waistband of my briefs and slipped them down to join my trousers. She used her finger to collect the drop of clear fluid from the end of my penis and licked it off. Then she looked up at me as she opened her mouth and agonizingly slowly and placed it as far down over my cock without touching it.

I lost sight of her lips but I could feel her warm breath on me as she moved those hot red lips down over me, finally closing them on my staff and drawing up slowly so that only the very tip was in contact with her lips.

She took her lips off me and looked up, “Like that?” she asked.

I could only nod and will her to do it again knowing that I would not last long under that sort of treatment.

She repeated the process and I leaned my head back, my eyes rolling back in my head as she started sliding her lips up and down over my cock. I could see her lips as she pulled back, my cock glistening with her saliva and a trace of her lipstick rubbing off onto its base where she was repeatedly closing more her mouth firmly onto me. One of her hands went to my balls to softly caress them, rolling them lightly in her hand as she sucked. She would vary the pressure with her tongue, sliding it around underneath, along the sides and around the head of my cock as she bobbed up and down with increasing speed. I knew it would only be moment before I would be filling her mouth with my cum so I stopped her, reaching down to take her wrists and pull her up beside me.

By now her lipstick was less than perfect but at this point neither of us cared, we just needed to satisfy our lust. Our kisses were so intense, almost violent as we mashed our lips and tongues

together. I reached around and picked her up again, this time turning and laying her on the bed behind us. I got down on my knees and pulled her hips towards me so her legs were dangling over the edge, grabbed her knees and pushed them up exposing her thong, the triangle of white satin soaked with her wetness. I reached up and slid my thumbs underneath it at her waist and pulled down firmly. Amy placed her feet on my shoulders and lifted her hips up so I could remove the tiny scrap of cloth that was covering my prize. I removed it and flipped it over my shoulder then parted her knees with my shoulders and moved my mouth towards her crotch.

Her aroma was overpowering, her musk almost completely masking a soft odor of body wash. I leaned forward and flicked my tongue along the length of her opening from bottom to top, pausing as I reached her clitoris to put a little pressure on it before giving my tongue a final flick. Her hips twitched slightly as I flicked my tongue and I knew I was in for a wild ride. I opened her up slightly with my fingers and tongued her opening, then clamped my lips onto her hard little button, flicking the end of my tongue across it as quickly as I could. Her hips began writhing as I stimulated her and soon I was having difficulty maintaining contact with her. I removed my fingers from inside her and slid my hands under her hips, pulling her towards me so I could concentrate on eating her pussy.

Her legs fell back over my shoulders and she pulled me closer to her using pressure with her heels to prod me forward. The backs of her thighs were riding up onto my shoulders as I continued to service her pink wet little hole, she arched her back which caused her hips to raise up and push her musky scented quim into my face. I licked and tongued with an increasing fervor trying to bring her to the peak of arousal. Suddenly she reached down and grabbed two handfuls of hair and pushed me away from her loins. I tried to keep tasting her goodness but she pulled harder until I was unable to. Her hands moved to the sides of my face and she guided me up along her body until we were face to face and kissing passionately.

My little head was still calling the tune as I moved over her, my hips moving between her thighs until the my cock was sliding along the outside of her labia, being lubricated by her wetness. I shifted my hips so I could slide my length along her clit.

Her nails scratched across my back and she whispered, “Now! I need you now!”

I shifted again and pushed my hips forward and my head slipped inside her. I held there for a moment until I felt her hips start moving trying to bury me deeper inside her.

She was as tight as I had imagined, her velvet skin hot and slick with her arousal. I tried to hold off but almost involuntarily I started moving, slowly at first but increasing in depth and tempo until my scrotum was slapping lightly against her ass cheeks. Amy’s soft moaning kept time as we ground our pelvises together in a race to make the others orgasm tip over the edge. I tried to think of anything to

delay shooting my seed inside her, changing the oil in my car, cleaning my kitchen but each effort at distracting myself was only fleeting as her incredible softness and tightness enveloped me. Her hands reached under my arms to pull me upwards changing the angle of attack so my pubic bone was bumping against hers as our thrusts began moving in time.

“Ooooh I’m gonna come!” I gasped as my thrusting increased to maximum. “Here I go!” I grunted and I thrust forward and held my hips against hers, my ejaculate emptying inside her.

She tried to keep moving underneath me but my weight was too much on her hips. As soon as I was able to I started moving my hips again, stopping every few seconds as another wave of ecstasy rolled through my core. I propped myself up on my left hand and slid my right between us, finding her clit with my fingers and rubbing her little firm bud faster.

Amy urged me on, “Oh yes baby, that’s it! That’s what I need!” Her hands went to my ass pulling me forward and holding me there as she let go. A long cry escaped her lips as she came, her pussy secreting warm slick fluid around my still hard cock, our loins melding together as though trying to become one. She spasmed twice, the first time was barely perceptible but the second was a strong clench of her pelvic muscles around me, milking me dry.

Her hands relaxed a little and I started moving again wanting to deliver her to the Promised Land once more before I lost my erection. My fingers on her clit and my moving in long slow strokes in and out of her brought her to a second less intense but longer lasting climax, her body shaking in spasms as she let herself go. Her lags wrapped around my ass and her arms pulled me tight as she moved involuntarily with the sweep of her climax.

A few moments later I could feel myself losing rigidity as my orgasm had long since faded. I slipped out of her, she sighed as she released me and we held each other close covering each other’s faces with kisses that were hard and wanton at first but softened, deepened and grew in intensity as we slipped into that after-sex closeness that only a real, deep orgasm can bring.

“Oh Iain, that was good, really good,” she murmured as we held each other close.

I brushed her hair back from her face and nodded as our eyes met. “Yes, it was,” I replied. “I can’t ever remember sex being better than that.” I mumbled quietly as I ran my finger along her jawline.

As my still slick finger got near her lips she opened her mouth and turned to let it slip into her mouth, cleaning her own secretions off it with her tongue. Her hand slipped back under the covers we had pulled up over ourselves and I felt two fingers slide up along my half erect penis collecting what was left of our combined emissions and bringing them up to her lips. She placed her fingers on her lips

and leaned into me our lips ytouching lightly with her slick digits in between. She obviously wanted to share our combined juices with me so I obliged letting her fingers slip into my mouth and using my tongue to transfer the slickness into my mouth and then to her tongue as they danced back and forth. I had never tasted my own cum before and was a little surprised that there really wasn't much to it, a little salty but other than that there was little to taste.

"That doesn't taste so bad," I said, "What is the objection that some women have to letting men come in their mouth?"

"It's not just the taste," she said as she ran her fingers through my few chest hairs. "For some girls it's the texture, some just think it's gross. I think some girls just feet subjugated when a man lets go in her mouth, like he's dominating and using her, and they don't like that."

"What about you?" I asked. "What do you think when you take a man all the way in your mouth?"

"The first time I did it," she replied, "it was a little gross but when I saw what it did for my partner, I realized that perhaps being his little whore empowers him, makes him feel in control. You see, men realize pretty quickly that women have all the control when it comes to sex. Generations of conditioning have ingrained in them that forcing themselves on a woman is wrong and that when two people have sex, it is almost always on the woman's terms. By giving herself so completely to a man, a woman still maintains control while letting her man feel like he's the big stud. Besides, a woman only has to do it once and she can make a man do just about anything if he thinks that she might do it again!"

Wow!" I said, "That makes total sense. I never thought of it that way." I pulled her close and hugged her tightly as our breathing slowed and we gave in to the unconsciousness of sleep.