Wifes holiday weekend

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Published on Lush Stories on 23 May 2012

Hubbies fantasy

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/wifes-holiday-weekend.aspx

For months we had discussed the thought of my wife being shared. In fact we had even contacted strangers on the internet but for one reason or another they never seemed to work out. While I was certainly the one pushing for a threesome if always amazed me how wet she would get when we discussed it and just how horny she could get when pushed.

Given that nothing had worked out previously and we never seemed to have enough alone time to find and arrange time with another partner,I came up with another suggestion. At first it seemed strange but as we made love and discussed the possibility further we both became extremely aroused and realized that this was our best option although a little farfetched.

And so it was agreed, my wife would holiday alone for one weekend when no one else knew where she was except me and it would remain our secret.

We planned the trip to perfection and discussed every detail. The week leading up to the trip we were excited, nervous, horny and somewhat apprehensive about what was to come but we both agreed we should give it a go.

Prior to her departure we shopped for some sexy lingerie, black lace bras and some crotchless panties. I watched as she shaved her pussy, and moisturized her whole body preparing for her weekend of freedom. The anticipation drove me wild and we fucked almost every night to ease the sexual tension and excitement her little trip was causing.

Finally it was time for her to leave; she slipped slowly out of our bed in the early hours for her redeye flight to Ibiza and kissed me on the forehead. I wished her well before she began to tell me she was nervous. I did wonder if she would go through with it and share her body with another man. I shushed hernervous talkand told her not to worry, to go and enjoy her trip as much or as little as she liked and I would be waiting on her return.

The sound of the door closing signalled her departure and made my stomach twist with a combination

of nerves and excitement. My cock grew hard with the all the tension and I couldn’t help but play with myself at the thought of what might be.

The day dragged by before my phone finally beeped;

‘*Just landed, feel so weird on my own kinda wish you were here,’ r*eadher text message.

I quickly responded

‘*Just enjoy yourself for a change and do whoever or whatever makes you happy x,’*

‘*Will do xx,’* came her reply

I again felt a stir in my crotch thinking what might be but resisted the temptation to act on it.

Later that evening the phone rang and it was my wife. She told me her hotel was amazing with a cool clubby vibe around the pool at night and full of the pretty party goer type people. Her room had a lavish bathroom complete with a whirlpool, a large comfy bed and secluded patio facing towards the sea which had an additional day bed to relax on.

When I asked what she was up to she said she was chilling on the day bed looking out to sea and had just had a nice hot bath while waiting on room service. She was missing me already and although enjoying her alone time felt really strange being alone in a hotel room.

I quickly talked her around and told her this was her chance for some fun and that we would both enjoy it.

We discussed her plans for the evening and decided that since she had two nights she would take it easyfor her first nightand head to the hotel bar for a drink. From there she would see what happened but wasn’t promising much as she was quite tired.

She promised she would text me with updates on how she was getting on before we heard a knock on her hotel door from room service and she let me go.

I woke on the hour every hour with anticipation of her text messages which proved especially vague and not half as frequent as I would have liked. This only heightened my sense of curiosity as I wondered what she was up to.

Her last message read;

‘*Met a few girls, having a good night, think I might head out a little later with them. Will keep you posted, Miss you x.’*

Given that this was the last message I received my mind raced at what might have happened later on in the evening.

Finally four hours later my phone beeped again just as I was getting up to start the day with, ‘*Hey, had a great night, absolutely wrecked, just going to go to bed now so will call you when I’m up.’*

Every hour dragged by as I waited to hear how her night had been. My stomach was turning and I really wasn’t sure what I wanted to hear. Would I be happy to hear she had slept with someone else? Or would I be happier to hear she was in bed alone? I was torn. This whole trip was about sharing my wife yet now when it came to it, I couldn't think straight. One thing was for sure though I was extremely horny and though she was only gone one day I couldn’t wait to get her home.

Later that afternoon my phone rang and I jumped with excitement. The conversation started really slowly with my wife not giving away much and me afraid to ask but soon the nerves passed and we started discussing her night.

She started, *‘I had a great night, really unexpected. I met a few girls in the hotel bar and they were wild. A really nice bunch though, a great laugh. I think they took pity on me and asked me out seen as I was all alone. We went on a little pub-crawl and ended up in an Irish bar which was packed and playing loads of golden oldies.*’

When I asked if she met any men she shyly responded, ‘*Yes some, none as good looking as you but nice guys all the same.’*

Before I could ask more questions she continued, *‘I met one really nice guy, Sean. He was Irish too and a real good laugh. I danced with him most of the night and spent a lot of time with him*.’

I quickly asked if anything happened and felt my stomach jump with both nerves and excitement

‘*Kind of I suppose. We danced for a good while, and I felt his cock go really hard against me. I had a good feel but only outside his trousers and enjoyed rubbing up against him and teasing him while dancing. He walked me home and we had a little kiss. I felt his hand running down my pants a little and let him play abit before the guilt got the better of me andI stopped him.’*

‘It was abit embarrassing really cause I was so wet,’ she continued.

My heart jumped. Here was my wife dancing seductively with another guy and telling me all about it. Even admitting to being turned on and letting him play with her sweet spot.

I asked her what happened next and was a little surprised when she said that given how hot and bothered she had become that she went back to her balcony, stripped naked and relaxed with a glass of wine and a cigarette before bringing herself to an intense orgasm with her fingers.

She also said she was quite embarrassed as it was the early hours of the morning and the sun was rising while she was masturbating alone and got so carried away she was unsure if she had been seen.

I was so excited that my cock peeked in my jeans and I had no choice but to unbutton the tension in my pants. I told my wife how horny I was becoming and that her every word was making me harder as I stroked my erection.

She giggled and said she was also horny and sad to be alone in such a large cozy bed. We continued our erotic conversation and she encouraged me to masturbate as she listened. While I tugged at my manhood with frenzy she continued to tell me how hot she became rubbing against Sean's hard crotch and how she shuddered at his touch as he flicked her clit before kissing her goodbye.

She too was now working on herself and I could hearthe buzzing of her vibrator in the background as we both grew short on breath.

We both came hard and quickly, exchanged our love for each other and I wished her well for her last day which she had decided would begin with a cocktail at the pool. Though it was never said, I was quite sure she hoped to bump into Sean.

The day passed quickly with just the odd text message of how hot the weather was, what she was up to and how much she missed me.

Later that evening though things began to heat up. I hadn't heard from her for a while and when I enquired what she was up too she replied;

'*Just met Sean at the bar and having a drink with him and some other guys. Keep you posted….*X. '

I wasn't sure how to reply but felt given how far we had gone to fulfill our fantasy it would be unfair not to encourage her so replied, '*Enjoy… X, don't forget to keep me up to date.'*

My mind raced with thoughts of what they would be up to. Was he flirting with her? Were they arm in arm? Had they kissed again? Or worst still, was she about to fuck him?

I didn't hear anything for a while and decided to go for a beer with some friends to stop my mind racing.

It was no good, I couldn't keep my mind off what might be going on and was relieved when my phone finally rang.

'Hey babe,' she giggled.

'*You sound tipsy,'* I replied.

'*A little,'* she replied before following up with, '*I'm extremely horny aswell and a little high too be honest.'*

'*Whoa, you're really enjoying yourself so, what is happening down there? Not like you to get high.'*

'*I know,'* she answered, '*but I was having such a good afternoon with Sean and his friends and one of them had some coke, so I decided to let my hair down and be the exciting wife you always want me to be.'*

'Just with someone else,' she laughed.

I was intrigued now. She knew she had my attention and I am sure half the bar I was in could see the color drain from my face as the excitement and nerves combined to make me feel almost nauseous.

She continued to tell me how she missed me, and how those feelings combined with the coke had mad her extremely aroused and how she longed to feel my cock fill her pussy.

I almost came listening to her and realized that this could be the night. I pressed her to see how she would like this to pan out and was surprised with her directness when she replied,

'*Do you mind if I shag him?'*

'Not as long as you enjoy it and tell me every last detail,' I heard myself reply, unsure if this is indeed what I wanted to say.

'I promise,' she said immediately. '*And I'll make it up to you when I get home*.'

That was the last contact we had while she was away and the suspense waiting on her flight to land the next day almost killed me.

I shaved my balls clean, took a sunbed, bought some new sex toys and prepared a meal. I was doing anything to keep busy until I heard a taxi pull into the drive.

She looked so sexy walking up to the house and kissed me in the doorway as soon as I opened it.

'*Really missed you babe,'* she said followed with, '*can't wait to share all my little secrets with you.'*

Even her smell aroused me and the stir in my pants done little to hide anything.

'I see someone's glad to see me!' she remarked.

'*We both are,'* I replied as I rearranged my rock hard cock.

I waited all night for her to give me all the dirty details of her holiday fling until finally she walked down the stairs in a pair of high heels and nothing else. I could see her pussy was red like it had been plundered deeply by a strange cock but glistening in expectation of a further fucking.

She lit a cigarette and laid her head on my lap and began, '*I sat at the bar with Sean all day, just chatting and flirting. We got on well and spent most of the time just talking until his friends arrived. Once they arrived the drinks were flowing and the drink started to hit me. Some of the girls that were with them soon started to go to the loo and when I went myself I noticed they were getting high. Rather than be a prude I shared a couple of lines with them and felt myself sober from the drink but becoming increasing drunk with sexual urges. Sean began to notice this I think because he suggested we take a walk as the sun set. I knew where this was going and decided to ring you then to see if you still wanted me to go thru with it.*

'After getting your encouragement, I decided to take a walk with him and we strolled along the beach to a dead end. In the distance we could hear the various beach parties but in this little secluded area it seemed we were totally alone. Sean wasted no time in pulling me in close. His kiss made my legs go weak and the combination of coke and cocktails ensured I done little to discourage his advances.

'I soon felt his hands all over my breasts before he began to untie my bikini bottoms. The fresh air against my moist pussy made me tingle and I was helpless as he untied his shorts and placed my handon his cock.

'We were soon fingering, pulling, poking, licking and sucking and I remember pressing his face towards my bare pussy as it tongue went to work on my clit. He then lay me down on the sand and filled every spare inch of my pussy with his cock which I rode until I could cum no more.

'The hot spurts of cum shooting in to me felt strange knowing that it was not you and only heightened the intensity of my orgasm and my sense of adventure.

'When I had finished fucking him I rolled him over and sucked his cock until it was clean of both our juices and flopping for forgiveness. Then we lay in each other arms before returning a little flushed to all of his friends.'

By this time my wife was playing with my cock and running her tongue up and down my shaft as she regaled me with her story. I was somewhat surprised when she told me that she had gone back to the bar that night with Sean and spent the evening in his company.

When I asked what time they finished she laughed nervously and said they didn't. Sean had gone back to her room where they made love, fucked and talked for most of the night on her balcony.

My cock was now ready to explode with cum while my stomach almost turned upside down. My loving wife was sucking hard on my cock like her live depended on it and somehow, somewhere she had matured into the slutty, sexy, hot wife I had dreamed off, yet no one else knew.

My wife was the love of my love but she was also the sexy confident women I craved.