

# The Wait

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*entry 1. start to a full novel*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bisexual/the-wait-1.aspx>

She leaned in close to the computer screen, as if the words would absorb into her. She wiggled her ass in the chair, unable to sit still. The sensations going through her body, making certain parts tingle and shiver, goose bumps rose on her arms, she felt her nipples tighten in the light silky bra, the softness moving with the tightening. Her fingers ran from her neck down the slope of her breast, slowly, softly. Gliding down under the silk, her long fingernail barely grazing the base of the nipple, making it tighten and extend, causing a chain reaction right through her, making her clit pulse. She felt her heartbeat deep within, felt the moistness saturate her black silk panties. She moved forward in her chair, the motion moving her pants tightly against her, making her moan as her clit throbbed again. Her eyes fluttered, unable to stay open with the intimacy of it. Her breath caught in her chest, making it heave, her shoulders hunched, her breast pushing into each other, the bra bringing her finger harder against her nipple. The scene on the screen so descriptive, the emotions running though the main character seemingly real in the way the author chose to write it. The scene was just what she had wanted to portray for herself. The unrealised dream, the fantasy that makes her gush, and the one her husband hasn't made a reality. She almost couldn't finish the story without running her hand down her stomach to between her legs, to touch the throbbing spot pulsing as the wetness out of her damp pussy. She read on, how a full hot load of cum shot from his impressive cock landing splattered across the woman's large tits. She then smiled at the man as he pulled his pants back up his muscular legs and buttoned them up as he stared at his handiwork on her heaving bosom. She grabbed a towel off the counter and wiped the splatter off her tits and hopped down off the counter landing on her bare feet with her jeans wrapped around her ankles, she shuffled and bent over at the waist, her ass sticking out in front of her partner, his big hand cupping a cheek as she wiggled back into her jeans, leaving the zipper down, and the button undone. The man stood over a foot taller than her as she looked demurely into his eyes as his hot gaze burned into her. He growled deep in his chest and his deep voice said, "The things I would do if I had more time babe." She sighed and said "you know this is a one time deal and he will be home soon." Finishing the story she leaned back in the chair, her ass pressed firmly into the bottom of it, her nipples poked out so far they tented the black tank top. She sighed and got up from the chair after closing the story website down, changed

laundry and ran upstairs to start dinner for the man she loved with all her heart. He was so open and honest, a truly decent person and a respectful man. One of the last classic, gentlemen left in the world. And add in a hidden side from society. He had opened her to the world of swinging. Inviting others into their bed to tease taunt and play with. He was perfect. The excitement of the flirt and getting to know new people and know that there is a strong possibility that you get to undress them with your partners help, or lick and suck other people into oblivion. Learning what another person finds erotic, finding that touch that makes them melt like butter in your hand, or mouth. The heat that brings to the everyday bedroom intimacy is something that can't be beat. To have another man, or woman's hand on your breast while your husband is behind you running his throbbing hard cock against your pussy. It brings a level of eroticism that just makes you squirm. She thought back to that first time. They were together only a year when she found herself pregnant with his child. Their alone time was few and far between, with him being a full time single father of two youngsters, a career change, studies at the university to enable the success of the career change. She found herself a busy pregnant step mom and revelled in the times they could get out alone for a meal or even a coffee without kids. Her husband didn't trust many people with his kids but there was one reliable girl that he had known for years and she was always willing to help out last minute. The girl loved the kids as her own and let it be well known that she had a huge crush on him. Unfortunately he was fairly oblivious to her intentions, knowing that he had found his forever in his new wife. And so they found themselves sitting in the darkened corner of the pub, trying to have a conversation and relax after the week of stress of a new pregnancy, two active children, exams approaching and the never ending normal stress of adult life. There was a group of young men at the tables beside them that were making conversation difficult to be heard over their loud banter, but with her husband's hand on her upper thigh, the group could have been playing the drums and it wouldn't have bothered her. She was just leaning in for a kiss from her love when a glass fell beside her, crashing to the floor spraying glass and liquid all over her blouse. The rowdy group of guys apologized for knocking the glass and offered cash to get her top cleaned. The couple declined saying that 'accidents happen', paid their bill and made their way out of the pub and headed home. Arriving home and entering the front foyer quietly, he whispered for her to go get changed and get ready for him as their night was far from over. He mentioned to "do" what was laid out on the bed, and he would take the sitter home, come upstairs and take care of her. She smiled shyly still getting gooey-eyed when he looked at her like that. She left him to hang their jackets and she ran quietly up the stairs to the master bedroom, stopping quietly to check on both sleeping children on her way. She entered the room in the dark, knowing her way to the bed side table and turned the bedside lamp on and looked at the bed. There, laid out was a black bra, panties, and black silk blindfold and Velcro straps at each corner of the queen size bed. She smiled knowing that this wasn't a new game, but it was one she enjoyed. She walked to the bathroom unbuttoning her blouse and ran a sink full of cold water as she slipped it off her shoulders, undoing the back clasp of her bra she removed that and put them both into the sink of water. She slipped off her pants and panties and threw them in the laundry basket in the corner and moved naked into the bedroom to do what she was told. Around twenty minutes later she heard him slowly coming up the

stairs. She waited trying to relax the tension in her body; she tried to take deep calming breaths, trying not to be too excited. But it was pointless; her excitement level was at an all time high. There was no calming her heightened senses, her ankles strapped into the bottom corners of the bed had her legs spread wide and as she buckled the last strap around her ankle she noticed the panties he had supplied for her were actually crotch-less, leaving her freshly shaved pubic area on display. As she laid back to attach one strap on her wrist slipping her hand in easily, she tied the blindfold around her head, covering her eyes, revelling in the silky feeling of the material as it laid across her closed eyelids. She then fumbled a bit for the last strap at the top of the bed and slid her hand into it, giving both arm holds a slight pull the pulley system under the bed tightened pulling her arms out and away from her head. She laid her head back on the soft pillow and waited to see what her darling devilish husband had planned for her. She waited. Hearing his soft footsteps reach the top of the stairs, she was already breathing heavy waiting, the door squeaked open and she heard the quick intake of breath as he viewed her, sprawled almost naked on the bed, strapped down and blindfolded. The footsteps moved away from the door and she heard it creak but it didn't shut fully. Her breathing intensified, not able to get a full breath into her lungs, she waited. She took a deep breath in through her nose and wondered why she couldn't smell his cologne, but that thought left her head as she felt fingers running along the tops of her feet. Ever so slowly the fingers ran over the tops of her toes, towards her ankles, tracing small lines along the length of her foot, slowly sliding around her ankle, up and over the strap holding her legs down. A moan escaped her lips. The fingers moved higher, slowly up her calf, around the top of her knee, dipping behind the knee, making her leg jerk and her whole body quiver. The hand grew bolder and spread over the lower part of her thigh, making goose bumps cover her skin like a window was open in the midst of winter running over warm skin. The hand slowly moved along her thigh around and up her soft hip, slowly running over the panty-line encasing her hip. Sliding up around the front of her just above her panties, the fingers dipped between skin and panty for a fraction of a second, her pelvis thrust up trying to get more contact. The hand slid back up towards her navel, making her breath suck in, slowly it continued the trail upwards, the fingers slowly, gently running just along the underside of her breasts, her whole body arched, following the curve of each breast, her breath coming faster now, wanting, needing. The hand went up along the full breast, barely making contact with the nipple that was standing high, reaching for the touch. The hand moved higher still along the crest of the breast dipping between the two mounds, travelling higher to her collar bone, delving in the hollow at the base of her throat, up around her chin to that tender spot just below her ear, a whimper escaped as she licked her bottom lip. The hand moved off her completely. She whined wanting more. She felt the bed move as he got between her legs, she wiggled in anticipation but he still didn't touch her. But she could feel his breath, lightly blowing on her exposed pussy. She felt her insides clench together as finally the breath got closer and 'o god' she moaned, the tongue flicked against her clit that was already throbbing and pulsing and very 'very' aroused. The tongue slowly flicked against it a few times, and then lips added pressure, touching her lower lips, she groaned at the intense feeling it brought. With all her senses heightened she heard footsteps at the stairs and tried to wiggle out from under the lips, worried it was one of the children. She heard

the door creak and a gasp as the door shut. Just as she was going to tell him to take the blindfold off, one hand grabbed her thigh tightly, two slender fingers entered her making her cum, her pussy exploding all over the fingers deep inside her, the tongue pressed tight against her clit, the lips sucking her inside, then a hand landed on her breast pulled her nipple through the bra and she exploded again. Two sets of hands. She moved her head back and forth trying to dislodge her blindfold, even as the fingers inside her pussy moved in and out, causing her to clench on every thrust, her nipple was pulled lightly and another hand ran between her breasts and flicked the front clasp open, the cups of the bra pulled away and two hands were on her breasts, a hand on her thigh and a hand and mouth on her pussy, she melted but asked for the blindfold to come off. It was finally pulled gently off her eyes and as she looked up into her husband's smiling face, she looked down to see his friend, the babysitter licking and sucking her pussy, she screamed through another orgasm, squirting her juices all over the woman's face.