

# My Porn Show Girl Wife

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*It started as a dare on volunteer night , then became a permanent job. The standard tip was \$500*

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"Do you suppose that the girls and the guys, but the girls especially, have fun?" Ted asked me. "If they don't they should work somewhere else," I answered. "How about you, could you see yourself being one of them?" he wanted to know. "My upbringing will have me say 'I would die of shame and embarrassment'. But deep down, at the very bottom of my soul, lie some strange fantasies. And one of them has to do with showing off. Being naughty," I confessed. "I don't think you could or would be joining them if they asked, no matter how much that fantasy is tugging at you to go ahead," he teased me. He should not have done that because I am known to sing my own melody. This was practically a challenge begging to be answered one way or the other. Ted turned to look at me. I could see his wheels turning. He was wondering what was going on in my mind. Maybe he felt a bit challenged, too. After all, he was a male, and my husband, how could he be wrong? We were at "The Elephant's Trunk Casino", an adult erotic theater in Stockholm. This was our first time to see a live sex show. Ted had been transferred to Stockholm because he was fluent in Swedish. A 45 minute intermission had just been announced, which was followed by a 'Word for the Ladies'. It reminded the ladies that tonight was Volunteer Night and that the spot for a volunteer was still open. "Here is your chance," Ted needled me, not thinking of the consequences. He should have known that his wife was not to be needled or challenged. She just might show her true mettle and take up the challenge. And tonight she did. "You are not serious?" stuttered Ted as I picked up the table phone to make my announcement. "You have a volunteer," was all I said. Ted opened his mouth to say more, but no words came out. He just stared at me. It took only a few seconds before a young lady appeared to take me backstage. I rose, kissed Ted a good-bye and followed my escort. The stage director had me sign a disclaimer, then rushed me to the costume and make up wing. I shed my clothes and immediately had my face changed by the friendly elderly lady who was in charge. A wig followed and when I looked into the mirror I saw a beautiful young thing. Magic had happened to me. A short briefing followed and I was given my limited role. When Ted picked me up at the stage door after the show he was quiet for a long time, and then there was just one statement from him, "WHOA". I was too aroused to talk; it probably would have been gibberish. There was only one thing on my mind. Get home in a hurry so I can rip off his clothes. And that is exactly what happened after I pulled him into our bedroom. He assisted with the jacket, but he was too clumsy with the shirt buttons and the cuffs.

"Stop being helpful," I told him sternly. "J let me do my job without getting in my way. He did not resist. A second later I pushed him onto the bed. "Lift your legs," I commanded. I ripped off his shoes and socks, and then loosened his belt and lowered the zipper. "Now raise your butt," I hissed at him, "so I can pull off your pants." He obeyed at once. They and his skivvies were gone in a flash and I saw with satisfaction that his prick had already risen to half-mast. I can't recall what happened to my clothes. I only remember that suddenly I was on top of Ted, and quickly rolled him over onto me. I was hot. I was overcharged. As I spread my legs I felt his now hard dick at my pussy entrance. His weight pushed me into the mattress and I started quivering. My arms wrapped themselves around his chest trying to draw him closer into me. He kissed me hard, holding back his tongue so he could suck on mine. I felt myself tensing and then getting stiff. The world went away and I cried out as every muscle in my body tensed. I was carried away to some other place and breathing became difficult. I remember that I was frantically gulping air as my orgasm finally subsided. I did not feel Ted's weight on me when I returned to where I had left, he was gone. I looked around and saw him kneeling next to me on the bed. He was staring at me wide eyed. "I did not even enter you," he said. "You just bucked me off like I was an insect crawling on your skin." "You must have done something to me. I don't have orgasms out of a blue sky," I answered. "You are a bully." I turned to him and hammered his chest with my fist. "Want to play rough, do you?" I heard him laugh. The next moment he stood at the end of the bed, pulling me towards him till my ass was on the edge. He placed his hands behind my knees, pushed them up to my chest, then opened me. My soul and my body, all of me, were open to him; I was his to do with as he wished. My pussy quivered anticipating his prick, but it did not come. Instead it was lips finding my clit and gently sucking on it. I went over the edge again, I saw colored stars with my eyes closed, my muscles tensed till it almost hurt. When I came to I felt myself shaking. Then I saw him after I could again focus my eyes. He was standing at the end of the bed, his hand on my knees to keep my legs open to his gaze. "It is dancing, it is pulsing, it is asking for more," he laughed as he stared at my pussy. He was right. He took his time while I was quivering like a fish out the water, wishing him deep inside me. I suffered through an eternity until he finally let his dick enter me. This time he was not the gentle Ted, he was the animal I wanted him to be. I wanted him to ravish me, to pound me. He felt my need and met it, thrusting deep and hard. I saw drops of perspiration appear on his forehead and suddenly I was aware of sweat on my own skin, as if I had taken a salty bath. I heard myself cry out, "YES..... YRS..... HARDER..... .. as I bucked up to meet his thrusts. I was frantic and soon a first wave crashed over me. A moment later I was tossed high into the sky by a tornado. Thee a black cloud pilled me in and lightning bolts danced round me, shocking me again and again. After a long time I crashed down to earth, with every bone in my body aching. It was a glorious orgasm. But I was not done yet. Ted was still between my legs, his dick buried inside me. It started slowly this time. I felt myself quivering, and then arching my back and falling back down on the bed. It was only sort of an aftershock. "Let me rest for a while," I begged Ted. He nodded his head and reluctantly withdrew his dick from its warm prison. He did not move away, just stayed where he was, his prick and his eyes looking at me as if I was the sphinx. After a few minutes I felt rested enough. I still had a job to do, I remembered, I couldn't let the poor fellow

suffer, nor let an erection go to waste. I crawled off the bed, turned Ted around to face me. "Now it's your turn, you lecherous husband," I promised him as I gave him a push. He landed on the bed with a thud. I parted his legs to have access to the object that needed my attention. He would not last long, I reckoned unless I was careful not to excite him too much. Making it last longer was going to be my payoff for his efforts with me, I misjudged the state of his arousal. He started to jerk after just a few downs and ups and all I could do was giving him a last push. He spurted deep into my throat and I had to swallow fast to keep up with him. Sometime after midnight we fell asleep. Promptly at seven in the morning the devil's instrument, the alarm, insisted we get up. We still had plenty of time for a leisurely breakfast before I had to drive Ted to the airport. I already dreaded the next three months with Ted in Siberia and me alone and bored in Stockholm. When Ted returned home after three months, I served him his favorite dinner. After dinner I made us two vodka martinis and told him to sit on the couch. I pulled my armchair in front of him and started slowly. "Ted, I am going to tell you a story and I want you to listen to the very end before saying anything. When I returned from the airport the day you left, the house felt cold and empty. I thought a double vodka martini might help me over the blues I felt coming over me. Just as I finished my martini the Casino called. They asked me to come back; they even put the girls on the phone. I felt lonely and deserted and I heard myself say "Yes". It turned out that one girl was in the hospital and they were desperate. That's why I had my face made up on Thursday night, starting my temporary career as a porn show girl by the name of Lucy. There was much to learn still. I also found out about the tips the girls received. It turned out that there were two bedrooms available for amorous purposes and frequently a gentleman would call for a certain girl to join him there. Sometimes one would be called to a one of the private loges. The tips were voluntary of sorts, never less than \$500 per visit. The next day, Friday, I received a call to a private loge to see a Mr. Benson. He turned out to be a fatherly gentleman of about sixty, with salt and pepper hair and a permanent smile. I liked him right away. He did not get up to greet me but flashed a warm welcome smile at me. His voice was deep and hinted both of warmth as well as authority. "My name is Ben," he introduced himself, "and since we have only twenty minutes you might as well sit down next to me." He surprised me using his real name, which was very unusual, most men were just John. It was clear that Ben was confident of himself. I knew what was expected of me and so I sat myself next to him, molding myself to him as tight as I could and I let my body talk. "Feel me," my body told him, "smell me, enjoy the fragrance of my skin." "My name is Lucy," I whispered in his ear, before I nibbled at his ear lobe. When I stuck my tongue into his ear he winced and took a deep breath. Next I kissed his face, starting at his forehead down to his throat. He was moaning, his eyes were shut tight; he started to breathe faster, almost in little spurts. My right hand had opened his shirt buttons and was now scratching among his chest hair. Curiosity overcame me and I had to find out if he was blessed with sensitive nipples. Whoa, he almost jumped out of his skin. It was his first experience he told me later. I turned his face towards me and let my tongue trace his lips before I kissed him. He was hesitant at first to allow my tongue access. But once he did I had a difficult time breaking our kiss, His nipples were next in line to receive my attention. My tongue swiped over them, then around them, and finally I let my lips have fun with them. He squirmed and

moaned and suddenly he jerked, his hands flew to his crotch. 'Oh my god,' he whispered, barely loud enough for me to hear. He had cum. It took him several seconds to get his breathing back to normal so he could talk. He stared at me as if I had just dropped out of the clouds. After a long time he finally found his voice. 'Lucy, no one has ever done this to me before,' he stammered. 'If someone had told me that a woman can make me cum by just touching I would have laughed out loud. To phrase it humorously, we had sex without having had sex. The problem is that I can cum just once till tomorrow. To make up for this evening I would like to talk you into visiting me at my office next Wednesday, maybe around noon?' 'I will make an exception to my self-imposed rules and will see you next Wednesday at noon. How will I announce myself to your secretary?' I asked him. 'Just tell her you are Lucy and have an appointment with me,' he told me. 'I noticed a ring that either keeps the wolves at bay or that there is a husband at home.' This did not sound like a question, but it definitely was. 'You are right,' I admitted. 'There us a husband, but he will be gone for three months on an assignment in Siberia and I will die of boredom. I took him to the airport on Monday, went home, fixed myself a martini and felt sorry for myself. The Saturday before that I had been a volunteer on the show as a result of sort of a dare. When the Casino called I agreed to come back on a temporary basis. Now you know why we could meet each other tonight.' 'Lucy, let me hold you in my arms for a bit,' he pleaded. 'You are warm and sweet and full of happiness and I hope some of it will rub off onto me. You will know why if you ever have the misfortune to meet my wife. You will know by just looking at her.' We cuddled for the next ten minute till it was time for me to get back to my other job. He was happy and relaxed when I left him. Ted, you probably want to know if I saw him on Wednesday. The answer is 'Yes'. Every Wednesday. He is a sweet, kind, and considerate man who should have a loving wife, not like the Xantippe, a real bitch, that he is married to. I saw her twice in the front office and I half expected to see her dribble some venom on the front desk. He deserves someone better than that bitch and I don't mind playing the substitute. At any rate, making someone happy, someone you like, is a wonderful feeling. His secretary confided in me that he is usually quite stressed out by noon after the usually hectic morning. But on Wednesdays he starts to brighten up around eleven and then stays that way all afternoon. Then she smiled at me and added a whimpered 'thank you'. This is about the end of my story. But before you say anything I want you to look at our bank balance. It has increased by a little over thirty-five thousand dollars. Now stand up, take your lonely and loveable wife into your arms and kiss her."