

My wife, the insatiable

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Wife just can't get enough

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Why don't you remove your panties? I think you'd feel sexier with them down around your ankles." I giggled to hear those words coming from my husband. Dressed in black silk stockings, a garter, heels and a tight, sexy top, I had to agree with Richard, they did clutter up the look. And besides, my skirt was just long enough to keep our secret safe. I lifted my bottom up off the car seat and wiggled the lacey panties down my legs. "Mmm, you're right, " I purred, tossing them into the glove compartment. "This does feel rather liberating. Do you think you can keep both hands on the steering wheel until we get to Chris's?" We both knew this was just a wicked invitation. A challenge to see if his attention could be divided between the road and his wife's pussy – a dare he couldn't refuse. I spread my legs and watched his fingers work their way up my thigh with devoted appreciation. It was Saturday night and we had great plans. One of Montreal's wildest fetish and swinger clubs was reopening after being closed for renovations over the past few months. Tonight was their St. Valentine's party – Réouverture Officielle. We had been toying with the idea of going to one of these private clubs for a while now but had hesitated. It was uncharted waters for us. But as luck would have it, the evening fell into place after a conversation I had with an old friend. Chris knew that scene well and suggested we make a full night of it. He would cook dinner for us and afterwards we would all venture out to the club. We pulled up to the house a little late (and a tad moist) to be greeted at the door with a boisterous welcome of warm hugs. Chris and I had been childhood sweethearts and then lovers in our late teens. He was the boy next door, a friend that was always up for traveling down the unbeaten path, and, most importantly, my first French kiss. After elementary school, he had been sent away for private schooling, limiting our time together to the weekends. Most girls looked upon him as an untouchable – quarterback of the football team, Olympic-calibre downhill skier and the rebel in our gang who loved The Stones over that band from Liverpool. He was gorgeous, funny and far too smart for me but somehow I faked it and kept him entertained over the years. It was one of those friendships that worked its way into our blood – a friendship that was making us both an integral part of our inevitable journey from kids to grownups. As usual, he kissed me on the lips just a little too long, but that was just us. "Hey, you guys look like you're going uptown tonight!" We laughed as Chris checked us out, truly happy we were all together. There was an excitement in the air with the anticipation of what might be and it looked like we were all up for it – whatever it was! "Now that's-a

spaghetti saouuce-a just-a like-a my mamma use-a ta make-a!" The aroma from the kitchen hit us at the front door like a ton of bricks – simmering onions, tomatoes, basil, and a hint of oregano. Chris and I rolled our eyes at my hubby's comical attempt at an accent. Even with his thick Mediterranean blood he couldn't pass himself off as Italian. "Let's hope it's better than your accent there, Giovanni, " Chris said lightheartedly, pulling Richard into a bear hug. I stood back watching the warmth they shared. It's the best you can ever hope for – that the people you adore are appreciated just as much by your mate. What a relief that Richard enjoyed one of my most favourite people on this planet as much as I did – well, maybe not quite as much. The first bottle of wine was opened and I offered a toast in honour of Chris's latest acquisition. "To your new house, old friends and the adventures that await us!" It had taken a while to coordinate our hectic schedules, but there we were, finally celebrating an evening together in his new home. Once the toasting was over, and a few bad jokes had been shared by the guys, I settled into Chris's extensive vinyl and CD collection that was second to none. "Man, that smells good!" said Richard, taking a deep, savouring breath. They followed their noses into the kitchen to check on dinner – our host never suspecting he was acquiring a rather bossy sous chef whether he liked it or not. One of Richard's loves in life is food, so he was happy to keep the cook company as dinner slowly made its way to the dining room table. Dinner talk was filled with innuendos of what we were in for at the club that night. I drilled Chris with questions and scenarios, slowly having my mind put at ease. Nothing like the fear factor to keep you on edge! He made it clear that 'women rule' and nothing would happen that I didn't wish for, let alone instigate. My mind spun out, imagining the club – its seductive lighting, pelvic-grinding music – smiles full of invitation and bodies craving to be touched. Just as our pasta plates were being cleared away, I felt a hand on my leg. I gave Richard a naughty smile and parted my legs, inviting his fingers to find my naked heat. In one smooth glide, two of them pushed deep inside me – making me gasp with surprise. "Hey! What's going on under the table?" Chris had walked in on us and broke into what seemed like a hopeful smile. "Nothing like dessert á la Jenn, " answered Richard. "But whatever is in that bowl you're carrying sure looks good too!" He slid his fingers deep inside me one last time while eyeing the chocolate mousse Chris had placed on the table. I snapped my legs shut not knowing if I should be embarrassed or just think of this as a preliminary warm up to tonight's entertainment. Exhibitionism was not something I was comfortable with. But Chris's appreciative smile put me at ease, bringing me back to a scene of a young woman and her lover who were being watched in a shower a long time ago. My high school boyfriend and I had ended up at a wild pool party – the typical scenario of parents out of town and countless teenagers ready for a good time. As the hot, summer night wore on, my date suggested we escape to a place with a little more privacy – our refuge became the shower. In our haste to get naked and surrender to our bodies needing to touch, we had left the bathroom door unlocked. I remember hearing the door open and shut and the shower curtain slowly being drawn. Chris stood in front of us – our voyeur - watching us make love under the gentle stream of water. "Let's move into the living room for dessert, " Chris said, handing us each a plate of chocolate goo buried in a cloud of cream. Richard and I settled onto a big, leather couch while our host loaded up the CD player with Macy Gray. Another bottle of vino was uncorked and our

glasses were once again filled. "Geeez! We'll never get to the club at this rate, " I protested. Richard nuzzled up to my ear and whispered, "Maybe all the entertainment you need is right here, my dear Jenn." He leaned closer and kissed my neck. Even after 10 years of marriage I never tired of his slow, sensuous touch. His full lips covered mine, provoking my tongue to slide deeply inside his mouth - our kisses always as hot as the first. Chris had seated himself across the room from us and watched as my husband's hands began to wander. Was it the combination of Richard finger fucking me in the car and then again at the dinner table or was it my delicious thoughts of our erotic evening to come at the club? Whatever the reason, we were both aroused, giddy from the wine, and very much into allowing Chris to look on as we indulged in our passion. The top I had chosen to wear that night was slinky and shamelessly low cut. With very little coaxing, Richard worked it down far enough to expose my milky white breasts. I wanted Chris to watch and was getting off on displaying my breasts for him. Richard's hands ran over my nipples and gently tugged at them – causing my first soft moan of the evening to escape. With heavy-lidded eyes from the work of Richard's knowing fingers, mine met Chris's and conveyed a silent invitation. He got up and knelt on the floor in front of me, so close, I could feel the heat from his breath. There was that smile again, transporting me back to another time – the night of my first French kiss. The room was dimly lit and Simon and Garfunkel's Sound of Silence set the intimate backdrop for the party. About a dozen 13-year olds huddled in the protection of the basement shadows for one of our Friday night 'get-togethers'. Everyone had paired off with this week's crush with hopeful intent. Some were kissing, others slow-dancing, pressing their young bodies into each other – innocently allowing velvet earth quakes to shimmer through their flesh. Chris and I were sitting in a corner not saying a word. I knew what was coming and my heart was beating like a marching drum. He moved so our faces were inches apart and stared into my eyes. The only thing I was conscious of was our lips being pulled together in slow motion. Once again, his smile made me lost in the moment. His tongue languidly ran over his bottom lip while he leaned into me, lightly pressing his mouth on mine. I'll never forget the taste of his skin. When his tongue slipped through my lips and into my open mouth I melted with a feeling of falling – falling deep, deep into a place I had not been before. Never had my body felt like this. The invasion of his tongue went straight to my pussy, attacking, tingling, lingering over every part of my body. His arms pulled me close and mine slid around his neck. I loved how his hands on my back pushed us into each other...searching for a oneness, a melding of bodies and souls. "Jenn, " Chris whispered, "Do you think we will ever get tired of kissing each other?" Our tongues were hot and wild – there was no coming up for air now. Who the hell needed air? We were drowning in our first sensual kiss. My mind snapped back to the living room to Chris's questioning eyes, now 30 years older. He would always be that boy to me, the possessor and keeper of my first kiss. Not waiting for an answer, his mouth covered a nipple – sucking - pulling on it gently with his teeth. I had forgotten what another man's touch could feel like. Cupping my breasts, I watched both my lovers tease and suckle my nipples - each lick igniting a gentle pulse between my thighs. Richard stood up and pulled his cock out from his pants. It was hard and huge as he stroked it. With one knee placed on the arm of the couch, he leaned forward feeding his gorgeous cock to my mouth, watching Chris gather both of my full breasts in his hands, and

devouring them roughly. I can't say I've seen any other cock that rivaled my husband's. It's a little thicker than most and, rather conveniently, always seems to be hard. When he pulls back the dark-coloured foreskin, a large, rounded head slides out – one that loves to slowly push its way into my wanton pussy. Every time I see his cock I get an uncontrollable urge to suck it. This evening was no exception. I welcomed its touch as he ran it over my lips. My tongue swirled round and round the head, while my fingers pulled gently at his massive balls. I felt his hand go to the back of my head. This was his way of telling me whatever I was doing felt hot and delicious, and for god's sake – don't stop! The sound of Chris's zipper opening caught my attention. "Do you think you can suck both of us at the same time Jenn?" I looked at Richard for a sign - any sign. After all, it was his cock that was going to be sliding in and out of my mouth, rubbing against another. This was something we had never discussed. I took his silence as a yes and reached for Chris's cock. My right hand continued to play with Richard's throbbing shaft while my mouth gravitated to the new play toy. Tongue and lips had a new mission. Incredible as it seemed, somehow, over the years, I had forgotten how large Chris's cock was. The tip of my tongue slowly licked around the head, trying to burrow deep inside its tiny hole. It didn't take long before the essence of precum registered on my taste buds – only encouraging my mouth to greedily slide down further. I looked up into Richard's eyes loving that he was watching me suck another man's cock. His hands went back to my hair, sending me the message I knew all too well. It was time to try out Chris's double sucking request. I switched my attention back to hubby's cock and slid it between my lips. After a few delicious licks I guided Chris's into my mouth – letting it touch its warm, fleshy neighbour. My fingers held both in position so I could pump them gently, while my tongue danced wildly over the two heads. What's that saying... "cock heaven?" My mouth was being fucked by two beautiful cocks – double penetration took on a completely different meaning. With a deep moan, Chris pulled his cock out of my mouth and sprawled over the big cushy couch. He repositioned me so I was on all fours, straddling him - me looking at his enticing cock and his tongue just inches away from my pussy. Richard's hands ran up my thighs and pushed my skirt over my hips, offering me to Chris. Without hesitation, his tongue slid along my swollen lips, nudging them apart just a little more with each sensual lick. My body resonated, quivering with every stroke. I spread my legs, lowering myself, accepting his mouth's attentiveness to satisfy my aching need. I'm not sure whose fingers slid up into my pussy at that point. With short, slow pulses they pushed inside just enough to glide over that spot that makes me growl low and deep. My hips froze in position, letting my two lovers set their own rhythm, driving me wild with their touch. My breasts dangled heavily, swaying slightly, as Chris circled the outer ring of my soft, puffy nipples with his fingertips. Just a single touch caused an instant response. My nipples grew long and hard and the areolas, just moments ago so soft and smooth, now had become bumpy and a deep shade of pink. The palm of his hands ran over the tips, awakening every nerve ending. I moaned with each exhalation and sank into a luscious quiver that pulsed through my body. This wet and willing playground wanted more. Richard withdrew his fingers from my pussy and replaced them with just the head of his cock. He knew so well what I craved. His hands spread my cheeks and ran a finger down the crack of my ass, making my back arch, daring him to fill me. "You want it don't you, Jenn?" he

whispered as he toyed with me. He knew how much I loved to feel that thick cock of his slide deep inside me. I wiggled my ass, pushing back into him but his hands held me firm and strong. "Oh Richard you tease. Tell me you can resist this..." My pussy muscles squeezed the head of his cock, enticing it to surrender to the wetness. He hissed through a smile, "Devil woman, " and continued his gentle thrusts. Chris's tongue-attack on my clit was now an assault of fast, hard flicks. I could feel the swelling, a build up, as the fire spread – my body silently screaming for release. His mouth covered the hood as his tongue ran up the slit, almost sucking the orgasm from my engorged clit. A distraction was necessary. My mouth found his cock – I needed something to please. With just the tip, I used my tongue like a paint brush, back and forth, slowly sliding up the length of his shaft. My teeth scraped along the mushroom-shaped head – gently – over and over again, his body jerking with each new turn. I watched in utter amazement as his cock grew, trying to remember what it had felt like inside me so long ago when we were in our late teens. Too many years had gone by since we had been lovers. The details were vague, leaving flashes of warm, luscious memories to tempt me. My mouth satisfied its craving by sliding his cock deep inside, pumping up and down quickly, lips soft, but tight. He moaned. Ah, yes, I had found what he liked. Richard, knowing how aroused I was, pushed his cock in deep with one fast thrust. His hands held my hips – not allowing any movement – savouring that electrifying moment of cock owning pussy. Pulling out, he quickly slid back in again, pumping just a little so the tip demanded my g-spot to flood my body with a fiery desire. As if wired solely for pleasure, my hips pushed into Richard's body – slowly – so selfishly. Like thick, hot, chocolate fudge dripping down a mountain of whipped cream, a heat flowed through my body, starting from my animal core and spreading right down to my toes. My attention went to Chris as my mouth became another pussy. I let him use it - fuck it - watching his body rise up demanding penetration, needing to fill a soft, warm place. His hands slid up my back, fingers spreading, wrapping them in my hair. He drew in a long, deep breath as my mouth took in the full, throbbing length of his straining cock. With fast, hard thrusts, his body now writhed, the pulsing of his cock controlling his world. My mouth devoured it - lips squeezing hard - tongue swirling like a snake. With every upward movement, I pulled firmly on his cock, milking him – he groaned loudly into my pussy and exploded, streams of hot cum hitting the back of my throat. Now, his hands disappeared from my hair with a new destination and slid over my nipples, down past my belly. His teasing tongue was joined by two fingers, arousing my clit, gliding faster and faster over its hard tip. My moans only encouraged Richard. His hands wrapped around my waist and drew my body into him, hard - with urgency. Throwing back my head, I rose up now kneeling – my back almost against his chest. Our bodies connected, passion flowing like an electric current. My back arched as his cock pounded into me. His hands held my breasts possessively, crushing them against my chest, pulling my body back into his. This was deep, delicious power fucking. Chris's fingers spread my crimson, glistening lips. I felt open, vulnerable – my body a play toy for my two lovers. With a wave of submission my body surrendered to cock and tongue, washed in swells of bliss. As my pussy responded to the orgasm, it squeezed Richard's cock - swallowing him, demanding he go to this place with me. His fingers dug deeply into the silky fullness of my breasts as he thrust his body into mine, burying his cock, flooding me with his lust. Our combined love fluids

dripped down onto Chris's face. His hot, eager tongue once again lapping my hot pussy and tasting Richard's cock and balls. All three of us were lost in our own little heaven. Our bodies quivering, floating – riding gentle waves – reacting to the slightest sensual movement. Richard's hands slid around my breasts, drawing me into him, my body relaxed against his. I let my head fall onto his shoulder, drinking in his delicate kisses along my neck. With what I hoped was a serious, yet sultry look on my face, I turned to them and said, "So...when are we leaving for the club?" Richard laughed and said, "My wife, the insatiable." Chris had slipped out from under me and was once again sitting on the couch across the room from us. He rolled his eyes at my suggestion and tossed a few pillows in our direction. "The night is still young – let's do it!" he said, searching the floor for his pants. I couldn't believe we were actually going to do this! But then again, the evening's play had our bodies tingling and primed. We got cleaned up and soon made our way out the door, excited like kids going to a candy shop. As we stepped outside, Chris put his arms around me. Somehow, I knew what was coming next. He moved so our faces were inches apart and stared into my eyes. The only thing I was conscious of was our lips being pulled together in slow motion. Somehow this all seemed so familiar. The invasion of his tongue went straight to my pussy, attacking, remembering, lingering. His arms pulled me into him while mine slid around his neck - his hands on my back pushing us into each other...searching for that oneness, a melding of bodies and souls that would last forever.