

And then there were 3 ...

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You wanted to add spice to your marriage ... here I am

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* This is purely a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual events is completely in my dreams... * We met on line. I was lonely, bored, and looking for a little adventure. I'd been single for much too long, and needed release. You were married, but things had gotten stale. You still loved your husband, but things had gotten boring over the course of your marriage. Your husband had often talked about inviting another woman into your relationship. You pretended to be hesitant, but secretly, the thought excited you. You had never been with another woman, but had become curious. So together with your husband, you wrote and placed an add on line, in the "intimate encounters" section of a popular dating site. I took some extra care with my appearance the day we agree to meet. I look good for my age, 42. I carry a few extra pounds but I enjoy life, what can I say. I am 5'7" and about 175 lbs; shoulder length dark blonde hair just starting to show hints of grey. While men always tell me my eyes and smile are my best features, they are usually staring at my 36 DD breasts when they say it. You are a cute little thing, short dark hair in a pixie cut, a little shorter than me at 5'5", and about 130 lbs. Big dark eyes and full lips add to your slightly impish appearance, along with your quick smile once you start to relax. Your husband is imposing in contrast; 6'2", a solid 210 lbs; well muscled but with just enough extra weight to be real. His dark hair contrasts with his ice blue eyes, which stare right into mine and read my soul. We arranged to meet in a coffee shop near your house. I don't play in my own town, so I came to you. I enter, and I recognize you immediately from the photos we had exchanged. We smile nervously; this is new to all of us. I get myself a tea, and walk over to your table. We stare at each other for a few moments, the sexual tension like electricity between us; we all know why we are there. We sit and chat, relaxing, opening up, and discovering we have more in common; our sense of humour, our basic values, our interests and ideas. This first meeting was supposed to be just a "get to know each other" coffee, but impulsively your husband, with an apprehensive glance at you, suggests we go back to your condo and continue the conversation there, where we can talk without worry of being overheard. We look at each other slightly nervously, but then all start to grin. I follow you back to your condo, and park. I follow you into the building and up to your place; relaxed again, anyone who overheard us would assume we are new friends just hanging out. Your husband opens the door and allows us both to enter first; the click of the door shutting and

the lock being snapped home is the sound of reality setting in. We are alone now, just the 3 of us. We move to the living room, still relaxed and talking, but flirting a bit more, joking and throwing double entendres into the conversation. You and I sit next to each other on your over sized sofa, while your husband takes a chair across from us. When he sits he needs to adjust himself because he is starting to get hard thinking about what is to come; we both notice it, and it is like a starters pistol for us. We look into each others eyes, and like a magnet our lips are drawn together. I honestly can't say who initiated it; we come together like we are sharing a mind. Your hands go to my waist, and I have one hand on your neck, but the other finds its way to your beautiful breast. I can feel your hard nipple through your shirt and bra, begging to be touched. You husband draws his breath in sharply, and the sound drives both of us forward. Our mouths ravage each other, releasing the desires that have been building for so long. Your need pushes me, and I break our kiss for a moment to pull your shirt off over your head; you are wearing a red lace demi bra that pushes your beautiful B cup breasts towards me like they are reaching out. I lower my mouth to your breast, my hand on the other, and suckle lightly though the edge of the lace. I feel you tip your head back, as you enjoy the feeling of a mouth that is not your husband's for the first time since you married him. Your hands are on the back of my head; holding me close, unsure of your next move. I am finding I like this position of dominance over you; being the one on the lead, the one who is guiding this. I get more aggressive, using my teeth on your nipples, enjoying the sharp intake of your breath, and the increased pressure you put on my head. I alternate between your breasts with my mouth, tasting, sucking and biting one and then the other, while my hands continue to tease the one my mouth has just left. I suddenly leave you and pull back, staring into your eyes for a moment; and seeing nothing but lust in your eyes, I smile. I sit back on the sofa and slowly pull my shirt off; then stand and remove my jeans as well. I am in a black lace bra and matching lace boyshort panties. You stare at me, waiting, hoping, as I reach down and slowly undo the buttons of your pants. Never breaking eye contact, you raise your hips for me so I can slide your pants off, revealing your red lace thong ... and the wet spot that confirms how much you are enjoying this. I come back onto you, like a lover this time, not the wild animal I was; we share a slow, sensuous kiss as I stoke my hands over your sides, over your breasts, and tug lightly as the sides of your thong. Your hands caress my back, and down to my ass, sliding the tips of your fingers under the edge of the lace, but not quite daring to go farther. I lower myself down your body, kissing and gently sucking at the breasts that I was biting just before. I pull you up enough that I can undo your bra and remove it; I now have free access to your breasts and continue to suck, lick, and caress them. You become braver, and undo my bra as well, setting my tits free. I help you take it off me, but never completely loose contact with your breasts. We hear a low moan from the chair, and briefly return to reality – we had forgotten your husband was even there. We look over at him; he has his cock out of his pants and is rubbing himself, fixated on the scene playing out in front of him. We give him matching evil grins, and then return to each other. Your hands are on my breasts now, pinching my nipples, and I slide back up your body and feed one of them into your mouth. You learn well, and start sucking strongly on my tit, biting and using your teeth like I did to you. I slide one hand through your hair, and then shift a bit and stroke one finger along your soaking panties, then repeat using just

my finger nail. I feel you raise your hips ever so slightly, and moan against my breast. I keep strumming just my nails against the outside of your panties, over your lips and your clit. I pull my breast from your lips, and you look lost. I smile at you, kiss you passionately, and hook my hands in the top of your thong pulling it from you. I stand then and remove my lace boyshorts as well; revealing my pussy, freshly waxed for our meeting. We are both now completely naked. We are vaguely aware of your husband still stroking his cock, but he is just a detail to us at this point. Smiling at you, I pull you so you are completely reclined on the sofa, and move my face down to your nicely trimmed pussy. I kiss gently on your lips, and then dart my tongue inside you, flicking at your clit and the edge of your hole, to eager to go slowly. I lick and flick your clit, alternating between the wide flat of my tongue and the pointy tip, and look up. Your head is arched back; the naughtiness of what we are doing plus the feelings are overwhelming you. I move up a little bit, kissing gently across your belly. You raise your head and open your eyes, looking at me, in time to see me finally realize one of my own dreams. I take my breast in my hand; you see that my nipple is erect and stiff from our play. I lean in towards you, and start rubbing my sensitive nipple against your clit, down between your lips, teasing around the edge of your hole, and then back up to your clit. I push my tit hard against your pussy, flicking my hard nipple back and forth over your clit. Your eyes are fixed on what you see, your breath coming ragged now. I alternate and feed my other breast into your pussy, my other nipple fucking against your little clit. My breasts are now coated with your pussy juice, and I can't wait for my own release any longer. I grab your right leg and pull it up along my body, wrapping my left arm around your leg, and place my right leg across your belly and onto the back of the sofa, lining our pussies up. I reach down and spread my pussy lips, and using the grip I have on your body, I pull my pussy tight against yours. I reach out my right hand, and you grab it, so we can pull against each other, increasing the wonderful pressure we are feeling. We both start to move our hips, fucking each other with our clits, sliding in each others pussy juices. Your husband has taken off all his clothes now and had joined us, mesmerized by my tits covered in your juice, and is licking and sucking on them like a starving man. You and I are both so worked up we don't last long, and gasping and moaning we both cum with powerful orgasms. I fall back against the sofa; still cradling your leg, and we are still holding hands. Our pussies are still pushed up against each other, and we can feel the little aftershocks of a powerful orgasm coursing through each other. Your poor husband has been so patient, keeping himself from cumming while he watched our performance, but he takes the opportunity presented to him now. He plunges his cock between us, in the tight, wet hole formed by our pussies locked together. His thick cock stimulates our sensitive clits, and he thrusts himself in and out. We both manage a second small orgasm as we feel him shoot his load between us, adding to the wet mess our pussies are. He collapses to his knees in front of the sofa, and lays his head on your belly, looking at you full of love. You reach down and caress his hair, a soft smile on your lips. You look up and your eyes lock with mine, and we share a smile as well, as you say "We must do this again some time ..." (My first offering; comments and advice are welcomed)