

Old Friend

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What happens when an old Army buddy stops by.

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Greg was an old army buddy of mine and he was in town for only a few days. He'd moved to Arizona right after retirement while I'd went home to Ohio . We were catching up and telling war stories and drinking and smoking a little herb and generally just acting silly. He'd never met my new wife and they were telling each other stories and telling stories on me as well. We finally wound up in the living room, Greg and Helen sprawled on the couch while I had my usual easy chair.

"Remember that time we went to that nude beach?" asked Greg.

"Yeah, and I remember how bad we got sunburned because we laid on our stomachs all day," I laughed.

"I've never been to a nude beach," said Helen. "I don't know if I could."

"Why not?" Greg asked.

"Because I'm not pretty enough," she sighed.

“Oh, bullshit,” I said, “you’d be the prettiest woman there.”

“You’re my husband and you’ve got to say that,” she pouted.

“You really are,” said Greg, “and I don’t have to say it.”

“No, I’m too fat, this skirt just hides it well.”

“Stand up,” I told her. “Greg and I will be the judges.”

Helen stood up and slowly turned all around in front of us. I told her to turn away from us and bend over we wanted to look at her butt. She laughed as she did just as I’d suggested and Greg gave her a 9 while I gave her an 8. She turned back to me and asked why I only gave her an eight. I told her I would have given her higher marks if I’d gotten a better look, it was kind of dark in here after all. Helen smiled and turned back around and this time she lifted the hem of her skirt while she bent over.

Greg whistled and I told her she was up to a 9. “Want to go for a ten?”

She didn’t say anything, instead she lifted the hem and swayed her hips as she gave us both an excellent view of her beautiful little ass. When we had both complimented her and with a perfect ten from each of us, she blushed and quickly sat down.

I got up and turned on the radio and found a slow rock station, then asked Greg if he enjoyed watching my wife.

“Oh, yeah,” he sighed as he turned to Helen. “You really turn me on!”

My wife just smiled and as she got up, she flipped up her skirt again to give us another peek at her firm buttocks. I asked her to get us another beer while she was in the kitchen fixing her a drink. We finished our beers just as Helen brought us another round. When a slow song came on the radio, I took Helen’s hand and helped her to her feet and we slowly danced across the living room. When I had her back to Greg, I slipped my hands down and grabbed her ass and when she slapped at my hands, I lifted the hem of her skirt almost to her waist. We finished the dance in the same way, me trying to lift her skirt and Helen trying to stop me. We broke apart laughing and sat back down and finished our drinks. Helen surprised me by turning to Greg and asking him to dance with her, as it was only fair after all. He quickly agreed and helped her to her feet and into his arms.

I noticed Greg had an erection when they finally broke apart and sat back down, but I pretended not to notice. When my wife went to fix us another round of drinks, he tried to stammer an apology for getting a boner when he was dancing with Helen, but I cut him off and assured him I wasn’t upset in the least. In fact I was happy he found her beautiful and sexy, so I asked him if he’d ever had a threesome.

“I’ve been with two women at the same time, but never with another guy and a girl.”

“Oh, I was just wondering as that’s her fantasy, being with two guys at the same time.”

“I didn’t say I wouldn’t ever be with another man and a woman, just that I never have,” he chuckled.

“I’d love to fuck your wife.”

“All we have to do is talk her into it, because it is up to her after all.”

“Absolutely,” he agreed, and we changed the subject when Helen returned with our drinks.

She sat down on the couch next to Greg and we continued to talk until another slow song came on the radio. Greg jumped up and grabbed Helen’s hand, pulling her to her feet and he asked her to dance because this was his favorite song of all time. She quickly agreed and I settled back to watch the show.

Greg didn’t waste much time, he dropped his hands down and grabbed her firm ass within a few seconds. Helen laughed and pulled them back up to her waist, but when he dropped his hands back down, slower this time, and gently squeezed her ass she didn’t do anything but dance closer to him. This time when the dance was over, he didn’t make any attempt to hide his erection. When he led Helen back to the couch, he lingered in front of her to show off his huge bulge as he took a drink from his beer. I caught my wife staring at his crotch, after all it was only inches from her face and impossible to ignore.

I managed to get two of the next several dances, and when Greg finally excused himself to unload some of that beer, I grabbed Helen and pulled her into my lap.

“Kiss me quick,” I whispered, “before Greg gets back.”

She smiled and gave me a quick kiss, then I asked her if she wanted to ask Greg to join us in the

bedroom and she gave me a shy smile and asked me if that's what I really wanted and I told her it was entirely up to her but I would love to watch her suck another man off. She didn't say anything, but she kissed me again and I caught her hair and tangled my fingers into her dark strands. I continued to kiss her until she melted in my arms and then slipped my hand up her thigh and under her skirt. She jumped when I touched her pussy, but she was too horny to make me stop and I quickly found her clit. Her tiny pussy was so wet, my finger slipped right into her tender folds as I rubbed her clit with my thumb. She was moaning so loud, that I didn't think she heard the bathroom door open, but she either heard that or the light switch clicking off because she quickly untangled herself and was smoothing her skirt when Greg got back to the room.

He laughed and told us not to stop on his account, and when Helen tried to tell him we weren't doing anything, he told her she was fibbing and that wasn't nice. Then he told her it was okay with him if she was afraid to kiss her own husband in front of company. My wife bristled a little at this remark and she reacted just like I knew she would. She jumped back into my lap and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me long and hard.

When we finally broke apart, she looked over at Greg and asked him if he wanted a kiss too, which he quickly agreed to and she quickly leaned over and gave him a little peck on the lips. Greg tried to grab her, but she skipped away and told us she had to excuse herself for a minute, but she'd be right back.

I was beginning to wonder what had happened to her when she finally returned and I knew what had taken her so long. Helen was wearing some see-thru little teddy with stockings, garter belt, thong panties and a lacy pair of gloves. To top it off, she'd put on make-up and combed her dark hair out to cascade it down over her shoulders and accent her pale breasts.

She slowly paraded around the living room, making quite a show of gathering up her cigarettes and drink then she turned and wiggled over to straddle my legs and kiss me full on the mouth. She rubbed against me for a few seconds, then slipped from my lap and gave me a wink as she turned her attention to Greg.

She eased into his lap and hesitantly kissed him as she slipped her arms around his neck. The next kiss was longer and on the third one, my wife started to wiggle her hips and grind against him until he grabbed her ass and pulled her tight. With a sigh, she laughed and managed to get to her feet.

“Let’s get you out of those jeans, all that strain must be uncomfortable.”

It didn’t take Greg any time to kick his shoes and jeans under the couch while Helen helped pull his shirt over his head. Then she pushed him back against the cushions and dropped to her knees between his legs. Greg’s cock wasn’t as long as mine, but it was certainly bigger around. It looked like my wife was holding a can of soda as she slowly stroked his hard cock.

Helen started teasing him by gently flicking her tongue over the head with a quick swipe all the way around every now and again. Suddenly, she bobbed her head and took the entire head in her mouth, making Greg gasp and she went back to just licking the tip with little circles. She alternated this treatment for several minutes until Greg was moaning and trying to guide her head down onto his throbbing cock. Finally she relented and took the head in her mouth and slowly forced more and more of his thick cock into her mouth and down her throat.

She managed to get almost half of his shaft down her throat before she started stroking him as she just bobbed her head and sucked a little harder. With a moan, Greg grabbed a handful of her hair and I watched as he shot a huge load into my wife’s greedy mouth. She didn’t ease up when he came either and she even managed to force another inch or two of his cock down her throat as she milked him dry but she finally allowed his half-hard cock to escape, licked her lips and smiled.

“Now it’s my turn,” she purred as she slipped off her panties. “I’ll see you two in the bedroom!”

“I’ll be there in a minute,” sighed Greg as he smiled weakly. “I’ve never had a blow-job like that before!”

My wife positively beamed at this compliment and it was no wonder she almost dragged me to our bedroom, ripped my clothes off, pushed me back on the bed and climbed on top. She was so wet, she took every inch of my rock-hard cock and with a moan she rocked back and forth, grinding her clit hard against my hips. I felt her pussy get wetter than I’d ever felt it before and she bit her lip as she started to cum. With a gasp, she suddenly dropped over top of me, pulled her knees up under her and eased off me.

I kissed her and felt her jump when Greg stepped up behind her and ran his hand over the cheek of her ass, but when he slipped a finger inside her pussy, she moaned and wiggled back against his hand. She pushed back until she was just at the edge of the bed and as she took my cock in her mouth, Greg was guiding his cock between her legs.

When his cock first touched her pussy, I felt Helen tense up a little bit and when he finally entered her, I knew because she almost swallowed my entire ten inches. We finally managed to find a rhythm and Helen quickly came on Greg’s huge shaft as he held her hips and pounded into her tight pussy. I quickly untangled myself and allowed them to roll over on to the bed and Greg ended up on top of my wife, his cock still buried in her trembling cunt.

He raised up on his hands and started fucking her in long, steady strokes, almost taking his cock all the way out of her. When Helen started moaning and he’d shortened his strokes, I knew they were almost ready to explode. Within seconds, I was proven right by a huge grunt from Greg and a yell from my wife as they tangled themselves in a knot.

When Greg finally rolled over, I quickly took his place and rammed my cock into my wife’s dripping cunt. I don’t know if it actually felt weird to have my cock in there knowing it had just been filled by

another man, but it certainly was weird to think about it. I just know I didn't last three strokes before I added my juices to theirs!

After we had all calmed down and each had a cigarette going, my wife sighed and said that was wonderful and that we had to go grocery shopping tomorrow because we now had to feed three people for the week.