

# Real Life

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Published on Lush Stories on 28 Sep 2011

*Part Fact, Part Fiction...Guess With Part*

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“Would you like to see me with another woman? I would do that for you. Think about it.” That was the question and the statement that followed. You actually said that. We both know how bad my memory is as well as my ability to recollect, but that comment I remember well. It makes the mind reel. The first purely male thought is: “Yes, of course, how about in 10 minutes?” However, there is a more real, tangible side to the notion. Where does fantasy end and real life begin and can the two peacefully coexist. So, I did think about it and continue to do so. The thought of watching my incredibly sexy wife with another woman defies description, let alone that my wife loves me enough and is concerned with my happiness to such a degree that she would make such an offer is nothing short of stunning. I have of course thought about it before, but in the same way a notion passes through the mind like, “I wish I had a cookie”.....but when proposed as a reality, well, that raises questions. And what of the aftermath? What are the consequences? Is it just sex? Acting? Friendship? Fun? Experimentation? All of the above? None of the above? Is she someone we get to know or simply a prop? Would she be a friend of yours or a stranger? What kind of person is she? What kind of woman would my wife select to be intimate with? Would I like her? Would it matter? It’s really a hard thing to wrap your head around How would something like that even work? What would it be like? Thinking about all the possibilities is in itself a terrifically erotic experience, even removing the sexual aspect. What a thing to witness, how would that happen? What are the rules? Are there rules? What would it look like in my mind? I could think of a few situations. like this one: So, you and I go to out to dinner , a place of your choosing, kind of mid-sized, dark, booths, French, of course. You look stunning, as usual, the long hair and legs attracting the attention of the other diners both male and female as we’re seated...for us, all pretty normal stuff. Your dress was almost backless and collared, slit in the skirt, it was no more fabulous than the person it adorned. We order drinks and talk about our normal goings on. Not too long after we settle in a woman approaches the table. You introduce her as Kristen, someone you knew from Tarot readings in the Bay Area and invited her to join us....always one step behind, all I could think of was, “Why is she letting this woman intrude on our dinner?” She seemed to be a professional woman, one could see she took care of herself physically. She was quite attractive appeared to be in her late 30’s or 40’s, I’m not really good at guessing age. She made a good impression. “I invited Kristen to have dinner with us. She’s in town for a show and I thought it would

be nice to see her again.” The whole innuendo thing sailed over my head without as much as a second thought. Again, not too unusual. You and she talked about art and Tarot. She asked how long we had been married and she mentioned that she had been separated from her husband the previous year. You asked why and she went on to say that they had been married just out of school and grew apart emotionally as well as physically. She said that in the last years of her marriage, they had become estranged, leaving her feeling very lonely. While she had more of an adventurous side, he was very complacent. She said that there were places she wanted to travel and things she wished to experience that he just wasn’t interested in. Still, none of this was registering with me. I just kept waiting for the server to take our dinner orders, and when he did you and Kristen both ordered Cosmos. We talked about what we were doing, the web sites, you’re getting back into art and modeling. You mentioned your previous modeling career and that you had been a centerfold She said that was something that she would like to have done but that being married right out of school really limited both of them in many ways and that now she felt less inhibited to go new places and try new things. I’m still lost, not really appreciating where this is going. At this point you admitted that you had spoken Kristen a few days prior and asked her if she might like to spend a little “special time” with us. You found her attractive and she felt the same and was very open to the idea I was totally unprepared for that. You suggested that after dinner we should show Kristen our little house. She thought that was a great idea and I have never eaten faster in my life. The topic of conversation took on a different tone. Kristen explained that while not gay, she had such an admiration for the female form and had always wanted to be with another woman. She found herself incredibly attracted to you mentally and physically. At that point, I was pretty much ready to leave. I drove home very fast without as much as a word regarding what may or may not happen. My cock was threatening to break the zipper of my pants and I tried without much success to control my thoughts. We arrived home and you had Kristen sit on the couch and had me dim out all the lights and light a candle. Things seemed slightly awkward You rose to go put some music on and Kristen rose too, catching your hand as you went to leave the room. She was behind you and pulled your body against hers, one hand around your waist. She moved your beautiful hair aside, letting the curls wrap around her fingers and with just the tip of her tongue, tickled the back of your neck, licking behind your delicate ears, her other hand caressing your stomach. You leaned into her and covered her hand with yours, moving it down to the front of your dress, rubbing your smooth pubis You looked over to where I was sitting and you smiled when our eyes met. “Is this what you wanted to see, baby?” I could only nod. There I was, this beautifully erotic scene taking lace in front of me, somehow seeming very natural. It looked like art, moving sculpture, fluid and graceful. Like a great novel, I couldn’t wait to see what would happen next. You turned to face Kristen, sliding a leg between hers, letting her pussy rest on your thigh, while she delighted in the new areas of your neck available to her. The first kiss was patient, delicate. Lips do little more than brush together in languid sweeps. The second, lingering briefly, lips slightly parted, your tongue touched her lip as lightly as a breeze, while your hand toyed with the hem of her skirt. Kristen placed her hand behind your neck pulling you closer, her mouth open, seeking yours. Tongues touched, dancing in the dim light, entwining like serpents. Kristen moaned, breathing heavily. “I want to taste

you, Laine” “In time.” you replied and playfully took her lower lip between your teeth Kristen then kissed you passionately, moaning softly into your mouth. “Laine, you’re so sexy, so beautiful. I’m so thrilled you’ve chosen me.” You gently slid a hand into her blouse, cupping her breast in your hand. Kristen embraced you again, very visibly aroused, hungrily sucking on your tongue, lightly rubbing her labia on your thigh. She gasped as you found her nipple and rolled it between your fingers, still locked in embrace. Kristen was very aroused, her hands were exploring your body, her mouth on your neck and shoulders. One by one, you unbuttoned the front of her blouse causing her to shiver, her skin already addicted to your touch. You let her blouse fall open, the tops of her breasts rapidly rising and falling, erect nipples straining at the thin material of her bra. You tantalized them, teased them, with a feather light touch. She was very responsive and I could see that you enjoyed the control. “Oh God, I knew you’d know how to touch me. Lick my nipples, Liane, please, please, God that feels so good,” Kristen panted. I was riveted to the sight in front of me. My cock was so hard that it almost hurt and I wanted to grab, stroke it, but I didn’t dare, I was afraid to break the spell of what was taking place in front of me. I could feel the pre-cum oozing from the head, creating an ever growing wet spot on my pants. You were so beautiful, so confident, this woman belonged to you and wanted to. She was completely captivated, mind and body, melting with your kiss, quivering at your touch, you could play her like an instrument. It was to witness a composition, a physical symphony being written before my eyes and we were only at the overture. You placed her back onto the couch, her blouse open, her chest heaving. Again, you licked her nipples through her bra. Her skirt had gathered and she had spread her legs, revealing a very wet, thinly covered pussy. She wasted no time, teasing herself through the sheer material, your finger tips tracing trails up her inner thighs. Your hand replaced hers. Her back arched in total submission, a finger was effortlessly inserted, and withdrawn, glistening. You lightly licked the finger before offering it to her mouth. She accepted most willingly, sucking on it as though it were a small cock, all the while, moaning, whimpering. “I think we need to take this somewhere a little more comfortable.”, you suggested rising from the couch and grabbing Kristen’s hand. Kristen just looked at you lost in the delirium of ecstasy. “Honey, would you warm a little massage oil for us?”, you asked leading Kristen towards the bedroom. “I absolutely will, as quickly as humanly possible”, I was practically stuttering and having trouble getting out of the chair as I seemed to have temporarily lost all motor skills. “Be quick, I wouldn’t want you to miss anything.” you teased looking over your shoulder. As quickly as I could I retrieved the oil, warmed it and rushed to the bedroom without trying to make it seem like I was rushing to the bedroom. When I entered, Kristen was seated on the corner of the bed, with you standing over her. You reached behind your neck and unfastened the collar of your dress, letting it fall to the floor, leaving you standing in front of Kristen wearing only panties and stockings. Kristen visibly swooned and reached out for your hips pulling you closer, her tongue gently lashing out, licking your tummy. You ran your hands through her hair, lifting her so she stood once more, unzipping her skirt and letting it fall to the floor. Your hands caressed her face while your tongue spread her lips. She warmly accepted your mouth, moaning, as your hand softly rubbed her pubis, a fingers teasing the lips of her dripping pussy. Your finger slid into her panties, delicately parting her lips and brought it to her mouth, coating her lips with her velvety

resonant and kissed her again, sharing her flavor. "Oh Liane, you know just what I like. You make me feel so sexy." Kristen's breath quickened and her fingers found your erect nipples, moaning into your embrace, her pussy dripping onto the wooden floor, the rest of her cum leaving a shimmering trail down her thigh. I sat in the chair next to the bed, I wasn't even aware that my hand was in my pants, rubbing my enormously erect cock. The sight before me was electric. I slid my pants off as quickly as I could without creating too much of a disturbance. The cum was steadily oozing from the head, I used it to lubricate the shaft as I began to stroke the length of my ever growing cock. Never in my wildest dreams did I think such an experience would be mine. My mind reeled. My wife was doing this for me, that thought alone was enough to make me cum. You held her head and directed her mouth to your incredible nipples. I could see in silhouette how they delicately crowned your exquisite breasts. Kristen sat once again and took them into her mouth, treating them like the delicacy that they are. Your head fell back as her tongue serpented your sensitive buds. She kneaded them between her lips and lavished them with her tongue, her hands caressing your back. "Enjoying yourself, Baby?", you asked me slightly turning toward the chair. I had both hands on my cock, using one to stroke the shaft while the other teased the head. "Honey, you're so beautiful, it's like watching music.", I replied "That's some cock you have there. Mind if I have a taste?" you coyly asked. You turned away from Kristen, bent over my aching cock and slowly passed it over your lips into your mouth. The sensation was overwhelming as your head bobbed up and down on my straining cock. Kristen seized the opportunity, slid off her blouse, knelt down, placing her hands on your hips and pulled you to her mouth...definitely not a stupid girl. She tenderly licked at your panty covered pussy momentarily before pulling them aside, letting her flesh touch yours. She wasted no time and slid her tongue deep into your warm quim. You removed my cock briefly from your mouth, "Oh God....baby, she's eating my pussy. Her tongue is in me.....yesss, lick me.....lick me...." This was too much for me, my cock began to pound, gushing forth steam after stream of hot, sticky liquid. I was moaning uncontrollably, hips rising, forcing more and more of my cock into your mouth, my orgasm was unrelenting. Stream after stream burst forth coating your tongue, running over your lips You abruptly released me and turned to Kristen, taking her face in your hands. Your lips parted slightly and thin stream of white liquid drizzled over Kristen's lips. She opened her mouth, allowing your offering to coat her tongue, run over her lips and chin, down her neck in a pearlescent trail. You gently guided her back onto the bed, kissing her, cum coated tongues sharing the silky fluid. You opened her bra, tossing it aside, licking the droplets of cum that had trickled into her cleavage and offering them to her mouth in another erotic embrace. Kristen's hips gyrated on your thigh, your mouth trailing it's way to her breasts with feather light kisses. Red curls entwined Kristen's fingers as your mouth enveloped one nipple and then the other. Her back arched, finally getting the attention she craved, her head rolling back and forth on the bed. She was deliriously mumbling, "I want to taste you", over and over. You teased her nipples with your teeth, reaching for the oil on the night stand. Taking the oil, and drizzling it over her breasts and tummy, massaging it into her now glistening skin, spreading it onto her stomach, pubic mound and thighs. Kristen arched her back, attempting to guide your hand between her legs, but you continued to tease, avoiding the spot where she needed you most. You

came to rest on her, breasts together, massaging her body with yours, mingling the oil between you both, while sharing deep, passionate kisses, the sound of sweet moaning filling to bedroom. Trailing kisses again crossed her breasts, your tongue making a path down her belly, stopping at her mound, where you spread her thighs and blew gently on her erect clit. Kristen was being driven wild with the sensation, arching her back desperately trying to have your mouth touch her sex. Light kisses trailed the inside of her thigh causing her to gasp and spread her legs lewdly as you neared her pussy. The tip of your tongue parted her full lips easily. "Baby, get me a dildo for Kristen, would you please? The large pink one should do." "As quickly as I can.", I added hastily. I practically ran over to the box and threw everything onto the floor until I discovered what I was looking for." "Here, Honey", I put the bouncing pink monster into your hand, feeling light headed with excitement, I returned to my chair, cock in hand You took the cock and teased Kristen's opening, dipping the head into her sopping wet hole, lowered you head, red curls falling over her thighs like autumn leaves and touched your tongue to her clit. Slow circles enveloped her little bud as the dildo easily glided in. Kristen moaned in a low guttural way, her fingers pinching and caressing her nipples. Removing the dildo, you slid up to Kristen's face, placed it on her lips and two tongues fondled the wet pink dick. I was pumping my cock furiously, almost pulling it completely off at the sight taking place in front of me. You moved back down to her sex and inserted to dildo once more, your tongue dancing on her clit, your beautiful full lips massaging it as if between to pillows. "Oh, God, Laine.....fuck me...please...fuck my pussy. Your tongue is heaven, it's perfect." " I know it is, Baby.", you replied, "Is your pretty little pussy going to cum for me? Are you going to get my cock all wet? You've been such a good girl. How does my tongue feel?" Kristen was delirious, saying, "Laine...use me.....I'll do anything you want.....you're so perfect, so perfect." The talking was really insightful Kristen as well as me. I had to do something for myself quickly. Your ass was in the air swaying to and fro, your mouth and tongue tantalizing Kristen's pussy. I came behind you, my overly stiff cock leading the way, moved your thin panties aside, grabbed two handfuls of your hips, slid my cock into in a single stroke and began fucking you wildly. "Oh Baby, what took so long?....fuck me, fuck me.... that's right Baby, fuck my pussy." I pounded into you, my balls slapping against your clit with each stroke, filling you, riding you. I grabbed a handful of your beautiful hair, directing your mouth to Kristen's pussy but you needed no inspiration other than my cock. Your body began to tremble as my overly excited cock exploded inside your heavenly pussy, cum already squirting from you with each final stroke. I fell back into my chair and watched you climb up to Kristen's face, taking her hair into your hands, pulling her facing into your cum filled pussy. Her tongue parted your lips, the cream spilled thickly into her mouth and you pulled her to your clit. She greedily sucked and licked your clit while working the dildo in and out of herself. Your legs trembled again and a delicate rivulet of cum again coated Kristen's waiting lips and tongue. Hovering over her face, your orgasm washed over you in wave after wave. Kristen buried her face in you, savoring every drop as orgasms took her as well, her cries muffled as she pulled you pussy onto her mouth, her tongue in as deep as she could manage. After a few moments or hours, I couldn't tell which, you rolled off Kristen's face and lay next to her on the bed. She kissed you once more saying, "Laine...I was so nervous, but you made it really comfortable for me.....it was so great,

thank you so much for taking control. "Control?.....you just wait until next time."