

Wife and friend give two sailors a night to remember

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Wine helps me get to the truth.

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In Vino Veritas (Part 1). This is another true story of an episode that happened a while ago but just recently came to light. About five years ago a friend of my wife came back from Scotland to spend a week's holiday here at home with her family. She was married but had no kids. Anyway she had arranged to go out to a local club with my wife and that was fine. So on Sunday night she called to our house and we all had a couple of drinks before they left. I sat in as I had work the next day and didn't like going in hung over. They left around 9-ish saying they wouldn't be late. Anyway, around 12.30 I went on to bed. I knew the club closed around 11.30 so I expected my wife in soon. However, she didn't arrive in until about 1.30, and when she came in her dress and jacket were covered in those little green balls, you know the ones that stick onto you when you sometimes go through grass. I asked her what kept her and how come her clothes were in the state they were. She just started giggling and said they had taken a short cut as she was late. I asked her why she was so late and she said that she had to wait on her friend who was being chatted up by some guy. I asked her had she been chatted up and she said had been talking to his friend but she wasn't being chatted up, she was just passing time until her friend was ready to go. I said I didn't believe her and went on to bed a little bit pissed-off at her. About ten minutes later she got into bed and started groping my cock. Mad as I was at her it didn't stop my cock getting hard very quick. I turned and asked her if she had been fucked and she just started laughing and maintained she had been a good girl. She then went down on me and gave me one hell of a blowjob; she even sucked my balls for the first time. I shot a huge load of spunk into her mouth and held her on my cock to make her swallow (another thing she wasn't keen on), only this time she made no effort to move and sucked me dry, even licking my cock clean of every drop. I never even thought to put my hand into her panties to check if she had been fucked – well I did, but only the next day. I often questioned her on this night out but she still maintained she was innocent. So I still wasn't sure if she had been telling the truth; not until about 2 weeks ago anyway. In Vino Veritas (Part 2). We were sitting in this Saturday night. Having decided as it was a wet miserable night we might as well stay in and have a few drinks at home. We were on our second bottle of wine half-watching the telly and having a bit of a chit-chat. We got to talking about previous boyfriends/girlfriends and I was boasting (well I wasn't boasting I was telling the truth) about some of

my conquests – I had travelled around a good bit whereas my wife had lived at home all of her life – and I asked her how many boyfriends she had had. 'You'd be surprised', she replied. 'Doubt it', I answered. 'You've had a very sheltered life, having lived here all the time'. We then got to talking about her friend and I asked how she was doing these days as we never heard much from her. My wife said she had settled down now as she had a little boy, although she and her partner had split up. 'What happened they split', I asked. 'Well, it's a bit of a long story', she said as she filled her glass again. 'Well, take your tits out and tell me', I replied, trying to turn the night into something more interesting. 'You're tit mad', she giggled. 'You've great tits', I said, 'I bet all of your previous boyfriends had great fun with them'. 'They played with my tits and I played with their cocks so we were all happy', she laughed. We were both pretty drunk by now and she, as she always is when she's tipsy, was very talkative. 'So, tell me', I said, 'how many cocks have you felt since we've been together?' 'Not enough', she laughed, 'anyway, you are always on at me to let you watch somebody ride me again, so what's the big deal if I have had another cock?' 'I didn't say it was a big deal', I replied, 'as long as it's only a bit of fun there's no harm. I like it when you're a bit of a slut; it's a real turn on'. 'So if I sucked someone's cock you wouldn't be mad?' she asked. 'As long as it was a one-off and not an affair, no I wouldn't be mad', I said. 'What if I fucked somebody else then, would you be mad then?' 'Well, if you're going to fuck someone then I want to be there, I want to enjoy it too', I laughed. 'OK', I said, 'so who did you fuck then?' 'Didn't fuck anyone', she laughed back. 'You liar. Come on, tell me, I promise I won't be mad as long as it was just a one-night stand.' 'Like the one you had with that little tart you used to work with?' 'Hey, come on, it was a Christmas party and I was well pissed', I said. 'She was the office bike', my wife replied. 'Exactly, and I was well drunk, not even sure if I was able to get it up that night'. I opened another bottle of wine and poured us both two ample measures. Steering the conversation back to her (everybody likes talking about themselves, even more so when alcohol is involved) I again asked, 'Well, I know you've fucked somebody so tell me who it was'. She took a gulp of her wine and said, 'Remember, you said you wouldn't be mad'. 'I won't, I won't, I promise', I said, hoping to hear a nice horny story about her getting fucked. In *Vino Veritas* (Part 3). 'Well, remember the time when Ann came home from Scotland and we went out for a couple of drinks?' 'Yes, I knew it, I always thought you got fucked that night', I said in a stupidly triumphant way. 'I knew you had been up to something'. 'Well, you're wrong', she replied, 'I didn't fuck anybody'. 'So what happened then?' I asked, trying to figure out what might have gone on. 'Well, when we were in the club these two guys sat down beside us and starting trying to chat us up. We decided to play along and get them to buy our drinks. We didn't mind putting up with them for a while as long as the drinks were on them. Anyway, it turned out that they were two sailors out on the town for the night; they were sailing away the next day. They were good company, very funny and great dancers. They were loaded too, bought us drink all night – I was on Pernod and Ann was on Vodka and coke'. 'Fucking hell, Pernod, that's a leg opener', I interrupted. 'I drink Pernod, you know that', she replied, 'and I made sure I had plenty of lemonade in it, so it wasn't that strong. Well, anyway, when it came to closing time, Ann was well on and enjoying the attention this guy was giving her. So when they asked if they could leave us home she said okay. I didn't want to spoil her night so I went along as we did

have to get home. We took a short cut through the football field as it would save a bit of time. 'As we were about to come out of the field Ann and her friend stopped for a snog. The other guy then pulled me over to him and starting snogging me. I wanted to stop him but he was holding onto me and wouldn't let go. He then pulled out his cock and put my hand onto it. I thought if I gave him a wank that would keep him happy. Then when I looked over to see if Ann was doing the same, she had moved over into the bushes and was on her knees giving the other guy a blowjob. 'Then the guy that was holding onto me moved us into the bushes too. I was glad as I didn't want to be spotted by anyone that knew me pulling his cock. Then the other guy bent Ann over a bench and started riding her. The guy I was with tried to do the same to me but I wouldn't do it. He then pushed me down and put his cock in my mouth. I admit I was too drunk to stop him and he made me give him a blowjob. I didn't have much choice, he held me on it'. 'So how come you didn't let him ride you then, you're usually horny after a few Pernods?' I asked. 'When I looked over and saw Ann getting the arse screwed off her I wanted a fuck too. I asked the guy if he had a condom, but he didn't so I didn't want to risk it', she replied; 'Ann obviously didn't give a fuck, she went bareback'. 'So how come you didn't take a chance like her?' 'Well if he had had a condom I'd have let him; it wouldn't have seemed like cheating, well that's what you say isn't it?' 'Well the rubber stops it being a proper ride', I said. 'Anyway, he didn't have one so he had to settle for a blowjob. Remember I told you that Ann and her partner had split up?' 'Yes', I said. 'Well, that was another reason why I wouldn't do it without a condom; these two guys were sailors from the Philippines, they were brown. I wasn't going to risk getting pregnant; imagine if I had given birth to a brown baby. Don't think you'd have been too happy'. 'Bloody right', I said, 'trust you two to pick up the only two coloured guys in town'. 'Well Ann wasn't so lucky, she got caught and a little brown baby popped out nine months later. That why they split up'. 'Jeez, that's sad', I said. 'Thank god you were a bit smarter or more sober. What happened then?' I asked. 'Well the guy I was with mustn't have had sex for a year 'cause he shot a gallon of spunk into my mouth. Thought I was going to drown. The other guy spunked Ann and then had to sit down, think his legs went. Ann pulled up her panties and we made our way on home. That's it. Never saw them again'. 'So I was right', I said, 'I knew you had been up to something'. 'Well I didn't get fucked, and you said you wouldn't be mad'. 'I'm not, I got a great blowjob that night and it got you swallowing, so I'm not complaining'. But I wasn't going to let her that easy. 'Come of here you little tramp', I ordered. 'Hey, you promised you wouldn't be mad', she cried, looking a little anxious. 'I don't mind what you two got up to, but I'm going to spank you for telling me lies'. With that a little smile crossed her lips. 'Not too hard', she said, 'I suppose I do deserve it'.