

Perception is reality

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A series of short stories that revolve around a not so happy couple. Part 1: the Wife

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Meeting Jim was great, he wasn't even afraid of dating a woman with a child. That's impressive for a 23 year old guy, but maybe he thought he had a ready made family, or maybe he saw a lady with a kid as a slut who obviously fucks without condoms. All I know is, he was great in the beginning. Financial problems, and the fact that he held onto 2 jobs, went to school, and interned at a radio station and we hardly ever saw each other made marriage rough. We fought like cats and dogs, sometimes we had to go to bed just to keep from fighting. But anytime I saw him with my child, I knew I met a great man. Sex was fantastic at first, now we hardly do anything, its my fault really I went through a time where it got boring and there was a window that I was ready, and his window was different and bigger than mine. When I wanted it, he wasn't there, when he wanted it, I was asleep. It got to a point where hallway sex was all we had. You know, you pass each other in the hallway and look at each other and say, "Fuck You!" It wasn't enough for me or him. He would never cheat on me though, so I trusted him. We started going to therapy. What a crock! This hack got more out of my legs than we got in our sessions. I always would come from work so I wore high heels often, sometimes with stockings, sometimes without, but I was professional. We walked out with Jim saying, "This guy's a hack!" I defended this guy telling him lets give his ideas a whirl. They didn't work. Money well spent, not even! Jim set up a dinner for us, but got called away for an emergency at one of his jobs. I was upset, he wanted to stay, but we needed the money. So I sent him off. Well I was dressed to kill, and didn't want it to go to waste. I was wearing a burgundy, wrap-around dress that complimented my waist line even if I still could stand to lose a couple of pounds, but it was my lacy black bra holding up my 44d breasts that looked good to me. Not to mention my matching lacy thong, I felt sexy and was going out anyway so I put on a pair of high heel peep toed stilettos and out the door I shot. I called my girl Jenny who had the same idea and was ready but she lived thirty minutes away. We had the time of our lives, drinking, dancing, and I think I kissed a few guys. We came back to Jenny's and she told me there was no way I was driving home tonight. I told her, "If I hurry I could get to Jim and salvage the evening with good sex." I was ready to fuck all night long. My pussy was dripping by this point all ready. Jenny wouldn't hear of it we were too drunk to get on the road. It took her taking my keys away before I finally submitted and agreed. She then broke out the tequila and we proceed to get even worse than we already were. "We should do body shots!" she exclaimed. I had

never done a body shot so I said what the hell and she laid down on the her fluffy white couch and pulled her dress up over her head. I was taken aback by how flat her tummy was with the cutest little blue belly button ring. She put the shot on her taught stomach and told me to lick her chest and put salt on it, lick the salt, down the shot with out touching it and then suck the lime. I said, "What lime?" She pulled out a lime wedge and put it between her red painted lips. I took a long slow lick of her ample chest still encased in its pink satin prison and put salt on her. Then I licked her again and I swear I heard her moan softly as I picked the salt up from her body. I moved down and picked up the shot with my mouth and drank it quick, pulling the shot glass away I realized I had one task left so I moved up to grab the lime which she cleverly dropped into her mouth so I had to kiss her to get it. I was drunk! I said, "fuck it." And went in going for the kiss and the lime, of which the lime seemed insignificant now. The kiss was long and turned a dripping pussy into a torrent flood streaming down my legs. I put the bottle down and grabbed my best friend by the hand and said, "Come on." "Where are we going?" she chuckled. "I can't take it anymore, I need sex right now. Jim's not here, so what he doesn't know won't hurt him." I kicked off my shoes and we flew up the stairs. She closed the door and instantly we were locked in a throng of wet passionate kisses. Her lips were soft and invited me in closer my tongue lept from its home and danced with hers. I never even felt her take my dress off I was so into kissing her. She grabbed my ass cheeks and kneaded them like bread dough. "I've wanted to lick this ass since we first became friends," she admitted. And I just shut up and gave in to all her wants. She took my bra off and took my big tits in her mouth, one then the other. Sucking my nipples to their peaks and while kissing my mouth and gazing into my eyes she slapped my left breast. This was new to me, but instantly made me want more. I yelped in approval and she laid me on her bed like putting a child to sleep. She kissed up my legs and started to lick my pussy which was still covered by my increasingly moist thong. She took a long breath in as if smelling a bouquet of flowers and said, "Your pussy smells like cotton candy." I looked down at her and gave her an evil smile. "It's a flavor of douche I used cause I thought Jim would be down there." "I thought you had a candy fountain for me." And with those words, we giggled like school children. Of which I informed her, if she keeps doing this, a candy fountain may be what she'd get. With that, she guided my panties down and started to lap my clean shaven pussy, licking my folds and tugging on them with her teeth. She flicked my clitoris with her tongue and it felt as if she rubbed it with velvet. Then she opened me up and fucked my pussy with her tongue. She soon made a vacuum seal with her mouth and drove me to two extreme orgasms. She used her fingers and started to fuck my pussy. The pressure got stronger and I was cumming more, my breathing quickened, the pressure got higher and I was grabbing for the sheets looking for a handle. The pressure got even stronger and I was headed quickly over the edge. I looked down at her and said, "Holy shit, what the fuck are you doing to me?" I saw my friend fucking me with her entire hand deep inside me. I was a human puppet and all I could see was her forearm. This put me into another zone in my head and my eyes rolled back I thought I was having a seizure till she pulled out of me. It was like a dam had exploded, shooting liquid in multiple directions including the face of my lover. She shouted, "OH MY GOD! Did you just squirt!" I let loose a wave of fluid that would make most men say, "Shit I'm drowning!" I pushed up on the bed

in disbelief as I sobered up and realized what was I doing. The next thing I knew, my friend had thrust her pussy into my face. I was timid eating another woman's vagina, so I just did what I felt her do. I started with my tongue on her clitoris and ran it up slowly to the back of her pussy. Then I ran the lips of my mouth over her opening and tugging on her folds, making her whimper and moan. I reached up with outstretched arms to massage the fleshy globes that dangled in front of her and my tongue began to break-dance on tasty little clit. By the moans she expelled, I was doing something right. She then leaned forward and held my face as her butt began to wiggle and bounce. My tongue turned into a little cock and started to fuck her like she had done to me not too long prior. She cried in pleasure telling me she was cumming, and without an audible word her womanly parts leaked a delicious creamy center onto my tongue. We got to her place around eleven o'clock but by the time we stopped out of sheer exhaustion it was three in the morning. As we drifted asleep after a vigorous several rounds of lovemaking, I realized I just cheated on my husband with a woman and I liked it, but should I have? At seven in the morning, I got up and took a shower while Jenny was still passed out. I picked up my clothes quietly and ninja-like. I looked at my friend as her face was smiling and her body laying on sheets that were destroyed by cum and sweat. She looked so beautiful, it was a shame to leave her there. I scampered downstairs like a childish ballerina on her tippy-toes, grabbed my shoes, and went home to my husband. I saw him and gave him a kiss, he asked, "Where were you all night?" I said, "I sent you a text, I went out with Jenny." "All night?" he asked "No, but I stayed with her, and we may go out tonight too." He said, "Ok." And I went to our room to cry that my husband trusted me enough not to notice the obvious "walk of shame." What have I done?