

The Preacher, His Wife, and Me

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 Jun 2012

This is a fictional story based on some fact.

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I'm Dirk. I live in a middle-class neighborhood in a semi-rural area. There is a gentleman in my neighborhood named Paul who says he is a preacher. As far as I know Paul is not the pastor of any church. He told me that he is on call to fill in for pastors of congregations when they want to go on a vacation or take time off for other reasons. I have no reason to not believe him. Frequently, Paul takes walks around our neighborhood, and if he sees me outside he usually stops to talk with me for a while and sometimes offers up a prayer for me and members of my family that I may mention to him. Sometimes, on the days when our trash is picked up, he will wheel my trash cart, if it has been emptied, back up my driveway to my carport. He seems to be a good and helpful neighbor. Yesterday I was out near the end of my driveway when Paul came walking down the street with his wife, Darla. This was the first time I had seen Paul's wife. Darla is an attractive lady. She has a pleasant smile, kissable glossy red lips, nice sized rather prominent boobs, and a "come-hither" gleam in her eyes, a flirty and totally desirable, sensuously sexy woman. I was instantly attracted to her, as she must have been to me. There was some sort of electric chemistry sparking back and forth between the two of us from the moment we saw one another. After Paul had introduced his wife to me, the three of us chatted innocently for quite a while about how nice the weather is, our neighborhood, and things in general. Just before they left, Darla took a step backward so as to be out of Paul's line of vision. She looked me straight in the eye, puckered her lips, then stuck her middle finger between her lips and pumped it in and out a few times, blew me a kiss, and winked at me. I read her message loud and clear and my cock was instantly aroused. Then Paul and Darla departed and continued walking on down the street. I saw Darla lean over, nudge Paul, point back toward me, and say something. Then, I noticed that Paul nodded his head in what appeared to be affirmation to whatever Darla had said to him. I knew that they would walk to the end of our street and then return back past my home on the way back to theirs, and I wanted them to stop again so I could check out Darla more carefully. I went down my driveway and broke a branch off of my rosemary bush and took it back out to the street to wait for them to come back by. When they got back, I said, "Darla, do you know what this is?" as I showed her the branch of rosemary. She asked, "Is it some sort of fern?" I told her it was not, and urged her to smell it. She did, and then said, "Oh, this smells divine." I said, "Some things taste even better than they smell. You can use rosemary to flavor foods when you cook." Darla responded, "Dirk,

I enjoy tasting new flavorful things. Is this mine to keep?' I said, "Of course, Darla, and if you ever want more of it I have plenty to share with you anytime you go lacking." Darla sensed what I was discreetly saying and she winked at me as she licked her lips. Then she turned to Paul, and said, "Honey, why don't you invite this nice man to a cookout at our place? We discussed that a few minutes ago and you said it was a great idea." Paul said, "Certainly, Pet," Then, he turned to me and asked if I could come up to their place later in the afternoon. I told him I would be delighted to enjoy their company. So, it was arranged that I would go to their place around 5 o'clock. Then Paul and Darla left and continued walking home. I went inside my house, stripped naked, and jerked off several times, after which I felt relieved and less tense. A few minutes after five I arrived at their home. Darla was out front waiting on me because Paul was in the back yard getting his grill fired up and ready to cook. Darla reached out, took my hand in one of hers, and led me to the back yard while patting me on my butt a couple of times with her other hand. My prick began throbbing. Paul greeted us when we got in the back yard, which was surrounded by a high privacy fence and had an in-ground swimming pool similar to mine. "I hope you like wieners," he said. "Darla loves them. She likes their shape and the way they sizzle when they get hot. Darla prepared some cole slaw, potato salad, and baked beans to go with the wieners." "That all sounds great to me. If Darla had a hand in it, I'm sure I'll enjoy every bite," I replied. Paul turned to his wife, and said, "Pet, isn't there something you want to tell Dirk?" Darla came over and sat on my lap, gave me a friendly hug and kiss, and then told me that Paul has some sort of silly hang-up about not actively engaging in sex because he is a preacher. She went on to tell me that this causes her to be constantly frustrated because she is a normal woman who is almost always horny. "Saint Paul," she said somewhat derisively, "is a voyeur. He gets his thrills watching me masturbate, but I told him when I saw you that I thought he might enjoy himself more if he watched you and me masturbate one another, and perhaps fuck. Are you game for that?" "Let the games begin," I replied. Darla said it would be fun to start playing while in the pool, and suggested that she and I take our clothes off and get in the water. I did not hesitate, and neither did she. Splash, splash, and the two of us were in the water and climbed aboard the two floats that were already conveniently there. We paddled until our floats were side by side, and then Darla grasped my rigid dick and began to stroke it gently. I responded by placing one hand on her shaved mound and the other one on one of her nipples and then the other nipple, pinching them softly until they became hard as rocks and began to throb under my touch. My other hand moved down to cover the engorged and partially open and eager lips of her glory hole which was wet from something other than the pool water. I rubbed up and down her slit with my hand and found her rigid trembling clit easily. After massaging it for a couple of minutes while Darla began to moan, I inserted three fingers into her twat and found her G-spot. "Damn, Dirk, Darlin', that's it. Do it for me, baby!!" she groaned loudly as she began to writhe and buck hard against my fingers. Suddenly it dawned on me that Paul was somewhere nearby. I looked around and saw him sitting on a stool at the edge of the pool, staring straight at us, and grinning from ear to ear. "Whatever floats your boat," I thought to myself as Darla erupted in a monstrous orgasm, her first provided by someone other than herself in a long time. When she got her breath back she gasped, "Oh fuck! I needed that! It was so damned delightful!"

Then she realized that my pecker was still in her hand, so she pumped it furiously until I shot my load in rope after rope of my jism that landed on both of us and in the water. That was the beginning of a wonderful visit with the preacher and his wife .and we had not even eaten yet.