

A quickie with Lorraine

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Lorraine was a woman I had known for quite a while. Sarah and I had invited Dave and her to dinner on more than one occasion and frequently met them at parties. Needless to say, I have always wondered what she would be like in bed. But beyond some mild flirting and a few kisses now and then, that was as far as it went. But things changed at the New Year party we went to. It was a two-tier affair – dinner for a dozen or so and then open-house afterwards. By ten o'clock the party was in full swing. Another thirty or so guests had arrived, the disco was getting louder with every song and there was a constantly changing crowd around the bar. Sarah had drifted off somewhere leaving me to chat to friends and keep an eye on what was going on. Around ten-thirty I watched Lorraine detach herself from a group and look around. Instantly, I moved towards her. 'Dance?' I asked hopefully. 'Just what I was planning to do,' she smiled. One room in the large house had been cleared of furniture and set aside for dancing. It was about half-full of couples, but so dimly lit it was almost impossible to recognise anyone. I thought I spotted Sarah with someone but couldn't be sure. 'Don't move too far away,' I pleaded with Lorraine, 'or I'll lose you in the gloom.' 'I know! Do you think it's so that people can get up to mischief?' she grinned back. 'It is New Year's Eve, after all.' 'Fancy a bit of mischief, do you?' 'Now and again,' she shrugged. As luck would have it, a slower number came on and she promptly draped her arms loosely around my neck, moving nearer. I took a chance and pulled her closer. She looked up and laughed, pressing her body languidly against mine. 'I wouldn't mind getting up to some mischief with you,' I told her. She laughed again and increased the pressure of her hips against mine, slowly rolling them. Not unnaturally, my dick began to react. Soon it was erect and jammed between our bellies. She grinned wickedly at me. 'Seems like something's ready for mischief right now!' 'You're a wicked woman, getting me all steamed up,' I told her. 'Good job you have Sarah to take care of it,' she laughed. She maintained the pressure of her hips and made no objection when I let my hands drift down to her ass but, after a few more dances, she stepped back and told me she needed a drink. Following her to the bar, I sighed as Dave reclaimed his wife. He got her a drink and, after they had both had a few sips, he murmured something in her ear. She giggled and looked quickly round, as though worried that someone may have overheard, before trying to look scandalised and shaking her head. He leaned in again, presumably to plead his case and this time her refusal was less positive. After a few more whispered words she seemed to accept defeat, shrugging her shoulders but smiling up at him in a way that showed she didn't mind. Slipping his arm around her, he guided her towards the hall, his hand quickly dropping to her ass. She didn't seem to

mind – but then why should she? If she had allowed me to fondle those soft, round cheeks, she wasn't going to stop her husband. Intrigued by their actions, I followed as surreptitiously as I could and watched them amble up the stairs and, obviously not concerned about anyone seeing them, disappear into a bedroom. I returned to the bar, trying not to think about what was going on upstairs. Ten minutes or so later, Dave reappeared and promptly grabbed a drink before entering into a conversation with some of his friends. Curious as to why Lorraine had not reappeared, I made my way slowly up the stairs and paused outside the bedroom they had entered. Taking a deep breath I opened the door and looked in. A single, soft, table lamp, revealed Lorraine propped up against the head board, her dress up around her waist and her legs wide apart. As far as I could gather, in the second or two before she reacted to my entrance, both her hands were busy between her thighs. She jumped, yanked down her dress and peered at my silhouette in the doorway – the light in the corridor being much brighter than the one in the bedroom. 'Who's that?' she gasped. 'It's Harry,' I said soothingly. 'I just wondered if you're all right?' 'Oh.' She didn't sound particularly alarmed, so I stepped in, closed the door behind me and, seeing the key, quietly locked the door. 'Why wouldn't I be all right?' she asked. 'Well, I noticed you leaving the kitchen together, then, ten minutes later Dave returns but there's no sign of you.' She hadn't moved from her semi-recumbent position, so I sat on the side of the bed, about half way up. 'I'm fine,' she said simply. 'Actually, that's not quite true. We sneaked up here for a quickie – as you obviously noticed. The trouble was, Dave was a little too quick.' 'So you were, er, finishing the job?' 'Until you walked in, yes,' she admitted honestly. 'Maybe I could help?' I suggested, placing my hand on her thigh, just above her knee and then sliding it slowly upwards. She looked at my hand thoughtfully, as it moved steadily towards her cunt. 'I'm not sure that would be such a good idea,' she murmured, making no move to stop me. 'Why ever not? It's the duty of a gentleman to assist a lady in every way he can.' She gave a small sigh, followed by a soft moan as my finger tips found her clit. 'With some things, yes,' she conceded, her voice slightly jerky. 'But fingering your friend's wife? That just proves you're not a gentleman. Mind you, I suppose the fact that I'm letting you, proves I'm not a lady.' I used my thumb on her clit and pushed two fingers into her cunt. They slid in easily, her cunt being still open from the fuck and very wet with a mixture of their juices. She moaned a little louder and her hips rolled against my hand. 'But it's helping?' I asked. 'Oh, God, yes!' 'You know what might help even more?' I asked, using my other hand to unfasten my jeans. Her eyes were closed and her head thrown back, so she missed me pulling out my dick. My words caught her attention though and she opened her eyes. 'Oh, fuck, Harry!' she gasped. 'You can't be serious! Apart from anything else – like Sarah, for instance – Dave's only just left.' 'I know,' I said calmly, standing up to push down my jeans. When I climbed onto the bed, her eyes widened. 'Jesus! You are serious! I can't believe this is happening.' Whether she believed it or not, she made sure her dress was well out of the way – and then kissed me hard as I leaned over her and took her with a quick, smooth thrust. 'Christ, that feels good!' she moaned. 'You're a bastard, Harry. I hope you don't think I make a habit of fucking two men in quick succession.' 'Of course not,' I said reassuringly. I didn't really care if it was something she did on a daily basis. Right then I was moving slowly, enjoying the feeling of my dick sliding deep inside her and being squeezed by her internal muscles. 'You

caught me at my most vulnerable,' she explained. 'I know. But you looked so sexy lying there on the bed, I just had to take a chance.' 'And you're a big bastard, too! Christ, you're making me feel full.' We stopped talking, preferring to kiss instead. Her hands gripped my ass, pulling me towards her with each in-stroke, grinding our pubic bones together, as we both approached our orgasms. 'I'm cumming,' she gasped hoarsely, arching her back and rolling her hips. 'Me too,' I panted. And then we both groaned and shuddered with release, relaxing slowly, giving each other lots of small kisses. Finally she pushed me away. 'That was very naughty of you, Harry. What would Dave – and Sarah – say, if I told them how you walked in on me and simply helped yourself?' 'They'd either hit the roof and you and I would find ourselves kicked out of our houses, or they'd decide to get even by fucking each other. Of course, they might also want to know how come you let me do it without shouting for help.' She giggled. 'Good point. Maybe it would be best to say nothing then.' 'I agree and, after all, you did get me worked up on the dance floor – and you did say you liked a little mischief now and again.' 'I did, didn't I?' she admitted thoughtfully. 'Well, we've had the now, what about the again?' 'I'll call you next week.' 'Good. Now, I'd better find a bathroom and clean myself up a bit.' I did the same, carefully washing my hands, face, dick and balls. Downstairs, glasses of champagne were being handed out, in readiness for midnight and, just as I was taking one, an arm slipped around my waist and a slightly tipsy voice asked if she could have one too. I smiled at Sarah and asked if she'd been having a good time. 'Very good, thank you. Mind you, my feet are killing me from all the dancing I've done.' 'You do look a little hot and bothered,' I grinned, pushing a few strands of sweat soaked hair away from her face. The countdown began and, at the last stroke of twelve we all cheered. 'Happy New Year!' I said to Sarah as we kissed. By the time we eased apart, there was something niggling at the back of my mind. Before I had chance to think about it, there was a tap on my shoulder. It was Lorraine, grinning mischievously. 'Happy New Year, Harry! Can I have a kiss?' She glued her lips to mine before I had chance to answer. 'Don't forget to call me,' she murmured, before moving away. The next five minutes or so were spent shaking hands, slapping backs, hugging or kissing, depending who it was we were facing. I couldn't help noticing there was a fair bit of groping going on too, but no-one seemed to mind. I was finally reunited with Sarah, who looked even more flustered. 'Oh my,' she giggled happily. 'I haven't been felt up so much in a long time.' 'I hope you mean since last New Year?' I suggested. She laughed. 'That would be telling! How about taking me home? I'll let you do some squeezing and groping of your own.' We said our farewells and left. As was her habit when she'd had a few drinks and was feeling horny, Sarah unzipped my flies and went down on me the moment we were in the car. Fortunately, we were parked under some trees and there was little or no traffic. I have never met anyone who gives better blow-jobs than Sarah, so there was no way I was going to stop her. This occasion was no exception. After less than four or five blissful minutes, I groaned, arched my back and let go. She continued sucking and stroking, long after I stopped cumming. 'Happy New Year, Harry,' she grinned, lifting her head at last and making a thing of licking her lips. 'I hope you're going to repay the compliment when we get home.' 'Start the New Year with a bang, you mean? Absolutely.' Safely inside our house, with the door firmly locked, I pulled her into my arms and kissed her – at which point the penny dropped. I didn't say anything though, instead I led

her firmly up the stairs and into our bedroom. Sarah reached under her dress and pulled down her thong. Throwing it away, she lifted her dress and put one foot on her dressing table stool. 'Eat me!' she said softly but firmly. I dutifully dropped to my knees. After her climax, we undressed and climbed into bed. I was almost hard again and her fingers and tongue quickly completed my resurrection. I waited until we were fucking before asking the question. 'Who did you blow tonight, apart from me, that is?' 'What?' 'When we kissed each other at midnight, you tasted of semen.' 'Oh.' We continued fucking for a few moments. 'Alan Johnson,' she said. 'Just for fun, really.' 'I'm sure it was. Especially for him. How did it happen?' 'He asked me to dance. It didn't take me long to realise he was getting a hard-on.' I wondered how many men at the party had got an erection dancing with another man's wife. 'That doesn't surprise me,' I grunted. 'You're a sexy woman and, if I'm honest, I got one dancing with Lorraine. In my defence, I can only say she definitely encouraged it.' Sarah managed a small chuckle. 'Did she blow you, afterwards?' 'Sadly, no. Maybe I should have asked her to, considering she caused it.' 'That's what Alan said. He said the least I could do was take care of it for him.' 'And you agreed?' 'You know I did. I was only going to give him a hand job. That's what I started off doing, but when he was getting close I couldn't resist finding out what he tasted like. So I finished him with my mouth.' 'Are you going to see him again?' 'I haven't decided, but having gone this far . . . ' 'You'd like to find out what he's like.' 'Something like that.' I nodded and pulled my dick out of her. She looked at me enquiringly. 'I'd like to finish doggy style.' 'Oooh, yes!' She quickly moved onto her hands and knees and I slid into her again. 'Mm! That feels good,' she sighed. 'How about you? Meet anyone you fancied?' 'Apart from Lorraine? No.' 'You know, I'm surprised she hasn't let you fuck her. I know she likes you.' 'I think you're right. In fact I know you're right, because she did let me.' 'What?' Sarah almost jumped off my dick. 'You fucked her tonight? At the party? Tell me!' 'In a minute.' I could feel myself about to cum. As I began fucking her hard, Sarah started shuddering and letting out her familiar whimpers. Soon we were both lying on our backs, panting for breath. Then Sarah rolled onto her side. 'So tell me all about your fuck with Lorraine,' she urged, her eyes bright with excitement. 'Every detail. And then fuck me again.' 'On one condition – that after you fuck Alan Johnson, you tell me all the sordid details.' 'It's a deal,' she giggled.