

Bella decides to live out some of her fantasies.

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Her husband has given permission but can she actually do it? Probably.

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Bella was anxious. Nervous didn't quite cover it. She was outwardly calm but inside the beautiful exterior her emotions and body were raging. Let me explain.

Consider a beautiful woman, with some experience in life, by no means a virgin and certainly not a prude. In fact, Bella had prided herself on being able to live life to its fullest, until tonight.

For as long as Bella and Fernando had been together, even after they had gotten married, they had talked about her many admirers. Every time she entered a room or walked down the street men would take a look at her and then liking what they saw, another. As they approached they saw her lovely face, classical features that were always graced with a smile, her beautiful light brown eyes flashing, her long wavy auburn hair swaying with each step, and each step gave her luscious breasts movements that made men inwardly moan. She would pass by and they would take a look over their shoulder, her lovely full round ass swaying above her long shapely legs, and they would moan again, usually followed by a comment as to what they'd love to do with her for a night, or for as long as she'd allow.

At first Bella thought Fernando would be angry with her about this, but when she asked him about it she was surprised to learn that he liked the attention she was given as much as she did, and perhaps even more.

"I love the way you look, Bella, the way your sweet ass looks in your skin tight jeans, or how good your ass and legs look when you wear a mini-skirt, how sexy your breasts look in a sweater, how they jiggle when you walk as you do, so how can I complain when other men want to look, too, and, perhaps, even touch?" Bella would blush at his remarks, but those remarks excited her even more, so instead of trying to look more innocent and demure Bella would sometimes return a glance, a slight

smile upon her lush lips, then demurely divert her eyes and blush. As she became more daring she would hold the glance if the man was young and handsome and well dressed, and the blushes quickly turned into feelings of desire, the heat from her cheeks now radiating warm lustful tingles in her pussy.

There came a day when her husband saw such an exchange of glances between Bella and a handsome young man. He asked her about it, about how she felt, what she was thinking. It was time to confess to him: "Yes, Fer" as she called him, "it turns me on, how could it not?"

"Then why don't you talk to them, see if you might like one of them? Do you like him?"

"Like him for what? I have you for my lover, Fer, you're all I need, all I want. And if the tables were turned and you wanted another woman I think I'd kill you! I don't understand how you could not feel as I do."

"Bella, you're all I want as well, but I want you to be happy. You being happy makes me happy. So why would I be angry with you if you were to talk with one of them?" They would discuss this until it got to the point of Bella admitting that some of her admirers did turn her on, but she couldn't do anything with any of them, she knew it would hurt Fernando, and she wouldn't do that.

And then one night it began to change. They were just getting into bed, after a walk in the summer evening, and as they walked past a café that was near their neighborhood they saw a well-dressed young man sitting at an outside table, having a drink with his friends. Fernando clearly heard the young man say to his friends: "There she is. Is she not beautiful?" The three other heads turned, showing slight smiles, then they turned to each other and began talking again, but not before Fernando saw a hint of a glance pass between the handsome young man and Bella.

Fernando had gripped his wife's hand tighter, leaned to her, whispered in her ear: "Bella, do you know him, the handsome one? He's looking at you. Even though we've passed them, he's looking at you, can you feel it?" Bella instinctively turned her head, saw that each of the men at the table was looking at her, at her beautiful ass in her tight jeans. Her head snapped back to eyes front.

"Yes, I know him, he's in the café every day so it's not unusual that we would meet. Please don't be

angry with me!"

"On the contrary, I'm not angry, I'm happy that your friend admires you, how could he not?" Bella breathed a sigh of relief, and emboldened by her husband's excitement she went on, telling him that the man, Rico, had asked her several times to go with him to his apartment, just for lunch, or a drink, or coffee. But she had always refused, although she really did want to go. She had looked at her husband as she said this, watching his face for any sign of anger or pain, but she saw only a smile.

"Bella, the next time he asks you to go with him, go. See how he lives, and how he reacts when you're there with him. Listen to this: call me when you leave the café; I'll call you an hour later and when you answer you use the call to either tell Rico that you have to leave, or that it's nothing that can't wait and you can stay. How does that sound? You'll be safe."

Bella knew now that her husband really wanted her to do this, that he had planned it all out, every detail, so why would he be hurt if she were to actually do it? She decided to go a bit further with him.

"So you want him to see me?" she asked, dropping the flimsy negligee she had worn as she brushed her lustrous hair. Her breasts were tipped with dark nipples that he ached to touch, but she turned from him, her magnificent ass now drawing his attention. "And would you like him to see me like this?" Fernando finally caught his breath, managed to utter a ragged "Yes! Oh, yes!"

So now she knew, he actually wanted her to take a lover. Now the question was, did she? Could she? Immediately her pussy began to quiver, she could feel the flower petals of her lips tingle and pulsate as they filled with blood, the warmth of her lubrication wet in her slit. She realized she wanted to feel another man touch her, kiss her, fondle her, enter her, but could she go through with it? Would she?

"He would have to kiss me," and her lips descended to Fernando's, opened, her tongue slipping into his surprised mouth, sweet, warm, insistent. "Oh, yes, and I would have to do this," her hand gliding down his body, finding his throbbing cock, gripping it, her fingers tightening. "Should I do this as well?" and she etched a trail of hot wet kisses down his chest, pausing to bite his nipple, then continued down until she was at his hips. Glancing up at him, her lovely eyes glowing with lust, she raised her eyebrows questioningly, "is this what you want me to do with him?" and she rubbed her lush lips across the dark head that protruded from her fist.

"Oh! Bella! Yes! Please, yes! I want you to do that to him, Bella!" and in a minute he was filling her mouth with his cum.

A few days later Bella was in the café where she often went for a coffee in the late afternoon, the very same café where she knew Rico might be. She felt somewhat embarrassed that since her husband had tried so hard to convince her to take a lover she was now dressing more provocatively. Today she was wearing a tight mini-skirt that barely covered her ass cheeks and she knew that if she were to bend over her ass and pussy would be on full display, her thong doing little or nothing to protect her modesty, but the thought of other men seeing her most private parts excited her. In some ways it was as though she had no control or blame, it wasn't really her decision, but since he was so insistent she would go along with it just to see how it felt. A bit of harmless fun. What could possibly come of it?

Bella could sense the stares she was getting as she entered the cafe, and the thought of that made her walk a little faster, knowing that her hips would move in a very seductive way, that her pink silk low cut top would only accent the jiggle of her breasts. She was a bit disappointed that none of her friends were there, but it was early, so she sat at the small table by the window where they usually met and sipped her coffee.

As she looked out the window she saw Rico strolling toward her and she felt her heart beat faster. She tried to remain calm but she could feel her face begin to warm with blushing, and she realized that she was wriggling in her seat, her pussy felt all tingly and warm. The worst thing, though, was that she could feel her nipples begin to stiffen. In the thin top she was wearing Rico was sure to see the evidence of her excitement.

Rather than sit at another table he approached her and without asking her permission he sat across from her. "Nice to see you again, Bella." His voice was soft, soothing, and she began to relax. His blue eyes sparkled as he looked at her, his smile comforting, making her smile in return. They began talking and soon she felt that they were like old friends catching up on each other's lives.

"Oh, I should leave, I have some things to do. They'll only take a few minutes but it must be done now." Bella felt the disappointment, hoped it wouldn't show on her face or in her eyes, and she lowered her gaze. "No need for us to stop now, though. Come with me, I can do what I need and then we can have a drink before you leave." It wasn't an invitation, rather it was what he had planned for her, for them. Silently she raised her eyes, then smiled and they walked out. Bella thought to call her husband but then shrugged. Better not to. No need to. Nothing was going to happen.

His apartment was close by so they had only a little time to talk as they walked, the afternoon warm, very pleasant. Rico opened the windows for some fresh air, the long curtains blowing softly. "I'll only be a few minutes, I promise. Something to drink? I'm having a Punt e Mes and soda."

"Yes, with lime, please." Bella was shaking, she caught a little quaver in the words that tumbled from her lips but Rico didn't seem to notice, or let on if he did. The tall cool drink was in her hand in a minute and he leaned to her, kissed her cheek. "Only a few more minutes, Bella," and he went into another room. Her cheek was burning where he had kissed her, her pussy was dripping, her breathing was fast and shallow, she thought she might faint. Bella drank half the aperitif and walked around the small but well furnished room, admiring the books and CDs on the shelves, looking at the pictures, all of Rico and an assortment of young attractive women. She was standing at the window between the parted curtains when she felt his hands on her waist.

"Bella, you're a very beautiful woman," and he pulled her long hair aside, his lips brushing the nape of her neck. She shivered but tried to maintain her composure.

"As beautiful as all those women in the photographs on your walls?" Instantly she regretted the petty remark; she sounded juvenile and jealous, catty.

"Bella, your name fits you perfectly, but it's more than beauty that I admire in you. I can see that you have a thirst for knowledge and experience, so we're alike in that regard." He turned her body to him, moving her as though they were dancing, and looked into her eyes. "I know you want to have this experience." His words were confident, almost commanding. His hand was beneath her chin so she couldn't lower her head, and she felt her lower lip begin to quiver.

"I ... ," and he kissed her, the kiss easy and gentle, his lips soft against hers. She relaxed and leaned into him, felt the hardness of his chest, felt the muscles in his arms as he gently pulled her to him, gasped as she felt his hardness push against her firm belly.

"You see what you do to me? I can't resist you, I've been waiting for this since the first time I saw you in the café, and every time since I've gotten aroused at the sight of you. I think perhaps you have a spell on me," and he laughed, but continued to hold her, and kissed her again. "We must live in the moment, Bella. It passes all too quickly, and then we have nothing to remember, nothing special, exciting."

Her nipples were aching, they felt so hard that they almost hurt. She returned his kisses now, her tongue against his, her hands on his back as he cupped her ass, pulling her hips more tightly to him. She heard herself moaning, felt the burning of his hands as he pulled her top up, Bella raising her

arms so he could get it over her head. Surprising herself, she unsnapped her bra, let the lace fall to the floor.

Rico stepped back, not touching her, his eyes feasting on her partial nudity. He sat in the chair where she had been, and as he unbuckled his belt he told her to undress, slowly. "I want to see you become exposed to me." She turned from him, unbuttoned the skirt and wriggled her hips to get it down, conscious that it looked like a shimmy in a strip show. She threw it aside, and when she turned to him she saw that he was naked, sitting again, legs spread, one hand slowly fondling the biggest cock she had ever seen. His other hand was cupping his balls. The look in his eyes told her everything she needed to know. The first thing she realized was that she wanted to feel that hard swollen head deep in her throat and then buried balls deep in her twitching cunt.

Bella turned again, surprised at her restraint. She leaned over to take her high heels off, and she knew that with her legs spread like that she was showing him everything, and she smiled. This was better than she could ever have imagined and she was loving it. Why had she not done this sooner? Her thong was gone in the next second.

Rico could scarcely believe it, she was naked now, and as she leaned down he could see that her pussy was literally dripping, the tops of her thighs were glistening with her sweet dew, and her puckered little asshole was there for him to do with as he wished. She turned to him, completely naked now, her tits full and her nipples hard, her eyes burning brightly as she licked her lower lip. Gone was the hesitant young girl, here was a lusty erotic woman about to take what she wanted and he had better not disappoint her.

Bella felt far from in control, though; she felt like it was the first time she had ever had sex, and she was terrified. "What if he doesn't like me once we're in bed? What if I freeze up? What if ... " and he held his hand out, she took it, and he led her into the bedroom.

Wordlessly, they lay on the bed, she on her back, he beside her, tilting her face to his, kissing her lips, his hand caressing her warm flesh, eliciting soft moans when he touched her nipples, her hips, her mound. Bella parted her legs, needing him to touch her pussy, wanting to feel his fingers delve into her. Her kisses were harder now, demanding, her mouth sucking his tongue in, her hands pushing his down to where she was oh so ready for him.

"Rico ... ," and she gripped his head, holding on as she kissed him again, " ... please, don't tease, not any more, please!" and she pushed his head down until she felt him suck her nipple into his mouth, his tongue swirling on the hardened tip, making her body convulse. She thought she might cum, it

was so overpowering, but he trailed his tongue across her heaving chest and, oh!, bit the other nipple, fire shooting down into the depths of her cunt. She was beginning to feel lightheaded and she took a deep breath as Rico let her nipple free.

Bella took a second breath just as his lips reached her mound. "You'll shave your lips for me, my sweet," and she groaned as his tongue pushed through the silky patch, down the sunken furrow of her slit. He moved between her legs, spread them wide, the soles of her feet on the bed beside his shoulders, and lifted her hips. She rose to lean back on her elbows, watched through lust crazed eyes as he licked again, brushing between the sodden lips, down, as he raised her hips and licked at her puckered asshole. "Oohhh!!!"

Rico wanted more than anything to fuck this delicious woman. The smell of her sex, the taste of her sweet pussy, the feeling of her soft skin was driving him wild, but he took deep breaths, wanting to prolong her anticipation so that she would enjoy herself, and him, to the fullest. This would be no one night stand; he wanted to have her as often as he wished, so he had to be sure she was panting for his cock and that she would savor it when she finally felt him enter her, that she would want it over and over again, tonight and in the days and months to come. He had to make her his.

She was panting, for sure, unable to hold still, her body writhing on the bed, trying to pull his face into her pussy, and when she felt his mouth cover her lips and as he forced his tongue deep into her slippery sex she cried out, her body rigid, teeth clenched in anticipation. And he pulled away.

"Bastard! I want you now; do it!"

"Do what, beautiful woman? What do you want? Tell me." He pulled himself up between her legs, feeling her wetness against the tip of his cock as it dragged against her, then flatten against her belly. He leaned to kiss her but she slapped at his face, her eyes fierce.

"Fuck me now, you've waited long enough! I've waited long enough!" Before she could finish the last word she felt her lips opening to him, felt the heat and hardness drive into her, past her soft petals, deep into her cunt, his balls nestled between the cheeks of her ass. She groaned, moving her hips to accommodate his length and girth, and they began moving in that ancient dance. Her arms were around his neck, her mouth on his, her tongue fucking his mouth. He pulled away, bit her lip, then rolled until she was on him, and let her go.

Bella rose up, her knees clamped to Rico's thighs, high in the saddle, her back arched, tits thrust out, long fine hair falling down her back, her hands flat on his taut belly, grunting with each swivel of her hips, her breasts moving in rhythm with his upward thrusts, bouncing up and settling again, slightly swaying from side to side.

"Now I have you right where you want me," and she moaned as she took him in until it hurt. "I should have done this long ago, but ... " and she closed her eyes, imagining for an instant her husband and what he might say when she returned to him tonight.

"You're here now, Bella, we're here now, and that's all that matters. Everything else will work itself out, you'll see. There is only this moment, that's all there is."

"I want you to cum in me, cum inside me, I want to feel it," and she moved off, lay by his side, accepting him into her arms as he mounted her, kissed him, wrapped her legs around him as if to capture him to prevent his escape. His movements became fast and hard now, his hips a piston, pounding into her wanton body, his gasps of exertion met with her sobs of joy until she was crying out, her orgasm raising her off the bed, his hands gripping her ass, fingers digging into her luscious ass cheeks as he poured himself into her, spurt after spurt, until he fell onto her, barely able to breathe.