

My Wife, The Adventures Of A Slut

By Darrel1000

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A man loves to watch his wife with other men

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My wife is a pure and unadulterated slut. This however, does not bother me in the least. In fact it is good for me, as am a voyeur, that is I love watching people have sex, and I especially love watching my gorgeous wife, get her pussy rammed by some stud. I will now relate how this fantasy of mine came true.

We had been married only a few months when things begin to take place, that made me think that she was seeing someone behind my back. Just about every weekend she would leave in the evening and return late at night. When she came back I would ask her where she had been, and her answer would always be that she had gone shopping. This was hard for to believe, as few stores stay opened that late, and the tight fitting skirts and low cut blouses she wore, indicated to me that she had something on her mind other than shopping, but the real telling sign was that on at least two occasions, she left her wedding ring at home, with the excuse that it was hurting her finger. I didn't really press her on any of this as i really wanted to catch her red handed.

Now my wife is a beautiful woman, with long flowing blonde hair, long shapely legs, big tits, and a tight, round ass that is just made to squeeze. It had always been my secret wish to see my wife get fucked my another man. When I started seeing the changes come over her, and the tale tale signs that she could be cheating on me, rather than being furious, as most any husband would be, I saw it as and opportunity to satisfy my voyeur desires. Eventually, my urge to see my wife have sex with another man, became more than just a passing interest, it became an obsession with me and I begin to think of and plan ways that I would be able to spy on her. I actually thought of hiding videos cams in different parts of the house, but my fear was that they would be discovered, as there are no really good places to conceal them. I actually hoped that when I returned from work that somehow I would discover her there with a lover. I begin to hang out at local bars thinking that she would come there to be picked up by some guy and i would go home and watch them.

There is a particular bar on the east side of town where a lot of black men go to pick up white women. My reason for hanging out there was that my wife once told me that she liked black men. I never saw

her there once, but I did see enough to make it worth my time. One evening while I was sitting at the bar, I saw a tall swarthy black man talking to a blonde haired white woman. They were standing right behind me. As I sat there the black man started kissing the white woman. I had a beer in my hand, and as I drank it, I would occasionally glance at them, trying not to stare. He kept kissing her until she opened her mouth for his probing tongue. One of his hands gripped her neck, while the other wandered down along her back and started squeezing and caressing her ass. They just kept on kissing as people walked by, but no one appeared to be paying them much attention. As they kissed, I watched his black fingers push the fabric of her skirt up over her lush thighs and dig into the crack of her ass as his tongue continued to invade her mouth. They stood there kissing and fondling for several minutes before they broke apart and headed for the door. My cock stood up erect as I saw them walk out with their arms around each other. I could imagine his big black cock ramming her tight pink pussy as they fucked the night away in some bed.

Later I found out the black man's name was Dustin, and that just about every week, he would be there trying to pick up some white whore to fuck. It was then that I finally came up with a brilliant plan. Since the bartender seemed to know this Dustin quite well, I asked him if he could possibly arrange a date between this black man and a certain Heather Smith to meet at her house on a given time. I told him that I was only a friend of this woman and that I was doing her a favor as I knew she liked to date black men. I then gave him my wife's cell phone number and told him to give it to Dustin so that he could call her and set up the date. I knew that this was a wild gamble and I did not even know if my wife would even accept and the other problem would be to find out the exact day they would be meeting. I got really lucky though. As I was sitting in the bar the next evening, Dustin walked in and sat down at the other end of the bar from me. He was sitting there talking to the waiter and bragging about the date he had with a white woman. He said that someone had just given him her cell phone number and that he had called her and made a date for Thursday evening at 8:00 PM. I was overjoyed. I couldn't believe my luck could ever be so good and my cock was already hardening at the idea of seeing this black stud fuck my wife, but it almost seemed like my luck might be too good.

I had devised a plan. I would tell my wife that I would be working late that evening, when in fact, I would be at home, hiding in the closet and would be able to see all the action going on in the bedroom. My wife actually leaves for work an hour later than me, so that gave me time to clean out the closet and get everything ready. I didn't have to worry about being discovered, as they would be too preoccupied to worry about what was in the closet. I prepared for every eventuality. I checked the door to see how much of a crack was needed to give me the best view without me being seen. I even set a pot on the floor in case I needed to urinate, but sometimes the even best of plans can be flawed.

I left work that evening at 6:00 PM. and arrived home at 6:30, but as I drove up to the house I noticed a car parked in the driveway that did not belong to my wife. Apparently Dustin was there already! This changed everything and left me wondering what I should do. I could not park my car in the

driveway as I would be seen, so my only other option was to park on the curb further down. After parking my car I walked to the house. Luckily for me it was dark and I could go around the house without being detected. I noticed that the living room light was on, so I moved along the side of the house until I reached the glass doors. I could now see into the living room. My cock became rock hard at what I saw. There on our living room couch, Dustin and my wife were going at it, and they were both completely naked. I could see the moons of Dustin's swathy ass going up and down between my wife's white legs, that were pointed straight at the ceiling. Her white arms encircled him, as her hands stoked and caressed down along his and back. He was bent down and was kissing her deeply. I could see my wife's head angled to his, and rotating as she returned his kiss. One of her hands moved up to his neck, and pulled his head closer to hers. His fingers were tangled in her golden mass of curls. Slowly, he began to increase the pace and tempo of his fucking, until he was pounding her with long hard strokes, bringing her legs up over his shoulders. Her whole body was shaking and jerking from the force of this thrust. When he reached his climax, he stiffened and his ass cheeks clenched, as my wife threw her head back and yelled out her orgasm, her fingers gripping his ass as she came.

I saw them both stand up. My slut wife then went down on her knees and took his long cock into her mouth and gave him head for the next ten minutes, her mouth sliding along the length of his cock, until finally he came, releasing his entire load into my pretty wife's mouth. When my wife came back on her feet, Dustin then lifted her up as she wrapped her legs around his back. He then he pole vaulted her up on his cock, and began fucking her with hard thrust. At this point, I pulled out my cock and began to masturbate as I watched my wife get fucked gloriously by this black stud. I didn't have to worry about being seen by the neighbors as I was in complete darkness and in between two houses. He fucked my wife like there was no tomorrow, ramming her repeatedly with his long cock, as she bounced up and down, her big breast jiggling, her long hair flying, and her arms flailing out, as he held her up with the strength of his powerful arms, his black fingers digging into her white ass cheeks. He carried her over to a coffee table and began fucking her like a wild man. She held on to the edge of the table to brace herself against his hammering thrust, nearly knocking over the lamp as she leaned back. He rammed her so hard that at one point the table nearly turned over. It was all so damn hot! Her head was tossed back as her long blonde hair cascaded back over the table and I could see all different expressions of ecstasy in her face, as she had one orgasm after another. Just before he climaxed, he leaned down and kissed her, sending his exploring tongue deep into her mouth. I came as Dustin did, spilling my load on our porch as he spilled his in my wife's pussy. It was like watching a silent picture. I knew my wife was screaming her head off but I could not hear a sound. When it was over he just held my wife for a while and then he started carrying her off in the direction of the bedroom!

I was overjoyed about this as I wanted to see my wife get fucked in our master bed. But what if all the doors were locked? How would I get in? Luckily for me, I had left one of the sliding doors

unlocked. I was careful though not to make any noise as I slid the door opened and entered the living room. I could already hear my wife's moans and yells and I knew he was giving it to her again. I slowly walked down the hall and peeked into our back bedroom. Dustin was right on top of her and was fucking her missionary style, with long deep thrust. Her legs were pushed all the way back so that her knees were down on her shoulders as he rammed her. I could hear the slush, slush, slush sound of his cock sliding in her wet pussy, and the banging of the bedboard, as their moments propelled it against the wall, mingled with my wife's moans and grunts. My slut wife was begging him to fuck her harder, when in fact, he must have already been hitting her cervix with his thrust. I was amazed at how cock hungry my wife actually was! She just couldn't enough. He fucked her for about thirty minutes at which time they both came in a very intense orgasm and once again I came squirting my load against the wall.

They were just about to get into another position when I heard a knock at the door. That could be my husband said my wife in a frantic voice. As the lovers rushed to put their clothes back on, I went to answer the door. As I opened it, I saw a tall black man standing there in front of me. I am Dustin he said. Is there a Mrs. Heather Smith living here? My wife and the black man had just walked into the living room. They just stood there with their mouths opened. We all just stared at each other in astonishment.