

Forced To Watch My Wife Have Secret Sex

By prague2nyc



Published on Lush Stories on 20 Oct 2013

Wife explores sex with another man when she thought I wouldn't see it, but I saw it all.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/forced-to-watch-my-wife-have-secret-sex-1.aspx>

Tessa and I had reached our ten year anniversary together, so in preparation I had asked what she wanted as a gift. She took no time before saying some diamond jewelery would be the only thing she wanted. Given that we didn't have a lot of cash on hand, I didn't like that thought at all. "Sorry Tessa, you know that would make things real tough for me," I replied, seeing her sense of disappointment. "Maybe you can think of something fun you'd like to do instead?" at which I looked at her hopefully. She was obviously disappointed and was starting to look a little annoyed. "Well..." she started, now wearing a cheeky grin, "perhaps it's time that I can explore my fantasy that I told you about?" By now she was slowly moving her hand down across her breast, in a teasing way. I recalled the conversation we had months ago about a dream where she was having sex with a stranger, with brief but quite aggressive sex. At the time she told me about it and how one day she wanted to try it since we had been together so long. "Now, why would I let you do that?" I shot back, still not sure if she was joking or not. "Damn you Steve, you never buy me expensive jewelery. I let you flirt with other women, not to mention that girl at the bar last month you had your hands all over. I've given you plenty of your sexual fantasies, now it's time for one of mine!" She took a breath and continued. "I made out with that girl last year so you could watch, and she even felt me up when we were in the pool together. I know you enjoyed that, you dick!" I couldn't get a word in before she started to rub my cock and said, "So here's how it's going to be...we'll go to that late night club next to the strip club you took me to on your birthday, and hire a room..." I reached up and grabbed her breasts firmly, then asked, "So we can have sex in there?". She giggled a little, "Oh no, you can watch me give a blow job to a guy in that dirty club, then we can come home and you can finish me off. And if you want to have some of your little fun in the future then that's exactly what is going to happen." As she was talking she had pulled my jeans down. Now she started to slowly put my cock in her mouth. It was a trap in hindsight; as she sucked me, with her black ponytail flipping side to side, I lost my resistance. I mumbled back a question as to who she wanted to be with in this fantasy, but she had taken control, moving her mouth away just enough to tell me I didn't need to worry about it, she would be in control of picking a guy. One week later, Tessa told me we would be going out that Friday for her adventure and that she had it all 'arranged'. By this point I felt I had no choice but to go along with it, still thinking

in the back of my mind that she might bail on it when it came down to the moment; after all, I was the only guy she had been with during the last ten years. Friday came and Tessa put a huge amount of time into getting dressed and putting some make-up on. She was good-looking enough naturally, but when done up for going out it would ensure that she would get plenty of attention from guys. I couldn't see what underwear she had on but she wore a short skirt and knee-high socks and heels. We left around 11 pm after a few drinks at home, getting a cab to our destination. We pulled up to a dark building I hadn't been in before and going to the front desk, we were guided to a room near the front of the building. Tessa told me I had to wait in here while she freshened up and went to meet her partner for the night. She left the room. She seemed to know where to go and the layout of the place, which was surprising as we hadn't been in there together before. At this point I didn't know where she was going or who she was seeing or even how she knew them. The door locked as she left and when trying to open it, I realized I was locked in there. I just guessed she would be bringing a guy back to our room so we could hang for awhile and see what happened. Twenty minutes passed with no word. I sat on the couch in the room, opposite was a TV but that was all. I had started to get worried that she wouldn't come back and whether she was safe. Finally the door opened and Tessa entered, looking giddy. "Hey Tim, I just met up with the guy... we're going to have a drink in the bar at the back, just wait here and we'll be back." I was somewhat confused by now, "Wait, what guy, where is he from? How do you know him?" It just seemed too surreal as I had been sure that she wouldn't be able to go through with it. Tessa chuckled a little, "Don't panic, I met him during the week, he's normal and we'll come back here after a drink or two. Just chill and watch some TV or something." With that, she turned and left. I vaguely saw a guy reach out for her hand as she left the room, but before I could go to see him, the door again shut and clicked shut. "Damn, what the hell is going on now?" I said to the empty room. Tessa had dropped her bag in the room so I knew she was coming back. I opened it to see what she had brought and noticed her phone was there so she wouldn't be able to call me if she was in any trouble. Aside from some make-up, I noticed a slim packet of condoms in a side pocket, something she would never normally have on her. After another five minutes I grew restless and turned on the TV. I then hit a button by mistake and looked up at the screen and realized I was looking at the internal security camera footage. Since I didn't know the club well, I circled through some channels of the security cameras and indeed saw the bar area, followed by some hall ways, car park and then some internal rooms. I couldn't see Tessa in the bar but then she appeared briefly on the hallway camera. "Great," I thought, "at least she is coming back now." She was holding hands with this other guy and they opened a door. To my surprise, it wasn't to my room. "Where the hell are they going?" I looked again at the door, nothing. I then circled through the camera footage channels and there they were, room nine. I checked the remote again and pressed the button to un-mute the sound. I could now hear them talking to each other. However, it wasn't just talking going on; Tessa had taken the guy to the couch, pushed him down and stood back in the room while starting to take her top off and dance for him. She had done this for me plenty of times, but now I was seeing her throw her shirt on the ground and go to him to yank his shirt off. She had a bright colored bra and was unhooking the back, letting her breasts slowly free themselves. By now he was starting to talk,

telling her how he liked sluts and what he planned to do to her. She wasn't shy about the situation at all, and started encouraging him, while pushing her breasts against his face. There was some muffled talking and from the camera angle I could only make out that the guy was sucking on her nipples as she swayed back, her ponytail flicking from side to side. After a couple of minutes of this and some butt grabbing, he pulled her short skirt up to reach underneath. As he lifted her skirt I could see she was wearing a black thong with a diamond studded detail on the back.. I knew this as I had given them to her for her last birthday. Plenty of times I had worked my tongue around the thin straps before slipping inside her. Now she had a guy grabbing them and roughly caressing her butt with some occasional light slapping. This seemed to get a reaction from her, she seemed quite giddy about it. By now I thought she would get up any moment and tell him she had to come back to her husband and that it was fun but wouldn't go any further. It still hadn't gone too far, just kind of a dirty lap dance. But I was wrong. Tessa jumped up, unzipped her skirt, letting it drop to the ground, grabbed her breasts and in a straight-forward tone said to him, "Baby, my husband could find his way over here any minute, you better fuck me while you got the chance. I've been waiting for you to be inside me all week!" He didn't waste a moment. Immediately he stood up and Tessa pulled his pants down and moved right on down toward his cock. From my view I could see the back of her head moving back and forth. She was bent over, her butt sticking out in her thong and her hands around his waist, her mouth sucking his cock. She stopped only for a moment to tell him how hard he was. For five minutes he thrust his cock down her throat. She went faster than I have seen her do before, and started to use one hand to pull down her panties. At one stage their door opened and a couple walked in. They froze and realized they were in the wrong room, before laughing at what they had stumbled onto. The male then made some jokes to his partner and what a slut the woman was, saying she must be a hooker getting paid. They walked back out after thirty seconds but I couldn't believe that I was watching Tessa now in some type of porno movie scene. As their door shut, Tessa looked up at the guy and I heard her say, "OK, now is the time, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me..." getting more aggressive each time. She moved onto the couch. She was topless, with only the black thong and knee-high socks and heels on. Sitting back she then spread her legs as wide as she could and flipped her hair back. My mind started to go in a slow motion haze. I just saw a male figure remove the rest of his clothes, approach her with one hand on his cock to guide it toward her. He pulled aside the thong and pushed his cock into her, making a final comment about how wet she was. From that moment all I could see was the blur of this guy holding her legs back and thrusting into Tessa. I was distracted mainly by the voice of Tessa, moaning, groaning, asking, begging him to fuck her more. I lost track of how long this went on for but I had gone to check the door to my room four or five times to see if it was unlocked by chance. Each time I was disappointed as I was still stuck there, and each time I looked at the TV again, she seemed to be enjoyed getting fucked by this stranger even more. They changed positions several times before settling on her bent over the couch while he fucked her from behind. He would hold the thong strap as he moved in and out of her, that thong I had bought her. This went on for an eternity before he started telling her he was going to blow his load. I heard his voice loudly as he reached it, pumping Tessa a few more times slowly before taking his cock out

of my wife's pussy for the last time. I couldn't tell if he had a condom or had loaded her up with cum...either way Tessa then slumped to the couch and told him how great he was. I sat back on the couch and another five minutes passed before the door to my room opened....it was Tessa. She was dressed and by herself. "Ready to go home?" she asked, somewhat giddy. "Where have you been all this time?" I replied. "Well, I had some drinks, and just a little comfy sit down with this guy, like we agreed." I looked her in the eyes, "How far did you go?" She laughed. "Steve, baby, what kind of slut do you take me for? It was some fooling around, high school stuff. I showed him my breasts and we kissed a bit." "So, do you want to go home and have sex?" I asked back. Tessa thought before replying, "Well, maybe tomorrow. I am kind of exhausted tonight for some reason, maybe I had a few too many drinks."