

# Selfish Sex

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*My husband gets lustful when other men fuck me.*

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I like being the center of attention. I know I'm selfish that way. Oh, I admit I like having sex with other couples. It's great to have the sustained all night sex brought on by the excitement of swapping and sharing, and it's great to have the touch and taste of another woman at times, but somehow the sex is always more reserved than if I'm alone with one man or better yet, two men. Women tend to be more guarded around other women. At least I think it's true of me. Alone with men it seems I can be as naughty as I want and believe it or not, even as naughty as two men can possibly expect a woman to be. Nowadays, if my husband George is one of those men the expectations of naughty go to extremes. Since we began with Mary and James our inhibitions have fallen away and sex is amazing. Sex alone with my husband George is better than ever as a result but when he and another man focus all their attention on me and only me I become a demon. Maybe that's why he now likes to share me with other men. When we're out he sometimes points out another guy. We don't often follow through but the mere question of whether I'd be interested in hooking up makes me wet. A couple of glasses of wine don't hurt either, but either way I know the sluttier I get the dirtier and sluttier they expect me to be and the dirtier they expect me to be the sluttier I get. It's a wonderfully vicious cycle of degradation that ends with me bruised and sore and full of come inside and out. I love the feeling of sexual exhaustion when encrusted in a mixture of sweat and come of two spent lovers who remain entangled in my limbs and reeking of sex. Yes, I like to be fucked and when I get a fucking like I did this past weekend I think about it a lot and want to write about it. The story of our first "strange" other man begins with Mary and James and the rest of our usual friends out of town for one reason or another. George and I went dancing at a local club next to the downtown Hilton. We thought we'd have a romantic weekend just the two of us for a change, but when George returned from the men's room a new direction had been set. "Hey Jane," he said quietly as he returned to my side at the tall little table holding our drinks we had been standing at, "see that young guy over there at the bar?" "The one with the green shirt surveying the room for prey?" I asked. "Yeah, man is he ever hung," he said. I just sat there kind of smirking at him. "Now how would you know that?" "Caught a glimpse from the corner of my eye when he pulled it out at the next urinal." "Really? He doesn't seem to have the features." "I'm telling you, the guy has a fire hose." "Does Georgie want to take a helper home?" "Yeah, well thought you might like to play a little, so while you figure out a way to cozy

up to him I'm going to book a room at the Hilton. If you fall short, well then it'll just be you and me in a hotel bed," he said and got up to leave. "What? You want me to..." "Yeah, you should have no trouble. I know you like the flirting game, you little tease." "I don't know. He's so young," I said, but George was already walking away. I went up to the bar and squeezed between the young man and the guy next to him to order a couple of martinis. I made sure my breast brushed his upper arm. I smiled sheepishly at him in apology for my intrusion, then paid and carried the drinks back to the tall table where we had been standing. I stood alone sipping at my drink, looking at my watch every now and then, growing more and more impatient in my appearance. I could see him glancing over at me and each time he did I'd look away with just enough delay that he knew I was looking at him. Finally on his fourth or fifth glance my way I let our eyes meet and held his gaze until I smiled and he smiled back. George is right I do like the flirting game, though it's been years since I picked up a man, since before I married George. "What kind of guy abandons such a beautiful woman who buys him a drink?" he said when he finally approached me. "The kind that needs help," I said. "The drink is yours." He looked a little puzzled, but picked up the martini glass, said "Thank you," and drank a third of it in one gulp. "I'll say he needs help, abandoning a lady like you," he said, stinging me a little with 'lady'; he might as well have said 'cougar'. "Not that kind of help," I said, "special help...sharing his wife help..." As a slow wicked smile dawned over his face I added, "...you game?" He didn't answer but took another sip at his martini. I thought I had shaken him just a bit. "He's booking a room over at the Hilton and any minute now should be texting me with the room number. We have a bet as to whether or not you would be willing to share a another man's wife." The guy was not as shocked as I might have expected, he just kept that same grin on his face without saying anything so I pushed a little more, "You think you could share a lady with her husband?" "Did you bet for me or against me?" he asked. "Let's just say I can't lose either way," I said. He held out his hand for me to drape mine over his fingers. When I did, he said, "I'm Seth, nice to me you..." "Jane." "Jane," he repeated kissing the back of my hand with mock affectation just as my phone chimed the incoming text: "Then I hope I can make up for causing you to loose the bet." I ignored the message for a few seconds enjoying Seth kissing my hand before looking at the room number and typing in, "Seth". "Would you like to dance, Jane?" There was a reserve to Seth's dancing that I chalked off to him not wanting to risk a sure thing with stupid white boy dance moves, but he made sure he touched me at every opportunity and before even the first song was over we were both relaxed and our dancing took on a heated sexuality which expanded during the second. The third song was slow enough for him to take me in his arms and pull me against him. He kissed me and I enjoyed him lingering on my lips without giving him my tongue. He was not a big man, not like James and even thinner in build than George, but I could feel his size, still hanging but definitely swollen against my thigh. I reached down and pressed it against his leg with the palm of my hand, my fingers pointing downward along its length without reaching the end. "Careful girl, we don't want that thing waking up before we get out of here." "Then let's go," I said. "Room 602 in case we get separated." We stayed together as there was little chance of Seth letting me out of his sight. In the elevator he put his arm around me to pull me toward him to kiss him again and this time I stretched up on my tiptoes and put my arms around his neck to hungrily

kiss him back as his other hand roamed over my body even as the elevator door opened. If anyone had been standing there they would have had quite a show. When the door to our room opened George stuck out his hand and said, "Welcome Seth, I'm George, this lovely creature's husband." Coyness is not my strong suit, especially with my recent sexual awakening. I guess I kind of know I can take what I want, and I know what I can take. Then again, the most attractive thing about a man is when he too is confident. Confident enough to take what he wants, confident enough to take me. Seth was nothing if not confident. After the brief elevator ride I was beyond any ability to even pretend to act coy. Still I tried, sitting there as aloof in my little dance dress as I possibly could be, my legs crossed tightly together and pulled back primly as I listened to George giving Seth a casual third degree. "What do you do, Seth?" "I'm a salesman, communications switching equipment." "Married?" "Not yet, girlfriend though. She's still finishing up a divorce, so I don't expect her be ready to re-enlist in marriage for a while." "You OK cheating on her?" "This?" Seth said, "This wouldn't be cheating. This would just be sex, right?" "Right," George said. "So what is it, you a pencil dick that likes to watch his wife get fucked by a stud?" "Might be something like that." George said, confident enough to show not the least of emotion. "Then again might not be," I chimed in, sitting upright with my hands folded on my knees. "Might just be he's a man who through wife swapping discovered a much wider world of sex than he or his wife ever imagined. Could be in fact that after another woman in our bed, and another couple, tonight is simply my turn for a little extra attention." Because of Seth's last remark I grew emboldened in wanting to challenge his arrogance. Even though I wanted his conquest of me to be complete and to impress him with my newfound sexual acumen, I decided at that moment that I didn't want his victory to be easy. "So, you think you're up to it, stud?" "I'll leave that up to you to decide, lady...Jane." "I doubt that will take very long." Seth turned to George, "This bitch diss on you like that?" "Hey, who you calling a bitch!" I said. "Occasionally." George said calmly with just a hint of a smile on his face. "Shut up, bitch," Seth said sharply to me, and then to George, "and what do you do about it?" "Again, with the bitch! Fuck you!" I said. "I mean it's obvious this bitch needs some discipline," Seth continued to George as he took a couple of steps towards where I sat. He put his hand beneath my chin and gently tilted my head upward as his thumb grazed my lower lip. I was beginning to wonder what he was going to do. He kept talking about me in the third person. "She is as feisty as she is beautiful..." he said, then suddenly put his hand in my hair and pulled me up to stand. "...and definitely needs to be disciplined." I took a slapping swing at him but he grabbed my wrist before contact was made. He smiled broadly and scooped me up in his arms and sat down. He was stronger than I thought and even though I have strong arms he took me by surprise and had me bent over his thighs in one move. We all knew this was just role playing, a kind of foreplay that was setting the stage for the evening. Still, I knew that this young man had taken control of me from the moment he ushered me onto the dance floor at the club. He essentially had me dance for him and I danced sexier with each song and felt so sexy for the act of it. I had already completely surrendered in the elevator when even in my spike heels I rose onto my tiptoes to eagerly kiss him while he stood straight conceding not even a bend toward me. My pussy had grow quite wet but when the elevator doors opened and he pulled my head back by my hair and said, "Lady, you are going to be fun," and

flooded the patch of my thong. Seth brought his hand down on my ass three times in quick succession. The first one made me yelp and the third one made me almost cry. The bottom of my dress was stretched tight across my ass and with one hand I tugged down on the hem to keep it in place. Suddenly George was there, all I could see were his shoes and legs right in front of Seth's. Then I felt the bottom of my dress being lifted. George told me to let go of it. I could feel my bottom exposed. "Nice handprint," George said, "but I'd like a hand in this punishment, too." Three loud smacks stung sharply against my other ass cheek. I yelped again. Seth stood up causing me to slide down his legs to the floor. I was on my side and raised myself up on one arm. "Stay there, bitch, so you can suck our cocks," Seth said, and again my body responded with another flood of wetness. Seth began to undo his belt and lower his pants. He left his boxers in place. George undid his too and in a moment had his pants and underwear around his ankles. His gently upturned cock was fully hard and pointing up as high as I had ever seen it. A little above average at not quite 7 inches long George had the hardest cock I ever felt. It started smaller and grew a lot when he was excited. I wrapped my hand around it. Seth stepped up to me and I lowered his shorts. I was a little crestfallen to see that he was only semi-hard, his long cock hanging downward like a snake. Even like that his cock was every bit as long as George's. Since I was still laying on my hip and arm I let the side of my head tilt against Seth's lower thighs. From there I kind of purred my way up tilting my head upward to lick his balls as the soft cock draped over my cheek. I nuzzled up into his ball sack, licking and taking each into my mouth, gently pulling before releasing it. I began to loose myself in the task, occasionally running the pucker of my lips sideways along the length of his hardening shaft. I let go of George to wrap my hand around Seth's cock but he batted it aside. "No hands," he said. I got up on my knees licking and sucking on him the whole time. It stiffened enough for me to get my mouth over the end of it, enjoying the sensation of it growing harder and bigger in my mouth. Not as hard as George's, but firm enough to become almost perfectly straight, Seth's cock had just a slight downward droop before the head. I liked the way it looked, long and relatively thin and it felt nice in my mouth, a nice rubbery sensation that was making me go wet again. I began to slide a hand down to touch myself. "No hands, no touching your pussy, not yet," he commanded. I moaned around his cock, putting my hands on his thighs as I worked my mouth further over his length. I was getting dangerously close to gagging on the head of his cock when he put his hands on my head and easily drove his cock all the way in past my throat and held my forehead against his belly. When he finally let me go I pulled back with a gasp and gulped for air. "No hands!" I sputtered. "That goes for you too!" Then I realized I didn't gag. I mean there was some pain that made my eyes water, but there was no real gagging. I opened my mouth again and slid right over his cock on the slickness of my own saliva burying my face against his belly on my own this time. Again I didn't gag. I held myself there and relaxed further, breathing through my nose, almost afraid to move. "Holy shit, Jane," Seth said, "holy shit." His hips bucked twice and his cock head slipped in and out past my throat finally triggering my gag reflex. I pulled away and coughed up some phlegm, but I was getting to him and I knew it. I felt so damn slutty, I opened wide and this time I kept my hands on his hips controlling his thrusts so his cock head stayed beyond the opening of my throat. "Oh Christ Jane that looks so fucking amazing...and...oh fuck it

feels so damn good.” I was able to relax everything, my lips, my tongue, my jaw and my throat. I still don’t know what allowed me to do it. He began thrusting into my mouth harder and harder and taking fuller strokes. My throat must have grown numb because my gag reflex was gone. Was it the softness of his cock, or the slight downward bend, or the size and shape? I didn’t know, but suddenly I decided I didn’t want his cum pouring down my throat, not yet, not so easily, so I pulled off and fell back onto my arms letting my head fall back. The next thing I know George was there behind me and he was angling his cock into my mouth. I tilted my head back further and he pushed his cock down a little further and slid it right past my throat until his balls were pressing against my eyelids. His thicker cock hurt a little and also because of the hardness or the angle or both. I could tell my face was covered in slick saliva and phlegm. I felt so slutty and the thought of it, and of deep throating George like that released another flood of hot wetness at my pussy. I wanted them to come, both of them. I thought I had Seth so close before pulling away, and I knew George couldn’t hold out much longer. I was right, at least about George. I could feel his cock swell and throb in my throat just before he pulled out. I made a noise, a primitive sounding growl of frustration with my mouth wide open. I know men like to watch their ejaculations especially if it’s on a girls face, but taking semen in the face is something I save for a special occasion or as a reward when George or James really gets me off before coming himself. Maybe later I thought, but I certainly didn’t want to completely abandon my dignity so early in the night with a stranger. Besides, I like it best on the back of my tongue. Fortunately George knows me and he put the end of his cock back in my mouth and exploded against my tongue grunting like thunder. I love the taste and sensation of come and I sucked hard on the end of his cock until George was in pain and pulled away. “Impressive,” Seth said. I slowly lifted my head to look at him. He really was a skinny boy, 28 years old, with a hard-on that stuck straight out from his naked nearly hairless body like a broomstick. I smiled at him and brought myself forward onto my knees with my bottom against my ankles and put my hands on my thighs. He took a step closer and held his hand out to me. I gave him mine and he helped me to my feet. “You look amazing in this dress, but it’s time I see you without it.” I lifted my hands to behind my neck to undo the clasp of the halter. “Allow me,” he said as his hands joined mine behind my neck. He held mine there for a moment and brought his lips to mine and kissed me deeply. When he released the neck of the backless halter dress it fell away from my naked breasts. Seth pushed it beyond my hips to puddle at my feet. I pushed down on the waistband of my thong and Seth dragged that to my feet, and as he stood back up he kissed along the side of my belly and my breast. He scooped his arms behind my back and thighs to carry me to the bed. I leaned back on my elbows with my feet on the edge of the bed and my knees together. Seth stood at my feet. I could see his face but my legs blocked the view of his cock. Still, that thought that he was going to soon fuck me made my pussy flood again. I let my knees fall slowly opened, knowing I would see his cock all nice and straight, and he would see the shimmering wetness of my slit. “Christ, you are one hot woman,” he said. I actually felt myself blush. “Just shut up and fuck me already,” I said with my sweetest smile. “Not quite yet,” he said and sank to his knees. Oh hell, I thought to myself. I don’t want to be licked I want to be fucked. He pushed his tongue right into my hole without touching my throbbing neglected clit. He licked inside of my pussy lips and pinched and

pulled at them with his lips. "Please..." I moaned. He pushed his tongue deeper in my hole and pushed his face against me but never touched my clitoris. "Please, oh please..." I almost sobbed. He was relentless in his avoidance of my clit. Instead he pushed up on the backs of my legs and moved his tongue down to lick across my anus. He drove his tongue into my tight pucker. The only time a man ever licks my ass, I complained to myself, was when he wanted to fuck it. Still, he was driving me insane. I found myself pleading to be fucked. Finally he stood up and pulled me to the edge of the bed, lifted me a little with an arm hooked under one knee and with his hand around his cock rubbed the head all over my pussy then vigorously side to side over my clit. God, it felt so good. He looked right into my eyes as he slid it into me. I swear every cock feels so good going in, even the big painful ones, but then moments later none, except for James', feels like it's enough. I always want more. "Come on, fuck me," I hissed, "fuck me hard...let me have it, come on." Seth obeyed, taking long hard strokes, slapping against me loudly. I pulled back on my knees while lifting my head to watch his shaft plunge in and out of me. "Ooh yes, yes, yes, that looks so hot," I said. Seth raised a hand in the air. "Are you ready yet George? You ready to tag team your slut?" I WAS a slut and I was in my slut glory. Two seconds after Seth pulled out, George plunged his cock into me. I could tell it was George from the way his upturned cock pushed comfortably against my g-spot. "Fuck her hard George but give her back before you blow," Seth told him. "Yeah, fuck me hard...yeah hard, hard, hard!" I yelled in rhythm with his thrusts. "Oh yeah, oh God!" My body suddenly began to orgasm. My soft tits were gyrating wildly on my chest at first and I had the urge to put my hands on them but then I was lost in an intense orgasm and pushed against the headboard with my outstretched hands to brace against the pounding. I hardly even noticed when George and Seth switched the next time. I'm not sure if my orgasm actually passed, but Seth was hard pounding his cock into me again and I had no control over anything. Then it was George again and then Seth again, each one going at me so hard I was never let down from a kind of orgasmic high. Time seemed to slow and stretch out. I tried to get a grip on reality by counting strokes after one change, but I lost count somewhere in the teens when my orgasm grew intense again. "Come in me I'm on the pill," I yelled. I began wanting it to end, I was sweating so much my hair was wet, and my pussy was beginning to get sore and a bit dry. I was somewhere between delirious and just plain weary. I wrapped my legs around Seth's back to hold him there. But before I knew it he switched with George again. "Come on, George, fill me up, please fill me up." I enjoyed listening to myself. My own smutty language added to my excitement and my wetness returned. Seth was standing off to the side and watching my face and slowly stroking his cock. "Please Seth, put your cock in my mouth." Moments after Seth climbed onto the bed over my head and slid his cock into my mouth George began to grunt out his orgasm. I loved having a man at each end and I think it had an effect on George too. He emptied his load inside me, erratically jerking and grunting. The slickness was a relief to my sore pussy. When he pulled away, Seth went from astride my head to falling forward onto all fours in sixty-nine position, his cock driving a little deeper into the back of my mouth. I was surprised when he pressed his soft tongue against my sensitive clit, just covering it without moving. After the initial jolt it felt soothing and great, but I was still surprised to have a man get so close to where another man had just come. I was even more surprised when a

moment later he moved his tongue and stabbed it into my pussy. When he removed it I could feel George's come begin to spill out. "Nice job, George," he said, "This cream pie's a beauty! Would you mind, or do you want it?" This boy was full of surprises. I'm sure George, who I don't believe ever even thought of licking a pussy full of come, his own much less another man's, was as surprised as me. "Uh, no, knock yourself out," he said. Seth plunged his tongue into my pussy repeatedly. In just a few seconds I had another orgasm. My "cream pie" overflowed and ran down my crack over my anus. Seth's tongue was right there licking it up pushing it into my tight rear hole. It felt so good and before I knew it he had a finger inserted into me there. It slid in easily and quickly began to feel good. He put a second finger in me and began pulling on me, pulling his fingers in opposite direction. It hurt a little but it still felt good. George stooped down next to me and whispered that he thought Seth was trying to stretch me open for a reason and asked if I was "OK with anal." I pulled my mouth from Seth's cock. "Yes," I said, "It feels good now. Condom for Seth though." Then I caught Seth's cock in my mouth again. I would have been perfectly content to keep on with our sixty-nine until Seth gave me his load, but before I knew it I was on all fours on the bed and Seth was pushing his fingers, I don't know how many, into my ass. I was trying to hold still but the combined sensation of pain and pleasure felt so good I couldn't help but move around a bit. Every time he pulled his fingers out I felt briefly abandoned and empty, until he put them back or pushed in his tongue. "You fuck this pretty ass, George?" Seth said. "Special occasions." "This special enough?" Seth said. "Here's a condom, you go ahead," George said. I rolled up onto all fours "Damn that's a fine ass," Seth said and gave me another smack, not as hard this time but it still stung. "That all you got?" I said, lowering my head onto the pillow so my ass stuck up even more. His hand delivered another stinging smack to my ass followed by another. Then I felt his tongue push into my hole again. God, this kid was good. Suddenly I wanted my tits played with. I wanted my nipples touched. "George, my tits," I said. George knew what to do, climbed onto the bed and with he limp dick dragging over my hair, reached around with both hands to massage my hanging tits. With both men touching me that way I began getting carried away again, my brain and body responding to being controlled by two men. I was in ecstasy. I had only a vague sense of Seth moving against the bed before feeling his cock against my rear opening. The pain of Seth's cock entering me was exquisite and brief drawing me further into the moment as it subsided to pleasure. I reached my fingers to strum over my pussy and I was on my way to another delirious orgasm. I began yelling, "fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck" with every thrust as I came. The next thing I knew I was on my back with my legs wrapped around Seth as he frantically stroked his cock off. He shot thick streams of come across my tits and stomach and neck. Even before the first blast of this stranger hit me I already felt more defiled than any time before yet I liked the sight and sensation of Seth's come landing on my body. I closed my eyes and spread it around on my belly and tits feeling the slickness, tasting it and rubbing it in like a lotion. My emotions just then raging from orgasmic revelation to those of defiance toward George for getting off on allowing me to be so defiled by another man, and shame for allowing myself to be so dirty and maybe more so, for loving every moment. After Seth left George was so emotionally lust-charged that he fucked me hard through multiple orgasms I couldn't believe I was still capable of having. He finished with an almost angry

violence in my ass. That's when I realized that more than the sex it's the storm of emotions that makes sharing ourselves with others at once so frightening and yet so addicting.