

# She looks so beautiful! Part 3

By tosler

Published on Lush Stories on 14 Mar 2012

**Copyright (C) 2009 Trost Osler, reproduction permitted by explicit permission only. Contact [trost.osler@gmail.com](mailto:trost.osler@gmail.com) for more information.**

*What would that hard, black cock look like, buried in my wife?*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/she-looks-so-beautiful-part-3-1.aspx>

Chapter 2: "Sunday night, I put on some good Flamenco guitar that Bill had recommended to us, and was just finished wrapping the blindfold on my wife when I felt the air move slightly from Bill opening the door. I immediately went around the corner to tend the food. I wanted Bill to see my wife, naked, helpless in front of him, pussy open and inviting..." Chapter 3 Sure enough, when I came back a couple minutes later, Bill was standing a couple feet away from my wife, revelling in her nakedness, shorts tented in anticipation. I smiled at him and gave him a big thumbs up. I stepped close to my wife, and gently massaged her back. I knew she could feel my cock when I brushed the tent in my own sweatpants against her ass. When she started slowly grinding against my cock, I slowly slid a finger into her pussy, caressing her slim white hips with the other hand. She moaned and pushed back against me. She was hot! I glanced out of the corner of my eye, and saw Bill had opened his shorts. He had his cock out, and was slowly jacking himself as he watched my wife wiggle against her restraints. I stroked her pussy a few times, just to get her worked up, and withdrew my fingers. As she moaned in frustration, I beckoned to Bill. I was confident my wife would not hear him over the music, but he walked carefully and quietly. I gestured, soundlessly asking if he wanted to do the same. He grinned widely, and put his hands out to feel my wife. His dark hands stood out in stark contrast to her white skin. Bill was gentle, slowly massaging my wife's perfectly heart-shaped ass, his hard cock waving silently between them. He looked to me, checking, saw my smile, and slowly slid his hand down between my wife's legs. She moaned, obviously wanting more. Just then, I smelled dinner starting to burn in the kitchen. I quietly motioned to Bill to continue, and walked softly to the kitchen. I took my time, silently stirring dinner so it would cook evenly. I had left my wife alone with Bill! How much did I trust him? I couldn't bear the suspense. Even though only a couple of minutes had passed, I crept back to the den. Bill was slowly stroking his cock with one hand, and tickling my wife's clit with the other, one thumb buried deep in her pussy. As I watched, he started to slowly slide his thumb in and out of my wife's pussy, watching her tight pussy lips cling to his dark skin. When he realized I had returned, he moved a step away from my wife, giving me room. I smiled at him, and

knelt down to see my girl's beautiful pink pussy. Her nether lips were parted in arousal, and I could smell her arousal. She was wet with need as I gently leaned forward and kissed her soft pussy. I gently swirled her clit, and softly sucked on her pussy lips, all while Bill sat right next to me, watching with rapt attention. What would Bill's cock look like, nestled gently in my wife's pink pussy? I decided to tease my wife more, and kept slowly swirling her clit with my tongue. She was dripping wet, completely ready for a hard cock, and starting to quietly swear at my teasing her. Time to play with fire. With my wife begging for a hard cock, I quietly asked Bill if he wanted a taste. He grinned, and we silently traded places. As he knelt down to smell my wife's sweet arousal, I could see his cock, slowly dripping precum, and his heavy balls, swinging and full of seed. As I watched, he slowly spread my wife's pussy lips with his dark fingers, and even more slowly, dragged the full length of his tongue from her clit all the way to her vagina. Bill teased my wife, slowly bringing her closer and closer to orgasm. His technique was a little different than mine, and I wondered if my wife would notice. As I watched him play with my wife, I remembered that the rice needed to be turned off, or it would burn. I could see Bill's black cock, jutting up from his hips, veins standing out in crisp relief. Painfully erect. What would that look like, buried in my wife? I crept back to the kitchen, and took the rice off the stove. When I returned, Bill was standing, one hand firmly gripping with the head of his dripping cock. His thick erection jutted obscenely up from his muscled hips, bare inches from the warm folds of my wife's sweet pussy. As he teasing her clit and vagina with his other hand, I watched him squeeze a shiny drop of precum onto his finger, place it into the open, pink folds of her pussy, and slide it deep into her vagina. My wife was moaning, begging to be fucked. Bill shifted a little closer, brushing the dark head of his cock against my wife's naked pussy. I felt a tremendous rush of heat all over my body as I watched Bill's naked cock, so close to my helpless wife. The lust surged in my loins, my own cock raging against my boxers. I did some mental math; my wife was on day 10 of her cycle. Normally, we would use a condom this close to her ovulation. Day 10 should be safe; certainly better than day 14. I realized I wanted Bill to feel my wife's soft pussy wrapped around his cock. I wanted my wife to take his black cock deep inside her body. The thought of my wife not knowing that Bill had fucked her turned me so hard I trembled at the thought of it. Abruptly, Bill realized I had returned, and stepped away, the head of his cock shiny with my wife's arousal. I smiled confidently, but inwardly my heart was pounding. My wife had been only moments from being fucked by another man's cock! The lust in my brain took over. As if in a dream, I grinned at Bill, and handed him a condom from the top of the bureau. I gave him a big thumbs-up. Bill got a big grin when he realized I was about to let him fuck my wife, and carefully rolled the latex tube down his veined, black cock. I was about to watch my sweet, helpless wife get fucked by another man! My wife felt him step up behind her, and shook her hips enticingly. The rolling guitar from the speakers concealed the sounds of his movement, and I knew she thought it was me, about to slide my cock into her. Instead, it was Bill who placed the tip of his sheathed cock against her pink pussy, and pressed until just the head popped in. My wife groaned at the sudden pressure, and in one smooth stroke, Bill slid his full length deep into my wife. He stood still for a moment, listening to her moan, feeling her hips pressed firmly back against him, getting used to the feeling of her tight, pink pussy wrapped around hard cock.

And me? I was watching the whole performance. I watched his dark hands wrapped around my wife's hips. I watched his black, muscular back shifting as he started to slowly fuck my wife. I watched his hard cock, balls deep in my wife, so deep the condom between them was invisible, so that it looked like nothing was between them. I watched the veins of arms, standing out as he started to fuck my wife harder. I listened to her moans, her panting and begging for more, as his powerful frame shook with exertion and need. I knew that fucking a white woman, and a married one at that, would send him over the edge. Sure enough, after just a few minutes, I watched his balls pull up close to his body, ready to release their cum into the latex condom. Bill thrust a few more times into my wife, then to my surprise he pulled out. He whipped off the condom, and came in giant white spurts all over my wife's back and ass. His cum was everywhere! As the last few drops trickled out, he nuzzled the head of his cock around the folds of my wife's pussy, mixing his cum with her arousal. Now that left me with a bit of a problem. My cock was ready to go, but my wife knew she had already been fucked. Bill looked at me, I gave him a thumbs up, and he smiled and quietly left. I went into the kitchen, and put my hands under the hot water until the pain made my erection fade, and then brought dinner out. I untied my wife, who was all smiles. She rubbed the cum on her pussy around her pussy lips, showing herself off to me. She knows I like seeing my cum on her skin, and she slowly slid her fingers into her pussy, covered with Bill's cum. "Baby, next time, you should let him cum inside me ... what, you thought I wouldn't know Bill's cologne?" I had forgotten about smell! Dinner was wonderful, perfectly prepared and heated, but all I could think about was getting my own dick wet inside my wife's sweet pussy. By the time we sat down to eat, it was stone cold, but I had pumped two loads of my hot cum in her sweet pussy. She was on day 10 of her cycle, so we took the risk. To be continued...