

# The Party

By paco55

Published on Lush Stories on 23 Apr 2010

*I got more than I bargained for!!*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/the-party-1.aspx>

The Party Now, I'm at this party, right? It's a company function. It's not quite a high society social event, but there is some money here. There are a few mid to upper level execs, and the part owner of the company, who's the host of this shindig. The rest of us are just tail wagers, putting in an appearance to let the higher ups know we're all part of the team. The party is 95% couples, and a few singles (all men). I am a part of the later. I won't elaborate about the 101 reasons I got from my wife for not being here. Let's just say that... things at home are sub par at best. That's all I'll say about that. I'm leaning against the wall, by the table next to the bar sipping a vodka and tomato juice, occasionally snacking on finger food from the table. Just standing there checking my watch, politely waving to co workers as they pass through the room. A few, "How ya doin's?" for the ones passing by that are close enough to hear. For the most part, I am invisible to the masses at this party, just waiting on the polite time to excuse myself and go home. Through the years, I found that people watching can help make the time pass a little more quickly. As I scan the rooms, I see people in separate huddles. Probably talking about what sucks in this company, how to make it better, what's wrong with the world, and how the local sports teams are playing. Basically, the same office chatter, only now with wives and/ or girlfriends in tow. As I look to my left, two of the groups have finished whatever the chat session was about. They all start going their separate ways. It's then I notice this nice looking woman standing alone next to the fireplace. She looks to be in her late 30's, medium to light blonde shoulder length hair. She's wearing a modest evening dress that shows that she has a good figure, not that of a playmate, but she doesn't hurt the eyes. She's about 5'4" tall , maybe about a buck twenty five weight wise. She looks like she exercises to keep in shape, but doesn't use weights. My guess is that she has had a few kids along the way, and keeps herself in shape mostly for these events to make hubby look good. She is an interesting people watch because she is staring into another room, sipping the wine and nibbling on here cuticles. She would probably be biting her nails, if she hadn't just gotten them done. Although her eyes are fixed on her subject, there is no sparkle in them. Her facial expression and body language is that of one who is depressed, or lacking confidence. Not that I'm an expert, it's just the way she looks to me. I look over to try to get an idea as to who or what has her attention. All I see is a group of 7-8 men huddling. In less than a minute, the huddle disbands and splits off in all directions. I return my focus back to the woman, and see her eyes

widen. I know now who she was staring at. Seems that her hubby is a guy named Frank, a mid level exec, in his early 40's, with a reputation of doing whatever it takes to get to the top. He stepped on a few toes to get where he is, and it's no surprise that he will step on more in his quest. He's a clean cut guy, close to 6' tall, brown hair and appears to be in good shape. I guess you would call him handsome to an extent. Coming from a guy, it's the best I can come up with. My dealings with him are minimal, some small chat here and there, and some guy talk while getting coffee. He doesn't have a warm personality, he is just determined in his work and that's it. I try to dismiss office rumors as just that, a rumor, until I know from the source that it is a fact. A few have gone around about Frank and an extremely young secretary, just out of high school. I can't confirm this rumor to say it is true, so it'll stay a rumor. However, if I was to make a guess about it, it would be something I wouldn't put past the guy. Frank walks up to his wife and her demeanor is unchanged. He scans the room to see if anyone is looking. Just in case he may need a kodak moment to make it a good show. I guess he didn't get his moment, because with out saying a word to his wife, he gives her a quick peck on the cheek, and walks away. She has a look of despair as she watches him disappear into another part of the house. As he gets out of eyesight for her, she drops her head in disappointment, and then notices her wine glass is empty. I look at my watch and say to myself, "Hey! That took up 6 minutes! I can start going over my exit lines now. I'll do one more scan of the room, then I'm out of here." As I look to scan the room, I'm kinda surprised to see Frank's wife standing close to me at the bar, ordering another glass of wine. As I examine her more at close range, I notice that she has very pretty blue eyes. Ones that should sparkle all the time. Still, hers didn't. It occurred to me that no amount of wine could bring that sparkle to them either. I felt sad for her, being at this party with her husband, yet she was here all by herself. I was interrupted from my deep analogy of the situation by someone saying, "You know, there's food right next to you on the table. That straw you're chewing has probably lost it's flavor by now." It was Franks wife. Trying to compose myself and hide my embarrassment, also looking for a reasonable reply I said, "Yep . I'm guilty of being a straw chewer. It's a family trait, going back in my family for centuries." She laughed and said, " Hi, I'm Lisa Campbell, I'm Frank's wife." "Nice meeting you," I said. "I'm Mike." "Hi Mike," was her reply, then silence. An awkward silence of maybe 15 - 20 seconds. "You seem to be doing a good job of holding up that wall," she said. " Is that a family trait too?" "No," I said. "Just kinda waiting here to till the window of opportunity opens to head for home." "You're lucky you get that opportunity. We will be the last to leave." "Too bad, I'll keep you in my thoughts when my head hits the pillow." She giggled. "Would you mind passing some time before your departure by walking outside with me? I need a little fresh air." "Sure," I said, " I can't think of any better way to pass the time." Her eyebrows rose a little with my sappy, and not well thought out reply. I'm sure I was one big blush after I realized what I had just said. No words were spoken as we walked to the back of the house and out onto the veranda. I just want to say at this point that I'm not the stud type. Just an average looking guy, Italian, stocky, and unfortunately quickly approaching the half century mark. My exercise is running around with my kids. I have somewhat of a spare tire that I carry around, slightly thinning black hair. You get the picture. The best trait that I have that I pride myself on this, I work hard at being a nice guy. A caring and considerate person with a

somewhat offbeat sense of humor. In the shadows, where only my mind can take me. I am somewhat of a sexual deviant, living in fantasy of romantic interludes of intense passion and desire. It was impossible to contain these thoughts as we walked to the veranda. We both looked out into the darkness as though each of us were alone again. She broke the silence by almost blurting out, "I see that your married, but you're alone tonight; everything ok?" I gave her that "don't go there" look, and she seemed to understand. The next 45 minutes were spent talking about life and raising kids over 2 more glasses of wine. She never openly admitted how unhappy she was. However, she left a good amount of clues during our conversation. To be honest, we had a great talk. It really did keep my mind from wandering to the dark side. I don't know if it was the wine or what, but she was kinda funny and witty. She spoke with great love about her 2 girls. She then announced that she was getting a chill, and needed to go inside. Although it was not too late, I was getting tired. I figured I'd walk her in and politely say my goodbyes. When we got into the house she scanned the room looking for Frank .. I suppose while getting her wine, I never did see him, and he never came out to look for her. He was no where in site. When she realized this, her knees started to buckle, and I wondered if she know about the rumor. I grabbed her right arm for support. It was then that she looked at me as more than a conversationalist. There was a little fire in her eyes, I assumed from anger, never the less, it was still there. She looked at me for a few seconds then proclaimed, "I need to pee. Do you know where the bathroom is?" I giggled at her and said, "Sure." We walked down a hallway where the bathroom was. The door was locked. She let me know that waiting wasn't an option. After opening 3 more doors in that hallway we found a bedroom, unoccupied, with its own bathroom. I walked her through the bedroom to the bathroom, turned on the light for her, and made sure she was in ok. I was going to pardon myself and leave when she said, "Would you mind standing guard till I'm done? This sliding door doesn't have a lock on it." I thought to myself DAMN!, but assured her I will wait until she was done. Five minutes went by, and I'm thinkin' to myself, "I bet she passed out." As I turned to check on her, there she was, standing in the bathroom doorway, just gazing at me. She said, "You really are a sweetheart, Mike. It's a shame your not happy. Hell, it's a shame neither one of us are." As she went to take a step into the bedroom she began swaying back and forth. I hurried over to her and managed to grab her under the arms before she completely fell. Again, she looked up into my eyes, and without a second thought put her lips up to mine, very softly, slowly, sensually. Her tongue touched my lips and just the tip wiggled inside, then she pulled away. "Don't say anything, Mike," she said. "Don't try to over think this, just lay me on the bed, and go lock the door. Everything else will work itself out." I picked her up and carried her to the bed, gave her a kiss on the lips and locked the door. My mind was racing as I got to the bed. I already had a rock hard erection. "Was this really happening?" I thought to myself. "No, Mike. Don't think, let it work itself out." As I got back to the bed, she was struggling to get out of her dress. I stopped her and pressed my lips to hers and gave her a long slow passionate kiss. I helped roll her over on her stomach and slowly, methodically, pulled the zipper of her dress down. Every inch or so I would open the dress and plant light kisses on her back. The zipper ended at the top of her ass and so that's where the kisses ended. I rolled her on her right side and helped her get her left arm out of the dress. Running my fingers down her arm gently to her hand,

and pulling that side of the dress off. I helped her roll over to her left side to help her pull her right arm out. This time I grabbed the top of the dress with my teeth and slowly pulled it down the right arm, kissing and licking along the way. I felt the goosebumps as I did this, and a little sigh came from her lips. I laid her back down on her stomach and knelt on her left side. I grabbed the dress at her hips, and slowly took it off. As I leaned over to get her feet out of her dress, I felt a little tickling along my crotch. She was lightly outlining my erection through my pants. She tugged on my belt and undid it, all in one swift move. She unbuttoned my pants and had my zipper open as I was taking off my jacket. I watched her yank my pants and boxers down in one motion. She took half my cock into her mouth. I threw my jacket on the floor. She just held me there in her mouth, not moving, not sucking, nothing. I was kneeling beside her and I felt like I was impaled in the woman's mouth. She was laying on her right side, her left hand on my right hip with her eyes closed. I regained enough composure to unhook the front of her half bra and open it. As her boobs fell out of the bra out sprung hard, tight, wide nipples making my cock jerk a little bit at this sight alone. I felt her tongue slowly lick the underside of my cock, her fingers of her right hand gently squeezing my balls. I was stuck in this position. I wanted to lick and tease her nipples in the worst way, but right now my cock was happy, which made me immobile. I gently rolled her nipples in between my thumb and fore finger, feeling how hard they were, and how the flesh around them was all bumpy. I slowly ran my right hand down her stomach, and eased it under the waist of her panties. I pushed a little farther and felt a wisp of pubic hair. She turned her hips a little and bent her left leg to give me access to her pussy. As I ran my fingers along her pussy lips, I felt her mouth slowly move up and down my cock. Her tongue swirling the head when it got there. I parted her pussy lips with my middle finger and slid it down to the hole. I bent just the tip of it to get it inside. She was soaking wet. Just the tip of my finger opening her up made some juices leak out. I curled my finger in a little farther and flattened my hand, hoping the butt of my hand would rest on her clit. I used a gentle up and down motion, causing my finger to go in and out of her pussy and my hand to rub her clit. I could hear her muffled moans as I was doing this. I thought this would take my mind off the attention my cock was getting, but now she was sucking a little harder and the vibrations from the moans made it almost unbearable to hold back much longer. She could sense my dilemma and started squeezing my balls even tighter. She wanted me to cum in her mouth. The thought of that excited me even more. The prospect of that was VERY enticing, but was that what I wanted to do? I slowed down my massaging of her clit and slowly pulled my finger out of her pussy. I heard and felt her moan again. This made her suck even harder. I felt my balls start to tighten and my cock got even harder. I was close to exploding Just as the wave began to hit, I pulled my hand out of her panties, quickly grabbing and squeezing the base of my cock. I pulled it out of her mouth. I felt my cock start to jerk, it was ready to cum. I was taking deep breaths, squeezing my cock and praying it wouldn't shoot all over her and the bed. She looked up at me and said, "It would have been ok for you to cum. I wanted to taste you." I took her head in my hands and gave her a deep passionate kiss and said, "I know, and I appreciate that. God only knows how long it's been since that's happened. But, there are so many things I want to do with you right now, and time is not on our side. Who knows how long it would take me to build up another shot." She laughed and said, "I understand," then laid back



clench. I knew that's as far as it was going. It made it in to the first knuckle. I pull it out a little. As I push it back in, I slide my thumb in to her pussy and start rotating them. "AAAAAAHHHHHHH OOOHHHHHHHHHHH." My lips clamp tightly around her clit now. I start running my tongue from the base to the tip. As I increase my speed on her clit, her hips lift up. Her pussy and asshole start to clench on my finger and thumb. I lick the base of her clit one more time, then start flicking the tip of it with my tongue. Almost brutally assaulting her clit, her climax hits her.

"WWWWWHHHHOOOOAAAA!! AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!" Her hips bucking uncontrollably. Her pussy and ass spasming out of control, a flow of pussy juice leaks from her pussy, "OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH MMMYYYYYYYY GGGGGGGGGOOOODDDDDD!" Now is my time. I know without further warning. I pull my lips from her clit and take my fingers from her ass and pussy. My cock is wet from my own juices. I get between her legs and lift them over my shoulders, burying my cock inside her drenched pussy. I let it sit there for a few seconds. I can feel that she is still cumming. I know my orgasm is close. My mind is as excited as my body. With short hard strokes I start to pound away. Fast hard strokes. She is one long orgasm now, but I can feel that her big one is close. I'm trying to hold off for that. I manage to get my thumb on her clit and start massaging it. That's all it took. Her pussy convulsed around my cock. Her hips jerk up and down real hard, and that set me off. I buried my cock inside her, and the cum just started pumping out of my cock. "THAT'S IT. CUM WITH ME! THAT FEELS SSSSOOOOOOOOOO ..... AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" If I could have talked I would have said the same thing. It was almost impossible to regain my breath. My cock just kept spasming and spasming. It felt like a lifetime of cum left my body. It was unbelievable. Reluctantly, I rolled off her. As my mostly still hard cockpopped out of her a massive flood of our cum came flowing out. I could feel it on my balls and cock. I laid down on the bed next to her. You could still feel the heat we had just generated. She leaned over and kissed me. She even licked my lips to taste herself and smiled, "This was way more than I expected. It was phenomenal. We need to try this again!" "Yes!" I laughed. "Definitely!" We laid there for about ten more minutes, kissing, hugging, touching. We both heard a knock at the door. "Lisa?" came a voice from beyond the door. Frank must need to go home. Surprisingly neither one of us panicked, and neither one of us made a sound. I knew we should get dressed soon and sneak back into the party. As I went to get up and get dressed, I leaned in to kiss her one more time. It was then that I got the biggest thrill of the evening; as she looked up at me, those beautiful blue eyes were sparkling.