



Back Room Wifebang

(MMF, wife, voy)

by Anonymous

Dawn wore an unusually revealing black dress that evening. It was shorter than anything Brad had ever seen her wear in public. Being that this was a formal dinner and dance with potential professional contacts, he was reluctant to have her wear it at first. But Dawn, who had a shapely but very petite 102-pound body, seemed to be very comfortable and confident in the tight, low-cut dress.

In fact, seeing his wife in the dress stirred some reoccurring fantasies in Brad as they shared a bottle of sparkling wine in their room before heading to the banquet. Throughout their five-year marriage, Brad had toyed with the idea of directly asking Dawn to seduce another man.

But instead, he just made what he thought were vague references to his fantasies. Dawn, however, being a pretty smart cookie, saw a pattern in Brad's comments and knew that one day, given the right mood and opportunity, she might fulfill her husband's deepest wishes.

As Dawn and Brad sat at a table with two other couples, Brad noticed that his wife's nipples were erect and visible through the sheer material. She had small but firm breasts and sometimes would go without a bra. With the type of dress she was wearing, he thought she'd wear a strapless bra but later found out she wasn't wearing anything underneath. Not even panties; just black stockings and a garter.

As this somewhat stuffy occasion wore on, Dawn got a little tipsy. This dull event was quickly transforming into a stage for Dawn's playfulness, all under the watchful eye of Brad who wasn't sure where his wife was taking them. Dawn danced with several of Brad's colleagues who certainly got more than they had hoped for.

When she returned to her table after one particularly hot dance she appeared slightly breathless. "You're friends have roaming hands," she told Brad as she brushed back her long blonde hair with her hand. "Hope you don't mind."

"Think they could tell you have nothing on underneath?" he asked as his heart pounded.

"Yeah, probably," she said with a seductive smile.

About an hour later, after a slow dance with one of the single men who appeared to be in his late 30s, Dawn signaled from across the room to Brad back at the table. She pointed to a back exit and strolled from the room with a tall, dark, handsome man who Brad did not know but who had captured Dawn's attention throughout the night. Brad looked around, then got up and made his way through the crowd and out the door. There was a small storage room down a short dark hallway where he heard voices. When he walked in, he saw his wife with the man. No one said anything at first, then Dawn closed the door. "I think this is what you want; maybe not where you wanted it," she said to Brad with a nervous laugh.

"No, no, this is fine. Spontaneous," he said with his voice cracking with excitement like a teenager.

With Brad's approval, the stranger lifted Dawn onto a table and began kissing her. He stood between her muscular legs which were dangling from the edge of the table. His hands swept down the sides of her body and onto her thighs. Then he slid the hem of her dress just slightly above the top of her stockings, placed his right hand under the material and felt her immediately wrap her inner thighs around his hand now positioned on her cleanly-shaven pussy.

Dawn moaned with pleasure as the stranger massaged her pussy with his hand, then

dropped to his knees. Brad could now see right between his wife's legs as the man began eating Dawn's wet pussy. She placed her hands behind her and leaned back, seemingly lost in the act, not even noticing her husband seated just 10 feet away.

What Brad didn't know was that a friend of the stranger, who had to first take his wife back to their room, was about to join the party.

When the friend arrived, the stranger was now standing against the wall as Dawn was on the floor giving him a blowjob. "C'mon on in, man," the stranger said. "This chick is hot."

As if Brad was not turned-on enough, this was putting him over the edge. The new guest had an open bottle of wine which he shared with Dawn who was already pretty far gone by that point. She drank straight from the bottle as the two men removed her dress and positioned her on her hands and knees.

Brad knew she was about to get fucked. Her tight little ass was perched high in the air as she arched her back waiting for the tall stranger to enter her. She kept licking her lips to keep them lubricated.

It seemed like an eternity for Brad as he watched his wife waiting to be mounted, wearing only stockings and a garter. Her pussy was swollen and wet as the stranger pulled on his own cock. "Hey man," he said to Brad.

"Does she take it in the ass?"

Before Brad could get out the word no, Dawn yelled out "Yes, please!"

"OK then, maybe we'll do ya baby," said the other man kneeling in front of her.

Brad watched the stranger spread his wife's cheeks and plunge into her pussy which just engulfed the huge cock on the first thrust. From the sides of her pussy as his swollen cock plunged deep, seeped her own creamy juices.



The other guy slipped his dick into her mouth with equal ease as Dawn's large lips wrapped tightly around his shaft. For at least five minutes they pounded her from both ends. Her ass cheeks rippled with each inward thrust. Every time his cock in her mouth struck the back of her throat, she'd throw her head back further as to take it in as far as she could.

The two men began changing positions before finally deciding to penetrate her ass. The tall stranger lifted Dawn back onto the table and pushed her onto her back. With her legs pressed back as far as they would go, the other man began licking her asshole, then penetrating her with his tongue until she began to relax her muscles.

With little more warning, and with her ass now right there for the taking, the tall man pressed his cock up against her dark hole and pushed the head in easily. Brad sat in amazement, never knowing that his wife was capable of such things.

It didn't take long for the man to cum. When he did, he pulled out and shot his load all over her face, hair and neck. The other guy then finished off inside her pussy with Dawn

sitting at the edge of the table, and the guy standing there humping her, making her bounce her bottom on the table top each time he thrust into her.



Dawn still had enough energy to work him hard as she dug her nails into his back and squeezed his sides with her legs as he pumped the last bit of cum into her.

Afterwards, the two men quickly and nervously left. Brad just sat there and watched his wife struggle to sit up. Her sexy dress lay crumbled on the floor. Her hair matted in cum was a mess. She was still a little blurry-eyed but managed to focus on her husband who was speechless and hard as a rock.

"Now it's your turn, dear," she said as she walked slowly across the dirty little room.

Sore but still willing and able to finish off her husband, Dawn proceeded to suck Brad's cock as he played with her hickey-covered breasts. Though he wanted to fuck her, he exploded quickly in her mouth as she gagged to try and swallow it all.

"Every girl needs to be a whore at least once in her life," she said.

And just like that, the whole encounter was over in about an hour. Brad helped his wife clean up and they went back to the banquet hall like nothing had happen.

"Where have you guys been?" asked one of the folks at the table. "This is the last song of the night."

Dawn and Brad smiled. "Just had to get some fresh air," said Brad. "You know, a little too much indulgence."

A few seconds later, Dawn leaned over to Brad and whispered in his ear, "The indulgence is now dripping out of me. Better go to the ladies room."

As she left the table one of the men sitting next to Brad said: "I hope you don't mind me saying that your wife is one sexy lady."

"You don't know how sexy," Brad answered.

END

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