



## **Kathy's Fast Date** *(MMF, slut-wife)*

**By K Richards** *(kathy5757@hotmail.com)*

My name is Kathy; I'm 28 years old. My husband John and I had been discussing the possibility of my sleeping with another man. We'd been discussing it for months (and incidentally I was getting a lot of really hot sex from my husband just talking about it) when I finally agreed to go to this notorious pickup joint about 50 miles away.

He talked me into dressing up in a thigh high red miniskirt that I had never had the nerve to wear before, and he even talked me into no underwear. The top

wasn't see-through, but so thin that goose bumps showed. The final touch was a pair of 5 inch red heels.

Just putting this slutty outfit on and knowing that I was going to wear it in front of dozens of horny guys got both of us so excited that we had to relieve our tension in the bedroom by desperately fucking each other before heading out the door.

After cleaning myself up I got in our van and drove by myself to the rundown club. I parked the van at the edge of the parking lot, with woods beyond. John had gone in early, to scout the place. A few minutes later he came out and said, "Third table from the corner, facing the bar, if you can get it."

Almost in a daze I walked into the place; the music was loud, with a beat, but because this was a pick up place they were mostly slow numbers. I was so nervous when I walked in, but really excited too.

I saw John at the bar, but pretended not to know him. The table he'd mentioned was empty so I sat at it, crossing my legs to show the crowd of men eying me what I had.

The waitress had just taken my order for a drink when the music started. It was a slow number, and an attractive man asked me to dance. We started to dance and after a short time we pressed against each other and I felt his cock rising. It gave me a sexy wanton feeling to rub against this stranger's erection while my husband watched us.

The next dance I had with John. I asked him, "Why that particular table Hon?" He answered, "At that table I can see what's going on below the table, but no one else in the bar can unless they're sitting right beside me. You can get as nasty as you want, and your pick-up and I are the only ones who'll know."

The next dance, was with a stranger. I got bolder. I put my hands on his butt and pulled him tight to me. I pressed my breasts to his chest, and rubbed against him. In another place that would have been tacky, but there it was just a little wilder than the action going on around us.

By the time the dance was finished I was wet and sticky and my nipples were hard sensitive knobs. It was a cinch to get him back to my table.

Back at the table, he started to introduce himself. I stopped him and said, looking him straight in the eyes, "We're just two people who have met in a bar, and are going to fuck each other before the night is over, so why don't we just leave it at that."

His eyes popped out on stems, and his jaw dropped, but he didn't say any thing, so I picked up my drink and took a long pull at it. Then I turned toward my 'Date', and brushed my chest against his bare arm.

With the top I was wearing, it was as if I had brushed my bare nipple against his skin. He recognized this as a go ahead, and dropped his hand to caress my thigh. I let his hand stay a moment before I put my hand on his, pushing the palm of his hand firmly against the skin of my leg.

I gripped his hand and moved it up my thigh to my pussy. When he felt pubic hair instead of panties he knew that I wasn't kidding around. To prove my point I spread my thighs and his hand moved to my slit. God I loved it when his fingers started exploring, it was so exciting to not know what was going to happen next.

I glanced over at my husband to see how he was taking the action. He was acting like he didn't notice us, but I could tell he was excited by the expression on his face. I noticed a rather large bulge in his pants as he sat there at the bar. And thinking of bulges, I moved my hand to my date's pants, caressing his big erection gently before unzipping him and moving my hand down inside his pants to clasp his hot prick. In the meantime his fingers worked up and down my slit, sending surges of pleasure through me.

He dutifully kept up his finger action on my slit, forcing wonderful waves of forbidden pleasure through my pussy. My fingers moved to his cockhead, and I felt the dribble of his precum. His fingers were massaging my clit. A little more action like that and we'd both cum.

We had to leave. "Let's go somewhere more private," I moaned. So we got up to leave; I saw my husband just ahead of us.

As soon as we got to the side of the van away from the bar we started kissing passionately. When the kiss ended, my new boyfriend pulled my top down, freeing my boobs. His hand moved to the hard nubs of my nipples. He squeezed

them, sending shocks of pleasure down to my pussy. Then his lips covered one nipple and his tongue flicked the tip. His free hand went down to my hem, and lifted my skirt up past my hips. Then his hand moved down again, to the sopping flesh between my pussy lips. I moved my legs wider, giving him easier access.

I was intensely aware of the lewd scene we must have made. In a place where anyone could be watching, my breasts were exposed, my dress lifted up, and a stranger's fingers pleasuring my between my legs. In fact, I knew that my husband must be watching. But, the very wantonness of my actions only excited me more.

My hand went to his waist, I undid his belt and tugged at his pants, pulling them down, first his pants, then his underpants fell to his ankles. His stiff cock sprang free, and my fingers wrapped around it.

At the same time, his fingers moved lower, and pushed into my cunt until finally he had three fingers inside me and his thumb rubbing my clit. As my fingers moved from base to tip of his cock, I looked down startled. He had a real monster between his legs. A quick glance showed me that he had to be at least 6 inches round and conservatively 10 inches long. My spasmed as I thought of taking it all inside me.

Then he moved closer. Even though I was wearing 5" heels, his cock still reached to my belly button. He crouched down until his cock-head nudged my hole.

I knew that he was going to fuck me there and then, and I helped him position that big dark monster. Slowly he straightened. His thick sausage stretched me wide as he pushed into me, deeper and deeper. At last his pubic bone mashed against my clit. "Oh god, I'm stuffed, and feels so fucking good!" I gasped.

Slowly he withdrew until only the head was in me. Then he slammed his cock in me hard. "Yessss!" I hissed. "That's how I like it. Give it to me hard!" A few savage strokes later, I stiffened. "Jesus, I'm cumming." I moaned. OH GOD YES!, FUCK YES!"

Even after I exploded in orgasm he continued to fuck away at me. My orgasm was ebbing when he rammed his cock into me a final time and I felt his body

stiffen. New waves of orgasmic pleasure broke over me as I realized that a strange man was blasting load after load of his cream deep into my belly.

Finally, his cock slipped out of me. He pulled on his pants, then tried to get me to take him home, or go to his place, or just go with him to a motel. Finally I convinced him that what had just happened was the only thing that I wanted, I'd just wanted him to fuck me, not some kind of relation and that we should part with that memory.

As he headed back to the bar, I remained leaning against the van, his come drooling from my cunt. I watched my husband step from the shadows. Even though it was his idea, I was nervous. How would he react to my slutty performance?

He opened the side door of the van and abruptly pulled me in with him. He pushed me down onto the carpeted floor of the van, and dropped pants, his cock jutted out stiffly. I wrapped my fingers around it, and watched the precum drool from the head.

"That was so slutty." he said. "Now, I want you to be just as slutty with me."

"Oh yes!" I said. "I want you to pound your big beautiful cock into me until you shoot your come deep into my cunt. I want two men's come in me tonight baby." Incredibly I was horny again, even hornier than I had been when my cunt was full of a strangers cock.

Before I'd finished speaking, his cock was inside me. He pounded savagely into me, just what I needed. In a bit, I was moaning and squirming under him. He kept pounding me, and reached down to tug at my clit. That did it! My cunt spasmed around his cock. I gasped, "I'm cummming! Spray me with your hot cream honey, do it now! I want your cum in with my lover's."

That set him off! His hot juice filled my already sloppy tunnel. His fingers pinched my clit again. Together, the sensations intensified my climax. For a bit, the pleasure was so overwhelming it was almost painful.

Well, that's how our first experience in sharing worked out. It has only gotten wilder as time has gone on, and we both love it, sex has never been better.

It's okay to *\*READ\** stories about unprotected sex with others outside a monogamous relationship. But it isn't okay to *\*HAVE\** unprotected sex with people other than a trusted partner. You only have one body per lifetime, so take good care of it!

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