**First Time for My Shy, Reluctant Wife**

My wife is a very sexual woman. She regularly tolerated my whispered fantasy about including others in our sex life. During those times she always responded by becoming very aroused, especially when I described my fantasy of sharing her with another man. But when passion was spent, she always said, "It’s just a fantasy."

She is a very conservative person. She goes to church, dresses fashionably, not at all provocatively. She is well liked and respected in the small town where we live.

Then recently I showed her the personal column in a regional newspaper that caters to singles and swingers. She commented that it was very interesting, but although she had a quick look, she showed not the slightest interest in taking things further. However I put the paper in the rack, arranging it carefully. When I returned from work, as soon as I got the chance I checked the paper, and could see she had been looking at that page.

Encouraged by that, I wrote an ad for a suitable man to entertain my wife, one that left no doubt what we were looking for. A couple of weeks went by. Then a large envelope arrived with around forty letters inside. She wasn't real happy with what I had done, but I kept things lighthearted. After a while I persuaded her to go through them with me.

Happily, the letters turned her on. Outwardly she was cool and non-committal, but when I slid my hand up her skirt I found that her pussy was swollen and wet. We had a quick intense fuck with the letters scattered around us. As we fucked, in response to my urgings, she admitted she would love to try another cock, and she grew quite vocal.

The die was cast. She didn't want any involvement in selecting another man, leaving everything to me. She was still reluctant. I settled on a man who lives a half hour drive from us, and arranged for us to meet him at a pub near where he lives.

My wife is a really beautiful woman. She is oriental, petite (size 8), but curvy with small pointy breasts, and a nice bottom. I think she is a real stunner. Although reluctant, she did comply with my wish that she wear black stockings with a matching black suspender belt, with brief lacy panties to meet with the guy. She wouldn't put on the other sexy clothes I laid out. Instead she wore a silk blouse and a skirt. Our meeting was two weeks ago.

We arrived early in the pub car park and he turned up dead on time. We recognized him by his BMW and license number. At first things were awkward, and even after a few drinks none of us were exactly relaxed. The quietness of the pub (very few people) didn't help, so he suggested we go somewhere else. Directing his suggestion to my wife, she just shrugged and said, "Why not.''

The place we moved on to was noisy with lots going on. After a few more drinks I went to get another round. Whilst waiting to be served amongst the crush, I could see the two of them chatting, and my wife laughing. That was the first time she had visibly relaxed. So after I returned with the drinks I excused myself and found the toilet.

When I rejoined them it was the three of us talking. Although there had been no mention of sex at all, I found myself warming to Stan (his name) as a person. I found him to be a real nice and decent man. We were worried about drinking and driving, so when he awkwardly invited us back to his house, I looked inquiringly at my wife. She just said, ''Up to you."

It was only a short drive back to his large detached house. He asked us what we wanted to drink. We all chose to carry on with red wine. I felt the booze start to hit, and my wife was showing the effects with her loud laughter and flashing eyes.

She asked for his bathroom, and whilst she was gone Stan (ever the gentleman) assured me that he expected nothing from our meeting. He said he could see my wife was nervous, and not overly keen. There had not been one mention all evening about why we were there.

When she rejoined us, she went to sit back down in the armchair where she had been sitting. But I rose up to take her hand. She allowed herself to be sat down in between Stan and me on his couch.

He put on some music and we carried on talking, but there seemed to be a change in the room. A tension of expectation had crept in. Still nothing, not one word of anything sexual was said or done. So forcing myself, I put a hand on my wife's knee. After a short while I started to rub her leg outside her skirt.

As I got higher, she took hold of my hand, firmly putting it back on her knee. Without a doubt the whole key to the events that unfolded was the wine. By the time her glass was empty she was drunk (as were all of us). But it was a happy drunk.

The next time I slid my hand up her leg she didn't stop me. So I put my hand back on her knee, under her skirt. Stan didn't make a move. He just sat tapping his toe in time to the music. I gradually worked my way as far as her stocking tops when the music finished. The silence was full of a sexually charged tension.

What broke everyone's inhibitions was Stan getting up to put on another CD. He walked awkwardly, and was obviously embarrassed when I joked, commenting on the bulge in his trousers. My wife laughed long and loud as he blushed and mumbled.

Positions resumed, I kept caressing the silky bare flesh just above my wife's stocking tops, as she put her head back and closed her eyes. I looked around her, and sent a silent message to Stan, nodding toward my wife's legs. I had such a thrill when he put his hand on her knee.

At last, I felt that my fantasy had some hope of coming true. I withdrew my hand and caressed her face before kissing her deeply. Her mouth opened, and her tongue filled my mouth. We kissed as I started to undo her blouse... but she whispered, 'No.'' So I carried on kissing her, whispering endearments, assuring her of my love, when she groaned and put her arm around my neck.

My cock was aching, and I felt all caution go out the window. I thought. `Fuck it,' and lust took over. I arranged her arm around his neck, put my hand back up her skirt, and had a shock. Stan already had his, hand right up there, cupping her pussy through her soaking panties.

I broke off the kiss. I looked down to take in the sight of my wife with another man's hand up her skirt. The scene made my cock grow even harder, and made me tremble with I know not what. I placed her arm around his neck, and of her own volition she put her other arm around my neck.

As she sat between us, I gently arranged her so that her legs were apart. Then I slid my hand back up to her warm, juicy nest. He was still cupping her in between the legs. So I pulled her wet panties to one side and slid a finger up and down her swollen lips.

It was as if he had received a signal. Suddenly he gave a groan, and his finger pushed past mine. It slid into my wife’s cunt, and buried itself deep inside her. She tightened her arms around our necks and closed her legs, trapping our hands. I felt him start to rub and finger her, and I worked my finger in alongside his busy digit.

It wasn't long before she groaned and gradually opened her legs, allowing us full reign to finger and play with her as we pleased, until her legs were wide open. When I took her leg nearest me and draped it over my leg, Stan did the same.

How totally erotic... my wife, head back, eyes closed, with an arm around the neck of both me and our new friend. Her legs were draped wide over our legs as we fingered her juicy cunt.

The music ended, the quiet room filled with the wet squishing sounds of our busy fingers and her quiet moans. I left him busy between her legs, and I undid her blouse, exposing her dainty lacy black bra. Somehow I undid the front fastener of her bra with one hand, freeing her swollen tits. Her nipples were pointed and hard. I didn't touch them. I just left her exposed.

Stan and I continued to use our hands to play with my wife's cunt. He took full advantage of my wife's bare breasts, studying them, and placing little kisses on them. Soon I bent forward and took one of her breasts fully into my mouth. He did the same with her other one.

With her eyes still closed, I heard my wife moan and felt her release all her inhibitions. I knelt before her, reached under her skirt, and gently pulled her panties down and off. I actually felt her lift her hips to make it easier.

I lifted the front of her skirt, allowing Stan to see her bare cunt for the first time. I returned to sitting next to her, and again began to suck her breast into my mouth. I felt Stan move away from her other breast, so I used my hand to cup and fondle it. He moved down between her legs. Her eyes were still closed.

When I looked down I found that Stan had nudged her legs apart, and had his face pressed up against my wife's cunt. "Yes," I thought, "my fantasy IS coming true."

He must have extended his tongue up inside her. She began to squirm on the couch. I heard her moan "Ohhhh" for several moments. Then her hips bucked up off the couch, tight against Stan's face. Her eyes flashed open and "Yesssss" escaped her lips. He had taken her over the top!

I gave her a tender kiss as her body began to relax again. Meanwhile Stan was taking off his pants and shorts. I could tell my wife was watching as Stan's hard cock sprang into view.

Stan knelt between my wife's legs again, lifted her legs over her shoulders, and began to stand up. That caused my wife's upper body to lean back into my arms. It also left her bare cunt lying against Stan's upper legs, just below his stiff cock. I noticed that her eyes were open and she was looking directly at his rigid cock so near her cunt.

He held her like that for a moment as he looked back and forth between my face and my wife's face. I kind of nodded an OK, but my wife made no movement. Nor did she say anything. She just watched, wide-eyed, as Stan lifted her bum a bit so that her cunt lined up with his cock.

I believe their eyes were locked on each other's as he slowly pressed his cock between her cunt lips. She was already very wet. As he slid in, I kissed her, feeling her body begin to tremble. He started moving in and out of her cunt while holding her lower body mid-air. She moaned again, and I felt her body press tighter against his groin whenever he was pressing into her.

She turned her head and buried it against my chest as he increased his pace. I loved the scene... my wife cradled in my arms, her head tight against my chest, and a new man giving my wife a good screwing. Yes... my fantasy had come true!

I felt my wife convulse through a couple of orgasms before Stan really started pounding in and out of her. Then he stopped, holding himself deep inside her. I knew he was climaxing too. I held my wife more tightly in my arms and gave her a gentle kiss, knowing he was filling her at that moment.

When he finished he gently laid my wife's legs on the floor, causing her to slide down onto the floor too. I quickly got down on the floor, fully removed my wife's skirt, lifted her legs over my shoulders, and pressed myself into her. My god how wet she was!

Stan had gotten down on the floor with us, and was again sucking on one of my wife's breasts. She climaxed again while I screwed her, and then I exploded inside her.

We all just lay on the floor and recovered. Then I heard my wife say, "I can't believe we just did that." But, she had a smile on her face as she said those words.

Without getting into more details, my wife got to enjoy Stan one more time that evening. That time he took her doggy-style. Then she and I dressed and we went home. Wow the sex we had that night, and each night thereafter was beyond great.

I repeatedly told my wife what a turn-on it was to watch Stan’s cock sliding in and out of her… and watching her body respond to him. Each time I said that she blushed a bit, but then hugged and kissed me while admitting she enjoyed experiencing a new guy and having me watch.

We have invited Stan to spend next weekend at our place. This time it is clear that my formerly shy wife is really looking forward to a night (or two) with Stan and me.