**Connie**

by csmsmith Â©

My name is Connie. Bob was the man that took my cherry when I was 17 and

in High School. That happened in the back seat of his Father's car out by

the lake. I had been out with a few boys before Bob but none of them got

too far with me.

My first real puppy love, though, was Terry. I let him play with my sweet

young breasts and he was the first boy to touch my vagina. I didn't know

what was happening to me when my body began to tingle all over. I know now

that I was about to have my first orgasm with Terry. But I made him stop

when my body started responding in this new way. Terry stole a car not

long after that and he ended up going away to boy's school. That was the

end of our relationship. I then started dating Bob.

Soon after high school we were married. A few years into our marriage Bob

started bringing these men's magazines into our home. You know the ones,

Playboy, Penthouse, Gallery and some others. At first I was upset about

these magazines. I felt like he liked looking at other women over me. But

Bob assured me that I was the only woman for him. Sure he looked at the

girls in these magazines but none of them held a candle to me, he would

say. He knew just what to say to smooth me over.

Anyway Bob said he got them for the stories. He couldn't believe all the

things that guys got their wives to do. I told him they are not true

stories, just some perverts writing them. In any case Bob would read the

stories for hours on end.

One day I was home alone and picked up one of his magazines to read what

had him so engrossed all of the time. The first one I read was about some

guy that liked for his wife to go out and screw other guys. Then come home

and have sex with him with the other mans sperm still inside her. I was

thinking how sick this was and how could any guy enjoy something like

this?

I went on to the next story. It was along the same lines, wife getting

fucked and her husband going nuts about it. The way some of the stories

were worded was starting to get to me. I don't know why but I slipped off

my shorts and started rubbing my pussy right through my little red bikini

knickers.

I've never masturbated a lot in my 25 years but this story was getting to

me big time. I got the crotch of my little knickers super wet. Without even

thinking about it I slipped my hand under the waistband of my knickers, my

fingers ran down over my clean shaven mound to my wet slit. I ran my

middle finger up and down my pussy slit a few times making it very wet. I

then started rubbing my hard clitoris with my index and middle fingers. I

put the magazine down, closed my eyes and made up my own story in my head.

I imagined I was having sex with my brother in-law in his bedroom. It was

hot and sweaty and after we both came he left the room leaving me flat on

my back in the middle of his rumpled bed with his cum running out of me.

Then Bob came into the room and climbed between my legs. He slipped his

rock-hard cock in my cummy pussy and moaned how good it felt with his

brother's cum inside me.

As I played this out in my head I had this great orgasm. Well, I was

hooked now. I would read some of the stories over and over again. I didn't

let Bob know that his sweet little wife was reading his books and getting

herself off sometimes three times a day. I was now happy when I would see

him bring a new magazine home with him.

One night we were laying in bed reading. I was reading my People magazine

and Bob one of his men's magazines. I looked down and saw he was sporting

a big hard-on in his boxers. I wrapped my fingers around his hard cock and

asked him if the story he was reading was that good?

"Yes." He moaned.

"What's it about?" I asked.

He said, "It's about some guy's wife taking turns fucking her husband and

then his friend in the same bed."

As I stroked his cock I said, "Oh, so that stuff really turns you on does it?"

Bob moaned, "Mmmm, yes."

Stroking his cock faster and keeping the game going I then said, "Would

you like to watch me screw one of your friends?"

Closing his eyes and laying his head back on the pillow Bob moaned, "Mmmm,

oh yes, that would be so sexy."

On the one hand I was half-angry and on the other half turned-on to hear

my husband say that. I then asked, "So you would like to feel another

man's sperm inside my pussy, would you?"

Bob moaned out, "oh god yes!" His hard cock jerked in my hand and sperm

came flying out. A big wad of cum landed on his belly and I milked more

out, running over my fingers as I kept jacking him off.

Once I had him milked dry I asked him in an angry tone, "So who would you

like to see fuck me? He knew that from the tone of my voice I wasn't happy.

Bob said, "Oh honey, I would never let some guy fuck you. And I wouldn't

like to see that. It's just a fantasy thing. You know a guy thing."

I looked at him and said, "A guy thing? What's that? I don't have a

fantasy of seeing you fuck other girls."

He tried to hug me but I pushed him away and told him to go clean up his

fantasy cum and leave me alone. I let him go to sleep that night thinking

I was mad at him. I for sure didn't let him know that I was just as

turned-on about the idea as he was.

The next morning I woke up dreaming about sex with strange men. My hips

were moving up to meet my dream lover as I moaned out that I was cumming.

As my orgasm flashed through my body I opened my eyes to see that Bob had

the crotch of my little black lace knickers pulled to the side and was

sucking on my hard clit. I held his head in my hands, rolled my hips up to

his mouth and groaned, "oh god yessss I'm cummiiiiing!"

Finally my orgasm came to an end as Bob kept licking my pussy from top to

bottom. When he stopped licking, he said, "What were you dreaming about

baby?"

I lied and said nothing, that it was what he'd done and that it just felt

so good.

Bob laughed and said, "Bullshit. Is that why you moaned out, 'oh god fuck

me Sam' before you woke up? Sam who? What Sam were you dreaming about?"

Well it was time for the truth so I said in a very low voice, "Your

brother. I was dreaming that your brother was screwing me. Don't ask me

why, it just came to me in my sleep."

Bob smiled and said, "See, you're just like me. Is it so bad to have a

fantasy?" he asked as he was moving up over the top of me.

I said, "Well, maybe not, as long as it's just a fantasy. I would never

really want have sex with your brother."

"I would hope not! But you can always pretend like you're having sex with

Sam if you want. Just close your eyes and think that Sam is sliding his

hard cock in you right now." Bob lined his cock up to the entrance of my

very wet pussy and pushed just the head inside me. I moaned, "Mmmmmm yes."

Bob then said, "Why don't you tell Sam what you would like him to do to

you?"

I closed my eyes and played right into his hand. I moaned, "Oh god Sam,

fuck me, please fuck me."

Bob pushed is hard cock deep inside me and said, "Does Sam's cock feel

good deep inside your pussy?"

"Oh god yes!" I moaned out as I pushed up to meet his thrusts.

Bob started pump his hard cock in my wet pussy fast and hard. He then

whispered in my ear, "Would you like Sam to cum inside you?"

Pumping up to him I moaned, "Yes, YES! Cum with me, cum in me. Yes! YES!

Give me your cum."

Bob was now pumping in and out of me at full speed. He was fucking me like

he had years ago. I was going out of my mind under him as I tried to keep

in time with him. All this time my orgasm was building deep inside me.

Then Bob pushed deep into me and moaned out, "Oh God! I'm going to cum in

my brother's wife!"

That did it for me as I pushed up to Bob's jerking cock. His sperm was

squirting deep into me as I moaned very loud, "Oh yes Sam! Fill me with

your hot cum!" My orgasm took over my body as I milked Bob's cock with my

twitching pussy, imagining that it was his brother Sam cumming deep inside

of me.

Well, that was the real start of our role playing. From that morning on we

would read sexy stories together then play them out in the bedroom. Bob

even went so far as to get some sex toys to add to our fun. One of our

favorites is this rubber-vibrating dildo. It's over a foot long and a

little bigger around than a D battery. It is dark brown and looks just

like a real black man's penis. Not that I've seen any in real life. Bob

used that thing on me and we acted like I was getting fucked by a black

man then Bob would have his turn with me. Our sex lives just kept getting

better and better.

It was right around this time that we started thinking about having

children. With me being 25 it was about time to start a family. So the

birth control pills went in the trash. Each time we made love I was hoping

that this would be the time his little sperms would make their way to my

eggs. And you know what they say. If at first you don't succeed keep on

trying until you do succeed. We tried a lot and a lot more.

But after a year or so of no luck in the baby department I started

thinking that something wrong with me. After a few trips to the Doctor and

a ton of test she told me that I was fine. She said to have Bob come in

and have some tests done. I told Bob this and he got mad and said

bullshit, he was fine, and that we'd just keep trying.

It was also around this time that our sex lives became a little wilder.

We were having a â€˜cook out pool party' in our backyard one afternoon.

Being the hostess I usually don't have time to play in the pool so I

didn't dress in my bikini. I just slipped on a pair of shorts and a tee

shirt. After getting dressed, as I was coming out of the bedroom Bob

stopped me.

"Why don't we tease the guys at the party a little today?" he said.

"Tease them like how!" I asked.

"I don't know, maybe you could wear a mini skirt with no knickers and flash

our male guests from time to time."

I looked at him and said, "Yeah, keep dreaming big boy. That's not going

to happen."

Bob started playing with my left breast and said, "Well then, how about

you go braless today? It would really turn me on to see the guys checking

out your great set of tits. You have nice tits, what would it hurt teasing

them a little?"

I said, "Are you kidding me? It would turn you on to see guys checking out

my boobs?"

"Hell yes it would," Bob replied. "Will you do it for me baby?"

I smiled at him and said, "Okay love, if it'll make you happy."

I went back in the bedroom and removed my shirt and bra. With the bra gone

I put the white tee shirt back on. The A/C in the house was really low and

the cool air had my nipples sticking out a good inch. My breasts stand up

real nice with out a bra with just a little sag. They just bounce all

around like water balloons when I walk. Plus I had to be careful when I

bent over. My V neck tee shirt would give anybody looking a good view of

my breasts down the front of my shirt.

I went in the kitchen and started getting things together for our guests

due anytime now.

Bob came in and said, "Now that's what I'm talking about." He came over to

me and started playing with my breasts right through my shirt. He had been

out cleaning the grill.

I pushed him away and said, "Stop it, you're all dirty."

As he was walking back outside he said, "The guys are going to love your

hard nipples. They'll be wishing they could have a go with them."

I just hoped the wives and girls didn't think I was acting too sluttish by

letting my boobs bounce all over in front of their husbands and

boyfriends.

Our party was in full swing by early evening. Everybody seemed to be

having fun and the beer was flowing like water. Bob and I are not big

drinkers so we had to pace ourselves. The guests were drinking the stuff

like it was the last day they were going to get any. Me, just three beers

and I'm out of it. Bob always says I'm a very cheep date. But then, all he

can do is a six pack and he passes out, drunk.

So after two beers I started drinking the punch. I wasn't sure how many

Bob had had. Then I was in the kitchen getting more buns out when one of

Bob's friends named Mark came in. "Shit Connie, is it cold in here or are

you just happy to see me?"

I looked at him and said, "What are you talking about?" Thinking he was

drunk and just not making sense.

Mark laughed and pointed at my chest and said, "Your nipples are really

sticking out. Not that that's a bad thing. I like it. I was just asking if

you're horny or cold, that's all?"

I turned a real dark shade of red as I turn way from him and said, "Mark

you're crazy."

Mark moved up behind me and said, "Don't be mad at me. I was just hoping

that I turned you on and that what was making your nipples so hard."

I knew I shouldn't be talking to Mark about the state of my nipples so I

just said, "Mark I think you've had a little too much to drink. Maybe you

should go back out by the pool."

He put his hands on my shoulders and turned me around facing him, "Would

you mind if I give one of your nipples a kiss first?"

I was just about to go running for Bob, when he came in the door and said,

"Where's those buns?" I took the opportunity to follow Bob back outside

with the buns in my hand, leaving Mark in the kitchen alone.

As we walked back out I thanked him, "You just saved me from being raped

in the kitchen."

"How's that?" he asked.

"I'll tell ya later," I told him.

So after the party was over and things were all cleaned up I headed for

bed. I had just taken my shirt off when Bob walked in the bedroom. He

walked up behind me and cupped my breasts in his hands.

As he was rolling my hard nipples around he said, "Your tits were a big

hit today."

"A big hit in what way?" I asked.

He said he was in the pool floating around and floated over by a group of

guys standing next to the pool. They were talking about how nice your tits

looked. They were hoping that you would get pushed in the pool so they

could get a good look at your hard nipples. He said this gave him an

instant hard-on hearing them talk like that.

When I told him what had happened in the kitchen and Bob went nuts. He

picked me up and dropped me on the bed. "Why didn't you let Mark kiss your

nipples?"

I hit him on the arm and said, "Yeah, right! If I did that he'd tell all

your friends and the guys would be lined up. I'm sure you'd like all your

friends kissing your wife's nipples."

Bob had my shorts and knickers off in record time. And just as fast he was

on top of me and between my legs. As he was slipping his hard cock inside

me he asked, "Do you think you would have liked for Mark sucking on your

nipples?"

As Bob shoved into me I just moaned, "Mmmmm, maybe."

"Next time, will you let him kiss them?"

As I hooked my legs around Bob's hips and pushed up to him I moaned out,

"Mmmmm yes, next time."

That statement made Bob into a wild man. He started pumping into me hard

and fast. I don't recall him ever screwing me as hard and as fast as he

was right then. And feel good, wow, it felt great!

I had no idea that this little boob show that I put on that day would make

us both so horny. We didn't have sex that night; we just fucked. In fact,

we fucked almost all night. Bob just kept going forever that night. I'm

not sure how many orgasms I ended up having.

The next morning after a long slow wake up screw Bob told me he had a plan

for our next party. It didn't have to be a party it could be any get

together. He wanted me to dress a little sexier and do a little teasing.

He would have a few drinks and act like he was really drunk and falling

asleep in a chair near me. I could lead some guy on as he watched though

slits in his eyes. If the guy started getting too out of control Bob could

wake up and look around like he didn't know what was happening, putting a

stop to anything going on.

I said, "You're asking me to act like a slut with one of your friends?"

"It could be anybody," Bob replied. "It doesn't have to be one of my

friends. It could be just some guy that you find attractive, it doesn't

matter who. After all you're not going to be doing anything but teasing

him."

"And just how far would I go with this person?" I asked.

"Just as far as you want. If he starts thinking that he's going to get

into your knickers, I'll wake up and save you. Then I'll be the one getting

in your knickers later. You know how good that'll be."

I told Bob that he was nuts and that it was a bad thing to do to some poor

guy.

He laughed and said, "Fuck him, he'll have to take care of himself later.

And guys like being teased. Then after we're done with him we can go take

care of each other. What ya think?"

I smiled and said, "I think I'll need a few drinks to do this, but what

the hell, sounds like it could be fun."

Bob hugged me and said, "Maybe we could try something next weekend."

I gave him a hug and kiss back and said, "I'm sure you'll think of

something."

Well the next Saturday Bob came in from doing his yard work and asked if I

would like to go for dinner later on and then stop by Mo-Joes for a drink?

Mo-Joes is a dive bar that a lot of his friends hang out at on the

weekends. "Why that shit hole?" I asked.

Bob came up to me and took me in his arms. Squeezing my ass with both his

hands he said, "I was thinking we could try teasing someone tonight, if

you're up to it? And that would be a good place to find someone we know."

"You want me to tease someone we know, out in public like that?"

"Oh no," Bob said. "We'll get whoever it is to come back to the house with

us. That way we'll have control over what happens. And other people won't

get the wrong idea about you."

I felt a little better after hearing that, but I still wasn't 100% sure

about what we were getting into. This was going to be a first for me

playing a slut housewife with some other man. But the idea of doing it had

my nipples hard and I was soaking wet.

A few hours later after a shower I asked Bob what he would like me to

wear?

Bob just smiled and said, "You pick out your outfit, just make it a skirt

or dress, okay?"

I said, "Okay, but it's not going to be too dressy, seeing how we are

going to Mo-Joes."

Bob laughed, "You're right, you might get your clothes dirty just sitting

on the barstools in that place."

As I was fixing my hair Bob dressed in some nice jeans and a dress shirt.

After he was dressed he left the bedroom leaving me alone to get dressed.

First I slipped on a little pair of powder blue French-cut bikini knickers.

They are very sheer and see-through both front and back. Next I put on my

Victoria's Secret matching push-up bra. It is also very sheer and

see-through. You could see my dark nipples right through the lace front.

Next I rolled on a pair of lace topped suntan colored thigh-high

stockings. They came up just an inch or so below my crotch making it easy

to wear a shorter skirt or dress that I knew Bob would like. I wasn't sure

what skirt or dress I should wear.

As I was looking through my closet I came across my little blue and light

blue plaid Catholic Schoolgirl skirt. It comes down about mid-thigh with

pleats that flare out making it look shorter than it is. I'm thinking this

will do, Bob loves me in this skirt. I stepped in the skirt and pulled it

up my legs. I zipped up the back then checked myself out in the mirror. Oh

my goodness this skirt looks really short, oh well.

I then picked out this white long-sleeved front button shirt. I buttoned

up the middle of the shirt, and then tied the bottom of it in a knot right

below my breast. This left my tanned midriff fully exposed for everyone to

see. And the fact that my push up bra was pushing my breasts up and out I

was showing a lot of cleavage.

I slipped on a pair of sexy 4-inch heel ankle strap sandals. I was happy

with what I seen in the mirror as I checked myself out one more time. I

did my make-up and went to meet Bob in the living room.

Connie

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When I walked into the living room Bob's mouth fell open as he glared at

me. "Holy fuck! Do you look hot!" was the first thing he said. "Turn

around and let me see all of you."

I did a full turn around as Bob walked up to me. Standing right in front

of me he ran his hands up the back of my legs. Right on up under my short

skirt until he had my panty cover ass cheeks in his hands. As he was

squeezing my ass cheeks he said, "Do you have to wear these knickers?"

I gave him a kiss and said, "Yes I do, sorry but this girl wears knickers

when she goes out."

Bob said, "Okay if you have to." He then stepped back and took hold of the

hem of my little skirt and pulled it way up, totally exposing my sexy

little powder blue knickers and lace stocking tops to him. "Mmmm yes, we're

going to have some fun tonight."

I pushed my skirt down and said, "Don't wrinkle me up," as I stepped away

from him. Picking up my handbag I asked, "So, are we ready to go?"

After dinner, as we walked into Mo-Joes we both about fell over from the

stink of old cigarette smoke, booze and body odor. Through the haze in the

place we saw the only place to sit were two stools at the bar so we made

our way to the bar. I felt like a hooker on display the way all the men in

the place were checking me out.

We ordered a drink and sat talking to each other. Then about ten minutes

later one of Bob's friends whose name is Paul, came up to us slapping him

on the back.

Paul said, "Shit man, did you pick up this sexy young thing in here

tonight?" Laughing he then said, "Hi Connie how are you? You look nice

tonight."

I could see his eyes roaming from my breasts to my legs, never quite

looking me in the eyes.

Bob and I both turn around to face Paul as we continued our conversation.

Not only were Paul's eyes stuck on my legs and breasts. The guy sitting

next to me at the bar was eyeing me from top to bottom. I could feel his

eyes undressing me.

Paul talked to us for a half-hour or so before he said he had to get

going. We said our good-byes and he left. When he'd left Bob asked, "What

did you think about Paul?"

I smiled and said, "Not my type."

About that time the guy sitting next to me asked if he could buy my

boyfriend and me a drink.

Surprised by this I smiled and said, "Sure, thank you and he's my

husband."

He introduced himself as Steve. We shook hands and did the cheer's thing

with our drinks. â€˜Turns out Steve was a salesman from California. He was

just in town for the night and was headed back to the west coast once he

made a meeting in the morning.

He was pretty good-looking in a rough sort of way, maybe ten years older

than Bob. I could see a wedding band on his left hand. I asked if he as

married.

"Yep, 15 years with the same old girl," he replied.

Bob asked him, "Were do you stay, when you're on the road?"

Steve said, "I got into town late and the two motels hear about are sold

out. So I have to look for a place down the road."

Bob saw this as a big opening to his plan. I could see the light go on

over his head.

After one more drink I was starting to feel tipsy. Then Bob said, "Hell

Steve, you seem like a nice guy. We have an extra bedroom at our house.

You're welcome to it if you would like."

The three drinks that I had had made Steve look pretty good. As I saw him

eyeing me up he said, "You're sure you wouldn't mind?"

Bob answered for both of us, "Hell no, we don't mind. I'm getting a little

sleepy myself and I'm about ready to get out of here. How about you

honey?"

I looked at him and knew right where this was going and said, "Yes I'm

getting tired myself plus I'm getting a little drunk."

We all laughed and Bob said, "Okay it's a deal lets get out of here."

Steve asked. "Should I ride with you; will you give me a ride back in the

morning?"

Bob said, "Oh sure, no problem."

Once at home we showed Steve the extra bedroom and were the bathroom was.

Then Bob said, "We're going to watch a little CNN and have another beer if

you would like to join us come on in the living room."

We went into the kitchen for the beers and Bob asked me if I was still

okay with the plan.

I grabbed his cock through his jeans and said, "I am if you are."

He said, "Then don't forget to wait until it looks like I've fallen asleep

before you do anything. He'll think he's going to get lucky."

I laughed and said, "After I have this beer, he may get lucky."

Bob slapped me on the ass and said, "We're just teasing him. I'm the only

one that's going to be getting into these sexy little knickers," and he

rubbed my ass under my skirt.

We made our way into the living room. A few minutes later Steve joined us.

Bob had flopped down in his Lazy-Boy. Steve sat next to me on the couch as

we watched the news sipping our beers. I had my legs curled up under

myself. I could see that Steve had a good view of my lace stocking tops

and just a hint of my little blue knickers. I felt so sexy showing off for

this man and acting like I didn't know that I was.

After five minutes or so Steve said, "It looks like Bob's out for the night."

I looked at Bob and said to Steve, "Great. Once he passes out it takes a

bomb to wake him up."

Steve said, "Do you need help getting him to bed?"

I laughed and said, "No, he can just sleep in the chair tonight."

Steve had moved up closer to me and asked if he could ask me something

personal.

Not sure where this was going I said, "Sure, what?"

"I would like to get my wife a pair of stockings like you're wearing, were

did you get them?"

I looked down at my legs and said, "Hell I'm not sure, K-Mart or Penney's,

no place special."

Steve said, "Oh okay. You know you have on some of the sexiest little

knickers that I have ever seen. Where did you get them?"

I gave him a funny look and said, "You've been looking at my knickers,

shame on you looking under a ladies skirt."

Steve smiled and said he was sorry but he couldn't help looking. He then

added, "I must say that you have the nicest little ass that I've ever seen."

I smiled back at him and said, "Well thank you. I got my knickers from

Victoria's Secret. I get all my underwear there. They cost a little more

but they seem to last a long time."

"Well they sure are sexy and they look good on you."

I thanked him again.

Then he asked, "If it would be okay, could I see the front of them?"

I looked at Bob and said, "Steve, I don't think my husband would like me

showing you my knickers."

Steve was now moved up right next to me and he started rubbing my stocking

clad thigh right above my knee as he said, "I won't tell him if you don't."

I looked at Bob and said, "Promise?"

He got a big smile on his face and said, "Not a word, I'll never tell him

anything."

"You better not," I said as I took a hold of the hem of my short skirt and

started pulling it up. I was thinking that Bob would stop me before this

went too far.

Bob never moved as I continued raising my little skirt. I got it up to my

waist fully exposing my powder blue knickers to Steve.

Steve moaned softly, "Mmmmm, god those are some sexy little knickers you've

got there lady." He was looking closely at my crotch when he said, "Are

you shaved, are you totally shaved?"

I took a deep breath and said, "Yes, I'm totally shaved down there, my

husband likes me that way."

"Shit, woman, I can see your cute little pussy slit right through your

knickers. Can I touch your knickers?"

I looked at Bob then Steve and said, "I don't think you better."

Right then Steve put a hot lip lock on my mouth.

I didn't stop him, for that matter I kissed him back. I dropped my skirt

down and put my arms around him as we kissed. Then I felt Steve's hand

moving up the inside of my thigh. I still didn't stop him.

Once his hand got up to my stocking top I moaned in his mouth and opened

my legs a little, what the hell, Bob would stop this before anything

serious happened so I might as well enjoy the moment. Steve's fingers

started playing with the bare skin on my thigh between my stocking top and

the crotch of my little knickers.

Then it happened, I felt Steve's fingers run right up and down my slit

through my knickers. I moaned against his mouth again and opened my legs

even wider to give him more access to do his thing.

Just then Bob let out a yawn and started moving. Steve pulled his hand out

from under my skirt and moved down to the end of the couch away from me. I

straighten my skirt and looked at Bob. He stretched and yawned again. He

looked at Steve and me and said, "Shit I can't keep my eyes open, are you

guys ready to hit the hay?"

I stood up and said, "Yes, that sounds like a good idea."

Steve also got up and said, "Yes I better get to bed, it's getting pretty

late. Can you drop me off at eight o'clock?"

Bob was now up on his feet and replied to Steve, "Sure thing buddy, I'll

wake ya up around seven."

Bob then went into the kitchen to turn off the lights.

Walking down the hall to the bedrooms Steve said, "Hey Connie, if you

can't sleep come to my room after Bob goes to sleep."

I smiled at him the Bob walked up. We said our good nights and went into

our bedroom.

Once in our room Bob took me in his arms kissing me. "Shit! Was that hot

or what? Did you like it?"

I kissed him back and said it was okay. I now felt Bob's hand moving up

under my short skirt and start up my leg.

Once his fingers made their way up to my crotch Bob moaned, "Fuck Connie,

it was just okay? Your knickers are soaking wet. I think it was more than

okay, I think you loved it." Then he pulled the crotch of my little knickers to the

side and started running his finger up and down my wet slit.

I moaned quietly in Bob's ear, "Oh god Bob, fuck me... I'm so horny."

That was all I had to say. Bob had me stripped down to just my sexy little

knickers and stockings in record time. He had me flat on my back in the

middle of our mattress and was taking turns sucking and kissing my hard

nipples when he said, "Close your eyes and imagine I'm Steve kissing your

nipples.

He didn't have to tell me this. I couldn't get Steve out on my mind. I was

thinking what he would do to me if I had the nerve to go to his room after

Bob fell asleep.

By now Bob had my little knickers off and was licking my wet pussy slit. I

held his head in place and moaned out loud, "Oh god Steve!" That feels so

good!" My hips were working up and down in time with Bob's licking. When

he gave my rock-hard clit a little suck and bite my orgasm went right

through the roof. I pulled Bob's face tight to my pussy and moaned out

loud, "Yes! Oh god YES! I'm cumming!"

As my orgasm was wound down Bob got over on top of me and lined his hard

cock up to my pussy entrance. The dirty talk now started as he asked me if

Steve got to feel my pussy.

I moaned, "Yes," as Bob slowly sank his hard cock into me.

He then pushed deep inside me and asked, "Did you like him playing with

your pussy?"

I moaned in his ear, "Oh god yes, I loved it."

That was all Bob could take. Hearing me tell him that she loved another

man playing with my pussy sent him over the edge. He pushed in hard and

deep and moaned, "Aahhhhh! I'm cumming!"

I worked my pussy lips on his cumming cock and milked all his sperm out.

Then Bob kissed me and said he was sorry that he'd come so fast. To give

him a little while and he'll be ready to go again.

I kissed him back and said, "That's fine honey, I love you so much."

But the beer and good sex had taken its toll. It wasn't more than three

minutes before Bob was out like a light for the night.

I'm bad! I started thinking that maybe I should go down to Steve's room

for a second round. But I told myself that I better not screw up my

marriage over something as trivial as sex with Steve. I was sure Bob

wouldn't understand if he woke up to find me screwing Steve.

So I just settled for a slippery middle finger in my cum slick pussy and

started masturbating as Steve played through my head. In no time at all I

was cumming hard again and after a while I passed out next to Bob a very

happy woman.

The next morning Bob woke me up after he returned from dropping off Steve.

I was disappointed that I hadn't gotten to say good bye.

Bob said, "I have his address and he said if we are ever in LA he has a

place for us to stay."

I was still dressed in just my thigh high stockings as Bob got in bed and

asked me to tell him again how it had felt having another man play with my

pussy.

I told him again how hot and horny Steve had made me last night.

Bob was disappointed when I told him that Steve never really fingered me.

He said the way my hips were moving when Steve had his hand between my

legs he was thinking he had his fingers inside me and I was about to cum.

I laughed and said, "Oh I was about to cum alright, but it wasn't from

finger fucking, he was just rubbing my pussy through my knickers."

We ended up screwing like teenagers again and for the rest of the week too

for that matter. I was always horny and couldn't seem to get Steve out of

my mind. Each time we had sex I would superimpose Steve's face over Bob's

and screw him like I was putting on a show to show him how good I was in

bed. Bob was really eating up this change in our sex life. He once said

that he had made me into a wild woman. I think that was a good thing

coming from him.

Two weeks later Bob asked if I would like to do some teasing again that

Friday night.

This time I was all up for it and said, "Sure, I was hoping you'd want to

do it again."

Bob said, "Fuck yes, but let's go to a nice place for drinks this time.

That Mo-Joes is really a dump."

I smiled and said, "That's a great idea. How about we go to the Zone? It's

a big dance club that has a dress code, no jeans, tee shirts and stuff

like that. Everybody has to look nice to get in."

Bob said that that sounded good to him. That some of the guys from work

went there and had told him that the place had people with some class. So

we had a date for Friday night.

Friday night Bob showered and dressed in some black dress pants and a nice

blue dress shirt. He told me that he was going to run to the liquor store

for some beer while I got showered and dressed.

I did the shower thing and then fixed my hair. I wasn't sure what to wear

tonight. I knew it had to be something sexy to keep Bob happy. I picked

this cute little black dress out, its mid-thigh so not super short. The

bottom half is glossy black satin. And the top half is this black velvet

bodice with a row of rhinestones right under my breasts. It is fitted just

right to show off all my curves but is not super tight.

Having my dress picked out I now had to pick my underwear. I was thinking

Bob loves me in black underwear so why not go all black tonight. I put on

one of my front close Victoria's Secret push up black lace bras. This bra

really made my boobs stand up and out. Next on was the black lace matching

garter belt. I don't really like wearing garter belts but they drive Bob

nuts. So I put it on for him.

Next I rolled a pair of off black stockings up my legs. These are some

real sexy one's that have the black seam right up the back of the leg. A

guy thing, guys like them. I hooked my stockings to the garter belt and

went looking for my matching little lace knickers. I started thinking oh

hell I'll go with out knickers but couldn't bring myself to do it.

I stepped into my little knickers and pulled them up my legs. The small

v-shaped back was sheer see-through and the small front was v-shaped

see-through lace. Then next I slipped on a sexy little black half-slip.

Having all my underwear in place I got up and stepped into my sexy little

dress. I pulled it up in place and zipped up the back. Looking at myself

in the mirror I knew I was going to be lucky if I got out of the house

before Bob tried to fuck me. With my make-up done just right I went to the

living room and waited on Bob to return.

When Bob walked in and saw me he about fell over. The first thing he did

was drop to his knees and grab the hem of my dress and pull it up to check

out what I was wearing under it. His one hand went right to my crotch

feeling my pussy through my knickers and the other went to feeling up my

sheer panty covered ass.

He moaned, "Oh god, I gotta have some of this before we go."

I laughed and said, "Hold on, you'll get some later on."

Reluctantly, he dropped my dress back down and got up. He then said, "God

Connie, some poor guy is going to go crazy trying to get into you tonight."

I gave him a kiss and said, "He can try all he likes but you're the one

that's going to get it."

We had a nice dinner then took off for the Zone. We got there and there

was a line to get in. We got in line and were told it could take up to an

hour to get in the door. After a long time we started talking about going

to some other place.

Just then some guy that Bob works with came out of the bar and walked

right passed us. Bob yelled, "Hey Jack!"

Jack stopped and turn around then came back to talk to us in line. He

said, "Hey what's up Bob, what're you doing here? Does your wife know you

have some hot little thing out on a date tonight?"

We all laughed and Bob introduced me to Jack.

Jack then told us that he and Bob's Brother, Sam, had a table inside with

two extra seats. He knew the doorman, and maybe he could get him to let us

slip in the side door. He was going to his car to get his phone and he

would be right back.

About five minutes later the doorman let us in the side-door along with

Jack. We made our way over to where Sam was waiting and took a seat at his

table. The place had a DJ that was playing some great dance tunes.

Both guys asked Bob if it was okay to dance with me. Bob laughed and said

I had a mind of my own, and if I wanted to dance with them it was okay

with him.

I ended up taking turns dancing with all three of them. They kept buying

drinks and I was starting to feel a real buzz.

Jack got a call from his girlfriend. After the call he told us it was nice

but that he had to go. He told Sam that he would talk to him in the

morning and left.

We sat at the table talking and soon the conversation turned to football

of all things. Sam and Bob were talking about last week's game. Who did

this and who did that. It was just boring to me.

Then Bob said, "I have the game on tape if you would like to see it."

Sam said, "No-way! Maybe I'll come over tomorrow and watch it."

Sam and Bob had both been doing shots. I told Bob once to take it easy on

the booze that he was driving.

He said he was fine and did another shot.

At this point I said to myself fuck it, if he's going to get drunk I might

as well order another beer.

The guys kept going on about this football game until Bob said, "I'll bet

you 50 bucks that's what happened. We can go to my house and watch it

right now."

Sam killed his drink and said, "Okay, fine let's go."

We all got up and walked out to the parking lot together. Bob said, "Why

don't you just follow us to the house."

Sam said, "Okay, will-do," as we got in our cars and started home.

I asked Bob, "Why are you fighting with him over this stupid game?"

Bob smiled and said, "I didn't know any other way to get him to the house

tonight."

The beer I had, had me thinking a little slow, and then it hit me. "Oh I

see! Your brother, is our victim tonight!"

"Duh, yes! Why would I have him over at this time of night?" Bob replied.

I moved over next to Bob and gave him a kiss and said, "You know Sam was

feeling my ass when we were slow dancing don't you?"

Bob said, "Did you like it?"

As I sat there I opened my legs wide and let Bob rub my clit through my

knickers and said, "Yeah, it was okay, he got a hard-on."

"A hard-on?" Bob asked. "How you know that?"

"Because he was rubbing it against my leg as we danced, I could feel it

through his pants."

Connie

by csmsmith Â©

As we drove, Bob pulled the crotch of my little knickers to the side and

sank his finger deep in my soaking wet pussy. He moaned, "Mmm, feels like

Sam got you a little worked up."

"He did," I said as I moved my hips to Bob's slow finger-fucking. It

wasn't long at all before Bob had me cumming right in the front seat as we

drove down the street.

As we pulled in our driveway I asked if this was the same plan as last time.

Bob said, "Yes, I'll act like I'm sleeping and wake up to save the day

before Sam goes too far."

I gave him a kiss before we got out of the car. I was excited.

Once in the house Bob put on this football video and asked if anybody

wanted a beer.

I said, "No thanks, I'm over my limit now." And I was, I could feel things

spinning around when I closed my eyes. I knew Bob was well over his limit

too as he got Sam and himself a beer. I gave him one of those looks that

only a wife can do.

He looked at me with a "what?" expression as he sat down in his Lazy-Boy.

Sam and I were sitting on each end of the couch. I curled my legs under

myself as I sat there. This made my dress ride up over my stocking top on

the side giving Sam what I hoped was a good view of my stockings.

Sam looked over at me and said, "You don't like football very much do you?"

"No I don't," I replied, "but Bob loves it. My problem is I don't

understand what's going on."

Sam then said, "Well, it doesn't look like Bob likes it much either."

I looked over at Bob and he looked like he was passed out with his beer

still in his hand. I laughed and said, "Well he didn't last long tonight."

Sam moved over a little closer to me and said, "It looks like you'll not

be getting any tonight."

I smiled and said, "I think your right, when he passes out he's dead to

the world."

Still moving a little closer Sam said, "That's a shame; you look so hot

and sexy. And then your man passes out on you."

By now Sam was right next to me as I said, "Thank you."

Then Sam put his hand on my knee and bent over by my neck and sniffed,

"Mmmmm, what kind of perfume do you have on? It smells sexy."

I thanked him again and told him it was something from Avon.

It was right then when it started. Sam quietly said, "God you're so sexy

and beautiful, would it be okay if I gave you a kiss?"

I looked over at Bob in his chair and said, "I shouldn't, I don't think

Bob would care for me kissing his brother."

I'd just gotten the words out of my mouth when Sam locked one right on my

lips! I didn't put up a fight and I kissed him back. We were into our hot

kiss for a while when felt Sam's hand moving up under my skirt, between my

legs. I moaned against his mouth and opened my legs just a little to give

him a little more freedom to work.

He broke the kiss and asked me if I would like to go into the bedroom.

I hit him on the arm kidding and said, "No, I can't do that. You're my

brother-in-law."

"How about we take a ride over to my house? Bob will never know and I'll

bring you back before morning."

Again I told him no, that I wasn't going anyplace.

Sam said, "Fine I like it here on the couch anyway," and went back to

kissing me.

By now one hand was playing with my left breast and the other made it up

under my dress to my bare leg above my stockings. As his hand was rubbing

my leg just inches from my crotch he came across the strap of my garter

belt that was holding my stockings up.

He broke the kiss again and asked me if I was wearing a garter belt.

All the beer I had consumed and his fingers had me feeling pretty sexy by

this point as I moaned, "Yes it is. Do you like it?"

Sam gave the strap a little snap and said, "God yes I like. There's

nothing sexier than a girl wearing a garter belt and stockings."

Just then Sam moved his finger right up to the wet crotch of my little

knickers.

I moaned, "Mmmmm," in his mouth as we started kissing again.

He was running his fingers up and down my wet pussy slit right through my

little lace knickers. His other hand was still on my breast and was now

rolling my hard nipple around right through my dress and bra.

Then Sam said that he needed to get me out of my sexy dress.

Before I knew what was happening he had the zipper down on the back of my

dress. Sam then pushed it off my shoulders fully exposing my bra. As he

grabbed my breasts and started feeling them up he moan, "Mmmmmm, I like

your bra, very sexy."

I looked over at Bob thinking he would be putting a stop to this very

shortly. I wasn't planning on Sam undressing me right there on the couch,

but he had let go of my breasts and was now pulling on the hem of my

dress. "Raise your butt up a second baby," he said as he tugged on my

dress.

Don't ask me why but I raised myself up and let Sam remove my dress and

slip. He then moved me around so I was more or less laid out on the couch

flat on my back with him next to me. Again I looked over at Bob for help.

He had a smile on his face with his eyes closed.

Sam leaned over me and started kissing me again as his hand slid down my

belly. Once his hand made its way down to my garter belt and knickers it

slipped right inside the waistband. His hot fingers made their way down

over my mound and came in contact with my hard clitoris. I moaned and

rocked my hips up to his fingers.

Sam moaned also, as he sank one or two finger inside my wet pussy. He then

said, "Mmmm god Connie, your pussy is shaved all clean, I love a bare

pussy."

He was running his fingers deep inside of me and then pulling them out,

rubbing my juices all over my clit. I looked over at Bob again and knew

what he was doing. He was waiting to see if Sam was going to make me cum.

And I knew that I couldn't take much more of Sam's expert fingering. He

was going to have me cumming in a very short time.

All at once I felt a blast of cold air on my breasts. Sam had unhooked my

little bra and my breasts sprang free for him to view. I tried to cover my

breasts but Sam quickly moved my arms out of the way and sucked one of my

hard nipples right into his mouth. He then started taking turns sucking

and kissing one nipple then the other.

I moaned out, "Oh god!" and looked over at Bob again. I knew that my

husband was about to see me cum from another man's lips and fingers.

Things had really gotten out of hand by now as I held Sam's head to my

breast and was working my pussy up and down in time with his finger

fucking.

Sam broke his nipple kiss and said, "Go ahead Connie, go ahead and cum for

me." As his fingers sank deep inside me his thumb was working my clit.

I was now bucking my hips up off the couch as I moaned out, "Oh yes! YES!

Don't stop! Oh god that feels so good!" I took one more, fast look at Bob

as I yelled, "Oh god YES!! I'm cumming!!" I pushed my hips up in the air

as I started cumming on Sam's fingers. Sam kept playing with my clit as I

kept cumming and cumming.

I looked at Bob with a tear running out of my eye. I think I had just made

his dream come true. He got to see another man make me cum. I was still

surprised that he hadn't acted like he was waking up by now. Then I felt

Sam kissing my belly.

He looked up from between my legs and asked if I enjoyed the orgasm I just

had? I moaned, "Oh god yes it was great, thank you."

"No problem, I enjoyed it too," he replied before he went back to kissing

my belly.

I then felt his finger hook around the waistband of my little black lace

knickers. Slowly he started pulling them down. Again just like the dress I

raised my hips up off the couch to help him remove my knickers. My little

knickers went down both legs. He guided one foot out of my knickers and left

them hanging around my ankle of the other foot. I about went through the

roof when I felt Sam's hot tongue run up the full length of my wet pussy

slit.

I moaned, "Oh god!" as I looked over at Bob. I couldn't believe he was

letting Sam go this far with me. And with all the drinks I had had I sure

wasn't going to be the one to put a stop to these wonderful feelings going

through my body.

Sam was now finger fucking me as he licked my pussy lips and sucking on my

clit. I was going out of my mind as I held his head tight to my wet pussy.

I was pumping up to him and knew that he was going to have me cumming

again very soon.

It didn't take very long at all before I yelled, "Oh fuck yes! Yes! YES!

I'm cumming again!" Sam sucked very hard on my clit as this orgasm went

through my body. I don't think I had ever cum as hard as I was right then.

Finally, as my orgasm wound down, Sam kissed my wet pussy lips and asked

me how I'd liked it.

I looked at Bob then back at Sam and said, "Oh my god; that was so great."

Sam kissed my pussy one more time and said, "Well then, you're going to

love this," as he pushed my legs back and up in the air.

My calves were now on his shoulders and back and my knees pressing into my

breasts. I looked down to see that Sam was nude from the waist down. His

cock was hard as a rock sticking out from his body. I knew right where he

was planning on putting it.

I looked over at Bob again and then back at Sam and said, "No! No we can't

do that, your Bob's brother, please!"

Sam smiled and said, "Sure we can," as he held his hard cock in his hand a

few inches from the wet entrance of my pussy.

I tried to get away from him but couldn't with my legs being up over my

head the way they were. I said more urgently now, "No Sam we can't do

this, I'm married to your brother."

Sam said, "Oh come on Connie, I'm so fuckin' horny now, I have to fuck

you."

I pleaded, "No, please no, maybe I can do something to get you off but

please don't fuck me." I looked at Bob one more time for help. He was

still just sitting there with that big smile on his face and his eyes

closed. He didn't seem to care that his wife was about to have another

man's hard cock shoved in to her unprotected pussy.

"Come on Connie, nobody will know. Bob's passed out, please let me fuck

you I need it so bad?"

I looked and him and said, "Please don't Sam; I've never cheated on Bob

before."

Sam then said, "Okay, how about I just rub my cock up and down your pussy

and not stick it in? Can I do that until I come, is that okay?"

I shook my head yes and said, "Okay if you have to, that's fine if you do

that, but nothing more."

I just about came when Sam laid the bottom of his hard cock right down on

my wet pussy lips. I was so wet his cock could slide up and down my slit

very easily.

Very slowly Sam began rocking his hips; sliding his cock up and down my

pussy lips. With each upward stroke the bottom of his cock was rubbing my

clit. Oh God did it feel SO good! His cock sank in between my pussy lips

as they went about half way around his cock during his sliding action. The

head of his cock moved up deep in my pussy lips and would pop out right

below my clit. Then it would continue on up rubbing my clit in a way that

was unreal.

Sam moaned, "Oh god your pussy is really hot and wet. I think I'll make

you cum again."

The way his hot hard cock was rubbing on my clit I knew he was going to

have me cumming again very soon. Bob had never rubbed the bottom of his

cock on my clit the way Sam was now doing. God did it feel good.

I soon felt yet another orgasms starting deep inside my body. I moaned,

"Oh yes!" as I started rocking and pumping in time with Sam's hot cock.

Sam also picked up speed by this time.

As my orgasm was coming to a head I was rocking my hips and pussy faster

and faster on Sam's cock. Then it happen, I felt myself cumming for a

third time with Sam. I pulled my hips down and rolled them up to get his

hard cock to rub my clit really hard, as I was cumming.

But then something I hadn't planned on happened then. As I pushed up I

felt Sam's hot cock sink deep inside me. As I pulled away to get it out he

pushed in deeper. Then my orgasm hit me and I was helpless to stop him. I

let out a loud, "Oh my god!!" as I pushed up to his hard cock and it sank

deep inside me again as I started cumming on it.

Sam was enjoying this slip up also as he groaned, "Mmmmmm yes, got your

tight little snatch," and he pushed as deep in me as his cock would go.

Right then my husband was totally forgotten about. All I knew was that I

was cumming with another man's hard cock buried deep inside of me. Sam was

now holding my legs straight up in the air as he was driving his cock in

me hard and fast, right in front of my husband. I was getting fucked like

a bride on her wedding night.

In a very short time Sam pushed deep inside and his body shuddered, Oh

fuck yes!" And he was filling me with his hot sperm. I did my best to milk

every last drop of his cum out with my pussy lips. What else could I do?

After a few more jerks Sam had emptied all his hot seed deep inside me,

then panting and out of breath Sam fell down on top of me. We looked over

at Bob and saw he was still just sitting there; not acting like a thing

was going on. Sam had let my legs fall back down as we locked in a hot

hard kiss.

Sam broke the kiss and said, "Mother fuck! Connie that was some of the

best pussy I've ever had."

I'm thinking that that was a compliment. "Thank you Sam. You were very

good yourself." I panted.

Sam got up from between my legs and stood next to the couch. His cock made

that wet suction sound as it popped out of me. I felt his warm cum leak

out of me and run down between my legs onto the couch. Sam was just

standing there looking down at me flat on my back dressed in only my black

lace garter belt and stockings.

This was the first time that I got a good look at him naked. His penis

looked to be about the same size around as Bob's but it was so much

longer, maybe three inches longer than Bob's, making it maybe 10 or 11

inches long when it was hard. Now I knew why it felt so good when he was

screwing me. I've never had a man that deep in me before.

All at once Sam picked me up off the couch in his arms and said, "Fuck you

one sexy broad, are you ready for round two?" He carried me down the

hallway towards the master bedroom.

"Wait! What are you doing!?" I asked as we entered my bedroom.

"Fuck that couch," Sam said. "I've got to have you in your bed now." He

then dropped me right in the middle of my bed. I tried to squirm free and

out of the bed but Sam held me in down saying, "Where you going young

lady?"

I said, "No Sam not here, not in our bed, that's just not right, plus your

brother can't see us in here."

Sam laughed and said, "You're right he can't see us in here. That was

fuckin' weird, fucking you with him right there in the chair. I kept

thinking he was going to wake up and knock me in the back of the head. In

here we're alone and it's more personal. And I love the fact that I'm

going to fuck my brother's wife right in his own bed, right under his nose."

Wow, what a turn on that was, as he grabbed me with both hands and had me

turned around on my hands and knees in the middle of the bed.

Just as I started to protest what was happening I felt his hard cock

slipping back inside me from behind. Sam was holding onto my hips as he

pushed more and more of his red-hot cock inside me.

I knew it was really wrong for us to be together like this, as I moaned,

"No, no, please take it out." But Sam didn't stop; he just kept pushing

into me until all of his meat was deep inside me.

Once he was fully in me he took both my breasts into his hands and started

playing with my nipples. Then he started slow short in and out humps as he

asked me, "You don't like my cock in your tight little pussy is that it?"

Why had I had so much to drink? My mind just wasn't working right as I

moaned, "We shouldn't be doing this."

Sam's fingers were playing with one of my hard nipples as his other hand

went right between my legs to my hard clit. It was all slick and wet from

both our orgasms. He was rolling my wet clit around ever so softly as he

picked up speed humping his cock into me. It wasn't long until Sam was

pumping in and out of me with long hard strokes. His cock would come all

the way out of me then sink back in me as deep as it would go.

I knew it wasn't going to be long before I would have another orgasm with

Sam. I started pushing back to his cock and Sam moaned, "Hmmm, looks like

the little wife is starting to like it. Would you like me to stop now

Connie?"

Sam was right; I liked it, way too much! Bob was now totally out of my

mind as I pushed back on Sam's hard cock and moaned, "Mmmmmm, god that

feels SO good Sam. Don't stop, please."

Sam was now fucking me at full speed. My sloppy pussy was making wet

suction sounds as Sam cock seemed to go even deeper into me. I was now

Sam's whore, he could have me any way he wanted. I moaned, "Yes Sam, Oh

god yes!" His hard cock felt like it was poking a hole through my uterus

as I now begged him not to stop.

Faster and faster Sam was pumping into me. I looked down between my

swinging breasts and could see Sam's fingers playing with my clit and his

balls banging into me.

My orgasm came hard and fast as I push back on his cock and screamed,

"Yes!! I'm cumming!! Oh god fuck me!! YESSSS!!"

My orgasm must have set Sam's off to because he grabbed hold of the back

of my little lace garter belt and pulled me tight onto his hard cock and

moaned, "Aahhhhhh! Here it comes baby!" And he started shooting his hot

sperm deep into me again.

When I felt his cock start jerking deep inside me I knew I was getting

filled with more of his hot seed. I did my best to hold his hard cock with

my slippery pussy lips as still another orgasm rushed through my body and

he gave a few more short hard pushes as he unloaded inside me.

As my orgasm was coming to an end I fell down right on my belly. Sam's

cock popped out of me and it felt like a river of cum was running out of

my pink pussy lips. Before I knew what was going on Sam had grabbed my

legs and flipped me over onto my back.

Looking down at me her said, "You sure do like cock don't you?"

Looking back up at him I shook my head "yes" as I was thinking, what in

the hell is Bob doing out there? Why is he letting this man have his way

with me? Then looking down at Sam's cock I couldn't believe that it was

still hard! Unlike Bob who once he cums I have to wait a while before he's

up and hard again, Sam was still hard and ready to go again.

He moved between my wide spread legs again and lined his hard cock back up

to my now super sloppy pussy slit. Again I moaned helplessly, "No Sam, no

please no more."

But Sam just smiled and said, "How about one more, hard fuck for the

road?" And he slowly started pushing his big hard cock back inside my wide

open wet pussy.

It only took maybe 5 or 6 pumps before I had my legs locked around Sam

backside, fucking him right back as eagerly as if we'd been lovers all

along.

Sam was picking up speed, I don't know what happened but I more or less

just passed out as he screwed me. I don't know if I fell asleep or just

passed out from all the beer and sex. All I do know is that I was totally

out of it after that moment, our third time screwing each other.

The next thing I knew I woke up in my bed thinking, 'God was that a wild

dream or what?' The sunshine was shining through my window as I turned

over to give Bob a good morning hug and kiss. As I was about to hug him I

got the shock of my life when I saw Sam lying next to me nude. I looked

down to see that I was only dressed in my garter belt and stockings. My

pussy was really sore and I knew right then that I wasn't waking up from a

dream.

I slipped out of bed trying not to wake Sam. I grabbed my robe and went

down the hall looking for Bob. When I walked into the living room I saw

Bob still sitting in his Lazy-Boy right were he was last night. A beer

bottle was spilled on the floor next to his hand that was hanging down on

his side. Just then the light went off in my head. Shit he'd passed out!

Was he passed out when Sam was screwing me? Oh my God! That's why he never

stopped Sam. Oh shit I was waiting for him to stop Sam and I didn't know I

was on my own. Shit I let Sam fuck me and didn't do a thing to stop him!

Now I was really angry. I was angry at Bob for talking me into this. Angry

at Sam for screwing me, and just plain angry at myself for enjoying all

that Sam had done to me.

Connie

by csmsmith Â©

I kicked Bob in the leg and said, "Wake up you motherfucker!"

His eyes popped open and he said, "W-what!?" as he was rubbing his leg.

"Thank you very much. You fuckin pass out and let Sam fuck me last night."

I could tell it was just starting to soak in what I was saying.

Bob said, "My brother, Sam, fucked you? You let him fuck you? Where is

he?"

I didn't let him, you let him! You didn't stop things before they went too

far," I yelled at him.

Bob got up and said, "So he raped you? You didn't let him?"

I started crying and said, "Yes, no... I don't know."

Bob took me in his arms and asked again if Sam had raped me.

Crying I said no he really hadn't raped me. "I was thinking you were going

to stop things so I let him keep going. At some point we ended up having

sex and I was still waiting for you to stop it. I didn't know you were

really passed out. I was pretty drunk you know."

"Where is Sam now?" Bob asked.

Looking at the floor I said, "In our bed."

Bob looked at me and said, "He fucked you in our bed?"

Still crying I shook my head yes.

Bob was now angry and he said, "I'm going to fucking kill that motherfucker."

I tried to stop him as he went down the hall but he wouldn't listen. He

busted into the room yelling, "I'm going to fucking kill you, you motherfucker!!"

I sat down on the couch crying. But after a few minutes when I didn't hear

any yelling or screaming coming from our bedroom I walked back down the

hall and into the bedroom to find Bob sitting on the bed with his head in

his hands. The window was wide open so Sam must have taken off when he

heard us yelling in the living room. I sat down next to Bob and said I was

sorry.

He looked at me and said, "No, I'm the one who's sorry. I'm sorry I talked

you into doing this. I can't blame Sam when I asked you to do it. I just

hope we can work past this. He didn't hurt you did he?"

I shook my head no and said, "No he didn't hurt me."

Bob then gave me one of those looks and asked, "Did he make you cum? Did

you cum with him?"

"It doesn't matter, all that matters is that we still love each other."

"I've got to know, did you have an orgasm with Sam?"

Thinking for a second I lied and said, "No. Why is it so important?"

Bob gave me a hug and said, "Good. I was hoping I was the only one that

ever made you cum when we fucked."

I realized then and there that the truth would have really fucked up our

relationship.

Well my story doesn't end there. As it turns out three months after my

wild night with Sam, I made a trip to my gynecologist. The news I got from

her floored me, I was three months pregnant. And my date of conception was

within a week of my night with Sam. I knew right then that I had Sam's

baby growing inside me. What I didn't know is what I was going to tell Bob.

So the next day I told Bob that I was only two months pregnant. Six months

later when the baby boy showed up I told Bob that the birth was premature.

Bob just loves the baby and as far as I know he thinks it's his. I can see

Sam's eyes in the baby and know it was Sam's sperm that made its way to my

egg.