**Donna's Teases Then Pleases**

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**Donna's Teases Then Pleases Ch. 01**

My name is Dave and I met Donna when she worked for one of my clients and would see her often during my sales calls. I was immediately attracted to her long, dark hair and soft blue eyes. She was tall with ample breasts that I guessed were 36c's. The thing that caught my attention the most was when she bent over to put a file in the lower drawer of the cabinet. Her ass filled out her tight, black slacks and I would tell my friends later that it was "love at first sight." While her butt wasn't large, it looked like a guy could get two good handfuls of squeezable flesh.  
  
At first, Donna would flirt with me a little while I waited for her boss to say he was ready to meet with me. I am over six feet tall, have been told that I am handsome and well-built from being a former athlete and I think she found me attractive. I even started arriving a little early to my meetings, hoping to get a chance to talk and flirt with her. After a few encounters, I finally gathered the courage to ask out the girl of my dreams but was disappointed to find out she was already seeing someone else. We would still flirt with each other whenever I was in the office which left me confused. If she was dating another man, why was she still giving me the impression she liked me, almost encouraging my interest in her?  
  
What I didn't know at the time was that she was losing interest in her current boyfriend. They had been dating for about six months and she was thinking about dumping him but was still trying to figure out how and when to do it. He was a nice guy but she knew he wasn't "the one" and she didn't want to continue the relationship any longer. As I found out later, she was really attracted to me but didn't want to complicate her life by cheating on her current boyfriend.  
  
Finally, on one Friday night, Donna gathered all her courage together, after being strongly encouraged by her friends, and she told her boyfriend their relationship was over. She felt horrible but was also relieved that she cut the cord and could move on with her life. She spent the rest of the night crying, drowning her sorrows with a quart of ice cream and being consoled by her friends who decided she needed a night out on Saturday so they planned to meet at a local bar to help cheer up their friend. They made sure she dressed really sexy in a low cut tank top and short jean skirt and heels. They knew she was gorgeous and would feel better once other guys started trying to talk with her in the bar.  
  
It was either sheer coincidence or fate that my friends and I decided to meet up at the same bar that evening to watch a college football game and have a few beers. I didn't notice Donna right away but when I did, I couldn't help but to keep glancing over at her through the crowd. I had already been rejected by her once before so I was reluctant to try to talk to her again. I tried to ignore her the best I could but I couldn't take my eyes off of her. Then, after I had been in the bar for over an hour and had a few drinks in me, Donna noticed me and our eyes locked onto each other. She smiled broadly and returned to talking with one of her friends.  
  
I noticed that several guys approached Donna but she rejected their advances. She looked fantastic and I understood why guys were attracted to her. I wanted to go talk to her but I didn't want to get rejected again.  
  
After another half an hour and emboldened by the alcohol I had consumed, I turned to tell a couple of my friends, "See that girl over there? I think I'm in love with her."  
  
My friends were laughing at me, telling me I should get her name first before proposing and saying she was out of my league but they watched as I went to take my chances with the most beautiful girl in the bar.  
  
I left them and walked over to Donna. She didn't notice me right away but her eyes lit up and she got a big smile on her face as I approached her. Her friend even noticed her sudden disinterest in their conversation and turned to look to see what was distracting Donna. Her friend was getting annoyed with all the guys trying to pick up her friend and thought she would quickly brush me off but things were different this time though. Donna smiled and introduced me to her friend and quickly accepted my offer to buy her a drink.  
  
When I returned from the bar, all of Donna's attention quickly turned to me and her friend took the hint and went off to talk with the other girls. Donna and I spent the rest of the evening talking like old friends, exchanging interests, laughing and flirting with each other.  
  
When I found out that Donna recently dumped her boyfriend I blurted out, "That's great, now you can start dating me." I quickly caught myself and told her in a very insincere manner, "Oh, um, I mean, I'm, uh, sorry to hear that."  
  
We both started to laugh as we both knew I didn't mean of word of my fake condolences.  
  
"In all seriousness Donna, I couldn't be happier. I knew you were the woman for me from the first time I saw you. You're smart, personable and gorgeous."  
  
Donna didn't say anything. I later found out, she didn't want to tell me she felt the same way about me, after all, she had just broken up with her boyfriend the day before and was concerned about getting into a rebound relationship. She looked into my eyes and saw the honest sincerity of my compliment and I knew her heart began to flutter the same way mine was.  
  
No words were spoken as I started to lean in for a kiss. As I got closer to her I saw no resistance from Donna. She closed her eyes and I felt my lips lightly touch hers in a gentle, soft kiss. We both felt an electric charge flow through our bodies. Our lips parted, we opened our eyes and stared at each other for a brief moment before starting another longer, passionate kiss as both of our friends looked on in amazement.  
  
That evening was just the beginning of a whirlwind romance. We were mostly inseparable ever since that fateful night and got married less than two years later. My friends got used to Donna being around and I got great pleasure in their jealousy of me having such a gorgeous wife. Donna was not shy about wearing low cut tops that showed plenty of cleavage, short skirts that showed off her long legs or tight pants or shorts that highlighted her butt. She enjoyed the attention my friends paid to her and I didn't mind. I was proud that I had such a lovely wife.  
  
My best friend Tom was especially attentive of Donna. He was a loud, boisterous party animal that had a series of girlfriend's that came and went. He was a typical "bad boy" that some women seemed attracted to and he took full advantage of their desires for that type of guy. He was a large man, 6'4" and about 250 lbs., handsome in my own right and always flirting with women, including Donna. I didn't mind the flirting because I had known that is how Tom acted around women and once Donna got to know him, I think she secretly enjoyed the attention.  
  
There were times when he would tell Donna, "Damn, you've got great tits," or tell me, "You know, Donna has a great ass."  
  
Donna would laugh it off or sometimes taunt Tom by shaking her ass or tits and tell him, "They are nice aren't they? Too bad you can't have them."  
  
There were times when Tom would cop a feel of her ass or tits and Donna would act offended and playfully slap his hands away. I wasn't jealous because I knew my best friend would never really try to sleep with my wife. That was just the way Tom was around women and he could get away with it too, which always amazes me. I thought if I ever acted around women the way Tom did, I would get my face slapped or punched by their husband or boyfriend.  
  
Knowing other men were checking her out and secretly or not so secretly desiring to sleep with her also turned Donna on which in turn helped keep our sex life extremely active. I noticed it and encouraged Donna to "dress to impress" and would even let Donna know when someone was checking her out and even encourage her to bend over so they could look down her blouse or see her wonderful ass in a pair of skin tight leggings or to spread her legs so they could see up her skirt.  
  
Donna was very popular with my friends because they knew they would get a show whenever she was around. Some of the wives and girlfriends weren't as thrilled with her but that didn't bother me or Donna at all. She liked the attention my pals were giving her and she wasn't too blatant when the women were around either. The exception was when we were invited to a friend's pool party. Donna wasn't shy about wearing a tiny bikini that showed her ample cleavage and left a good portion of her ass cheeks exposed. She knew the guys were gawking at her and the women were envious of her figure. At one point, several of us were playing volleyball in the pool which required everyone to bob in an out of the water numerous times. The constant pressure from the water pulled my wife's top off and left her breasts exposed momentarily for everyone to see. All the guys gawked as she slowly retrieved her top and took her time putting it back on.  
  
Another time we were at an amusement park with some friends and Donna was wearing tight shorts that left just a hint of her ass cheeks exposed and a white halter top. We were having a great time on the rides and playing the games when someone suggested we go on this log ride that looked like a mini-roller coaster that would splash the riders with water when it came down from a few peaks. We got in the front seat and I could foresee what was going to happen. As we went through the ups, downs and curves of the ride, the more we got splashed. When the ride was over, my wife's top was completely soaked which made it completely see through. It was like she was a contestant in a wet t-shirt contest. Her breasts and nipples were entirely visible but it didn't bother Donna at all. Everyone that saw her walking through the park got a surprise look at her tits. Guys were gawking and smiling and some of them got elbowed by their wives or girlfriends for staring. One older woman shot her a look of disgust at her brazen display of her breasts. These reactions continued until her shirt dried which, unfortunately, didn't take too long on this hot summer day.  
  
There are times when we are driving along the thruway and I'll ask Donna, "Do you want to flash a truck driver?"  
  
All she has to do is give me one of her sly grins and I know that I should pull up alongside of the next truck I see and cruise beside of it at the same speed. That is Donna's cue to go into action. She will pull up her shirt and bra, if she's wearing one, in one swift motion and show off her tits to the lucky driver. She will describe the stunned look of pleasure on his face and after he's gotten a good view, I'll speed off.  
  
One time when we were on a long drive, Donna told me, "Pull up alongside of this truck."  
  
I saw her reach under her short skirt to remove her panties so I knew the truck driver was in for a good view of her shaved pussy. Donna bunched up her skirt around her waist and placed one foot up on the dashboard and spread her legs and began to play with her pussy just as I pulled up to the trucker. She told me that he was looking and opened her legs a little wider. The cars behind me were annoyed I wasn't going faster to pass the truck but that was too bad for them. I was watching my wife give a live sex show to a lucky trucker.  
  
Donna kept describing the look on his face as she flashed her pussy for him. I wished I could have seen his face too. It's probably a good thing I couldn't because I was having a hard enough time keeping my eyes on the road. We fucked like rabbits once we got to our hotel room. I couldn't believe how brazen my wife was and I also couldn't believe how much it turned me on to see her open display of sexuality.  
  
Shortly after that incident Donna got an invitation from her friend Joan to a home lingerie party. It was like the typical parties women have where the hostess invites some of her friends over to buy stuff and she gets a bunch of free items depending on how much her friends buy. The best part of this invitation was that Joan was having a couple's lingerie party where the men were also invited. I didn't care too much for Joan or her husband Max, I found them quite boring but I was intrigued about this invitation and couldn't wait for the night of the party.  
  
I didn't quite know what to expect but I figured it would be a chance to add to our already extensive collection of lingerie. I loved when Donna dressed up in sexy stockings, baby dolls, corsets or body stockings. She was a sexy woman and even sexier in lingerie. I would go wild seeing her long legs in heels and soft stockings. I loved seeing peeks of her naked flesh through lace or mesh material. I didn't know what to expect that night but I figured it would be fun to find out.  
  
We were the last to arrive at the party and there were three other couples there besides us and the hosts; Sarah and Joe; Pat and Dave; along with Ann and Mike. My perverted mind imagined what each of the other women might look like in lingerie and it turned me on knowing the other guys were thinking the same thing about my wife. I found Sarah to be the most attractive of the other wives with blonde hair, brown eyes and a smaller frame body bordering on petite. Pat was a little on the heavy side, curvy as some would say, not fat but still attractive in her own way. Ann was tall and thin and didn't appeal to me at all and seemed kind of shy but I consider myself a connoisseur of women and still wanted to see her with less clothing, while Joan had big hips and small breasts. There was a smorgasbord of female body types.  
  
The couples arrived before the sales person. I guess the idea was to have people show up early, relax and get a couple of drinks in them before the sales pitch started. We were well into our second drink, some on their third when Mary arrived with a case full of lingerie. It took her a few minutes to set up her rack of items as we all conversed, drank and ate light snacks.  
  
The formal part of the party started off with a game with a person getting a point if you have ever had an experience that Mary read off a list. The experiences started off mild like asking if you had ever skipped school or gotten caught cheating on an exam. The questions got more sexual as she went on such as if you ever were caught accidently naked, or if you ever kissed someone of the same sex. The answers were private but the questions still provoked a lot of laughter and comments. The later questions got more intimate such as if you had ever been in a threesome or swapped partners.  
  
At the end of the game, we totaled up our points and Donna was the high score which drew some inquisitive looks and comments. Her prize was a bottle of sexual lubricant. Ann was the low score and won a gag gift of a halo for being such an angel. I knew people were wondering what answers made my wife the high score, including me. Maybe there were some things I didn't know about my wife.  
  
Over the next forty five minutes, Mary went through several items of various types of lingerie from meek and mild to hot and sexy. We all made comments on the various items for men and women and what we liked or didn't like. Donna already had quite a collection of lingerie but there were still some that I could picture her wearing. The talk in the room was filled with sexual innuendos and comments as Mary displayed each item. When she was done, all of us went up to the rack and began looking over the various items and commenting on which ones we did or didn't like.  
  
Things got interesting when Mary asked, "Does anyone want to try anything on? It's difficult to see how nice these items are unless you are wearing them. I have samples in different sizes too."  
  
I'm pretty sure the guys were hoping the women would agree to model some of the items and the ladies were looking at each other seemingly like no one wanted to be the first to model in front of the others.  
  
Joan broke the ice by picking out a red satin pajama set and said, "Come on ladies, let's have some fun tonight."  
  
Pat went to try on black satin plus size V-neck gown. Ann didn't think she could let others see her in lingerie and held back while Sarah and Donna were taking their time looking through the rack of clothes.  
  
When Joan and Pat came out, everyone was respectful of them and complimented them on their choices. The pajama set was really conservative and Pat's gown showed off some cleavage but she kept her bra on which ruined the affect. While I was looking at them, Donna and Sarah grabbed a couple of items and disappeared to change.  
  
Sarah wore a simple long, royal blue gown which was nice, showed a little cleavage but little else. She was followed by Donna who wore a long, tight, low cut, soft blue gown that accentuated her nice figure and ass. While you couldn't see her areola, her nipples were hard and poked through on top as her breasts bounced when she walked. My eyes kept moving from the two beautiful women in front of me to the reactions of the other husbands. They clearly liked what they were seeing and it turned me on to see them checking out my wife.  
  
Joan wore a leopard long sleeve gown next that showed some cleavage and showed some of her meaty legs. She looked very attractive in this and liked hearing the guys tell her how sexy she was. Pat came out in a lace top, white gown with a high cut front slit that showed off a lot of her leg but she still wore her bra. The guys teased her about that but she still refused to take it off.  
  
Next, Sarah chose a long black gown with a slit up the front that showed off both her legs up to her mid thighs along with a little cleavage. Her nipples were poking through too which added to the sexiness of the outfit. My wife wore a very tight, red tango dress where one side was cut higher than the other. The back followed the folds of her ass cheeks and the front formed perfectly around her breasts which again bounced freely under the thin material. It was almost like it was painted on her. It looked a little on the small side and pushed her breasts out of the top but didn't show any of her nipples. The ladies were wearing heels and their asses twitched as they walked past the guys who were openly staring at them.  
  
Joan and Pat convinced Ann to try something on along with them and all three came out in very conservative items and announced that they were done modeling as the other pieces that fit them were too risqué for their tastes in front of others. Donna asked Sarah if she wanted to continue and, emboldened by more alcohol and encouragement from the others, they decided to try on a couple more items.  
  
While my wife was looking through the rack, I walked up to her and showed her a couple of very revealing items but she quickly rejected my recommendations, much to my disappointment. She shooed me away so I went to anxiously wait to see what the ladies chose next.  
  
I tried to keep my mouth from hanging open when I saw Sarah wearing a deep pink chemise that hung just below her ass. She has great legs and I was staring at every inch of them from her toes up to her thighs. Her breasts also bounced freely under her outfit and her hard nipples were evidence she was enjoying herself too. I could see just a hint of her ass cheeks as the bottom of the chemise swayed when she walked and did a little twirl in front of us. The chemise flared a bit and showed us more of her cute little ass.  
  
Donna followed in a deep purple chemise which was so low cut that it literally hung off her nipples. My swallowed hard as my dick began to grow. I saw the other husbands squirming in their seats too which gave me an indication they liked what they saw. I loved the fact that other guys were drooling over the sight of my half naked wife and were probably undressing her with their eyes. Her chemise didn't even cover her entire ass and a good portion of her cheeks could be seen. My heart was racing as I wondered what the other guys were thinking as Donna walked past them. I noticed that the front of her white thong could be seen when she walked past us. Damn, she looked sexy. I know I wanted to lay her down and fuck her right then and there as she walked away. I wondered what the other guys were thinking.

The two ladies promised they would try on one more outfit but Sarah couldn't find anything left in her size which left Donna all alone. I think she felt comfort in having a partner to model with her but Joan pleaded with her to do one more and the guys selfishly supported Joan's request. She looked at me and I smiled and nodded my encouragement. Heck, I wanted her to go all night but I knew that wasn't going to happen. My wife picked out one more outfit and disappeared to try it on.  
  
I had my head turned to the hallway while I was talking to the other guys when one of them stopped in mid-sentence and stared down the hall. I turned my head as Donna appeared in a sheer black lace corset, thong, stockings and wearing her black heels. She was stunning. The guys were staring at her, their eyes moving from the top of her body, over her mostly exposed breasts and torso, along her midsection and down her stocking covered legs to her open toed heels and back up again. No one said a word as my wife approached us. Ann looked annoyed as her husband was almost drooling over my wife. The other wives seemed okay with her outfit while the husband's eyes were fixated on her every step.  
  
As she got closer, I noticed that some of her nipples could be seen through the lace. She kept her thong on and put the thong that matched the corset over hers. I later found out that she didn't want to put on strange underwear not knowing how many other women tried them on which makes sense but deep down (maybe not so deep) I wanted her to show off her pussy in front of the other guests. She then walked past me and her beautiful ass was exposed. I know the other guys wanted to touch and fondle her and more. The fact that other guys wanted to fuck my wife turned me on. It was a feeling that I had before when she dressed in a sexy outfit or flashed a trucker but she was now half naked, wearing come fuck me now lingerie in front of a roomful of people. The feeling was more intense, probably because of her slow tease of modeling all night long of progressively sexy lingerie.  
  
My wife did a couple of slow walks around the living room, turned a few times and the left to go change into her street clothes. I was disappointed that the show was over. Mary began to take orders for lingerie as the couples mingled and had another drink. We got out of there almost as soon as Donna placed her order. I knew she was just as horny as me and I couldn't wait to get her home.  
  
In the car on the way home I told her, "That was fun. You were really sexy tonight."  
  
She replied, "I did it for you. I knew you'd like it."  
  
I was thinking, "Bullshit. You enjoyed it too," but I responded by telling her, "I loved watching those guys lusting after you like that. You know, they all wanted to fuck you, don't you?"  
  
"Did they?"  
  
"They sure did honey and I'm going to be the one to fuck you tonight."  
  
I reached over and slid my hand up her bare leg and ran it across her thong covered pussy. The thong was soaked with her juices so I knew she enjoyed showing off as much as I enjoyed watching her. I didn't care if I had to let her think she was doing it for me as long as she kept exposing herself, I was happy. We were both happy.  
  
As soon as we got into the house we were all over each other, kissing and tearing our clothes off. We left a trail of clothing from the front door to the bedroom. We were fucking like horny teenagers. I haven't seen her this hot in a long time. I kept telling her how the guys were looking at her tits, ass and legs. I told her how they wish they were fucking her like I was. She didn't say anything but she did respond by writhing in more pleasure and bucking her hips wildly to meet my thrusts. I bent her over to take her from behind, telling her how the guys wanted to take hold of her ass and give her a good screwing.  
  
I kept taunting her by asking, "You like being a cock tease, don't you?"  
  
She didn't say anything so I continued, "You like giving guys a hard on, don't you, you cock tease? Maybe I should let them fuck you. You dressed like a whore to tease them. When they fuck their wives tonight, they'll be thinking of you."  
  
She started to cum so I fucked her even harder. Our skin was slapping together, so loud it echoed in the room. We were both breathing heavy and sweating. She kept cumming and cumming, moaning loudly and begging for more. That was the first time I remember fantasizing about other guys fucking my wife. I pictured the other husbands lining up to have their way with my wife, fucking her and making her suck their dicks. I then filled her cunt with a huge load of my sperm that came from deep within my balls. We both collapsed on the bed, breathing heavily to catch our breath.  
  
We got a great night's sleep that night and talked more in the morning. Donna finally did admit that she liked modeling the lingerie. She was nervous at first but then got turned on by the way the other husbands were looking at her. She told me she didn't want to model anything too much more risqué than she did because she didn't want the other wives to get jealous and mad at her.  
  
A thought came to my brain and I blurted out a question, "Does that mean you would have modeled something more risqué if the wives weren't there?"  
  
"Maybe."  
  
My dick started to stir at my wife's response but then she modified it by saying, "Maybe, but guys talk too much. I couldn't have my friends know."  
  
I got a full erection and pressed her further, "Well, what about one guy, like, maybe, Tom? He would never tell a soul."  
  
"I don't know dear. Let me think about it."  
  
I decided not to press the subject further at that moment and she left to go to the bathroom. When she came back, she was dressed in a cute, little soft blue baby doll and matching see through thong. Her tits and pussy were clearly visible.  
  
I told her, "Tom would love to see you in that outfit."  
  
She told me, "Stop it, you pervert."  
  
We ended up fucking wildly again with me telling her how much Tom would love to see her collection of lingerie. We made love every day that week with her wearing various pieces of lingerie for me while I told her how much my best friend would like to see each piece. Toward the end of the week, I pressed the subject of her modeling for me and my friend but she wouldn't commit to inviting him over but she never told me "no" either.  
  
Finally, in the middle of the next week, I told her I invited Tom over for a few drinks on Saturday night and to watch a college football game. All she said was, "I hope you two have a nice time."  
  
I tried to hint that this was our chance for her to model for him but she dodged each hint, frustrating me. That Saturday, Donna did some shopping as usual and picked up some beer and snacks for that evening and casually mentioned that she picked up the lingerie she ordered from Joan's party.  
  
"Really? I'm sure Tom would love to see what you bought."  
  
"Keep dreaming Dave."  
  
When Tom arrived, Donna greeted him with her usual friendly hug and Tom used that opportunity to run his hands quickly over her ass. She once again called him a "pig" as he gazed at her in her white tank top and black leggings, telling her how gorgeous she was. We each enjoyed a beer and some snacks before the game started and continued our drinking during the evening. Every time Donna got up to get us more beer, our eyes followed her full ass as she left the room. She made sure she leaned over when pouring Tom's beer which I'm sure gave him a view down her top. I could see his eyes fixated on her cleavage. I'm sure she knew what she was doing.  
  
The game was boring. What was billed as a classic matchup between rivals quickly turned into a blowout. We all agreed it was barely worth watching so I suggested that my wife show us the lingerie she has purchased. Tom's eyes lit up when Donna agreed. I was stunned she agreed to do it with very little prodding. She walked off to the bedroom and quickly returned with a bag. She was just being coy with us and I told her she knew what I meant.  
  
She told us, "I wouldn't want to embarrass Tom by wearing this in front of him."  
  
Tom quickly chimed in, "Embarrass me please. I won't mind."  
  
My wife looked at me, seemingly to make sure I was serious about going through with this.  
  
I looked at her and said, "Don't worry dear, I think Tom can deal with it."  
  
Tom wasn't sure if we were serious and kept silent not wanting to ruin what might be an exciting night for him.  
  
When Donna walked back to the bedroom, he asked me, "Is she really going to model her lingerie?"  
  
"I don't know buddy. I guess we'll both find out."  
  
Our attention turned back to the football game while we waited to see what my wife was going to do. I then heard the bedroom door open and the sound of her high heels clicking on the hardwood floors. She was wearing a simple teal, satin chemise and was obviously not wearing a bra. Her breasts bounced freely as she walked in her heels which gave her ass a little extra sway. Tom's eyes seemed like they were undressing her further, even more than usual. She paraded around in front of us and bent over in front of Tom to pick up her drink. He leaned down a little to get a look up the chemise at her ass.  
  
Donna turned around quickly and caught him, she smiled and called him a "pervert" to which he responded, "Yeah, you seemed surprised by that."  
  
We all laughed and it broke the ice and made Donna relax a little. She sat down with her drink. She looked so sexy in her lingerie with most of her bare legs exposed. It wasn't the most revealing outfit but there is something about lingerie that turns up the sexual tension a notch. When my wife was done with her drink she told me to get her a refill while she changed.  
  
When she returned, she was wearing a long, black gown with a deep V-neckline, almost to her stomach. Her breasts were hanging out of the front but you couldn't see her nipples. The gown had two high slits up to her hips that revealed the full length of her legs and she was wearing black stocking with her black open toed heels. There is something about seeing the bare skin of a woman's thighs above her stockings that I find so alluring. By the look on Tom's face, he must have enjoyed the gown also.  
  
My wife's bikini actually shows more skin than the sexy gown she was wearing but I guess it is the tease of the showing so much cleavage and some of her body being hidden under a soft, black satin material that makes a guy want to see more. Then there's the fact that lingerie is meant to be sexually teasing and my wife was being a cock tease to my best friend and by extension to me also.  
  
When she sat down to talk for a few moments, her full thigh was exposed as she crossed her legs. When she leaned over to retrieve her drink, we were hoping to get a view of her nipples but that didn't happen. We saw all of her breasts except her nipples but we kept looking. Donna commented on how strong her drink was which I did intentionally in hopes of getting her drunk so she would show us more of her gorgeous body.  
  
My wife drank half of her cocktail and told us she would model one last outfit. We were disappointed as we were hoping she would continue being our personal model for a lot longer but I was happy she even went this far.  
  
Her last outfit was a classic red lace bra, garter belt and panty set with matching stockings. The bra was very low cut and her breasts were practically falling out of it. A trace of her nipples could be seen through the tightly woven lace. Her bare stomach was exposed until the top of the garter belt started along with the lace thong. Unfortunately, her pussy couldn't been seen through the lace. I'm sure if she wasn't completely shaven, her pussy hair would have shown through. The red lace stockings were a perfect accessory to the rest of her sexy outfit. I thought she showed courage exposing her ass to my best friend in such an intimate setting and we both loved seeing her full ass cheeks as she walked our living room "runway." If I weren't there, I'm sure Tom would have been all over her. She sat down to talk to us for a little bit and our eyes followed her every step as she went to refill our drinks.  
  
Donna kept her lingerie on while we drank our beers. I could tell Tom was nursing his drink while enjoying the sight of my half naked wife. He hinted at her showing more but she refused. I could tell this is as far as my wife wanted to go that evening and I didn't want to press my luck. Deep down, I was hoping Tom would leave so I could fuck my sexy wife after her evening long cock teasing.  
  
Donna looked at me and said, "I'm tired. I think I'm going to go to bed now."  
  
It was a not so subtle hint for Tom to leave. I know he was disappointed. I'm sure he was hoping for a threesome but I knew Donna would never go for that. He drank his beer and reluctantly left. Donna gave him a kiss and hug goodbye and he took the opportunity to grab her bare ass. He's fondled her butt before but never had a couple of handfuls of bare skin until that night. I'm sure my wife wasn't surprised by his actions and I secretly thought she may have wanted him to get a feel before leaving. He thanked us for a memorable night and closed the door.  
  
I told Donna, "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen. You are so sexy. I know Tom wanted to fuck you but he'll be jerking off tonight thinking about you."  
  
"I did it for you Dave because I knew you would enjoy it."  
  
She still wouldn't admit that she loved the male attention but when I touched her pussy, she was dripping wet. She left on the stockings as I licked her pussy until she had three intense orgasms then I fucked that hot cunt while telling her how much Tom wanted to be there fucking her too. I even went a step further and told her to pretend it was my best friend that was fucking her. She didn't say a word but she had her eyes closed and started bucking wildly underneath me until I emptied my balls deep inside her.  
  
Each time we had sex, Donna would wear a different piece of lingerie. She had quite a collection and we each had our favorites. I made a habit of telling her how much Tom would like to see her in each one but she told me they showed too much of her for him to see. I also made a habit, actually it was almost an obsession, of telling her to pretend it was Tom fucking her or it was his dick she was sucking when we had sex. It became a fantasy of mine, and by extension, a fantasy of hers to think of her fucking my best friend.  
  
We began to invite Tom over about every six weeks or two months for another modeling show. I think it took Donna that long to work up the courage to do it again or maybe she was a little scared that she was enjoying it too much herself, even though she wouldn't it to me. The best part was that each time she modeled for us, she got a little more adventurous. She would always start out with something like a chemise or long gown but gradually wear something more revealing than the time before.  
  
At the end of the second time, Donna's final outfit was a purple gown with a lace top that exposed her luscious tits and the bottom had lace in an inverted V that ran up her legs to her lower abdomen. Tom and I could immediately tell she wasn't wearing anything underneath, which was sexy in its own right, but when she walked past us, we could get a view of her bare pussy with each stride. She must have realized why we kept asking her to walk back and forth but didn't let on. I got an extra special charge through my body knowing my best friend was looking at my wife's pussy.  
  
Later than night, after Tom left, Donna denied knowing we could see her pussy but she was extra hot, either by knowing in advance how much she was revealing or finding out later that my best friend was looking at her cunt. I fucked her while she was still wearing that gown, telling her how Tom and I wanted to take turns fucking her.  
  
The next time we had Tom over several weeks later, my wife ended the evening in a black lace corset, sheer lace thong and stockings. There is no way she could tell us she didn't know she was totally exposing herself to us. This turned me on even more. My wife was brazenly cock teasing us and displaying her naked body under a thin layer of black, satin.  
  
The three of us talked and drank for longer than we previously had before and Donna had no problem getting up several times as we watched her every move and scanned every inch of her half naked body. She was obviously feeling more comfortable being on display for Tom. Tom and I were sitting next to each other as the sexual tension increased with each move Donna made.  
  
At one point, Tom told her, "Those stockings sure look soft."  
  
Donna boldly walked up to him, put her one foot between his legs on the sofa cushion and said, "They are real soft. Do you want to see for yourself?"  
  
My wife's pussy was inches from my best friend's face with only the sheer satin keeping her from being totally naked. He looked at me and seeing no objection, reached out and ran his hands from her ankle, up her calf, then up behind her knee to her thigh. Donna never flinched as his hand continued up to her bare skin above her stocking. I watched intently as his hand crept up her thigh until his fingers brushed up against her sheer lace thong. She took a deep breath, swallowed hard and closed her eyes while his fingers touched her pussy. She must have gotten scared because she suddenly pulled away, much to the disappointment of Tom and me.  
  
Donna then told us it was time for the evening to end so Tom finished his beer and said goodnight. He knew Donna was uncomfortable so he never even tried to fondle her on his way out.  
  
While we were later making out, I casually mentioned to Donna, "For a second there, I thought you were going to fuck Tom."  
  
"Is that what you want me to do Dave?"  
  
I was fingering her soaking wet pussy as I responded, "I think I do. It would be so hot."  
  
I did something during sex that night. Instead of telling her to pretend Tom was fucking her I made her call me Tom while my dick thrust into her.  
  
"Tell Tom to fuck you. I want to hear you say it. Go ahead; say it."  
  
"No."  
  
I fucked her harder. "Call me Tom. Say it."  
  
There was silence for a few seconds. "Fuck me Tom. Fuck me hard."  
  
I felt a rush of adrenaline flow through my body and I pounded my wife's pussy harder while I imagined my best friend having sex with my wife.  
  
I turned her over on all fours with her ass raised and asked, "Are you going to offer your pussy to Tom? Go ahead, tell him you want his cock."  
  
"My pussy is waiting for you if you want it Tom. Go ahead and fuck me Tom. I want to feel your cock in my pussy."  
  
"You've been cockteasing him long enough. It's time to start pleasing him dear."  
  
I squeezed her ass cheeks and pulled them apart then slid my dick into her and started to thrust into her. The whole time she was calling me Tom. She came first, followed quickly by me. We didn't bring up Tom until the next morning. I wanted to see how she really felt when she wasn't drunk and horny. I needed to sort things out in my own mind too. Once my best friend fucked my wife, there would be no taking it back. It sounded good in my mind but my wife also had to agree.  
  
Over breakfast, I told her what a hot session we had in bed. She agreed that is was pretty intense.  
  
"You seem like you really enjoy showing Tom your collection of lingerie."  
  
"I've told you a million times Dave. I do it because I know you like it."  
  
"I do like seeing you in front of Tom like that but face it, you have a good time too."  
  
"I've had a little fun too, mostly because you enjoy it."  
  
"Have you thought about taking it a step further Donna? You know, like what we talk about in bed?  
  
"I think about it when I'm drunk and horny but I'm not sure if I could do it. Is it something you want me to do with Tom?

I responded, "I think I would but I'm not sure either."  
  
We ended up having sex again that morning. We didn't talk about it but I believe the thought of having a threesome with Tom was on both our minds. Later that day, Tom called me and told me what a hot wife I had and while he enjoyed her modeling sessions, it was torturing to see a partially naked woman blatantly teasing him and not being able to fuck her. He wasn't that blunt, but that was the bottom line of the conversation. I told him I understood but couldn't offer a solution at that moment. He wasn't asking to fuck my wife but he also didn't want to be the only one that wasn't sexually satisfied at the end of the night. He admitted he would jerk off thinking of my wife but if he had a date, he'd at least have a chance of getting laid.  
  
Tom was the only person I trusted to be able to invite over for an evening to show off my wife and not tell the whole world. Donna was also comfortable with him too. He wasn't giving me an ultimatum but the fact is, we were at least talking about including him. I didn't tell Tom that because we hadn't reached a conclusion on a decision. Adding a third person to our sex life would be a big decision and could have lasting effects on our relationship if things went wrong.  
  
Donna and I would talk about a threesome from time to time over the next few weeks. a lot before and during sex and occasionally at other times. She was open to the idea but couldn't guarantee she could go through with it. She was worried about me becoming jealous and having regrets. I told her I was worried about that too but the more I thought about it the more I wanted to try it, at least once. I told her she had to be okay with it too.  
  
During the next couple of weeks, the discussions got more serious and we came to an agreement. We would invite Tom over, letting him know it might be possible that he would have sex with Donna but we also agreed that either one of us could change our minds at any time during the evening or he would have to respect our wishes. I waited a couple of days in order to be positive Donna was comfortable with our agreement and then called Tom to explain the ground rules.  
  
When I called my friend with the proposition he replied, "Count me in. If there is even the slightest chance I can fuck Donna, just tell me when and where."  
  
We set things up for that Saturday night. I would take Donna out to dinner and meet him back at our house around nine. When I told my wife I made the arrangements, she looked a little shocked that I actually had done it, but also a little excited and nervous. This was a big step in our marriage.  
  
I told her, "Let's relax and have a good time on Saturday. Life is short so let's have fun. We'll try it once and if it doesn't work out, we won't do it ever again."  
  
That Saturday, Donna went to get her hair and nails done and did a little shopping while I did some of my Saturday chores. For dinner, she decided to wear the sexy black dress that I liked so much. It was a simple spaghetti strap dress but I liked the way it hugged her slim figure and it was nice and short. She wore a pearl necklace, black stocking and open toed heels. I always open the car door for her when she's wearing a skirt or dress and she knows that I love when she gives me a little peek at her panties when getting in.  
  
Over dinner and drinks, my wife told me she was a little nervous and made me reassure her that I was okay with what may happen later that night. I told her it had become an increasing stimulating sexual fantasy to share her with Tom and I was confident that I could handle it. She told me that she would never consider sleeping with another man if I wasn't there and fully approved. We skipped dessert and returned home at about 8:30.  
  
Donna was a little more nervous and found it difficult to sit still. Part of me felt bad for her as there were some pretty heavy expectations of her that night but there was also a possibility we'd have one of the hottest experiences of our marriage too. When the doorbell rang just before 9:00 o'clock, she got a look of panic on her face. I just sat there.  
  
She asked, "Aren't you going to answer the door?"  
  
"I think you should."  
  
She gave me a glaring look and went to open the door. When Tom saw her, his eyes widened and he said, "Damn, you look great."  
  
He gave her a quick hug and a peck on the cheek, then came into the living room. We shook hands and I offered him a drink. When I got back, Tom was sitting on the sofa and Donna was sitting across from him in a chair. Even though she was nervous, she looked beautiful with her long dark hair and blue eyes, perfectly done makeup and her short, little black dress. Her legs were crossed and just a hint of bare skin could be seen above the lace top of her stockings. She nervously bounced her leg and dangled her shoe from the tip of her nylon covered toes. I know Tom was undressing her with his eyes, wondering how the rest of the evening would unfold.  
  
We made small talk as we drank. This was a new experience in our marriage and neither one of us knew how to proceed. My wife got up to refill our drinks and Tom even mentioned she looked a little nervous. I told him she'd be fine but deep down I was wondering if she was going to lose her nerve and send my friend home. As we were talking, Donna mentioned how her feet were a little sore from shopping all day and being in her high heels all evening. Tom seized the opportunity to break the ice and offered my wife a foot massage. I encourage her to accept his offer and made room for her on the sofa.  
  
She laid down with her head in my lap and put her feet onto Tom's legs. I know he got a great view up her skirt at her legs and panties. He turned sideways on the sofa and lifted her foot and began to use this thumbs to begin working their magic on her foot. He started at the heel, then worked his way to her mid-sole and arch. Donna began to relax and moan, telling my best friend how good it felt. He worked his way to the ball of her foot and then began to massage each of her toes. I could see him moving her stocking covered leg so he could get a view at her panties as his hand crept up to rub her calves. Donna's eyes were closed and I watched as my best friend stared at my wife's panties as he massaged her foot and lower leg. Tom switched to her other leg and ran his thumbs and fingers all over foot and toes, commenting on how soft the nylon felt.  
  
The foot massage worked in helping Donna to relax and she seemed disappointed when he was done. She told him what a great job he did. He then told her he gives and even better back massage. My wife took the bait, sat up and turned her back to him. Tom placed his hands on my wife's upper back. He was working her shoulders, neck and back as I saw Donna melting in relaxation to his touch.  
  
He then said, "If you let your dress down, I could get your lower back too."  
  
Donna didn't flinch when Tom began to slowly unzip her dress. I think he was testing her to see if she'd stop him.  
  
She then told him, "Wait." We thought she was going to stop his advances. "Let me take off the dress. I don't want it to get wrinkled."  
  
Tom gave me a shocked look and a grin. I smiled back at him. It appeared things were going to work out the way I had hoped. Donna stood up and slipped off her dress and placed it neatly over a chair. Tom and I both stared at my wife who looked so sexy in her black stockings, thong and a lace, strapless bralette that barely covered her full 36c breasts. She walked back over to the sofa and sat down so my buddy could continue giving her a relaxing massage.  
  
My best friend began to give her back long strokes with his large hands which helped to further relax my wife. He told her that her bra was getting in the way but she told him she was going to keep it on for now. His hand began to roam up the sides of her breasts, getting closer to the front with each stroke but she pushed his hands away. This little cat and mouse game added more sexual tension to the room. If he was going to fuck her, she was going to make him work for it.  
  
Tom's hands roamed from her back and slid around to her legs as he gently massaged her thighs, feeling the softness of her stockings at the same time. His hands ran along the inside of her thighs but didn't touch her thong. He leaned in to kiss and nuzzle her neck which I know she loves. She moaned as he ran his hands up the bare skin of her sides, then moved his hands around to cup her breasts while still kissing and nibbling on her neck. I watched as my best friend played with my wife's tits for a few moments until she stopped him.  
  
"Not yet Tom. Let me go change. I bought something special for tonight."  
  
There is no way we were going to object and we were also curious to see what she bought. She got up from the sofa, her face flush. She took her drink with her along with her dress and told us she'd be right back.  
  
While she was gone, Tom asked, "Are you sure you're okay with this? We've been friends for a long time and I don't want to ruin it."  
  
"I'm fine with it. As a matter of fact, it was my idea."  
  
"Okay. I've been dreaming about fucking your wife for years."  
  
Donna took a while to return but we weren't disappointed. When Tom saw her, his mouth hung open and all he could say was, "Holy shit. You look great."  
  
My wife was wearing a sheer black nylon body stocking that had cut outs along both sides and was crotchless. The cutouts perfectly showed the contrast between the material and her white skin. It left nothing to the imagination. Her breasts were clearly visible and her completely shaved pussy was clear as day in front. My heart started beating faster and I got a rush of adrenaline through my body as I realized I was finally going to see my wife getting fucked by my best friend.  
  
She paraded around the living room in front of us and asked, "Do you like it?"  
  
Of course we told her she looked fabulous. She then walked away to get more drinks. I think she wanted to walk around so we could keep looking at her and our eyes followed her every step. When she came back, she handed us our beers and we got a close look at her and there was nothing left to our imagination. She was blatantly flaunting her nudity as the sexual tension in the room increased tenfold. There was little doubt what was about to happen at some point that evening. Donna stood in front of us letting us feast our eyes upon her. She would turn to give us a view from all angles like a runway model. She seemingly didn't know what to do next.  
  
Tom helped push the envelope when he asked, "Is that body stocking as soft as it looks?"  
  
My wife responded, "There's only one way to find out Tom."  
  
He didn't need any further encouragement as he almost leapt from his seat to approach Donna. His hands immediately began to roam over the nylon material.  
  
"Ummm. That is really nice material."  
  
"Is that all that feels nice Tom?"  
  
"No baby, you feel real nice too."  
  
They stared into each other's eyes for a moment then Tom leaned in to give her a light kiss that quickly turned into a full-fledged make-out session. Tom's hands were all over Donna's body, getting handfuls of her tits and moving down to her ass. They were grinding against each other until Tom pulled the top of the body stocking down and began to suck on my wife's tits while he inserted his finger into her pussy.  
  
I have to admit, it was a little bizarre to be sitting in my living room watching my best friend, grope, fondle, finger fuck and make out with my wife. I've also never been so turned on in my life. Seeing Donna thoroughly enjoying herself made it especially erotic. They were making out like horny teenagers. I felt a twinge of jealousy but those feelings were outweighed by the forbidden sexual nature of what was playing out before my eyes. I'd never been part of something so kinky before. My hard on was pressing against my pants as I watched from the sofa.  
  
Donna broke from her passionate embrace with Tom, looked directly at me, her face flush and breathing heavily and asked, "Are you sure want me to go through with this? There's no turning back after this."  
  
"I'm positive dear." I then stood up with a huge lump in my pants so show her I was serious.  
  
She smiled at me, then turned to Tom and asked, "Do you want to take this into the bedroom?"  
  
He replied, "I thought you'd never ask?"  
  
Donna then took my best friend by the hand to lead him down the hall to our bedroom with me right behind them. We have a large master bedroom and I stripped off my clothes before taking a seat in the corner where I'd have a good view of the action. Tom laid Donna down on the bed and she watched anxiously as he quickly tore off his clothing. He displayed a hard eight inch cock which brought a smile to my wife's face. He then pulled her towards the edge of the bed with her feet on the very edge. He knelt before her and began to slowly lick her upper thighs and outer pussy lips. They were both hotter than hell, so it didn't take long before he started to lick her dripping pussy while she ran her fingers through his hair. Her moans told us she was enjoying having her pussy eaten and moaned louder when he began to simultaneously finger fuck her.  
  
Tom continued to lick and suck her pussy making Donna squirm and moan. She clutched the bedding, her body tensed up as she began to cum. It was erotic seeing my wife orgasm to the oral manipulations of another man. I never imagined I'd enjoy it as much as I did. My friend let her relax for a moment after her orgasm then began to lick and suck on her pussy until she came again.  
  
When she regained her composure, Donna sat up and told Tom, "Now it's your turn."  
  
She had him sit on the bed while she knelt before him, playing with his dick and balls. She looked over at me in what appeared to be one last check to make sure I wasn't jealous. I had a big grin on my face and an even bigger hard on which was all the encouragement she needed to continue. She placed her hair behind her ear and leaned forward and began to lick Tom's balls. Tom looked over at me with a smile on his face. Who wouldn't be smiling having a beautiful woman like my wife licking their balls?  
  
Donna began to lick and mouth his shaft on her way up to the head, then used butterfly flicks of her tongue on the tip. She looked at me one more time, then up at Tom and opened her mouth, lowered her head and began to suck my best friend's dick while I enthusiastically watched. Her head was bobbing up and down, Tom was moaning in pleasure and raising his hips to force more of his dick into her throat. I could see the imprint of Tom's dick pushing against Donna's cheek and I knew she was giving his cock a nice tongue bath. At one point, he held her head still and began to fuck her mouth.  
  
Tom looked over at me and said, "Damn dude, your wife sucks a mean dick."  
  
I was a proud husband hearing that from my best friend as my wife gave him a sensuous blow job.  
  
Tom lifted my wife's head off his dick and said, "I want some of that hot pussy I've been dreaming about all these years."  
  
Donna dutifully got up off her knees, laid down on the bed and spread her legs, offering herself to Tom. He took his time, first feasting on the sight of my wife in her sexy body stocking with the open crotch. He ran his hands over the soft nylon encasing her legs, then lifted her feet and alternately sucked on her toes. He then placed his dick between her feet. Donna took the hint and gave him a short foot job, rubbing his dick between her nylon covered feet.  
  
Tom then placed her legs over his shoulders and moved his dick at the entrance of her pussy, looked up at me, keeping his eyes fixated on me as he slid his cock into my wife. They stared into each other's eyes as he began to hump on her, thrusting himself in and out of her.  
  
I thought I might get jealous seeing my wife being penetrated by another man but that was far from the case. I was seeing a live porn show play out right in front of me with my wife as the star. Tom was playing with her tits then moving to her ass and back again. He was thoroughly enjoying her lovely body and tight pussy.  
  
I heard him tell her, "I've wanted to fuck you since I first laid eyes on you baby. Your pussy is even better than I imagined."  
  
He was fucking Donna hard, giving it to her good. The look on her face told me she was enjoying herself too. Tom released her legs from his shoulders and fucked her missionary style, which allowed him to suck on her big tits at the same time. Donna was raising her hips to meet his thrusts, fucking him in return.  
  
Tom's breathing got faster and his face began to grimace as he announced his pending orgasm. He began to fuck her faster, the lunged deep inside of her as he groaned in pleasure. He was giving her short, deep strokes as he released his seed into my willing wife. When he was finished cumming, he brought his dick up to Donna's face and fed her his cum covered cock which she licked and sucked clean.  
  
When she was done, he got off the bed and said, "Damn, that was the best pussy I've ever had. Your wife is one hot piece of ass."  
  
Donna still had that come fuck me look of lust on her face as I climbed between her legs. My dick was rock hard and I had to have her. Seeing her taking care of Tom like that drove my need to take my turn with her to a new height. Some of Tom's sperm was visible on her pussy lips. She looked so slutty at that moment. I placed her legs on my shoulders and slid into her. Her pussy was sloppy wet from the combination of her juices and Tom's sperm. Her pussy made squishy sounds as I began to fuck her hard.  
  
As I was fucking my wife, I kept picturing Tom thrusting between her spread legs, how his ass cheeks would clench when he drove deep into her, how my wife was lifting her hips so he could get his dick as deep into her as possible and the look of pure lust on her face while getting banged by my buddy. I never imagined I would enjoy watching my wife sexually satisfy another man as much as I did.  
  
It didn't take me long to cum after watching my wife tease us most of the night, before fucking my best friend and finally, getting my turn. I unleashed a huge load of cum into her that came from deep down from within my balls.  
  
I climbed off my wife and took a moment to gaze at her with her legs wide open, cum dripping from her pussy. It was a vision of Donna I will never forget for as long as I live. She got up to take a quick shower so Tom and I went out into the living room to wait for her and get us all another drink.  
  
It was a little weird sitting around my living room, drinking with my best friend while we were both naked after having just fucked my wife. We talked about how sexy she is and what a lucky guy I am. Tom had sex with a much greater number of women than I have but he was envious of the relationship I had with Donna and appreciated being invited to share her with me.  
  
When Donna returned, she was wearing a short, soft pink sleep shirt that was cut high along her thighs with buttons down the front. She only had a couple of the middle ones buttoned and her breasts hung out of the top and her just fucked pussy was visible when she took a step. Her dark nipples could be seen through the opaque material. I guess there was no reason for her to be shy now. Tom and I couldn't help but to keep glancing over at her in her minimal attire.  
  
We sat there drinking and talking but Donna keep opening and closing her legs and even brushed her hands across her breasts a little. She had that sparkle of lust in her eyes too. I didn't want to say anything but it looked like she was still horny. She had already fucked Tom once and I didn't want to push her too far in our first threesome. Tom must have noticed her possible excitement too as his dick began to grow while looking at my wife.

Tom, never known for his shyness, said to me, "Not for nothing Dave, but I think your wife isn't done for the night."  
  
We both looked at her as she blushed and I asked her, "Is that true dear? It looks like Tom might be ready for another round."  
  
My comments gave my wife the implicit approval to fuck my friend again if she wanted. Without saying a word, Donna got up, unbuttoned her shirt and got down on her knees in front of Tom and began to play with his dick and balls before starting to suck his dick back to life. I was stunned my wife wanted to fuck him again. Heck, I felt fortunate just to get her to agree to it the first time that night but I wasn't going to stop her.  
  
Her head bobbed in his lap while he played with her big tits. Donna was giving him a nice, slow, sensuous blow job, worshipping the dick in her mouth. She then placed his dick between her tits, encasing it between her fleshy breasts. He moved his hips rhythmically, getting a nice titty fuck while stopping on the upstroke so my wife could suck and lick the head. I don't know what my expectations were when this evening began. Part of me even wondered if Donna would even go through with this but never in my wildest imagination did I think my wife would be the aggressor in wanting to fuck Tom a second time but I wasn't going to complain. Originally, I was worried that I might be jealous seeing her live out a fantasy of mine but I was fully enjoying watching my wife acting like a slut for Tom and I.  
  
Donna continued to blow and titty fuck Tom for a long time before she stood up, shed her night shirt and climbed onto his lap, taking hold of his hard on, aiming it her hot cunt and sliding down onto it. I watched my hot wife begin to ride my best friend's dick while her tits bounced in his face. It wasn't long before he had his hand cupping her ass while my wife alternately fed him her tits so he could lick on suck on them. There were times when they would look deep into each other's eyes and start to kiss passionately. When Donna began to ride him faster, I knew she was about to cum. She exploded in a long orgasm, grinding her hips on his dick until she was done.  
  
My wife was out of breath so Tom got up, lifting her without removing his dick from her cunt, and laid her down on her back on the sofa. He then started to pound her pussy while she wrapped her legs around his waist to give her leverage to lift her hips to meet his thrusts. Donna looked over at me to see my reaction to their wild sex play and I responded with a wink and a smile.  
  
When Tom turned her over onto her take her from behind, I took the opportunity to get in front of her so she could suck my dick at the same time. She moaned around my dick as she was getting it from behind. I was so proud of my wife that night. We were having the sexual experience of a lifetime, throwing caution to the wind and doing something wild and kinky. Tom grabbed hold of my wife's hips and started to fuck her hard.  
  
Tom grabbed a handful of my wife's hair, gently tugging on it while slapping her ass, telling her, "You came into the living room wanting to get fucked again so here it is baby. Take my dick Donna. Take it deep."  
  
Donna moaned around my cock as he fucked her hard. He then announced that he couldn't hold out much longer. He told Donna he wanted to cum in her mouth, so being a gracious host, I withdrew myself from between her lips to allow her to turn around and take Tom's load. She eagerly began to blow him again while he also fucked her mouth. He then held her head still and lunged forward, releasing his cum into my wife's mouth and throat. He even pulled out for a moment to shoot a couple of wads onto her face before finishing off in her mouth. She sucked him dry and released his dick from her mouth.  
  
I laid her on her back and cherished the sight of fucking her while seeing Tom's cum on her face. It turned me on to know that he came in her mouth and it wasn't long before I came in her pussy for the second time that night.  
  
When Donna caught her breath, she announced that she was done for the night. We all sat around naked finishing our drinks. Tom kept telling her what a gorgeous, sexy woman she was which made us both proud. She told us she was going to shower again and go to bed but not before she gave Tom a sensuous kiss goodnight while he fondled her ass and tits. He got dressed and thanked me for sharing my wife, telling me that he'd be happy to join us anytime we wanted to party a little.  
  
By the time I got to the bedroom, Donna was fast asleep. I watched her for a moment, playing out the events of the evening in my head wondering if we'd ever do something like this again.