**Club Adventure**

by[jay hanspard](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=81137&page=submissions)©

Missy walked into the club trying to do her best impression of someone being inconspicuous. Trying to blend in and be unnoticed would be impossible, her husband Jay had seen to that. He had picked out her wardrobe for this evening, and quite honestly it was an evening she didn’t know if she could finish. When Jay had picked out the heels, skirt, and blouse that she was wearing now, she was quite surprised at its’ relatively simple nature. Sure the heels were sexy, and the skirt was short, and the blouse was tight, but it wasn’t Jay’s usually style. It wasn’t sexy enough. But, what she hadn’t realized was that her entire outfit consisted of those three items. No bra, no thong, nothing underneath.

Not having on panties wasn’t a problem, she’d just have to watch it when she sat down; but the absence of a bra was blatantly obvious. Missy’s 38D breasts moved freely under the blouse, and the cool night air had the desired effect on her nipples. She looked like a woman looking for sex.

The first thing she did when she entered the club was to look for Jay. She found him sitting alone in a booth along a wall overseeing the dance floor. He had a drink of some kind and he noticeably perked up when she entered the room. Truth be told, several men perked up and took notice of her when she entered the club.

According to the plan, she walked up to the bar and asked for a drink. She and Jay always drank non-alcoholic drinks on excursions like this. They didn’t want anything clouding their judgment, and the only way Jay could get a real rush out of this is if he knew that Missy was doing it of her own free will.

She sat at the bar until she was finally approached by a man. He looked to be in his late thirties, and while he seemed nice enough, Missy just didn’t care for him. She did oblige him and dance with him for a couple of songs, and he did try to make several passes at her, but it just wasn’t working for her.

She had regained her seat at the bar for only a couple of minutes when she was tapped on the shoulder. She turned, maybe expecting it to be Jay with a change in plans, but instead it was another hopeful suitor. A younger guy, probably around 28 asked her nicely if she would like to dance.

From where Jay was sitting, it all looked to be going well. The guy smiled and spoke to Missy. She smiled back very warmly; Jay was sure this was a winner. The guy motioned towards the dance floor, and Missy carefully hopped off her stool and followed the young man. Jay made a quick trip over to the Jay and made a “request” for three consecutive slow songs. Asking nicely, and twenty dollars, got Jay what he wanted.

The first song began, and the guy showed genuine surprise that it was a slow song. He and Missy both shrugged, and embraced for the dance. The dance started innocently enough, but Missy began to dance a little more suggestively. She brushed her breasts across the mans’ chest several times, then moved closer to grind against his crotch. Then, all at once she motioned towards a loose strap on one heel, and walked to the edge of the dance floor to a dark corner between the back wall and a booth. She raised her foot onto a stool to fix the strap, and when she did her short skirt rode up her ass; leaving the bottom half of her butt exposed. The only people with a view of the show where the young man, and Jay sitting in strategically located booth in the balcony above. After fixing the strap, she turned and smiled innocently at the guy and resumed the dance. Her dancing continued to get more suggestive. At one point she turned her back to the guy and started grinding her butt against his crotch. She placed his hands on her hips and led them up and down. When his hands drifted to her thighs, she led them back up under her skirt. His hands were rubbing her bare hips and squeezing her ass. The darkness of the dance floor hid their actions, and they continued to move rhythmically so as not to draw attention. Missy parted her legs slightly farther and bent a little at the waist. Her eyes slowly closed and her mouth parted like it was making an “ooohhhh” sound. The guy was playing with his wife’s clit right there on the dance floor. Missy let him fondle her for about fifteen seconds, and then she turned and whispered something in his ear. Jay couldn’t heat it, but he knew what she was saying. The guy smiled at her, and they walked off the floor and out of the club.

Jay sat in the booth for ten more minutes. It was not a planned amount of time; that was how long it took for his erection to subside and allow him to walk out. He walked the three blocks back to the hotel room. His mind raced as to the events that were unfolding in some unknown location. Where they in a hotel room? His apartment? A car?

And what was occurring? What would she allow him to do to her? Was she the dominant one, or had he taken control? The anticipation was just as much fun as actually being told about the events from his wife.

He got back onto the hotel room and took off all his clothes. He laid on the bed and masturbated to the thoughts of what was occurring with his wife. He would get himself on the verge of orgasm and then stop, not wanting to ruin the return of his wife. He could feel his balls tightening.

One hour later he heard the card key being entered into the door to their room. The lights had been turned out except for one lamp by the door. Jay could see that Missy’s hair was tussled and her skirt was not arranged straight. He could also see her make-up had gotten smeared. He sat up against some pillows and continued to stroke his cock.

“Tell me”, was all he said.

“We went to a hotel about two blocks from here. He was already staying there, I believe it was on the fourth or fifth floor, but we were making out in the elevator so I wasn’t really keeping track. I was holding my ankles and had my skirt flipped up over my ass. He was standing behind me finger fucking me and telling me what he was going to do to me. We got off the elevator and walked down the hall to his room. We got through the door, and he pulled up my blouse and started sucking and kissing my breasts.”

With that, she pulled her blouse off and showed her tits to Jay. They were red were they had been rubbed so much, and there were fingernail marks around her ribcage. Jay continued to stroke himself, and it was getting harder to delay the rapidly approaching orgasm.

“He led me over to the bed and pushed me down onto my stomach. He told me that he didn’t want foreplay, that he just wanted to use me for pleasure. I heard him take off is clothes, and I wanted to turn and watch him, but he told me to stay where I was. I did manage to see his reflection in the mirror. His cock was average size, but his balls were massive. They were easily the biggest I’d ever seen. I felt him flip my skirt up over my ass and mount me from behind. His balls brushed the back of my thighs as I parted my legs to allow him entrance. He slid all the way in on the first stroke. He didn’t take it slow; didn’t seem interested in making it last. We were on the fast track to intense orgasms. He pounded in and out of me for about three minutes before I orgasmed the first time. With each forceful stroke his large balls would bang against my clit, and the sensation was more than I could stand. After about two more minutes of hard thrusting he told me he was ready. Just the thought of the huge load that would come from a set of balls that big made me orgasm again. I clinched my cunt muscles around him and milked his cock. He grabbed my ass for extra control, and I could feel his cock start to spasm.”

Jay was glad this story was wrapping up. It was becoming inhumanly possible to keep an orgasm of this magnitude bottled up. He wasn’t going to last.

“I thought he would pull his cock out and cum all over my ass, or flip me over and let me watch it squirt all over my chest. But he didn’t. He groaned loudly and slammed deep in my cunt and stayed there. After a second, I felt a burst of cum shoot inside me. It was followed by three more bursts that I could feel filling me up. It was more cum than I could accommodate, and I could feel it running out from inside me.

He pulled his drained cock out and never said another word. I stood up and pulled my blouse and skirt down. I couldn’t walk very fast, but I made my way out of the hotel. The walk here was a total daze, I’m not sure I can remember it. What I can remember is him draining all that cum inside me…”

With that, she pushed her skirt to the floor and stepped out of it. Standing there in just her heels, Jay could see the cum still running out from inside her shaved slit. She looked like she’d been ravaged.

The story finally took its toll on Jay. With a grunt and a final stroke, a long white stream of cum shot out of Jay’s cock and landed on his chest. Two smaller shots landed on his stomach. Now, he was drained.

He and Missy were a mess. They decided to take a shower together and have some time with each other. Sometimes, you have to settle for having a perfect evening.