**Sherri Goes Full-on Slut**

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**Sherri Goes Full-on Slut Pt. 01**

My wife Sherri and I were previously married to other people. I got divorced because I'm a narcissistic jerk. Sherri got divorced because her ex wanted to raise a family and she was infertile. Also, unbeknownst to her, Sherri wanted a narcissist like me!  
  
Sherri has always been HOT (I know, I've seen her younger pictures!) and very outgoing, but equally conservative. She didn't often give in to many of my more deviant sexual desires. To her, those things were not traditionally done with a husband. I'm very open and we did talk about my fantasies often. She seemed intrigued and disgusted at the same time, but she never wanted to tell me hers. I told her my biggest fantasy was for her to have at least four men pass her around and fuck her.  
  
Her mouth dropped open and she smacked my arm as hard as she could. I laughed and said we can start with only one guy, though. I told her that I didn't have a problem with her having sex with other men as long as she was safe and came back to me.  
  
Sherri replied, "Well, I do! So don't hold your breath, or you'll suffocate."  
  
I knew that in order to make my fantasy a reality, I would really have to work on her. All my planning would have to be over many months, at least. I had to be very patient whatever the length of time. I decided I was committed to make it happen. And I began my plan when we were in our mid 30s.  
  
As stated, Sherri was definitely a looker: long blonde hair, nice 34C tits, long toned legs and the tightest little ass, that always had me hard and wanting. Like lots of men do, I had always harbored this fantasy with her. I never did this with my ex, but Sherri was so hot, it just kinda developed within me. I was not particular with regard to race, just as long as my wife lost all her inhibitions and got wild. My ultimate goal was to get her to meet strange men and regularly let them fuck her. I wanted to keep her pussy on fire. If her pussy could be kept a fire, she would always be willing to be an easy fuck. I wanted her cunt to constantly gape and drool. My ultimate was to make my wife the loosest, cum-dump of a slut as possible. My wants grew into needs. I needed her gangbanged routinely. I wanted my wife to let any and all men dump as much come in her pussy, ass and mouth as they could. I wanted my moderately conservative wife corrupted into a cock addicted whore... to be trained to become a willing, walking wet dream, that any guy could just pull up her skirt or just push aside the gusset of her short shorts and just totally fuck the shit out of her. Hey, ya gotta have goals, right?  
  
I started taking her on weekend trips out of town, hitting bars and clubs where we would not recognized. I'd ask Sherri to wear tight short shorts and high heels. I'd ask her to wear tight blouses to show off her ample breasts. I would buy her sexy things like, tiny shorts that would dig into her crotch and expose plenty of ass cheek. I also bought her very short skirts, the shorter the better. I wanted her to look like a slut, looking for a guy to get fucked.  
  
She always thanked me for the gifts. She told me she was lucky to have a man that thought she was sexy enough to wear those things. But, she always declined to wear them out in public.  
  
This particular time, I said, "Shit Sherri, no one knows who you are in this town! I know you told me you won't go through with my fantasy, and that's OK, so I'm not asking you to fuck someone. Besides, you dressed up like this and acted pretty promiscuous at the last few Halloween parties we attended."  
  
She actually paused and then feebly replied, "Those are just parties. They don't mean a thing. This is different."  
  
I went low and said, "Really, when you were drunk sitting on your bosses lap and he had his hand under your skirt, that was nothing?!"  
  
She went quiet and asked, "You saw that?" Then she said, "He touched my ass OVER my panties and that's all. He tried going further but I didn't let him."  
  
Sherri pause the game, finally taking a deep breath, "I will wear these slutty looking clothes when we are out of town, because you like them and... like you said... no one knows us here. But, don't plan on your fantasy happening!  
  
My plan was falling perfectly into place!  
  
Since we lived in a college town and there were several other good sized towns nearby. I always made sure we would go to a different town every weekend, usually renting a hotel room, because I never knew when the next step would take place in my plan.  
  
My wife's favorite thing to do was go to a nice restaurants, where I'd wine and dine her before heading out to various bars and clubs for serious drinking and dancing. Over the next several months Sherri was more into it. She'd show off and flirt for me. When she was good and tipsy she was a lot more open to flirting with strangers. She'd also admit that she liked her slut clothes and all the attention they brought her... but only when she was drunk. The rest of the time, she feigned modesty.  
  
My solution... Keep her drunk!  
  
We would have a pleasant evening drinking and dancing. I knew that for the most part nothing would happen, my plan was to just always keep her glass full to foil her inhibitions and just let her get comfortable wearing these ultra revealing, sexy clothes. I knew I should not push at this stage. But if this routine continued to ferment over the next several months, I was pretty sure her fermenting brain would be more likely to go further down the rabbit hole.  
  
The next weekend fell on my birthday night and Sherri told me that she'd gotten me a great present. She slipped into the bedroom and about 20 minutes later, came out wearing the hottest black skirt I've ever seen her in. It wasn't tight. Rather it was loose with a kind of knit lace around the bottom. She was wearing stay-up stockings and high heels. The skirt was so short and you could see the tops of her stockings through that 3" band of black lace and a bit of her creamy thighs. The 4" heels completed the look! Sherri didn't even have to bend over... If she even moved, you could see her tiny sexy black lace panties through the uppermost part of the lacy fringe. Up top, she wore a lacy black bustier with blood-red piping, that shoved her tits up and out, oh so, invitingly! Just looking at her standing there, already with a drink in her hand, I got the biggest erection! My mouth watered. I needed to eat that pussy tonight!  
  
I said, "Oh my god, this is going to be a fun night out!  
  
She said, "Hold on a minute, if you think that I'm wearing this out with you, you've got a-whole-nother think coming, buster! This is for your eyes only. I am not going out in public looking like the biggest slut ever."  
  
I protested, "Why not!?" But, I knew I didn't want to be too overly pushy, so I lost my protest. I did laughingly add that, the biggest slut ever would have her hair bleached platinum and have ridiculously large breast implants!  
  
She didn't think it was nearly as funny as I did, so I let that alone.  
  
We stayed in! I wined but didn't dine my gorgeous little cupcake and we had the most amazing sex all night long after I meticulously peeled off every piece of the sexiest outfit ever! Sherri was soon drunk (on an empty stomach) and held back nothing! She came at least 6 times (me, 3) as I ate her soaked pussy and fucked it until I my dick felt like spaghetti.  
  
The next weekend, I talked her into it with a little help from Greygoose! She put on the outfit and we went out. She looked sexier than ever!  
  
At the bar, I told her how amazing she looked, feigning modesty again she said it was all in my head. But I don't even think she believed that line of crap. She was already pretty tipsy, but I know she could feel all those lusty eyes in there trained on her. But, if that was her game, I was prepared to play it! She told me that she didn't think the young guys in this establishment would want an old woman in her mid 30s, when there were women in their early 20s all over the place in there.  
  
I challenged her and insisted that she was wrong. I dared her to play along with me. Surprisingly she agreed. I told her that, "I will leave the table for a half an hour and prove to you that young guys will be all over you." She insisted I was wrong, but agreed. With that, I left and sat as far away as I could but still see her, and she could still see me in case anything got out of hand.  
  
Several guys did stop by her table and ask for slow dances. All the guys tried to grope her ass, but she stopped them. I could tell she was interested in one guy in particular, though. Because, he was with her at the table long enough to buy her a couple of drinks. At one point, I saw one of his hands on her upper thigh and she didn't take any action to move it away. He leaned over and said something in her ear. Later I found out he was asking her to his place. She declined his advance and told him she was waiting for her husband. That scared him away. He promptly left the bar.  
  
My wife waved at me to come back. I could tell the drinks were getting to her pretty good. But, she's so damn hot and agreeable when she is tipsy, so I waited for her to finish her drink and took her out to the dance floor for a slow song. She was pretty unsteady, but happily clung to my arm. When we began to dance, I had my left arm around her waist and my right arm was below her waist but not quite on her ass. At first, she had her head on my shoulder, but I coaxed a kiss, which rapidly became a sloppy French! Lost in the moment, she closed her eyes and didn't notice that I slightly gathered some of her skirt in my right hand, completely revealing the tops of her stockings and lacy thong split ass. I caught a glimpse of us in a mirror next to the dance floor and made sure all who looked, got a good view of my wife's perfect rearend. I could see, we were getting lots of looks. Guys were giving me the thumbs up, during the whole thing. I was so hard and turned on, that I had to get her out of there. While we were having another amazing night of the hottest sex ever, I found myself wondering, "Did she know that every guy there had an unobstructed view of her round little ass? Did she purposely let me lift that skirt or was she too tipsy to notice?"  
  
Whichever it was, this was working!  
  
After some months, she'd actually quit protesting, wearing the slutty, revealing clothes that I liked her to wear out, altogether. I think she started relishing all the lusty looks she got from men everywhere we went. It was obvious, Sherri was actually liking all this. I didn't even have to buy anymore of her sexy and revealing clothes. She started buying them herself and surprising me with x-rated fashion shows! She even threw out almost all of the stuff that I didn't find arousing. EVERYTHING she wore out now, was designed to arouse! I was beginning to wonder, if my fantasy was her secret one...  
  
Sherri was also drinking every day, now. Because, like I told her, "Everyday with a hot little slut like you is a weekend!" And she took it to heart!  
  
When we were out and we danced, I would routinely raise her skirt. And even when I gripped her tight bare ass cheeks, she had never once stopped me. In fact, she'd grind into me and purr in my ear. Young guys seeing us, always expressed their approval with thumbs up!  
  
She also started dancing with young men, while I retrieved new drinks from the bar. And, she'd begun letting them feel her up, too. Her ass and thighs were apparently fair game, now! And I could tell that there were certain guys she really liked dancing with. Those guys, she began to let go further. She let them caress her bare ass and even let some massage her thong clad pussy.  
  
One particular guy sitting at our table started feeling up her inner thigh. Eventually, he slipped a finger past her panties and into your pussy. Sherri responded, grinding back against the intrusion trying to get more of his hand into her slutty drooling pussy. She still would not have sex with anyone else (As she'd say, this was just for fun for me). Soon enough, the young guy realized he wasn't getting any more than his fingers in her, and he disappeared. Of course, this was always how it went.  
  
After of the young guy left, Sherri turned to me and started kissing me deeply as she moved onto my lap. She wanted me to continue fingering her. Eventually she slid up on my lap. And, it was a good thing that we purposely stayed in the very dark areas of these bars. I grabbed her panties and tore them off. I pushed three fingers into her as deeply as they'd reach, while her cunt muscles kegelled them in and out matching my rhythm. She was soaked and orgasmed within 3 minutes!  
  
That was so fucking hot! I realized the young guy had done a lot more damage than I thought. My wife was on fire and doing things she would never of done several months ago. Back then she would have never thought of publicly sitting on my lap and bouncing up and down against my dick with my fingers jammed in her drooling, dilated cunt. The step of getting her fucked by another guy was getting closer!