**The Reunion at the Sanders**

by One time writer

Sherrie is beautiful woman. She never fails to turn

heads. is a living doll. She is petite at about 5'-5"

tall with full firm 36C breasts and a beautiful heart-

shaped ass. Her face is beautiful with full lips and an

impish smile framing perfect white teeth. She has large

oval shaped blue eyes that hypnotize me and most other

straight men. She has highlighted brown hair that

shimmers

in the light. At thirty, she is four years younger than

I am. She is an avid runner a beautiful tight butt with

slender muscular legs.

When I first met her, she was a virgin and quite prude.

While at graduate school, there were numerous attempts

by her male classmates to get her to lighten up. They

often pretended that they were trying to help her fit

in. In reality they were trying to see how far they

could get her to push it. For example, her favorite

blouse was a white sheer chemise that clearly showed

her conservative bra underneath.

One night while dancing with her classmates, Jim

commented that you just don't wear a bra with a shirt

like that. Sherrie wanting to fit in, went to the

bathroom and took it off. All of the men ogled her

newly freed breasts but none let on that she was really

giving them a show. She had no idea that she was

essentially naked from the waist up.

She did notice how the shirts movement tended to turn

her on. Everyone went home in a group so at her door,

Jim walked her to her door and gave her a quick good

night peck. It started innocently enough. Sherrie had

never kissed a black man. He started slowly but did not

back off with the quick kiss as everyone else had

always done. As he slowly kissed her lips, he slid his

hand up her slender back and pulled her toward him.

In doing so, he pulled just close enough so that her

nipples grazed his shirt. It sent shivers up her spine.

She wasn't sure what to do so she let him continue to

kiss her. She felt like it was probably okay since she

heard that everyone did it. He gently slipped his right

hand inside the back of her blouse through the gap

between the buttons. The feel of his hand on her naked

back was electric.

Before she even knew what had happened, he had gently

unbuttoned one of the buttons and slid his entire hand

into the back of her shirt. He didn't want to scare her

off but he slowly let his hand move around her back to

gently cup her naked breast in his hand. For small

breasts, they were quite full and he felt its full

weight in his finger tips. She finally came to her

senses and pushed away. She was blushing profusely but

there was no denying that she was very turned on. Jim

just pretended that nothing had happened.

When I came into the picture, she was consistently

going without a bra because she just assumed that was

what they did in the fashionable big city. To take

advantage of the situation, I made sure to always give

her the sheerest blouses that I could find. When she

would express concern over their flimsiness, I just

told her that that was how all of the really fine high

cost shirts were made. I loved to watch her dance with

her male classmates. There were all snickering in a

lustful way at her ignorance of what a show she was

giving.

After a while, I used the same approach to discuss her

panty lines with her. She was shocked that I had

noticed. I mentioned that everyone these days was going

with thong panties (it was actually considered very

racy back then). I barely knew her but ended up buying

her the most sheer and sexy thongs that I could find in

the Fredricks' catalogue. The timid med student was

becoming quite and exhibitionist without even know it.

One summer, we knew were scheduled to join the Sanders

for a small party. They were our neighbors and had

become quite good friends. We had done this numerous

times and it was actually quite boring. This night was

actually different. Sherrie's ex crush from graduate

school was going to be there. She didn't want to let on

to me but she still had a huge attraction to him and

wanted to look good.

Knowing this, I decided to see if I could push her a

little further on her outfit for the evening. Although

our youngest child was almost one year old, Sherrie was

still nursing her. As a result, her breasts were large

and full. I found that her nipples were pressed out

more due to the fullness of her breasts. As a result,

there were very sensitive. I told her that I wanted to

help her pick out her outfit so that she could look her

best tonight.

As a matter of fact, I had actually bought her a new

miniskirt for the evening. I had actually found the

skirt in a swimsuit catalog. It was very short and

quite sheer. The skirt was designed to be worn over a

bathing suite. It had actually been on clearance

because is was a little too risqué for the general

population.

I picked out a cotton top which hugged every inch of

her voluptuous torso. As she tried on the skirt, I

noted that it was very beautiful but it actually showed

her thong underwear (which was very hot!). After

pondering, I said, let's try it withought the

underwear, nobody will know." She frowned but after a

little prodding, she slipped of the small undergarment.

I said to turn around so I could make sure that it

looked okay. Every inch of her beautiful ass was

accentuated and presented for the eye to see. I could

see the cleft of her heart shaped butt clearly

displayed through the flimsy garment. It's fine, you

can't see anything. - I lied.

In the front, the skirt was merely inches below her

beautiful pussy. It was one of the most erotic outfits

I had ever seen. Here was my modest wife innocently

displaying the beautiful lower half of her body. I

shook my head, you know, I can kind of see your

privates. I have an idea, let's shave it so that it

won't stand out so much. It's actually quite common.

She didn't realize that it was every man's dream to

lick and kiss a cleanly shaved pussy. She had never

heard of it but again, I was able to convince her to

let me do it. I took the warm water and razor and

gently shaved her pussy completely. As I finished it

off, I wiped her with a warm towel. Unbeknownst to her,

I was actually rubbing her clitoris and really

stimulating her.

All the while, I just pretended that I was cleaning it

up. Her tight lips started to spread wider as I rubbed

the cloth back and forth. I could see her glistening

pussy trying to hug the towel. Just as she was

approaching an orgasm, I stopped the cleanup and had

her slip the skirt back on. Her fare complexion was

very flushed.

I almost came on the spot. She was the sexiest woman

that I had ever seen. Her small frame was outlined in a

skin tight blouse and skirt. Her nipples where

protruding prominently and I could clearly make our her

mons beneath the sheer skirt. Topping it all off was a

pair of knock out four inch heels that tied up her calf

accentuating her trim beautiful legs. It was amazingly

exciting to know that I was taking my wife over to see

her graduate school sweetheart with this outfit and a

wet pussy.

Her tits jiggled very prominently as she walked and I

could tell she was subconscious about it so I suggested

that she wear her black blazer over the top. The blazer

actually helped to hide quite a bit. It was still

erotic for me to know that she would have essentially

nothing underneath. I though it would be our little

secret.

We tucked the girls in bed and gave the baby to the

sitter and off we went. Actually it was only a few

steps across the street. As we arrived, we were a

little surprised at how many people there were at their

small house. The weather was warm and most of the

people were outside gathering on the Sanders new patio.

Because Jim works in sales at a radio station, he tends

to have a lot of friends.

Some are a little rougher around the edges than others.

Everyone seemed very friendly. We new a couple of

people but most were strangers. There was an open bar

and a DJ to provide the entertainment. I was enjoying

watching all of the men ogle Sherrie. Because it was a

little dark, it was difficult to tell that she had on

such a risqué outfit. Sherrie is really a light weight

when it comes to liquor and after a couple of drinks

she was really starting to lighten up.

When two of the men starting flirting with her right in

front of me, I was surprised to see her respond back.

Nothing serious, it was all in good fun. Then, Fred

walked in with his friend Larry. I noticed it first and

watched Sherries face carefully to see how she would

react. It was obvious immediately that she was still

very attracted to him.

He greeted a number of people and ended up next to us.

I introduced myself first and he was very friendly. As

he spoke to Sherrie, it was also very clear that he had

a few sparks going himself. We chatted for a while

talking about the kids, jobs etc. Fred and Larry had

just returned from Europe where they were taking a year

to enjoy the world while making a little money modeling

in Milan.

After a while, I noticed Larry focusing on Sherrie's

butt, then after looking her up and down, he focused

directly where her legs joined in the front. He leaned

over and whispered something into Fred's ear and he

soon was also focusing in the same spot. At first

Sherrie was oblivious to what was happening then she

caught on. We were all admiring my wife's freshly

shaved pussy right here in the middle of the party. Of

course everyone pretended that nothing was happening. I

wanted to watch Sherrie squirm so I mentioned that I

had to hit the restroom.

After finding a hidden area in the crowd, I watched the

action. They were smiling and laughing and I could tell

they had made what looked like complimentary remarks

because I noted that she started to blush and pull her

jacket down. As she did this, she also lowered the top

of the jacket to expose her barely covered nipples. I

had a huge hard-on at this point.

They were clearly enjoying making her squirm and she

was getting flustered. I knew deep down that she was

still glowing from her unsatisfied stimulation that we

had back at the house. As the sun went down completely,

Fred asked Sherrie to dance. They danced to a number of

70s songs. I noticed that he kept trying to get her to

squat as part of a dance move here and there. It was

clear to me he was trying to fully expose her bald

pussy.

Sherrie had no idea of his intentions and kept pulling

him back up. Little did she know that whenever he went

down, he was afforded a nice view. Larry also stepped

in a number of times. After much persistence, he even

got her to bend her knees and he bent lower. Even from

the distance, I could see her beautiful labia part as

she went down. I couldn't believe that this was all

happening in plain view. However, because it was so

crowded, no one seemed to notice. Larry was also not

discrete about staring right at the spot. Ironically,

everyone was still pretending that nothing was

happening.

I eventually rejoined the group and joined right back

in the conversation. I eventually took Sherrie out on

the dance floor. As a slow number started, I reached

under her jacket to fondle the smooth material covering

her ass. Out of the corned of my eye, I spotted Larry

and Fred watching us intensely.

Without Sherrie knowing, I slowly spun us around so

that her back was facing the pair. Very subtly and

without her knowing, I gently tugged the back of her

mini skirt up so that the bottom of her ass was showing

and her labia were exposes to the night air. I then

pressed my leg between hers until my pants leg rested

against her surprising hot pussy. It was so wet that it

left a mark on my pants. The combination of the

alcohol, the music and the two hunks hitting on her had

really turned her on.

We all decided to sit down at a table inside the large

house to relax for a while. I made it a point to

meander over to the large round table and sat on the

far side. The table was made of clear glass so I could

clearly see everyone's legs under the table. It was

actually a card table that John Sanders used for our

weekly poker games.

It was kind of tucked away in an area of the house that

was easy to get to but off the beaten path so it was

only the four of us present. As Sherrie sat down, Fred

and Larry sat down on each side of her. The chairs were

fairly spread out so it didn't seem uncomfortable at

all. Fred mentioned that Sherrie looked even better

than she did in Medical school. She blushed and tried

to change the subject. When she gets tipsy, she gets a

little silly but she was fairly quite and reserved at

this point.

I suggested, "hey, let's play some card games and talk

for a little while. We have to go home soon anyway". I

did this as a ploy to help Sherrie to let her guard

down. If she knew that we would be leaving soon, she

wouldn't feel so uncomfortable with Fred's advances. I

noticed that whoever was speaking with her took a while

so that the other could steal glances at her body.

After playing a little with the chips on the table,

Sherrie was starting to really relax. Then I mentioned

that we only had a few minutes. Kind of as a joke, I

said, "hey lets play strip poker for the last hand or

two". I reminded Sherrie that if she lost she could

just take off her jacket. She was so relaxed that she

forgot about the shirt that she was wearing. Well, I

lost the first hand so I took off my light sweater.

We all laughed and I kept playing seemingly forgetting

about the "it's the last hand" promise. Well the other

guys lost the next few hands so we were all having fun.

Then, Sherrie lost her first hand. I asked Fred to help

Sherrie with her jacket. As she removed it, her breast

swung from side to side. Her nipples were quite swollen

from the earlier excitement.

We were all smart enough to not make a big deal about

her near nudity. Before she could react, I dealt the

next hand. Fred lost and had to take off his shirt. He

was pretty well built and I noticed that Sherrie was

starting to look a little flustered. Sherrie lost the

next hand. She had forgotten to stop after her jacket

and she only had her shoes, skirt and shirt on. Of

course the shoes came off. Fred and Larry each took one

foot. and had a great view as they slowly unwrapped the

straps on her calves. She was trying to keep her legs

together but they gently and subtelly pulled them

slightly apart. I saw her beautiful pussy split

slightly from my view through the table top.

She was clearly getting nervous but I didn’t' give her

a chance to react before I dealt the next hand. I made

sure that the guys each lost a hand for a while. Then

the magic moment came. Sherrie lost again. I tried to

say it was no big deal. Honey, just take off the top.

She got really nervous and looked like a trapped

animal. So I suggested that if she just gave each of

the guys a kiss that she could keep her shirt on. We

could see everything anyway.

First Fred kissed her neck then moved to her lips. She

was really starting to get turned on. Then as she

kissed Larry, he put his hand on her bare leg only

inches below her bald pussy. When if came to my turn, I

gave her a major French kiss and slowly slid my hand up

her leg as she remained seated in the chair. While her

eyes were closed, I slid my hand up until it rested on

her slick pussy. I gently teased her clit a little

before stopping.

She was really getting flushed. After she lost the next

hand, I told her that the top had to come off. She

didn't know what to do she looked at each off us to see

if I was serious. When she saw that she had no choice,

she reluctantly pulled off the flimsy garment. Again

her breasts wiggled clumsily as she pulled it off. Her

wonderful nipples instantly hardened in the new

exposure. In order to not scare her off, we all played

it down and tried not to stare at her beautiful white

breasts.

Here we were at our neighbor's party, in a room with

two single men and my poor wife sitting in only a sheer

micro mini skirt. In order to really appreciate the

moment, I took my time with shuffling the cards. We

went back and forth for a while then Sherrie lost

again. She said that there was no way that she would

take off her skirt. Instead of insisting, I calmly said

that she didn't have to, we could just go back to

giving a kiss instead. I said that there was one

caveat.

This time, one of the men would kiss her breast while

the other kissed her mouth. She squirmed for a while

then quietly said okay as long as it was short. I said

that I would time it for two minutes. I told Fred to

start the kiss on the mouth. As she was kissing him,

Larry lowered his head and started to gently kiss her

right nipple. He took her large breast in both hands

and gently squished it so that the nipple would stick

out to its fullest extent.

At first it was gentle then he slowly increased his

squeeze until his knuckles were white from the

pressure. His fingers sank into the full flesh of her

juicy tit meat. Right before the time expired; Larry

had moved to bighting and roughly sucking all around

her distended nipple.

As I called time, there was a loud smacking sound as

Larry released her nipple. Sherrie was very nervous at

this point. Her face was flushed and her right nipple

was bright red and glistening. It stood in stark

contrast to the soft pink of the left nipple. It was

starting to become clear that this was becoming more

than a mere poker game.

I said, "Honey, we need to get going. But it would be

really unfair to just leave these two guys like this

after all of this teasing." She looked puzzled and

asked me what I meant by that. I said, adult males need

some sort of release after seeing someone as beautiful

as you almost naked. Fred politely said that he agreed.

Larry said he did too but that they would probably be

okay. I could tell that Sherrie, in her altered lustful

and inebriated state felt guilty. She asked what we

should do.

I said, look, we're probably not ever going to see

these guys again and no one will ever know what

happened here so why don't you satisfy them by giving

them what is known of as a quickie. What is that she

asked? I said that it was a way to make love that was

not really the same because it was fairly quick and not

with one that you love.

At first she looked hurt. But after a long moment of

hesitation, I couldn't believe it when she said okay.

Before she could change her mind, Larry lowered his

pants and took out his penis. Even though he was a big

guy, his dick was abnormally large. She looked like a

scared animal.

But, it was at a point of no return. As he sat there,

we guided Sherrie to sit and impale herself on his

member. She spread her legs but couldn't get high

enough. We quickly put her sexy shoes on and lowered

her until the crown nestled on he pussy. She all of a

sudden came to her senses and wanted to flee.

Fortunately, it was too late at this point. Larry was

already three of his nine inches into her. The more she

squirmed, the more she helplessly slid down his shaft.

He grabbed her ass cheeks and roughly spread them as

wide as they would go. He watched as her pussy slowly

adjusted to his girth and length.

She sat there afraid to move. His full nine inches were

had fully pierced her tight pussy and was resting

firmly against her cervix. Any movement she did simply

pushed the intruding instrument deeper and deeper.

Larry licked his hand and started to gently rub her

clit. She was so turned on that she lost track of where

she was or who was deeply imbedded in her pussy.

We started to lift and drop her on his cock. You could

see in her confused eyes that she was completely turned

on. Larry brought her to the brink then moved back to

her breasts. He was no longer being gentle. He was

roughly squeezing her full breasts until she would

gasp. Her arms were being held by Fred and I so she was

completely defenseless. I motioned to Fred to move

behind her. We could clearly see her little hairless

anus thrusting up and down on Larry's cock. Fred saw

what was the next step.

He used his fingers to slide some of her ample juices

up and into her virgin crevice. Then he slowly slid his

middle finger in. Sherrie tensed up and said, "no",

"not there". Larry took this as a queue to roughly bite

her left nipple until she was completely distracted.

Before she knew what happening, Fred had three fingers

completely impeded in her anus up to the knuckle. This

was the wildest thing I had ever seen. It was as if I

were in a trance watching an erotic dream unfold before

my eyes. Only, this was really happening. Fortunately,

no one from the party was around to spoil the fun.

Fred slowly removed two of his fingers and gently slid

the head of his moderate size penis into her now

relaxed anus. At first, there was resistance. Then the

head of his penis popped into the little orifice.

Sherrie finally realized what was happening. Fred had

place the head of his penis into her ass. She couldn't

move because of how she was impaled on Larry. Fred

slowly but persistently pushed forward until he was all

the way in. She was completely skewered from both

sides. Before she could panic, I came over and gently

comforted Sherrie and let her know that the quickie was

almost over and not to worry.

At this point, the two men went into a full motion of

pistoning back and forth her body and tits were flying

back and forth in rapid succession. Then, with out

warning, Larry gasped and blew his full load into her

tight pussy fully bathing her battered cervix. Fred

came shortly thereafter. Sherrie had come so many

times, that I had lost count. Before Sherrie could

catch her breath, two men withdrew their penises. As

Fred came out, there was an audible pop as his unit

exited her tight anus.

We worked quickly to get everyone dressed and back into

a presentable manner. We simply walked back to the

party as if nothing had happened. Fred and Larry gave

her a cordial kiss on the forehead and said a warm

farewell. I had a few more dances with Sherrie knowing

full well that there cum was starting to escape from

her two holes. I pretended that nothing major had

happened and we said a polite good bye to the Sanders

and walked home. I don't think she really realized what

had happened until days later. After we got home, she

and had one of the wildest nights of good fashioned old

marital sex. But that's a different story.

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