**Wild Leah Becomes My Wife**

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**Wild Leah Becomes My Wife Ch. 01**

Back in college, I hung out with a group of friends in my last two years. It was a mix of young men and women who like to hang out and party, especially on the weekends. There were some natural attractions among us that led to some casual dating at times but rarely turned into a serious relationship. We were in college, full of life and enjoying being young and wild. I wasn't as big a partier as some of my friends. My first priority was keeping up my grades and my studies came first. A couple of my friends, Ken and Evan, were more the "bad boy" party animals that seemed to attract more women than I could ever hope to. I was more the type that needed to be attracted to my sexual partner rather than trying to make a number of casual conquests every weekend. I would frustrate Ken and Evan when they would try and set me up with a one night stand.

They would tell me, "Come on Joe, I know Cindy over there is horny tonight. Go make your move, bro."

More often than not, I would decline their pressure. Don't get me wrong, I was no angel and there were times when I would sleep with an anonymous stranger I picked up at a party but it wasn't as satisfying as being with someone I cared about. My friends would make fun of me but I didn't care.

There was one girl, in particular, that hung out with our group of friends during our senior year when I shared an apartment with Ken and Evan. Leah was a gorgeous strawberry blonde, with deep blue eyes, average height with full round breasts and a nice tight ass. She had the most wonderful smile that would immediately warm my heart. I could barely keep my eyes off of her, along with most of the guys on campus. She was kind of wild and liked to hang out with our mutual friends.

Every guy wanted to sleep with her and in fact, many of them did. Apparently, she was an excellent student in high school and was receiving a full academic scholarship. She had spent most of her time studying so she could help pay for college and now that she had a taste of freedom, she was making up for lost time. It seemed that when we were hanging out in our favorite local tavern, Leah would end up leaving with a different guy. She would date them for a week or two and then move on to someone else.

Ken and Evan had a small rivalry going on who would have sex with her first and when Evan won their contest, Leah became a regular guest at our apartment. It was at that time that I got to see her in various states of dress and undress. It wasn't unusual for her to be hanging out in the apartment in an old t-shirt of Evan's. I would gaze at her beautiful face with light freckles around her nose, her blue eyes and long reddish/blonde hair. I got peeks at her panties as she sat casually on the sofa or down her top at her full 36c breasts when she wasn't wearing a bra. On several occasions she would be reaching for something in the cupboards or bending over in the fridge in the morning and the shirt would lift up in back exposing her bare ass. It took all of my self-control to not come up and try to fuck her from behind. She became the object of my masturbatory fantasies.

My bedroom was between Ken and Evan's and when she would sleep over, I could hear her having sex with Evan. The walls were paper thin and their grunts and moans along with the squeaking of the bed springs would drive me wild. I would jerk off listening to their sex talk and hearing her begging to get fucked harder or hearing Evan telling her what a good cocksucker she was. I would try to time my orgasm to his so I could pretend I was fucking her rather than my roommate. At times, I think they knew I could hear them and they were extra loud in order to tease, or should I say, torture me.

When I would see Leah in the morning, I could only imagine what it would be like to fuck her. Evan wasn't shy about kissing and fondling her in front of me which only added to the tease. One night I was in my room trying to sleep while they were going at it in the next room again and I had to go to the bathroom. I had to pass Evan's room and I noticed that the door wasn't closed completely and the small nightstand light was on. There isn't a guy alive that wouldn't peek in. I got an immediate erection as I saw Leah with her legs over Evan's shoulders while he pounded away at her as she moaned in pleasure to his repeated thrusts. I got a shadowed view of him penetrating Leah's pussy.

I watched for a few minutes but got scared when I thought Leah saw me as she peered over Evan's shoulder. I made my way to the bathroom and had to wait a minute until I lost my hard on before I could pee. As I made my way back to my bedroom, I noticed the bedroom door was now closed. I was afraid Evan might say something to me the next day. He never said a word but Leah gave me a knowing smile although no words were exchanged. I blushed and quickly left the kitchen to get dressed.

She dated my roommate for almost two months before she moved onto another guy. I never got to see her fucking my roommate again but I listened to them having sex almost every night. During this time, I dated a girl myself but it didn't last long. It was nice to have sex with someone rather than jerking off all the time while my roommate was having a good time. The most difficult part was listening to Evan brag to Ken and me about how great Leah was in bed and how she loved to suck his dick. She even let him fuck her butt a couple of times. Every time I looked at Leah, I imagined her doing various sex acts with me and Evan's stories added to my fantasies.

Evan and Leah's breakup was friendly. I think they both realized they were both looking for a good time and it was never going to last. Leah still hung out within the same group of friends and we saw each other often while out socializing. I tried to talk to her because I really wanted to date her but I was so fascinated by her that I always got tongue tied, not knowing what to say. Some guys are natural players and can talk a good game with women but I never had that ability. As a result, I always watched as other men picked her up and was envious when I saw them leaving with her, knowing she was probably going to have sex with them. It killed me but I eventually gave up hope of ever dating her. I went out with other women but there was never a real connection with them. I liked their companionship but I wasn't in love.

Towards the end of our senior year, Leah started dating Ken which was a little awkward but it didn't bother Ethan. He had moved on to several other women after Leah. Ken's room was on the other side of mine and I got to hear them having sex almost nightly too. The torture of wishing she was sharing my bed had returned and so did the routine of me jerking off to listening to their sexual romps. On a positive side, I got to see her in various states of dress and undress again, stealing glances at her legs, ass and tits whenever I could.

One Sunday morning, I returned to the apartment after spending the night with a girl I was dating and saw Ethan coming out of the bedroom followed by Leah and Ken. Apparently, they just had a threesome and I was pissed that I missed hearing their exploits or even possibly being asked to join in. They were making some veiled comments over breakfast and laughing at some inside jokes between them which only confirmed my suspicions that they both fucked her the previous night.

We all graduated shortly after that incident and went our separate ways. I went to graduate school, became a programmer and got a job with a start-up before I finished my Master's degree. I kept in touch with Ken and Ethan and we still hung out together once in a while but we lost track of Leah.

When I got together one night with the guys, I asked them if they both had sex with Leah that night. They gave me all the gory details of the threesome they had with her. They told me how they were hanging out at the apartment, drinking and smoking some weed. They were teasing her about having had sex with both of them before and it was her idea to fuck them both. They told me what a horny coed she was and acted like a nymphomaniac that night and couldn't get enough cock. They both fucked her a couple of times each in her mouth and pussy and even double penetrated her. Ken and Ethan then went on to describe some of their private adventures with her and how she couldn't get enough sex.

Needless to say, I went home and jerked off that night to the thought of what I would have liked to have done with Leah if only I had the chance. I was kicking myself for not trying harder to date her. The problem was I wanted a girlfriend and she was looking for a much wilder experience with a variety of men, at least that's what I told myself. I went on with my life, dating a few women, looking for the love of my life without much success.

One evening a few years after completing grad school, I was out at Happy Hour with some work colleagues when I heard a familiar voice from behind, "Joe, is that you?"

I turned around with a stunned look on my face, "Leah? Holy shit, how have you been?"

We embraced and I stepped back and scanned her beautiful face with her big, warm smile. My eyes checked out her body and she was still as sexy as ever. I immediately forgot my work colleagues to focus solely on Leah. We began catching up on our lives and telling stories about our college days. She left town to go to grad school and was now working for a company around the corner from the bar which was extremely close to my office. We were talking for a while then decided to have dinner together so we grabbed a table in the corner.

Over the next few hours we talked about our lives, our goals and our dreams. Neither one of us was dating anyone at the time which I found shocking. She told me she got tired of guys just wanting to date her because she was pretty. She wanted something more meaningful and hadn't found "Mr. Right."

She then asked, "Can I ask you a question Joe?"

"Sure Leah."

"I don't want to put you on the spot, but I always wondered why you never asked me out back in college."

She really caught me off guard. I stumbled for a response and finally replied, "I don't know, I guess I thought you were out of my league. I never thought a beautiful woman like you would want to date me."

She replied, "I thought it was because, you know, I was a little wild in my younger days."

"I actually had the biggest crush on you but I was afraid you'd turn me down."

She looked me with her big blue eyes and responded, "That's too bad. You know I would have gone out with you if only you had asked."

I was stunned. I didn't know how to react. At first, I wanted to kick myself in the ass for not asking her out while we were in college. I blew an opportunity to be with the girl of my dreams. The other part of me was now flattered that, maybe, just maybe, I was getting a second chance.

After a few moments of awkward silence because I didn't know what to say, she told me, "Don't look so surprised. You're a great guy."

A voice in my head then told me, "Come on you idiot, ask her out now."

I stumbled to get the words out of my mouth, but I finally asked, "Well, there's nothing stopping us from going out on a date now."

She gave me her sexy smile and said, "I'd like that. I'd like that a lot."

I wanted to climb up on the table and shout at the top of my lungs, "Hot damn," but I coolly replied, "What are you doing for dinner tomorrow?"

"I just happen to be free."

So we made plans for me to pick her up at 7 PM the next evening. We finished our drinks, I paid the bill and I walked her to her car. We stood at her car talking, seemingly with neither one of us wanting the night to end. I knew I didn't. I wanted to kiss her but I didn't want to ruin the progress I felt I already had going. I didn't want to scare her off before our first real date. She made the first move by leaning into me to give me a short peck on the lips. She pulled back just a little before we both instinctively went in for a much longer, passionate kiss. I felt like an electric charge ran through my body. I was energized; I felt like I was high but better than any drug or alcohol I've ever had. I didn't want to leave her but it was getting late and we both had to work in the morning.

I could barely sleep that night. I couldn't believe my good fortune by unexpectedly running into Leah after all these years. Maybe it was fate. My heart was racing and adrenaline was flowing through my body. I had a date with the most beautiful woman I'd ever met. Over dinner, I started to get to know the real Leah. She is a bright, ambitious, thoughtful and kind person to go along with being gorgeous. I was on Cloud Nine.

The next day, work seemed to drag on forever. I couldn't focus on my tasks and I kept watching the clock. I made an excuse to leave early and stopped to pick up some flowers on the way home. I had no idea what to wear on our date and was so excited, I felt like a nervous high school kid going out on his first date.

I arrived at Leah's apartment promptly at 7 PM. I almost passed out from excitement when she opened the door. Her strawberry blonde hair was pulled up into a ponytail, she was wearing a tight white, sleeveless top and tight, black leggings that hugged every curve of her lower body. She greeted me with a big smile and was impressed with the flowers I brought. I told her how beautiful she looked and checked out her ass while she went to put the flowers in a vase. Her butt was as lovely as I remembered.

We walked to my car where I opened the door for her. My mom taught me to be a gentleman and I was out to impress Leah. I took her to a fancy restaurant where we talked and laughed like we knew each other forever. We ended up staying there for desert and a few drinks too as time passed quickly. It was starting to get late and it seemed like neither one of us wanted the night to end and we couldn't decide what to do next.

I figured this might be my one and only chance with Leah so I said, "We could go back to my apartment if you want."

She had been with enough guys to know what I was suggesting but much to my disappointment she replied, "I'm sorry Joe but I don't sleep with guys on the first date anymore. I'm not the girl I was in college."

I felt like a knife just pierced my heart. Did I just blow it by suggesting going back to my place? Did she think I asked her out just so we could have sex?

Contrary to what I may have said in my younger days, I figured I'd go for broke and I told her, "Well, if you count last night, this is technically our second date."

I anxiously waited for her response, hoping she didn't think I was a jerk like a lot of other guys.

Leah got a wicked little smile on her face and said, "You know, you're right. This is our second date."

Holy shit. It worked. I was so excited, I wanted to pull her up from her chair and speed home but I calmly asked for our bill, left the waiter a big tip and escorted my date out to my car. I tried to remain calm but I had waited years, literally years, for this night and I couldn't believe it was happening. Part of me thought it was a dream that was going to end when I woke up.

When we got to my apartment, I opened a bottle of wine and sat on the sofa while Leah and I chatted. Eventually, we began to kiss and make out on the sofa before I led her to my bedroom where we helped each other off with our clothes. I had seen glimpses of Leah's private body parts on occasion but seeing her standing in my bedroom completely naked was breathtaking. I led her over to the bed where we made out some more while we explored each other's bodies with our hands. Her full breasts were so luscious in my hands and even better when I played with and sucked on her nipples. Her pussy was hot to the touch and tasted even better. I licked and sucked on her pussy and clit until she came.

She wanted to return the favor and licked and sucked on my balls before taking my dick deep in her mouth. I remember Ken and Ethan raving about her oral talents and I was now experiencing first-hand what they were talking about. I can also confirm that she was an experienced and darn good cocksucker.

I enjoyed her blowing me but I wanted to fuck her so I laid her back on the bed, taking a moment to gaze at the gorgeous, naked goddess spreading her legs before me. I put my dick against her pussy lips and let it slowly slide into her.

As I started to fuck Leah, I told her, "I've wanted to fuck you since the first time I saw you."

I fucked her slowly at first, wanting to enjoy every second of having sex with someone I dreamed of and jerked off thinking about. I eventually picked up the pace, fucking her harder and harder as she moaned and begged for more. Before I was ready to cum, I bent her over on all fours and fucked her even harder from behind, taking in the sight of her beauty and feel of her lovely round ass. Her tits were bouncing as I fucked her good and hard. I finally unleashed a huge load of cum deep into her cunt. I was so grateful to finally get to fuck the girl of my dreams.

Afterwards, we relaxed on my bed, had a little more wine and told each other how good the sex was. I was kind of proud because I knew she had slept with dozens of guys before me and liked knowing I could please her. I kept looking and playing with her naked body as we talked. That led to more kissing and fondling and getting me hard again. She sucked my dick again and climbed on top of me this time. I enjoyed looking up at my beautiful partner and played with her tits while she fucked me. She leaned forward so I could suck her nipples while my hands roamed over her warm, naked body.

With Leah controlling the pace, she was fucking me just the way she liked and started to cum as she rode me. Her orgasm set me off and I shot a second load of cum into her. By that time, we were both exhausted and fell asleep in each other's arms.

We both woke up late for work the next morning and as we began to scramble around to get dressed, I told Leah, "I could call in sick today. Besides it's Friday. I wouldn't mind having a long weekend."

I could see her thinking about it, then displayed that little wicked smile of hers and said, "You know, I might be coming down with something. Maybe I shouldn't go into work today either."

That made me smile and we both lied to our bosses about how we were sick before we climbed back into bed to fuck each other again. Damn that girl could fuck, just like my friends told me she could. I also knew she had a lot of experience but that didn't bother me. She let me cum in her mouth this time and didn't miss a drop. We fucked later that afternoon and again that night and I even got to fuck her anally too. There was nothing Leah wouldn't do.

From that day forward, Leah and I were inseparable. Besides the great sex, she was the love I had been looking for, my soulmate. She confessed to me that she had sowed some wild oats in college after being a good girl in high school but was really looking for someone like me, a gentleman who loved her for herself and wasn't only looking to get her into their bed.

Leah and I went on to get married in a small ceremony in front of a few family and friends. It was a little awkward having Ken and Ethan being part of the wedding party seeing they both had fucked my wife multiple times each and at least once in a threesome with her. It didn't bother me knowing my best friends had fucked my wife's pussy, mouth and ass. As a matter of fact, deep down, it kind of turned me on. I just wasn't ready to admit it to myself yet.

At times when I was making love to Leah, my mind would drift to the times I would jerk off hearing her fucking my roommates or being in a bar and seeing her leaving with a different guy. I would recall how Ken and Ethan told me about the threesome they had with her and how they double penetrated her. There was something about my wife being so desirable to other men that made her that much more desirable to me. She was mine now.

One night, after we smoked a joint and were drinking, I asked her about some of the other guys she had sex with. She was naturally reluctant to talk about her past wild experiences but I kept prodding her. Being a little drunk and high, she began to give me some details of one of the random guys that picked her up in the bar.

She told me about a football player that started talking to her, buying her drinks and they ended up at his apartment. I think I remembered the guy but didn't want to interrupt her. She first told me they had sex but I pressed her for details. She saw I wasn't getting mad and began to tell me how she did a little strip tease for him in his bedroom and gave him a lap dance. I begged her for more details. Leah then told me he got naked too and made her get down on her knees to suck his dick.

I was wearing my boxers and my wife noticed my dick getting hard so she continued. Leah told me he had an average sized dick which made it easier to deep throat him. He then held her head and began to fuck her mouth. My dick was now hard so she took my dick out and began to stroke me while she continued her story. He then laid her back on the bed, climbed on top of her and slid his dick into her. She told me he made funny grunting sounds while he thrust into her. She wasn't really enjoying it that much but he was already fucking her so she couldn't just leave. After he came, he rolled over and fell asleep so she just left. She was disappointed because he never once tried to please her. She said a lot of guys were like that.

By this time, I was rock hard and she led me into the bedroom. After we stripped off our clothes, I made sure to spend plenty of time licking and sucking her naked body all over, finishing off by licking her pussy to a couple of intense orgasms.

When she started to suck my dick, I pleaded with her to tell me about another one of her adventures. Seeing it turned me on, she told me that one night at the bar, she had her period and the bartender was flirting with her and giving her free drinks. On one of his breaks, he took Leah into the back alley where she got down on her knees and sucked his dick. A few people walked by while she was blowing him but he held her head on his dick and she admitted it kind of turned her on getting caught giving him a blow job. I knew which bartender she was talking about and I kept thinking about her sucking his dick the entire time she was sucking mine.

We were both hot by the time I climbed between her legs. She was no longer so reluctant to tell me about the guys that she had fucked and sucked. While I was pounding her pussy, she told me how she fucked one of her professors at the end of the final semester. She was failing the course because of all her partying and needed it to graduate so she went to his office wearing a short skirt and fucked him in return for a passing grade. She told me how he slipped her panties off as she bent over his desk and took her from behind while playing with her tits and ass. I came deep in my wife's pussy as she finished the story of her and the professor.

From that night forward, Leah's stories of her slutty college past became a part of our foreplay. The more she realized I wasn't jealous and how much it turned me on, the more details she was willing to share. She never told me how many guys she slept with, only telling me she didn't count them. I didn't believe her but it didn't matter as long as she kept telling me about some of them.

She told me about the boy that took her virginity, about the first dick she sucked and the first time she swallowed cum. I really enjoyed the story about the first time someone took her anally. It was in her freshman year of college and she got drunk at a party. The boy took her back to his dorm room where they drank a little more before she found herself naked on his bed sucking his dick. After fucking her from behind for a while, he climbed off of her. She didn't know what he was doing but when he came back, he began putting lube on her asshole. She was drunk and figured he was simply playing with her butt, that is until she felt his dick against her asshole. Before she could protest, he had pushed the head of his dick into her. She thought it didn't hurt because she was so relaxed from being drunk.

He then pushed in further and further. When he was about halfway in, he began short, slow thrusts, pushing deeper and deeper into her until his entire cock was buried in her ass. By this time, I, too, was fucking her ass while she continued her story. When he saw that she wasn't uncomfortable he began thrusting faster, so I did too. I kept thinking about that young man enjoying my wife's ass. I was thinking about Ken and Ethan taking their turns with her asshole too. I was fucking my wife's ass while she finished the story of losing her anal virginity. I came in her ass wondering how many other guys took pleasure from penetrating her asshole.

For all the stories Leah told me about her past, she didn't want to discuss Ken and Ethan so I didn't press her too much on those experiences. She did tell me that they were intentionally loud in bed so I would be sure to hear them. She also admitted that she saw me peeking through the partially open door on that one occasion. I confessed to her that I often jerked off while listening to her getting fucked by either of my roommates. She found my interest in her sexual past, interesting but I couldn't explain why it turned me on.

We were pretty open about talking about our sexual fantasies and experiences but I was keeping one secret from her. Deep down, I wanted Leah to do it again. I wanted her to fuck another guy and come home and tell me about it. I didn't have the guts to tell her my thoughts though. I thought it was strange enough enjoying her telling me about her exploits with other men. There was no way I could tell her my new fantasy. That is until we were drunk and high again one night.

Our state legalized marijuana and I went to the dispensary and got some really powerful stuff for that weekend. That Saturday night, we had a few drinks and got really high off of less than a full joint. This shit was strong. We started our sex talk again in between tokes and she asked me if I had any secret fantasies. She could tell by my reaction that I had one but was reluctant to reveal it to her. She kept prodding me and told me I owed it to her to tell her seeing how open she was with her stories. She was right. I told her of my fantasy to have her have sex with another guy and come home and tell me about it. I was embarrassed and was waiting for a negative reaction.

Much to my relief she inquired, "Is there a particular person you have in mind?"

I told her, "No, not really. I mostly fantasize about a stranger. I wouldn't want it to be with anyone we know."

I could see her thinking about her reply before she said, "As long as we are being open about our fantasies, I wouldn't mind being with a stranger as long as you don't mind. Don't get me wrong dear, I love you more than anything but deep down, I sometimes miss my college days."

I got a huge smile on my face in addition to an erection. We ended up in bed with Leah telling me how she could pick up some stranger in a hotel bar, then go back to his room and let him have his way with her. She told me how she would suck his cock and let him fuck her in any position he wanted or even let him fuck her nice tight ass. Her talk was driving me wild and I came in her mouth with both of us pretending she was with a stranger.

We continued our love making with me eating her pussy. She was calling me by a fictitious name, Johnny, telling me how good I was at licking her. She came twice fantasizing about being with another man. I fucked her again that night wishing my wife would become a whore for a night just like she was in college.

The next morning at breakfast, we were both a little groggy from smoking the weed and being a little hung over. Neither one of us said anything about revealing our secret fantasies to each other the night before. Once we were on our second cup of coffee, I had to know how serious she was about wanting to sleep with another man again.

I told Leah, "That was some wild sex we had last night. That weed was outstanding too."

"Yeah, that was fun. I'm still a little slow this morning," she replied with a snicker.

I continued, "So, uh, were you serious about wanting to have a one night stand again?"

She looked like she wanted to avoid the topic but replied, "Um, I don't know dear. We were both drunk, high and horny last night. I wouldn't want to cheat on you and put our marriage at risk."

"Well, Leah, it's not really cheating if I'm okay with it."

"Are you suggesting I go through with it Joe?"

"All I'm saying is I wouldn't mind it if you wanted to try it and see how it goes."

Leah told me, "It's not something I want to do on a regular basis but let's think about it first. I don't want to do anything that would jeopardize our marriage. I love you too much and don't want to do anything to lose you."

We agreed to think it over and not rush into anything we might regret later. Over the next month, she continued to tell me details of her previous sexual adventures and we continued to pretend I was a stranger she was fucking. We even role played one night in a bar. She went in first to order a drink at the bar. I waited twenty minutes and went in to sit down next to her. We pretended not to know each other and I "picked her up" and took her home where we fucked like rabbits. I got really turned on when she told me that before I went into the bar, a couple of guys had already tried to pick her up. That drove me wild and I think the role playing convinced us both to give our fantasy a try.

Neither one of us wanted to try living out our fantasy locally so we decided to spend a weekend in a larger city about 100 miles away where we wouldn't risk running into anyone we knew. We decided to go in the middle of the week and stay at a hotel in the business district that caters to traveling businessmen.

We were both excited for our mini vacation and I pressed Leah for her game plan to implement our fantasy. She laughed at me and told me she had plenty of experience getting picked up in a bar and didn't need a plan. We checked into our hotel and did a little shopping and sightseeing before getting ready for dinner. Leah changed into a tight little, low cut, short black dress that perfectly contrasted with her strawberry blonde hair that was sure to draw a lot of attention. She wore her four inch heels and black stockings which made her even more attractive.

I gave her a smile and whistle, then told her, "Damn Leah, some guy is sure going to get lucky tonight."

"That's right Joe. I'm going to make sure he gets real, real lucky too," she replied with a knowing wink.

We then left for dinner in a five star restaurant close to the hotel. We had plenty to eat and drink and I was really nervous. I know she had done this plenty of times in the past but she was now my wife and I was looking forward to watching her pick up another man. Our plan was for me to go into the hotel bar first and she would wait fifteen minutes before sitting where I had a good view of what was going on.

I gave her a peck on the cheek before I left the restaurant, took the short walk to the hotel bar and got a seat at the end of the bar where I could witness all the action. It was a Wednesday night and there were several small groups of businessmen at tables and a few other single guys at the bar. I checked them all out wondering which one would get to fuck my wife that night. I was nervous as I ordered my drink and sipped it slowly waiting for Leah to show up.

My heart started beating faster when I saw my wife enter the bar. All heads turned as the men were checking out the beautiful, sexy woman entering and sitting down at the bar by herself. She slowly sat on the stool, letting her short dress ride up her thigh to reveal her stocking tops and bare flesh of her thighs before sitting down. Her dress showed off plenty of her legs and she ordered a drink. She then turned around on the stool and crossed her legs as she perused the crowd, almost like she was choosing a conquest.

A big, fat older guy at the bar was the first to try and talk to her but she made it clear she wasn't interested. Another older guy approached her and she brushed him off too. I then noticed she made eye contact with a middle-aged man, maybe in his early 40's who was talking with a group of men at a table. He was handsome with salt and pepper hair. Leah gave him a little smile which he returned with an acknowledging grin. He would continue his conversation with his friends but look up every so often to make eye contact with Leah again. This time, she looked directly at him, uncrossed her legs, and parted them a little, most likely giving him a peek at her black panties before crossing them again.

He didn't need any more encouragement and quickly finished his drink and went up to the bar next to my wife to order a refill while offering to buy her another drink which she gratefully accepted. I knew she found her man when he sat down next to her to strike up a conversation. I could see her smiling the entire time, laughing at his jokes and casually placing her hand on his knee. She turned sideways to face him and I could see him checking out her legs and probably her panties too. When he wasn't looking, she would make eye contact with me and I'd respond with a knowing grin to let her know it was okay to proceed.

When I saw him stand up to get closer to my wife, I knew things were progressing as planned. I saw her looking into his eyes as he appeared to be asking her a question. I then saw her smile and nod her head. They finished their drinks and I watched as he helped Leah off her bar stool, took her by the arm and escorted her out of the bar on the way to his room. My heart was racing as they disappeared out of the bar. I told the bartender to save my drink while I went to the restroom but I really went to watch her get into the elevator with her handsome stranger. I swallowed hard as the doors closed; my wife was now gone, on her way to sexually pleasure her new found friend.

I went back to the bar for a few more drinks. I had no idea how long it would take for her to return to our room. It was around 10 PM when they left. I went back to our room to anxiously wait for her to return about 11 PM. I tried to watch TV but couldn't focus on anything. I nervously paced the room, looked out the window and constantly looked at the time. At about 1 AM, I began to get worried about my wife. Maybe the guy was a weirdo and something went wrong. How would I explain this to the police? I had no idea what room she was in or the name of the guy she was with.

Then about 1:45 AM I heard the door to our room open and Leah walked in. Her dress was wrinkled, her hair mussed and her stockings ripped. She had that just fucked look about her. She greeted me with a huge smile and when she got closer, I noticed a couple of drops of dried cum on her face along with that unmistakable look of needing to get fucked again. My slut wife accomplished her mission with pride. I took her in my arms and gave her a passionate kiss and begged her to tell me all about her night with the anonymous businessman. I ran my fingers between her legs and felt her pussy through her soggy panties. Before she began her story, she lifted up her dress, peeled off her panties and handed them to me.

"Here, I brought you back a souvenir."

They were full of the strangers cum that leaked out of her pussy. I almost came in my pants looking at his white sperm on the crotch of my wife's black underwear.

I told her, "You have to tell me everything that happened. Don't leave anything out."

She told me that she was a little nervous after I left her at the restaurant and even more nervous before she entered the bar. She hadn't done this in years and wasn't married then but once she ordered her drink she was fine. She had to let the first two guys know she wanted no part of them while she scanned the room for someone she was attracted to. She had never been with an older man and made eye contact with Bob. She wasn't sure he was interested at first but he later told her that he couldn't believe she would be willing to talk to him. After they kept making eye contact, he figured he had nothing to lose and struck up a conversation.

Leah said he was handsome, smart and very considerate so she decided to go for it with him. She was giving him peeks up her dress and placing her hand on his leg which is a signal of a woman's interest. He made some suggestive remarks and she replied with some equally suggestive responses so he invited her up to his room. I told her I loved watching all of this unfold. The anticipation was exhilarating.

Bob was in town on business and had a large suite. They sat at a small bar in the room and had a drink before he leaned in to kiss her. The kiss led to longer kisses and some fondling. He was rubbing her stocking covered legs while slowly letting his hand roam further up her thigh. She gave him silent encouragement to go further when she parted her legs so he could rub her pussy through her panties. His other hand began to rub her tits through her dress and before too long, he was unzipping her dress. She took it off as he began to undress, leaving her in just her heels, stocking and panties. He told her how beautiful she was and they embraced and kissed again. He was playing with her tits and nipples then began to suck on them as he fingered her through her underwear. He slipped his hand inside her panties to finger her bare pussy while she stroked his dick. He had a thick 8" cock which she found impressive.

He then slipped off her panties and led her over to the bed where he laid her back to kiss, lick and suck on her naked skin while working his way down to her pussy. She said he was an expert at oral sex and brought her to a wild orgasm. Bob then had her sit on his face so they could sixty-nine. He ate her to another orgasm while she sucked on his dick.

Bob laid her back, spread her legs wide and began to fuck her hard. He placed her legs over his shoulders so he could fuck her deeper. He was pounding her pussy hard and fast. She was moaning loudly as he was grunting while fucking my wife. He fucked her on her side, with her on top and finally bent her over the desk in the room before he came in her pussy. When he was done cumming he made her get down on her knees while he wiped his dick all over her face and made her lick him clean.

They both rested for a while before having another drink at the bar. Bob began to play with her tits again, marveling at their beauty. He told her he couldn't believe his luck by picking up a young woman as lovely as her. She told him she just happened to be out of town, lonely and horny. She began to tickle his balls and rub his thighs when she noticed his dick getting hard again so she got down on her knees and sucked his cock back to life.

He then led her back to the bed and fucked her from behind again. They switched into a variety of positions which she found pleasurable. He had already cum once and lasted a lot longer this time and gave her pussy a good pounding before he came for a second time that night. Bob again rubbed his cum covered cock over her face and made her lick him clean. She thoroughly enjoyed him treating her like a slut and gladly licked their mutual cum off his dick.

Leah told him she had a meeting in the morning and had to go back to her room so she got dressed and left. Bob gave her his business card and told him to let him know if she was ever going to be in town again. He thanked her for a memorable evening and kissed her before she left.

My wife tried to wipe the cum off her face with her hand before she left but didn't realize she missed some. She then had to do the "walk of shame" on the way back to our room. She saw a couple of hotel workers while waiting for the elevator and there were three men and a woman on the elevator. They gave her some knowing grins when she got on. She didn't realize how disheveled she looked until she saw herself in the hallway mirror in our room and certainly didn't know she had cum stains on her cheek. We both got a good laugh at her elevator experience seeing she would never see these people again.

I then told her, "It's time to take care of me dear. I've been waiting all night for sloppy seconds."

She peeled off her dress while I quickly disrobed. She looked ravishing standing there with her mussed hair, cum stained face, cum covered pussy and ripped stockings. She got down on her knees and began to suck my dick telling me again how she sucked Bob's big, thick cock.

I told her I didn't want to cum too soon so I made her stop and laid her down on the bed. She spread her legs and I could still see remnants of Bob's cum in the landing strip of the strawberry blonde pussy hair of hers and a little on her pussy lips. She brought her knees up to her chest and a little more of her lover's cum oozed out. I stuck my dick in her before more of Bob's cum leaked out. I cherished the feeling of my cock sliding into my wife's twice fucked, cum filled pussy. It was so wet and juicy. I now know why it's called sloppy seconds. I could hear the slushy, sloppy sounds of her pussy as I fucked her hard. I knew I couldn't hold out very long and I shot my sperm into her to mix with her lover's when she started calling me Bob and begging me to fuck her.

After I came, we had a chance to talk more about the evening and Leah told me, "I enjoyed acting like a slut again. Thank you for doing this with me dear. I love you."

I replied, "I love you too dear. I'm glad you were able to release your inner slut again. We should do it more often."

"I don't know about that."

I began to get hard again as I looked at my wife and thought about what she had just done with a stranger. I fucked her for a second time that night, all the while thinking about what Bob was seeing and feeling as he found pleasure with my wife's body. I loved the thought of another man treating Leah as just another piece of ass, a slut and a whore. As I came in her pussy, I knew how good Bob felt by releasing his sperm into her cunt. When I withdrew from her, I wondered if or when she would be willing to do this again. It was nerve wracking, exhilarating, and caused a range of feelings from nervousness, anxiety, and a good amount of pure pleasure that I hadn't felt before. I knew this couldn't be the first and last adventure.