

Coy Wife's Wild Night

by Devin Brees

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Coy Wife's Wild Night

SHERYL AND I were married almost six years when we both realized that time had dulled most of the spice from our sex life. Sex had grown common and repetitive, and as we searched for new ways to fuck, it became clear we had to start thinking outside the box.

That's when Sheryl remembered an article she read about a couple who pretended to be strangers meeting at a bar, and I agreed that it sounded like fun. Excited, Sheryl went out and bought a new dress. My only complaint was that for such a skimpy amount of material, the dress should have cost much less than fifty dollars. Anyway, we planned our game for the following Saturday night.

Sheryl wouldn't allow me to see her in the dress, so I sat at the bar ahead of her and awaited her arrival. The place was the most popular bar and night club in the area, and it was very crowded. When she finally entered, she looked stunning in her slinky new dress and made-up hair.

The dress hugged her curves and showed off a great deal of her impressive body, and to top it off, my demur wife wasn't wearing a bra. Her round jugs and pert nipples were barely concealed behind the thin polyester. She was immediately popular the moment she entered.

I could see her looking for me, but before she spotted me in the crowd, a trio of handsome, young men approached her and invited her to sit with them. I was happy to see her accept their invitation, and I was transfixed watching them escort her to their booth. Her shapely thighs were in full view for all the world to see, and her ample ass pinched the thin material of her dress.

The obvious leader of the trio was a well-built man with platinum hair and a gentle smile, and I stayed back in the crowd and watched my woman giggle and flirt, and when Mr. Platinum put his hand on her thigh, my cock grew in my pants. That's when my wife spotted me with her come hither eyes, and I made my approach.

"This party's reserved," the platinum man said, his tone did not match his easy going looks. I looked at Sheryl, who was snuggling next to him, her palm resting high on his thigh.

"Don't be jealous, Quinn," she said to him, but she could have easily been talking to me. I had expected to whisk her away and take her home to fuck her silly, but she didn't budge.

"Join us." She said to me. The other two men introduced themselves, but I don't remember their names. I was focused on watching Quinn run his hands up and down my wife's curves, and minutes later, he was kissing my wife while he pawed at her jutting breasts.

She didn't struggle to stop him while the other two men eagerly looked on, and after Quinn's long kiss, Sheryl turned to the other two and opened her legs to give them a peek at her pink, sheer panties.

I knew those panties. She bought them as a surprise on Valentine's Day, and I'm sure that in the dark corner of the bar, the men didn't fully appreciate just how poorly the lace hid her sex.

She rolled onto Quinn's lap, facing him, and she looked into his eyes while gyrating her hips against his crotch. The short hem of her dress inched up, indecently showing enough of her ass to get us thrown out if anyone cared to look in the dark corner booth.

My wife looked in the direction of Quinn's friends, and one of the men put his hand on her lower back. She reached back and pushed it down to her gyrating ass where he slipped his hand under her dress and caressed her spherical cheeks.

The other man joined in, and soon there were three pairs of hands under her dress caressing her curves and surveying her bountiful tits.

It was not how I had envisioned the evening, and it should have made me insanely jealous, but instead my cock grew hard as iron in my pants watching the woman I love get so excited that her nipples practically popped through her top. My semen-rich balls felt as if they had doubled in size, and I reached under her dress to add another pair of groping hands to my wife's pleasure.

I had never seen Sheryl as horny, and the next thing I knew, she unbuckled Quinn's pants and freed his impressive cock.

"I want you inside of me," she said, and Quinn shuddered, unable to believe that he was about to be fucked right there in the club.

My prim wife reached under her dress, and in one motion, she expertly pulled her panties aside and lowered herself onto his cock.

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