



Sex Stories About

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Bad Girls

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Bad Girls Have Better Sex - Part 6

Bad Cheating Wife

"Aw honey, she always feels ill...I really don't see why they don't just get a taxi home." I was talking about our neighbors Kim and Nick. They were an ok couple...as neighbors go, but Kim was one of those hypochondriac types. She was never happy unless there was something wrong with her.

I mean, don't get me wrong - I'm very much the stay at home type. I like nothing more than a hot scented bath and a quiet glass of wine with Jas...my hubby. But I like to enjoy life, and the Christmas party is the one time of year we get to put our glad rags on and let our hair down.

Why Jas had volunteered to drive tonight is beyond me. He is taking some antibiotics for an ear infection, but a couple of drinks wouldn't have hurt him. Still, it had meant we didn't have to call a taxi which had seemed a good idea at the time - right up until little miss miserable had started complaining about one of her impending migraines. It was barely midnight, the drinks had been flowing and the party was still in full swing, at least for everyone else. For us, it seemed very much on the wind-down.

"I know babe...but they do live next door, and it won't be going on for much more than an hour here anyway." He pulled me to him and kissed my lips. "Besides, you've been looking so fine tonight, I've been dying to take you home for hours..." I pouted, half sulkily - half sexily.

He did have a point, it was unlikely that the party would go on for longer than an hour and I was feeling in the mood for some after-party hanky panky. I snuggled against him,

and he reached behind me, cupping my bum cheeks in his hands, and squeezing them gently through the thin fabric of my evening dress.

"You know, you have the most amazing ass in the world," he commented, sliding his hands up as he said it, over the curve of my hips, onto my waist and then up onto my chest, "and the firmest tits too!" he smiled. I looked up at him, and kissed him,

"Ok" I conceded "I suppose so. Tell you what...you pop to the bar and fetch me one last drink, and ill find Kim and Nick and let them know were are going."

I started to pull away to head back into the hall, but Jas held my hand and pulled me back to him, a guilty look fleetingly crossed his face.

"Erm...babe, you'd better find Dylan and Logan too. I said they could have a lift since we are going that way." He looked sheepish, and so he should - I knew exactly what that meant. Logan and Dylan were two of his high school buddies. They shared a flat across town, and there hadn't been one single occasion since I had known Jas when driving them home hadn't resulted in a quick coffee, which resulted in a quick joint, which resulted in a stoned Jas and I heading home in a taxi, several hours after getting there.

"Oh no...come on babe, what about getting home early so you can have your wicked way with me?" I pulled away from him slightly, pouting for real now.

"Yeah, I'm still gonna do that!" He said, by way of reassurance, only I had heard it many times before. Stoned Jas equals sleeping Jas and that was not gonna be on my cards tonight! Not after he had my hopes up.

"No way Jas, tell them all to get a taxi together - it'll cost virtually nothing between them all." To be honest, I don't know why I was even bothering. I knew damn well that we would end up giving everyone a lift home. And I also knew damn well that the night would end exactly as I thought it would.

"Fine." I said, after his speech about 'having given his word blah blah blah.' "But you can damn well go to that bar and get me a big bottle of something good. I'm not sitting there like a ninny with nothing to drink while you lot smoke your heads off!" I turned on my heel and stormed off to find the others.

It took the best part of half an hour to round everyone up. Jas got held up at the bar, buying me a nice two liter bottle of rose wine. Dylan and Logan had to do the rounds saying cheerio to everyone they knew - and I'm certain a number of people they didn't know! Meanwhile I was stuck with Kim and Nick, listening to Kim go on about how we should have left hours ago, before the migraine had chance to take hold.

Finally, we arrived at the car. The night had steadily gone from bad to worse, but at least I would get the chance to chill for a bit and take my painful heeled shoes off before reaching Dylan and Logan's. I climbed into the front seat beside Jas and everyone else piled into the back - everyone except Kim that is. She came round to my door and opened it.

"Kate...would you mind if I sat up front, its just - with my migraine and all...I mean I get travel sick sometimes too?" I couldn't believe the night could get any worse until now. I looked over at Jas expecting him to say something; after all

he is the one who filled our car with unwanted guests. Unfortunately, what he said is not what I wanted to hear.

"Sure" he said, looking at Kim, and then "Honey you won't mind riding in the back will you?" I opened my mouth in disbelief, about to tell the pair of them to jump off a tall cliff, but a somewhat caustic

"Of course...my pleasure," is all that came out. At this point, I had no idea how literal that statement was to be.

I slid out from the front seat, and as Kim squeezed her overly round bottom into it, I opened up the back door and looked in. There was about five inches of room when the lads squeezed up that I attempted to fit into. I managed to close the door, but I was half up on Logan's lap anyhow, and it was making everyone sit awkwardly.

"Well, this isn't going to work." I said, making it clear that I was in a huff. "I suppose I'd better sit on your knee Logan...at least you lot can sit comfortably then." Logan just grunted. Already several joints down the line, he was as doped as an inmate at the loony farm! I shifted up onto his lap and placed my elbows on the seats in front, with my face in my hands, and managed as sulkier look as I could muster. Jas had to know that he was going to suffer for this. Behind me the lads shuffled about, each taking up their share of the gap that I had left. Finally, Jas started the engine and moved off.

The car was quiet for the first ten minutes of the journey. On the other side of the car, Nick gazed out of the window. Dylan sat in the middle with his head lolled to one side resting on Logan's shoulder. He would be out for the count soon if he wasn't already, and as for Logan, he had been snoring like a trooper almost before we had pulled out of

the car park. My mood had simmered somewhat. Perhaps it was the effects of the rose as I sat in the back contentedly supping from the bottle, but gradually the feelings of annoyance were slipping and being replaced with something warmer and it wasn't long before I realized what.

All thoughts of sex had passed, almost as quickly as they had come, when Jas had told me that we would be dropping the lads off at home. I was not gullible enough to believe that I would be getting any after he had partaken in a few joints. It seems that the desire for sex had not been so quick to dissipate however.

Now as I sat in the back of the car, with the buzz of the party behind me and the flood of alcohol in my veins, with the soft drone of the engine and the gentle rocking as the suspension held off the road, I felt a renewed surge of lust. I hadn't adjusted my position, and still leaned against the front seats on my elbows, but seated on Logan's lap, I could feel his leg pressing between my own legs. Sat forward as I was, I realized that the only thing separating the flesh of his thigh from my clitoris were three layers of very thin cloth. I had taken a while to notice, since the touch was so faint it was almost unperceivable, but slowly my comatose armchair was rubbing me to orgasm.

Fleetingly, I felt a surge of guilt and almost adjusted my position. It seemed wrong to entertain the idea of allowing another man to stimulate me. But I took a deep drink from the bottle and attempted to justify the situation. Firstly, my husband was an idiot. If he had just taken us home and had his way with me there, then I wouldn't have been in this situation in the first place. Secondly, the guy was asleep. I mean it's not like being unfaithful. In most senses of the

word the guy was just like an inanimate object - a vibrator. It was no different to using a vibrator.

By this time, I could feel the heat that was building between my legs. I knew it was too late now - the damage was done, so I might just as well enjoy it. I opened my thighs a little to allow Logan's leg to press harder against my crotch.

Slowly, as the small rhythmic vibrations traveled through him like a conduit straight to my clitoris, I felt my excitement grow. Outwardly, I still sat forward tipping the bottle of wine down my throat and giving no overt signs of the tingling ebbs of pleasure rippling through me. Inwardly, my body reacted to the situation with an intensity that I have never known. My breasts, ample at 36c, pressed against the soft silk bra that held them beneath my dress and were suddenly sensitive as the seeds of lust took firm root. I could feel my nipples harden and press forward as though searching for escape, eager to be touched.

Lower down, the heat between my legs felt as though it had reached boiling point, the entrance to my pussy was no longer moist, but soaking my panties as its juices leaked in a stream from my wet hole. My eyes I knew would be glazed as I stared sightlessly forward, swept into a wanton need for fulfillment. I took another deep drink of wine and hoped my glazed look would be mistaken for drunkenness.

For another ten minutes, I rode in the back of my husband's car on the knee of his friend on a wave of heavenly pleasure. Every bump only increased my desire to orgasm over his friend's knee. But with every passing minute, the pleasure turned slowly to frustration. Every bump now teased my swollen clit with a promise that would never be satisfied, and I needed more. I wanted more. I bit my lip

and nervously glanced behind me. Logan was out cold, as was Dylan beside him and Nick still gazed aimlessly out of the window. My pussy ached to be filled, and I realized that the point for consideration was long passed, my mind was already decided, I needed a cock, and nothing was going to stop me.

I reached back with my arm, and let my hand drop on Logan's crotch. I let it rest there for a moment, then increased the pressure slightly and watched his face for a reaction...nothing. Slowly I popped his button open, unzipped his trousers and reached down into his boxer shorts. It was still just a vibrator, I rationalized to myself. Softly, I ran my hand from the head of his cock down to his sack, caressing the soft flesh before pulling gently back towards the head. Slowly I started to wank him. For a few moments, I began to wonder if I would get any cock tonight after all, but slowly the flesh began to fill out and harden.

As it reached full length, and I allowed my hand a final stroke along his thick shaft, I couldn't help but smile, pleased to discover that the only cock other than my husbands to fill my hole would be worthy of the cause. Subtly, I lifted myself a couple of inches off his lap, and eased the wide hem of my dress up at the back. I slipped my panties to the side, allowing my fingers to dip momentarily between the folds of my pussy lips. They were wetter than I'd ever known them. I glanced forward. My husband was looking ahead at the road.

"Turn up the radio babe," I slurred, then gently I lowered myself backwards and down onto the head of Logan's waiting cock.

His prick penetrated my soaked hole with ease, and it was all I could do to prevent a gasp of pleasure from escaping. I

felt the fat head as it pushed inside, stretching my lips around his shaft as it edged deeper in. The muscles in my hole contracted involuntarily as I felt a wave of pleasure course through me, but the tightened passage only made me yearn for penetration more feverishly. I sat down heavily on the remaining few inches, and this time a gasp escaped as his full length drove inside me. To my left Nick turned to look at me.

"Alright?" He asked softly. I just smiled, and he went back to looking out of the window.

Full to bursting with Logan's cock planted firmly in my pussy, I continued to lean forward allowing the motion of the car to rock me back and forth on his hard shaft. Occasionally I would adjust my position, and use the ruse to allow me to ride up on his cock and then sink back down, renewing the sensation of a stiff prick filling me to my very depths.

The sensations of pleasure that had ebbed around my clitoris now shuddered through my body as my climax approached. A few more adjustments to feel his cock gliding through my hole and gratification would be mine. I closed my eyes, savoring the experience. I would never have imagined that fucking my husband's friend before his very eyes would have turned me on so much, yet here I was, impaled to the hilt, Logan's sack pressed against my bare ass cheeks, and my cunt juices flowing over them like a tide because I wanted him to make me cum so bad.

Behind me, Logan groaned. In an instant my eyes were wide open, and I threw a furtive glance behind me. It was all I needed for him to wake up. Briefly I was relieved, as his head lolled sideways onto Dylan's head, which still rested on his shoulder. But then, I felt his cock swell inside

me and the pulsations which followed told me that he was filling my hole full of his cum.

At the same time I glanced over at Nick. He had turned from the window and was looking at me. In that moment I experienced a myriad of sensations. On the one hand the car's motion continued to jog Logan's now engorged prick into my desperate pussy, and yet even as the crescendo neared I felt his erection lessen and wane. Within a few seconds his limp member would slip from my sodden lips and lie uselessly under my ass.

Then there was Nick, I wondered how long he had been looking for, had he noticed anything whilst I was sat with my eyes closed reveling in the pleasure of a hard cock teasing me to orgasm? Or had he seen the overwhelming look of ecstasy that crossed my face fleetingly before the disappointed realization that I wouldn't get to cum. I smiled at him again. This time, hesitantly, he smiled back, and then turned for the second time back to the window. He hadn't noticed anything after all.

Leaning forward casually, I slipped Logan's flaccid cock back into his pants and zipped up his trousers. I'm not sure why, perhaps it was the aftermath of my unfulfilled desire, but as I clasped Logan's button back into place, I glanced across the car, allowing my gaze to fall on Nick's crotch. I couldn't be sure, it was dark and he was twisted slightly away from me, but it seemed that he had a bulge in his trousers, and that could only mean one thing... maybe he hadn't seen anything, but he may well have suspected something. And if he did, it aroused him.

I looked out of the window ahead. We were on Station Road, a dark stretch of road about twenty miles from home. Parallel to Station Road ran a main road with a twenty-four

hour petrol station. The only adjoining road was a narrow little country lane, and the most direct route from there to home was a fifteen mile stretch of bumpy track.

I considered my position. We were a half hour from home. When we got home, my husband and his friends would most likely smoke pot whilst I sat burning with desire for a good fucking that would certainly not come that night. My pussy was dripping another mans cum, but still ached for an orgasm of its own. Nick didn't appear to have seen what had taken place, however he may have suspected - and that may have turned him on. There were far too many 'maybes' for my liking, but I had to know. A plan had already formed in my mind and all that was required now was to put it into action.

"Honey, would you mind stopping at the petrol station on the way?" I smiled sweetly at Jas as he looked back at me in the rear view mirror.

"It's hardly on the way babe."

"I know, but since we are heading over to the guys, I'd like some smokes...besides, you can head home over the waste ground track. It'll take the same time."

A few hundred yards ahead, Jas turned onto the country lane. And shortly after that we pulled into the petrol station.

I jumped out of the car and headed into the shop, bought some cigarettes and then made a brief visit to the ladies room. After cleaning as much of Logan's cum out as possible, I removed my bra, slipped out of my panties and dropped both into the sanitary disposal unit.

Stage one complete.

Heading back to the car, I opened the door on Nick's side and without waiting for an invitation squeezed in onto his lap, closing the door behind me. As Jas pulled out of the garage I asked him to turn up the music a little louder and then leaned back against Nick,

"Hope you don't mind me coming over this side, its just Logan snores in my ear." Then I wriggled back until my ass was settled firmly over his cock.

"Er...no, it's fine," he mumbled, glancing briefly at the back of his wife's head before turning his head back to the window.

Stage two complete.

Beneath my ass, I could feel the outline of Nick's cock pressing the material of my dress into the crack of my now naked cheeks. I could swear I had felt him grow a little when I settled onto his lap, but before I could progress I needed something more substantial.

I reached across the car, to the opposite side where I had left my bottle of wine, pressing my bum harder into his crotch as I did so. When I settled back, I twisted slightly, placing one arm around his shoulders, so that my braless tits were inches from his face, and offered him the bottle. He took a small drink, and offered the bottle back...nervously it seemed.

I took a deep drink, tipping my head back so that I couldn't see him. I pushed my chest out, so that my tits, pressed hard against the fabric of my dress would have no choice but to bulge out of the top. I could feel his eyes on them.