

Sex Stories About

Sarah Ann Miller

Bad Girls

Have Better Sex

7

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Bad Girls Have Better Sex - Part 7

Threesome With A Stranger

Rachel and Tom had been married for two years, and although they both thoroughly enjoyed their sex life, they recently decided that sex with just the two of them was not enough to satisfy their mutual lust. Tom thought Rachel had a great body and wanted to share her with another man. Rachel thought it was an excellent idea, and Tom wanted to play a slightly dangerous game, but if they could pull it off, it would be a night that neither of them could ever forget.

“I think you should get picked up in a bar,” said Tom that Saturday afternoon. “I want to see you get dressed up in your sexiest outfit, go to a bar, meet a guy, bring him back here and fuck him. I want you to fuck a total stranger.”

Rachel thought this over. “Sex with a stranger. Dangerous, I like it,” she grinned. “You want me to get dressed in my sluttiest outfit? I know just the thing.”

Rachel opened the closet and picked out her “slut clothes” while Tom watched: a simple red top that halfway exposed her medium-sized breasts, a short, leather skirt, and strappy sandals with two-inch platform heels, that fully exposed her shapely, sexy feet. And with her red-painted toenails, her feet would attract as much attention as her breasts.

Tom felt himself growing hard just watching her pick out her clothes. “Oh, baby, just thinking of you wearing that tonight, I’ve got a boner just sitting here!” He started unbuckling his pants.

Rachel laughed, putting her hand over his crotch. “Not now, big boy! We’ll make sure you get off good later. I’ve got my clothes picked out, and I’ll be ready for tonight. Now, we’ve got other things to do.”

They spent the rest of the afternoon taking care of their normal housekeeping chores, and all the while, Tom couldn’t stop thinking about what they might encounter that night. What was the guy going to be like? How would Tom feel, watching a stranger fuck his wife? He thought these things while watching his gorgeous wife fold the laundry. His eyes wandered all over her curvy body: her narrow, tan feet with the long toes, her fine legs, perfect ass (she had such a great ass), her nice rack, her long brown hair and beautiful smile.

She looked up at him and paused while folding a shirt. “Get those horny thoughts out of your head, Tiger. It’ll happen soon enough!”

That night right before 8:00, Rachel got ready while Tom watched TV (per her orders). Soon she came down the stairs with her clunky shoes that exposed her red toenails, her fuck-me shorts, and her red-hot exposing top. She had on a moderate amount of makeup, not overdoing it, and she definitely radiated sexiness. Tom fell in love all over again as she stepped into the living room.

“I’m ready,” she grinned. Tom hopped off the couch and gave her a kiss, careful not to smear her red lipstick.

“You be careful now,” he said. “Guess I’ll see you in a couple hours.”

“Hmmm, maybe even in one hour—if I get lucky!”

“Oh, you’re getting lucky all right. Hurry home!”

Rachel left and he sat back down, eyes unfocused on the TV. Thoughts whirled through his head. A real honest-to-god threesome. In his own house! With his wife and a stranger. Well, he had to get ready.

He and Rachel had discussed the plan: he would turn out the lights and wait outside until they arrived. After they had gotten started, he would burst in on the two of them, pretending to get angry and threatening. He turned off the lights and stepped outside, shivering slightly in the cold. He hoped this would work out and be worth it. And if everything did go OK, they might repeat this little fantasy again and again. Oh, it would be worth it, he just knew it.

He sat outside for about an hour, obscured by the bushes in the front yard until the car pulled into the driveway. He could see his wife in the front seat sitting next to a stranger. The doors opened, and they both stepped out and approached the house. The strange man hurried around and stepped beside her, putting his hand on her ass. She gave him a playful look and they both stepped into the house.

Tom waited fifteen minutes. From what he saw of the man, he was slightly taller than Tom and of moderate build, and dressed up like he planned to pick up chicks at a bar. Well, the guy certainly succeeded, he thought, as he went inside the house quietly, his hard-on pressing against his blue jeans.

When he entered the darkened living room, he could see the man’s jacket lying on the couch. Rachel’s shoes lay on the floor, and he could hear soft talking and laughing from

the upstairs bedroom. It was time to pay them a visit, and he crept silently up the stairs.

Tom burst open the bedroom door. He saw the tanned ass of his naked wife pointing at him, as she knelt in front of the stranger sucking his cock, while the two sat on the bed. The man was clearly enjoying his blowjob; his eyes were closed and he had a huge smile on his face. Right after Tom entered the room, the man's eyes flew open in sudden surprise. Rachel continued sucking his dick, her head slowly bobbing up and down.

"Hey, who are you?" asked the stranger, shocked by this unexpected intrusion.

"That's my wife who's sucking your dick, asshole," Tom said. "I don't know who the hell you are, but you've got some serious explaining to do." As he said this, he took off his belt, holding it like a weapon.

The man, whose dick was still being relentlessly sucked, stammered. "I had no idea, man! I mean, we met at this bar, she said she was lonely and invited me here! Please!" The man tried to push Rachel off his dick, but she refused to stop, and kept on sucking, squeezing his balls with one hand, and stroking the base of his cock with her other.

"I see what's going on here," said Tom, moving toward the pair in his bed. "You want to fuck my wife, don't you?"

The man just stuttered. "It's not what you think! I don't want her!" He gave one more effort to push Rachel's head away from his cock and gave up.

"No, you want to fuck her. That's why you came here tonight. Well, you go on ahead and do what you came here

to do. I'm gonna help. What's your name?" he asked, while undressing.

"S-s-simon, the man replied staring at Tom. "What are you doing?"

"I just told you Simon," Tom said, pulling down his underwear, now standing naked in front of the two people in his bed. His cock throbbed with anticipation. "I'm joining in. She's my wife, after all."

Rachel pulled her mouth off Simon's cock, pushed her long hair away from her face and looked at Tom. "What are you waiting for? Get over here and give me your cock!"

Tom got onto the bed while Simon watched. Rachel grabbed both their cocks in her hands and started pumping. Tom reached over and started rubbing his hands over her chest and breasts, and she closed her eyes and sighed. Seeing this, Simon nervously stroked his hands over her breasts as well. She leaned back and relaxed while the two men stroked their hands all over her curvy, voluptuous body.

Tom opened the drawer of the side table and handed Rachel her favorite purple vibrator. She turned it on and pushed it against her clit and moaned. Tom positioned himself over her face and pushed his cock into her mouth. She took it in and ran her tongue all over the shaft and head and moaned. She rubbed her clit with the vibrator and stroked and slapped Tom's ass with her free hand. Tom closed his eyes and, feeling his cock being expertly sucked, all the while a strange man sat right behind him watching.

Simon sat down at the end of the bed and took her feet into his hands and stroked her soft soles and toes. He lifted her