

"JUST A LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL" (Another Hot Wife Tale)

By J. BOSWELL (J.Boswell@usa.net)

Born and raised on a farm in a small West Virginia town, I certainly was not prepared for the fantastic things that have happened to me in the last year.

.....

I was a virgin when I married Duane right out of high school. We were everybody's "perfect couple" - he played football, and I was a cheerleader. Duane worked hard for a lot of years, and, last year, got the "big" promotion he deserved and was transferred to Baltimore. We had to leave our little town for the first time in our lives. It was very scary, but our minister gave us an introduction letter to a church just outside of Baltimore, and the people at our new church were the greatest -- making us feel at home, helping us settle in, etc.

As you can guess, I was the dumb little country girl in the big city for the first time -- I had never been exposed to all the sex and violence and four- letter words in the "outside" world. Duane and I were about even in the sex department, and I didn't believe people could do the things to each other that I have recently discovered they do. Duane and I have been married nine years and we normally made love maybe two or three times a month, and, although I was unaware of this, I had never experienced an orgasm in all the years of our marriage.

We had sex in the traditional, "missionary" position, and as soon as Duane reached his climax, he would get up and take a shower, and then I'd take mine. To me, the sex felt good but I thought that was all there was to it. We had never tried, or even discussed, oral sex or anything else for that matter.

Duane's job keeps him on the road constantly and he is gone more than he's home. We bought a house when we moved to Baltimore, and the upkeep and expenses in the area are demanding. We live near a large state university and decided to rent out a room to a college student. Duane and I didn't want just anybody living in our house, so we were fortunate enough to have a church member recommend her nephew to us.

.....

My story really begins last August, when our college student, Jason, moved in. As part of the rental agreement, I made his bed everyday and cleaned his room. A couple of weeks after he moved in, I found a whole stack of "adult" magazines under his bed. There were "Playboys" and "Penthouses," but there were also magazines with only pictures called things like "Stockings and Lace," "Bush Basher," "Anal Honeys," and "Big Tit Fuckers." I was amazed and shocked at what I saw in the pictures and what I read in the letters and stories. But every day, I dug another one out to read or look at.

One afternoon, Jason came in unexpectedly and caught me sitting on his bed, reading his magazines. I was embarrassed beyond words, and wanted to die! I could feel myself blush from head to toe, and Jason tried to console me, telling me not to be ashamed. We began to talk, and he asked me a lot of questions about my attitude towards sex, and even my experiences. I had never talked to anyone about sex, and I just opened up for the first time in my life. After a long conversation, he finally convinced me that I had never really experienced sex to the fullest and knew nothing of its pleasures.

To make a long (and I'm sure, obvious) story short, within two weeks, Jason seduced me and we began having sex every day. Soon after we started, Jason insisted on performing oral sex on me. I resisted at first, but finally gave in, and within a few short minutes, I experienced the most wonderful orgasm of my life! From that second on, I couldn't get enough of his sucking and screwing me. He never failed to bring me to climax and I was so hooked on his wonderful body and tongue that I would have done almost anything to keep him. Several days later, Jason asked me to perform oral sex on him. Of course, I refused, telling him that I had never done anything like that, even with Duane. He told me that he would not suck me again until I sucked him. Two days later I gave in and started sucking him regularly.

From that day on, our schedule was for me to suck him until he came (and I swallowed it all), then we would make love until he came a second time, and then he would suck me until I had my greatest orgasm of the day. Somehow, each day and each orgasm was better than the last. Needless to say, I loved every second of our lovemaking. Jason soon told me that he wanted me to go out and buy a very specific sexy outfit for him. Everything was to be black. The dress was to be very short and tight. I was also to get a sexy lace bra and tiny lace panties, garterbelt, stockings and the highest patent leather, high heels I could find. I bought the items as soon as I could afford them, finding the shoes at a Goodwill store. Of course, I had to hide my new outfit so that Duane wouldn't see it.

Almost everyday, when I dressed up in my outfit, it would drive Jason absolutely nuts. He would go wild and our lovemaking hit new heights of excitement. I would walk around in my outfit for him, and then he would undress me down to the garterbelt, nylons and heels and I would keep those on as we made love and sucked each other. We had a wonderful relationship. We would carry on like this everyday and I would have two, three, even sometimes four orgasms a day!

One day, after classes resumed after Christmas break, Jason came home from class and, out of the blue, told me he wanted me to dress up in my black outfit and go with him to a friend's apartment. He said he wanted to show my outfit to his friend. When I absolutely refused, he announced that there would be no more sex, not even sucking, and left the house to live with his friend.

Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore and called Jason at his friend's apartment. People (including Duane) were asking me where Jason was and why he wasn't home. But the real reason was, I now needed my constant sex, and I especially needed Jason to suck me off to those wonderful orgasms. On the phone, I pleaded with Jason to come back and he didn't agree until I told him I'd do what he wanted me to do.

Jason returned in two days, and after about a week, our routine was back to normal. The following

weekend, Duane was out of town, and Jason told me that he had set up a party with a friend of his (Mark), and that I was to wear my sexy outfit. I was too ashamed to risk being seen in public in

the outfit, so I carried it in a small gymbag. When we arrived at Mark's apartment, Jason introduced me as his "sexy landlady," and said, "Her husband is out of town and anything goes!"

I was so embarrassed in front of this total stranger. Jason then went into the kitchen to make drinks, and Mark put his arm around me, telling me to put on the little outfit he had "heard so much about." When I had finished dressing, Mark kissed me and ran his hand down inside the top of my dress, feeling my breasts. I pulled away and yelled for Jason to drive me home. He said that I had promised to do what ever he wanted, and that now was the time to prove it.

He then downed his entire drink, spun me around and unzipped my dress. It dropped to the floor as he said to Mark, "Check out this fantastic body! Have you ever seen any better?" I stood there, trembling and fighting back tears as Jason unhooked my bra and pulled off my panties. I can never explain how embarrassed and humiliated I was standing there, naked, in front of a total stranger, and seeing the excitement blaze in his eyes. Jason pushed me down on Mark's lap and went to make another round of drinks. Mark's hands were all over my body -- squeezing, caressing, rubbing. Feeling my breasts, squeezing my hard nipples, until finally, his hand forced its way between my thighs and found my clitoris. Jason returned with the drinks and said, "Let's go to the bedroom," where they both undressed and pushed me onto the bed between them.

That Friday night (and Saturday morning!) from 9:00 p.m. to 4:00 a.m., the three of us participated in a sex orgy that was totally unbelievable and beyond anything I had ever dreamed possible. Jason screwed me three times, and Mark screwed me four times! Each of them sucked me until I reached orgasms, and I sucked both of them off twice. While Jason was screwing me, Mark straddled my chest and put his cock into my mouth. Then they would switch, and Mark would screw me from behind as I sucked Jason, lying on the bed. Jason fell asleep first and then Mark, and that's the order I woke each of them the next morning, by sucking them to orgasm.

After that night, we returned to Mark's apartment at least once a week, for repeat performances. One night during the week, two classmates stopped by and Mark invited them in. Within seconds they were naked and getting on the bed. Jason insisted that I have sex with them, too. They didn't even tell me their names, and before the night was over, both of them had screwed me twice, and I had sucked them both off to climaxes, not counting what I did with Jason and Mark!

Towards the end of the semester, Jason started bringing guys home from class with him, telling me to have sex with them. When I counted them up, I realized I had had sex with eleven total strangers (not counting Mark!). Every time I refused, Jason threatened to move out, again, and I knew he meant it. After the first time with me, some of them stopped back by my house and had sex with me, even if Jason wasn't home!

Last week, at the end of the semester, Jason told me he wanted me to go to a party with him. By then, I had an idea what kind of party it would be, so I refused. He then told me that if I agreed to go, he

would find a job nearby, and stay at the house all Summer, instead of moving back to New Jersey until the Fall semester. Of course, I couldn't bear the thought of four months without sex with Jason, so I agreed to go.

When I walked into the party in my black outfit, it was immediately obvious that I was the only woman there. The guys, some of whom had been to the house with Jason, all took turns dancing with me, and that was fun. But within an hour, I was being led down the hall, into a bedroom, and being stripped at Jason's urging. For the next four hours, I had continuous sex, until all ten men were exhausted, and I couldn't get them aroused any more.

That party made me stop and think about where my life was headed. I think I still love Duane, even though we can't even have oral sex together, he says it just doesn't sound "proper" or "polite." In fact, he said it was "perverted."

.....

I know I'm on a wild ride with Jason and his college friends. I just don't know how to stop it. I know guys talk, and soon, word about these orgies is bound to get out to someone. I'm even running out of excuses for why I miss so many Sunday services when Duane is out of town!

Just today, Jason came home from his new construction job for the Summer and said he was telling all his coworkers about what a sexy landlady he had!