

Hi, my name is Wendy. You can visit me at: [Married Men Seeking Women](#) Or you can Join my personal blog site: [How To Find Sex](#) where I help married women find the sex they need to save their marriages and their sanity.

There are three kinds of stories in my story archive.

- My personal experiences (Pretty much the way it happened)
- Stories told to me by friends (Mostly true with a little embellishment)
- Stories written just for fun (Pure fiction but gleaned from my experience)

This one is of the first variety.

How I Met My Husband

I met my husband at a frat party. The first time I saw him he was taking off his clothes as one of his buddies was pounding my pussy in an upstairs bedroom. The first thing I noticed about Jim was his beautiful cock. It was long and thick and had a full round circumcised head. I tried to grab for it but the guy fucking me was tossing me around the bed as he screamed and came inside me.

The guy pulled out and Jim immediately took his place. His thrusts were strong and he really felt good inside me. Some guys you just seem to fit better with and Jim is one of those guys for me. He fucked me for a good long while and then tried to pull out as he was about to cum but I was having none of that. I held him inside me with my legs clamped around his buttocks. Afterwards he looked down at me and said, "You are incredible."

"You're not so bad yourself," I said.

"Can I call you," he asked.

"For sex?" I asked.

"For a date," he said. I looked at him for a moment not knowing if he was for real or not. What I saw in his eyes was sincerity and I stammered, "Sure why not?" And I gave him my number. He left the room and I made my way to the bathroom to clean up.

I was at the party because the guy hosting it paid me to be there. I rationalized that I wasn't prostituting myself. I liked to go to parties and I liked sex so the hundred bucks was just a bennie but I knew, and so did he, that I was there to be used. It was okay with me because I liked it. I mean some of the girls did it for the money but I did it for the sex. I was using them and it felt good to be in such demand.

Later that night when the party was breaking up Jim found me and asked if he could take me home. I told him no. I had driven myself to the party so he

offered to walk me to my car. I was a little hesitant but I let him walk me and he was a perfect gentleman, he even kissed me good night, I mean, it was so surreal. He just watched me get fucked by his friend and then he did me himself and now he was treating me like his high school sweetheart.

I chalked it up to him being shy and let it go at that.

The next day he called and asked if I would have coffee with him and we made a date to meet in the campus coffee shop between classes. He was all country "Ah shucks" and glad you came kind of stuff and then he sprung it on me. "A bunch of guys I know are going skiing in Colorado next weekend and it's like all couples and I was wondering, I mean I know it's short notice and all but would you maybe like to go."

"A couple of guys and me right."

"No, no nothing like that. I mean there are three other guys but they all have dates and ..."

"And you need a girl so you don't feel out of place."

"No, it's not like that either," he stammered, "I really like you and ..."

"You thought, as long as you are paying for a room and all the others will probably be fucking, you should have a girl to fuck too."

"No, I mean ... yes, but I really like you."

"Can I let you know?" I said, thinking that it just wasn't going to happen but he seemed like a nice guy and I didn't want to crush his ego. I'd make up some excuse and let him down easy tomorrow.

"I really have to know by tonight the latest," he said.

"Okay, call me at 7 then and I'll let you know," I told him. We parted and I went to my next class. I told my girlfriend about the invitation and she got all excited.

"I heard about that group. They're going to Vail and staying at some rich guys Chalet in the mountains. It's supposed to be some kind of playboy mansion or something. If you don't want to go, how about putting him on to me," she suggested. I told her it required having sex with him and she wanted to know if he was any good. I had to admit to myself that he was a cute guy and he did have that absolutely beautiful cock.

When he called, against my better judgment, I agreed to go with him.

The lodge was everything my girlfriend had said it would be. It was a standalone building in a village of similar Chalets surrounding a public lodge and several small hotels. There were ski shops and rental places and a lift to the top of the mountain. The two other couples I met on the plane had all been dating for a while and it was obvious that the guys were not looking for a one girl party.

Jim showed me to our room, which was the best room in the house. It was on the second floor and had a balcony and little dining table and sofa and a large king size bed which we immediately tested as soon as Jim dropped our luggage. He was very gentle and he slowly took my clothes one item at a time until I was naked. He caressed my neck and kissed me tenderly but strongly on the lips and then worked his way down to my breasts. I did my best to remove his clothes while he played with me. When we were totally naked there was no question in my mind why he brought me there. Jim had a raging hard on that I could fold my coat over. It was one of the most beautiful penises I had ever seen and he was really ready for me. My pussy was sopping wet with anticipation when he picked me up and laid me on the bed.

Jim's first thrust went all the way to top of my vaginal cavity and I squeezed him as hard as I could to show him my appreciation for that gorgeous cock of his. Our first love making in that bed didn't last very long. I was so turned on by Jim and the place and his muscular body that I started to cum almost immediately. This prompted a similar response from Jim and he came moments later. We lay there beside one another for several minutes.

"Can we make some rules for the weekend?" he asked.

"Okay," I said, hesitantly.

"Can we make an agreement that when we are in this room we get naked and stay naked?"

"Okay," I agreed with a chuckle.

"And can we make an agreement that for this weekend your pussy is all mine."

"And your cock is all mine?"

"Absolutely," he agreed.

"I've never owned one before," I said, "I mean I've had my share but they literally came and went," I said, with my best sly grin, "I never got to keep one for any length of time."

"Well this one is all yours," he said, waving his penis at me. I took it as my queue to take it from him and suck the devil out of it. I love sucking cock and sometimes, when a guy responds to my efforts, feeling him get so excited actually gets me off. Jim's cock became instantly stiff on my tongue and I was so turned on by the smell and taste of him that I came before he did. My whole body shook and shivered as I savored and swallowed every spurt of his delicious cum. Afterwards we kissed and I laid there beside him for a good long while with that wonderful taste of him in my mouth.

"Where going to be late for dinner," Jim said, as he stood and headed for the bathroom. He came out wearing a pull over sweater and jeans. I dressed similarly and we went down stairs to find the others seated around the large dining room table.

There were a couple of men dressed in white cooks outfits working in the kitchen and a middle aged women serving plates of food and drinks. My friend had not exaggerated; this was like the playboy mansion. Jim and I were seated at the table and read the menu by the server. We made our selections as I looked around the room. There were only two other couples and when I asked Jim about the third couple that was suppose to come he said they couldn't make it.

The others at the table seemed to be accepting this incredible display of wealth as common place. I was totally amazed by it. The food was delicious and the table talk was light. The others were obviously committed couples and it was clear by their actions and talk that they were on intimate terms. I caught the guys occasionally looking in my direction and I wondered if any of them had seen me or maybe even been with me at one of the parties where I had served as furniture.

After the meal, we made plans to meet in the morning on the slopes. I told Jim that I had never tried skiing and he said that was okay, he would teach me.

"Can I ask you something," I said.

"Sure, I mean you own my penis so you can ask me anything."

"What is this weekend costing you guys," I said.

"It's a gift."

"A gift?" I asked.

"It's a company asset that's used to impress VIP Clients. It was suppose to be occupied by some Japanese executives this weekend but they canceled. We got it, food and all, for free."

"Somebody has some wealthy parents," I said.

"Everyone at that table has wealthy parents," he confirmed.

"Including the guy attached to my very own cock?"

"Guilty as charged," he confirmed. "Actually this place belongs to my father's company. I get to use it several times a season."

"Wow, I'm impressed," I said, as I followed Jim's lead and began to undress.

"I hope you are not just impressed with this place or the Japanese food."

"Actually, no. But I am impressed with my this," I said, reaching out to grab his stiffening cock.

We made love for the second time that day and then laid in bed watching the T.V. presentation of the facilities.

"We need some Champaign," Jim said. He stepped out of bed and went to the phone. He dialed a single number and placed an order. Twenty minutes later there was a knock at the door. Jim put on a robe to answer the door as I tried to hide under the sheets. Jim gave me a mean look and I tossed the sheet off of me and lay there naked.

When I saw Jim smile I spread my legs and began to massage my clit and make my pussy lips spread open for him to see. Someone opening the door would get a gynecological snap shot of my most private parts. I continued playing with my clit until the server passed the trolley over the threshold to Jim. I know the guy saw me but there was no reaction from him as he took the tip Jim handed him.

Jim had ordered chocolate covered strawberries and a magnum of Dom. He went to the table and set the ice bucket and the tray of strawberries on it. Jim motioned for me to join him as he tossed his robe to the corner of the room. We sat there naked and drank Champaign and Jim fed me chocolate covered strawberries.

"If I didn't know better I'd think you were trying to seduce me," I said, with a smile.

Jim stood and came around behind me. He put his arm around my waist and lifted me. I could feel his erection on my buttocks as he massaged my breasts. Jim reached around me and with his hands between my legs he positioned his penis at the entrance to my pussy and in one motion lifted me up on to his rock hard cock. He had me bent over the table and the tray of strawberries nearly went to the floor. Jim lifted me again while his cock was buried deep in my pussy and folded me over the back of the overstuffed couch. He began to fuck me slowly at first and then when he was sure that I was close he increased his motion and carried me over the top with his wild thrusts and his explosive cum.

We fell to the floor exhausted. "Was it the strawberries or the Champaign," I asked.

"Neither," he said, "I just can't get enough of you."

"Mister, you say the nicest things."

"I mean it. I love ... being with you."

"I love being with you too," I said. "I can't believe how many times you made me cum today."

"Day's not over yet," he said.

"You're a sex maniac. I don't believe you. Are you popping little blue pills or something?"

"Not necessary, one look at you naked and I'm ready."

"You're insatiable. Are you like this with all the girls you bring here."

"I've never brought a girl here before."

"Yeah right!"

"I've dated some and had sex with some but I've never brought anyone here or anywhere else for that matter."

"Really, why me?"

"I told you. I love being with you."

"You like fucking me."

"No, I like being with you."

"You don't really know me."

"I know enough."

"All you know is that I like sex and that I'm not too particular." I saw the hurt look on Jim's face the moment the words came out of my mouth. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I just meant that the first time you saw me I was ..."

"Getting fucked by one of my friends."

"Yeah," I said.

"That wasn't the first time I saw you."

"It wasn't?"

"No," he said, "I saw you lots of times but you never saw me until that night."

"Oh, I see."

"That night I went to the party because they told me you would be there."

"And you got what you wanted from me."

"Not exactly but I got what you were willing to give me and it was wonderful."

"I know this is going to sound patronizing, considering the circumstances, but it was good for me to. You and me I mean."

"When this weekend came up, I knew it was my opportunity to get to know you, so I made some calls and put all this together in a heartbeat."

"And how is it going for you so far?" He looked at me and took my hand. He placed it on his cock and it came to life. He had me straddle him on the floor and impaled me on his stiffness. We hugged as his cock twitched inside me. We stayed in this position and talked about all kinds of benign stuff. He asked me about my family and my classes and my friends and all the while his cock was slowly undulating inside my very wet and very sloppy pussy.

At some point the conversation ended and we made love for real and it was incredibly tender and warm. I came again and so did he. Afterward we hugged and kissed.

We showered and went to bed naked and spooned all night except for the time when his cock came to life and he fucked me from behind. I barely woke for it but I came yet again all the same.

Our first morning at the Chalet was a continuation of our first night. Jim would not let me go to the bathroom or brush my teeth or anything until he put his cock in me. Afterward we showered and dressed and made it to the breakfast buffet at the lodge about 10:00am. One of the other couples was already on the slopes. Jason and his girlfriend Lori were still at breakfast but they were just finishing up.

"I thought you guys were going to spend the weekend in that big bed in the master suite," Jason said, with a knowing grin. His girlfriend elbowed him.

"Breakfast and then it's off to the bunny slopes," Jim said.

"What, no downhill challenge this time?"

"You and Regg will have to compete without me," he said.

"Oh no you don't," I chimed in, "You're not blaming me for your lack of competitive edge; Unless of course you're not up to it? I seem to remember something about prize fighters and sex and the weakness in the legs it causes." The three of them looked at me for a moment but then broke into a smile and Jim agreed with Jason that it would be a sin to let Reggie win the yearly bragging rights.

Lori volunteered to take me to the bunny slopes but Jim said no that he wanted to be my teacher. We agreed that Lori and I would meet later and watch the boys compete for the Chalet's unofficial downhill record.

The skiing was more fun than I thought it would be. About the hundredth time I fell Jim had the notion to take me into the bushes and give me a bare ass spanking but I let him know that I wasn't into masochism and I knew what he really wanted to do to me in those bushes.

"So, lets go," he said.

"I get to make one of the weekends rules. Naked in the room is fine but not on the slopes. I'm allergic to ice up my ass."

"Okay but you owe me."

"And I'm sure you'll collect," I said.

"Count on it," he assured me.

Later when the boys went up the slope to do their race Lori and I had some hot coco as we waited for the lift to deposit them on top of the mountain.

"I have never seen Jim with a girl before," she said, "We all thought he was gay."

"Oh, I can assure you he's not gay."

"So, How did you two meet?" Lori asked.

"At a party."

"You know I tried to set him up with no less than three of my friends and he never asked any of them for a second date. I probably shouldn't tell you this but one gal told me that she practically had to rape him, I mean, he was so shy."

"He's not shy with me. He practically raped me the first time we met." I knew Lori was trying to get a rise out of me so I handed it right back to her.

"He's a catch. I wish you all the luck," she said, sounding envious.

"How about your guy, Jason. How did you guys meet?"

"Old money. Our families were friends and our nannies use to bath us together, or so they tell me."

"Kind of like an arranged marriage."

"I would never marry Jason. We date and we fuck but there's no way I would ever marry the prick. He's way too self-centered for me. I need someone to worship me. Kind of like Jim seems to worship you."

"Worship, I never thought of that as an attribute in a man. Willingness to worship, I like it."

"Yeah, well you seem to have it. I hope it works out for you."

"I am having a wonderful weekend with some very nice people and that's all I really want from it, just is a good time."

"I see," she said, "Poor Jimmy, I think he has other ideas."

"Look here they come," I said, changing the subject. At the bottom of the hill Jim was the winner by more than the length of his skis.

"And the champion defends his title," he said, ripping off his snow goggles. The other guys looked very disappointed but they rallied around Jim and congratulated him. We all headed to the lodge for drinks and hors d'oeuvres. The conversation was light with the guys poking fun at each other about the run down the hill.

Across the room, I felt more than saw someone staring at me and when I looked over, to my surprise, it was Carl. Carl was the guy who paid me to go to his parties. My heart kind of sunk and I totally panicked but Jim looked over at Carl and waved.

"Hey guys excuse me for a minute I need to say hi to a friend," Jim smiled at me and walked across the room. I watched as he spoke to Carl and at one point he pointed across the room toward me and I raised my glass to him in acknowledgement.

Later in the room, after we got into our uniforms, naked that is, I asked him what he said to Carl.

"I thanked him," he said.

"For what?"

"For helping me meet you."

"Helping you, how?"

"The party, the night we met. I asked him to invite you. He assured me you would be there and that was the only reason I went there that night."

"You and your friend."

"Actually, I was late. I got stopped for a speeding ticket and didn't get to the party until it was almost over."

"But in time to accomplish your mission."

"My mission was way different than what I accomplished that night. I know it was wrong but you were there and I couldn't resist."

"I would have been very disappointed if you had."

"I just meant that I really wanted to be with you that night."

"And you were with me."

"No, I mean I really wanted to be with you."

"I think I understand. So what about Carl, I mean aren't you afraid that he's going to tell your friends that you are here with his very valuable ho."

"Carl would be the last person to say anything bad about you. I think he may be in love with you himself."

"Carl never hit on me. Not even once."

"Carl is a rich nerd. He's even shyer than me. He's been given everything a man could want his whole life and as much as he has, he knows he doesn't deserve a girl like you."

"A girl like me?"

"That's what he told me."

"He told you that and then he gave me to you, as a present."

"Don't be mad. Carl is a really good friend. We've known each other since boarding school and we kind of look out for one another. He was always a little pudgy and he got picked on a lot. He helped me through boarding school and helped me get into college. Carl has an IQ that's off the charts and I wouldn't have gotten through my freshman year without his help but then he went to MIT and I couldn't follow."

"And if Carl decides to tell the others that you are here with a prostitute, then what?"

"First of all you are not a prostitute. Secondly, I am proud to be here with you."

"But, if they find out?"

"The guys already know. I don't know about the girls."

"The guys already know what exactly?"

"They are friends with John the guy you know ... "

"The guy that was fucking me when we met."

"Anyhow he was suppose to come this weekend but I asked him not to."

"But he told the other guys that I am a whore."

"I don't know what he told them but believe me they know."

"How am I suppose to act around them now. I mean them knowing that I'm a gangbang queen who has sex for money."

"I don't care what they think or what they know. I am here with you because you are the most incredible woman I have ever met and they are probably jealous as hell that you are here in this bed with me."

"It puts me in a very uncomfortable position knowing that they know."

"Are you ashamed of going to those parties?"

"No, not really."

"Then you're ashamed that you took money from Carl to go to his parties?"

"No, I mean, I wasn't but ..."

"But now you are?"

"I guess, I don't know what I'm feeling," I said.

"Well, do we go down to dinner or do we order in?"

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to show you off some more," he said. We showered and dressed in casual clothes and went down to the dinner table. The gang was milling around the fully stocked bar and the attendant asked for our order. Jim had a beer and I had a daiquiri, which to my surprise, came frozen with ice crystals on the rim of the glass. The conversation was light and mostly about the downhill challenge.

At the dinner table Jason was seated to my right and Lori was next to him.

"Lori tells me that you met at one of Carl's parties," Jason said. I had not said anything to Lori about Carl's parties. I knew the moment it came out of his mouth that the girls at the table knew everything there was to know about me.

"Yes, " I said. I knew what was coming so I decided to short circuit it and said, "Carl throws some great parties doesn't he?" I saw the girls raise their eyebrows in unison at me.

"Carl is a nerd but he's a very smart nerd. One day he will be famous for something besides throwing great parties," Jason said. The conversation turned to other things and I was grateful for the switch in topics.

Later in the downstairs lounge Reggie's girl, Shauna, came in while I was fixing my makeup in the dressing area.

"I just have one request," she said. "Please don't hurt him."

"What?" I said.

"Jim, he's very sweet and he's one of the really good guys in this world. I just want you to know that," she said.

"Okay, but maybe just maybe, I'm not the dragon lady you girls seem to think I am."

"Oh, I didn't mean ... well I guess it sounded like ... it's just that we've all been friends for a long time and we know Jim and he's ... like ... vulnerable," she said.

"I see and you think I'm bad for him or maybe I'll corrupt him or something."

"No, I'm sorry, it's just that it would be easy for you to break his heart is all," she said, in a condescending tone.

"Did you ever think that if he's so vulnerable and his heart is so easily broken that maybe, just maybe, it's high time some floozy like me did break his heart. It could be the best thing that could happen to him. It would set him up for one of you stick up your ass rich birches to step right in and scoop him up."

"Lori was right. You are a low life slut," she said, as she turned and left the room.

"Well that laid it out pretty loud and clear," I thought, "I now know exactly what the other girls think of me."

I kept the conversation in the bathroom to myself but managed to talk my way out of dining with the group for the rest of the weekend. When the trip came to an end, Jim and I made love one last time in that incredible bed. I actually started to think about sex with Jim as making love and not just fucking even then. In all, we had made love more than a dozen times that weekend and in every conceivable position. He took me in my pussy and in my mouth and I even let him take me in the ass one time. I don't like anal sex but I let him do it in a weak moment and I have to say that it wasn't all that bad though still not my favorite.

We fucked on the bed, on the couch, on the table, on the floor, in the shower, on the balcony, and once we even did it in the hallway against the door. It was a wonderful weekend but I knew it would end and I told myself that I would have to return ownership of Jim's penis when it was over. There was no way I could hang on to it beyond this fantasy weekend.

The day after we got back, Jim called to thank me for being with him and to ask me out. I told him I was busy that night and couldn't go but to ask me another time. I could tell he sensed on the phone that my tone and attitude toward him had changed and he became quiet and simply said okay and hung up.

It was weeks later when I saw Jim again. I was at a party. Not one that I was paid to be at, just a party, and I saw Jim across a crowded living room. He was making his way toward me and I was stuck. I tried to find some guy to latch on to but it was no use and he was upon me.

"I'm not sure what I did to offend you," he said, but I just wanted you to know that what ever it was I am sincerely sorry.

"Offend me?" I said curiously.

"You don't take my calls any more so I assume that I did something ..."

"What calls?"

"I've called you a dozen times but all I get is a disconnect. I assume you have me on call block or something." I looked at my phone and sure enough his number was blocked.

"Kara, my roommate must have done it. I guess I said something's about our weekend and she must have got my phone and blocked your calls. I don't even

know how to do that so it must have been Kara. She works part time at one of those phone kiosks in the mall and she thinks she's a cell phone guru."

"What did you tell her that was so bad? I mean I thought we had a great time," he said.

"We did, but your friends let me know that I didn't belong."

"What did they say?"

"It's not important. It's just that we are two very different people and they are right, we would only end up hurting each other."

"I would never hurt you."

"I know you wouldn't mean to but it doesn't matter it just wouldn't work for us."

"That's it then. You don't want to see me."

"Friends?" I said, holding out my hand for him to shake. Jim looked at me for a long minute and then said.

"Bullshit, friends, I wanted to say it all weekend but didn't want to scare you and now it looks like this is the only time I am going to have to say it, but if I don't I will never forgive myself. I love you Wendy, not just like you, or like to fuck you, but I love you with all my heart. There, if you don't feel anything for me then at least I got to say it this one time." I looked at him and saw the tears in his eyes. I tried to reason with him.

"You can't love me. It just wouldn't work. I mean your friends think ... " he kissed me and I melted in his arms. Moments later we were in the back seat of his car fucking like high school kids. Jim asked me to marry him the next day and I said yes, I knew I was out of my mind but I said yes anyway and six wonderful months later we were married in a church and yes, I wore a white gown with a long train in front of all our family and friends.

And you want to hear the topper. John, the guy who was suppose to look out for me at Carl's party but ended up fucking me instead. The same guy who didn't make it to the weekend in Vail, because he and Jim had a big fight about Jim inviting me. John was Jim's best man at our wedding and he remains one of Jim's best friends to this day.

Wendy.

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