

10

EROTIC

SHORT

STORIES

Volume 1

EROTICALUST.COM

**Goran Radanovic**

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10 Erotic Short Stories Eroticalust.com: Volume 1

Published by Goran Radanovic

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ISBN 978-0620-88925-4  
eISBN 978-0620-88925-4

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# 1

## *My Husband Suggested That We Wife Swap*

If somebody had told me two months ago that I would be involved in a wife swap, I would have burst out laughing. Charles had always tried to spice up our sex life. First, it was anal. Then, he wanted a threesome. I wondered what would be next.

Our routine was watching porn before having sex. I felt that Charles hinted at something when he searched for 'banging another man's wife,' but I had no idea what was to come.

"Honey, how'd you feel if we swapped partners for one night?" he asked.

My head snapped towards him. "What?"

I thought he was joking, but he persisted. "It's something new. We get to experience somebody else. So, it's a win-win if you really think about it."

I was unsure if I should slap him or laugh. "How do you plan to make that happen?"

"Haven't figured everything out yet, but I'll let you know," he said.

The following day, Charles wished me luck for my job interview and said that going there was a formality. I loved that he knew how to calm my nerves.

"We were very impressed with your resume, Jessica, and now that we've gotten to know you, we're even more impressed," said the CEO. "We'd love to have you onboard."

I smiled and said, "Thank you. It would be my honour."

"Great. You'll be working very closely with Johnson. He's away for a meeting, but we'll introduce you when you start."

Charles lifted and spun me around after I told him in the lounge. He took me to bed and banged the living daylights out of me, giving me multiple orgasms.

During the cuddling, he said. "I checked online, and there's a party at a mansion this weekend. We can check it out, and if it's not your thing, we'll leave."

I had always been prone to indulge him after he made me cum. I smiled and nodded. He kissed my forehead and pressed my head against his chest.

We arrived at the mansion with a three-metre wall and the most divine golden gate I had seen. The owner surrounded the garden with white and red roses and had a lion fountain that spurted water from its mouth in the driveway.

"You should work hard to buy me a place like this," I said.

Seeing sports and luxury cars in front of the house had made me feel safe. I was worried about being surrounded by creeps, but I didn't mind if they were rich. I pulled down the visor and checked my hair and make-up.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've seen, and I'm willing to bet that you're going to be the most beautiful woman inside," said Charles. "Those rich guys are going to be vying for your attention."

I smiled and stroked his face. His fingers intertwined with mine as we walked to the wooden door, carved in a magnificent pattern that made me eager to see the inside.

A butler answered the door. *Hmmm. I could get used to this lifestyle.* A massive diamond chandelier suspended from the high ceiling, and a spiral staircase led to the rooms. Brown Chesterfield couches surrounded the wooden table.

The butler escorted us to the host, Antonio, who owned the house and looked good for a man in his seventies. Perhaps, it was his wealth that made me attracted to him.

He kissed my hand and said, "You're extremely beautiful." I couldn't argue with the truth, so I smiled. "Let me show you to the meeting room,"

"Oh." *Who are we meeting? I thought he was going to bang me.*

Six couples were scattered in the room as we walked in. "Choose a couple," said Antonio.

Charles looked around and spotted a busty blonde. I folded my arms and pursed my lips. I hate to admit it, but she looked okay. Fine, she was stunning. Charles was smiling since he couldn't keep his eyes off her rack. I smacked his chest.

"See anything you like?" asked Antonio.

"I do," said Charles.

"Point at them, and I'll get my butler to organise you a room."

I pulled Charles to the side. "I'm not sure about this," I said.

"Honey, we're just going to talk to them. If you don't like the guy, then don't do anything."

"And if you like that blonde bimbo?"

He shrugged and smiled. "Well, then..." I smacked his shoulder.

I looked at the bimbo's husband. *He's actually kinda cute. Reminds me of Christian Bale.* I would've been more satisfied with Antonio, but I figured that everybody at the party must've been rich.

"I'm Martin," said the bimbo's husband when we sat on the bed.

"Jessica."

"Have you done anything like this before?"

"What? The wife swap?" He nodded. "No, never."

"There's a first time for everything."

Martin let me talk about my hobbies and travels. I loved that he didn't interrupt or change the topic. Charles knew the right things to say, but Martin knew how to make me laugh. Every time I burst into laughter, I rubbed his bicep. *Ooh. He works out.* We gazed in each other's eyes when my laughter subsided.

Martin slid his hand up my leg and kissed me. His lips lowered to my neck before he licked my breast. He slipped off the strap and sucked my nipple.

I reclined on the bed as he kissed my abdomen, and Martin pulled up my skirt and slipped off my g-string. The man knew how to use his tongue. A dog couldn't waggle as well as him.

He stood up and took off his shirt to reveal his broad shoulders and a six-pack. Martin spread my legs open and stuffed his big dick inside me. My eyes averted as I grimaced and screamed. He craned his head up and squeezed my tits. His dick popped out, so I quickly grabbed it and shoved it back into my pussy.

His hard thrusts gave me two orgasms. When I saw him wince, I hoped that he wouldn't cum because I wanted it to last at least another half an hour.

"Sit on top with your back to me," said Martin.

He grabbed my waist, and I bounced on his dick while my hair cascaded off my shoulders. I craned my head up and screamed.

Martin lay on the bed, and I faced him. He grabbed my tits, and I bobbed up and down, his dick going up all the way. I watched him clench his teeth before he lifted my bum and pulled out his dick to cum on my back.

Martin walked me to the car and said that he enjoyed himself. Charles and the bimbo walked behind us hand in hand, unable to control their giggling.

"How you feeling?" asked Martin.

I rubbed his arm and said, "That was amazing."

"Since all of us had fun, we should keep in touch," said Charles.

The bimbo smiled and nodded. Charles took her number and asked for her surname to save it.

"Manchin. That's not Martin's surname. I kept my maiden name."

Charles frowned. "Manchin? My mother's aunt is Manchin. What a coincidence."

"What's her name?"

"Victoria."

"That's my mother's name."

They weren't back and forth about her physical description and the family tree before agreeing that they were distant cousins. I compressed my lips, looked at Martin and saw him smile. Charles's gape was priceless. I wanted to burst into laughter. *I guess we won't do a wife swap with them, but that's not gonna stop me from seeing Martin again.*

"Since your surname isn't Machin, then what is it?" I asked Martin.

"Johnson."

"What a coincidence. I'm starting a new job, and my boss's name is Johnson."

"The name of the company wouldn't be FSG Consulting by any chance?"

My eyes closed. *Oh, my God.*



## 2

### *Being a Bisexual Woman Can Be a Double-Edged Sword*

I had wondered for years if I would ever have the courage to tell someone that I am a bisexual woman.

"Hey, you," said a woman who tapped me on the shoulder at the fruit and vegetable section.

When I turned around, my eyes almost popped out of my sockets. It was Sarah. We were besties at varsity, but we went separate ways when she went to England after graduating. We had kept in touch on Skype, but our schedules had always prevented us from seeing each other. I squeezed her and pressed my cheek against hers. Seven years had passed since we saw each other.

"When did you arrive?" I asked.

"Two weeks ago."

I gaped. "Two weeks?"

"Ya. I wanted to surprise you, but I didn't know that you had moved, so it took me forever to track down your mom."

"Her and dad went away for their fortieth anniversary. Why didn't you call me and ask where I was?"

"I knew that would've gotten you suspicious and ruined the surprise. Besides, I needed time with my family."

"We've got so much to catch up on," I said.

We had lunch at a cafe across the road and spoke for hours. I tried to avoid talking about my dating life, but it inevitably came up.

"We broke up three days ago. He slept with some floozy when he flew up to Johannesburg for a business trip. After being with him for

5 years, some skank came into his life for one night and ruined everything."

I didn't want to refer to Jonathan by name since hearing it made me want to vomit.

"I'm so sorry, Anne. Men are such jerks. Glad I kept my distance from them and didn't get involved in a relationship. Disgusting pigs."

I was glad that Sarah and I were on the same page. After breaking up with Jonathan, I wanted to seek solace in a woman's arms because thinking about men had made me squeamish. I returned Sarah's smile. She had no idea that I wanted to kiss her several times when we lay in our dorm bed. Her room was across the hall, and she slept in my bed whenever one of us felt lonely.

*Look at her. She's so beautiful. Wonder what it would be like to press my lips against hers. She's got such soft skin. Ugh, how nice it would feel to have her touch me just for one night.*

"Are you back for good?" I asked.

"No. Just visiting. I've got another two weeks."

"Then, we need to make the most of it."

We spent every day with each other. Cape Town was wonderful in the summer, so we went shopping during the day and spent the night dining. When Sarah and I gazed in each other's eyes numerous times, I wondered if she ever thought about me in the way I did her. We held hands as we walked out of the restaurant to the car.

She hugged me at my place and said, "I love you."

"I love you, too."

Sarah flashed her eyebrows, seeing me look at her lips. "Can't wait to see you tomorrow," she said.

My energy plummeted, and I felt like somebody had pulled the rug under my feet. I wanted Sarah to give me a sign that she wanted me to kiss her.

Before going to bed, I googled 'bisexual woman' and hoped that useful information would help me to make a move. Most of the authors were men, so I didn't bother reading the articles.

The closer Sarah's departure approached, the more frustrated I became. *Maybe I should tell her. Who knows, she could've been waiting for me to make a move because she's shy? What if that's not the case? What if she freaks out and doesn't wanna be my friend anymore?*

The night before her flight, Sarah took me out to dinner. It was wonderful as always, but it got better when we saw that they were setting up a karaoke machine.

The manager approached our table and asked, "How's the meal, ladies?"

"Great," I said. "I see you've set up a karaoke machine."

"You're welcome to give it a shot."

"Should we?" Sarah asked me.

Wednesday was karaoke night when we were at varsity. We hadn't missed a single night for the four years we spent on campus, and we got the nicknames Karaoke Queens.

"Just like old times," I said.

We were the first on stage and sang Ordinary World by Duran Duran. Sarah and I had our arms around each other during the song, and we swayed.

After the song, everyone at the restaurant applauded. We went to our booth and rubbed shoulders while gazing in each other's eyes. Sarah squeezed my hand. *Now's the perfect time.* I leaned in.

"Everything okay?" interrupted the waiter.

"Yes, we're fine. Thank you," I said.

Sarah shifted slightly back, making me believe that she became shy after the interruption. I knew that my chances with her would improve if we were alone.

"Let's go check out photos at my place. There are some I haven't shown you."

Our legs rubbed on the couch. I handed her a glass of wine and flipped the pages of an album that I had kept since our varsity days. She was amazed at how much time we had spent together and how close we had gotten. When Sarah's glass emptied, I refilled it.

She laughed when she saw the picture of us at the pyjama party. Sarah put her hand on my leg and leaned into me as she laughed. *It's now or never. She's going away tomorrow, and who knows when we're going to see each other again?*

"There's something I have to tell you," I said. "I've had several needs in my life that have been taken care of, but there's one that hasn't. It's something that I've kept hidden my entire life, even from you. I'm a woman who likes men, but I'm also into women."

Sarah's eyes widened as she raised her eyebrows and compressed her lips. "And that's not all," I said. I lowered my gaze and took a deep breath. "I've had the hots for you since we were at varsity, and I always wondered what it would be like to kiss you." She gulped. "I'm just gonna go for it," I said and kissed her.

Sarah kept her lips compressed, but she relaxed after I kept my lips pressed against hers and rubbed her breast. Our tongues swirled in each other's mouths. I pressed her shoulder so that she would recline on the sofa, and I hovered over her and unbuttoned her shirt before slipping off her bra and sucking her tits. Sarah raised her leg as I reached up her skirt.

I pulled down her g-string and licked her pussy. I loved that she was wet. As I stuck two fingers inside her, she moaned. While I licked her clitoris and fingered her, she clutched a fist of my hair and screamed. Being with her allowed me to express what I had suppressed for more than 15 years, making my shoulders relax and setting my mind free. It's like the shackles had come off, and I was free to roam.

My left hand slid over her abdomen and squeezed her tit. Sarah grabbed my wrist and sucked my finger. She pushed me onto my back and pulled off my g-string before licking my pussy. I arched

my back and closed my eyes before she gave me three orgasms. My legs were wide open as she tapped her fingers on my pussy.

Her head rattled as she waggled her tongue around my pussy before sucking it. I sputtered moans when I reached another climax, then squirted. My leg shuddered while the liquid shot out of my pussy. Sarah smiled. She rested her head on my chest, and I stroked her back and kissed her head.

We cuddled in the morning before taking a shower. After Sarah got dressed, she pulled out a hair comb from her purse. I stood next to her and peeked inside.

"I see you got condoms," I said.

"Ya. You never know when you might need them."

I chuckled. "Good thing you won't use them since you're not having sex with men." Sarah looked down. "You're not sleeping with men, are you?"

"A couple of times in the U.K. and once when I got back."

I gaped. "What about them being disgusting pigs? And you said that you had never gotten involved with them."

"Not in a relationship, but every girl needs dick sometimes. Come on, Anne. Even you crave it once in a while."

"So, you've been back for two weeks, and you already slept with some guy," I said.

"He was a jerk but unbelievable in bed. I mean, really good." She rolled her eyes. "Blew my mind. The only turn-off was him mentioning feeling regret before we did it because he had a girlfriend. He even said that we shouldn't do it, but I was in the mood for dick."

"Pity, Jonathan didn't feel regret before he cheated on me."

"Your ex's name was Jonathan?" asked Sarah.

"Yes."

"This guy was also called Jonathan."

I recalculated the timeline of his cheating and when Sarah had returned before showing her a picture of Jonathan.

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