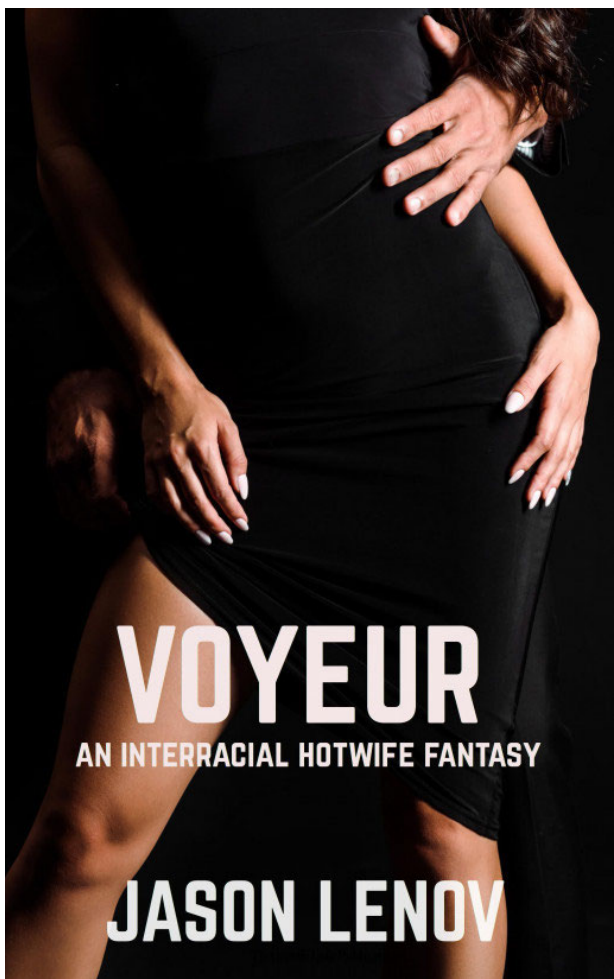


# VOYEUR

AN INTERRACIAL HOTWIFE FANTASY

JASON LENOV



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# Voyeur

## A Hotwife Journey

### An Interracial Hotwife Fantasy

by

**Jason Lenov**

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## Chapter One

Sitting on a park bench and waiting for his wife's lover to arrive was definitely the strangest thing Robert had ever done in his life. There was a queasiness in his stomach. Something like nausea but not exactly. He didn't feel like he was going to vomit. It felt more like the ground was shifting beneath his feet even as he sat perfectly still.

It had been three weeks since he'd spent the day watching Naomi with Todd. Three weeks of the most amazing lovemaking of their lives. Three weeks of long nights spent together by candlelight. Talking through this newly discovered fantasy. Trying to get on the same page and decided if they wanted to move ahead with it or just keep it a dirty secret in their past.

Moving ahead had won out. Robert had sworn to her that he'd never take her for granted again. Seeing her with another man had focused his gaze firmly back onto Naomi. The last few years he'd spent obsessing over his business. Sometimes going days without talking to her when he was out of town. That had all changed.

Now he couldn't spend a few hours in the office without sending her a text. Checking up on her to see how her day was going. Making sure she was alright and that she knew he was thinking about her. He knew he could never go back to the way things were. Their marriage was too important to him now.

It didn't hurt that thinking about her stepping outside of their marriage charged him sexually in a way that nothing ever had. He would spend lunch

hours alone, walking through the park recalling the memories of the dirty things she'd done with Todd.

Naomi was thrilled at the change in his behavior, too. All she'd wanted was a little more attention than he'd been giving her. A little more alone time and intimacy. She seemed like she was in seventh heaven now that he was slathering her with it any chance he got.

So, after a lot of discussion, they'd decided to try out this new lifestyle he'd since come to know as hotwifing. Men sharing their wives with other guys. Men watching their wives have sex with other guys.

He saw Todd, hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans, shoulders hunched, approaching him from the corner of King and Roberts. He stood up and wiped his sweaty palms on his pants. He'd been psyching himself up for the meeting since Naomi had texted Todd two days back. It was still pretty weird seeing him again. Knowing that he'd seen this guy naked and inside Naomi brought a light blush to Robert's cheeks.

Todd saw him standing in front of the bench and stopped a half-dozen feet away. He raised an eyebrow and sized him up. Naomi had assured him that Robert wasn't a threat but he was sensible to be cautious. He'd insisted they meet in public first.

Robert had thought that was a great idea. He really wanted to talk to Todd one on one without Naomi's presence complicating the interaction. He took a step forward and stretched out his hand in greeting. "Todd? I'm Robert. Naomi's husband," he said.

Todd gave a few curt nods. He closed the distance between them, took Robert's hand and gave it a few pumps up and down. "Todd," he said. "But you know that already," he added with a smirk.

Robert smiled. In a way it was a relief to see that Todd was a little bit nervous, too. It had taken some convincing to get him to meet in the first place.

"Do you want to have a seat?" Robert asked, gesturing towards the bench.

Todd glanced at it, then looked further down the path behind it. "Might be better if we walk?" he said.

"You know what? You're right. Wouldn't want things to get awkward," he joked.

"Ha. Ha ha, right," Todd replied.

Robert turned and walked around the bench. Todd tucked his hands back into his jeans and fell into line beside him. "So I guess you're not here to try and kick my ass?" he asked.



Robert smiled. “No,” he turned and glanced at Todd. “I’m not sure I’d have much success with that if I tried. I wanted to meet you because — and this is going to sound strange — I wanted to say thank-you.”

“Yep,” Todd said, nodding. “Sounds strange alright.”

Robert chuckled. “I didn’t realize what I was missing in my life. I wasn’t paying attention to what was important. My wife. You helped me realize that, even though I know you didn’t mean to. So thank-you, Todd.”

Todd nodded again. “You’re welcome, I guess,” he said, letting out an awkward chortle.

“I also have another request,” Robert said, linking his hands behind his back.

“Okay?” Todd said, sounding a little wary of what Robert might ask.

Robert stopped and turned to look at Todd. “I wanted to know if you’d do it again?”

Todd’s brow arched at the question. “Uh...do it again? You mean, like...”

“I mean I wanted to know if you’d do it with Naomi again?” Robert said, eyeing him.

Todd’s eyes widened. “Dude, are you serious?” he asked quietly, his eyes moving side to side to check if anyone could hear them.

“Dead serious,” Robert replied. “I’m sorry if that request makes you uncomfortable. I couldn’t think of any better way to ask than to just say it.”

Todd drew in a breath, held it and looked off to the side.

To Robert, this was going far smoother than he’d anticipated. So smoothly, in fact, that it felt a little too...clinical. A little too sterile. What had captured his imagination when he’d watched Naomi with Todd was the natural sexual energy coursing between them. Todd’s masculine dominance and Naomi’s feminine submission. Being an observer on the outside, watching his wife getting debauched by a powerful male, was what had made it so hot. Politely asking Todd if he’d do it again felt off.

The power dynamic between them was upside down. With Todd looking uncomfortable Robert felt like he was in charge of the situation. What had been hot about spying on her was that he hadn’t been in charge of anything at all. The situation had unfolded without his consent or approval. He was in charge of plenty of things in his professional life. What he wanted was the thrill of feeling out of control. “Look if it’s not something you’re comfortable with then all you have to do is say so. I obviously wouldn’t want to put you in any sort of awkward situation,” Robert explained. But

even this, trying to put Todd at ease, deflated a lot of the excitement he'd been feeling.

Todd rubbed the back of his neck and looked past Robert towards the pond in the middle of the park. "Look, dude, I'm gonna' be honest with you. Don't punch me in the face if I say something you don't want to hear, alright? I'm not super good with words and stuff."

"Of course I won't punch you in the face. I really have no bad feelings towards you, Todd, so feel free to say exactly what's on your mind," Robert reassured him.

"Okay. So, like, your wife is smoking hot. She's got a rockin' bod and she knows how to fuck." He glanced at Robert to make sure he wasn't ruffling any feathers.

Robert gave him a reassuring nod.

"But, and here's the part I don't want you to punch me about, part of why it was so hot was because she was being a cheating..." He stopped himself in mid-sentence.

"A cheating slut?" Robert offered.

“Something like that,” Todd muttered. “I got the impression from her texts that you’d want to, like, watch us and stuff?” he asked.

“I’d want to watch you, yes,” Robert replied.

“Yeah, see, I don’t know about that. I mean I double team chicks with my friends and stuff. But that’s different ‘cause everyone’s in on the action, right? You just sitting there watching? I just don’t know about that,” he said, shaking his head and glancing at the ground.

Robert’s heart sank a little. He’d expected this to go differently, given that Todd had been willing to meet in the first place. Naomi hadn’t explicitly explained what they wanted but she’d dropped plenty of hints. It was disappointing to hear that Todd wasn’t really into it. But it didn’t make any sense to try and convince him. If a young guy like him was turning down a free lay he obviously had some pretty good reasons for it. “Okay. That’s fine. I totally understand,” Robert said.

“Sorry,” Todd muttered. “I wanted to meet you because I wanted to give you a chance to say whatever you wanted to say. And I wanted to say sorry, too, I guess. I know it’s a dick thing to do, fuck another guy’s wife. She just seemed so into it. And, like, milf tail’s pretty hard to bag, you know?”

Robert chuckled. “I didn’t know that,” he said. “But I’ll keep it in mind.”

“Cool,” Todd replied. He leaned closer. “So, look, there’s one more thing.”

“Okay,” Robert said.

“I’m not sure how to say this so I guess I’ll just take your example and give it to you straight. I know a guy.”

Robert raised an eyebrow. “You know a guy?” he asked.

“A guy that does this kind of stuff,” Todd explained. “The sex stuff. Fucking other guy’s wives for them.”

Robert’s eyes widened. “Really?”

“He’s an older guy. Like, probably around your age. Military guy. I know him ‘cause I did some time in juvie and he was, like...ah, long story. Anyways we heard some stories from that guy.” He smirked and shook his head. “Yeah, that guy had some stories. If you want I still have his number,” he asked, raising an eyebrow.

It wasn’t an opportunity Robert could have expected and so was unprepared for. On the one hand he knew he should probably consult Naomi first. On the other hand he’d just be getting a number. He could bring it up with her when he got home. They could discuss it and make a decision together. Didn’t seem like there was any harm in that. “Actually that’d be great,” Robert said.

Todd nodded. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and tapped out a message.

Robert scowled when he saw him hit SEND. “You don’t have my number, do you?” he asked.

“Oh I just sent it to Naomi. I hope that’s alright?” Todd said.

Not what Robert had expected but it was too late to change anything. He’d have to explain when he got home. “That’s fine, Todd. That’s fine,” he said. “Well thanks for meeting with me anyways.” He held out his hand to shake.

Todd gripped it and gave it two pumps. “Thanks for being cool,” he said. “And, hey, if Naomi ever wants to, you know, hook up just me and her? Tell her I’m down.”

Robert smirked, tipped his head to one side and nodded. “I’ll do that, Todd. I’ll do that.”

## Chapter Two

“I can explain,” he said as he walked through the front door.

Naomi was standing in the center of the hallway wearing tights and a tank top. She had her arms folded across her chest, a suspicious look in her eye and a half smile on her mouth.

“First things first,” he said, hanging his keys up on the hook and shrugging off his jacket. “He’s not into it.” A cold feeling washed over him, like a ghost passing through the room, at seeing the brief disappointment on her expression. It passed quickly but there was no doubt that’s what she’d felt.

It was unsettling. She’d insisted time and time again that it had only been sex. That there were no emotions involved. What he’d seen seemed to affirm that and he believed her. But seeing her disappointment rattled him. He couldn’t help but wonder if there were parts of this story she wasn’t telling him. He set the thought aside. “If it makes you feel any better he said that if you ever want to get together one on one he’d be down.”

She touched a hand to her neck and shrugged. As if that fact were neither here nor there. But her playful mood had definitely dissipated.

He walked up to her and brushed his fingers along her arm. “There’s more,” he said quietly.

She looked up and stared into his eyes.

“That number he sent you belongs to a friend of his,” he explained.

Her brow arched slightly.

“Says he’s a guy that, uh, does this sort of thing.”

“This sort of thing?” she asked.

“Sleeps with other men’s wives,” he said, studying her reaction. The light definitely shifted in her eyes. “The proverbial bull we’ve been reading about, I guess.” They’d delved into this kink online and had been surprised to find an entire sub-culture surrounding it. For many it was more than just sex games. It was a lifestyle. “Is that something you think you’d be interested in?” he asked her.

She looked off to the side, seeming a little aloof. “I mean I’m just not sure,” she replied. “I guess I’d have to meet the guy. I don’t know if there would be any chemistry there or not. It’s not just about the sex, is it?”

That threw him for a loop. A faint jealousy lit inside him. “I thought you said it was just about the sex,” he reminded her.



She let out a nervous laugh, her eyes darting to his then away again. “No, I mean, of course it was just about the sex with Todd. Don’t be ridiculous. What I meant was...oh, Robert, you’re not going to take this the wrong way, are you?”

He eyed her for a moment, the jealousy flaring, tongues of it licking at the base of his stomach and causing what might be the prelude to an erection. “That depends. Is there more than one way to take it?”

She sighed. “Of course it was just about the sex with Todd. But there was a certain sexual chemistry there. Isn’t that why you found it so hot?” She was speaking faster now. Seeming a little more nervous about the whole thing. Like she might give something away she’d meant to keep to herself.

Or was that all just in his mind?

“Say what you were going to say,” he said.

“I was going to say it wouldn’t be any fun for either of us if this guy isn’t, I don’t know, the right candidate?”

He didn’t take it the wrong way. She did have a point, after all. And he was curious about the energy buzzing around her, too. Everything had been so easy these last few weeks. Their passion for each other rekindled in the safe confines of their bedroom. Now that they were considering stepping out,

trying this out again in the real world, she seemed more nervous. He found that quite attractive. “So do you want to give it a try?”

She glanced sideways at him, seeming reluctant to meet his stare. “Do you want to?” she asked.

He was certain he did. He’d thought about it so much he was almost tired of thinking about it. Almost. He craved the danger and excitement of watching something so taboo again. Naomi doing such a socially inappropriate thing inflamed his desire for her. He hadn’t thought about the possibility of her doing it with anyone else but Todd. It didn’t change much, though. For him it wasn’t about who she would have sex with. It was about the fact that she’d have sex with anyone other than her husband. That’s what got his motor running. “I’d be open to it,” he said. “But of course I think you should have the final say. It’s you doing it, after all.”

She turned and walked towards the kitchen. Raised a hand to her mouth. Even though he couldn’t see it he knew she was chewing on her thumb. Something she did when she had to think deeply.

He wondered what was running through her mind? What pros and cons was she weighing? What balance was she trying to strike? He gave her the time she needed without pressing her about it. He walked into the living room, sat down on the couch and thumbed through an old magazine.

About five minutes later she appeared in the hallway again and leaned against the entrance to the living room. “I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to message him?” she said.

He smiled at her and set the magazine down. He got up off the couch and walked over to where she was standing. "I suppose it wouldn't," he said, studying her expression.

"You do it," she said.

He looked off to the side and smiled. "That's a little weird, don't you think?"

"Why?" she asked. "You're my husband. That way he won't think I'm trying to go behind your back or something."

"You can tell him I'll be there when it happens," he countered.

She scowled, obviously uncomfortable at the thought of messaging the guy. "How do people do these things anyways? What do you say? Oh, by the way, would you mind coming over to my house to fuck me so my husband can watch? God, are we getting old? Or is everyone just getting more liberal?" she asked.

He chuckled. "I think maybe we're overthinking things a little. Todd said the guy's into this. I doubt you could make a fool of yourself by sending a message if you tried."

She clicked her tongue and scowled. “You’re the man, Robert. You’re supposed to do the difficult stuff.”

“It’s the man’s job to invite another guy over to fuck his wife?”

“Seems to make more sense than me doing it,” she said.

He could tell she was really struggling with the situation. So much she might choose to give up on it rather than face whatever was bothering her. And who really cared, anyway? “Fine. Give me your phone.”

She pulled her phone out from under the elastic of her tights and handed it to him.

He pulled his from his pocket and copied the number then tapped out a quick text message. Hi there. You don’t know me but Todd gave me your number. I was wondering if you’d be interested in discussing my wife?

\*\*\*

The outside of the club looked anything but glamorous. The building was located at the far end of Industrial Drive, on the edge of the industrial districts and on the outskirts of town. They exchanged wary glances as they stepped out of the car. The lot was full of upscale cars but the lighting was dim.

Todd's guy, whose name was Julius, had replied almost right away. He'd given them the address and told them to show up on Saturday night around nine. Naomi had reacted with a shy and nervous excitement, which Robert had enjoyed watching. She became a little more withdrawn but that only added to her mystique and he spent long hours fantasizing about what might be running through her mind.

Earlier that day she'd spent a long time in the bathroom. Showering and, presumably, grooming herself for their engagement. She'd come down the stairs in a pair of strappy, four-inch heels, something she rarely ever wore any more. She had a tight black skirt that outlined fit perfectly against her round ass. Over that was a black top with spaghetti straps. Her hair tied in a low bun, she looked ready for a night at the opera.

Now she huddled close to him as they crossed the darkened parking lot. "I'm not sure whether to be excited or scared about being abducted. Isn't this a little sketchy?" she asked.

"I looked it up online," he replied. "It's supposed to be pretty swanky. Dress to impress, the FAQ said. No gym wear, flip-flops or sneakers." He shot her a wry smile. "I don't think Todd would make it past the bouncer," he remarked.

"Oh stop that," she playfully chided, smacking his arm. Even though they'd kept playing their sexual games Naomi's personality had slowly bent back towards wife, house maker and mother over the last little while.

Robert didn't mind. It was the woman he'd gotten used to after years of marriage. But it had taken some of the edge off of the excitement and sexual sparks that had erupted after her dalliance with Todd. He hoped the visit to X-Club might once again reveal her more feral side.

"I can't believe we're going to a sex club," she muttered as they stepped up onto the sidewalk.

"Not something I would have bet money on," Robert replied, glancing up at the low-key sign. A small billboard hanging above the door with X-Club spelled out in replaceable plastic letters. "You sure you're still up for this?" he asked.

"I mean we came all the way out here," she said, shrugging, looking up and smiling at him. "Can't hurt to take a peek inside, right?"

He smiled, bent sideways and kissed her gently on the lips. He stepped up to the double doors and knocked.

One opened a moment later and a bald-headed, burly man popped out, presumably the bouncer. "Private event this evening," the guy said and started closing the door.

"Uh, we're here to see Julius."

“Oh yeah? What about?” he asked.

“Here to see about the cat,” Robert said.

The bouncer eyed him for a moment then opened the door and stepped aside to let them in. “Right this way, sir,” he said.

Robert breathed a sigh of relief that the strange password had worked. The text exchange between him and Julius had seemed a little cloak and dagger and he hoped there was nothing nefarious about the situation they were walking into. Who needed a password to get into a club?

The bouncer led them past a small desk and to another set of double doors. He opened one and stepped aside again. “Across the floor. See that door in the back? Through that. My guy on the other side will take you to see Mr. Julius,” he explained.

“Thanks,” Robert said, letting Naomi walk into the cavernous space in front of him.

She gasped and stopped as soon as the door closed behind them and their eyes adjusted to the dim light. The stench of sex was heavy in the air and it was easy to see why. Rows of couches lined the walls. Bodies draped across them in various states of undress. Couples and threesomes chatting in low voices. Some making out. A few actually fucking.

There was a lazy ambiance in the room and nobody seemed to pay any attention to them as they walked through.

Robert glanced at Naomi. Her eyes were open wide and wandering around the room. She turned to him and raised an eyebrow, looking like she was about to burst out laughing. She leaned in and pressed her lips against his ear. “Are we too old for this?” she hissed.

He chuckled and patted her on the arm. “Just go with the flow, dear. I have my blood pressure medication just in case,” he whispered back.

“I just hope my dentures don’t fall out,” she joked, eyeing the other couples in the room, all of them easily a decade their junior.

It did feel a bit strange to Robert, embarking on this odd journey at this point in their lives. But Naomi’s affair had awakened something inside him. For the longest time he’d considered sex and romance more or less a finished chapter in his life. Sure, it was nice to have every now and again. But it didn’t occupy the central position it once had. Naomi still wanted it. Naomi still needed it. So much that, after years of begging him for it, she’d gone out and got it on her own. It had made him realize he’d neglected her needs and he wanted to set that right.

They walked up to the doors at the back of the room and pushed one open. Stepping inside they found a large black man wearing a leather jacket balanced on a small folding chair scrolling through his phone. He looked up and scowled at them. “This area’s private,” he said, getting up to escort them out.



“We’re here to see Julius about the cat,” Robert explained.

The man’s expression changed instantly. He pocketed his phone and turned to walk the other way down the hall. “Right this way, sir, ma’am,” he said.

Robert flashed a puzzled smile at Naomi. From the way his employees were acting it seemed that Julius was a somebody. They followed the man down the hall until they came to a leather padded door. The man pressed a button next to it and it opened a moment later.

Behind it stood a tall, leggy young blonde who appeared to be in her mid-twenties. “Can I help you?” she asked.

The man stepped to the side and waved at Robert and Naomi. “They’re here to see about the cat,” he explained.

The woman smiled, stepped to the side and pulled the door open wider. “Please come right in,” she said.

Robert nodded at the bouncer then led Naomi through the door. The large room contained a gaming table in the center, covered in green felt like you saw at the casinos. It had couches lining the walls and a few restaurant tables. Across from them was a large bar and, next to that, a seating area with couches and love seats arranged in a circle. A tall black man surrounded by three equally leggy blondes, reclined on one of the couches.

“Right this way, please,” the woman who’d answered the door said. She walked across the room and they followed. They stopped just short of the circle of couches next to the bar. “Mr Julius?” the woman said.

Robert was momentarily startled. He glanced at Naomi, who seemed equally surprised. Neither of them had known what to expect of the mysterious Julius. He was pretty sure Naomi had not expected him to be black. Robert certainly hadn’t considered it as a possibility. He wasn’t even sure why it would startle him. He didn’t have a racist bone in his body and neither did Naomi. He’d had no problem imagining her having sex with another white man. Why would a black man be any different?

Julius, who for some inexplicable reason was wearing sunglasses in the dim light, took them off, untangled himself from the women draped over his arms, and stood up. He stared at the blonde woman standing next to them.

“They’re here to see about the cat, sir,” the woman said.

Julius turned and stared at them. He folded his sunglasses and slipped them into his jacket pocket. Lazily raised his hands on either side of him and gave his fingers a flick.

The three women on the couch scrambled up, arranged themselves in a tidy line and trotted towards the door. They disappeared through it a moment later.

Julius walked up to where they were standing and held out a hand to Robert. "Robert, I presume?" he said.

Robert gripped it and shook it. "I'm Robert, yes. Pleasure to meet you." Years of business had taught Robert the value of a firm handshake, direct eye contact and a friendly smile. Julius' cool manner tipped him off balance but he managed, more or less, to pull all three off. "This is my wife, Naomi," he said, turning and gesturing at Naomi.

Julius held his hand out but palm up this time.

Robert's eyes widened when Naomi laid her hand in his palm. There was something magical about seeing her pale flesh against Julius' dark skin. Something very alluring about the contrast.

Julius stared into Naomi's eyes as he bent at the waist. "A pleasure to meet you, Naomi," he said quietly. He gently kissed the back of her hand.

Naomi giggled and Robert could hear she was nervous from the way she laughed. "How old fashioned," she said, blushing at Julius' chivalrous greeting.

"That's a lovely idea," Julius replied, grinning. "Becky three old-fashioned's please?" he asked the blonde.

She immediately walked to the bar and began preparing their drinks.

“Why don’t we sit?” Julius asked, gesturing towards the couches.

Robert nodded. He put a hand on Naomi’s elbow and led her to the couch where they sat down together. Julius sat in an armchair next to them. He leaned back and put his arms on the armrests and stared at them for a good long while.

Long enough that Robert started feeling a little uncomfortable. “So you’ll have to excuse us. We’re...” He paused and glanced at Naomi, who was still blushing. “We’re a little nervous. We’re kind of, no, not kind of. We’re very new to all of this.”

Julius nodded. He raised his hands and steeped his fingers, pressing his index fingers against his lips and tapping them a few times. “New to sex?” he asked.

Naomi and Robert both started chuckling, which made Julius smile and lightened the mood. “No,” Robert said. “Not new to sex. But I’ve, we’ve never been to a sex club, for instance. We’re fairly traditional.”

Julius nodded sagely. “What brings you in?” he asked.

Robert and Naomi exchanged nervous glances. They hadn't expected Julius to be black. They certainly hadn't expected to be interrogated about their private marital affairs.

"That might seem personal," Julius said, picking up on their unease. "But I don't take new couples unless I know where they're at. A marriage needs to be on solid footing if people want to indulge in these sorts of fantasies," he said, waving a hand through the air. "I'm not interested in being responsible for someone else's misery if things don't work out the way they thought. I hope you can understand."

Now that he'd explained it of course it made perfect sense to Robert. "That actually sounds very reasonable," he said, glancing at Naomi to see if she thought so, too.

She gave a few quick nods, indicating she concurred.

Robert took that as permission to divulge a few of their secrets. "My wife was having an affair, Julius. Can I call you Julius?"

"If you like," Julius said.

It was a funny response. Made stranger by the fact that there was an air of mystique surrounding Julius that hinted that a loftier title would be more appropriate.

“My wife was having an affair with your friend. Todd.”

Julius arched a brow and nodded a few times which seemed to indicate a vague interest in Robert’s story.

“I won’t get into the gory details but I...we sort of stumbled onto this, this...”

“This kink,” Julius suggested.

“Exactly,” Robert said, grateful at being helped along through his awkward recounting. “I approached Todd and he suggested I contact you and, well, here we are.” An embarrassment swelled through Robert. Saying it aloud like that, and to a stranger, wasn’t the same thing as whispering it in the bedroom.

“So you discovered that you’re not uncomfortable knowing that your wife is with another man?” Julius asked.

Robert felt his cheeks flush at the question. It was vaguely humiliating. Weren’t men supposed to work the other way around? Protecting their women from other males? “I’m not uncomfortable, no,” he said, shaking his head. He looked down at the floor, unable to hold Julius’ gaze any longer.

“It arouses you then, does it?” Julius asked.

Robert drew in a breath. Naomi must have sensed some of his distress because she put a hand over his in that maternal way she had. “It does arouse me,” Robert said. He hadn’t expected to be so thoroughly interrogated. He’d had very few expectations at all, in fact. More of a dreamy feeling about how the evening might play out. Hazy visions of Naomi in various compromised poses and certainly not an interview about his own sexual proclivities.

“It’s important to be able to talk about all of this honestly, Robert,” Julius said, sounding much more like a psychologist than a sex club owner.

Robert had come expecting a human dildo to fuck Naomi and not a therapy session. “You’re absolutely right,” he said.

Julius turned to Naomi. “And you, Naomi? What do you want out of this?”

Naomi seemed startled by the question. She glanced nervously at Robert before turning back to Julius and letting out an awkward, somewhat girlish giggle. “I, uh...we thought this might be fun?” she said, raising her hands and shrugging.

Robert got an uneasy feeling. He was pretty sure this wasn’t how Naomi had envisioned the evening going, either. A glance at her confirmed that she was feeling as uncomfortable as he was. “Look, Julius, maybe...maybe we misunderstood what was going to happen here.”

“Oh?” Julius asked.

“We really just thought we were coming for a, sort of, sexy evening or maybe just an introduction or something. I don’t know. I’m not being very eloquent am I? We were just looking for some fun.”

Julius tugged at his pant legs and leaned forward onto the edge of his seat. He laced his fingers together. “Oh it can be very fun. But it doesn’t start with fun. We all have to understand what all everyone wants,” he said, drawing a circle between the three of them with his finger. “I’ll go first. I think you want to see your wife having sex with another man. I think you,” he said, pointing at Naomi, “want to indulge your husband’s fantasy. But being able to enjoy a different shape of cock might be a nice perk. Am I right about that?” he asked, tipping his head to one side.

The words a different shape of cock rattled through Robert. He turned and looked sideways at Naomi. She was blushing deeply now. As if Julius had pulled the curtain back on something she hadn’t been expecting to reveal. “I want to see my wife with another man, yes,” Robert whispered.

Naomi’s eyes darted to his, then away again. She looked like a cornered animal who might bolt or bite if Julius pressed her any harder. Her lips pursed and for a moment Robert thought she might stand up and storm out of the club. “I want to indulge my husband’s fantasy, yes,” she admitted. Her eyes moved to Robert’s again, then to look at Julius. She lowered them to her lap. “And a different shape of cock might be alright,” she whispered.



Robert's mouth opened and his ears started to ring. He wasn't exactly sure why. He'd been convinced they'd done a good job sorting through the reasons Naomi had had an affair with Todd. She'd wanted sex. Didn't that involve a different shape of cock if it wasn't with her husband?

But now she was admitting that maybe a different shape of cock was part of the reason she was there. That was different, too, wasn't it? If that was part of the reason she wanted to do this did that mean that Robert's shape of cock...wasn't enough?

"That's very brave of you to say," Julius said to Naomi, leaning back in his chair again. He turned to Robert, his expression serious. "You see, Robert, a lot of men come in here thinking they're getting into one sort of situation and part way through come to realize that it's an entirely different sort of situation altogether."

Robert nodded.

"So from what I've seen here just now I'd suggest perhaps the two of you should go home and have a long conversation centered around the question I just asked. What is it we all want from this? And not just sexy foreplay about big cocks in tight pussy's before you bang one out. Make a pot of coffee. Sit down at the kitchen table. Have an honest conversation."

Robert felt a bit like they were schoolchildren getting a scolding but they both nodded. He felt the need to regain some sense of agency. "What is it you want, Julius?" he asked.

Julius gave a few thoughtful nods. A faint, amused smile stretched across his lips. “Nothing but country matters,” he replied.

Robert glanced sideways at Naomi and let out an awkward laugh. “I beg your pardon?” he asked.

Julius put his hands on the arms of the chair and stood up. He offered a hand to Naomi.

She took it and let him help her stand. As he began to lead her to the door she glanced over her shoulder at Robert, looking puzzled and a little excited.

Robert stared at them, also puzzled and with excitement tingling somewhere beneath his stomach.

“If you and your husband find your answers to the question I’ve asked please have him message me to tell me exactly what it is you both want. Please don’t feel an obligation to get in touch with me if either of you change your mind. I won’t take it personally. It’s been lovely meeting you. You have the loveliest eyes I’ve ever seen.” Gazing into her eyes, he bent at the waist and kissed the back of her hand again.

## Chapter Three

At ten-thirty they found themselves at the kitchen table with the light on. They'd decided on wine instead of coffee but both had agreed that Julius had been right. They needed to hash things out. Make sure they were on the same page and, awkward as it might be, spell out for each other exactly what they wanted.

"It seems like maybe you're having second thoughts?" Naomi asked before taking a sip of her wine.

Robert stared at her. He hadn't been able to shake the strange feeling that had gripped him when she'd agreed that a different shape of cock was partially driving her. He knew he had to be honest and tell her. But it put him in a very vulnerable spot to do so. "I don't think so," he replied.

"You're holding something in there," she said, pointing to his forehead. "Want to let it out?"

He smirked and shook his head. She knew him well. "I guess I was just a little surprised to hear you say that thing about a different shape of cock."

She took another sip of wine and set down her glass. "Julius said that, remember?"

“You agreed, though. You could have told him that’s not what you wanted.”

She sighed and her eyes wandered around the table.

He sensed there was something she was holding onto in her mind. It didn’t feel fair. “I mean, I guess I don’t mind but don’t you think that’s something you should be honest about?” he asked, careful not to sound upset. “You said the thing with Todd was just about the sex.”

“It was,” she replied.

“Was it about a different shape of cock, too?” He could feel his temper flaring and that was the last thing they needed in a conversation like this. He took a few moments to realign his mind. They were in this together and fighting about it wasn’t going to get them anywhere. It was also possibly the least sexy thing in the world. “Naomi I just want you to be honest with me,” he said quietly.

She sighed again, this time slumping back in her chair. “I don’t know,” she said, letting her hands fall onto her lap. “I just don’t know, okay? I was so relieved when you weren’t upset with me when you found us. I wanted to tell you what you wanted to hear. It’s not that I didn’t mean it. Yes, it was just about the sex. But...a different shape of cock, as Julius so poetically pointed out, was...part of it? Or something? I don’t know. I can’t tease apart every single reason and motivation why I decided to bang a guy like Todd. I wanted you, Robert. I wanted to be banging you! But you were so fucking busy with that goddamned business of yours and I didn’t feel heard. Like, at all,” she said, punctuating it by flapping her hands in the air dangerously

close to her wine. “Is there something exciting about feeling a different man inside of me? Yes! Okay? I’m horrible. There. Now you know. But it wasn’t like I was out there begging for it. He came up to me. He came up to me in the bar and it seemed easy and I was horny and we hadn’t done it in so long and I was lonely and now I just said all of this stuff that I was trying to just shut up about and we’ll probably end up in fucking therapy! Gawd!” Her hands flew up into the air then landed in her lap as she let out another exasperated sigh.

Robert let a few moments of silence pass. Until the worst of her outburst seemed to have fizzled. Moving his wine glass aside, he stretched his arms out over the table and wiggled his fingers.

Naomi rolled her eyes, sighed, but took him up on the offer and put her hands in his.

“I’m glad Julius made us talk about this,” he said.

She erupted in a cackling chuckle and shook her head.

He smiled. “Seems like you’ve got some stuff to work out.”

“I don’t. I really don’t,” she said, shaking her head again. “I don’t exactly get what’s exciting for you about watching me with another man. What I do get is that doing that turns me on, too. Knowing that you’re watching me, that you like seeing it, it really turns me on. A different cock is a nice perk. I’m not going to lie to you.”

“Am I enough for you?”

“Oh, Robert,” she said, groaning and looking off to the side. “Of course you are!”

“But you still said yes to Todd,” he pointed out.

“Because you’re only enough for me if you’re around,” she countered.

“To service you?” It was a dangerous joke, but he couldn’t resist.

She paused, then burst into laughter again. She pulled one hand away from his and pressed the back of it against her mouth as she laughed. “Yes. To service me in all the many ways I need,” she said.

He grinned.

“Look,” she said, putting her hand back over his again. “I have a feeling that the problem you’re having is that I’m going to be deriving some pleasure from all of this?”

He scowled and shook his head. “I don’t think so,” he said. “Seeing you feeling pleasure is part of what makes it hot.”

“Then why does a different shape of cock bother you?”

He pulled his hands away and leaned back in his chair to think. It was an excellent question. And much in the same way Naomi couldn’t give him an answer about what, exactly, had made her bang a guy like Todd, Robert couldn’t really put his finger on why that particular phrase bothered him at all. Was it because Julius had understood, even before Naomi had said a word, that she was partially there to satisfy her own craving? That was a little unsettling. He’d thought they were there to indulge in a mutual fantasy. But he was going to derive just as much pleasure from seeing Naomi take a different shape of cock as she was from taking it. Surely that was fair? He spun around in circles in his mind for a few minutes before deciding there was no good way to catch the tail of whatever was bugging him about the phrase. He shook his head. “I’m not sure. I’m not sure like you’re not sure why you decided to bang a guy like Todd, like you said. It’s in there. Something’s in there. But I can’t quite catch up to it. I can’t pull it apart and give you all the moving parts laid out.”

Naomi nodded. “Does it matter?” she asked.

“I don’t think so.” He looked into her eyes. “I want to watch you with another man,” he said.

Naomi nodded again. “And I want to have sex with another man while you watch. Even if that means I enjoy myself while I’m doing it. Even if it

means I enjoy feeling a different shape of cock inside me,” she said, gazing into his eyes.

Hearing her say it again with a lusty stare pushed blood into his crotch and an erection began to spring to life between his legs. “Should I text Julius and tell him we’ve figured it out?” he asked.

Naomi laughed and Robert joined her. As their laughter waned he thought of something that had been lingering in the back of his mind. “Hey can I ask you something?” he said.

“As long as it has nothing to do with the shape of cock,” Naomi joked.

He smirked. “It kind of does,” he said.

She raised an eyebrow. “Well now I’m curious,” she said quietly.

He waited a moment, a little shy even in front of his wife to bring up the sensitive subject. “Julius is...black. Is that alright?”

Naomi put a hand on her chest and sat up straighter. “Robert! What sort of question is that?”



He was a little surprised by her shocked reaction. “No, no. I just...I didn’t mean...I want you to be comfortable, obviously. That’s all.”

She furrowed her brow and shook her head. “Why would the color of his skin make me uncomfortable?”

“Oh god, Naomi, come on. You know I didn’t mean it like that.”

“How else could you have possibly meant it? Do you have some sort of a problem with it?” she asked.

He shook his head as he pondered the question. He looked up into her eyes. “No. Actually quite the opposite.”

“Really? What do you mean by that?”

“I don’t know. There’s something even hotter about you getting it from a black guy. I don’t know why. Does that...is that weird?”

She put on a slightly confused smile. “No. I guess not. It’s just unlike you to mention someone’s race. Why do you think it would be hotter?”

“I don’t know the answer to that, either,” he replied, shaking his head. “I guess I just thought you were a little surprised when we were introduced and it turned out Julius was black. Was I imagining that?”

Naomi’s smile tightened. She batted her eyelashes and looked off to the side for a moment before returning her gaze to his. “No. You didn’t imagine it,” she replied.

Robert watched her, delighting in the slight discomfort that had spread across her expression. “Have you ever been with a black man?” he asked, his cock hardening.

“No,” she replied, shaking her head. “I haven’t.”

That excited him even more. If she hadn’t ever been with a black man that sort of meant she was a virgin, in a way. At least to that experience. How thrilling would it be to watch her take a black cock inside herself? The image swelled through his mind and his cock engorged further. “I think that’s really hot,” he whispered.

Naomi glanced up at him. “Then can you please take me upstairs and do something about it?” she whispered back.

They were up and darting through the kitchen, then scrambling up the stairs and tumbling into bed like it was a weeknight and their parents might come home at any moment.

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He'd texted Julius the following day. I want to watch my wife have sex with another man. She wants to have sex with another man while I watch. That's what we want.

To which Julius had replied with X-Club. Saturday. 8PM. See a man about a donkey.

The week had been heavy for Robert, but it passed quickly because of all the work he had to catch up on. They hadn't had a lot of time to spend together but were both certain of each other's reasons for going back.

Naomi spent most of Saturday afternoon in the bathroom grooming. She wore the same outfit she had the week before. High heels, tight black skirt and spaghetti strap top but with her hair down this time.

When they reached the club and the bouncer opened the door Robert let out a laugh as he told him he had to see a man about a donkey. The bouncer was unmissed but let them in. They walked through the sex-heavy air to the back hall where he repeated the words to the black guy on the folding chair, who once again led them to Julius' door.

Julius was alone with Becky this time. Poring over spreadsheets and pointing at things with a pencil. He stood up as they walked in, Becky

folding the papers over each other. He greeted Robert with a handshake and Naomi with another kiss on the back of the hand. He was wearing a purple button-up shirt and a black tie, black trousers and shiny, black shoes. He gestured towards the couches. “What’s your usual?” he asked them.

“I’ll have a glass of wine,” Naomi said.

“I’ll have a vodka soda with lemon, please,” Robert said.

“Becky make that two vodka soda’s will you, please?” Julius asked her.

Becky moved from the table to the bar and started fixing drinks.

Julius sat down in his armchair. He put his hands up and linked fingers behind the back of his head as Robert and Naomi sat down. “So you came to an agreement?” he asked.

Robert nodded. “We did,” he said. He reached over and squeezed Naomi’s hand.

Julius smiled at the gesture. “Isn’t that sweet,” he said. “What do you do, Robert? For money, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“I have my own business,” Robert replied. “Import, export.”

Julius gave an approving nod. “And how about you, Naomi?” he asked, turning to Naomi.

“Well, actually, I’m a homemaker even though I know that’s a dirty word these days. Robert makes more than enough for the both of us. I stayed home with the kids and now that they’re gone I run the house.”

Julius looked genuinely delighted at that. He smiled. “That’s adorable. So traditional. You don’t see that a lot these days any more,” he mused.

Robert felt his cock start to harden as Julius gazed at Naomi. He hadn’t looked at her like that the previous week when they’d been there. He’d been a perfect gentleman. Respectable and almost professional during their encounter. Now he was looking at her with a little more interest, a little more lust. Robert drew in a breath when Julius reached over and picked her hand up in his. His eyes widened when Julius thumbed her wedding ring and smiled. “So pretty,” Julius said.

Robert’s stare fixated on Naomi’s dainty hand in Julius’ large paw. Seeing Julius playing with her wedding ring was intensely erotic, given the purpose of their visit.

Julius turned to look at Robert. “Now I want you to tell me out loud what you sent me in your text. So we’re all clear on what we want.”

A warm feeling started working its way down Robert's neck. He turned and looked at Naomi, who looked at him in turn. The memory of reciting their wedding vows rose in his mind. "I want to watch my wife having sex with another man," he said.

Naomi blushed.

"That's good," Julius said. "But let's be really clear. Who do you want to have sex with your wife?" he asked.

Robert nodded. "I want you to have sex with my wife, Julius," he said.

"Good," Julius purred. He turned to Naomi. "Your turn," he said.

Naomi kept her eyes on Robert. "I want to have sex with another man while my husband watches," Naomi said.

Julius smiled. "Almost there," he said.

Naomi nodded. "I want to have sex with Julius," she said quietly.

The simple sentence sent a searing heat through Robert. Perhaps it was an honest mistake. Maybe she was so lost in the moment that she forgot the part about while my husband watches. He didn't even think much of it because he was too busy being turned on by hearing her utter such a brutally erotic thought. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Julius smile a little wider.

"Very good," Julius said.

Becky came over with a tray. She set their drinks down in front of them and put the tray under her arm as she stood up.

Julius raised a hand and waved her away. "You can go, Beck. Tell the girls to take the rest of the night off."

"Yes Mr. Julius. Thank-you, sir," Becky said. She set the tray down on the table on her way out, then closed the door behind her.

Julius picked up his drink and sipped it. He smacked his lips and let out a pleased sigh before setting the glass back down.

Robert was too entranced with Naomi to worry about his cocktail.

Julius rubbed his hands together and looked from Robert to Naomi, grinning. "Now we get to the good part," he said.

Excitement started throbbing in Robert's guts.

Julius extended his hand and laid it over Naomi's on the arm rest of the sofa. He smiled at her. His smile widened when he saw her blush. "Isn't that beautiful?" he asked Robert. "That blush right there is why I'm still in this game. The way a beautiful, mature woman can start looking innocent all over again. Just from another man touching her in a way only her husband should," he mused, staring at Naomi.

Robert's eyes fell to where Julius dark hand covered Naomi's. His erection firmed up between his legs. How could something so benign be so magnetic, he had to wonder?

"Because women, even experienced women, most of the time don't know what they're capable of. They don't understand the needs that live within them. You understand a little bit, don't you Naomi? You had to step out to scratch that itch, hmm? Cheat on your husband a little and why?"

The smile faded from Naomi's lips and she shook her head. "No, no, that's not why...it wasn't like that," she said.

"I wasn't around enough," Robert interjected, hoping to spare Naomi any further embarrassment.



Julius smiled a little wider. “That’s sweet. You’re a sweet couple. You got each other’s backs, don’t you? Yeah, you do. I can see it. But we’re not here for pleasantries. You can be nice to each other all you want when you’re at home. Here? We’re here for a different reason. We’re here certain truths. About human nature.” His expression turned serious. “About the nature of a woman’s needs.”

Robert’s throat tightened. He saw Naomi was looking a little uncomfortable. He wondered if he should tell Julius to turn it down a little. They’d come here for a good time not some pseudo-philosophical lecture on the nature of a woman’s needs. “Look, Julius, I think maybe before we get started with any of the fun part of the evening we should maybe come up with some, I don’t know, rules or boundaries.”

Julius pulled his hand away from Naomi's and leaned back in his chair.

Naomi glanced at with a certain longing in her eyes.

“What sort of boundaries would those be?”

Robert cleared his throat and looked at Naomi, whose eyes were now in her lap. “Well I think maybe let’s just leave the past, actually our personal lives in general, leave that be. We’ve dealt with our issues. We’re just here because we thought it might be fun to sort of experiment with this...this lifestyle,” he explained.

Julius gave a few thoughtful nods. “I’m sorry I gave you the impression that I’m here for your entertainment, Robert,” he said.

Robert’s eyes widened and he shook his head. “No I didn’t mean...I wasn’t saying that at all.”

Julius turned to Naomi. “Did your husband tell you that you’re beautiful today?” he asked.

A nervous smile formed on her mouth. She glanced sideways at Robert and raised her eyebrows. “No,” she muttered. “But that doesn’t...”

“Hold on a moment,” Julius said, holding up a hand. “This is important. Because you are beautiful. You are just so pretty that I could stare at you all day and night.”

Naomi rolled her eyes but in a bashful way before looking off to the side.

“And I mean that,” Julius added. “Look at me. Look up here at me,” he said, pointing two fingers at his eyes.

Naomi looked up at him.

“Why do you think I sent those girls away? Those three pretty girls you saw here last week? And Becky? They’re beautiful, wouldn’t you say?”

Naomi nodded.

Robert felt a discomfort clutch his stomach.

“Beautiful and young,” Julius went on. “And I sent them all away for the night because all I want to do is look at you.”

Naomi’s cheeks flushed so hot she looked like she’d gotten a sunburn.

“I could just sit here staring at your pretty face and that gorgeous, curvy body of yours all night and that would be enough. You didn’t know that did you? Well now you do. I don’t even mind saying it. I don’t care who knows. Your husband should sure know. Sure as sugar. That’s what I think.”

Robert had a flash of realization at the difference between a young man flirting and an experienced, older man. The older man always had a better game. If he could string a sentence together he’d have better game. Because he’d seen it all before. He’d played, won and lost and now had nothing to lose. He could lay it all out bare, take his heart out of his chest and slap it on his sleeve and not give a flying fuck if he was rejected. He already knew what that felt like. He already knew he’d live through it to play another day.

Julius was a smart man that way.

“I bet you say that to all the girls, Mr. Julius,” Naomi said, smirking.

Julius’ brow arched and he started chuckling. He looked at Robert and nodded, then turned back to Naomi. “Yeah. Yes. No we’re playing. Mr. Julius? I like that. Oh I like that a lot,” he said, smacking his leg.

“Isn’t that what your staff call you?” Naomi asked, her smile playful.

“They’re not my staff. They’re all like family to me.”

“Your family call you mister?” Naomi asked.

Julius grinned. “Only in front of strangers. You’ll hear them call me Julius real soon. But you know what? I’m not too sure about your husband yet. I’m not too sure about Robert. He came in here and talked the talk. Told me what he thought I wanted to hear. I’m not sure if he’s ready to walk the walk yet, though.”

Naomi glanced at Robert.

“I’ll tell you what. I’m going to give you some homework. An assignment. You come back next week same time. I’ll send you the password on Friday. Sometime this week though you and hubby you’re going to go out for a nice drink or dinner. Somewhere nice and quiet and private. You’re going to keep your eyes peeled. And when you see a man you like you’re going to ask your husband to go and tell that man he’d like to introduce his wife to him.”

Naomi shifted in her chair, looking as uncomfortable as Robert felt.

“And while you’re talking to that man, getting to know him, you’re going to flash him a little titty.”

Naomi gasped.

Julius started chuckling. “Look at that? You see that? She looks like she’s eighteen years old again and never opened her legs before. That’s a thing of beauty.”

Robert’s stomach was cramped and his cock was stiff and more than anything he just wanted to get the hell out of there.

“If you can do that, if he can do that, then you come back here next Saturday. Then I’ll know he’s ready. I know you’re ready,” he said, tipping his heads towards Naomi. “I need to know he’s ready. And don’t think this comes easy for me. I just sent my girls away. Now I’ve got to sit here and take care of myself after staring at you all evening.”

Robert realized he was sitting on the very edge of the sofa. He reached out and put a hand on Naomi's arm. "We should probably get going," he said quietly. They stood up together and walked towards the door. When they reached it he turned to look at Julius, feeling awkward about the way they were leaving.

Julius wagged his fingers. "Go on. Ain't no more need to be said. You come back next week. If you're ready, that is."

## Chapter Four

“If you don’t want me to do it, Robert, then just say so,” Naomi said as he parked the car in the hotel lot.

Robert turned off the car and gripped the wheel. “It’s not that I don’t want to do it,” he explained for what felt like the hundredth time that week. “It’s that I think there’s something weird about Julius. I can’t believe you’re not picking up on it, actually.”

Naomi sighed and settled back into her seat. “He’s a con-man, Robert. A grifter. Acting like he’s some...some pussy whisperer,” she said, waving a hand in the air.

Hearing her say pussy jolted him. She never talked like that. “What do you mean?” he asked.

“Oh come on. That whole speech was one big con. We’re not there for pleasantries? We’re there to find out the true nature of a woman’s needs?” She burst out in a cackle. “The guy’s straight out of some badly written men’s smut novel. All he’s missing is a pair of sunglasses, a purple suit and an Afro. I could practically hear the bass guitar in the background,” she said, bursting into laughter again.

Robert stared at her sideways, still finding it hard to believe she hadn’t picked up any creepy vibes from Julius. “You’re telling me he had no effect

on you whatsoever?” he asked.

“He had the strange effect of making me feel like my life was missing a disco ball,” Naomi replied.

Robert smirked and shook his head. “So I’m being crazy when I say that it seemed like you were...falling under his spell?”

Naomi looked at him like he’d grown another head. “Are you ill?” she asked, pressing a hand to his head. “Spell? What spell?”

“It just seemed like you were...going along with it. Oh come on. The blushing. The playful smiles. I didn’t imagine that stuff.”

“Yeah. I was playing along with it. Because what was I supposed to do? Pretend like I was shocked by what he was saying?”

“I don’t know. All those compliments he gave you. You didn’t seem to mind those.” It came out sounding more irritated than he’d meant it to.

“Are you honestly suggesting that you’re worried I’m going to roll over onto my back and spread my legs because some guy cosplaying as a B-list porn star called me pretty? And isn’t that what you want?!? I am a grown woman, Robert. I’m your wife. Mother of your children. We are trying to explore a fantasy. Which you are making it very difficult to do with your...



this...sexual paranoia! Ugh! Should we just go home? I am feeling so unsexy right now.” She folded her arms over her chest.

Robert sighed and his shoulders slumped. “I’m being crazy,” he muttered.

“You’re being a little crazy. He’s either playing out some fantasy he has of being some kind of sexual wizard or he’s a charlatan. Or both, come to think of it. Like I have already told you dozens of times I think it’s kind of funny and kind of fun. If you want to play along then let’s go. If it’s not your thing then let’s move on. But can we please quit circling around this, make a decision and stick to it? You’re driving me crazy!” She let out a frantic laugh.

Robert nodded. “Okay. I’ll stop. I’ll stop being crazy and I’ll stop driving you crazy. It’s just a game, right?”

“It’s just a game,” she said.

“It’s just a game,” he echoed. “Do you still want to do this?” he asked, feeling a little sheepish.

She let out a heavy sigh. “Go and have drinks and flash someone my boob? Of course! Why not? I’m totally in the mood right now.”

He hung his head lower. “I’m really sorry,” he muttered.

She sighed again and put a hand on his leg. “Let’s go in and have a drink. Nobody’s saying we have to do anything else. We can always lie if we want to go back to Dirk Jiggler’s Sex emporium tomorrow.”

Robert snorted and Naomi started laughing. He turned and leaned in towards her, then kissed her gently on the lips. “Let’s go have a drink,” he said.

The hotel bar was all dark wood and velvet. Low lighting with ferns in between the booths. There was a pianist playing in the center of the empty floor. He’d read online that hotel bars could often be good places to do this sort of thing. Lots of out-of-towners with time on their hands and nothing to lose.

A waiter in a grey three-button vest and white shirt greeted them. “Dinner or just drinks this evening?” he asked.

“Just drinks,” Robert replied. “If we could get a booth that would be great.”

“Right this way,” the waiter said. He led them around the room and seated them at a booth in the far corner, away from the bar. Naomi ordered a Fuzzy Navel and Robert asked for a beer. They got arranged and settled, Naomi with her back against the wall so she could look out onto the room.

The waiter brought their drinks a few minutes later. He set Naomi's down in front of her. As he was handing Robert his, Naomi picked up the glass and downed it in three quick chugs. She looked up at the waiter with a tight smile. "I'll have another one of those, please?" she said.

The waiter nodded, grabbed the glass and scurried away.

Robert took a sip of his beer. "Feeling better?" he asked her.

"Much," she said, her cheeks turning rosy from the alcohol. Staring straight at him, she undid the top button of her blouse and let it fall apart, revealing a hint of cleavage.

"You're so beautiful," Robert whispered.

She grinned. "At least you learned something from Mr. Julius," she said. They shared a chuckle then Naomi looked out over the room.

Robert felt the mood lighten between them. He'd become so smitten with Naomi that he could barely tear his eyes away from her. "Do you see anyone?" he asked in a whisper.

The waiter returned with another Fuzzy Navel and discreetly set it on the table.

Naomi picked it up and took a small sip this time. She leaned back in the booth and put her arms up on the backrest, surveying the dark room. Her eyes wandered around the place for a while, then settled on the end of the bar.

Robert turned to see who she was watching. Good looking guy. Young, probably in his mid-twenties. Wearing a blue shirt with a white collar and a red tie. He was standing, a whiskey on the bar next to him and, oddly, a print edition of the Financial Post spread out in front. Robert felt a frisson of nerves run down his back at what he'd have to do if that was the guy Naomi picked. He turned to look at her again. "Is he the one?" he asked.

She took another sip of her drink and set her glass down. She leaned over the table and looked right into his eyes. "Listen to me, Robert. If we do this, if we go down this twisted path, I want it to be fun. I don't want this getting twisted up with what happened with Todd. We've both made mistakes in the past. This has to be a clean start. If I get the slightest inkling that you're having a hard time dealing with this then I'm out. Can we agree to that?" she asked.

He wanted very much to give her a definitive yes. But the truth had become more complicated. After that scorching experience of watching her with Todd he'd been all in on seeing more. But their meeting with Julius was still bothering him somewhere in the back of his mind. "If I get the slightest inkling that I'm about to have a hard time with anything then I'll pull the plug," he said. "Can we agree on that?"

She eyed him with skepticism for a moment.

“Naomi I’m in charge of me. I know that. Master of my own emotions and everything. But asking me to guarantee that I won’t have a single bad thought or doubt about this along the way seems...” He trailed off, not wanting to say something that might upset the balance they’d found.

“Unreasonable?” she offered.

“Maybe a little unreasonable,” he agreed.

“Fair enough. Then just promise me you really will pull the plug if that’s what needs to be done?”

“That I can do,” he said.

She sighed and took another sip of her drink. “Okay. Then why don’t you go over there and ask Mr. Financial Post if he’d like to join us for a drink?” she asked.

His stomach fluttered at her request. In a way it had been so much easier just watching her get fucked by Todd. Trying to set it up with a stranger seemed so much more complicated. “Okay. Wish me luck,” he whispered.

“Good luck,” she whispered back, smiling.

He slid out of the booth and stood up. Adjusted his jacket and walked across the room feeling like he was about to ask a girl he'd been crushing on to prom. He walked up to the bar, next to where their target was reading his paper, and leaned on it. When the guy glanced at him he flashed a smile he hoped didn't look too awkward. "Hi there," he said.

"Um, hi," the guy replied before turning back to his paper.

Robert felt a crushing embarrassment descend over him. "So, uh, I actually have kind of a strange question for you."

The guy looked at him again with one eyebrow raised. "I'm straight," he said.

Robert's face flushed and he let out an awkward laugh. "Oh...oh, no, ha ha, that's not...I didn't mean anything like that," he said.

The guy scowled at him. He seemed pretty annoyed at being disturbed.

It took a great effort not to just mutter an apology and shuffle off back to his booth. "I was actually wondering, well, actually, my wife asked me to invite you over to our table for a drink," he said. He managed to hold the stranger's gaze while he asked the question but quickly looked away as soon as it was out. "That's, uh, that's her over there," he said, nodding towards Naomi.

The guy furrowed his brow. He glanced over to where Naomi was smiling at them, then back to Robert. “This some kind of scam?” he asked.

“What? No. No, no, I’d never do anything like that. She, uh...” He paused and looked over at Naomi again. Seeing her beautiful smile filled him with courage. “She wants to try something out,” he said quietly.

The guy turned and looked at Naomi again.

She picked up her drink, sipped it and stared over the edge of the glass at him.

The stranger eyed her for a few moments. Then he turned back to his paper, folded it shut and picked his glass of whiskey up off the bar. “Sure, I guess,” he said. “Let’s try it out.” He sauntered across the floor and past the piano with Robert following a few footsteps behind him. He stopped at the edge of the booth, staring down at Naomi. A smile slowly formed on his mouth. When he looked at Robert, Robert waved at him to sit down.

He slid into the booth, sliding right up next to Naomi like they were old friends.

Robert sat down on the other side of her, closer to the edge of the table so he could keep an eye out for the waiter.

“I’m Eric,” the guy said, extending a hand to Naomi. His eyes dropped to the hint of cleavage she’d exposed and lingered there. He seemed to intuit what this was going to be about.

“Naomi,” she replied, shaking his hand.

“So you’re not here to scam me, Naomi?” he asked.

Naomi laughed and touched her neck with the back of her hand. “Scam you? What?”

“He thought it was a scam,” Robert explained.

Naomi laughed again and shook her head. “No. Not a scam,” she said.

Eric ogled her cleavage again and smiled back at her. “To what do I owe the pleasure then?” he asked.

Naomi glanced at Robert. The look she gave him heated his insides and made his cock swell to life. She cleared her throat. “My husband recently discovered that he enjoys seeing me with other men,” she said.



Eric smiled wider at what she'd said. "Oh yeah?" he asked. He kept his eyes on Naomi.

Robert felt a small wave of humiliation wash over him. He hadn't expected that. Somehow hearing Naomi spell it out for this stranger was harder than actually seeing her with Todd. There was so much taboo surrounding marriage and faithfulness, he couldn't help but wonder if Eric would look down on him, or even pity him, for this strange fantasy.

Naomi turned her head and smiled at Eric.

Eric's head bobbed up and down. "Yeah. I heard about that a few times." His eyes fell to her breasts again, then wandered lower down her body as he checked her out. "You do this a lot?" he asked.

Naomi shook her head and seemed pleased at the attention she was getting from Eric. "First time," she replied. Her eyes darted to Robert's.

A shared moment passed between them. The knowledge that this wasn't the first time. That she'd cheated on him but it was too complicated to get into now with Eric. She looked back at Eric.

Eric's eyes opened a little wider. He leaned back in his seat and took a swig of his drink. "That's got to be exciting for you two then, huh?" he asked.

For a moment Naomi looked like she was about to lose her nerve. She composed herself, straightened in her seat and brought a hand up to the second button of her blouse. She glanced at Robert.

Robert looked out across the floor and, seeing the coast was clear, gave a slight nod.

She undid the button and slowly pulled the blouse down, along with her bra, until her nipple popped out. As soon as it did she went beet red in the face. She yanked the fabric back over her breast and leaned forward, pressing her forehead against the back of her hand and laughing. “Oh my god,” she whispered. “I can’t believe I just did that.”

Eric smirked and smiled even wider. He shook his head and shuffled sideways getting up real close to Naomi. “You’re adorable,” he said, staring at her.

Robert felt the tension ratchet up in his groin. The ‘assignment’ from Julius had been to find a guy and flash him her breast. Now that the difficult part was behind him he felt only hunger to see her be bad again. His heart thudded in his chest when Eric dropped his hand onto her lap.

Naomi stiffened and her eyes darted side to side. This hadn’t been part of the plan and she looked very nervous at what was happening.

Her reaction was eerily similar to what Julius had described. She looked so innocent and naive. Like she was young and whole again and hadn’t spread

her legs apart for anyone.

It had a deeply intoxicating effect on Robert that left him riveted to his seat and unable to move. He felt like he could barely breathe.

“That was nice,” Eric whispered, his mouth tantalizingly close to her neck. “I’ve got a little something for you, too,” he said.

Robert saw his arm shift in her lap.

Naomi’s lips parted and she drew in the tiniest breath.

Eric turned and looked at Robert, his smile betraying that he’d breached Naomi’s folds and was sliding his finger along the entrance to her pussy. “That what you like?” he asked.

Naomi gripped the edge of the table with both hands and sat perfectly still. She turned her head to look at Robert a bewildered but not at all disapproving expression on her face. Her jaw moved up and down like she was trying to speak but wasn’t sure what she wanted to say.

He gazed at her and let the eroticism of the situation wash over him. A stranger fingering his wife right in front of him in a hotel bar.

Eric turned to Naomi, watching her reactions to his ministrations, adjusting his stroke each time he saw pleasure flash across her expression. Finely tuning his caress until Naomi's body began to shudder. He raised his index finger of his free hand to his mouth and pressed it against his lips.

The liquid in their drink glasses shook as if from the tremors of a faint earthquake. Naomi's hands quaked and trembled as she gripped the table, trying to stay quiet through what was obviously a very intense orgasm. When it faded her shoulders slumped and she leaned back against the seat, eyelids drooping at her sated need.

Eric pulled his hand out of her lap. He raised two fingers to his nose and sniffed her scent. He picked up his glass and downed the last of his whiskey before turning to Robert. "Five-oh-one if you want more of that action. If not I hope you have a good night." He slipped off the seat and strutted across the room before disappearing out into the front foyer.

## Chapter Five

They stood in front of room 501 looking like the couple from American Gothic. Instead of holding a pitchfork Robert felt like one was being stabbed into his gut with each beat of his thumping heart.

It seemed to him that he was indulging in a sort of madness. He now realized that his arousal at watching Naomi cheat on him with Todd was one thing. It did not preclude that any trauma had occurred at having made that discovery. Because thinking of it happening again made his chest swell and his breath and heartbeat quicken. All signs of an impending fight or flight response that would occur entirely outside the boundaries of rational, reasonable thought. If she had asked him then to promise not to freak out he could have given no such assurance.

Naomi, for her part, was smoothing out the front of her partially unbuttoned blouse. Excitement glimmered in her eyes and she looked as ready as ever to burrow further down the rabbit hole of this sexual adventure. She turned to him, took his hand in hers and squeezed. “You ready?” she asked.

He swallowed back the increasing tightness in his throat. He’d never snorted any cocaine but wondered if the feelings surging through him might be similar to an imminent overdose. “I think I’m ready,” he said, giving a curt nod and a tight smile like his world was not being dismantled.

Naomi reached up and rapped her knuckles on the hotel door. She brought the fist to her mouth and coughed into it then stood up a little straighter.

The door opened a crack and Eric peered out from the darkness within. A second later a smile formed on his mouth. He took a step back and swung the door open, waving them into the room. “What a pleasant surprise,” he said. “Come on in.”

Naomi walked in first taking tight, blocky steps that made her body bounce with energy from the high heels she was wearing.

Robert followed, his sports jacket feeling like a sodden blanket wrapped around him. He was sweating profusely and feeling vaguely nauseous at what was coming.

The room was a small single. A queen sized bed in the middle, a cramped bathroom just off the door to the hallway and a small desk with a chair tucked under it. Next to the desk there was a low dresser with a TV on top. Eric had to squeeze past them in the hallway to walk into the room himself. He turned, clapped his hands together and grinned at them. “So, uh, I’ve never done this before. How does this work?”

Naomi flashed a tight smile. She turned to look at Robert, as if he would somehow magically have the answer to Eric’s awkward question. “I, uh, I haven’t...” he muttered, pressing his palms against his pants to wipe off the sweat.

“I told you it’s our first time,” Naomi said quietly.

Eric smirked. He tugged his pant legs and sat down on the bed. “Really? So then what got you flashing strange guys at the hotel bar?” he asked, chuckling.

The tension in Naomi’s smile eased. She looked down at her feet then sideways up at Robert. “Can I?” she asked quietly.

He nodded, his throat suddenly too dry to speak.

“Robert caught me cheating on him,” she said, then held up a hand. “I’m not going into any more detail. I’ll just say that’s how we got here,” she explained.

Eric held his hands up. “Fair enough. To be honest I was half joking down there when I gave you my room number. I was pretty sure I wouldn’t be seeing you again. Not that I mind that you’re here. I just...I’m not sure I can just...” He started chuckling, shook his head and looked down at the ground. “I don’t know if I can just do that if you’re sitting a couple of feet away and watching,” he said to Robert.

Robert wasn’t sure what was more embarrassing. Naomi once again divulging that she’d cheated on him to a stranger or Eric’s insinuation that he was responsible for making that same stranger comfortable enough to fuck his wife. “No. Of course. I understand completely,” he muttered.

He glanced around the room but was unsure why. As if some solution would magically present itself. He sure as hell wasn’t leaving Naomi alone

with Eric. His eyes settled on the small chair tucked under the desk. So small it was hard to imagine it would be useful to anyone but those with the most petite frames. He pointed a hand at it. "I could...maybe I could just sit by the bathroom here? That way you wouldn't really see me? You could pretend like I wasn't here."

Naomi and Eric both looked to the chair, then to the hall where Robert was standing. "We could give it a shot? I guess?" Eric said, looking at Naomi.

"It might work," she said. She was looking at him with a fondness that was, at once, disquieting and arousing to Robert.

Eric stood and pulled the chair out from under the desk. He lifted it in the air and swung it over the bed then squeezed past Naomi first, then Robert to set it down next to the bathroom door. He pressed himself against the wall and squeezed back into the room and let out a small chuckle. He motioned towards the chair with his hand, then at the mirror. "You might be able to see the reflection there."

Robert felt a warm, moist heat wash over him. The memories of lurking behind doors and around corners filled his mind. Seeing Naomi taking it from Todd, ignorant of Robert watching, was a potent aphrodisiac. His cock swelled in his pants. "Um, sure," he muttered. He turned and walked the few steps to the chair then sat down in it. The hallway light was off and he was cloaked in darkness but had a decent view of half the bed around the corner.



Eric smiled and made his move. He stepped towards Naomi, put his hands on her shoulder and gazed into her eyes. He glanced sideways at Robert, started chuckling and shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, turning them both so his back was to Robert and she could see him over Eric's shoulder.

An angsty arousal flared through Robert at the look she gave him. Again Julius' observation proved true. She looked so innocent. So uncorrupted standing there behind the man who was about to defile her.

Eric put a hand behind her neck. She closed her eyes. He leaned in and pressed his lips against hers in a gentle kiss.

It pressed Robert down, down, down into the dark space in his mind he'd inhabited watching her with Todd. A deep pit with a fiery arousal burning at the bottom. He gripped the edges of the seat and braced himself for what he was about to see.

"You're gorgeous," Eric whispered, unbuttoning her blouse.

Naomi's eyes fluttered down to his fingers expertly prying the buttons apart, then back up to his. She stared at him with a certain disbelief. Like she hadn't fully accepted that she was about to make love to this man.

Robert realized that was what infused the innocence into her expression. Her wide eyes saying "am I really about to do this?" It scratched some primal itch inside him that made his cock throb.

Having undone all the buttons, Eric gently pushed the blouse off her shoulders. He pulled it down her arms and looked down at her abundant breasts.

Naomi stirred to life. She glanced down at her chest, reached up and unclasped the front of her bra. Pulled the two sides apart and looked up into Eric's eyes at the same moment her tits were revealed.

Eric stared at them with the endless fascination men of all ages have for breasts. He placed his hands on the sides and gave them a soft squeeze. Then he thumbed her nipples, drawing slow circles around them until they became stiff.

Naomi pulled his belt open and undid the front of his pants. She let them fall to the floor and smiled at him. "Can I take it out?" she asked, her voice soft.

Eric nodded, still playing with her tits.

She glanced at Robert and sucked one side of her bottom lip into her mouth.

She was no longer the wife he'd known for so many years. She'd transformed into an angel. A perfect creature that was about to do the dirtiest thing he could imagine.

She reached into Eric's boxers and her eyes widened. They fell to his waist as she pulled out his cock. "Oh," she said, laughing and looking away for a moment. "Oh, wow." Her eyes moved back to his member.

Robert craned his neck to look at the reflection in the mirror and realized what her surprise was about. Eric had an impressively large cock. Half-erect and dropping down, when Naomi stroked down to the root of it with her hand the head reached halfway to her elbow. She continued stroking it, staring at it with an intense fascination.

When Eric made to kiss her again she pressed a hand against his chest. "No more kisses please," she said.

That constricted Robert's chest. His sweet thing willing to get nasty but no kisses on the mouth. Those she saved for her husband after she'd been fucked. His cock throbbed.

Naomi reached behind herself and undid her skirt. She wiggled out of it and let it fall to the floor. Now in just her underwear and heels she sank down into a crouch in front of Eric. Opening her mouth she sucked the head of his cock in and her cheeks hollowed as she looked up into his eyes.

"Oh fuck," Eric whispered. "Fuck that's nice." He started unbuttoning his shirt, staring down at Naomi as she sucked him off. Undoing his cuffs he pulled the shirt off and threw it on the desk. He had a good physique with well defined, lean muscles. He wasn't huge, which had the effect of making his cock look that much bigger.

Naomi kept just the tip in her mouth. Sucking on it and working it with her tongue until he was stiff and pointing slightly upwards. Taking it out of her mouth she stood up and stroked it as she looked into his eyes again.

Eric put his hands back on her shoulders. He turned her sideways, moving her until the bed was against her calves. He helped her sit then sank down to his knees as she opened her legs for him.

She turned and looked at Robert, excitement dancing in her eyes.

Eric's cock was stiff and pointing in an upward arc towards Naomi's chin. He pressed her onto her back on the bed.

Seeing her legs open and watching Eric crawl between them was terrifyingly magical for Robert.

With his cock bouncing just above Naomi's pussy, Eric cupped her breast and squeezed it. He lowered his face to it and slurped her nipple into his mouth. He looked up into her eyes as he pulled it deep and swirled around it with his tongue.

Naomi squirmed and what seemed to be consternation furrowed her brow.

Eric let the nipple fall out of his mouth with a wet pop. “Not so much?” he asked.

Naomi flashed a shy smile and blushed. “Not so much,” she whispered. She hadn’t enjoyed having her breasts sucked since she’d had to use them as a feeding apparatus.

Eric proved to be a gentleman. He slid off the bed onto his knees. Gripped Naomi by the hips and tugged her closer to the edge, putting her pussy right in front of his mouth.

“You don’t really have to...” she said, shaking her head.

“I want to,” Eric replied. He pressed his open lips over her clit and slurped it into his mouth.

Naomi trembled and her back arched. She grabbed fistfuls of the sheets and balled them in her hands as Eric greedily fed at her cunt, staring up into her eyes the whole time.

Robert felt like the room had started to spin around him. He felt utterly detached from the life he’d led thus far. Seeing Naomi in the throes of ecstasy, another man performing cunnilingus on her, short-circuited his rational mind. The image connected straight with his cock, making it throb and leak in his pants.

“Oh shit,” Naomi squeaked. She peered down her body, her chin touching her chest as she watched Eric eat her out. “Oh shit!” she squeaked again. Her legs flailed around Eric’s shoulders and her ass flapped up and down on the bed as Eric brought her to climax with his mouth and tongue.

As the climax eased and her pussy became more sensitive she put her hands on Eric’s head to push him away. He stayed at it for a few more seconds, squeezing out a few more shudders out of her body before pulling away and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. When he started crawling back up onto the bed Naomi pressed a hand against his chest.

“Not like that,” she said. She pulled one leg out from under his arm, twisted her body on the bed then rose onto all fours facing Robert. “Like this,” she whispered.

Eric shrugged. He rounded the bed and positioned himself behind her. Pulled her ass cheeks apart with his thumbs and pressed his cock against the wet folds of her sex. “Wow. You’ve got a beautiful ass hole. You like it in the ass?” he asked.

Naomi glanced over her shoulder and shook her head at him. “I don’t like it like that,” she said.

For some reason the awkwardness of the encounter only made it hotter for Robert. Two strangers who’d never done this learning the ropes. Him sitting helplessly watching in the dark corner. There was something perverse about it that he liked.

“Hey I don’t have a condom or anything,” Eric said.

Naomi shook her head again. “It’s not going to be a problem.”

“Not going to be a problem like…” Eric said, but didn’t finish the sentence.

“Like whatever happens is fine,” Naomi whispered.

That grabbed Robert right by the balls. Hearing his wife giving her strange lover permission to come aboard and come inside if he wanted. He knew part of her awkwardness was due to the fact that he was there watching and he loved that, too.

Eric pried her pussy apart. He pressed the head of his cock into it.

Naomi’s body bucked forward slightly. She braced herself against the mattress.

“Alright? That alright?” Eric asked.

She nodded.

He pulled the head of his cock halfway out, then pushed it in deeper, sinking about half of his shaft into her body.

“Oh...god,” Naomi moaned. She was lost in her own world. She hadn’t looked at Robert since she’d been standing up. She was wrapped up in whatever sensations and feelings were coursing through her because of this strange man pressing into her.

“You want a little mo...”

“I want all of it,” she gasped before he’d even finished asking.

The words stabbed deep into Robert’s guts and groin. She wanted all of it. She wanted all of Eric’s cock inside her and she was either too unashamed, or too lost in the moment, to tell him that outright.

Eric smiled with one corner of his mouth. He pulled her ass down a little lower so she was in a kneeling crouch on the bed. Gripping her hips he pushed the rest of his cock into her dripping pussy, his balls dangling just underneath.

“Oh god that’s deep,” Naomi groaned.

Eric drew out of her and sank back in.



Again she clawed at the sheets.

He found a slow rhythm, her pussy making slick pops and splurts as his cock moved in and out of it. When her body started rocking in time with his thrusts he picked up the pace. He started pulling her ass back to meet each thrust so his pelvis whacked the thick globes each time he drilled into her.

As her body shook and her tits smacked against each other she slowly raised her eyes.

Robert gasped when they locked stares. She seemed helpless but happy. Happy to be letting another man use her body while her husband watched. Her gaze seemed to say “I can’t believe this is happening” and “I love you” all at the same time. His cock became painfully erect and he felt more precum spill from the tip. When he glanced down he saw the dark stained that had formed around his zipper.

He couldn’t be sure how long he sat there. Naomi had two orgasms on Eric’s cock before he lost count. Her body was a source of endless fascination. He had the thought that a man can’t truly appreciate his wife’s beauty when he’s having sex with her. All one got were glances of thighs and breasts, hints of how a woman moves when she’s in the thrall of being fucked.

Here he could make out every shape, every contour. The shapes her body took because of her pleasure were something he would remember for the rest of his life.

She alternated staring at him and looking down at the bed. Allowing herself to become lost in the sensation of Eric fucking her.

Eric's rough grunt snapped Robert out of his trance. His eyes fell to Eric's hips which had started driving his cock faster and faster into Naomi. Eric's eyes fell to the tiny eyelet of her ass hole. He grunted again and buried his cock into her cunt. A groan rumbled out of him and Robert knew it meant he was spilling inside her. His seed was erupting, filling Naomi's tight cavity. Could she feel it? Did she like it the same way she said she liked it when Robert came inside her? Or was it different with Eric? Did she feel any guilt? Or was she too aroused for that?

His answer came in the form of a low, lewd, lowing moan muffled by the sheets in front of Naomi's mouth. Apparently Eric seeding her had triggered another climax.

When Eric groaned again Robert knew very well why. He knew the way Naomi's pussy squeezed when she came. Her already tight walls tightening into a vise, milking the cum from Eric's body into herself. He gripped the sides of his chair, worried he was going to fall off from excitement.

The moment dissipated to the sound of both of them panting. The stench of hot, wet sex hung heavy in the air of the small room. When Eric pulled his cock out of her Robert saw a dribble of his sperm rush out onto the sheets. Eric stepped away looking a lot more embarrassed than Robert had expected him to. He picked his underwear up off the floor and put them on then put a hand on the back of his neck. "That was, uh...that was great. I've, uh, I've actually got a big meeting first thing though," he muttered.

Naomi, still prostrate on the bed, rolled over to sit. She covered her breasts with an arm and bit her lip. “Oh sure,” she said. “We’ll get out of your hair.”

It was a sterile, clinical and somewhat disappointing end to the evening. That had no effect on Robert’s arousal. Not bothered by Eric’s embarrassment he stood up and moved the chair back under the desk. He went back to stand in the dark hall and wait while Naomi put her clothes on and Eric looked the other way. When she walked over to join him he felt like he should say something about what had just happened. “Uh, so, thanks,” he muttered.

Eric, still looking the other way, nodded. “Yeah. Great. You too,” he said.

A moment later and they were almost running down the hotel hallway.

## Chapter Six

“Was it hot?” Naomi asked after they’d piled into the car and Robert had turned the engine on.

He was a sweaty, shaking mess. He glanced sideways at her and shook his head. When her eyes widened in shock he nodded. “Yes. No, yes, I mean yes it was very hot. I just...I can’t really think straight right now,” he blathered.

Naomi narrowed one eye and cast a very wary glance at him. “Do you want me to drive?” she asked.

He shook his head again. “No. It’s fine. I’m fine. I can do this. I can drive no problem,” he said, pulling the car out onto the street.

A few minutes of awkward silence down the road and she tried again. “Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

He relaxed his iron grip on the steering wheel and nodded. “Yes. I do. Very much,” he said, a little breathless. “But not right now. Right now I just...I want to get home. I need to get home.” He realized he sounded somewhat delirious. He put a hand on her knee and squeezed it, flashing a tight smile to try and assuage her worry. “Everything’s fine. I promise. That was just...so intense.”

She seemed to accept that explanation because she let out a soft sigh and sank back into her seat.

When he pulled into the driveway ten minutes after that he turned the car off, jumped out the door and darted around to the passenger side. He opened her door for her and offered his hand to help her out like she was pregnant and couldn't hoist herself out on her own.

"Robert! Can you stop acting like that?" she snapped. "You're freaking me right out!"

He lowered his hand and took a step back. "Yes. Of course. Of course I can. I don't mean to freak you out."

She glowered at him as she stood up out of the car and shut the door behind her. She turned on her heel and strutted towards the house with Robert loping after her feeling like a teenager after his first date wondering if he'd get a kiss.

When they were inside with the door closed she turned around and folded her arms over her chest and scowled at him.

Regret throbbed through him that he'd let his crazier side come out and ruin what had been a perfectly sexy set-up to the rest of the evening. "I'm sorry," he muttered. "I know I'm acting crazy."

“What is going on?” she demanded, her voice turning to a light whine.

He put his hands on her upper arms and took a few deep breaths. “That... that was...that was just incredible,” he said.

The tension left her arms and her severe expression eased.

“I can’t explain it. I mean maybe I can but not right now. Seeing you like that, seeing you with him...it was like getting a stake driven through my heart.”

Her eyes widened again. “But that’s terrible!” she moaned.

He shook his head. “No, no. No, no, no, no. It was the very best kind of stake. I don’t...I feel like I’m never going to be able to look away from you again, Naomi. All I want to do is stare at you. You’re so beautiful. You were so beautiful in there it was like I’d never really seen you at all before.”

She blushed and smiled but gave her eyes a little roll. “Well that’s a little over the top, I think,” she said, though he could tell she enjoyed hearing it.

“That’s just the thing. It’s not. It’s not over the top at all. I just want to hold you and caress you. I just want to touch your beautiful body again and feel

the love we have between us.” He felt like a panting dog with it’s tongue lolling out one side of it’s mouth. “Will you come upstairs? Will you make love to me?”

She looked off to one side. “I should probably go clean up first,” she said, her voice a whisper.

“No! I mean if you really want to you yes. But I want all of you. I want your dirty bits, Naomi. I want to...is he still inside you? I want to feel him squeezing out of you when I go in. Oh my god what am I saying?” he asked, pressing a hand against his forehead. He was sure she was about to be thoroughly disgusted by what he’d proposed. His heart gave two hard thuds in his chest when she cast a a sultry, sideways look in his direction instead.

“Do you really want that?” she asked.

“I want it so much,” he said, drawing closer to her and taking a deep whiff of her tainted scent.

“I can’t remember the last time I saw you like this. I don’t know if I’ve ever seen you like this,” she said, giggling. “Fine. Let’s go upstairs.” She let the purse strap fall off her shoulder and set the purse on the floor. Unbuttoning her blouse she kicked her shoes off and started walking up the stairs in bare feet, her wonderful, wide rear swinging from side to side.

Robert followed her feeling like a dog on a leash, slavering over her hourglass figure and the lingering smell of sex wafting off her body. He knew he would not last long once inside her and was intent on wringing out every second of pleasure and angst he could experience before he popped.

In the bedroom she turned and pulled her blouse off. Unzipped her skirt and pulled it down her legs. She undid her bra and those glorious heaving breasts sagged out while Robert pulled off socks and shirts and threw them on the floor.

She chuckled at his frantic undressing. Naked now she put a hand on her hip and sauntered over to the bed. She lay down with her back against the pillow and one leg modestly bent against the other. "So what do you want to do with me now?" she asked, smiling.

What he wanted to do was unspeakable. What he wanted to do was become Dr. Robert with a speculum and measuring cup. Open her with his spectacles on and tease out the mess Eric had deposited inside her into the container. What he would do from there he didn't know. He just wanted to stare at it. To see it come out of her and not just feel it on his cock. "Can I... can I go between your legs?" he asked, feeling even more perverted.

"You mean..."

"I just want to see a bit of it please?"



She hesitated for a moment, obviously running into her usual prudishness. Then she wiggled her body against the pillows and slowly, seductively, opened her legs. She put a hand on the inside of each thigh and drew them down then up, inviting him to come to her.

He crawled onto the bed naked. His cock felt like a tense spring poking out from between his legs. His balls were swollen with a copious volume of ejaculate and he nearly erupted when he touched the soft flesh of her thighs. Arranging himself on his belly between her legs he pressed a finger against her pussy. He looked up to see her staring down at him over her breasts. "Am I being creepy?" he whispered.

She chuckled. "Sort of. But it's kind of fun. And I can't say I'm not flattered by all of this attention."

"You're my goddess," he whispered.

She laughed and rolled her eyes. "Really, Robert. Don't lay it on too thick. It's hard to suspend my disbelief that way."

He shook his head. "No I'm serious." He held out a finger and pressed it against the button of her clit. Her vagina was still a messy tangle from the fuck at the hotel. When he circled her clit with his finger she drew in a quick breath and her body undulated.

"It's sensitive," she whispered. She put her hand over his. "Put a finger in."

He slipped the tip of his finger down the line of her slit. When he came to the hole he pressed inside. Her walls were warm and tight as always. He shuddered when he felt the slime. Eric's greasy deposit, kept warm by her insides, coated his digit.

"Can you feel it?" she asked. She looked into his eyes.

There was a wicked twinkle in her stare. Like she knew just how dirty he wanted it and was ready to play his game. He nodded. "I can feel it," he said.

"Pull some out," she ordered.

He obliged. Twisting his finger inside her he crooked it and pulled it out of her pussy covered in a thick glob of yellowish spunk. He lifted it and showed it to her, staring at it himself.

She grabbed his wrist with both hands and pulled herself into a squatting sit with her shoulders lightly hunched. Her gentle belly sagged slightly over her furry cooch. Her breasts hung over that. She raised his hand, the finger extended, to her mouth and gazed into his eyes.

His eyes widened when she opened her mouth. His jaw dropped when she moved his finger into it and closed her lips around it. He groaned and shuddered when he felt her tongue swipe around it once, twice, thrice. After

scooping up the filthy deposit she pulled his finger from her mouth. She opened her mouth just a bit and pressed out her tongue enough that he could see the curdled mess of Eric's filth coating it. Then she closed it, tipped her head back and swallowed.

"Oh my god, Naomi," he groaned, gazing at her in disbelief at what she'd done. "I think I might come from just seeing that."

She slowly shook her head side to side. "Robert," she said, putting a hand on his cheek. "I want you to eat my pussy."

How did she know, he wondered? How did such an upstanding, dignified woman know the filthy desires that lurked in the basements of men's minds? "Are you serious?" he asked.

"Deadly serious," she replied.

He shuffled closer. The acrid dank scent of Eric's brackish seed mingled with the sweet pungence of her lubricating juices singed his nostrils. He pressed his lips against her clit then lashed out at it with his tongue.

"Oh," she groaned, sinking luxuriously back against the pillows and letting her hands fall to her sides. Reclining like that she let him feast on her engorged bulb until a gentle orgasm trembled through her body.

He continued licking at her until he felt her still. Then he clambered up onto his hands and knees and up onto her body, his cock sproinging in fitful jerks between his legs. He was just about to mount her when she touched his cheek again. He turned and locked eyes with her.

“I love you, Robert,” she whispered.

“I love you so much,” he whispered back.

Her hands drifted to his ass. She gazed into his eyes as he pointed his prick at her soft, hot folds and pressed inside.

A low groan rumbled out of him as his cock was ensconced in her wet and squeezing cunt. The remainder of Eric’s spend coated his prick and the overflow squished out between the petals of her pussy.

“Oh, Robert,” she whispered, gazing into his eyes.

He drew his cock out and squeezed it back inside. An ecstatic pleasure crashed through him at feeling the walls of her heavenly receptacle tickling the sides of his shaft and nursing his nut out. “God I can’t take it any longer,” he moaned.

“Fill me. Fill me, Robert. Fuck your cum into me,” she urged.

Two more strokes and he was done. His cock lurched and triggered his climax. A gush of thick ejaculate poured out of him and into Naomi.

“Oh it feels so good when you do that Robert. It feels so good,” she groaned.

As the blissful waves of release rolled over him he couldn't help but remember how Eric's emission had brought her to orgasm. He wondered if she was simply too exhausted, or sore to have another one? The thought left him quickly when he collapsed on top of her and she folded her arms around his back, cradling him against her breasts.

## Chapter Seven

He couldn't stop marveling at her as they walked towards the seedy, industrial cube of a building that housed Julius' shady club. He'd spent the evening watching her as she put on her makeup and dressed. To the point where she'd laughed and shut the door to the bathroom, telling him that now he really was creeping her out.

The encounter the day before had done something to her. It had emboldened her. Maybe because now she was a little more certain that he wasn't going to freak out. That he wasn't going to let his sexual paranoia get the better of him. But he had a suspicion that it had something to do with how enthusiastic he'd been about it afterwards.

She'd spent the whole day that day wearing a slight smile on her face. It widened every time she caught him gawking at her, even though she'd often laugh and tell him to turn down the creepy. She liked it. He was sure of it. She liked how enamored he was of her again. And she was right when she said he'd never been that way before.

Of course he'd fallen for her deeply when they'd first met. That wasn't like anything he was going through now. Now he felt like he was obsessed with her and would only get more so with every fresh man she devoured. Seeing her with Eric had made her power over him grow. Not in some kind of weird, dominating way. No. She commanded more of his attention now. And if things went the same way with Julius that they had with Eric, she'd command even more.

They knocked at the door and the same bouncer opened it a few seconds later. He looked from Robert to Naomi, down her lovely, full figure, then back to Robert again. “Can I help you?” he asked.

“Looking to learn more about the donkey,” Robert said. Julius had sent the bizarre passphrase earlier that day.

The bouncer pulled his lips between his teeth like he was fighting back a laugh, then stepped aside. “Right this way sir,” he said, waving them inside.

They stepped inside and waited for him to close the door. He pulled it shut and walked ahead, leading them through the same lounge they’d walked through the week before. They met the same man on the other side of the door, who dutifully led them to the door to Julius’ den.

Naomi gasped when they stepped into the dimly lit room. She gripped Robert’s hand tight.

Julius was sprawled out on the couch. His arms were splayed out on the backrest and his legs were spread wide open. Two of the women they’d seen on their previous visit were seated on the floor, feet tucked under their legs. One had her mouth full of Julius’s cock, languidly gliding back and forth on it with her lips. The other had her cheek pressed against the couch seat and was sucking on one of Julius’ testicles.

The third sat on the couch curled up under Julius’ arm, her lips locked to his in slow and sloppy French kiss.

As they stood there Becky scurried up to them from behind the bar. “He’ll be finished in just a little bit,” she whispered.

Her soft voice made Julius stir. He pulled away from kissing the woman and slid his glasses down his nose to look at them. “Is it eight o’clock already?” he muttered. He looked down at the two women between his legs. “Girls we’ll have to finish this up later. Or tomorrow, maybe. Depends on how the evening goes.

The women looked a little disappointed. The one sucking his nut let the testicle fall out of her mouth and hoisted herself to her feet. The other, giving him a blowjob, slowly eased his cock out of her mouth.

As she did Robert and Naomi’s eyes bugged. As inch after thick inch of it emerged it became clear that this had been more of a throatjob. The turgid member was as thick as the woman’s wrist and easily ten inches long. As she pulled her lips away from it a slimy strand of saliva clung between the head and her mouth. She looked longingly up at him as she snapped it up with her tongue then slurped it up, stroking the inside of his thigh with her hand.

“You’ll get more of that later. Promise,” Julius said, caressing her jaw with two fingers.

She rose to her feet, head lowered and was about to turn towards the door when Julius took her hand in his. “Put that away for me for now, baby,” he



said. He watched as she bent at the waist and tucked his enormous cock back into his underwear and pants, then did up the zipper.

The woman sitting next to him stood up and the three filed past Naomi and Robert with their heads down until they disappeared out the door.

Robert turned to look at Naomi. She was still staring at the large bulge in Julius' pants. She was obviously still shocked by both the size of his endowment and the fact they'd been allowed to walk in on the vulgar quartet. When Robert squeezed her hand she stirred, seemed to remember where she was and with whom, and collected herself. She cleared her throat and stood up straight acting as if nothing untoward had happened at all.

"He'll see you now," Becky said quietly. She waved a hand towards the couch opposite Julius.

"Welcome," Julius said as they walked towards him. He watched them seat themselves and Naomi arrange the front of her blouse, trying to keep her eyes away from his.

After a while the silence grew unbearably uncomfortable for Robert. He shifted in his seat and coughed. "Is that, uh, is that normally how you spend your time?" he asked, smiling and hoping Julius would take the question lightly.

Julius smiled. "That's how I spend my time on a Saturday night sometimes, yes," he replied. "But let's not talk about me. Let's talk about you two."

The back of Robert's neck heated.

“Or, more specifically, let's talk about whether you did your homework?”

Robert glanced at Naomi. She seemed cowed. The confidence she'd found after having sex with Eric was nowhere to be seen. She could barely look at Julius. Robert, on the other hand, was very eager to submerge himself back into his fantasy. He knew Naomi probably just needed a little nudge.

“Naomi fucked another man this week,” he said, staring at her.

“Did she?” Julius asked, a smile stretching across his mouth.

“She did,” Robert replied.

“And you enjoyed that did you Robert?” Julius asked.

Robert paused a moment as a slight embarrassment washed over him. “I did,” he whispered.

Julius let a long silence stretch out again. “Well then I think we can get this show on the road then.” He let his hand fall to the seat of the couch and patted it three times. “Naomi why don't you come have a seat over here?” he said.

Naomi cleared her throat again. She pulled her purse off of her shoulder and set it behind her on the couch. “I’ll just leave that here,” she said, as if that made any difference to anything at all. She stood up and looked as nervous rounding the small table between them and Julius as if she were going to give her valedictorian speech in front of the entire school.

Robert found that endlessly fascinating. She’d played the game so confidently with Eric the night before. What was it about Julius that seemed to intimidate her so much? She’d been the one who’d said he was cosplaying a B-list porn star. Now she was acting like he was the school principal and she was going into his office for a reprimand. She was a successful, middle-aged woman but looked as shy as a woman half her age or less.

Julius moved his hand away and she sat down on the edge of the couch next to him. Her legs knees modestly pressed together, hands on her lap.

Julius started to chuckle. “You scared of me?” he asked.

“Of course not,” Naomi muttered, scowling.

“Come a little closer then. I won’t bite,” Julius said.

She moved a few inches closer.

Julius reached around her back and put one of his large paws on her shoulder. He gently pulled it until she could do nothing but fall back and curl under his arm into the same position the woman he'd been kissing had occupied. He eyed her up and down, the smile lingering on his lips.

Robert saw her eyes dart to the deflating bulge in Julius' pants. A bolt of excitement shot through him, laced with a bit of angst. Already he was imagining what Naomi might look like taking that thick, dark monolith into her curvy body. Just the thought of it brought his erection surging to life.

Julius saw the glance, too. He smiled a little wider and leaned closer to her. "You're curious about that thing aren't you?" he asked.

Naomi glanced at Robert, smirked and gave her eyes a slight roll.

"She is," Robert said. He felt like it wasn't really him who'd chosen to speak the words. They'd just sort of come out.

Naomi's eyes widened and she looked up at him from under her brow.

"Yeah, she is," Julius echoed, chuckling. "Look at how beautiful that is," he said, putting a finger on her chin and turning her head to face Robert. "See that innocence. How shy she is? That's what I'm talking about. That's the magic right there."

Robert gazed into her eyes and could have sworn he could see it, too. She was still Naomi but her expression and posture were full of apprehension. Maybe even a little fear.

With his free hand Julius undid his zipper. He reached into his pants, wrapped his hand around his cock and pulled it out. It flopped lazily towards Naomi like a half-wilted flower that needed some water in a vase.

Her eyes immediately darted to it and widened. She stared at it with a ferocious intensity.

Robert knew she couldn't help herself. He knew she felt as helpless as he did in that moment. The half-flaccid dark wand had power.

"Bring your hand on it," Julius urged.

Naomi's hand floated up off her lap. It closed the distance to the black cock and hovered above it for a moment. Then she laid her palm on the shaft and let it fall toward the root, petting it like one would a cat. When it twitched she gasped then started chuckling softly, obviously embarrassed by her reaction.

Julius chuckled too. "It won't bite you either," he said.

Naomi shook her head.

“Go on. Take it. You hold it,” Julius said.

Robert’s gaze remained riveted to Naomi’s hand as she wrapped it around the thick shaft and gave it a squeeze. The cock head rose and swung slowly the other way like a lazy dragon waking up.

Naomi gave it a few slow strokes. The way her wrist bent as her hand went up and down made it look like she’d never held a man’s equipment before.

“Oh I know you know how to do it better than that,” Julius said.

Naomi let out a terse sigh and glanced at Becky behind the bar.

Julius noticed the look. His head swung slowly to the side to look at Becky. “Give us a little time, Beck?” he said.

“Of course,” Becky replied. She quickly made her way to the door and slipped out.

Naomi seemed to relax as soon as she was gone.

“You’re a little shy?” Julius asked.

“We’re just not this...open about this stuff,” Naomi replied quietly.

Julius tucked her hair behind her ear. “But it’s just the three of us now. You gonna’ show me how you really do it?” he asked.

Naomi responded with three tight, cute nods. She bent at the waist until her lips were just above the cock head. She paused for a moment.

Robert’s insides went tight.

She opened her mouth and sank down onto the head of the cock. As her head moved slowly up and down she started stroking the shaft with her hand, matching the rhythm of her mouth.

Julius put both arms up on the back of the couch again and settled deeper into it. He smiled at Robert. “That what you wanted?” he asked.

Robert nodded without looking up. His eyes were glued to his beautiful Naomi with that thick, black cock inside her mouth. His mind was down between his legs where his cock was throbbing so furiously it felt like it might erupt.

## Chapter Eight

A few minutes of gawking at Naomi working Julius' cock made Robert realize what was adding heat to the scene this time. Instead of a sexy, tight outfit Naomi had opted for a frilly blouse and a far longer skirt. She looked like she belonged in front of a classroom or at a PTA meeting and not in a sex club. He imagined her having stumbled into this place by accident on the way to do some banking or a doctor's appointment or something. The sight of the cock had so disarmed her that she'd had no choice but to end up with it in her mouth.

It was a silly, immature fantasy but it really ratcheted up his arousal.

As Naomi continued to work Julius' cock with her mouth her hair fell down, covering her face.

Julius reached over to a side table by the couch. He picked up a pink scrunchie, pulled Naomi's hair into a pony tail and tied it up at the back of her head.

Robert drew in a sharp breath. It was a gentlemanly gesture on Julius' part but deeply perverted. An acknowledgment that Robert was there to see just this. His wife hauling on a black cock.

Julius put his arm back on the couch and leaned his head back. He sighed and closed his eyes.



Naomi continued dutifully sucking. Five minutes passed. Then ten.

Each minute passing made more tension twist through Robert. How long was she going to keep this up? Was Julius going to ejaculate inside her mouth? He didn't look anywhere close to coming. When Naomi finally came up for air her mouth was a slobbery mess. She breathed deeply and heavily, sucking air into her lungs. The cock was rock hard now. Standing up tall and proud. Commanding more be done with it.

Julius looked down at her. "You ready to be done that part?" he asked.

Naomi swallowed. She shook her head, wrapped her lips back around the cock and started pulling with her mouth again.

Robert's jaw dropped. She wasn't actually enjoying giving Julius head so much that she needed another helping, was she? Because her jaw was surely sore and she'd never given Robert that kind of blow job for that long. Was she being serious? Or was she playing it up for their little game? His cock ached in his lap.

Julius watched her head bobbing on his lap for another five minutes before he started chuckling. "Alright. Alright. Enough of that. You're gonna' make me nut if you keep that up," he said.

His casual manner totally disarmed Robert. It was like he was giving them both permission to play out their dirty fantasies. No pressure and no strings attached. If there was a heaven is this what it felt like? Was heaven watching your wife become a pornographic actress?

Naomi pulled away from the cock again. She let go of it with her hand. When Julius smiled at her she let out a shy laugh and wiped her mouth.

“You like that?” Julius asked.

She nodded. She didn’t look at Robert.

The nod sent another blazing thrill through Robert. She really liked sucking that cock that much?

“You ready to take some clothes off?” Julius asked.

Naomi nodded again.

“Go on then. Get that shirt off,” Julius said.

Naomi looked down and unbuttoned her blouse. She pulled it off her shoulders slowly, revealing the large, white underwire bra beneath.

Julius smiled when he saw her cleavage. “Oh I don’t have the patience to wait around for those,” he said. “Get those out.”

Robert rubbed a hand over his mouth and shook his head. The way Julius was talking to Naomi, almost objectifying her, though that was a horrible thing to think, was insanely hot. Naomi’s shy submission made it even hotter. She’d never, ever let Robert talk to her like that. Not in a million years. Here she was happily turning into Julius’ toy right before his eyes.

She unclasped the bra. It sagged as the tension left it. She shrugged and pulled it forward off her shoulders.

“Oh yeah,” Julius purred. He reached out and fondled her breast. Flicked at the nipple with his thumb and circled it. “I need some of that,” he said. He patted his thigh. “Come on up here.”

Naomi giggled and shook her head. “I think I have to take my skirt off for that,” she said quietly.

“I’m not gonna’ complain. Promise,” Julius said.

Naomi laughed again. She wiggled off the couch and unzipped her skirt. Flashed Robert a nervous smile as she pulled it down her legs.

Robert, his cock engorged and throbbing, gave her an encouraging nod.

“Might as well take those tighty-whities off, too,” Julius said, pointing at her underwear.

Naomi paused and laughed softly.

“Just the three of us. Look at your husband. Look at him. Look how happy he is. He never seen you like this. You’re about to get a pussy full of big, black cock. He looks like a kid at Christmas.”

Naomi turned and looked at Robert over her shoulder. Her cheeks were bright red but she was smiling. She gave her ass a wag as she peeled her underwear off of it.

“Holy shit,” Julius muttered. “Phat ass and a pussy au naturel? Yes please,” he said, reaching out and squeezing her ass. “Now come on. Get on here. I want some titty to whet my appetite.”

A look of concern passed over her expression. She straddled his lap and sat down on it anyways. She gazed at her breasts as his dark hands moved over the soft, white flesh.

Robert wondered if he should mention that Naomi didn’t like breast play? It would be so awkward saying something like that. But she seemed too shy to

bring it up herself, like she had with Eric. Before he could decide whether to say anything or not Julius slurped one of her nipples and a quarter of her breast into his mouth. He looked up into her eyes as he gave it a long, slow pull.

Naomi's body shuddered. She pressed her hands against the back of the couch on either side of Julius' head. Her head rolled back and she let out a bovine moan. Her hips rolled back and forth, massaging the dark erection pressed into her ass crack.

Julius let go of her breast with a wet smack. "So good," he whispered. He slurped her other breast into his mouth and did the same.

Robert jumped when he saw two black fingers emerge from under Naomi's groin. They parted her soaked pink folds and wiggled up into her.

Her hips started rolling back and forth faster and harder. Her thighs were coated in the wet sheen of her own arousal. The fluid began to drip out of her and onto Julius' pants, forming a dark stain there.

She moaned and rocked back and forth fucking herself on his fingers.

Julius continued to nurse on her breast. Sucking and slurping at it, rolling his tongue over the nipple and, when the tit fell out of his mouth, plopping the other one in and giving it the same treatment.

Robert stared wide-eyed as Naomi went wild with pleasure on Julius' lap. She squirmed and wiggled her hips, trying to find the perfect spot inside her pussy where his fingers hit just right. What was wildest, though, was how aroused she seemed by his teat-suckling. Robert couldn't help but wonder if there really was something strangely special about Julius. That he really had sensed a sort of magical sexual superpower from the man.

Finally Naomi erupted with a loud, wailing moan. She put her hands behind her head and ground her pelvis against Julius' hand, riding out the enormous orgasm and leaving a huge wet spot on the front of his pants.

Julius let her tit fall out of his mouth when she fell forward onto him, panting and sucking in deep lungfuls of air. He eased his fingers out of her pussy, put his hands on her hips and rolled her off to the side.

She fell onto her back on the couch. One foot fell down to the floor, the other leg leaning against the backrest leaving her pussy in full view. She pressed the back of her hand against her forehead and moaned. "Oh my god!"

## Chapter Nine

Julius put a fist on either side of him and pushed himself to stand. He walked over to the bar with his cock dangling out the front of his pants, poured himself a glass of water and downed it in three chugs before turning to Robert. “That’s how I train ‘em,” he said, undoing his belt. “Give ‘em all that pleasure, show ‘em what’s in store if they just behave and do what I say,” he explained.

Robert stared at him in disbelief. The guy talked the talk and, from what he’d just seen, seemed perfectly capable of walking the walk. Could it be that he really was some dark, sexual wizard? He looked away as Julius began to undress.

“Oh you don’t have to be shy,” Julius said. “We’re going to get to know each other real good before this is all over. Your girl’s got real talent. I’m gonna’ turn her into a real good BBC slut.”

Robert furrowed his brow and glanced at Julius. “B—BBC?” he stammered.

Julius grabbed his cock and gave it a shake. “Big. Black. Cock.”

Robert blinked a few times before turning to look at Naomi. Her chest was rising and falling, which meant she was breathing. Otherwise she betrayed no other signs of life. She lay on the couch like a limp rag doll. He

wondered if she'd be able to take another round. She looked like she was asleep.

Julius poured another glass of water and slammed it before strolling over to the couch. "Hey baby," he said, caressing her cheek. "Time to get up. Time to get back to work. There's pussy to be fucked."

Naomi let out a tired moan. She shook her head side to side on the couch. "I can't," she whimpered.

Julius chuckled. He reached down and grabbed her nipples between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. Twirled them gently side to side until Naomi mewled. Then he pinched them harder and pulled.

"Oh! Oh!" Naomi said, a pained expression on her face. As Julius pulled her by the tits she rose up to sit, then stand, blinking her eyes and looking around the room like she was trying to figure out where she was. When she saw Robert her eyes lit up and she smiled. "Baby?" she said. She glanced at Julius and the smile faded into a look of concern. "Baby?" she said again, this time with worry in her tone.

A soul-crushing realization dawned on Robert. Either she was a damn fine actress or she'd actually forgotten where she was and that he was there with her. He couldn't yet let himself believe that Julius' artful fingering and titty-sucking had done that to her so he decided she was acting and that he'd play along. "It's okay, baby," he said, giving her an encouraging nod. "You look beautiful."



She looked puzzled for a few more moments, her eyes darting between Robert and Julius.

Julius intervened. He put his hands on her hips and turned her to face Robert. Stepping behind her he flopped down on the couch. “Come on, baby. We’re gonna’ give your man a show,” he said.

Naomi looked over her shoulder at him, still looking confused.

He grabbed her by the hips and yanked her towards him. “Holy shit that’s a beautiful ass hole. I need to eat some of that ass. Bend over, sweetheart,” he said.

“Huh...what? No...I don’t...I don’t do that,” Naomi muttered.

Julius raised a hand and brought it down on her left ass cheek in a hard smack. “I said bend over,” he repeated.

Looking bewildered, Naomi bent forward until she had to put her hands on the coffee table to keep from falling over.

“You want to give her one more kiss before she becomes a BBC slut?” Julius asked, looking at Robert over her round ass.

While he was loving what he was seeing, getting that close to Julius performing a sexual act on Naomi felt way too intimate for Robert. Then Julius hooked two fingers back into her pussy and she warbled and he thought that maybe he did want to kiss her before she became a BBC slut after all. He stood up off the couch and took cautious steps forward.

Naomi gasped and mewled when Julius pressed his lips against her ass and started eating. He went at her like a hungry pig at a feed trough. Slurping and sucking the same way he'd sucked her breasts, his nose right in her ass crack.

Robert bent down until his face was in front of hers. "You okay?" he whispered.

"Oh god, Robert," she grunted, grabbing the front of his shirt. "It actually feels good. I can't believe how good it feels," she sobbed. Her hand shot around his neck and she pulled him into a sloppy, hot kiss with her tongue wagging and flailing inside of his mouth.

His erection throbbed. He drew her hand down his body and between his legs. When he pressed it against his cock she moaned.

She pulled away from the kiss with a wet slop. "You like it, baby," she said, laughing a little and smiling at him. "You like it too."

He nodded but couldn't find his voice to speak.

“I’m gonna’ have that ass,” Julius announced as he finished eating her out. He raised his hand and smacked it down on one of her cheeks and then the other.

Robert scowled. “Hey maybe go easy on that. She’s not really...”

“No,” Naomi whispered. She shook her head. “No it’s okay.” Her cheeks turned bright red as she said it.

“Course it’s okay,” Julius said. “Go take a seat, Bob. Show’s about to start.”

Robert backed away until he felt the couch behind him. He sank down onto it and covered his mouth with his hand.

“Alright now get those legs spread wide, wide open,” Julius said. His hands snaked over her hips and down to her thighs. He eased them apart, Naomi having to shuffle her feet to either side to keep her balance. She fell forward and stayed herself against the table, her breasts dangling beneath her chest. They framed Julius’ long organ perfectly. “Let’s get you on this thing,” he said. He put one hand on her waist, pulling her to sit on his cock. He pointed his cock head at her pussy with the other.

Robert watched with a mix of eroticism and horror swirling through him as her body shuddered when the tip of the cock kissed her flower.

Julius gave a gentle tug on her waist and her pussy swallowed the bulbous crown of his prick.

“Oh,” Naomi sighed.

“Now stand up straight,” Julius ordered.

She stood up, putting her hands on her knees to steady herself.

“Now sit down. Get down onto it. Get it up in ya’,” Julius said.

Naomi started working her way down the shaft. Pressing the tips of her fingers against it to ease it in. Relaxing her muscles a little further. Wincing as it got wider and stretched her. “Uh,” she grunted, pausing half-way down. “I think that’s it,” she whispered.

“Hell no. Big beautiful bitches like you never know how much they can take,” Julius said. He put both hands on her hips and pulled her lower still.

Her eyes shot wide. She looked down between her legs at the phallus disappearing up into her. “Oh my god,” she growled.

“You see? You feel that? You feel how much space you got up in there?” Julius asked.

She looked up at Robert, startled and confused but definitely aroused by what was going on inside her. “Oh my god,” she whispered. She looked down and pressed her hands to her belly. Presumably to the place where the thick head of Julius’ cock was stretching the walls of her vagina. She looked up at Robert again, wide-eyed.

Robert’s eyes danced between her shocked expression and the black prick snaking up into her. He saw her pussy release juice like an over-ripe peach being split. It trickled and rolled down Julius’ shaft, soaking into his neatly trimmed pubes.

As he stuffed the last two inches into her she put her hands on his knees for balance. The root of his cock squeezed into her with a wet squish. She sat there on his lap looking like she didn’t know what to do. She flashed an awkward smile.

“You like that?” Julius asked from behind her.

She blushed and looked at the ground. “Yes,” she whispered.

“You tell your man, not me,” Julius said. “Go on. Look at him and tell him.”

Her eyes came up slowly and met Robert's. "Baby? Baby." She bit her lip.

Robert nodded. "It's okay. You can say it," he said.

"Baby it feels so good inside me."

Hearing her describe it was heart-wrenching. Hearing her say it was inside her. This was wrong. It was immoral. Not too long ago he'd hired a private investigator to confirm that she was doing something wrong. Now it was him urging her to do it. And he couldn't get enough. He didn't know if he'd ever get enough of seeing her take a big dick like that.

"Alright then get to it," Julius ordered.

Naomi's brow furrowed. "Get to it?" she asked. "Get to what?"

Julius erupted in a cackle. He smacked her ass two more times. "White girl be all like 'get to what?'," he said, chuckling. "Twerk, girl. Work that cock. I want to see that big ass flapping for me."

Naomi let out a stunned laugh.

Julius smacked her ass again. "Come on, baby! Ride!"

Looking somewhat uncomfortable she flexed her legs and stood up a little higher then slid down his greasy pole.

“Oh honey,” Julius said. “You need a little lesson on this. It’s not the legs. It’s in the hips,” he said, putting his hands on them. He tipped her hips forward, then back. “You keep your legs just like that. You work the ass,” he explained.

Blushing, she tried it. She raised her ass up and brought it down then did it again.

Julius grinned. “Just like that. Now faster.”

She picked up the pace. As she did her ass cheeks started flapping against each other.

Julius grabbed them and kneaded them then reached around front of her and grabbed tits. He squeezed those then tweaked her nipples.

Naomi’s mouth fell open. She put her hands on her own knees and really went for it. Thwapping her ass up and down on his lap. His big cock sliding in and out of her drooling kitty.

To Robert she looked like one of those young internet women doing their short dancing videos on that clock website. His jaw dropped again when she really got into it. Biting her lip and looking over her shoulder to see if she was doing it right for Julius.

She turned her head forward and the scrunchie tying her hair back fell out. Her hair swung over her shoulder and covered half her face as she shot Robert a lusty snarl. “You like that baby?” she called out, full of energy again.

Robert couldn’t resist gripping his penis this time. He choked the shaft worried that if he didn’t he was going to come in his pants and ruin the delicious tension coursing through him. What really shocked him was the violent turn in Naomi’s personality. Half an hour ago she’d been almost too shy to speak. Now she was bouncing on Julius’ cock like she’d been fucking that way her whole life.

Julius smiled. He lifted his hand and smacked the side of her ass.

Naomi gasped. She closed her eyes and put her hands up in her hair. Bunching it up atop her head she let it spill back down onto her shoulders. Her hands traveled sensuously back down her body to cup her breasts and press them together. Her expression turned increasingly pained until she shuddered and her twerking rhythm faltered. Her whole body shook. Her toes turned in as a massive orgasm vibrated through her.

Julius caressed her ass. At the peak of the climax, with her eyes squeezed shut tight, she squealed and he gave her ass another light smack. A moment



later the tension left her body and she slumped onto his lap panting.

Julius reached forward. He grabbed her behind the knees with both hands and rolled her back onto his chest, lifting her legs high in the air so her toes were pointed straight at Robert.

She opened her eyes, looking so surprised and vulnerable and innocent.

The look made Robert's heart squeeze.

She looked down her body to the root of Julius' cock stuck into her. Blinking a few times she reached down and touched it.

"Pull it out," Julius whispered in her ear.

Naomi kept staring at the thick black root.

"Pull it out," he repeated.

She gently shook her head. "No," she whimpered.

Julius chuckled. “You gonna’ get it again in a minute. Now pull it out like a good slut.” He kissed her on the cheek.

She wrapped her small hand around the thick column. She gave it a gentle tug and it came slithering out of her body like a greased eel. It was covered in a thick layer of her lady slime and glistened in the dim light.

“Go over and give your man a kiss,” Julius ordered.

Naomi looked up at Robert and blinked. Her mouth fell open. She looked puzzled. Almost like she didn’t quite remember who she was. Or who she was looking at. As Julius lowered her legs recognition twinkled in her eye. Seeming totally unaware and unashamed of her own nudity she crossed the room, her gait a little awkward, and came to stand in front of Robert.

“Baby,” he whispered, taking her hands in his.

“Hi baby,” she said.

“Was that good? Did you like that?” His cock was throbbing, a nervous angst fueling the contractions.

Naomi nodded. She bent forward, her heavy breasts swaying as she did, and pressed her lips against Roberts.

He wrinkled his nose at her cummy smelling mouth. He let her tongue into his mouth and kissed her back.

“Did you like it?” she asked quietly after pulling away.

Robert closed his eyes and nodded. “I did. I loved it so much I can’t believe it,” he replied. He opened his eyes when he felt her body shift in front of him. He drew in a sharp breath at the sight of Julius’ looming over her. One of his black hands was on her hips, the other on her shoulder.

Naomi let out a quiet squeak and it was obvious Julius was entering her again. Her hands shot to Robert’s shoulders to steady herself.

“No, no,” Julius said. “You hold your man’s hands. Hold your man’s hands so he knows how much you love him, baby.”

She let her hands fall down Robert’s arms and laced her fingers through his.

Julius bent her lower so her face was at the level of Robert’s.

“Oh god,” Naomi moaned.

“You okay baby?” Robert whispered.

“He’s so thick. His cock is so fat,” she whimpered.

“Do you want him to stop?” Robert asked.

Julius smirked behind her.

Naomi gave her head a quick shake.

Julius took a step forward, forcing Naomi to do the same. Her lips mashed against Robert’s and her tongue plunged into his mouth. At the same moment Julius drove his cock into her sore pussy causing her to moan. The sound drilled down through Robert’s torso and tickled the root of his aching prick.

As Julius started thrusting Naomi’s lips smashed harder against Robert’s. She finally managed to pull away and put one hand behind his neck. Julius started drilling into her hard. Her body shook, legs twisting in and out as she did her best to accommodate Julius’ cock inside herself.

Robert gazed into her eyes. His eyes wandered over her vacant expression. Despite being so close she seemed to be somewhere else entirely in her mind. It wasn’t hard to imagine where. That thick cock was pressing on parts of her she hadn’t even known were there. The squeaks and moans

emanating from her mouth were just reflex noises. The sort of input/output pleasure Robert had never seen her experience before. And while it made him happy that she felt so good it crushed him at the same time. This was an intimate experience that only a man of Julius' proportions could deliver.

Julius started pounding hard. A bead of sweat broke on his forehead.

A low moan rolled out of Naomi, rising in pitch with each of Julius' thrusts. She looked into Robert's eyes and he could tell she was back. She was there with him again, with Julius inside of her. She put her hands on his shoulders, her body shaking and shuddering again. "I'm gonna' come again," she sobbed. Her face pinched and she let out a loud shriek.

Julius slammed his cock balls deep. He let out a grunt, then a groan and Robert knew he was emptying into Naomi. He had to pinch his cock again to keep from coming.

"Ah," Julius said, a deeply satisfied sound. He gave a few more strokes then eased his cock out of her hole. "Now on your knees, baby," he ordered.

Naomi leaned in for a quick kiss before sinking to her knees. She leaned in towards Robert's crotch and started fumbling with his zipper with her fingers.

"In a minute," Julius said. "You got some cleaning to do first." He grabbed his cock and gave it a shake over her shoulder.

Naomi turned and her hands drifted up his legs. She grabbed the root of his cock and ran her tongue along the side swiping away their co-mingled juices and swallowing them.

“You look right up here as you’re doing that. Like a good slut,” Julius said, smiling and pointing two fingers at his eyes.

Naomi obediently gazed up into his eyes as she polished the head of his cock with her tongue.

Julius stared down at her.

Robert gazed at the intense connection they seemed to have with a mix of arousal and fear. Was this real? Was Naomi for real? Or was this an elaborate act, a pornographic performance she was putting on just for him? Surely, even with that size of apparatus, Julius wasn’t actually magic? There was no such thing as magic. Sexual or otherwise.

“Alright. Now you go finish your man,” Julius said when his cock was glistening clean.

Naomi let it fall out of her mouth. She spun on her knees.

Robert saw the insides of her thighs were streaked with cum. When she started fumbling with his zipper again he took her hands and started pulling her up into his lap.

She looked up at him and her eyes were wide, alert and full of hunger.

As she clambered onto his lap he jerked his cock out of his pants. She slid onto his lap, her furry nest grazing against the tip of his prick. He shuddered and had to put his hands on her hips to keep her from moving. He was about to erupt.

A slow smile spread across her lips. Cupping one breast with her hand she raised it to his mouth and pressed the nipple between his lips. She reached between her legs and found his cock with her hand. Slid it along her sodden slit until she found the hole with the tip.

Robert closed his eyes and knew he was about to explode. He sucked her teat deep into his mouth. Naomi relaxed her thighs and let his cock slide into her warm, wet hole. Fireworks went off inside his head. His hips twitched. Naomi put her hand on the back of his head and rocked back and forth.

Heat oozed down the back of his neck. His cock twitched, his balls releasing the massive load that had been building inside them. The warm goo flooded his channel and burst out of the tip of his cock, spraying into the used, gooey warmth of Naomi's stretched cunt. The climax took his breath away and he wrapped his arms around Naomi's sweaty frame, his mouth still full of tit.

## Chapter Ten

He rolled over in bed the next morning blinking against the bright sunlight streaming through a crack in the curtains. His head felt like he'd consumed two bottles of wine the previous evening. He pulled a pillow over his head for a few moments hoping to go back to sleep. When he felt Naomi moving next to him he peeked out from under the pillow at her.

She was on her side with her back to him. Her shoulders were moving so she was obviously awake. They'd piled into bed and fallen asleep as soon as they got home the previous evening. It was surprising to see her up after what she'd been through. He pulled the pillow off his head and propped himself up on his elbow. "Hey you," he whispered. "Whatcha' doing over there?" He craned his neck and glanced over her shoulder just as she put her cell phone down. Something tweaked in his stomach. What was she doing on her phone this early?

She rolled over onto her other side to face him wearing a wide smile. "Hey," she whispered back. She shuffled closer, curling into his embrace and pecking him on the cheek.

His eyes darted to the phone again, the screen still on. "What were you doing on your phone?" he asked, the earlier tweak in his stomach blossoming into worry.

"It was just Julius texting me," she said, smiling up at him with love in her eyes.



An angry jolt of jealousy shot through him. It came out of nowhere and he had a hard time understanding why it was there at all. “What do you mean Julius was texting you?” he snapped.

Her smile faded and she backed away an inch. “He was just asking if we were alright,” she said, obviously startled by his reaction.

He shook his head, hoping it would shake the jealousy out. It melted away and a moment later he felt sheepish at how he’d acted. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to...”

“Are you okay, Robert?” she said.

He sighed and put on a small smile. “I’m fine. I think I was just still half asleep.”

She looked a little wary but curled closer again. “As long as you’re sure you’re alright,” she said quietly.

He nodded. “I’m fine,” he said, kissing her on the forehead and laying down on the pillow facing her.

A long silence passed, Naomi still looking unsettled by his sudden outburst. “You want to talk about it?” she asked quietly.

He looked into her eyes again. “I’m sorry. I should just tell you. I just...I got a little jealous there for some reason. I don’t know why.”

She put a hand on his arm and rubbed it. “That’s not a huge surprise, I guess,” she said.

“It’s not?” he asked.

She shrugged. “You just spent an evening watching me have sex with another man.”

The sentence stirred his cock to life.

Naomi must have felt it graze her thigh because a slow smile spread across her lips. “I know you like watching. But it’s safe in Julius’ club, isn’t it? Or some strangers hotel room. Out here it’s out in the open. Could that have something to do with it?”

“Maybe,” he muttered, nodding. His cock was rapidly stiffening from the memory of her with Eric and then Julius.

“You’re not in control out here, are you?” she asked. Her smile widened.

He felt a strange energy emanating off her. Something like desire but not necessarily for sex. At least not the sort of vanilla sex they were used to having.

“You want to see what he wrote?” she asked. There was something devilish about the way she said it.

“Yes,” he replied, nodding. He felt himself sinking into a space very similar to the one he occupied while watching her getting fucked by another guy.

She reached over and picked up her cellphone off of the nightstand. Opened up her messaging app and turned the screen towards him. “Take it,” she whispered.

He took it from her. His eyes widened as she slid down the bed and in between his legs. She was going to give him a blowjob? She hadn’t done that in the morning in...years. Decades? Might have been decades. He groaned when she slurped his half-hard cock into her mouth. She stared into his eyes as she started sucking it the same way she had Julius’. Nursing at it and gazing at him with those big, beautiful eyes.

He turned his gaze to the screen. His cock hardened in her mouth as he read the message.

*You cats cool? Ima have you again next Saturday. 8pm sharp. Password: Here to see a shooting star. Don't be late.*

His heart jumped. He looked down at Naomi.

She'd pulled his cock out of her mouth. She was holding it by the base, dragging it side to side along her lips and flicking at it with her tongue. She wore a wide grin.

“He wasn't just asking if we were alright,” he whispered.

She shook her head side to side. She wrapped her hand around his cock and stroked it slowly up and down.

“Are you going to go?” he asked, breathless.

“Don't you mean are we going to go?” she asked.

“Are we going to go?” he asked.

“I think that's up to you,” she whispered.

He turned to the screen again and read the message as Naomi slipped him back into her mouth and resumed sucking. The inside of her mouth felt incredible. But he had a bad feeling about that message. He had a bad feeling about Julius and Naomi. He couldn't put his finger on what it was. It just didn't seem like they should be going back.

“Do you want to see me take his big, black cock inside me again?” she asked.

He groaned at the vision that summoned and at Naomi's small hand clamped around his cock. “I do,” he said, against his better judgment.

“I want you to tell him,” she said.

His cock throbbed in her hand. He could feel it charging, his heavy balls full of a big morning load. “You want me to...”

“I want you to write him back. Tell him it's you. Tell him what you want.”

When he glanced at her a shiver of worry passed through him at how delighted she seemed by all of this. Was this a mistake, this game they were playing? Would it end badly? Somehow neither of those seemed a big enough impediment to feeding his newfound addiction to watching Naomi get fucked. Maybe just one more time... he thought. He began tapping out the message.

*Hey Julius. It's Robert. We'll be there on Saturday. I want you to fuck my wife again.*

Just typing it out sent exhilaration rushing through him. "I did it," he whispered, hitting send.

Something wild filled Naomi's eyes. "That's so fucking hot I want you to come in my mouth," she whispered back. She slipped her mouth over his cock and start bobbing up and down on it.

His hands fell to his sides. He stared at Naomi's hair bouncing as she fucked him with her mouth. As her hand came up between his legs, fingers feathering his balls, it tripped his orgasmic wire. His cock started squeezing, shooting wad after wad of ejaculate into Naomi's waiting mouth.

She didn't flinch or pull away. She eagerly guzzled everything he gave her and cleaned him up before crawling back up the bed and resting her head on his chest.

They lay there in silence for a while. He finally found the will to ask the question that had been bouncing around in his mind since the previous evening. "Hey," he whispered.

"What's up?" she asked, turning her head to look at him.

“Was all of that stuff real yesterday?” he asked.

She smiled and turned her head to one side. “Real?” she asked.

“I mean, you seemed so out of control. In a good way. Like he was driving you wild. Was he? Or were you hamming it up?”

“Hmm,” she mused, her eyes moving up to the ceiling. “I mean it did feel really good. It’s a pretty big turn on having sex with all these new guys.”

His stomach tightened. It still knocked the breath out of him to hear her say stuff like that.

“Did I make more of it than it was?” she went on, apparently oblivious to effect she’d had on him. “I don’t know. It’s hard to say. I’m not sure why but it was hard to relax around Julius at first. But once I got into it I just...I guess I just decided to go for it and enjoy myself!” She burst into giggles and covered her mouth. “Oh my gosh, Robert. I still can’t really believe we’re doing this. It’s so naughty!”

He smirked but it felt like a hole was starting to form in his stomach. “Yeah it is, isn’t it?” he said.

“I love you she whispered,” smiling at him.

“I love you, babe,” he whispered back.

She laid her head back down on his chest.

His mind was already on next Saturday night.

END OF PART TWO