

A Model Hotwife

A Hot Wife Story

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By Matthew Lee

Chapter 1

Natalee stood ready to assist me on the bench press, standing over my face, hands under the heavy bar but not touching it. I glanced at her Spandex covered pussy.

"Ignore my camel toe," she chastised. "Focus on your lift."

"You're no fun."

"I'm fun. I'll show you fun later. At home. In the shower."

"I can't focus on my lift when you talk like that."

"Focus on your lift, Toby."

I did, raising the bar and powering through eight repetitions. My triceps burned and my pecs swelled. I sat the bar without help and rose from the bench.

"Your turn," I said.

We swapped plates until we had the right amount of weight for her lift.

"Add a five on each side," she said.

"Impressive."

She reclined on the bench and turned serious, directing her gaze to a singular spot on the bar. I got ready to help as she began her lifts. I was fully aware of the people around us, watching, and I liked their attention.

Nat and I have been working on ourselves mentally and physically for the past eighteen months. We're in the best shape of our lives and our marriage has never been so good. A year and a half ago she crouched to look for cleanser under the kitchen sink and then struggled to stand. Eighteen months ago, we were overweight and miserable, unhappy in our jobs and unhappy in our lives. That moment was the turning point for her and when she announced the big life changes she had in mind, I agreed. We joined the gym, started eating well, and began visiting a marriage counselor. We turned our lives around. Now we're happy, intimate, playful, and our sex has never been this good. Our jobs still sucked but we were working on that.

Nat lifted the bar and began her reps. She wore a tight sports bra but that did not prevent her nipples from turning stiff. They always do when she exerts herself. Yet another benefit of working out with your wife. I stared. Her breasts are smaller from the weight loss but firm and perfectly shaped. They were big before and she mourns their loss, but I'm fine either way. She finished her set and sat up.

"Hi guys," a cheerful gentleman said.

He was around forty, like us, but dressed in street clothes. He had a large mustache. He kept his eyes on me but I caught him glancing at Natalee's stiff nipple bumps. I didn't mind. Everyone glances at Natalee's stiff nipple bumps.

"Hello," my wife replied.

"I hate to interrupt your workout, so I'll be brief. I'm a local photographer and I'm always looking for talent. You guys are the hottest thing I've ever seen in your age bracket. I can pay you for modeling clothing, swimsuits, underwear, lingerie, and, if you're cool with it, even some softcore. I've got a ton of work in your demographic but no models. Are you interested?"

Nat perked right up. I saw an embarrassed rosy flush on her cheeks.

"Seriously?" she asked.

"Yes. Look at the two of you. You're incredible. I pay well."

"I'm grateful," Natalee said. "But, honestly, my boobs are too small. I appreciate your kind words but I doubt anyone would want to see me in an ad."

"You're dead wrong," he countered. "America is aging. You two are an inspiration. I can sell your shots ten times over. At least come by my studio. Try it once. If you hate it, drop it. If I can't sell your shit, drop it."

"That sounds fair," I said.

"Think about it," he said. "Here's my card. My name is Greg. Discuss the idea and then call me. The money is easy and the money is good."

He wandered away, heading for a twenty-something bimbo and a different demographic altogether.

"That was delightful," Nat said.

"Big ego boost," I agreed.

"Should we do it?"

I needed no time to think about the idea.

"Yes. The universe is rewarding our hard work. I don't know what he means by good money but we try it once and see. I love my job but hate my boss, so more money and less dependency sounds great. We aren't shy. We have the time on the weekends and he makes it sound like all we need to do is show up. Sounds fun."

"I'll be nervous."

"Why?"

"Come on, Toby. I don't look young enough to be a model."

"Yes, you do. Jesus, Honey, you were gorgeous before you lost weight. You're stunning now."

She looked skeptical.

"Let's try it," I insisted.

"All right. He's still here, talking to that blonde airhead. Tell him we'll try it."

I took one step and my cell phone rang. I showed Natalee the screen.

"Douglas," I sneered.

"Your fucking boss never leaves you alone."

"It sucks being good at what you do. I'm in demand."

"Don't answer. Douglas is handsome but he's a dick. Ignore his call and go talk to Greg. Hurry, before he leaves."

I silenced my phone and headed across the gym.

Chapter 2

His studio was a warehouse down by the bay. Surrounded by shipyards and processing centers, we arrived in the evening and by that time the place was deserted. He met us in the parking lot, eager to get started, and talked a hundred miles an hour.

"I'll start with swimsuits," he said.

He led us on a short tour of his place. There was a main studio and then a couple smaller at the back. There was every kind of prop stacked against the walls. We passed racks of clothing and frames with huge images used as backdrops. He was paid to photograph everything and had the ability to set any stage. Giant photographs he'd taken adorned the walls and Natalee was as impressed as me.

He took a phone call during our tour and left Nat and me to wander alone. A section of wall near his office was covered with pictures of women in swimsuits which Natalee stopped to examine more closely.

"These women are so pretty," she mumbled. "I'm not pretty enough to do this."

"Greg says you are and I agree with Greg. I know you're nervous. I am too. If we hate it, we'll stop and never do it again."

She moved from photo to photo, scrutinizing the poses and expressions, giving herself a crash-course in modeling. Greg appeared again and led us to the dressing rooms area, which turned out to be mere sheets hanging from strung lines.

"Not so private," I mentioned.

"This dressing area is built for speed," he explained. "Sheets allow us to move through shots quickly. Sometimes, I might be working with a dozen models or more. I can't wait for them each to take their turn in the dressing room. Once we start, I keep things moving, energy high. I blast through tons of camera memory, keep what I like. In your case, I'll check with you for final approval."

Music started playing: a strong beat with fast tempo.

"Natalee, your suits are behind that sheet. Toby, follow me."

I did. He led me around a partition to a changing area, also shielded by a hanging

sheet.

"Start with the Hawaiian trunks," he said. "On the left. Red. You can leave your street clothes on this table. No one here but me and my assistant."

"We start now?"

"Sure."

He waited. A young skinny man brought him a camera and Greg slung the thing around his neck. I pulled off my T-shirt and slipped out of my shoes. I stripped off pants and underwear.

"Dang, Bro," Greg said. "I had no idea you were packing."

"What do you mean?"

"You have a big dick."

"Oh. Do I? I've got nothing to compare it to."

"Trust me, I've seen a million. Are you a grower or a shower?"

"I don't know what that means."

"Do you start small and grow big? Or do you start big and mostly stay that way? Men generally fall into one of those categories."

"Oh. Um. I have no idea."

"How big is your erection? Surely you've measured?"

"No. Why would I measure my own penis?"

"Jesus, Toby. Every guy has measured his dick. I'm going to guess you hit between seven and eight inches. Probably eight. We should get you measured. That information will come in handy later."

I scoffed, then realized he was serious.

"How?" I asked. "How would that information possibly matter to anyone?"

"I mentioned I also shoot softcore? Actors dick can't even be hard. Penetration is not allowed. A cock that shows big without being erect is a huge plus. Highly in demand. I sell those pics easy. You've got a great body, tight six-pack, excellent musculature, and a hot and amazing wife. Dude, you have it all."

"Remind him again about the hot and amazing wife he has," Natalee said, over the hanging sheet divider.

Greg and I laughed. I felt confident now and slipped on the red Hawaiian trunks. Greg and I stepped out of the dressing area and waited for Natalee. She pushed her sheet aside and I gasped. Greg had dressed her in a matching red bikini, but the top cut across her breasts from the nipples up, leaving her under boob exposed. Strings circled her torso down to the small diamond-shaped bottoms that covered her pussy. She looked sexy.

"Wow, Nat," I said. "Just. Wow."

"He's not wrong," Greg added. "You look better than my imagination. Let's move to the stage."

We followed Greg. His skinny assistant, Timmy, joined us lugging a case of different cameras and lenses. Greg shot a hundred poses while the music blared and we danced to his tune. He had us change outfits often, snapping multiple pictures before sending us to the dressing areas again. We stopped caring about our nakedness, focusing on changing quickly and getting out for the next shot. Natalee's suits started small and got smaller. Her last poses were almost, but not quite, naked.

"That's it for today," he announced, at last. "Unless you both have a few minutes to do some information gathering?"

"Information about what?" Nat asked.

"Your husband's penis," he said. "If you're okay with it, I need you to measure Toby soft and then fully erect."

My wife looked at me.

"Why not?" I said, feeling a little proud. "Greg has me curious now and you've always said I have a pretty dick."

"We absolutely will not do porn," Natalee stated. "If that's what this is about you can forget it."

"Got it," Greg said. "I will not add you to my list of adult models. But this is softcore, like I said. If you want, I can shoot you together. You are as hot as any of the models I use. Would you like a racy photo album? Something to remember how good you look right now?"

"But you'd see me naked?" Nat asked.

"Yes, I would, but I'm a professional. Doesn't your doctor see you naked? The lady at the tanning salon? That bikini has you about one inch away from naked already. What's the big deal about a little more? I won't be touching you. That's for your husband to do. You guys would look amazing. I just want to capture that."

Natalee looked at me for my reaction.

"I'm in," I said. "I'd love sexy poses with you. We can look at them in the bedroom, if you know what I mean."

She paused a moment to think about it and then shrugged.

"All right," she said. "But nothing too crazy."

"Not at all," Greg said, reassuring. "Let's start with Toby's erection. I'll leave you two alone. Call out when you're ready and I'll send my assistant to measure."

"You're actually going to measure my husband's penis?"

"Absolutely. My reputation in this industry depends on accuracy. Is getting him hard a problem?"

"Not at all," Natalee giggled, slightly embarrassed. "This might be fun."

Greg left us alone, drawing the sheet behind him.

"What should I do?" my wife asked.

"Blowjob, obviously."

"How did I know you'd say that?"

"Honestly, Baby, you could just pull that sexy bikini top aside and let me look at you. I'll use my hand."

She pouted.

"That seems unfair. I should do something to help."

I pushed my trunks down and stared at my penis. I've always considered myself slightly above average but now I worried Greg had it wrong. I'd turn out to be nothing special. Natalee surprised me by leaning over and slipping me into her warm mouth.

"Jesus," I exhaled.

I looked down. Natalee was gazing up at me, a devilish look in her pretty green eyes. She stretched my soft dick with a hard vacuum and then flipped the head around inside her mouth with her tongue. She lifted my balls in one hand and began to stroke my penis with the other.

"Don't cum," she warned.

"Yes, Ma'am."

I was hard in a minute but allowed her to continue, ensuring I was throbbing hard for Timmy and his measuring tape. I was nervous but also curious. I had no idea how I ranked. Nat pushed her lips down my length, reaching just beyond the halfway point. I moaned. She stopped sucking briefly.

"God, I love that sound," she said.

She attacked my dick again. Soon I was rock hard. She slurped one last time and called Timmy. The sheet pulled back and Timmy stared at my erection. He smiled.

"You have a pretty cock," he said.

Natalee stepped away and Timmy knelt, placing the tape measure along the side of my penis. He jotted notes on a pad and then circled my girth just behind the

head, at the middle, and around the base.

"What's the verdict, doctor?" Natalee asked.

"Almost eight inches long. Your girth is seven at the root, six and a half in the middle, and a solid six just behind the head. You should be proud. That's a lovely cock."

"Told you," Nat teased.

I realized Timmy was gay. Duh.

"I'll inform Greg I'm finished. We'll see what else he wants to do today."

"Thanks, Tim," I said.

"My pleasure."

Natalee and I watched him leave. She met my eyes.

"Gay?" I asked.

"Gay. Lucky him. Now, where was I?"

She slipped her mouth around my cock again and I groaned with satisfaction. She bobbed until we heard Greg approach.

"Stop," I warned.

She ignored me.

"Baby," I insisted. "Greg is almost here."

She bobbed and sucked until the last possible instant and then backed away a step, hanging me out to dry, my hard dick throbbing in the open air. She giggled again.

"Not funny," I said, reaching for my trunks to hide myself.

Greg entered the area and his eyes went straight to Natalee. She was adjusting her bikini to make sure everything was hidden and he ran his eyes up and down

her lithe body. I easily saw what he saw. Sometimes I look at her and I can't believe I'm so lucky she's my wife. She was sexy when she was overweight. Now she's just a smoking hot babe.

"Nudity," Greg announced. "How do both of you feel about it?"

I chuckled.

"I just learned I have a dick that's eight inches long by six around. I'm totally fine being nude for the rest of my life."

Natalee chewed her lower lip.

"I'm conflicted, Greg," she said. "I'm in the best shape of my life but my breasts haven't been this small since the eighth grade. I'm having a hard time seeing myself as sexy or as something men would desire. Are you sure you have clients looking for my body type?"

"Shape Magazine, Cosmo, and a hundred others would put you on the cover. I just landed a Second Skin contract. I start shooting for them on Monday. They're like a competitor to Under Armor and Danskin, specializing in women's gym wear that hugs the body. You're perfect for them. I plan on showing my swimsuit shots to their spokesperson and see if they accept you as my model."

Her jaw dropped.

"Seriously?"

"Absolutely. You guys are hot. If you're willing, we can make a lot of money. Is there anything I should know about either of you? Any child porn charges in your past? Molest any youngsters lately?"

"No. Nothing."

"Would you like to model gym wear?"

"Hell yes," Natalee said.

"All right. I'll call you Monday after my meeting with them. Toby, I'll make some calls about you too. You are such an attractive couple."

We dressed in our street clothes and shook their hands. Natalee was jubilant on the drive home.

"That was so hot!" she squealed. "I loved all the attention. Those suits were so small! When he'd aim his camera at me I felt sexy. I get why models do this. Hell, I get why strippers do this. It's awesome to be singled out like that, have the spotlight put right on you. I hope I get that Second Skin contract. I would love to do this more often. Think of all the extra money we'd make."

"We have plenty of money."

"We do. We'll have even more extra money."

I laughed. She was pumped.

"I think you're more excited to be able to call yourself a model."

She grinned broadly.

"I am! Can you believe it? Two years ago, I was fat and nobody except you gave me a second look. Now I might be on the cover of a major magazine? It's crazy! I know my feminist sisters will give me shit for it, especially Erica. She'll say a woman should strive to be more than pretty, but fuck her. I am more than pretty but you and I have worked hard these last years to get our shit together and a little recognition feels amazing. Greg's offer is such a huge boost to my confidence and self-esteem."

"Beth will be happy for you."

"You're right, Beth will. Beth is sweet. My parents had me and Erica and Diane and then there was a long gap of many years before they had Beth. I think Beth was an accident. They were different people by then, older, wiser. They worried less, stopped being so strict. Beth is an angel. I turned out fat, Diane turned out loopy, and Erica turned out to be a dick."

"Erica's militant in her beliefs and thinks everyone should feel the way she does."

Nat was beaming with joy, smiling out the windshield. She remembered something and abruptly turned to face me.

"How does it feel to officially possess a big dick?"

I laughed.

"Fucking great."

"I told you."

"Yes, you did, but you love me and that influences everything you say to me. It's like the looks you give me when I call you pretty. You don't fully trust that it's the truth because it's coming from me."

"That's fair. I think it's hot my husband has a big dick. I'm a lucky girl."

She lowered her head to my lap.

"What are you doing? I'm driving."

"Don't kill us," she mumbled.

She opened my fly and pulled out my penis. She passed me from hand to hand, examining her prize with new eyes, and then slipped me into her mouth. Her fingers circled my dick and she began to stroke as she sucked. Once she had me fully lubed with spit, she began taking my cock down her throat, deep sucking me like a pornstar. I groaned.

"That's what Greg should photograph," I growled.

She ignored me. Natalee blew me on our second date and I noticed right away she has absolutely zero gag-reflex. She's a natural sword-swallower. She slips me in and I feel my cock head glide over her tongue and slither past her tonsils. Nothing bothers her. She can mouth-fuck me like she does with her pussy. She smashed her mouth all the way down, repeatedly burying her lips in my pubic hair. No way I could hold back.

"Shit, Babe, you're gonna make me blow."

She moaned and sucked harder. My nuts clenched and I spurt a huge load down her throat. That only turned her on more and she bobbed faster. I gave my driving the barest minimum I needed to keep us on the road and turned the rest

of my attention to the fountain of sperm I released. Good God, I shot a lot. Natalee gulped me down.

When I finished, she tucked my penis away and sat up proudly.

"I figured your balls were blue after getting hard to be measured."

"They were, thank you."

She rested her head on my shoulder as I drove.

"I've never done that for another man, you know," she said.

"Given a blowjob?"

"No, swallowing a load. I've only done that for you. I love sucking cock. I've given tons and tons of blowjobs."

Awkward silence surrounded us.

"I'm kidding!" she laughed. "I've given only a few. Just boyfriends. I need to have feelings for you before I do that. But I was serious about the swallowing part. Only you."

"I feel honored."

"You should."

I was ready to get hard again by the time we got home. Our sex that night was fantastic.

Chapter 3

Timmy rolled a long rack near the set. A hundred hangers held every color lingerie. Some of the hangers were tagged with numbers, coding their priority. Timmy reached for a pale lavender teddy bearing a number one.

"You have some leeway in your selections," he told Natalee. "Greg doesn't mind as long as we hit the numbered items. Those are the client's must-haves."

"Understood," my wife said.

Timmy pointed towards the hanging sheets area.

"You can change in there," he said.

My wife smiled at him.

"I guess I don't really need to hide from you," she told him. "Do I?"

I knew what she hinted at. Why do women love to have a gay friend?

"Of course not," he said.

"I mean," she continued. "It's harmless if you see me naked. It's like, so what? Right? No biggie."

"I see a lot of naked women every day," he answered. "So, yes, no biggie."

Satisfied, Natalee nodded and began to undress. Timmy handed her item one. She slipped into the delicate garment, fastening hooks and clasps. Tim helped with the laces in back and the fasteners beneath her breasts. Nat pulled the lacy panties up her strong legs. She looked delicious.

Loud rhythmic music boomed. Greg emerged from the office on his cell phone. He ended the call and took the camera Timmy handed him. He waved Natalee towards a stack of rusted iron girders that had been placed in a tumbled pile: hard, rigid metal juxtaposed against soft feminine flesh.

"There are numbers on the floor," Greg called out. "One, two, three. We'll take five shots on each number with each outfit. Cool? I'll describe the pose and then you hit it. I'll adjust your body as we go. You're a smart girl and will figure this out in no time."

He was right. Natalee was self-conscious at first, displaying her partially exposed body, but soon forgot all about that as she worked through the poses. Each article of clothing was a glorious display of womanly allure and each

became progressively more revealing. Greg knew what he was doing. As my wife relaxed with her semi-nudity, Greg dressed her in ever more daring items. Natalee drew crotchless panties shaped like a butterfly up her legs before she even realized there was a slit in the crotch. She must have felt a breeze because she looked down and saw her own fuzzy labia.

"Am I showing too much?" she wondered.

"Not at all. The client wants to see their entire line showcased. Don't worry. I won't have you spread your legs at the camera."

We all chuckled.

Natalee played it cool but I know my wife. Her inner labia were peeking through her outer lips and that only happens when she's aroused. All this was getting to her. It was getting to me too. My photo session would come next and I'd be partially engorged for it. Nat slipped her arms through the featured bra and locked the clasp in front. She positioned the small triangles of lacy fabric and discovered the material was completely see-through. I took in the sight of her whole body on display and felt tingling in my balls.

"Fucking hell, Nat," I said. "You look incredible."

She looked down at herself.

"Do I? Thank you. I can't tell. I guess I'll find out when we view the photographs."

"Your husband is right," Greg said. "Incredible."

He sent her through the list of poses, snapping pictures rapidly. I knew my wife and I would fuck tonight, and it would be awesome.

Next it was my turn. Timmy wheeled out a new rack of booty shorts and speedo swimsuits. I saw a few that looked like elephants and rhinoceroses, a place for the man's penis in the trunk or horn. Clever. Sexy is not available to men like it is to women. We can look fit and strong but sexy is reserved for them. You want lingerie for a man? Wear a tie with your tailored suit. Instead of sexy for men we get playful. A playful man is more attractive because he's more likely to be safe.

I followed the same pattern as Nat, working through the numbered items, changing clothes rapidly. My dick flopped as I moved and I caught Natalee staring. She'd wrapped a robe around her body and sat close but, in a slutty move that told me she was horny, she'd left the robe open and still wore the last item. I stuffed my cock into a mesh speedo while staring at her exposed pussy lips and I began to swell. Greg laughed.

"You guys are hilarious. Do I need to separate you? I can't sell my client hard dick, Toby. At least, not this client. Can you two dial back the sexual energy please? You're like a couple of teenagers."

"Sorry," I called out. "She's just so, ungh, you know?"

"I understand," Greg said. "I see it too."

Natalee did not close her legs.

"You boys are going to make me blush," she said.

My wife sat up in the chair and opened her legs wider. Her labia parted but Greg had his back to her now. I saw what he didn't. I swelled even bigger. My penis was folded on itself so all I did was fill the mesh with pumped dick.

"Fuck it," Greg mumbled, snapping pictures.

We continued. A partially hard dick sure made the elephant and rhino thongs easier to get on. Greg was pleased with my swollen dick then.

At last we finished. I wrapped a robe like Natalee and we hovered over Greg's shoulder as we scanned through the sessions. Greg marked every photo we agreed on but overrode us on a few that made Natalee nervous.

"Those are great," he said.

"You can clearly see my pussy," she complained. "That won't make it into any magazine."

"You're right," Greg said. "But that's not slated for a magazine. That's what I call my teaser shot, to get them interested. I know they'll reject it as a final choice but it will capture their attention and their imagination. Easy money."

"I guess I should just let you do your thing," Natalee said.

"I won't let you down."

We left Greg and Tim to return to our clothes and get dressed.

"I wish I could keep this last item," Natalee said. "I want you to fuck me while I'm wearing it."

"I am happy to buy you some crotchless panties."

"Not the same. This is what I wore that got you all to look at me. Even Tim checked me out. You need to take me home and fuck me with your big beautiful photogenic cock."

"I'm happy too."

We stripped off the photoshoot outfits and pulled on our street clothes. I was tucking my penis in my pants when a question occurred.

"Am I the biggest?" I asked Nat.

"What do you mean?"

"Is my dick the biggest you've had?"

"Oh. Um, it's the best I've ever had."

"You've had bigger?"

She hesitated, uncomfortable.

"Yes. Once."

"Does size matter to women?"

"Absolutely. Too small is useless. Too big can be painful. That's why I love yours. It's perfect."

"But who? Who was bigger?"

"What difference does it make? They are yesterday's news."

"Curiosity. Men care a lot about stuff like this."

She sighed.

"Deacon. Deke. He was bigger."

"Deke was the boyfriend before me?"

"Yes."

"A lot bigger?"

"Yes."

"You said too big makes a dick painful. He was painful?"

"Sometimes."

I don't know what tone I heard in her voice, but I heard something. She was hedging, hiding something awkward.

"But not every time," I said.

"No."

Tension was building. I didn't know if she feared my line of questioning or if my questions brought back memories that got her hot, but something was happening inside her, fanned by the sexy photoshoot today. I decided to push the issue.

"Most of the time he felt good?" I continued.

"Yes."

"You liked his size. You liked his big cock."

She wasn't having it.

"Yes, Baby," she snapped. "It was everything else about him that didn't work. I matured and he didn't. I evolved and he didn't."

I had a million more questions: Do you still think about his cock? Did his cock make you cum? Was he a good lover? Are you picturing his cock right now because I keep talking about it?

I knew that last one was true. She'd mentioned a few times over the years that she was happy her husband had a big dick. I now understood she felt that way about her boyfriend at the time too. I was special, but I wasn't unique. Deke was bigger so Deke was one up on me.

"You still want to take me home and fuck me?" she asked.

"More than ever."

"Truly? I thought hearing about Deacon might turn you off."

"It had the opposite effect. I'm feeling a little jealous and that makes me want to take it out on you. Throw you around the bed. Remind you who your man is."

"That sounds good to me," she said.

Intuition made me take a stab in the dark.

"Do you ever hear from him?" I asked.

Guilt flashed across her face.

"Tell me," I said.

"He texts. He comments on my social media posts."

"What does he text? What does he say? He misses you? He's sorry?"

"Stupid shit. You don't want to know."

"You have his texts in your phone right now? Don't lie."

Her guilty eyes joined her guilty face.

"Yes, a few. They're nothing, Baby. Forget about them."

"Show me. Hiding only makes it worse. Show me."

"Let's just go home."

I stood my ground. She studied my face and then relented, opening her purse and flipping through her phone. She turned the screen to me. On it was a picture of a large erect penis, including shaved balls. The caption beneath his picture said: miss you.

Natalee's response had been simple: Fuck You.

"Wow," I said.

"He's a child."

"Yeah, but that's a grown man's dick though."

She laughed.

"Yes, it is."

I turned thoughtful.

"Weird to see it and know it's been inside you."

She studied my face as she put her phone away.

"Are you upset?" she asked. "I did nothing wrong. He does shit like that and I always tell him to fuck off."

"I see that. No, I'm not upset with you. You're right. You did nothing wrong. I guess you could have deleted the picture and blocked his number so he can't send any more, but maybe you just haven't gotten around to that. It's only been a few years. You're a busy woman."

"Don't be a smartass."

"Well?"

"I forgot all about it. I honestly don't think about him at all. You want me to block him and delete it? I'll delete it right now."

"Don't. I may want to see it again later. I only had a second to look at it."

She rolled her eyes.

"Why would you want to look at Deacon's cock?"

I hunched my shoulders.

"I'm not sure. You were with him for years. It's strange to me that dick was in you, that it's been in your mouth, it's been in your pussy. Right now, I'm feeling ecstatic you've never swallowed any man's load but mine. That's a bigger deal in this moment than it was yesterday, given this new information."

She shook her head slightly, not understanding. I couldn't blame her. I didn't fully understand either.

"Men are so strange."

"Save the picture for now, okay?"

"If that's what you want."

"Thanks. You said he does shit like that. Does that mean he's sent other pictures?"

"Yes. I delete them every time."

"Does he know you're married?"

"I told him after the first time."

"You've done nothing wrong, Baby. I'm not upset with you. I am feeling like you shouldn't have kept this to yourself. Include me when he sends pictures or texts. Let me see what he sends. That way you're not hiding anything."

"I get that. Okay. Sorry. I never intended to hide anything. I always just felt it was my problem to handle, not yours. I wanted to respect you."

"We're married. To me, that means we do everything together, including dealing with your ex."

She kissed me on the cheek. We finished dressing. The conversation had risen out of nowhere and taken a crazy turn and while I might seem like everything

she'd revealed was behind me, I was haunted by the image of Deacon's big cock. She'd stayed with him for years. They only split because he couldn't keep a job and she got tired of paying for his share too. That led to arguments and that led to harsher words and the love died. She'd kept a picture of his erection in her phone. Forgot to delete it? I don't think so. More like stared at it when she wanted to masturbate. There were aspects to the man she remembered fondly. I accepted as true that her love for him was gone. I felt safe in that regard. But that she might still look upon his cock and fantasize about the hot sex they once had made me a little jealous but also turned me on.

The thought sexualized Natalee in a way that was independent of her love for me, like I was peeking through a window into her past and seeing another facet of her. I felt strangely more connected to her, like I was privy to one of her secrets, maybe something she didn't even understand about herself.

Natalee had not taken steps to make sure he never sent another picture of his cock because Natalee liked receiving pictures of his cock. She liked that she made him hard. She liked that he desired her so much he had to show her what thoughts of her did to him. What he lacked in emotional maturity he made up for with raw lust, and she liked that. She felt flattered.

Chapter 4

Erica slammed her vegetable smoothie on the table. Other customers in the boutique coffee shop turned to look.

"Modeling?" Erica declared. "Like, fashion? Please tell me you've done nothing to advance the patriarchy and their oppressive view of women as sexual objects."

Natalee laughed in her sister's face.

"I like being noticed," my wife said. "I like feeling pretty. I don't mind being objectified if it's for short periods of time, like while I'm wearing a bikini."

"Stop it, Nat," Erica demanded. "You're single-handedly setting the women's movement back decades."

"Erica, you cannot fight to give women a voice and then try to silence them again when they say something you don't want to hear. We women are fighting to give ourselves all the options men have given themselves. That means I get to make my own choices, free from a man trying to control me but also free from you trying to control me. Sorry that doesn't fit your overarching plan for us all."

Erica looked at me like her sister's choice was my fault.

"Don't look at me," I said. "I model too. I'm contributing to the objectification of men. I'm springing the patriarchy forward decades."

"Fuck off, Toby," she said.

I chuckled.

"Sorry, Erica," I said. "I know the struggle is real. There are issues to be addressed for sure. But I'm with Natalee on this. If my wife wants to model sexy swimsuits, I support her decision."

"You're not bothered by all those lecherous men ogling her?"

"No. The opposite. I feel proud. Natalee is so gorgeous she could have almost any man she wants, and she chooses me. That feels good."

"You guys are impossible."

"I think you're picking the wrong hill to die on," Natalee said. "Focus on preventing sexual assault or wife-beatings. Things that are done to women. Leave the things that women choose for themselves alone. Men are natural voyeurs and women are natural exhibitionists. That's in our DNA."

"I'm not an exhibitionist," Erica snapped. "Look at me. You see skin displayed anywhere? I don't dress slutty."

Natalee laughed at her sister.

"You're one of the biggest exhibitionists I know! Your purse has stones on it the same color as your earrings. Your top has threads of the color of your pants. You do this every time, coordinating your outfit so you look sharp to others. You want to display, to exhibit, if you will, your intelligence and style. It's not all

about skin. That's only one way to be an exhibitionist. There are many ways to display oneself."

Erica was looking down at her outfit. Natalee had nailed her with a truth and it was only just dawning on Erica.

"Shit," Erica said.

Natalee took her sister's hand across the table.

"Let's stop fighting," my wife said. "How are Mom and Dad? How's Beth?"

Erica laughed scornfully.

"Mom and Dad are fine. Beth won a bikini contest last weekend."

Natalee and I burst out laughing.

"Fuck you guys," Erica chuckled. "Beth is hot like you, Nat. She's barely eighteen and is rocking a body like Sydney Sweeny. Girls hit on her as often as guys, but she's so naïve she doesn't realize. It's crazy. They talk about the sexual revolution of the Sixties but they're wrong. It's happening now. People are shedding the narrow roles history assigned to males and females and just following their desires."

"Just like us," Natalee suggested.

Erica sighed.

"I admit you raised a few good points," Erica said. "Beth loves all the attention. Her body has just blossomed overnight into this gorgeous sculpted goddess. She won't listen to anything I say. She wears clothing that shows off her curves and laughs when people gawk. Mom and Dad don't care. They say let Beth have her fun. Physical beauty passes so quickly, they say, it will be over before Beth knows it. Then I meet you guys for coffee and you've started modeling and everything is shit right now."

"I'm sorry, Honey," Natalee said.

Erica took a sip of her disgusting vegetable smoothie.

"We're going to the beach later," I teased. "You're welcome to join us. Natalee can loan you a bikini."

"Asshole," Erica chuckled.

Natalee smacked my wrist.

Chapter 5

Natalee's phone chimed. We were hiking to the top of Mount Baker with plans to meet Greg tomorrow for another shoot. More lingerie but Greg had asked us to seriously consider nudes, assuring us the audience would be much smaller so the likelihood of discovery was less. He wanted to pose us in sexual positions but without any sex. I was for it. We'd spent the week working our usual boring dead-end jobs and I was having doubts about spending the minutes of my life that way. I've found myself reevaluating every aspect of my life.

"I can't believe you got cell reception all the way up here," I said.

"I'm shocked."

We picked a fallen tree off the trail and sat. Nat fished her phone from her small backpack and checked the message. Deacon.

"Really?" I asked. "How often does he text?"

She opened the message and turned her body so we could read it together, honoring my request she keep nothing between them private. A video played of Deke slowly stroking his large erection.

"Remember how easily you'd cum on this?" he asked. "I know you miss it. He misses you. Watch."

The head flared and veins rose higher. Deacon had started recording close to orgasm. His cock swelled bigger and then a long blast of pure white semen launched. He grunted. Another launched and he grunted again. Over and over

the man shot long strands of milky semen. Natalee and I watched in stunned silence, caught by surprise, too shocked to do anything but watch.

The video ended and immediately began to repeat.

"Hell no," Natalee said, punching the pause button. "You see what I deal with? I'm so sorry you had to see that, Baby. This is why I kept things secret."

"Deacon cums a lot," I said.

"That's what you take from this?"

"I'm a bit shaken, Nat. Try to see this from my point of view. I don't know the man at all. I've never seen his face. I've seen his dick, though. I've seen his dick, the one he used to fuck my wife, spurt a gallon of jizz. It's unnerving. I'm shook. To you he's simply an ex-boyfriend. You can think rationally about all this. To me he's just a big spurting cock. He'd cum like that in you? How did you not get pregnant? Did he always wear a condom? Jesus, his cock is a cannon."

"Are you okay?"

I nodded weakly.

"Should I delete this or save it too? I usually tell him to fuck off and leave me alone. Not very effective, as you can see."

"We could make him stop if we said we'd involve the cops."

"True. Would you like me to do that?"

"No. In a strange way, I feel for the guy. I'd hate to lose you. I'd pine. I'd pine so hard. I doubt I'd send you cum shot video but whatever. It must be flattering on some level."

"It is. It's also fucking satisfying. I told him to get his shit together or he'd lose me and regret it. I'm loving how much he regrets it. I'm sure he watches my social media and has seen my transformation. It must be killing him."

She was loving this shit. Women are mean like cats.

"Save it for now," I said. "Don't reply with anger. He wants a reaction, any reaction. As long as you react he'll believe there's hope. You are showing you still have emotions regarding him. Hate is not the opposite of love. Indifference is. If you stop responding at all, he'll fade away. Do you want him to fade away?"

She looked sheepish.

"Not really. I'm loving his anguish. He made me so angry for years."

"I get that. Maybe in time you will tire of him but for now it must be immensely satisfying. I'm confident enough to let you have fun with it, just keep me informed."

"What should I say back to him?"

I pondered a moment. My husband can't believe how big your loads are? I do miss your dick, too bad you're such a loser? I was unsure which direction to go with this.

"Let's toy with him a little," I said.

"How?"

"Tell him to send another picture once he's hard again. He just orgasmed. It might be hours before he's ready again but he'll tug on the thing trying, frustrated. Your change in tone will make him think he's wearing you down."

Her expression was pure mischief.

"I like it," she said. "Why didn't I ever think of that?"

"Too close to the situation. Let's have some fun."

She typed her response and hit send. She put her phone away and we continued our hike. Oddly, I grew hornier with every step. Somewhere across town Deke was frantically playing with his dick to meet her demands. Poor dude would rub himself raw.

The views grew grander the higher we climbed. We emerged from the tree line

and gasped. The vista was staggering. We wouldn't actually reach the summit of this ancient volcano. We weren't equipped for that nor did we have the time. We just hike the trail and enjoy the scenery. We'd picked a gorgeous day for it. There were few other hikers and only a scattering of clouds. We stopped to take pictures. Natalee's phone chimed. We looked at each other.

"No way," I said.

She flipped to the message screen and there it was, looking so virile it seemed to throb in the picture. He was harder than ever after twenty minutes.

"I'd say the dude has a hard-on for you but he literally has a hard-on for you."

She laughed, staring at his dick.

"I'm flattered," she said. "You must admit that's impressive."

She continued staring. I grabbed her wrist and pulled her under the trees. We were alone.

"He's right," I said. "You're hot as fuck."

I kissed her harder and fumbled at her fly. She was ready. She returned my kiss with equal passion and started on my fly. My dick came out already hard. I turned her away from me, pushed her against a log, shoved her small backpack aside, and rammed my cock into her soaked pussy. I animal-fucked her from behind. She held her phone in one hand and the fallen tree in the other and pushed back to meet every thrust. We fucked for almost a minute before I realized the picture of his cock was still up and visible on her phone. Was she staring at it while I hammered her? That only made me hammer her harder. I went wild but so did she. Our cries of pleasure carried across the deep valley. Other hikers heard us fucking but the echoes made placement impossible. I slid a hand under the strap of her backpack and roughly pinched a stiff nipple. She groaned. I stopped and she urged me to keep going, suddenly crying out a moment later in orgasm. Intentional or otherwise, she still held that goddamn phone where we could see his dick. I pounded her harder because of it and she launched into another spike of climax.

My orgasm followed closely. I grabbed her hips and slowed my thrusts while striving to go deeper, as deep as Deacon would have reached. The knowledge

that I never would drove me crazy. I spurt semen wildly, jerking and groaning and struggling to keep my feet under me. We landed bent over the log, stunned. Natalee started chuckling.

"That was crazy," she groaned. "Oh my God, fuck me like that all the time."

"That was so hot."

"Out in nature for anyone to see? Under God's eyes and everything? Fucking hell that was hot."

We buckled our shorts and sat on the ground. I swung a canteen around and we drank as we caught our breath. She looked down at the phone in her hand and showed me his cock again.

"He watched the whole thing," she joked, before dimming the screen.

An idea was born.

"That would be some sweet revenge," I panted. "Every time he sends you a dick pic, send back a video of my dick fucking your pussy. That would sting."

Her jaw dropped.

"Cruel and unusual punishment," she said. "I love it."

Chapter 6

Beth untied and retied the knot behind her neck, lifting the two strings and consequently lifting both of her big firm titties too. I watched without watching, because if Natalee caught me, she'd get angry.

Beth had indeed blossomed into a stunning young woman.

She'd shed her baby fat, uncovering high cheekbones. She'd developed sensuous poise to go with her breathtaking body. Her bikini, sufficient for her body a few years ago, now showed too much, I thought, displaying her naiveté as well as

broad expanses of flawless young skin. Her thong had slipped into her ass crack an hour ago and stayed there. Her lack of awareness resulted in far more exposure than she realized. I'd glimpsed the puckered area around her asshole. Her labia were thinly covered. She made my mouth water.

"What sports do you play in school?" Natalee asked.

"Volleyball, mostly," Beth replied. "Too much rain for tennis. I was on the track team last year. Long jump. I might do that again this year."

"You have the ass for it," Nat said. "Don't you agree, Toby?"

I pretended to swing my attention their way only now.

"Pardon?"

"I said Beth has the ass for long jump and volleyball."

I refused to fall for the trap.

"I don't know what either sport requires, Love," I said.

Nice try, sly wife of mine. No way would she get me to check out her little sister.

"Did you have fun playing those sports?" I asked.

"I had a ton of fun," Beth said.

"That's what counts," I said, smoothly exiting the conversation.

I tilted my pool chair back to catch more sun. Our meeting with Greg was in two hours and I wanted my skin glowing. Natalee and Beth gossiped about work and school. Beth rolled onto her stomach, propped up on elbows to talk to my wife, and her tits spilled out of her top on every side, leaving only the nipples covered. I forced myself to keep my eyes straight ahead over the pool.

They finished speaking and Beth left her lounge chair and walked to the steps down, gingerly entering the water. She piled her long hair on top of her head and held it there with both hands, innocently lifting and displaying her amazing tits.

"She is not a little girl anymore," Natalee said, watching.

"Not at all."

"I see how you avoid looking at her and I thank you. That's a respectful gesture. But you don't need to do it. I see how hot she is. Greg would love her. Not sure I want to introduce her to that kind of work at this young age but damn, my little sis would make a ton of money."

"Yes, keep her away from Greg. He's a good man but he'd see the dollar signs floating in the air. He'd come after her as hard as he came after us."

Natalee studied her sister. I kept my eyes on my wife.

"Are you ready for today's shoot?" she asked me, without turning her head.
"Softcore. We are going to pretend to fuck on camera. Lots of sexy sexual poses. Can you stand it?"

"I don't know. I think so but we'll see. It's a relief he doesn't need me hard. All the pressure's off. I can relax and watch you climb all over me. Are you ready?"

"This will be fun. It's classy. I looked up his other shoots like this. They are professional and elegant."

We enjoyed ourselves until it was time to collect our things. Beth would stay alone at our place while we did the shoot. She was off from school and wanted a break from Mom and Dad so we told her to spend as long as she liked. She knew we'd be gone a couple hours for an errand. Natalee and I showered and dressed, light shirts and pants, and told her to order pizza or eat anything she found in the fridge.

Greg welcomed us into the studio. Another shoot was just wrapping, and three tall black men in boxer briefs stood over a petite blonde girl in lacy bra and panties.

"Underwear ad?" Natalee asked.

Greg scoffed.

"Yeah. Underwear."

Natalee looked confused and turned her gaze once more on the stage. The three

black men had huge bulges, their cock shape clearly outlined. Tim handed the blonde a clean towel and she wiped her face and hands with it.

"You shoot hardcore?" I asked.

Natalee snapped her attention back to the stage. Now she understood.

"Occasionally," Greg said. "I generally do not like the people in that business but some of them are nice. The money is good. More and more these days I have single females asking for my help shooting them for their OnlyFans page. Every girl born pretty can make money from it now. It's crazy."

"Did those black men just fuck that little blonde girl?" Natalee asked.

"In every hole," Greg said, without enthusiasm.

Natalee stared at the group. I wondered what she thought.

"Timmy has prepared our stage in the back studio," Greg said. "I need a minute to get ready. You can meet me back there. I won't be long."

We shook hands and he left and Nat and I walked by the set. The petite blonde smiled at my wife and Natalee smiled back. Hard to believe she'd just been fucked in every hole. One of the black men peeled away from the group and approached us.

"You folks shooting with Greg today?" he asked.

"We are. Softcore. We're married."

"You ever shoot hard? I'd love a session with your wife, if you're into that."

I froze, paralyzed by his up-front manner. Natalee looked shocked for an instant and then her eyes dropped to the bulge in his boxer briefs.

"Just softcore," I said, finally. "We're rookies."

"I get it. Just checking. My name is Aaden." He took Natalee's hand and shook it. "You are fucking hot, baby. I'd love to fuck you."

"Natalee," my stunned wife replied. "Th— Thanks."

I led her away.

"Did you see his bulge?" she quickly asked.

"Yes. Big like Deacon."

"Yes, but it would be jet black. Can you imagine?"

"I'm guessing you can. I'm guessing you are right now."

"I've never even seen a black penis," she said. "I'm only realizing that at this moment. What are they like? Like yours but black?"

"Black and bigger, I'd guess, judging by that bulge."

"That little woman took them all? That's crazy. Greg must have meant one at a time. No way she took them together. God. Three big black men inside your body at the same time? I bet her orgasms were continuous."

We entered the back studio and spied the large bed and white drop cloth. The backdrop was a white sheet too. Timmy was there and told us to disrobe because clothing leaves distracting lines on skin. We stripped and stood waiting. Natalee glanced several times at the opening which led to stage one. We waited in silence. Movement drew my eye. Two of the black men, Aaden and another, and the small blonde stood in the opening, watching us. Aaden stared at my naked wife. I saw Natalee force her arms to her sides, exposing her body to him. I crossed my arms on my chest, showing the blonde my big dick.

Greg cut a path through the group and instructed Timmy to get the models paid and out the door. The group followed Tim, except for Aaden, who moved to the side and partially hid himself.

Greg got to business, checking our bodies for bruises and lines from the clothes. He decided we were ready to shoot and placed Natalee on her knees, seated on her heels. He brought me close, my dick an inch from her face, and then turned her head so her hair would obscure my penis. He placed one of her hands around the base and told her to lean in slightly.

"Perfect," he said, snapping a picture.

He moved quickly and professionally, repositioning us countless times. He'd use her long hair, our thighs or arms, even knees and elbows to hide what would be the point of penetration. I got so close to sticking my dick in Natalee, my balls soon ached with need. He'd allow her to touch her lips and pussy to my dick, and then would hide the contact. Great shots. Crazy sexy.

Aaden watched my wife like he was hypnotized and she ate it up, posturing for him to enhance her natural sexiness. Once, she pressed her mouth to my hanging shaft and lifted her eyes to his. Her act was so boldly flirtatious blood surged and I started to grow. Fucking tease. My jealousy fueled my lust. We advanced through Greg's list of positions, eventually landing on the big bed and pretending to fuck. Missionary, doggie, cowgirl, reverse-cowgirl: he posed us in every way as the camera clicked and clicked.

At last he called for a break and went to his office to make a call. Aaden joined us, praising our work profusely. His swollen mass had grown. He spoke with knowledge about the different positions and the lighting required, and gave us tips on how to look even better, holding our chins a certain way to reduce unflattering shadows, pointing our toes when possible, squaring our shoulders. We practiced what he preached and saw an instant improvement. I caught Natalee gawking at his fat lump many times. She clearly had an effect on him and loved that she did. He was tall and handsome and his skin was dark and exotic. My wife was smitten.

Timmy appeared pushing a padded table with a hole cut from the center. He positioned it under the lights and locked the wheels and departed.

"What the hell is this?" Natalee asked.

I shrugged. Aaden chuckled.

"Milking table," he said. "Let me show you."

Our new dark friend shoved his boxer briefs to the ground. His cock was an impressive tube of chocolate meat, hanging partially aroused already because of Nat. His smooth balls were large and dangled behind the shaft. Everything was bald, and he was much bigger than me. My wife stared as the man climbed onto the table facedown. He aligned his cock with the hole and dropped to his belly. His dark cock and balls passed through the hole to hang beneath, alone and exposed, on display without the man they were attached to. Our vision was

forced to focus all our attention squarely on male genitalia, which was the point, I suppose.

"Oh," Natalee murmured.

Her gaze was fixated. It was a lot of hanging meat. They say women aren't visually aroused the way men are, but at that moment, my wife was.

"Typically," Aaden said. "The female takes a position under the table. Greg can shoot any angle he chooses cleanly. He captures model and penis only, eliminating the unnecessary male. Shots like this are all about the woman and the dick. Nobody cares about the dude."

"You have no pubic hair," Natalee said. "Like, nothing. Not even stubble."

"You like?" he asked. "I tried it for a shoot a while back and kept it that way. Clean and smooth and fresh. You should try it, Toby. You'll never go back to pubic hair. What a mess."

Aaden played it cool but his intense gaze never left my wife. We stood naked and he ate up every inch of her body. Freed at last from his boxers and now singularly on display, his cock began to swell as his eyes crept over Nat. Clever man. I realized what he had done, using the table as a way to get himself in front of her. More than that, he was now free to grow erect right before her eyes. What would my wife do? She can't run away. We're here for a job.

"What do you mean the female takes a position under?" Nat rasped, her voice strained.

Aaden saw his opportunity.

"Well," he said. "What would you do if you wanted to blow me right now?"

"Send my husband to the grocery store."

He laughed. I did too.

"No, what I mean is, how would you position yourself under the table?"

She knew exactly what he'd meant.

"Like this," she said, crouching down and crawling under.

I gasped softly. What a fucking sight. Natalee crossed her legs and stared up at his hairless, dangling, prick and balls. He was inches from her face. I was breathless.

"Are you close to my penis?" he asked.

"Yes. I can feel the heat coming off it."

"Nice. So now what you'd do is pose like you were just posing with Toby. No actual contact, but you'd act like you were about to. Greg snaps the pictures and you go from position to position, always just about to suck that cock."

Aaden stayed where he was. Natalee paused before realizing he wanted her to go through the motions. My wife opened her mouth and moved closer to the flared head. My palms were sweaty and my balls ached. She angled her throat like she was about to slide him in and I quietly groaned. Her eyes darted to the side, meaning she'd heard me, but she kept her mouth almost touching his meat.

My goddamn penis began to rise.

Of all the times I wished to not get an erection, this had to top the list. Instead, my dick connected Natalee and her interest in dick and decided now was the perfect time to get ready. I crossed my arms on my chest. No way would I tell them to separate. How juvenile. We were all naked and at a naked photoshoot. Everyone had behaved with professionalism. No way was I going to be the insecure and pouty husband whining about his wife.

"Don't move," Greg said.

I spun, startled. Greg had returned from his call and found Aaden and Natalee posed. His artist's eyes knew a good shot when he saw one.

"Timmy!" Greg shouted. "Bring me the Nikon!"

The patter of footsteps sounded beyond the studio. Greg surveyed each of us, easily determining the events that led us to this moment. When his eyes landed on my growing erection, I learned that embarrassment can't kill you, but sure makes you wish you could die. Timmy entered our studio and absorbed the

situation in an instant. He handed off the Nikon and Greg began snapping pictures. He had Natalee change the angle of her mouth and move closer. My balls were two-hundred degrees. Greg had her move again and her lips brushed the tip of his big black cock, causing him to gasp and his meat to sway a few times. Greg moved closer, turning the lens to focus for a close-up.

"Do that again," he instructed.

Natalee hesitated, understanding it was a violation of marital vows, but, given our purpose here today, and Greg's direct command, she drifted by once more, dragging her lips across the dark head of his cock. The camera's motor whirred as Greg fired through multiple shots of the event. My heart was about to break through my ribs. I hated that it was Nat down there but I could not deny the powerful sexual imagery.

"Let's invite your tongue to the party," Greg said. "Stick it out like you intend to touch the tip to your nose. Perfect. Now move closer to his cock."

Her tongue landed under his big, dark, heavy head and traveled up to the hole at the tip.

"Not that close," Greg said, camera whirring. "Try again."

My legs had grown weak. I told myself it was all acting, not truly sexual, but I swear sexual tension filled the air like a dense fog. My naked dick throbbed, untouched. Natalee reloaded and sent her tongue probing again but this time the offense was flagrant. She touched his cock two inches below the head and licked all the way up. Aaden's black balls had risen to hang tightly at the hole in the table. His formidable shaft and bulging head pulsed, erect and laced with dark veins. Greg shot rapid pictures and Natalee tried again, once more licking the underside of his big cock all the way to the head. Greg cleared his throat.

"That's enough on that angle," he said. "Let's move you around in front. Perfect. Now tilt your head back and open wide, like you plan on taking as much of that gorgeous cock as you can. He's thick, so you know you need to relax your jaw. Perfect. Now keep your mouth wide open like that and shuffle your knees closer."

Natalee did everything he asked when he asked it. She had zero hesitation, freed from guilt by his demands. He was the artist and our boss and we were there to

listen to him, so, she did.

"Closer," Greg muttered.

I had to lean against Timmy. My dick was hard like iron. I stressed over any move she made, no matter how small.

"They truly are beautiful together," Tim murmured. "Don't you think?"

I couldn't speak. Thank God Aaden couldn't see where she was or what she did. No man could resist the invitation of that open mouth. If he'd known, he'd have flexed his hips and pushed his black cock in. Every man would. Timmy wasn't wrong. My wife's pretty face, pale skin and smooth complexion, looked stunning next to Aaden's throbbing black spear. His cock seemed to reach for my wife, straining to get her.

"Perfect," Greg said. "Mouth wide open, directly in front. Perfect."

The camera whirled.

I should have seen it coming. Greg had just described my wife's exact location under the table. He'd described how she was posed. Aaden pretended to shift to a more comfortable position, while also pushing his cock a few inches lower. That black head slipped into my wife's mouth and nature took over. Natalee closed her lips around him and softly sucked. Her eyes closed too, gratification obvious on her face. She'd held her jaw down for so long she was delighted to have something in her mouth. She sucked harder and Aaden pushed more dick lower, flexing his ass to drive his hips. Greg froze for only an instant before training took over and the camera rattled off shot after shot. Things had gone too far and I cleared my throat, ready to protest. Natalee pulled her mouth off the man at the same time he drew his hips back.

"Sorry!" they both said simultaneously.

"It happens," Greg reassured them.

He moved on like no big thing. He continued the poses, keeping her close and sexy, but no violation as blatant as that occurred again. Before too long he told Nat she could come out from under the table.

"I'm not paying you for that," he told Aaden, and both men chuckled.

Aaden came over to us, black cock still fully erect and drawing my wife's eye. We all shook hands and he mentioned to Timmy he was ready to get paid. He pulled on his underwear and left.

"You're hard too," Natalee said.

We both looked down at my dick.

"That was intense," I admitted.

"Sorry I got carried away. Difficult not to under those circumstances. I felt guilty until I saw that you were erect. Everything okay?"

"I'm fine," I said. "Just a natural reaction to a sexual situation. It's not like I wanted you to suck him off or fuck him."

"Oh, okay."

Greg gave us another ten-minute break. We draped robes around our shoulders and Timmy brought us tea before wandering away to set up the next stage.

"I guess that table was intended for us," Natalee said.

"You took over."

"Sorry. Just trying to do a good job."

I watched her. She sipped her tea and looked around the studio.

"Why are you still hard?" she asked.

"Fuck if I know. I thought I was going to have a heart attack watching you playing with his cock under there."

"Never seen a black one before. They're sexy. They look exotic. In the way you say Asian girls have a sexy look."

"Did you want him to fuck you?"

She laughed.

"The thought occurred," she said. "I wouldn't, you know that, but yeah, that was a big beautiful black cock. Of course the idea popped into my head."

"That wasn't an idea that popped in there."

She chuckled and I did too.

"Intense," I said again.

"I wonder what Greg has planned next?"

Chapter 7

The rest of the shoot was mild compared to what we'd already experienced. He posed us for a softcore magazine and we did our jobs. He paid us, a lot, and we drove home. I felt the tension between us and I took almost an hour to realize how horny she was, how horny we both were. I said I needed a shower and Natalee agreed so we showered together in the big master bedroom walk-in. We got under the sprays and soaped up.

"Let's shave," Natalee said. "Like Aaden. Smooth all over. It's a sexy look. Your big dick will look even bigger."

"All right."

We grabbed our razors and minutes later we were slick as bowling balls.

"I'm more sensitive," she said, running a finger up and down her slit.

That's all I could take. I tried to be cool and casual, even denying my feelings to myself, but her delicate digit slipping between her labia did me in. I dropped to my knees and pushed her against the tile wall, burying my face in her hairless crotch and my tongue up her tight tunnel. I slurped and sucked and ravaged her sweet cunt. She was drenched from today's activities and I slipped a finger in to

pump her pussy while I ate her. She gasped and moaned and grabbed my head with both hands.

"I did want to fuck him," she soon confessed, almost sobbing around her moans. "I know you feel how wet I am. That man was so sexy. I'm sorry, Baby, but it's true. I ached to feel that big black cock in me. I'm so sorry!"

I licked faster. I pumped my finger faster. I appreciated her admitting the truth but I didn't need to hear it. I already knew. My dick rose between my legs but I ignored it, concentrating all my attention on her tight little pussy. She was already close to orgasm thanks to our new friend, and I wanted to hear it. I feasted on my wife, wanting to get her there now.

"Maybe I'll allow it," I growled. "What if I let him? We're bound to cross his path at Greg's studio again. Maybe next time I give him to you, just once. Would you like that?"

I guessed such fantasy dirty talk would push her off the cliff and I was right. My wife groaned like her spirit was leaving her body and trembled in my hands. She braced herself against the shower wall and orgasmed like a wailing child. I only ate her faster. She howled, she clawed at the wall and my back. I held her little round butt in both hands and devoured her cunt until she couldn't take it anymore. Her climax left her weak and dizzy and we slid down the wall under the hot spray. She collapsed against my chest, almost sobbing. She slowly returned to herself and then she started to laugh, soft and low. I soon joined her.

"Our life is crazy now," I said.

"Absolutely."

We chuckled and hugged each other.

"You know Aaden is in his early twenties, right?" she said.

"I'd say that's about right."

"I'm forty-one."

"You're suggesting there's no way a man his age would be interested in fucking a woman your age?"

"Exactly. Hot fantasy, though. I loved your dirty talk."

"Baby, I saw his dick. I saw how hard he was for you. I saw him push his hips forward trying to reach your mouth. That young man definitely wanted you."

"He's got a harem of girls. I'm too old."

She seemed in need of reassurance so I played along.

"Natalee, Aaden started to get hard from the moment he saw you. The attraction was real. After you opened your mouth and spoke he only wanted you more. After watching you pose for an hour he wanted you even more. You look amazing. You look super-hot."

"You're a wonderful husband. Thank you. I am older and that's okay. Maybe Aaden does desire me. It's a delightful fantasy."

We continued our shower. I helped her stand and gently washed her body and she melted into me. I caressed my lovely wife and felt her passion grow again. The thoughts I'd planted had taken root and she could think of nothing else. I felt tension under my hands and I took a moment to realize she was at war with herself, conflicted over her desire to fuck a breathtaking young black man and the guilt she felt for wanting to do so. I had planted thoughts in her head but those thoughts came with a price. Her body grew warmer. I imagined fucking her against the shower wall to relieve her sexual frustration, but it wasn't my cock she wanted right now. She's my wife and I love her and I always try to give her what she wants, but, damn, this wasn't a pair of diamond earrings. This wasn't a Gucci purse. I soaped her body and thought hard about this.

"You told Greg you'd never do porn," I began. "But he took pictures of Aaden's cock in your mouth."

"Which I told him to delete and he promised he would. Aaden was in there for only a second. Don't be upset. I was only clowning around. It meant nothing."

I hugged her from behind, pulling her wet and soapy body against my own.

"You looked sexy," I said. "Under that table. Big black cock in your face."

She leaned into me, unsure what to say. We'd said a lot in the heat of the moment

but that moment had passed.

My mind raced in many directions. I may have planted thoughts in her head but by doing so I'd planted them in my own. From the moment Greg approached us at the gym, the subject of sex in our lives had climbed the ladder and now sat at the top rung. The topic floated around us all the time. Sex used to be something we enjoyed maybe twice a week. Now we had sex often, and when we weren't, the subject still reared its head in other ways.

Chapter 8

Beth opened the door from the kitchen to the garage and stopped.

"Holy shit!" she laughed.

I came up behind her to see what she saw. We had two new kayaks, two new four-wheeled ATVs, and two new paddle boards. New wetsuits hung on the wall. New bicycles hung on hooks.

"How can you guys afford all this?" she asked.

"I thought Erica would have told you by now. Your sister and I have been modeling and we've been busy. America has aged and there's a huge demand for models our age in great shape. Supply and demand. Lots of demand, few models. We get signed to almost every gig. We'd quit our regular jobs if we thought it would last, but we know it won't."

She ran into the garage and jumped on an ATV.

"Take me out," she said. "This looks so fun!"

"It is. We don't have time today to drive to the desert but we can go for a ride in the hills behind our house. I'll get Natalee."

Beth waved me away, pretending to zoom around on the four-wheeler. She's just a big kid. I found Natalee and told her Beth wanted to go riding.

"You take her. I have a project for work I need to complete. Take her to the lake. There's lots of good trails there. She'll have fun."

We kissed. My phone rang on the return to the garage. Douglas. I ignored the call because I was sure he'd drag me to work on the weekend. Let him bother someone else. I informed Beth we could go riding and she squealed with delight. I found a helmet and gloves and leggings and off we went, racing up dirt trails and through the forest. I led her over jumps and around berms and listened to her delighted laughter all the way. With parents so much older, I imagined she had a quiet childhood. All her sisters were older and already gone from the house when she came along. Not much fun in her life so far. I heard pure joy in her voice as we raced along.

At last we reached the lake and I aimed for the peninsula Natalee and I like best. A long finger of land extends into the water with a small beach at the end. We killed the engines and climbed off and I shed my gloves and helmet, wading in to wash off the trail dust. Beth did the same and then pulled off her T-shirt and kicked off her baggy shorts. In seconds, she was nude. I tried to look at her like I should, like she was my sister-in-law, but that was impossible. Her young body screamed sex at my face. Her breasts were big but completely ignored gravity. Her ass was two perfect hemispheres sitting high. She had long hair and a pretty face and a flat stomach and then, just beneath, a bare little pink cunt. Jesus. What an amazing sight. God help me.

"Don't get your shorts wet," she called out. "We still need to ride after we swim. Take them off. I won't tell Natalee."

No. No. No. No. Nonono.

"Okay," I shouted back.

I felt my dick start to fill before I even reached for the drawstring. Showing off my cock to innocent Beth would be exhilarating. What a rush. I untied the string and unzipped the fly and casually checked to make sure she watched me. She was walking towards me with her eyes glued. I slid my shorts down and peeled off my T-shirt and tossed both on the ATV. I faced her, casually, like I did this all the time and it was no big deal. I'd gained some tumescence and when I turned, I turned fast enough to make my big cock swing. Her jaw dropped open a little and I'd never felt so proud of my dick.

"Wow," she said, unpretentiously. "Your dick is really big."

I looked down, knowing her eyes roamed every inch just like me.

"You're hairless too," she quipped. "You look so clean and healthy." She turned her face to the sky. "Fuck you, Nat, you bitch." She zeroed on me again, running her eyes over every muscle. "All I get are stupid boys chasing me. My sister got herself a man. You look so hot, Toby. I've watched porn on the Internet. Mom and Dad don't know. I've seen plenty of dicks and you've got a nice one. Yummy."

Did I love the way she talked about my cock? Fuck yes I did. She ran her eyes up and down my length, gauging the sight of me, judging my dick and finding it pleasing. I remained motionless, allowing her to stare all she wanted. Blood flowed and the increased weight pulled my dick lower and longer, right before her eyes.

"Am I causing that?" she asked.

I ogled her body just like she did mine.

"Yes."

"Awesome."

"You'll have no problem finding a man, Beth. You've blossomed into a gorgeous, sexy woman."

"Thanks," she said, vaguely.

She wasn't listening. Her eyes were glued to my dick. She may have explored the Internet but that's nothing like a naked dick in front of you. We stood several feet apart in full sunlight. There was no mystery here. There were also no barriers. Only social decorum kept her from touching that hanging club of meat.

More blood flowed and I grew nervous. I enjoyed her eyes on me but I wanted to avoid growing fully hard. I loved showing her my big cock but an erection sent a different kind of message. An erection was an obvious sexual desire expressed for her, personally, and that would be wildly inappropriate. We could play naughty and skinny-dip, but if I got fully hard for her, things were going to get

awkward. I told myself I could not fuck this girl.

As usual, my dick ignored my brain. Her studied gaze, obvious curiosity, and open appreciation for what she saw, were all too much for me. My body temperature rose and so did my cock. My hairless balls drew tight to my body and my shaft engorged. The head flared. Veins rose along the length and I quickly found myself standing there with a raging, throbbing, pulsating hard-on for my wife's little sister. My gaze traveled her body like her gaze traveled mine. We scrutinized every inch of each other in silent appreciation.

"I'm sorry, Beth. I can't help it."

"Do not apologize," she rasped. "You just went from soft to hard right in front of me. That was sooooo hot. Did looking at me make you do that?"

"Yes."

"You're saying the mere sight of me made your dick grow?"

"Yes."

She covered her face with both hands and shouted something. She lowered her hands and stared.

"Oh my God," she said. "I'm soaked. You got hard from looking at me."

"That's going to happen to you a lot, Beth."

Her eyes burned a hole through my skin. I loved the naked lust on her face. I loved being nude before her. Her eyes narrowed as she planned something.

"Jerk off for me," she said. "It's so hot when guys stroke themselves. I watch masturbation videos on my laptop. I can't touch you because you're my sister's husband and I love her but you can touch yourself. That's where I'm drawing the line. I want you to look at me and I want you to jerk your big dick."

I should have refused but I didn't. Don't judge me. You should have seen her standing there. I curled my fingers around the root of my dick and pulled backward while forcing blood and flaring the head. She gasped. I made my dick look as big and thick as I could and then I began a slow and easy stroke, staring

at her amazing tits, angelic face, incredible body. I masturbated to the sight of this young nymph and devoured her with my eyes. Her gaze wandered all over my body but always returned to my dick, and that is where she focused now. I masturbated and she lifted a breast to her mouth, nibbling her own nipple before sucking in a mouthful of tit. I moaned. She looked so hot. She sent her free hand to play with her clit and we pleased ourselves for the pleasure of each other under the hot sun.

She orgasmed first.

Her legs went weak but she kept her balance and rubbed her clit while groaning and staring. I felt cum rise and shuffled my feet farther apart.

"Are you going to cum?" she asked, amazed.

I nodded, stroking faster.

"Oh, my God," she muttered.

I jerked faster, eager to blast a huge load for this sweet thing. Sperm boiled. Balls tightened.

"It's coming," I gasped.

I stroked even faster. My balls bounced wildly and I grabbed them with my free hand. I lifted my hips, sticking my hard cock high in the open air, and filled my lungs.

"Do it," she hissed. "Let me see. Cum for me."

"Unngh!"

I launched a long thick rope of sperm like a rocket. My seed traveled through the air and landed on her thigh. Her eyes were huge as my cock exploded, long bolts of boiling sperm flying free. She wanted to touch me as badly as I wanted her to touch me but we held that line. Another long rope splashed across her leg. She gawked as I emptied my balls in the dirt.

"That's so fucking hot," she said. "That's so fucking hot."

At last I was drained and straightened my shoulders. My body tingled all over. I stood tall and my cock wilted slowly, head easing towards the ground.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever seen," Beth said.

"Me too," I panted, which made no sense, but she knew what I meant.

"You got some on me," she said. "That shit flew. Sperm is sexy. Let's get in the water and wash away the dust and sweat and semen. After, we can enjoy a beer from the cooler. I'm parched."

"You're not old enough to drink."

She scoffed.

"Okay," I relented. "Sounds perfect."

We walked to the shore together, leaving about a foot of distance between us. I was relieved she did not try to hold my hand. We glanced at each other's bodies often. She seemed enchanted by my swinging dick. Mesmerized. We waded in and let the cool water refresh us. I rinsed away dust and dirt and sweat and she did the same, reluctant to wash my semen off. We watched each other closely. Her tight body made my heart ache.

Finally, she dove under, swimming hard. She broke the surface and turned back and so I did the same, opening my eyes underwater as I rose and marveling at her absolutely ripe and delicious form. I wanted to fuck her so badly I couldn't see straight. I broke the surface and filled my lung and she quickly wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist.

"Don't let us drown!" she squealed, playfully.

I didn't. I tread water, keeping us both afloat, and she held on, full breasts mashed against my chest.

"You're so strong," she teased. "You and Natalee must work out a lot."

"We do," I panted.

She held me tight and I used arms and legs to keep our heads above the surface.

Her warm and wiggling body got to me and I began to grow again, surprised at how quickly I'd recovered. My cock rose despite my exertions, rose under her perfect ass until it pointed upward. When her bare slit brushed the head, we both gasped. She leaned away to look me in the eyes, biting her bottom lip.

"Are you hard down there?"

"I am," I said.

"Do you want to fuck me?"

"I very much do."

"We can't," she pleaded.

"No," I agreed. "We can't."

All my efforts were focused on preventing us from drowning. She shuffled her legs around my waist and I felt the heat from her slit settle over the tip of my cock. Just the tip. The innocent, unassuming tip.

I've never exercised more self-control than I did in that moment. I desperately wanted to flex my ass and send my cock into her, but I didn't. She closed her eyes, seeming to savor the sensation of a big hard cock just outside her opening, and then, grudgingly, released me and swam away. She disappeared under water again and I saw her head for shore. I followed. We walked out of the water towards the ATVs. I remained stiff as glass.

"Just so you know," she said, turning her T-shirt right-side out. "If we did fuck, I'd fuck you to death."

"No," I replied. "I'd fuck you to death."

We plucked towels from the carrying case on each ATV and opened a beer. We let the sun and wind dry us as we watched my erection wilt. She made a pouty-lipped face and we laughed. We dressed and continued our ride, climbing the hillside until we got to the lookout point Natalee and I liked best. We spent some time there taking in the scenery and then I suggested it was time to go home. She agreed.

"Thanks for jerking off for me," she said. "I hope I didn't embarrass you."

"It was fun. I liked it."

"Would it be okay if I asked you to do it again sometime?"

"If the moment's right, yes. Sure. But we can't tell Natalee."

"Never," she agreed.

We rode back to the house.

Beth went home the next day and guilt began to eat me like acid. Fooling around with your wife's sister is taboo. A huge taboo. Natalee and I had broken a few rules lately but we broke them as a couple. Nothing we did produced any secrets from each other. I had used Aaden's dick in Natalee's mouth as a rationalization to do things with Beth I shouldn't have. The right thing to do would be to tell Natalee what we'd done and bear the consequences, like a man, but I was afraid. I worried about her reaction. She's open-minded, yes, but she is tremendously protective of her little sister. I promised myself to never do it again and used that promise as a salve for my guilty conscience. Weak, I know, but everything was going so well. Why fuck things up?

But the universe is a twisted place, and does not care about our plans.

Chapter 9

Saturday afternoon found us at Greg's studio again. We'd been coming every weekend. He'd send us home with some of the pictures from that day's shoot and we'd sit in bed, reviewing and discussing how we looked and what we liked. Natalee was a burgeoning exhibitionist and my voyeur fire roared. I couldn't get enough of seeing her exposed. A glimpse of her sweet pussy at the edge of a photo, a photo thousands of other people would ultimately see, sent me tumbling. It had the same effect on her. We'd look through the pictures from that day and then fuck and suck ourselves into a stupor.

Today's shoot was softcore, with blindfolds and fuzzy handcuffs to spice things up. Natalee wore several black lace teddys, most with split crotch and split openings over her nipples. Greg moved her into a variety of positions and placed me between her legs or behind her as if penetration was occurring. We moved quickly from one shot to the next as Greg had another group of models arriving soon. Nat and I were practiced enough now to keep up with Greg and Timmy. We knew what to do. Blindfolded Natalee took her spot on the bed, on all fours, head down and ass up. Timmy hurried to secure her wrists and knees with rope, limiting her to that pose alone. My job was to climb up there and pretend I fucked her from behind. With my hips pressed to her butt, no one could tell if I was inside her or not. Greg knows his shit.

Voices stage-right caught my attention and I spied Aaden and his friends watching us go through our photoshoot. They were already nude, to eliminate clothing lines, and had wandered over to watch. I got behind Natalee and Greg began to snap pictures. He posed me gradually leaning farther over her, cupping her breasts, arching my back. After a while, most of the other models left. Aaden stayed. Aaden stayed and watched my wife work, watched me pretend to fuck her, and his big black cock slowly rose. He stroked his length leisurely and waited for us to finish so his shoot could start. He pleased himself to the sight of my wife. I felt proud.

That's when the idea hit me.

That's when I saw a path out from the guilt I felt about Beth.

I waved Aaden closer. Greg turned to see who approached and then turned to me, confused. I put a finger to my lips to silence them both and smiled. Greg realized I was playing a trick and went along, smiling too. Aaden drew close and I pointed for him to take my spot, trading places with me behind Natalee without her knowing. Greg began to snap pictures, all in good fun.

Aaden took my wife's ass in his big black hands and pulled himself against her. She believed it was me back there and sensuously rolled her hips at him. His hard black shaft slipped through her gap and split her crotchless panties, gliding across her labia. She gasped at the direct friction on her clitoris, gasped, but then tried to make it happen again, pulling her hips away and pushing backward at him.

They quickly struck a rhythm. She rocked forward as he eased back, then he leaned forward as she went back. She was dragging her clit back and forth along the top of his black cock, all while thinking it was me. Greg snapped pictures rapidly, encouraging Natalee with praise for how sexy she looked. Each time they repeated their motion, Natalee inched a little farther forward and Aaden inched a little farther back. Soon the tip of his cock snagged the dip of her opening as it passed. Natalee gasped. He snagged her again a few thrusts later, splitting her labia and grazing her insides for a split-second. My wife moaned. Greg moved closer, capturing the action in detail.

Aaden pulled back quickly but advanced slowly, deliberately searching for her opening with his cock. My brilliant idea was about to bear fruit. Let her take his cock for a moment, like she'd taken him in her mouth, and everyone would be happy, and I would shed my guilt like a snake's skin. Yes, I'd acted inappropriately with her sister, but she'd sucked Aaden's dick and now, in just a moment, she was about to take his cock in her pussy. The idea tormented me but it was a path out from the guilt I felt. We'd both be guilty of something, making us even.

Aaden pulled back one last time and sent his cock forward, probing, tilting his hips and hoping. The head dipped into her opening and caught. He flexed his ass, sinking black inches deep.

My wife and her lover groaned at the same time.

He pulled his hips away because he wanted to see himself in her. He gazed down at his cock penetrating her cunt and I did too. Her tight lips stretched to accommodate his pornstar girth, forming a ring of light skin around his black shaft.

All the wind left my lungs. The sight staggered me. I'd orchestrated this moment and now deep regret flared. What had I done? Greg looked concerned but continued to take pictures, reasoning if I made this happen, I must be okay with it. Natalee was trying to form words to launch a protest, but right then Aaden held her hips and sank his shaft all the way in. He looked to me for a protest but it was way too late for that. I'd fucked up and I'd fucked up huge. I gave him a knowing look and said nothing. He closed his eyes and relished the sensation of Natalee, the older white lady he'd wanted for weeks, wrapped snugly around his stiff black inches. Natalee squirmed and writhed, impaled.

This was supposed to be softcore but if her husband pushed in and Greg did not stop it, who was she to interrupt me? Perhaps, she probably thought, Greg has a way to hide the things no one is supposed to see.

Greg gave me a questioning stare, but when I did nothing, he went back to taking pictures. I moved closer to the set and Timmy came up next to me.

"Are you sure about this?" he whispered.

"One-hundred percent," I told him. "Which is to say not at all."

"That makes sense."

He stayed and watched that big black cock open my wife and spread her. Aaden moved slow and smooth and strong, trusting in the power of his meat, and, as expected, Natalee soon began to whimper.

"Greg," she muttered. "Stop. My husband is going to make me cum, and I don't want it recorded. It's too personal. You can take pictures after."

The young black stud never slowed, never stumbled. He fucked my wife deep and sure. She started breathing too fast and pulling on the ropes. Aaden never broke his rhythm, savoring my wife's insides.

"Toby!" she gasped. "Shit, Baby. That feels so good. Toby? Fuck."

Moments later, Natalee uttered a piercing cry of release, hiding her face as an orgasm swept through her.

This was my penance. This was my atonement. I would bury forever my indiscretions with Beth and in place of those, I'd have this excruciating act. Natalee was no longer the unsuspecting victim. I was. I'd granted my wife Aaden's big black cock and that made everything right.

Except it did not. Natalee's orgasm was intense and long-lived. She growled until her growl became a whimper and then a plaintive whine. Her own cunt betrayed her, flooding her body and mind with too much to handle. Aaden held her waist and fucked slowly upward into the heart of her. By now, she had to suspect it wasn't me. No way his cock felt like mine. My dick did not fill her like that and I've certainly never made her cum that hard.

The ropes robbed her of motion but also robbed her of any responsibility, any guilt or blame, and that turned her focus inward, directing her to that thick beast plowing ahead, expanding her tight tunnel, reaching deep places not touched since Deacon.

Moments later my wife howled in orgasm again. Greg flashed me a concerned look but my expression told him to keep photographing, which he did. Natalee moaned, feeling that stiff monster pummel her insides. Aaden varied the depth and strength of his strokes and a few minutes later my wife shocked us all, including herself, when the strongest climax of all smashed her mind to pieces. Her rigid body writhed within the confines of the lingerie and the bindings as she came like thunder.

I moved around the bed and untied her. I freed her knees too. She held his big cock another moment and then eased forward, pulling her cunt off his meat. She flopped onto her back and lifted her blindfold with trembling hands, ready to ask me how I'd done it. Instead, Aaden still knelt between her knees, big black cock jutting up from his hips. I stood several feet away. Her shocked gaze darted around the bed: Greg. Timmy. Me. Aaden. Greg. Me. Greg. Me.

"What the fuck?" she muttered. "Toby? Did Aaden just fuck me?"

Young Aaden did not wait for my response. He leaned over her body, weight on his elbows, body stiff, and kissed my wife on the mouth. His cock naturally lowered into position and Natalee's legs instinctively rose to bracket the young man's hips, despite the uncertainty on her face. He relaxed and his fat cock pierced her and sank deep, forcing the air from her lungs in a lusty groan. Her arms and legs closed around his torso as he fed his dick into her body. She mustered all her willpower to break the kiss.

"What the fuck is going on, Toby?" she asked.

Greg watched me closely. Aaden was a young man and like any young man, he continued to fuck my wife as she spoke, ignoring her agitation. She was upset with me, not him, so he might as well keep fucking.

"We talked about this," I said. "I decided to surprise you and make it real."

"We shared some dirty talk," she said, Aaden's hips rising and falling. "In—ahh—the bedroom. That's not—ungh—a conversation."

She protested, but her arms and legs still trapped the young man.

"I knew you wanted him," I said. "So, I gave him to you."

Her eyes rolled around before she could focus on me again. He was stealing her, gradually, distracting her from her anger. With his thick cock moving in and out, she found it hard to concentrate, hard to form words.

"Greg?" she gasped, attempting a new direction. "This must be wrong."

Greg kept the camera clicking.

"All the wives love Aaden," he said.

"All the wives?" I asked. "This has happened before?"

"This happens a lot, Toby. I also shoot X-rated material in this studio, remember? Aaden is always a favorite with the ladies."

"This is wrong!" Natalee croaked. "Why allow this, Toby? How can you?"

To avoid revealing my regret, I turned it back on her.

"But you orgasmed, Baby," I countered. "A lot. I think you want him."

That silenced her. I watched with remorseful agony as that young stud deeply pleased my wife. As she searched for what to say next, her attention drifted from me to him. He tried to kiss her but she turned away. His hips worked his cock and he soon tried to kiss her again and this time she returned it. My heart caved in.

I'd believed his cock in her mouth had somehow inoculated me to the sight of his cock in her pussy, but I had been so spectacularly wrong. His slow black piston made my eyeballs ache. Claiming my wife's mouth was nothing compared to this. Not even close. I thought granting her Aaden would make me feel better about Beth but the longer I watched the worse I felt. Natalee was responding to him now, hips rising to meet his thrusts, pussy growing wetter by the second.

Natalee mustered all of her willpower and lifted her feet to his chest. She pushed, forcing his cock out and shoving him back on his heels. His dark

erection waved in the open air, a menacing treat to wives everywhere. Natalee gasped for breath.

"You're young enough to be my son," she said.

"What I lack in experience," he chuckled. "I make up for with dick."

It was an immature, young man thing to say but my wife nodded agreement. Her gaze drifted to his pulsating meat and then rose to meet me.

"Okay," she rasped. "One time only."

I wasn't sure what she meant until she spread her knees and showed Aaden her cunt. He grinned.

"You can't cum in me," she said.

He didn't answer.

"I mean it," she said. "That's too far. Fuck me but pull out. I'm married."

He said nothing. He lifted his pelvis so she got a good look at his dick and then moved over her again, between her legs. She looked nervous. She glanced at me and his approaching cock several times. Once he was in position, he held himself there. Their eyes met. Neither spoke, allowing the insanity of the moment to sink in.

"I'm ready," she muttered.

He shook his head. He smiled. I was confused but Natalee understood. Her pale hand slipped between their bodies as she searched for him. Her white fingers curled around his black shaft and she aimed him at her opening, rubbing the tip around her hole and placing him right where she wanted him. She left his cock resting there and slipped the same hand around to his ass, pulling him forward, pulling his throbbing erection into her waiting body. Her eyes grew progressively wider.

I'm a fucking fool.

How could I have possibly thought this was a good idea? How could I have ever

believed this would make Natalee and me even? Her second hand joined her first on his firm black ass and she pulled him forward using strength. His girth spread her labia and opened her hole wide. Natalee groaned at the intrusion, hesitation and worry fading quickly, replaced by want.

"Lift my hips," she said. "Let me see your cock. I've never made love to a black man. I want to see you in me."

Aaden walked his knees closer and rested her hips on his thighs. He bent her legs over her body, exposing his slick cock gliding in and out. My wife watched herself getting fucked for long minutes.

"That's fucking erotic," she gasped. "Keep going. I think I can cum again."

Her eyes were glued to his pumping dick. I heard her cunt turn wetter, juicier, watching herself get fucked. Aaden had turned serious, focusing on fucking this white woman right. Natalee's head fell back. She gazed at the metal rafters above the studio.

"It's coming," she whimpered. "Don't stop. Fuck me. God. Fuck me."

She lifted her head again to watch his inches pump in and out. Her lips curled in over her teeth. Her jaw clenched. I was watching her orgasm in slow motion, watching it build and grow, watching his cock consume her body and soul. She kept her eyes glued to the first black dick ever to penetrate her pussy and then her face scrunched and her jaw opened.

"Ooooooohhhh fuuuuuuck!" she cried, fingers digging into his firm young ass. "Fuck! Aaaargh!"

I swear my body burst into flames. I'd witnessed everything in real time, her climb and explosion. Did she even know I was still here? It seemed not. Aaden was the center of her universe. She gawked in amazement at that plunging black cock and howled with mind-boggling pleasure, pleasure compounded by the darkness of that meat. The young stud fucked strong and smooth and my wife wriggled like a stuck worm on a hook, gibberish spilling from her lips. He bent his head to bite her nipples and her cries turned to howls.

All at once she squeezed his ass and pulled with all her strength. Aaden groaned deep in his throat and Natalee locked her legs around his waist. He slowed his

thrusts and lowered his mouth to hers and they kissed hot and passionate. His pumping hips never stopped.

"All of it," she hissed.

Her words made no sense and then suddenly they did. He was ejaculating in her! She'd felt his cock expand in there and urged him to drain his balls. I wanted to scream! God! His hips slowed further and his eyes closed. Did it feel good, motherfucker? Did cumming inside my wife feel fabulous? He was flooding her cunt with black seed. She tightened her legs around him and squeezed, drawing his spitting cock as deep as she could. My heart broke but I couldn't blame her. I'd practically guided his cock in. I told myself over and over this was the end of it. No more photoshoots. No more Beth. Nothing. We would go back to our previous life and leave all this bullshit behind us.

Chapter 10

Natalee applied lipstick and then rolled her lips to spread it. She put the cap on and set the tube on the bathroom counter. She retrieved her eyelash brush and returned to applying mascara.

"I can tell you," she said. "Or I can do it behind your back. I'd rather we did this together, as a couple."

"I don't want to do it at all."

"It's too late for that, Toby. I'm not a horse you can guide by the reins. I'm a woman with her own mind."

"I know that."

"If you don't like me fucking another man, you never should have steered Aaden between my legs. If you can make that decision for me, I can certainly make it for myself. That's fair."

She sat the brush aside and drew the sheer nylon mesh bra from the towel rack.

She slipped her arms through the loops and straightened her shoulders, then fastened the clasp between her petite tits. She looked fucking fantastic, sexy enough to stop men in their tracks, but none of it was for me. She drew matching see-through panties up her toned legs. She reached for the mascara brush.

Aaden had released a flood of semen in her that day in the studio and Greg had recorded it all. My wife and her lover had lain together, recovering, and then Greg had ordered everyone except Natalee and me from the room.

"You look upset," had been her first words to me.

We'd talked about what I'd done and what she'd done but I left any mention of Beth out of the conversation. Natalee had a hard time believing I'd given her Aaden on a whim after one conversation of talking dirty to each other.

It took her two days to ask when she could fuck Aaden again. That's when I told her I felt things had gone too far and wanted to stop everything, including the modeling.

"No," had been her unshakable response.

Now, I sit and watch her prepare for a date with Deacon. Not a real date, she assures me, just a what-have-you-been-up-to, date. My guts are a twisted, knotted mess. She paid such close attention to everything, making herself as attractive as possible. She wanted to rock him but if that was because she wanted to fuck him or because she wanted him sick with losing her, I didn't know. Maybe looking this good was a way to stab Deacon and me.

"Do not fuck him," I blurted.

She stopped creating luxurious lashes.

"Of course not," she said. "I'm married to you. I hadn't known fucking Deacon was an option."

"It's not."

"Then why warn me?"

"I've seen the pictures. I saw what Aaden did to you."

"You think I have a weakness for big men?"

"I worry about that, yes. Was it a factor in making me your boyfriend, way back when we first started dating?"

"Maybe."

I ran my eyes from her feet to her face. She was breathtaking.

"Don't," I repeated.

She let me suffer. Part of her was angry I'd allowed Aaden to fuck her. It had taken a lot of trust for her to put on that blindfold and allow herself to be tied to the bed. She was angry at Greg too. He'd offered to destroy every photograph but she'd said no, save them. She'd trusted us and we'd betrayed that trust, but she tempered her outrage. It's hard to complain you've been mistreated when you're orgasming every five minutes, when you pull that black cock deeper into your body, when you hold his ass tight so he can't get away and force him to shoot every drop straight into your hungry womb. She knows she contributed, and that mitigates her wrath. Tonight, she's taking a stand, making a statement. She's proving to us both she's no puppet. She does not dance to my tune. I get it, but I hate it.

I do deserve it, though.

She set the mascara aside and lifted the short, sequined black dress from the hanger. She shimmied into the garment, asking me to zip the side. She faced the mirror. She looked hot. Deacon would believe she was there to entice him, maybe even fuck him. He'd assume it just by how good she looked, how much effort she'd made to look that good. I quietly groaned before I could stop myself. Nat found my eyes in the mirror.

"I was going to ask how I looked," she said. "But that little groan told me all I needed to know. Thank you."

"When will you be home?"

"I don't know. Late?"

"Where are you going?"

"Don't know. He picked the restaurant."

"You don't know? You must be meeting him somewhere."

"I am. His apartment. We'll take his car."

I stopped asking questions to which I hated the answers.

She checked herself in the mirror and examined the contents of her clutch. She set her feet into strappy high heels and lifted each ankle in turn, allowing me to close the small silver buckles. She snapped her clutch shut and bent to kiss my lips.

"Walk me to the kitchen," she said.

We left the master bathroom and I followed behind, watching her ass sway. We kissed again and she was gone.

I shuffled to the living room to distract myself with preseason football and it worked. Thank God the game was close. When it ended, I found myself wishing I had those pictures of Deacon on Natalee's phone. I should have forwarded them to myself. That's the man she was out with right now, and imagination is cruel. I felt if I could look at those photos, I could defang the man a little. I could make him real and less of an insidious fantasy. I sent Natalee a text.

Send me the Deacon dick pics please.

I immediately felt better. Those photos would reduce him to merely a man. Additionally, Natalee would know I was thinking about him and them together and that spotlight would probably help her behave. If she knew I was aware, almost like I was watching her, she'd be more likely to control herself. I did not expect a response. She was probably dancing the night away. She may not see my text until she came home.

I jumped channels to watch football highlights from other games.

Ten minutes later, my phone buzzed.

I checked the message.

"What the fuck?" I shouted.

They sat in a booth at some restaurant. The picture was taken downward, centered on Deacon's lap. At the edge of the photo empty dishes and wine bottles littered the table. Deacon must have taken the picture because Natalee's hands were full, full of his thick dick. His fly was open and he was semi hard and my wife held him with one hand around the base and the other just behind the head. She sat sideways in the booth, tonight's sequined dress partially visible. Her wedding ring, fully visible, rested against his shaft. Why the fuck would she send me this?

My eyes drifted to the earlier message I'd sent her, the message just above the picture of her hands on his cock.

Send me Deacon dick pics please, I'd written.

I'd made a mistake. I'd intended to include a "the" in the sentence, but accidentally skipped it. One small and simple word had changed my message completely. She was probably baffled by my request but, considering my actions with Aaden, decided what the hell, why not? If my husband wants to see me posed with other cocks, and clearly he does, so I'll grant his wish.

It was what she wanted to do anyway.

"Goddamn it!" I yelled.

My phone buzzed as the next message arrived. Natalee had lowered her face to his lap. Her mouth was open and his dick was half an inch inside, but without touching anything. It was just a teasing shot. She was laughing, having fun. Her expression was not a spiteful fuck-you, but instead one of playful glee. She'd had several glasses of wine and obviously misunderstood my position about all this. My actions with Aaden had given her the wrong idea. When she got my mistyped text message she probably shrugged and did as I asked, assuming we'd discuss it later.

My phone buzzed again. Deacon's cock stuck through his fly again, fully erect. Nat held him with one hand around the root, showing him off, displaying the man to satisfy what she understood to be my request.

I don't know why you wanted to see his cock, her next text said. But here he is,

big and beautiful. I told him how you let Aaden fuck me.

My hands were shaking. I stared at that big dick, a dick that had already been inside her many times, and imagined, despite my efforts not to, imagined that cannon invading her tight pussy again. I groaned out loud in our big silent house.

Come home, I typed. Finish dinner and come home.

She did not respond. I pictured them in some dark and cozy back corner of the restaurant, isolated from other patrons, flirting with public exposure and having a blast doing it. They had a long history together, an intimate history. I gazed at the picture of her hands on his cock and my heart ached. I sat my phone aside and went back to football highlights.

I awoke slumped in the chair, neck stiff. The sound of the garage door closing had awakened me. I sat up and heard heels crossing the tile in the kitchen. Natalee entered the living room and spied me in front of the widescreen. She paused long enough to shove her panties down her legs and kick them away and then she was on me, straddling my hips and kissing me deeply. I had many questions but no chance to ask them. Her mouth tasted like cranberry martinis. Her hands worked my zipper. She found my penis and pulled it out and her mouth moved from kissing to sucking, twisting her body awkwardly, sliding a leg off my lap to get my dick in her mouth.

My questions could wait.

I tugged the zipper on her dress and she worked the thing off, keeping my dick in her mouth the whole time. Her bra went next. Her strappy high heels were too complicated and too far away to remove, so she left those on, sucking my cock like a tigress. The sexual frustration of my night got me hard fast. She climbed on my lap again, straddled me once more, and reached under to guide my dick into the wet oven that was her pussy. Whatever sexual frustrations I had from this evening paled in comparison to hers. She sank her smoldering cunt around my stiff inches. Her eyes were closed as she began to ride and I knew she imagined Deke inside her. My misunderstood request had lit a sexual fuse on her already exciting night.

"Did you fuck him?" I managed to gasp as she pounded me.

She moaned with need. Her pussy was soaked, slamming down around my shaft.

She added a grind at the bottom, rotating her hips to press her clit against my pubic bone, and her moans grew louder. My dick stiffened to see her so horny, so craving cock. She was going to cum and it was going to be huge.

I thought some dirty-talk was exactly what she needed to get there.

"I feel his sperm in you," I growled. "You're so wet, there's no way that's all you. You fucked that big Deacon cock, didn't you? Bad girl. I bet you rode him just like you're riding me. Natalee on top, stuffed with the big dicks she makes so hard."

I had to stop speaking so I could watch the effect my words had. Natalee was going wild up there, grinding her cunt against me, face contorted, body clenched and rigid. She was building towards a massive climax. She grabbed her pert breasts and pulled the nipples, gasping as she fucked me. She kept her eyes closed but her mouth open. She was breathing hard and fast. My hard dick turned to diamond. I had no idea where I was going with this crazy talk, I was just speaking the first things that came into my mind.

"I bet you loved it," I said. "How good was it to have his cock in you again, after all those years? I bet you fucked his brains out. I bet you came again and again. Did you cum, Honey? Did his big cock make you orgasm?"

"Yes!" she suddenly screamed.

Her climax seized her body and shook her, rattling her teeth. My wife was writhing out of control up there. I held her hips to keep her upright. She threw her head back and wailed as her orgasm shot through her from pussy to brain to pussy to brain. Her cunt gushed and squeezed me in an iron grip. It was amazing to see, but was she serious? When she got home and jumped me, I was sure she hadn't fucked him and it was that need to fuck that drove her. Now I wasn't sure. Had my dirty talk accidentally revealed what truly happened?

"You came on his cock, Baby? You fucked him like you're fucking me?"

"Yes! God! I couldn't resist!"

Was this true? My big dick surged harder than ever. Was she playing along or telling the truth? Fuck! I couldn't tell. All I knew was watching and listening to her had me harder than I'd ever been. She was out of control and it looked

glorious. Terrifying, but glorious.

"You sucked him first. You rolled his fat balls around in your mouth to get him ready. You sucked that cock until it throbbed and then you sat on it like you sat on mine. No man can resist you. We all want to fuck you. We all need to fuck you. You've discovered the truth and you love it. You're going to fuck us all!"

Her moans had risen and now became a squeal. She was cumming again! I scooped her and laid her on the carpet. I bent her legs over her body and drove my dick all the way to her cervix. She gasped and clawed at me. I held her like that and hammered her cunt, tormented by uncertainty. Half of me hoped she hadn't but half of me hoped she had. It was terrible. I was in mental and emotional anguish but the idea she'd fucked him drove me wild, turned me into a barbarian. My dick was cast iron as I plowed her insides, trying to fuck her back from him, trying to regain possession of my wife. The sounds that poured from her throat whipped me like the Devil.

"Cum in me," she cried, eyes thrown wide. "Cum in me like Deacon!"

I lost it. Sperm rose from my nuts like an oil gusher. I threw my head back and roared as the liquid fire sprayed. Natalee clawed at my legs and twisted her own nipples, lost in the same frenzy that had me. I emptied everything, squeezing my nuts to shoot one more drop, and then landed on the floor beside her, gasping for air just like she was. If it was all a charade and they had nothing but dinner and conversation, I did not want to know that. In that euphoric moment, I wanted her to have cheated on me.

She rolled close and threw a leg over my hip. We opened our eyes and focused, finding our sweaty faces were close. I tried to see the truth but she floated on a cloud of bliss. Long moments passed. Our breathing slowed. We returned to Earth.

"Did you?" I croaked.

She swallowed in a dry throat.

"Yes," she rasped.

Chapter 11

"You decided Aaden got to fuck me," she said. "So I decided Deacon did too. My pussy belongs to you but it doesn't belong to you, if you know what I mean."

I knew exactly what she meant. I hated it, but I knew.

We sat facing each other at opposite ends of the couch. Football still played on the television, but I'd muted the sound. Faint colors danced on our skin in the dark room. Sweaty, I'd stripped my clothes off. She still wore her strappy high heels, one foot on the floor, one on the back of the couch. Her pussy, kept hairless because she liked it that way, was impolitely aimed at my face. She was done caring about such things. I tried to maintain eye-contact as we talked but the allure of her cunt was simply too much. Her soft labia were pink and swollen. Behind them swam an ocean of sperm, me and Deke. Her delicate inner-lips poked between, engorged and ready for the next big cock. She posed like a centerfold model in an obscene skin magazine, but she was my lovely wife.

"He fucked me before we ever left his place for the restaurant," she continued. "By the time you asked for his dick pics, he'd already fucked me twice. I stepped into his loft and he gave me a quick tour, ending where we started right inside the front door, and I caught him looking me up and down. Our eyes met and I was ready. I'd tried hard to look my best for him. I wanted the mere sight of me to turn him on and it did, far more than I'd hoped. All that lust inside him rose to the surface and I saw it in his eyes."

"What happened?"

"I told him he had to stop sending me pictures of his cock. I said from now on if he wanted to show me his erection, he should do it in person."

I sat up.

"What?"

She grinned.

"Why only one time?" she asked. "We've crossed that line, you and me. We can't go back. Some things cannot be undone. You made Aaden fuck me so now I get to fuck. I'll fuck anyone you pick, Toby. You want to see your boss between my legs? Okay. In return, I get to fuck who I want."

"I think we should stop all of this. It's crazy."

"It is crazy but that's why I like it. We started modeling because our lives had grown stale and predictable. Modeling turned our routines upside down. We were joyful again and all that extra money was great. But modeling led us to this moment too. We can't go back. We can't act like nothing happened. You handed Aaden my pussy on a silver platter. Turns out, I'm glad you did."

"So I get to fuck other women?"

"Is that what you want? We can try it. I probably won't like it. I'll probably hate it. But I'd only be saying no because I'm scared and I've learned that's a shitty reason to avoid things. You never know until you try. Have anyone in mind? If you say Beth, I'll crush your nuts with my heel right now."

"I have no one in mind but I haven't even agreed to this yet."

She let her knee fall against the coffee table. A simple gesture, but one that opened the slit of her pussy. The sweet inner-lips stared at me.

"There is no agreeing to it, Toby. Did I agree to fuck Aaden before you gave me to him?"

"No."

"No, I did not. I'm not trying to browbeat you, Baby. I'm not trying to strong-arm you. In truth, your instincts guided you well. This is our new way of conducting ourselves. We can always stop if we hate it but I think we'll love it."

"I'm sure I won't."

Her face turned soft and caring.

"Toby," she said, tenderly. "The hardest your dick ever got was when you were describing how Deacon fucked me, before you learned it was true. You were

fantasizing and fucking and wildly turned on. Just accept the idea you like it. What husband pulls a hung black dude over to fuck his wife? Only one that, deep down, likes the idea. Think about it. Ask yourself the hard questions."

Was she right? I stared at her freshly fucked pussy and pondered. If she was right it explained a lot. I mean, why did I ask for dick pics? Why did I really ask for dick pics? What husband does that?

"I bet I could make your dick hard right now," she challenged. "I know you just came but I bet I still can. You want to see me fucked. Let me prove my point."

"Go for it."

She sat up a little taller.

"When I got to Deacon's place," she began. "I was so eager to see his cock in the flesh that I shoved him against the front door and dropped to my knees. I was remembering our history. The man drives me nuts but our sex was always amazing. His cock makes me orgasm like no other, not even your dick, Baby. I'm sorry if that hurts you but he's just a little too long and a little too thick and my poor pussy struggles to take him and that struggle is what gets me off every time. His balls are huge and he cums a gallon, but it's that large head and fat shaft that make me insane. I wanted to suck it but he spun me around and shoved my panties aside. He fucked me standing up against his front door. I'd only been there two minutes and he was already inside me. It was so hot! I hugged the wall and he held my ass and his cock stroked like a fiend. Baby, I gushed an orgasm all over his big meat in minutes. That was my first of many. I don't know how many times I came before we left to grab dinner but I do know I carried two of his huge loads in me when we locked his front door behind us."

I was raging hard. My untouched dick had started to rise before she finished her first sentence. The more she spoke, the more images I created in my mind and the harder I got. I found myself wishing I could have seen him fuck her. I looked down at my erection and then up at her smug face.

"Told you," she said.

She drew her legs under her and knelt over my dick. She dragged a long fingernail from balls to tip.

"I sucked his cock clean after he shot in my pussy," she said, briefly slipping my head in her mouth, bobbed for a minute before continuing. "I still have swallowed only you, Baby. That's my gift, my act of faithfulness. Only my husband will ever fill my tummy."

I throbbed inside her mouth. I was so annoyed with myself for growing erect from listening to her story. She was right, goddamn it. I had failed to admit the truth to myself but she'd seen through everything. I worried for our future. She must have sensed my concerns because she soon stopped sucking again.

"Nothing behind your back," she said. "I won't sneak. It's not cheating." She used the saliva coating my shaft to stroke with her hand. "We'll do it together. I'm giddy at the possibilities. I have men already in mind."

"Aaden?" I croaked.

She laughed.

"I'd not thought of him at all but I will add him to my list. Who would you like to watch fuck me? Let your mind roam. Don't be frightened of what your imagination brings you. I bet it's fucking hot."

I remembered her words and let myself explore the idea.

"Deacon," I said. "But done right. In a big bed, after a fun date." Her eyes were huge. "With Greg filming the whole thing."

"Holy shit."

"What names are on your list?" I asked.

"Everett, my boss from work," she said. "Douglas, your boss. Greg, our photographer. Tyler, this guy who works out at our gym. Oh, and Aaden now too. I'm sure there are more."

"Take Douglas off your list. I hate that man. Life with him is already unbearable. If I had to work with him knowing he'd fucked you? I'd kill him and then myself."

She paused her sucking.

"I want Douglas the most," she chuckled.

"I use my veto power."

She laughed around my cock.

"You don't have veto power. I can do it without telling you, if that's what you prefer. I said no sneaking but if you truly do not want to know, I'll be super discreet."

"So I'll be left wondering if it happened and how? No way. Do it and tell me, but I'm not helping you arrange it."

That was what she waited to hear. She sucked my dick with a focused effort, slipping a finger up my ass to make me cum. I spurted soon after and she gulped my salty seed down.

Chapter 12

Fucking Douglas. Goddamn, motherfucking Douglas. Ugh. I tried to see what she saw but all I saw was a heartless bastard. How many times had he screwed me? How many canceled vacations? How many times had he taken credit for my work? How many times had he reported my hours wrong and underpaid me? Natalee wanted to fuck the man. I wished him dead. If he was dead, he'd take himself off her list.

He had a group of employees in his office now, yelling at them. Janice was crying. I briefly imagined making Janice one of my picks but rejected it. If I fucked her she'd get attached and that wouldn't work. Honestly, the option was nice but there simply weren't women in my life I desired. Natalee, was it. Beth, yes, but Beth was off limits. Way off limits. That much I knew for sure.

Today was the day. I'd told her I wouldn't help, but she talked me into it. Our plan was simple. Natalee would drop by for lunch wearing something pretty, like a sundress. Doug would see her and barge into our conversation, like he always does, only this time Nat would steer him towards an after-work rendezvous. The

three of us would agree to meet for drinks and then I'd develop car trouble or some other lame obstacle and Natalee would have him all to herself. She'd let Doug believe she cheated on me. She'd let him take her to a nearby motel.

My stomach knotted at the prospect. My guts were filled with sour acid. I'd seen him at our gym and he was in good shape with a fat cock. Natalee would be pleased. Doug would be in Heaven. I tried to get the image of his cock out of my head but that only made things worse. I imagined him erect. I imagined him entering Nat.

I stifled a groan. I was in agony.

Like I mentioned before, the universe cares nothing for plans.

My phone buzzed. A message from Natalee.

Postpone Doug, she wrote. Beth is spending the night.

I exhaled. Such relief. I watched Doug yell at my colleagues and delighted in the fact he had no idea what he'd miss. Fuck.

I finished my work day and headed home. Beth greeted me at the door in a yellow sundress. I tried not to stare, nervous Natalee might catch me looking.

"Relax," Beth said. "Nat's in the shower. You won't get caught."

She stepped back and pretended to pose, allowing me to ogle her.

"Jesus, Beth," I mumbled.

"You like?"

Her curves strained the fabric in strategic spots, threatening to rip and set her body free. I tried to look away and literally could not. Her female form pushed so many buttons in my male mind I had to stare. She giggled.

"Am I making you hard again?"

"Beth. Please. What about Natalee?"

"We aren't touching. Look but don't touch. Isn't that what they say?"

I was enthralled. Touching her is what I desperately craved.

I heard the shower stop.

"Natalee is finished," I said. "Behave."

She giggled again and lifted the front of her short flowery dress, flashing her small bare pussy at me. She dropped the hem and walked to the kitchen. I went to say hello to Natalee and watch her dry herself with a towel.

"Beth has a volleyball game on this side of town first thing tomorrow morning," my lovely wife said. "I told her she could save a lot of time spending the night with us. We'll arrange for Doug another day. Cool?"

"Cool."

I hated that I'd just agreed, again, that she could fuck my despicable boss. I changed clothes, baggy shorts and a loose T-shirt, and told Nat I'd order pizza and rent a movie. She said that sounded great. I joined Beth on the couch, her at one end and me at the other. Natalee entered and took the spot next to me and we all caught up on our day and what Beth had been doing since her last visit. Pizza arrived, I pressed play on the movie, and we all enjoyed a delightful time together. I was wired from the tense day I'd had, anticipating my boss fucking my wife, so I stayed up to watch football highlights while the girls went to bed.

An hour later Beth entered the living room.

"I can't sleep," she said. "Can I watch football with you?"

"Of course."

She looped around the sofa and sat at the other end but then reclined across the cushions, resting her head in my lap. My gut said right then to make her sit up, but I didn't. I said nothing. She watched the television sideways, her ear on my belly button. She'd changed from her sundress into a giant sleeveless T-shirt, and from my angle I saw under her arm to a generous curve of breast. We watched the game but my eyes darted often.

She moved her face closer to my crotch, and my dick started to rise.

"Is that because of me?" she asked a moment later, watching the bulge form.

"Yes. Of course."

"I still turn you on?"

"Fucking Hell, Beth. You're sexy like no other. Yes, you turn me on."

I tried to watch the game but she was staring at my growing lump. I felt my dick break free a little, sliding along my thigh as it expanded, and then it suddenly popped out the leg of my shorts. Beth jumped and then laughed.

"He seems determined," she said.

"He has a much smaller brain in that head. He's not too bright."

She pinched the fabric of my shorts and drew the material away, exposing several inches of veiny dick. I was getting hard fast.

"I fucking love those things," she murmured. "I stare at them online. Gay porn sites are the best. Those guys are hot and their dicks are so sexy. Big too. A shame I don't have what they want."

I was upright now and straining for the ceiling. Beth stared at my hard cock and I scrambled for what to do next. This needed to stop but I loved the way she adored my hard meat. Maybe I liked it more because Natalee seemed so interested in other men now. Beth slid the bottom of her T-shirt higher on her leg, high enough to expose the curve of her butt cheeks.

"Stroke your cock," she whispered. "Let me see."

"We can't do this."

"We already have so what's the big deal? Nat is asleep. I saw her take an Ambien. She's out until morning. Just grab it so I can see your hand on your dick. You know how hot I think that is. Fuck, I love making you hard."

I should have ended it. I should have stood and walked away. I should have told her to go to bed and done the same.

Instead, I gently curled my fingers around my shaft. I tugged up to the head and then pulled back, taking the loose skin with me. At the bottom, I flexed and sent blood to flare the helmet.

"Can you imagine a guy doing that while he's inside you?" she said. "I bet it feels fantastic. I can't wait for my first dick."

I froze.

"You're a virgin?"

"Yes," she said. "Unless hairbrushes count."

"They don't. What all have you done with a guy? You must have a bus load of boyfriends? You're so hot."

She shrugged.

"I was flat chested until this summer. No hips, no boobs. I was invisible. Now guys are all over me but they're idiots, all wanting one thing. I love the attention but please, you never spoke to me before and now you're just speaking to my tits."

I chuckled.

"It's sad," she said. "Guys my age are morons. I did make out with one guy, James, but when I touched the front of his pants he said he came in his underwear. I told him it was okay, I was flattered, but he felt terrible. He doesn't look at me now."

"I can't imagine a man not looking at you."

She sighed. I stroked slowly, allowing her to watch, and did things to make myself look better. I squeezed the shaft to make a drop of precum appear at the tip because I wanted to gauge her reaction, but she only gasped and inched her face closer. She was killing me.

"Can I taste it?" she asked.

Alarms sounded in my head.

"It's salty."

"So I've heard. But I want to know for myself."

I drew a deep breath.

"All right," I agreed, scooping the bead with a finger to give her.

She leaned over my lap and, ignoring my finger, took the head of my cock in her mouth. I gasped as one-hundred-thousand volts slammed my body. I stared at her full lips wrapped around my sensitive head and softly groaned when she applied a vacuum, sucking a new drop and a little more out of me.

"Beth!" I hissed.

"Too far?"

She grabbed my finger and sucked the cum off, then returned to my dick.

"Much too far. Don't—"

My dick swelled to epic proportions. Veins rose all along the length. The head expanded into a huge mushroom.

Beth exhaled a barely audible, "Fuck," and sucked on the head again.

I did not have it in me to chastise her again. Her face is so pretty. Her mouth looked so good. This gorgeous young thing was desperate to suck my cock and I was telling her no? What the fuck was wrong with me? Am I not a man?

Terrible, illogical thinking, I know, but my hand drifted to her head and I forced her mouth lower. Each inch consumed rocked my world. In an instant, all caution vanished. I held her and shoved my cock in there, reaching the back of her throat and gagging her. She moaned and all concern evaporated.

Beth was as slutty as her sister. I began to pump my hips and fuck her mouth. She was more than eager to take every inch. I pulled the leg of my shorts aside and lifted my hips, turning my erection into a tower of hot meat. Beth moaned with deep desire and cupped my tight balls in her hand, forcing her mouth as far down my dick as possible. I was suddenly jarred by the reality of Beth eagerly

sucking my cock.

She attacked my dick. I was her first. She'd learned tricks on the Internet and now experimented with them all. I took my hand away to watch her efforts, marveling at how good she was. Natalee liked dick. Beth loved dick. I saw that in every move she made. She slid me out of her mouth and dropped to service my hanging nuts, sucking each one at a time, rolling them around, painting them with her tongue. She returned to the shaft and then up to the head and I savored every second.

She sat up and whipped her giant T-shirt off. Her body dazzled me. I grabbed her head and pulled her down for a kiss and then sent a hand to maul her perfect tits, so much bigger than her sister's. She shuffled closer and then eased a leg over my lap and all at once I felt the searing heat of her tight virgin cunt envelope me. I gasped and she did too. We stared at each other in a frozen moment of realization and then she shoved her hips at my lap and sheathed every inch I had into hot wet pussy. My cock head pressed firmly against her cervix and her eyes closed and her head fell back. She moved her hips frantically, seeking what felt best, and then rocking fast once she'd found it. She ground her hips against mine and I kneaded her big firm tits.

I was staggered. I was struck mentally dumb. I was paralyzed.

I was in Beth!

I was fucking this gorgeous young thing. I was buried balls deep and her beautiful face told me the pleasure I gave. She was overwhelmed. My cock was thrilled. My mind was stunned with lust and joy, even while worry and concern tried to make themselves heard. They failed.

I lifted Beth off my lap and spun to place her on the couch. I pulled my dick out long enough to tear my shorts off and then I placed the big head at her small opening and shoved. She cried out before covering her mouth with a pillow. I took over, pushing her legs back to expose her sweet little cunt and then hammering that hole with all the lust and desire I carried for the girl. This was wrong, so wrong, but at this moment, that did not matter. I pounded Beth and she grabbed another throw pillow to cover her face. She clawed at my ass to pull me deeper and I fucked the little honey like it was the last time I'd ever have sex. I devoured her amazing tits and sucked hard on the stiff nipples. I heard her squeal

behind the pillows as an orgasm slammed her body, but I only pumped harder, fucking the life out of this delicious angel. I may never have the chance again so I poured myself body and soul into this one great fuck.

She soon climaxed again, shocked and confused by what was happening to her body and her mind. She was blown away. It was more than she could take and it was more than I could take too. I gritted my teeth and shoved my cock deep and exploded in a massive gush of boiling sperm. She hooked her legs around my neck and pulled me close, as close as she could get me, silently urging me to shoot every drop. No man had ever done to her what I now did. I kept fucking long after the last drop shot. I couldn't stop. I eventually slowed but left my cock in her, rolling to the side and taking her legs with me.

She was wiped out.

So was I.

Chapter 13

The thrown plate missed my head by less than an inch. I don't know what instinct guided me, but I'm glad it did.

"You fucking piece of shit!" Natalee screamed.

Another plate sailed across the kitchen, exploding into shards of porcelain. Thank God she had shit aim.

"You fucked her!" Natalee yelled. "My little sister! In my house!"

There was no point in revealing Beth had been the aggressor. I was older and more mature and should have stopped it before it started, and it started because I'd allowed that day at the lake to go so far.

Beth's little cry before covering her face with a pillow had been enough to wake my wife. She'd come downstairs and discovered my partially swollen cock still lodged deep in her little sister.

Shit, as they say, hit the fan. They leave it up to you to imagine that shit spraying over everything but I can assure you, your imagination is inadequate. That shit gets everywhere.

Beth had grabbed her nightshirt and fled to the guest room and I had followed Natalee to the kitchen. The fight had only built from there. Now we were in the throwing things phase, or at least she was.

"Why?" she screamed.

"Because she's gorgeous," I said, knowing Beth listened in. "Because she's sweet and innocent and sexy and my dick demanded it. Because while it's true I made Aaden fuck you, you then fucked him again on your own. Then you fucked Deacon because you thought you deserved it. Then you announced you'd be fucking my goddamn boss, against my wishes, but you were determined to take what you wanted. Well, I did too."

Her jaw hit the floor.

"Get out," she said.

"It's my house too."

"Get out!"

There's a certain tone, a certain pitch that smart husbands learn early. I heard it, and I knew now was not the time to stand my ground. I moved to the bedroom and tossed a suitcase on the bed and packed enough for a week. Beth was outside her bedroom door, weeping, when I stepped into the hallway. I walked over and gave her a hug and said it was all my fault, not hers. She squeezed me hard.

I left.

I took a room at the Motel Six. Easy freeway access for work and there were plenty of restaurants around. I checked my phone constantly but after a few days I realized she wasn't going to call. We wouldn't have a reconciliation conversation. I began to make plans for moving on. My heart was broken but I discovered masturbating to the thoughts of fucking Beth made me feel much better. At least for a while.

At week's end, I waited until Natalee worked an evening shift and drove by the house for more clothes. The lights were on. A car I didn't recognize sat in the driveway. I parked around the block.

The sheers on the front windows obscured my view so I circled around to the side gate and punched the code. I found a spot in the shrubs. The huge bay windows looked in on the living room and my eyes landed on Deacon standing over Natalee. She'd taken the same spot on the couch where she'd discovered me balls-deep in Beth. Poetic. They were naked and he was rock hard and towering over her.

What a cock that fucker has. Natalee rested her head on a cushion and Deke lowered his big balls to her open mouth. His sack was too large to fit so he poked with a finger to get as much inside as he could. Her cheeks were stuffed with scrotum. He flicked his own nipple and watched my wife suck his balls.

He moved over her into a sixty-nine and she pulled his sack free and stuffed his shaft in. Her head motion was limited by the cushion so she bobbed on his meat with short strokes. He soon rolled over, taking her with him, and now she used her hands too, stroking his impressive spear and sucking hard.

My perverted cock began to rise. Worse, I found myself appreciating, enjoying, even preferring that his cock was bigger than mine. Was this self-punishment? I don't know. What I knew for sure was despite the agony of my wife craving another man, she looked sexy as fuck sucking him off.

"Fuck her," I muttered. "Fuck my wife with that big meat club."

Minutes later he rose over her and held his cock like a weapon. Natalee looked a little frightened. He grabbed her hips and turned her face down, then pulled her legs off the sofa and nudged her ankles apart. He squatted behind her, pressing his hard dick down, and planted the tip over her pussy. She looked tense, worried, anxious, but then gave a quick nod. He buried his cock until he hit bottom, two inches of shaft remaining. Natalee squirmed under him like she'd been run over but made no move to get away. He began to saw in and out and my wife writhed under him, pinned between his log and the couch. At first I was grateful I could not hear them but after a minute I wished I could. His hands pinned her shoulder blades and his cock dominated her cunt. It was animal fucking. She had said they matched up poorly in every way except the bedroom

and I saw that now. I saw how she lifted her ass to help get his cock deep. I saw her contorted expression, her raw and naked lust to be his victim. He fucked her like a beast and she was grateful for it.

Her orgasm was loud enough and piercing enough I caught a faint trace through the glass. He pushed a thumb up her ass and kept stroking, milking her climax with his dick. He left her wiped out but did not stop, forcing her over the next fifteen minutes or so to climb the staircase again and gift him with another earth-shaking orgasm.

How much could I stand?

About two hours.

I hid in the dark in those bushes and watched him fuck Natalee to within an inch of her life. She kept going back for more, refusing to back down. She'd craved his cock all those years she spent married to me and just denied herself. Now, he was hers as much as she wanted him, and she wanted him a lot.

Finally, he'd had enough. He'd withheld his climax all this time and was now ready. He took my spot on the couch, slumped, feet on the floor, and Natalee climbed on top. She mounted him the way Beth had mounted me and fucked him hard. At last he could hold back no longer and fountained inside her, arching his hips and lifting her from the ground. He was spraying hot sperm into her at the same time I was blasting ropes of jizz all over the bushes in front of me.

I'd seen enough. Them together left me horny as hell, hornier than any orgasm could touch, and I sure did not want to watch them cuddle.

I drove to my motel room and masturbated twice more before falling asleep.

Chapter 14

Three times a week for three weeks. That's how much Natalee needed Deacon's cock in her. The last time they fucked I thought I noticed something different in the way she moved with him and I was right. The next day I got a text message

asking if we could talk.

I was ready. I would confess everything, clear the air. We'd decide like adults if divorce was the answer or we could still make this crazy relationship work. I replied with a day and time to meet at our favorite coffee shop.

She looked amazing. Tight short dress and her hair pinned up.

"On your way to a date?" I joked.

We kissed cheeks and placed our orders and sat all the way in the back by the bathrooms.

"I've been fucking Deke," she began, getting that out right away.

"All right. Good to know. I've fucked no one."

She sipped her latte.

"I was so angry with you I convinced myself he was what I actually wanted. He's not. You are."

"I'm what you actually want?"

"Yes."

"I fucked your little sister."

She shook her head sadly.

"You have an advocate in that one," she said. "Beth adores you. She explained how she was the aggressor each time, taunting you with her body and a promise of more. Don't take this the wrong way but you're just a man. Every man on Earth would jump at the chance to fuck Beth. My God, she's angelic. You tried to resist and failed but there are reasons, and besides, I did fuck Aaden and I did fuck Deacon. I'm guilty of shit too."

"We're staying married?"

"If you'll have me," she said.

I felt a heavy weight float away, one I didn't know I carried.

"Yes," I said. "I want that very much."

I moved around the table to hug her and we kissed. I moved my chair to the side to be closer to her.

"I got a glimpse of how deeply I love you," she said. "It frightened me, at first, but then I just embraced it. It's impossible to protect myself and love you this much at the same time, so I decided fuck it, destroy me if you must but I'm going to take the chance you love me like this too."

"I do, Baby," I said. "It's crazy but everything that's happened has made me feel closer."

We kissed. A soft, tender, vulnerable kiss. I held her hands.

"You once said we can't go back to how we were," I said. "I believe that's true. But what does the future look like? Do we still model? Are there still bosses and photographers to fuck? I worry if we try to make our sex life include only us, we are setting ourselves up for failure. We've grown bigger than that."

"I agree."

"So what are the new rules then?"

"I don't know in this moment," she said. "We'll need to figure that out. We'll need to talk about everything, hide nothing. Be open and honest with each other about everything."

"Douglas is off limits," I said. "End of story."

She shook her head.

"Before you carve that rule into stone," she said. "Let me suggest a different path. I've been thinking about him. I know you hate the man but he fawns over me every time I'm around. He craves me. He gets stupid with lust for me. What if we use me as bait to get him fired? Management will promote you into his spot. You're next in line. Let me seduce him and get him into an indefensible position. Then we close the trap."

"You're saying after you've fucked him a few times."

She squeezed my hand.

"Preferably," she softly admitted. "I still want him and your feelings about the man add a lot of spice."

I drew a deep breath and held it. Devious. Fiendish. Doug won't know what hit him but I must live with the knowledge he's had my wife. At least he'll be out of my life. Was that a fair trade?

"One more thing," Natalee said. "Beth is absolutely off limits."

"Why do you get Douglas and I get nothing?"

She looked me dead in the eye.

"Beth is off limits for at least nine months."

She waited for my reaction to her words. I admit I was a little slow but in my defense, we were discussing huge issues.

"What?" I brilliantly replied.

"Nine months," she repeated.

Then, I understood.

"Holy shit!" I cried, and every face in the coffee shop turn to look at us.

Natalee lowered her eyes to the table. Pregnant? I'd gotten Beth pregnant? A wave of dread and sadness washed over me. Sweet Beth was about to have her innocence stripped away, and all because I can't control my dick. Natalee's body began to shake and I worried she was crying.

"I'm so sorry, Nat. I fucked up big time. Poor sweet Beth."

Natalee lifted her face.

Laughing.

"You bitch!" I cried, and the coffee shop, annoyed now at the loud guy in the corner, looked at me again.

Natalee was laughing hard.

"You should have seen your face," she said. "I actually feel bad my joke worked that well."

"I totally fell for it. That was mean."

"It was, I'm sorry. I expected you to doubt what I was saying, to doubt the kid was yours, but you didn't. You're such a good man you just took responsibility."

"You sure drove home the point why Beth is off limits."

"Not my intention but I'll take it," she said. "I hated finding you two like that. You were still inside her, Toby, and the image refuses to leave my mind. I get it, though. If I had a dick I'd fuck her too."

"Kinky. I think Beth and I have learned our lesson. We need to find her a nice, sweet, intelligent, well-hung boyfriend."

I decided to leave out that I took Beth's virginity. The significance of that is a made-up thing anyway, and would bother Natalee for no real reason.

"Maybe I should give her Deke," Natalee said. "He's about her speed emotionally and he has the equipment she craves."

"Again, kinky. I thought sisters were not supposed to fuck ex-boyfriends."

"That's more of a guideline, really. What Erica doesn't know won't hurt her."

I leaned back in my chair.

"You fucked one of Erica's boyfriends?"

Natalee kissed my cheek.

"Maybe," she said.

Chapter 15

Greg approached the set, camera to his eye. Aaden stood by the big bed, long soft black pornstar cock hanging down. Another black man stood at the corner. His long black pornstar cock hung down too. A third man, white, stood at the other corner. His long cock hung down too.

"Timmy," Greg called. "Never mind. I'm going to make this interracial. You can put your clothes back on."

Timmy left the set and dressed. The gorgeous woman on the bed positioned herself so one black cock almost touched her lips and the other black cock almost touched her pussy.

"Like this?" Beth asked.

"Closer," Natalee instructed. "Let your lips touch his penis and then back up a bit. Stop the instant your lips leave his skin."

I stood leaning on props. Timmy, dressed now, joined me.

"Beth is stunning," he said. "She's so sweet."

"I'd suggest you ask her out," I said. "But I know that's not your thing."

He gave me a funny look.

"What do you mean?"

"You know. Pussy."

He looked more confused than ever.

"You're gay, right?" I asked.

He laughed out loud.

"Hell no, Sugar. I like tacos, not bananas. You thought I was gay?"

"I did," I admitted, embarrassed. "Nat thought so too."

He shook his head sadly.

"You all should not jump to conclusions. I love pussy, I'm just not a manly man about my personality. I love the babes."

I grinned.

"Ask Beth out," I said. "She's charming, gracious, generous and kind. She'd make a model wife."

He gave me a thumbs-up.

"Thanks," he said. "I will."

End.

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