



A

Stud

Takes my Wife

(And all I do is watch)

Emilia Steele

ASTUD TAKES MY WIFE
AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

Want to be kept up to date with my newest releases? Sign up for my newsletter! You'll get an exclusive **free story**, and I'll drop you a line when I launch a new book. All you got to do is sign up here:

<http://eepurl.com/Sxflv>

Happy reading,

Emilia.

INTRODUCTION

Looking for a hung stud to train your wife? DM me.

I shouldn't have answered that message — but I did. I couldn't help myself. For as long as I can remember I've always wanted to watch my wife with another man.

And now it's really happening.

Ray is a tall, broad-shouldered, tatted-up hunk of man-meat. The stud is everything I'm not, and I can't envision a world where my sweet, innocent wife Emma would fall for his charm.

Ray ensures me it'll be easy.

I invite him over for dinner, telling Emma he's a friend I made at the gym. My wife gasps when she first lays eyes on him, and from that point on, Ray works his magic...

And I am powerless to stop him.

Even when I start to get second thoughts, I realize it's too late.

All I can do now is watch.

A STUD TAKES MY WIFE

AND ALL I DO IS WATCH

Looking for hung stud to train your wife? Want to see her turn into a total nympho? DM me.

I never should have answered that post. But I did. I couldn't help myself. I saw it pop up while trawling through some seedy website, and before I knew it, I had sent the guy a message.

This dude was absolutely *jacked*. Six foot five, broad-shouldered, six-pack. The works. The kind of guy your wife ogles when she sees him running shirtless, and you pretend not to notice. You know the type.

Me? I'm just a regular dude named Bryan. There's absolutely nothing special about me — except that, for as long as I can remember, I've had the deep-seated fantasy to watch my sweet, innocent wife get brutally pounded by another man with a huge cock while I watch.

I've never even told her this, but I'm about to share this fact with a total and complete stranger.

I sip on my pale ale as I watch people come and go. This 'hung stud' chose a bar frequented by young and hip students to meet-up in. Rap music is blaring through the speakers, and I glance at several girls. I can't believe how coeds dress nowadays.

Tank tops that are cut off so high you can see their bra, combined with yoga pants that hug their butts so tightly it's like they're wearing nothing at all.

I can't imagine my wife ever dressing like this. Emma is too innocent, too naive, too reserved for something like that. She prefers to have sex with the lights off. That should tell you everything.

"So you're Bryan, huh?"

My daydreaming is interrupted by a low, rough voice.

I glance up to see a mountain of a man stand in front of me. He's wearing a white tank-top that show off his broad shoulders.

"Uh, yeah," I stammer as my heart hammers into my throat.

"Ray. Nice to meet you."

Ray offers me his hand. I grasp it, and he nearly crushes my hand with his powerful grip. His piercing eyes stare into my very soul as he sizes me up.

"How did you pick me out of the crowd?" I ask.

Ray grins. "Look at you, Bryan. You look painfully out of place. No offense, buddy. Want a beer?"

"Sure."

Ray heads to the bar and returns with two beers. I sip on mine as my stomach goes crazy with nerves. I can't believe I'm actually having beer with this dude. What the hell am I doing?!

Ray breaks the ice with some small talk. We talk about the game, the weather, our plans for the summer, and I slowly let my guard down. He lets me yammer on for thirty minutes before he moves in for the kill.

"Let's get down to business, Bryan. You remember why you texted me, right?"

“Sure.”

“So tell me.”

I scratch the back of my neck, suddenly feeling very hot. “I think you know.”

“Oh, I do, Bryan. But I want to hear you say it. If you can’t even do that, we’re done. You need to be game. Say the words.”

My hands shake as I glance up at the stud in front of me. He’s barely said a word and already I’m trembling.

“I want to see you... train... my wife...” I say with a stutter.

Ray claps me on the back very hard. “That wasn’t so hard to say, was it, buddy? Proud of you. Another round!”

Ray returns with two more tall beers, and I take a large swig of mine instantly.

“Show me a photo of your wife, Bryan,” Ray commands.

I pull out my phone and search for a good photo. I show Ray, who instantly grabs my phone out of my hand and starts swiping.

“Oh, very cute! Her name is Emma, right? Nice. Yes, I can see why you married her. Small-town girl. Married young, huh?” He keeps on swiping. “No nudes?”

I shake my head. “Emma doesn’t like those.”

“Not yet,” Ray grunts. “You’re in luck, buddy. I love turning innocent young housewives like Emma into my playthings. There’s no greater mindfuck than breaking in a hot piece of ass like that.”

I take another swig of my beer. My heart is racing and my cock is leaking pre-cum — but I shouldn’t be here. I shouldn’t be talking about my wife like this to some stranger. What would she think if she knew?

"You don't believe me, do you, bro?"

I shrug. "I don't know. I find it a little hard to believe that you could actually, you know... *fuck my wife*. She'll never go for it. In fact, I shouldn't be here."

"Before you scamper off, buddy, you might want to take a look at this."

Ray hands me his phone and opens the gallery. My eyes grow wide as I see his entire gallery is filled with nudes and home-made pornography. I see girls of all shapes and sizes — white, latino, black — worship his big fat cock.

They're not all coeds either. There are several women in their thirties and forties. Ray zooms in on their wedding rings as he grins.

"See? I know my shit, buddy. Fucking married chicks is my speciality. If you follow my instructions to the letter, you can watch that cute little Emma of yours slobber all over my knob in no time. I know that's what you want, bro. You know what? Here, hold my phone. I'm going to get us another drink, while you can look at my action photos and imagine just how damn hot it would be if it was your innocent wifey on her knees in front of me like that. How insanely hot it would be to see her lips stretched around my girth; to see the tears trickle down her face as she gags on my big, fat cock. If that's not what you want, then leave my phone on the table and get your ass out of here. If you're still here when I'm back... I'll have my answer."

With a cocky grin, Ray saunters towards the bar. There's an undeniable energy to him. His voice is so deep and commanding, it makes you just want to obey him.

No. *Please him*. That's what his voice makes you want to do.

I scroll through the images with a racing heart.

A mature blonde white woman, two decades older than Ray, on her hands and knees on a bed in a hotel — her hands on her ass, spreading her cheeks for the camera. Her pussy glistening with her juices.

Could I ever see me wife like that? Presenting her body to the camera like a slut? Like a common whore?

Another image. A brunette, sitting on her knees, Ray's big cock resting on her face. All you can see is her smile.

To see my wife smile like that — with a stud's thick, fleshy cock resting on her face. She's my gorgeous wife, my everything, but to him she's just another slut. Another fucktoy. Another cocksleeve.

My heart pounds so fast I see stars. For a moment it feels like I'm going to faint. I need to get some fresh air. As I motion to stand up, I suddenly bump into a brick wall.

"Whoah, buddy. You okay? You look like a little lightheaded. Come on, sit down."

Ray ushers me back into my seat and places another beer into my hands. It's going so fast now. I'm not sure I ought to keep drinking at this pace.

"So, I think I have my answer," he smirks. "Tell me everything about your wife. And I mean *everything*. Do you make her cum? Does she like being spanked? Do you ever facefuck her?"

I take a swig of my beer. I should get out of here. I really shouldn't let this jock talk me into this.

I clear my throat.

"Well, we met during freshman year..."



"SO WHEN ARE you going to invite your new friend over, honey? I'm dying to meet him."

We're having dinner when those fateful words leave Emma's lips — just like Ray said they would. My mouth goes dry as I search for the right answer.

It's been three weeks since I had that beer with him, and he's given me an entire plan to follow. First, I had to tell my wife I had a friendly chat with a fit guy at the gym. Then, the next week, I had to tell her about Ray again; I had to make it seem like our friendship was organic and natural. That we bonded over our common interest in sports and video game.

Not over his big, juicy, fat cock slipping into your willing mouth, dear.

"Oh, I don't know," I shrug. "We're not *that* close. We're just gym buddies."

"Nonsense! You're always saying you want to make new friends. Invite him over for board games or something! Or video games, or whatever it is that guys do!"

I bite the inside of my cheek. That's exactly what Ray said would happen. He told me to play hard-to-get. To make Emma work for it; so that when he's here, she'll feel obliged to hang out because she made it happen.

"If you insist, then I guess I could ask him."

My pretty wife smiles at me. "Yes, please do!"

I feel so bad about lying to her... but then I see those images on Ray's phone in my head.

I'm doing it for her, I tell myself. I'm doing this so she'll have the best sex of her life.



THE DOORBELL RINGS. I feel like I'm going to be sick, but I suck in a breath and man up. This is what I signed up for, after all.

It's too late to back out now.

"Can you get that?" I ask my wife. "I'm cooking."

"Sure thing," Emma says as she tiptoes towards the front door.

Usually she wears jeans and a baggy shirt around the house, but today she's wearing a gorgeous yellow sundress. I didn't even have to tell her to dress up for our fit friend; she did that all on her own.

Ray hasn't even entered her life yet, and he's already having an impact.

My wife opens the door. I hear her gasp.

"Oh wow," she says.

"You must be Emma. Nice to meet you; I'm Ray."

"Nice to meet you Ray! Please, come in. I've heard so much about you."

"Only good things, I hope."

"Maybe," my wife laughs. "Come in, come in."

I stand in my kitchen, stirring the spaghetti as I hear my wife flirt with Ray. My cock throbs in my pants. It's happening. He's in my house.

The man I asked to fuck my wife like a cheap whore is now in my house.

"Hello, buddy!" Ray slaps me on the shoulder.

"Oh! Hi! Welcome, Ray. Good to see you."

Ray grins. "Good to see you, too, buddy. You're cooking, I see?"

"Ah, yes. Spaghetti bolognese."

"Great. While you cook, your pretty wifey is going to give me the grand tour of the premises, isn't that right?"

Emma looks at me, surprised. I never would have the guts to call her that — *my pretty wifey*. So condescending and demeaning. My wife is a strong and capable woman who doesn't like being talked down to.

"Uhm, sure!" Emma says. "Why not! Follow me, sir."

"Thank you, m'am," Ray chuckles.

I'm stunned as Ray and Emma leave me alone in the kitchen. I want nothing more than to follow them around the house and listen in on them, but I can't do that without ruining our meal. Instead, I just have to stand there and let my heart pound and my mind go crazy.

They return to the kitchen fifteen minute later. I find myself looking for any signs of cheating — Hair ruffled? Lipstick smudged? Red cheeks? — but of course that's not the case.

My wife is not a cheating whore.

She's not going to drop to her knees in the hallway and suck on Ray's big fat white cock.

Not yet, anyways.

"What do you think?" I ask Ray. "Not half bad, right?"

"You did okay," he smirks. "Not half bad, buddy."

When my wife excuses herself to go the restroom, Ray places his hand on my shoulder and leans in to whisper in my ear.

"Your wife is fucking hot, bro. She's checking me out. This is going to be easier than I thought."

I start shaking. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

"Don't worry, bro. It's not going to happen tonight. She'll freak out. Nah, we're playing the long game, dog. In the end, this is going to be *her* idea."

"I don't know," I stammer. "I don't see it happening."

"Oh, it's too late to stop this train, buddy. It's happening. The only choice you have is if you want to watch or not."

At that moment my wife returns from the bathroom.

"What are you two schmoozing about?" She asks.

"I was just asking Bryan here how he ever landed a wife as hot as you," Ray answers.

Emma gasps, and instantly a blush rises to her cheeks.

"I'm joking," Ray says. "Or am I? No, I am."

"You better be," Emma says. "Bryan, your friend is naughty. Keep him in check."

"Oh, there's no way I could tame this beast even if I wanted to," I answer.

"That's right," Ray laughs as he pops open a beer. "Let's eat!"

The three of us have a lovely dinner together. For a while, all the dirty talk between me and Ray is in the back of my mind, forgotten, dormant.

Until we move to the living room for our after-dinner coffee.

"So, tell me how you two met," Ray starts. "I heard Bryan's version, but I'm curious about yours."

"We met during freshmen year," Emma starts. "Bryan was a shy boy. He needed help with a project, and, well, you know how boys are. They can't ask a girl for help without getting all sweaty and flustered."

"Sounds like Bryan alright," Ray says.

"He asked me if I could tutor him. I was annoyed at first, but I relented and helped him out. As I got to know him, I saw what a pure soul he had, and when he asked me out I said yes."

"Bryan sounds like a real ladies man, eh?" Ray chuckles.

Emma looks at me lovingly. "Hardly. But that's what I like about him. He doesn't try to be anything he's not. He's honest."

I feel a pang of guilt in my gut. Neither Ray nor I are being anything close to honest right now.

Ray takes a sip of his coffee as he looks at me. "Mhm. That's nice."

"And what about you, Ray?" Emma asks. "Is there a special lady in your life?"

"Oh no, I'm not ready to settle down."

"Doesn't that get lonely?"

"Oh, I get plenty of action," Ray chuckles.

Emma frowns. "What do you mean?"

Ray locks eyes with me for a split-second before answering. "I mean I get all the pussy I can handle, Emma."

Emma is stunned. Her mouth falls open, and she glances at me as if expecting me to say something. When I remain silent, her eyes dart back to Ray.

Finally, I clear my throat. "What Ray is trying to say, is that he has lots of friends with benefits."

"Okay," my wife says. Her cheeks are flushed. "Sure. That's a thing nowadays, I suppose."

Ray leans back on our sofa. He casually drapes an arm over the couch as he sizes up my wife.

He oozes complete confidence.

My wife squirms as she steals a glance at his broad chest. His tight shirt reveals his muscular body, and his tattooed-arms are on display.

Emma has never liked tattoos. Or so I thought.

"They're not all just fuckbuddies," Ray says. "Excuse me for being so forward, but do you know what swinging is, Emma?"

I bite my bottom lip as all the oxygen is sucked out of room. My wife blushes as she glances at the tall man in our living room.

"Y-yeah," she stammers. "Of course. Is that what you... do?"

"Yeah," Ray answers confidently. "I'm a well-sought after third for couples trying to spice up their marriage."

Ray lets those words sink in as he gazes triumphantly at me. He's such a cocky asshole. I expect Emma to be stunned into silence, but she just nods.

"People do that for real?" She asks.

"Oh yeah, lots of people are doing it," Ray says with a casual shrug. "It's very, very normal."

"Regular people?!"

"Yes, regular people," Ray laughs. "Your friends, your neighbors. Teachers. Police officers. Doctors. I'm actually fucking the wife of a local politician. He likes to watch. Takes the stress from his demanding job, you know? Regular, boring people have the kinkiest love-lives, I'm telling you."

"Wow," Emma mouths.

"What about you two? Are you in the lifestyle?" Ray asks casually.

"Us? Oh no," Emma laughs, her face red. "Oh no no no."

Ray shrugs. "Why not? Ever considered it?"

My wife looks at me with wide eyes. I laugh and shrug. She turns back to Ray as her fingers fidget with the hem of her dress.

"No, it's... not something we ever considered. Right, Bryan?"

Moment of truth.

I shrug again. "I don't know. Life's short. Who knows?"

"What?" Emma says. "That's news to me, mister!"

"This is a conversation you should have without me here," Ray chuckles as he reaches out to briefly touch Emma's knee. "But now you know what I get up to on the weekends."

I can't believe he's talking to my wife about threesomes right in front of me. Ray grins ear-to-ear and gives me a wink.

"I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable, Emma," he says.

"Oh, I'm—I'm fine."

"Yeah, we should probably change topics," I say as I slap my knees. "How about the game last night, huh?"

"Not so fast, Bryan," Ray says. "Emma's got something she wants to ask. Speak your mind, Emma."

My wife gulps. She blushes and looks down at her feet, refusing to look either of us in the eye.

My cock instantly stiffens as her lips tremble.

"I-I should really start doing the dishes," Emma says. "And I have work early in the morning as well — it was really nice meeting you Ray!"

Without saying another word my wife storms off. I motion to follow, but Ray lifts a finger and stops me.

"Leave her," he speaks softly. "I already went further than I intended. You've got to let it soak in for a while. Come, let's play some games and chill."



WE PLAY video games for an hour or so before Ray clears off. He shakes my hand and thanks me for the dinner.

"I'm not sure if this was a good idea," I admit. "I think Emma's pretty shook."

"Getting second thoughts, are we?" Ray grins. "Don't worry. I bet you a hundred bucks she'll want to fuck tonight, and you'll find her wetter than usual. I guarantee it, boy. You'll call me again, sooner rather than later."

With a confident air Ray steps outside, and I watch his hulking figure get into his car and drive off. With him gone, I can finally breathe a sigh of relief.

What was I thinking, inviting him into my home? Emma's probably steaming mad at me for his dirty talk. I should apologize to her, and end this chapter right here and now.

I find my wife upstairs, folding clothes.

"You boys done already?"

"Yeah, Ray just cleared off."

"He's an interesting character, isn't he?"

"You can say that."

"He's so... *different* from all our friends," my wife says. "I'm a little surprised you're friends with him."

"So am I," I answer. "Don't worry, I won't invite him over again."

"Why not?" Emma quickly looks up at me, her eyes wide.

I shrug as I scratch the back of my head. "I thought he made you uncomfortable."

"I'm fine, honey. You don't have to worry about me. I'm not some frail little flower."

"If you say so, babe."

Our conversation drifts to work and other small-talk, and I allow myself to unwind and let go of all the stress.

Until hours later, when my wife and I are lying in bed and I turn off my night light. After a moment of silence, her hand reaches out in the dark to stroke my thigh. I cuddle up against her, and she grabs my hand and places it on her breasts.

Her nipples are as hard as diamonds.

She wants sex. A very rare occurrence so late at night. Usually I have to give her a very long massage before she's in the mood.

I slide my hand down her body and my mouth falls open in surprise when I find her pussy is absolutely *soaked*.

Ray was right.

That cocky asshole was right.

My cock twitches as I press it against my wife's ass, and she groans as she pushes back against me. I slide into her easily, and she sighs contently.

I pound her hard and fast.

My thoughts flood with images of Ray and Emma together, and I barely last a couple of pumps before I explode deep inside my wife. Emma reaches back and lovingly squeezes my thigh.

None of speak a word, but I think I know what's on her mind...



A FEW DAYS LATER, while having dinner, Emma brings up Ray again.

"So, about Ray."

I freeze mid-bite. "Yes?"

"Is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"You know."

"I really don't, honey."

A blush spreads on her cheeks. "His... sexlife. Is it true? Or was he just telling tall tales?"

I gulp, "Which part of it?"

"All of it! Are people really into swinging? And does he, you know? Do all of those things?"

"Sure. It's true. All of it."

My wife simply stares at me. "Wow."

"You okay, sweetie?"

"Yeah, I just... I didn't think people *really* did those things. You read about them, but..."

"You do?" I tease.

"In the news, I mean," Emma stammers.

"It's no big deal," I say. "Ray's a good looking guy, right?"

"Oh, for sure," Emma says, a little bit too quickly for my taste.

"Right. So there's plenty of girls that want to sleep with him."

"That part I understand, but... married couples? Can you imagine?"

My pants tighten. "Imagine what?" I ask, playing dumb.

"You know," my wife replies, a playful smile spreading across her lips. "What he talked about? That politician, that likes to watch Ray with his wife? That's... that's crazy!"

"Oh yeah. Crazy," I laugh. "Totally crazy!"

Emma and I chuckle awkwardly, but there's a blush to her now. She's thinking about it. She's genuinely considering it.

"Is he coming over again soon?" She asks.

"Uhm, I don't know," I sputter in surprise. "I could ask him?"

"Do it," my wife says softly.

"Okay, honey."



LATER THAT NIGHT I lock myself in my home office and send Ray a quick text. The bastard calls me right away.

"See? Told you you'd call me," he says.

"Yeah, yeah. Can you come over or not?"

"Oh, I'll be there, Bryan. I'll be there. Tell me — how wet was she?"

I'm silent for a moment. "Soaked," I say softly.

"Speak up, Bryan."

"Soaked! She was soaked!" I say, louder.

"Yeah, that's what I thought. She asked you about swinging, didn't she?"

"A little, yeah."

"Good. Her mind is working. Now it's time for you to turn up the heat, Bryan. You tell her I'm coming over Friday night, and tonight, you'll find she'll be dripping wet again. Mention my name, Bryan. Tell her Ray is coming over while you pound your wife, to let her know you think it's hot. Can you do that for me, cuck? You're hard right now, aren't you?"

I'm silent again. "S-sure," I stammer. "I can do that."

"Good boy. See you Friday."



WHEN I TELL Emma Ray's coming over on Friday, she briefly bites her bottom lip and then nods.

Later that night, she makes her move again. Her hand dances across my thigh and then slides down to my cock, which is already hard and throbbing.

She rolls over and offers herself to me. Her pussy is soaking wet, and I slide in easily. This time, I do my best to last as long as possible. I grip her waist as I slide my hard cock all the way to the hilt inside of her warm, wet pussy.

My wife buries her face in her pillow, grunting as I take her.

I try to muster the courage to moan Ray's name — but to my complete shock, my wife beats me to it.

"Can you imagine if we were one of those couples?" My wife says, her voice a sultry whispers. "Ray fucking me while you watch..."

My heart is launched right into my throat and my cock twitches. I'm frozen in place as my wife pushes her hips back at me.

Is this really happening? Is she really talking about this?

I try to play it cool. I squeeze her ass tightly as I fuck her harder.

"Oh yeah," she moans. "Oh, you like too, don't you, baby? You're so hard."

"Fuck!" I growl. "Fuck!"

The tight walls of her pussy squeeze me, and filthy images of Ray defiling my sweet, innocent burn into my mind.

"Oh Ray!" Emma moans loudly. "Fuck me, Ray!"

Without warning, I explode inside of my wife. My cum fills her womb as my entire body trembles with insane pleasure. I gasp for air as my hips buck wildly.

My wife chuckles and rolls over when I'm done cumming, her hand lightly stroking my chest. My heart is still hammering like mad.

"Oh really liked that, didn't you?" She teases me. "The idea of watching me with Ray. I had no idea you were so adventurous."

"I mean, maybe," I say, backpedalling. "You started it."

"Your heart is racing," she says as she rests her head on my head. "You can be honest with me, sweetie."

I close my eyes and let out a deep breath. Am I finally ready to share my deepest, darkest fantasies with my wife?

She kisses my forehead. "What are you thinking about, honey?"

Filthy images run through my mind — unspeakable ones.

I imagine Ray slamming his thick, white cock into my wife's tight cunt. Using her. Degrading her. Making my sweet wife his personal fuckdoll.

Pumping her full of his potent seed. Cumming all over her face. Leaving her a cum-filled, dripping, well-fucked mess.

Taking her ass. Deflowering it. Leaving her asshole gaping, sore and ruined.

That cocky bastard turning my innocent wife into his whore.

Emma's hand slides down my body and finds my cock throbbing.

"Hard already?" She whispers. "What are you thinking about, baby?"

"It's a little hot, maybe," I admit.

She strokes me. "Maybe it is," she whispers. Her hand feels amazing, tugging on my sensitive, spent cock.

I reach out to grab her soft ass. She rolls onto her back and slides my hand between her legs. She is dripping wet with her juices and my seed, and she moans instantly the moment I rub her clit. I slide two fingers into her warm, wet hole. Emma bucks her hips lewdly and grabs a fistful of the sheets.

"You want him, don't you?" I growl into her ear.

This is completely uncharted territory for us — dirty talk.

"YES!" She screams. "Yes, baby, yes!"

"You want him to use you. To fuck your married pussy."

"Oh god, baby, that's so — so wrong, my... my married pussy being f-f-fucked by Ray... while you watch..."

"Yeah, but you want it," I growl aggressively as I rub her clit with one hand, the other two-fingers deep inside of her. "You want to be fucked by Ray's big cock!"

"Yes yes yes!"

I have no idea where these words are coming from, but as I feel my wife's pussy gush all over my hands, a dark and unstoppable lust is unleashed inside of me.

"Get on your hands and knees!" I growl.

My wife obeys instantly, turning over and presenting her ass to me. Her perfect, round ass and dripping wet pussy.

I mount her from behind. My throbbing cock has never felt a pussy this wet before.

"Imagine Ray fucking you from behind," I say. "Imagine his big cock stretching your married pussy."

"Oh god, baby! Yes! Fuck me, Ray!"

I'm dizzy for a moment as I hear those words. I fuck my wife from behind while I reach one arm around her to rub her swollen, sensitive clit.

"Cum for him, you slut! Cum on Ray's big fat dick!"

Emma screams. Her pussy tightens around my cock as her juices drip down my balls and thighs. She buries her face in her pillow as her entire body trembles fiercely as a powerful orgasm washes over her. My cock explodes deep inside of her, adding another load to her gushing pussy.

She collapses onto the bed. I fall down next to her. Both of us are sweating and completely out of breath.

I stare up at the ceiling as my wife nuzzles against me.

"Holy shit," Emma pants. "Holy shit."

"Are you okay, babe?"

"Yes." She kisses my shoulder. "That was so hot."

"It was," I admit.

We're quiet for a little while longer as I try to straighten my thoughts out.

Just when I muster the courage to speak up and say this was all role-play, I hear my wife's gentle snoring.

I'll have to have that conversation another time.

Before Ray comes over on Friday...



THAT FRIDAY COMES SOONER than expected. I wasn't able to muster the courage to have a proper conversation with my wife about our fantasies — and now Ray is coming over.

Emma has been unusually chipper all day. She deep cleaned the entire house, humming the entire time, and now she's in the shower, getting ready while I pace up and down my living room.

What have I gotten myself into?

At six thirty, the doorbell rings.

"I'll get it!" Emma yells from upstairs. She comes bouncing down the stairs wearing a sexy black dress that hugs all of her curves. Her make-up is incredibly well-done, elegant and sexy at the same time.

My jaw drops. I haven't seen her put this much effort into her appearance since our wedding.

She opens the front door and Ray whistles.

"Goddamn, you look great Emma," are the first words out of this mouth. He looks at me with a cocky grin before returning his gaze back to my wife's figure.

"Oh, this? It's whatever," my wife giggles. "Come in!"

Ray steps inside, places his hand on my wife's waist and kisses her cheek. My wife blushes and returns the cheek-kiss.

"Oh, you smell good," she says before hurrying towards the kitchen.

I'm left flabbergasted as Ray hangs up his coat.

"I take it you followed my instructions then, Bryan?" He says as she squeezes my shoulder. "You're in for a show, cuck."

"I, uh, yeah, erm," I stammer.

Ray chuckles. He saunters into the kitchen where Emma is already pouring him a glass of wine. He rests his big, strong hand on her lower back, and she makes no attempt to move it.

Is this really happening? My cock throbs as I grow dizzy. I sit down on the couch in the living room to take a breather as Ray and Emma chat in the kitchen. I can hear his low, baritone voice, and her giggling and laughing at his every word.

Soon we gather around the dinner table, where my wife serves us a nice meal. Ray continues to be charming, and my wife eats it up. She's playing with her hair and blushing, barely able to look away from the handsome stud at our dinner table.

I never thought my sweet, innocent wife would be into a man like Ray. He's got tattoos all over his arms for crying out loud. He's rough, arrogant, cocky. The opposite of me in every way.

But her hard nipples are poking through the fabric of her sheer, black dress, and I just might be getting what I asked for... whether I like it or not.

I'm so nervous I can barely eat a thing, but neither of them notice.

Ray helps clear off the plates when we're done, and he brings back a full bottle of wine with him. It's soon empty.

"More wine?" Emma asks, jumping out of her seat. Her full breasts jiggle. She's not wearing a bra.

"I'm not sure if that's a good idea," I protest.

My head was already spinning before we polished off a bottle. Anymore and I'm liable to pass out.

"Come on, boy," Ray says. "Be adventurous. Live a little."

"Yeah, husband. Let's live a little," Emma says. "Life's short, remember?"

I look at my swaying wife. This is all going so quickly.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" I ask.

My wife locks eyes with me. Lust burns in her eyes. "This is what you want, right, baby?"

"I mean..."

My wife doesn't wait for my answer but saunters into the kitchen, grabs another bottle and walks back. She pours me a glass but spills a bit of wine on the table.

"Oops!" She laughs. "So clumsy!"

"Let me help you, baby," Ray says as he stands up and wraps his arms around my wife. His strong, firm hands are on hers as he guides her hands, pouring us all three a full glass of white wine.

She looks so small and dainty compared to him. He's tall and rugged; everything a man ought to be.

Their hands are still touching. Emma gazes up at him, her mouth hanging open, her eyes filled with stars. Her tongue wets her bottom lip. They are both silent for a moment.

"I'm not sure..." My wife says, her voice trailing off.

It's as if she's only now realizing she's about to kiss a man who is not her husband. Who couldn't be more any different from her husband!

Ray nods at me, as if he can read her mind. "Look at your husband. He's enjoying this. He wants this as much as you do. Isn't that right, Bryan?"

My wife's unfocused gaze drifts to me. Her eyes are as big as dinner plates, her cheeks completely flushed. She looks at me, and I look back at her. Both of us don't know what to say.

"Isn't that right, Bryan?" Ray says again. "Be honest with your wife. Be honest with yourself."

My tongue wets my lips. My mind is blank. My wife continues looking at me, her beautiful eyes begging me for permission. She wants this so badly.

"Yes," I croak. "Yes. You two look beautiful together."

That's all it takes.

Ray turns my wife's chin towards him with a single finger, and the two lock eyes. Suddenly he leans down and kisses her firmly.

My cock instantly turns to steel as her eyes close and she simply melts.

I am watching my wife kiss another man — and she's loving it.

They passionately explore each other's mouths with their tongues. She places her hands on his cheeks as she pulls him in, standing on the tips of her toes to reach him. His hands glide down her back, finding her plump ass. He squeezes it, and she squeals in delight.

We haven't kissed that vigorously since we were dating.

After several minutes, my wife breaks the kiss. A trail of saliva still connects the two of them. Her cheeks are red as she searches my eyes for approval, a mixture of lust, shame and fear all over her face.

I nod.

"Wow," she whispers.

"Was that the first time you kissed someone who wasn't your husband?" Ray asks.

Emma nods. "Yeah."

"How was it?"

She bites her bottom lip. "Good," she admits shyly.

Ray gives her ass a firm slap. My wife gasps. "Damn right it was. Shall we continue this in the living room?"

"Okay."

Ray grabs my wife's hand and leads her into the living room. He sits down on my favorite spot, and pulls Emma down with him. I take the chair opposite him. Ray instantly glides his hand down towards her inner-thigh and squeezes.

Meanwhile, his steel gaze is focused on me.

"What do you think, Bryan? Did you like seeing your wife kiss another man?"

My mouth is dry. Ray seems hellbent on involving me, and I'm not sure if I love or hate it. "Yes," I admit sheepishly.

"Don't tell me. Tell your wife."

Emma gasps as Ray takes control, and she locks eyes with me. I've never seen her this turned on before.

"Honey, I..."

My voice trails off when Ray, grinning triumphantly, lets his hand slide up Emma's thigh. He cups her panty-clad pussy. Her eyes flutter as she groans.

"Continue, Bryan. You were saying?"

I swallow the lump in my throat. I'm locking eyes with my wife while another man rubs her pussy. This is crazy.

"Honey, I... I think you look really sexy when you... when you're kissing Ray," I say, stuttering and stammering.

Emma nods. Her eyes are unfocused. Her breathing becomes heavier as she slightly spreads her legs, giving Ray even better access to her body.

"Keep going," Emma moans.

I'm not sure if she's talking me or Ray.

"You're so sexy," I continue. "So hot."

Ray kisses my wife's neck. She tilts her head, giving him better access, as his hand slides up his leg.

I almost faint as I watch her hand slide up towards the big tent he's pitching.

This is actually happening.

"Bryan, be a good husband and take your wife's panties off for me."

My wife's eyes flutter. I crawl towards them both, and my wife opens her legs for me. She bites her bottom lip as she scoots her ass up for me — I've never seen my Emma this turned on before.

I reach up to hook my thumb into her panties. I can see they are completely soaked as I peel them down her hips.

The wet lips of her pussy glisten as I pull her panties down to her ankles. My wife playfully pushes her foot into my chest, pushing me back as Ray slides his hand between her legs.

"You wanted to watch, right?" My wife asks, her voice husky. "So watch."

Ray easily slides two fingers into my wife's warm, wet cunt. She closes her eyes and groans as a man other than me enters her for the first time.

Her hand reaches for his bulge. The outline of his long cock is clearly visible. She struggles to pull his zipper down, and then reaches her hand into his pants.

She gasps loudly.

"Oh Jesus, you're so big," she says. "Incredible."

Ray laughs, unbuttons his pants, lifts up his hips and pulls his jeans and boxers down. His massive cock springs free, bobbing in the air, and my wife and I gasp simultaneously.

His cock is extremely big. As thick as my wrist and over ten inches long. I thought cocks like these only existed in porn, but now my wife is wrapping her dainty fingers around the base of this monster cock.

Her hand is dwarfed by his big, fleshy, throbbing monster. Veins bulge on the sides, leading up to the big, angry, purple head.

My wife strokes him slowly with both hands, completely mesmerized by his size and thickness.

"Jesus," she says again. "Your cock is huge."

"Do you like it?"

"I love it," she blurts out instantly. "It's huge!"

"Is it bigger than your husbands?"

"No contest," she laughs. "Sorry, honey, but it's true."

"Oh yeah, that's true," I say.

"Why don't you give it a kiss?"

My wife nods and obediently slides down onto her knees in front of Ray.

I can barely breathe.

Her two hands can barely wrap themselves around his width. His cock twitches and throbs, the purple head oozing pre-cum. Emma kisses his muscled inner-thigh, and nuzzles her way up towards his member.

I'm sitting behind her, on the floor of my living room, as Ray towers over us both. He grins, locking eyes with me as he grabs a fistful of

my wife's hair and guides her mouth towards the head of his cock. I can hear her gasp as the head enters her mouth.

My wife's sucking Ray's cock right in front of me.

"How does it look?" Ray asks me. "Tell your wife she looks beautiful with a real man's cock in her mouth, Bryan."

My wife turns her head towards me, making eye-contact with me as her cheeks bulge with Ray's big cock. The sight is incredible. She opens her mouth and I watch her tongue slither across the purple head. Her wedding ring is right next to his cock as she holds it.

"You look so beautiful right now," I admit. "You've never looked sexier, Emma."

Ray pushes her head down. My wife chokes on his cock, her eyes widening in surprise as her lips stretch obscenely as the stud's big cock fills her mouth and slides down her throat.

Emma pops her mouth off his cock and gasps for air. Ray's glistening cock glistens with her saliva. My wife looks at me, grabs my collar, and pulls me for a deep, sudden kiss.

Her tongue enters my mouth, and I can't help but taste Ray's cock all over my wife's mouth.

"Is this what you want?" She hisses between deep kisses. "Do you want to watch you wife suck another man's cock?"

I nod as my heart hammers in my throat. "Yes!" I gasp. "It's so hot!"

"I agree," my wife says as her tongue brushes against both my lips. "I want you to lick my pussy while Ray fucks my mouth, baby. Can you do that for me?"

She grabs my hand and jams it between her legs. Her inner-thighs are soaked with her juices.

I assume the position, lying down on my living room floor, my head between my wife's thighs. She lowers her dripping wet pussy onto

my face as I look up to see Ray's immense cock and big balls tower over us both.

"You're learning quickly," Ray compliments my wife. "You know exactly how to treat your hubby." He grabs her chin and guides her hungry mouth back to his cock. My wife whimpers as he slides deeply into her mouth.

Ray holds her there, his cock lodged deep down her throat. Emma gags and squirms, her thighs squeezing me, her pussy dripping into my mouth, but Ray doesn't let go.

When Ray finally releases her, spit dribbles down my wife's face and onto mine. The dominant stud slaps my wife's face with his cock, rubbing his cock and balls all over her face as she tries to get his cock back into her mouth.

"You're such a hungry cocksucker," Ray says.

"Uh huh," my wife says.

"Say it. Tell me what you are."

I can feel my wife's body trembling on top of my face.

"I'm your married cocksucker, Ray," she says. "Please fuck my mouth."

"Fuck yeah," Ray groans as he grabs a fistful of her hair and roughy fucks her face.

Emma chokes and gags, her make-up running down her face as this young stud fucks her mouth like she's a cheap whore.

I can't believe this is happening.

A couple of hours ago, I was pacing up and down my living room as my wife applied her make-up upstairs. Now, that same make-up is running down her face as my wife's soaking pussy smothers my face while I'm lying on that same living room floor like a total cuck — and

Ray's big, fat balls slap against my wife's chin over and over again as he chokes her with his ten-inch long monster cock.

The sound of Ray's big fat balls slapping against my wife's face is one I'll never forget.

Finally, Ray pulls my wife off his cock. She coughs and sputters, drool running down her sexy face. His monster cock glistens and throbs.

"Do you want me to cum all over your face, slut?" Ray asks.

A thrill runs through my wife's body. She squeezes her thighs.

"Yes," she gasps.

"Beg for it."

My wife stretches out her tongue. "Please, Ray. Please cum all over my face!"

Ray grins as he strokes his big cock. "You're hearing this, Bryan? Your wife is my cumslut now."

"Yes!" Emma says instantly as she reaches down to grab my hair. "Oh, yes, honey, I'm Ray's slut now!" She rides my face, grinding her pussy against my mouth as she waits for the stud's load.

I can barely breathe.

Ray stroke his cock, groans, and explodes all over my wife's face. Emma squeals in delight as thick ropes of cum hit her nose, cheeks, and forehead. Her entire face is covered with the stud's potent seed.

The stud milks his balls all over my wife. Emma cums on the spot, her thighs squeezing my face so hard I'm close to passing out as she rides out her powerful orgasm.

I have to tap her ass to remind her to let me breathe a little bit. I scoot my way out, gasping for air.

Meanwhile, Ray's cock is still rock-hard. Emma stares at it, breathing heavily, her make-up ruined, his thick load dripping down her face.

My heart pounds wildly. This is the hottest thing I've ever seen.

"You're still hard," she whispers.

"We're only just getting started, slut. You're about to ride this dick and be stretched beyond belief, but first, your husband is going to kiss you and tell you he loves you."

My wife turns to me, dazed. A drop of cum drips down her chin onto her ruined dress.

I can't believe my wife just let another man defile her face like that. I also can't believe I ate her out as it happened.

I scoot closer towards her. The smell of Ray's seed is pungent and overwhelming. Her eyes are filled with lust, but I do see a flicker of doubt.

"I love you, I say quickly as I reach out to grab her hand.. "I love you, Emma."

She nods and puckers her lips.

I lean in, aiming for a quick peck — but my wife has other plans. She pushes her tongue into my mouth before I can stop her, sharing the stud's thick, creamy load with me. I try to pull back, but she won't let me. Her hand goes to my crotch, pulling out my throbbing cock as she forces me to taste Ray's cum all over her lips.

Ray laughs victoriously. My wife breaks the kiss, a string of saliva — or is that seed? — still connecting our lips.

"I love you, too, baby," my wife says. She tugs at my cock. "I'm going to ride Ray's cock now, okay?"

I nod. "Y-yes."

My wife stands up and pulls off her ruined dress. Ray's strong hands reach out to explore my wife's naked body. I watch in awe as he squeezes her tits and gropes her ass, and she just closes her eyes and let it happen.

The stud sits down on my couch and pulls my wife towards him. She straddles him and gives him a kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck. His bigs hands grope her ass, and I can see both her holes are ready for him.

My wife position's Ray's enormous cock at the entrance of her pussy.

I suck in a breath.

Emma groans as she impales herself on Ray. My jaw drops as Ray slides his big cock into my willing wife. Her tight pussy stretches obscenely around his pole, her lips stretched to the max as she takes his cock all the way inside of her. My wife buries her face in his muscular chest as her entire body shudders.

"So big," she gasps. "Ah!"

Ray holds her tightly, first letting her adjust to his size before he starts bouncing her up and down his big cock like a proper little fucktoy.

My Emma is riding Ray's big cock like a bitch in heat.

I crawl towards them both to get a better view.

My wife's cunt is completely stretched out. Ray squeezes her ass and spreads her cheeks for me, so I have the perfect, obscene view of her lips stretching themselves around his fat, girthy cock.

"Your husband is watching you get proper fucked," Ray growls.

My wife's toes curl. "That's so hot," she pants.

"He's watching your married pussy being filled by a real cock."

"Oh god, yes," Emma moans. "Watch me, Bryan, watch me!"

Ray bounces my wife up and down his cock as if she were weightless. His balls slap against her ass with every thrust as he manhandles her, using her like his own personal fucktoy. He pounds her married pussy hard and fast.

This is where I would tap out — but Ray has a lot more stamina than that.

He flips her over, slams her back into the couch and mounts her. My wife screams in delight as the stud fucks her into the couch, driving every inch of his cock into her sopping wet cunt.

He reaches down to kiss her, and the two eagerly swap tongues. My wife wraps her long, sexy legs around him, pulling him closer as he pounds her married cunt.

"I love your cock, I love your cock," she gasps, over and over again deliriously.

"You're my married whore," Ray grunts.

"Yes! I'm your married whore!"

My wife is taking this so far that it boggles my mind. Giving herself to another man is one thing, but doing it so enthusiastically, so lewdly, so wantonly? I never would have expected that.

Ray's not down.

He places her on her hands and knees and fucks her from behind. She buries her face in a pillow, but he grabs her and pulls her up, forcing her look at me.

"Look at your husband as a real man fucks you," Ray growls. "Tell him how it feels!"

"So good!" My wife practically screams in my face. "Oh fuck, Ray's cock is so good, so good baby!"

"Best you ever had?"

“Oh by far, by far!” My wife admits instantly.

Ray laughs as he squeezes her plump ass, pounding my wife hard and deep. Emma closes her eyes as her body trembles.

“I’m so close, I’m, ah, ah, ah, AH!”

Her toes curl and her mouth hangs open as she orgasms all over Ray’s big cock. She screams his name over and over again as she trembles with pleasure from head to toe.

The stud buries his cock deep inside of her and explodes, his big balls flooding my wife’s fertile womb with his potent cum. He holds himself there, pumping rope after rope inside of her, until with a final, satisfied grunt, he pulls out.

Ray’s thick load drips all over our expensive couch out of my wife’s well-fucked hole.

The stud sits on my couch, his big cock laying on his thigh as he looks at me. “Get me a beer, Bryan,” he commands.

I nod and hand the man a beer. He cracks it open and sips victoriously as my wife curls up at his side, still trembling with aftershocks.

I realize I haven’t even cum yet — I’ve been too stunned by the sights to participate.

Ray kisses the top of my wife’s head, shakes my hand, and gets dressed. Emma and I are both too shocked to say much of anything.

“You’re welcome,” Ray says. He reaches out to slap my wife’s fat ass before he goes. She moans. “If you want more where that came from, you know how to reach me. Adios.”

I carry my wife up the stairs towards our bed.

She stretches herself wide on our marital bed, and I take a moment to take in the sight. Her body is red all over, with some light

scratches and bruises. The lips of her pussy are puffy and red. There's still some cum on her cheeks and on her inner thighs.

She's never looked sexier to me.

"I don't know what happened," Emma says as she opens her arms for me. It's the first thing she said since Ray left. "Hold me, sweetie."

"I do. You had the best sex of your life — and I'm really happy you did."

I strip naked and hug my wife. She wraps her arms and legs around me, holding me tighter than ever.

"Do you really mean that?"

"Of course baby. I love you. Nothing will ever change that."

"You still love me?"

"Yes," I say as I kiss her.

"Even after Ray fucked me?"

"Yes."

I bring her hand down towards my cock, which is standing at full attention.

"It was super hot," I admit.

"It was," Emma whispers.

"Can I... fuck you?" I whisper back.

Emma nods. "But be gentle. My pussy is really sore from Ray's big cock."

Those words are extremely erotic to me. My cock is twitching as I place it at her entrance. I slide in easily, my cock coated by a mixture of my wife's juices and Ray's cum.

"Oh god," I groan when I enter my wife's warm, sloppy hole. "You're so wet."

"Yes, baby," Emma moans. "I'm still filled with his cum. Your wife's pussy is still full of another man's cum. Can you feel it?"

"Oh god!"

I cum in less than three strokes. I add my load to Ray's, and my sweet wife rubs my back as she encourages me, kissing my mouth all over.

Afterwards we hold each other, basking in the glow of this crazy, sexual event.



FROM THAT POINT ON, Ray became a regular in our life.

My sweet, innocent wife craves his big fat cock, and Ray is more than happy to oblige. Every weekend he visits, and from the moment he enters my wife is his personal fucktoy.

Sometimes he even brings his friends, and those weekends are the hottest of all. The stud has even broken in her virgin ass.

All her holes are his to use now.

All of my dreams came true. The stud trained my wife just like he said he would, turning her from innocent housewife into his married whore.

I couldn't be happier.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

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