

*The following was written for a fan, a self-described thirty-four-year-old woman with revenge fantasies after her husband's recent betrayal. Her letter touched me with its sincerity - and her dry, wicked sense of humor told me this was a special lady. This piece, written from her POV, is relentlessly wicked, outrageously unsympathetic, and brutally wounded and angry - exactly what she needed to unleash her fury. So here it is - her thoughts, my words - a very small gift to a very extraordinary wife.*

## **A Time to Reap**

by Don Jetman

I know what you were thinking - that you'd never get caught. When I found out, I cried. For about an hour. Then I decided to get even. Why did it have to be a blonde? You know how I hate them. Plastic, oversexed bimbos that get all the men. You told me when we were married that I was everything you ever wanted, ever fantasized about. I almost believed you. All that time - did you want me to bleach my hair and prance around with my tits out, a mindless trophy to show off in front of all your friends? Oh, you deny it now. Of course you do. You'd say anything - once my two friends had you bound to a chair in the corner of our bedroom.

I wondered whether seeing you struggle would bother me. I'm not much for violence. But I'll have to admit that watching you try to fight them gave me a certain satisfaction. It was almost amusing. They were twice your size, with arms as thick and hard as the largest branches of your favorite oak tree in our backyard. The hatred in your eyes might have even frightened me, had it not been for the layers of duct tape that rendered you helpless. The few feet between us might just as well have been a thousand miles.

You stopped struggling when I leaned close to you, rested my hands on your knees, and peered closely into your eyes. I'll always remember how they filled with fear when I told you.

"These men are here to fuck me. And you're here to watch."

I undressed them slowly, one at a time. You see, I never told you, but I have a weakness for tall, dark, and handsome. You can have your blondes. Dark curly hair and olive skin make me juicy. The classic Greek hunk, or the Italian Machiavellian - give me Old World satyrs any day. Real men, driven by testosterone, not political correctness or personal agendas. And muscle. Did I mention muscle? Well, I guess you could see that for yourself. A big brain isn't everything, my dear.

I paraded them, naked, in front of you on purpose. I must have explored every inch of them, me in my T-shirt and shorts, stroking their glistening chests, kneading hard ropes of muscle I never knew existed under a man's skin. Do you remember when I went down on my knees in front of them - when I closed both hands around one of their cocks, moving him so you could see how much of it extended beyond my fists? Did it make you feel small? It should have. Did you think I chose them only for their European charm? Think again.

I was surprised when you didn't look away or close your eyes. Even when I took their cocks in my mouth and sucked them like a wanton whore. But I'm glad you watched. It would haunt you for the rest of your life. I needed that.

I let them decide when to strip me. I stared at you the entire time they pulled the clothes from my body. You knew what I was thinking. But just to make sure, just as he was pulling my panties past my knees, I managed to whisper in your ear one last time.

"I'll let them have me any way they wish. Know what it's like to have the one you love betray you with her body. Remember it - always remember."

It didn't take long for them to lift me onto our bed - seconds after I was naked, in fact. These weren't men who counted the minutes of foreplay. I had shown them what I wanted, of that there was no question. I had tasted their flesh, lapping hungrily at

the mountains and valleys of their bodies, finally taking the best parts of each man in my mouth. At first, a firm, egg-shaped testicle grasped carefully between my lips, rolling it with my tongue, the salty taste and musky odor a reminder that my mouth held both blueprint and engine for my beautiful new playmate. Then soon after, the hard plum at the end of a thick, warm stalk of flesh, grasped again between my lips as I coaxed the first few droplets of thick, sweet syrup from him. Oh, how I loved the certain promise of what was to come. Could you tell? By then you must have known they were going to fuck your wife. Yes, those two immense cocks would take turns inside me. And you'd have to watch. Poor you.

Did you see how readily I gave myself to them - my body so helpless and willing in their strong hands? If they hadn't spread my legs, I'd have done it for them. Not because they couldn't have opened me easily, but to show you how freely my cunt dripped for them.

From the foot of our bed I'm sure you saw him enter me - my legs in the air, circling his powerful back - the lean sinews of his ass tightening as he pistoned forward, burying the full length of his cock inside me. He didn't need my encouragement. His relentless pace and flawless timing were the workings of a wondrous machine. Nothing I would say to him would make a difference. But it might to you.

"Fuck me. Fuck me harder. Give it to me. Give it all to me. It's so good. So huge. So fucking good. So fucking good. So - fucking - good."

How did it feel, hearing me beg for this beautiful man's cock? I've never said those things to you, even during our best sex. You think my words were meant to hurt you? Well, you're only partially right. It was - so - fucking - good.

I can't quite remember the noises I made when I came. But I know they were loud - not like the feeble whimpers you hear when you fuck me. Did I cum for a minute - or two - or three? Do you remember? Was I better than your blonde? Does her cunt grip your prick like a vise, greedy for every last inch of it? No? Then I was better. But to be fair, I was maddeningly inspired.

I took my second lover from the back, on my belly. But first I turned to face you, my chin resting on a pillow at the foot of our bed. I wanted to see how much of a coward you really were. Could you look me in the eye as he slipped his magnificent cock inside me? You surprised me again. You watched with tears in your eyes as he took my hips in his large hands and lifted my ass so effortlessly. Did you know he entered me where you've never been? Perhaps you noticed me flinch for a second as the head of his cock breached me and wormed its way inside. Later, when he fucked me with slow but determined thrusts, I hoped you'd see a hint of what I felt - how I had never been taken so completely by a man - how I'd never surrendered my body so thoroughly.

Did you watch his face as well? I wish I could have seen it too. So handsome, those boyish features and that mischievous grin. How did that angelic face look - please tell me - the moment he jetted his semen into my bowels?

I let him cum first this time. I needed to see your face as this young Adonis emptied himself inside your wife. Did you feel violated, knowing I held both men's semen so deep inside me, semen rich with sperm so vigorous and potent I could almost feel them slither, intent on reaching their final destination?

I played with myself as I watched you. You seemed so defeated, so aghast that I was capable of such revenge. It seemed like only seconds until I was moaning again, waves of heat and pleasure washing over me as my fingers mingled with the slippery trickle of cum that coated my clit. The certainty that this image would be with you forever - my depraved cries and groans as I masturbated with his exquisite cock buried in my ass - made my orgasm more intense than any I can remember.

You looked so surprised when I went to you afterward and straddled your lap. Were you trying to tell me you were sorry? That you'd never cheat again? I guess I'll never know, with all that tape stretched over your mouth. And why did you shrink away from me? I just had to show off a little - rubbing the sweat between my breasts over your

face - wetting the front of your pants with a warm slimy souvenir as it oozed from my belly. What's that? I can't quite decipher your mumblings and gurgling behind all that tape. You're having a good time too? I'm so glad.

For hours we drank your beer and listened to music from your precious stereo. The guys finally had it working. You know how clueless I am with your gadgets. For once I played the music I wanted to hear. The three of us swam naked in our pool - me forever on the lookout for one of their sleek, brown bodies slicing through the crystal blue depths, always to be sandwiched between them when they surfaced in front and behind me, their perpetual erections pressed against my belly and back as we held each other, immersed in the cool, shimmering water.

Poor you, tied to your chair all that time. Time to think about what you had done to me. Time to listen to the three of us drink, laugh, and play with each other, all of us free and giddy as children, naked as the day we were born, insatiably hungry for each other's bodies. Time to wonder what I might do next.

We returned to the bedroom refreshed, a little drunk, and so eager to fall back into the rumpled sheets of our bed once again. You, on the other hand, looked a little worse for wear. But we had other things on our minds.

I took them both at once. Again, I let them choose - my mouth, pussy, ass - they knew how to share. Before it was over, each of them took his turn inside me, over and over, until I couldn't tell one from the other. How can I describe how overwhelming it was - bucking against his face as my clit surrendered to his tongue, cumming so violently as I felt the velvety head of a second penis deliver dose after dose of semen, coating my tongue like warm honey. Then, like some outrageous marathon, they took turns between my legs, each so beautiful in his own way, each exquisite cock a phoenix, repeatedly rising with new life until none of us had the strength to go on.

And still, after all that, as their lean bodies flattened against me from left and right, they feasted on me, suckling my breasts, licking my belly, nibbling at my neck. I was long past thinking about how painful it might be for you to watch. I was long past thinking about you at all. I was swimming in much more than a growing lake of semen - I was swimming in the waters of resurrection.

After a short nap, we showered together. My new friends were so attentive - one shampooing my tangled, matted hair, the other soaping me from head to toe - they were spoiling me, and I was so ready to be spoiled.

I left them in charge, knowing that the tape around your ankles and wrists was the only thing keeping your wrath in check. That night there was a suite at the Four Seasons with my name on it. I told them to use the house for as long as they liked - to set you free just before they left - but not before you wet yourself. A nice touch, don't you think?

I waited three days for you to come back. When you did, it was with your tail between your legs and that wounded puppy look all over your face. Yes, I know you love me. Do I believe you? That you'll never be unfaithful again? Can we call it even, stay together, after all that's happened? My, you are the obliging one, aren't you?

Fine. If I catch you with another blonde bimbo, well, you can only imagine. But my two new friends? That's right, those two. I'll be seeing them from time to time. But not where you can watch. Oh no, it's not up for discussion. It's what I want. And from now on, I always get what I want, when I want it.

You were speechless, of course. But you didn't object. If only you knew how wet that made me. Silent consent. Your tacit permission to sport-fuck my adorable playmates. And I'll bet my new Mercedes that in time, you'll even learn to like it.