

A Very Intimate Companion

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An Interracial Fantasy

Jason Lenov

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Chapter one

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Chapter One

Carmen stood in the darkened hallway of their house, Henry right in front of her. His eyes were closed and his breathing was slow and heavy. He wore a stoic expression and seemed to be struggling with what she was about to do. She reached out and took his hand in hers and squeezed it. “Are you sure this is going to be alright?” she asked.

She drew in a breath and held it as she waited for his reply. She’d told herself that she would honour his wishes, no matter what they were. If he’d somehow changed his mind, she wouldn’t go. If he’d had a change of heart and was no longer interested in letting her see her lover, she would stay with him.

Inside her mind she said a silent prayer that wouldn’t be the case.

He opened his eyes and stared at her. “I’m sure,” he whispered.

Relief surged through her, which brought a bit of guilt with it. Not because she was doing anything he didn’t want. Not because she was betraying him somehow. It was all because of how badly she felt she needed to see Geteye again. She’d grappled with whether to share that with Henry or not.

She squeezed his hand again. “You don’t seem sure,” she said. She wanted to give him every chance she could to speak his mind. That way she could meet Geteye with a clear conscience. She wouldn’t be doing anything that would hurt Henry. That was the last thing she wanted.

He smiled and looked down towards the ground. “It’s kind of hard to explain,” he said, shaking his head.

She let go of his hand, reached up and touched his cheek until he looked into her eyes again. “I want to understand,” she said. “I don’t want to go until I understand.”

He drew in a breath and let it out in a sigh, then nodded. “I’m not sure it’s something I can explain,” he said.

She let a silence pass, then slipped her purse strap off of her shoulder and set it

down on the ground. "I want you to try," she said. She took his hand again and pulled him into the living room. Over to the couch in front of the window where she sat him down and waited for him to try.

He smiled and chuckled. "Isn't it enough that I'm telling you it's okay to do this?" he asked.

She bit her lip and shook her head. "I'm not taking any chances with this, Henry. I'm not taking any chances with us. You say it's enough but the look on your face is telling me something else," she explained.

He sighed again. "Okay. Maybe you're right," he said, quietly. "When you told me he wanted to see you again I got really excited. Then I started thinking of what it would be like sitting at home waiting for you." He looked up into her eyes. "I think...I think now that I've seen it, what I saw at the motel, I think it's going to be harder to sit here alone. Not impossible," he added. "But hard."

She nodded and let a moment pass before speaking. "Can you tell me why?" she asked.

He smiled. "Not without sounding cheesy," he replied.

"Then sound cheesy. I don't care," she said.

He looked up and stared deeply into her eyes. "I worship you," he whispered.

She stifled a gasp, her eyes widening at his surprising candour and the sentiment behind it.

"Seeing you with him was..." He trailed off and shook his head. "It felt sacred. Holy. I know that sounds ridiculous but it's how I feel. I guess..." He paused again, collecting his thoughts. "I guess knowing that it's going to be happening out there somewhere and having to sit here with that is harder than I thought it would be."

He'd been right. It did sound a little cheesy. But now she could see on his face how real it was for him, how deeply he felt it. She took his hand again. "I don't think I can bring you tonight," she whispered. Again she said a silent prayer that he wouldn't change his mind.

He nodded. “No. Of course not. I know that. It’s just one more night, anyways, right? He’s leaving tomorrow?”

Her heart squeezed at the question and she hoped it didn’t show on her face. “Yes. He’s leaving,” she confirmed.

“And you want this? You want to see him, don’t you?” he asked.

She nodded. “Only if you want me to, Henry,” she added.

He nodded. “I love you. This will make you happy. I want you to be happy. It’ll make me happy, too. When you come home to me I’m going to be so happy,” he said. “So go. Go and have a good time. And come home to me and tell me all about it. And don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine.”

She let out a sigh, a little reluctant to just leave it at that. But what more was there to say? She leaned in and kissed him lightly on the cheek. “Wait up for me if you can,” she whispered.

“I will,” he said, nodding.

Carmen felt a small pang of sadness as she rode the elevator to Geteye’s floor. She hadn’t heard from him for two days after they’d met at the motel. She’d finally caved and texted him, worry nagging her that something she’d said or done had offended him somehow. She’d been relieved when he’d texted back saying he’d just been busy.

He’d also told her to show up the following evening, then mentioned it would be the last night of his business trip.

It scared her a little the state that put her into. She’d felt a panicked desperation for a few moments before calming herself down. Guilt quickly followed. She hadn’t mentioned anything to Henry but the days without seeing Geteye had felt unusually hollow.

Unusual because she considered herself a cheerful person not prone to melancholy. Melancholy perfectly described her moods on those days. Moping around the house not able to bring herself to do any chores or even get out and

enjoy the sunshine.

The trouble lay in the fact that it wasn't Geteye himself that she'd missed. He was a kind and charming man, certainly. It was his impressive equipment, or rather the lack of it, that had left her feeling hollow.

She'd spent the days tucked away in her room scanning the most obscene websites. She'd also been ravenous for sex each day when Henry had come home from work. She spent the evenings pretending to be cheerful and listening to stories about his day, glancing at the clock and wondering if it was time for bed yet.

So, it was with mixed feelings that she got off the elevator and walked down the hall towards his hotel room. She consoled herself with the thought that she'd have one more night with his spectacular proportions before she had to say goodbye.

Geteye opened the door wearing his bathrobe and a pair of hotel slippers. He smiled, leaned in and pecked her cheek, then ushered her into the room. Once again his desk was piled with papers and his laptop was open.

He closed the laptop and stepped in front of her. "I've missed you," he said quietly, running his thumb along her jaw.

His whispered words sent a shiver down her spine and warmed her insides. This was followed by another pang of guilt. She'd told Henry she was meeting Geteye again.

Henry had been thrilled.

She hadn't told him about the feelings that had been haunting her, or the sadness that sometimes crept over her at not seeing Geteye again after this evening. "I missed you, too," she whispered back, flashing a shy smile at him. "I wish you weren't going," she blurted, the words coming out of her mouth before she could stop herself.

Geteye's smile warmed. "Well you'll get your wish," he said.

"What?" she asked, hope welling inside her as her eyes opened wider.

“My business is finished but the trip was so exhausting I’m taking a few extra days to visit with some friends of mine.”

“Really?” she asked.

“Really,” he replied, brushing the back of his hand against her cheek. “I’ll tell you all about it in a bit. I was hoping that might mean we could see some more of each other?” he asked.

Her smile brightened and she gave a few enthusiastic nods. “I’d like that,” she said.

“Good,” he replied. His hand fell behind her and settled on her ass. He gave it a possessive squeeze that made her blush.

More guilt worked its way into her belly at how excited his news had made her. It wasn’t like she was going behind Henry’s back or anything. He’d wanted this as much as she did. That had been part of the fun.

Except now, back in Geteye’s hotel room, alone with him, she felt more than just lust. She was so hungry for him it was all she could do not to reach into his robe and pull him out. His hand felt so good on her ass. And the way he was staring at her was making her whole body heat up.

“I’ve had a very long day, Carmen. Very tiring.”

She looked up at him with her widest, most innocent eyes. “Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?” she asked. She had butterflies fluttering in her stomach, knowing there would be an opportunity to spend more time with him over the next few days.

He turned and walked over to the wide armchair next to the window and sat down. He let his legs fall apart.

She bit her lip and her face flushed at that first glance of his manhood underneath his robe.

“You can start by making me a drink,” he said. “There’s ice in that bucket and a bottle of whisky in the mini-fridge. Just rocks, please. No mixer.”

She smiled and pulled her purse strap off of her shoulder. Setting the purse down in the hallway, she trotted over to the fridge, turned so she was facing away from him and bent down to pull out the bottle of whisky.

The trench coat and dress underneath were short enough that she knew he could see up into them when she bent over. It sent a thrill pulsing through her.

She plucked two ice cubes out of the bucket and poured out a healthy serving of whisky over them. After returning the bottle to the fridge she walked over to where he was sitting and handed him the glass.

“Perfect. Thank-you, Carmen,” he said, then took a sip. He closed his eyes and sighed, then set the glass down on the side table next to the chair. “Come here and have a seat,” he said, patting his lap.

She giggled, then lowered herself onto his lap. Her pussy was already heating in anticipation of their evening together. Feeling his strong thighs beneath her caused it to moisten. She felt the outline of his cock against her leg, too.

“Is your husband still pleased that you’ve come to see me this evening?” he asked.

She nodded. She’d told Henry the previous evening when they were in bed and he’d become instantly hard. She was still a little puzzled about what, exactly, about this arrangement got him so worked up. But he seemed to be enjoying himself as much as she was so she didn’t pry. “It’s kind of strange, isn’t it? That he likes this so much?” she asked, quietly.

Geteye chuckled. “Maybe not so strange,” he replied, staring at her.

She wondered if, now that he was staying, she should tell him about what Henry had said before she left? “He wants to see it again,” she whispered.

Geteye nodded. “Of course he does. I think that can be arranged.”

Her heart jumped at his reply.

“Tell me, Carmen, what did you miss most about not seeing me?”

She blushed again when her mind immediately recalled the feeling of his big,

black cock inside her. She shrugged, too embarrassed to tell him the truth. “I just like spending time with you,” she said.

He chuckled again, picked up his drink and took a sip, then set it down. “Don’t be dishonest with me, Carmen. It’s not polite. I hope you know you can be your true self here with me. There’s no need to hide anything.”

More embarrassment, this time coupled with shame, filled her at being called out. Did he really want to hear the truth? “I do like spending time with you,” she said, quietly.

“And what do you like most about it?” he asked, raising an eyebrow.

The question, along with his insistence that she tell him the truth, sent excitement rushing through her. He seemed to really want to hear it. “I missed your big cock,” she whispered.

He smiled and chuckled, which made her blush. “Why do you look so ashamed?” he asked, patting her ass.

She tucked her chin in towards her chest and blushed hotter, his probing questions making her squirm.

“Come now,” he said, rubbing her thigh. “You’re a grown woman. No need to act like a school girl talking about these things. Let’s be adults.”

She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and nodded. She took a deep breath to clear her head. When Geteye let his legs fall further apart her eyes sank to his crotch.

His thick pipe lay in a flaccid heap next to his thigh.

She ran her gaze along its length, drawing in a quick breath at the awesome sight. It was just so big. It was hard to understand how a man could have a penis that thick and long. A hunger grew inside her, excitement welling through her at finally being so close to it again.

“Say it like you mean it,” he said, brushing her cheek with the backs of his fingers.

“I missed your big, black cock,” she whispered.

He smiled. “Much better.” He opened his legs wider still in invitation.

She glanced at him, then slid down off of his lap and onto her knees in front of him. More embarrassment coursed through her, heating her cheeks. She really was acting a little immature, getting so excited about a man’s equipment.

“Sorry,” she said, covering her mouth with her hand

“Why are you sorry?” he asked.

“I just feel a little silly,” she muttered.

Geteye tilted his head to one side and stared at her. Reaching between his legs he gripped his cock and hoisted it towards her face.

She looked up into his eyes, hunger flaring inside her. Leaning forward she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the head of his prick as seductively as she could. After forming a seal she suckled, the sides of her mouth hollowing out.

Geteye nodded, raised his glass to his mouth and took a sip of whisky before setting it down again. “Just like that,” he said.

Keeping her eyes on his, she gently bobbed her head back and forth, sliding her tongue side to side against the underside of his cock.

“Just like that,” he whispered.

Chapter two

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Chapter Two

Her whole body warmed as she swayed back and forth, raising his prick with her mouth. It felt so dirty and so wrong and she felt like such a slut for doing it, which only made it hotter. She'd always thought of herself as a good wife. Good wives didn't go to expensive hotels to visit strange foreign men and suck on their cocks.

Good wives didn't leave their husbands at home in agony, knowing what they were going to do. And she didn't like the fact that some part of this was making Henry suffer but it thrilled her at the same time. It thrilled her to think of what he'd told her, that he worshipped her, and here she was sucking on this big, black cock.

Geteye leaned forward over her and put a hand on her cheek. He pulled her mouth off of his hardened cock with a wet pop and stared into her eyes. "You like sucking my cock?" he asked.

She bit her lip, arched her brow and nodded.

"Good," he said, nodding back. "Can I show you something?" he asked.

She nodded in reply.

He put a hand on the back of her head and gently tilted her forward until she had to wrap her lips around the head of his cock again. "Just a little deeper this time," he said. He pulled her closer, another inch or two of his cock slipping into her mouth.

Her nostrils flared and she let out a horsey breath when she felt the tip of his cock come dangerously close to the back of her throat. Henry would never have done anything like that to her. He would never put as much of his cock into her mouth as he wanted. Which made it feel even more dirty and wrong and fun, letting Geteye do it.

When the tip of his cock head glanced against the back of her throat she gagged and coughed. She put her hands on his thighs and he immediately released the pressure on the back of her head and let her slide her face off of the engorged

muscle.

She swallowed and wiped her mouth with a finger, looking up apologetically at him. "Sorry," she muttered.

He smiled and shook his head. "There's no reason to be. Let's take our time. We have all night. And if you don't like it we can do something else," he said, leaning back in his chair.

She swallowed again and glanced at his cock. It was so big there was no way she would ever get all of it inside her mouth. Good wives didn't do that. Strangely, that made her want to try. "I want to try it again," she said.

Geteye grinned. "You want to try being a good cocksucker?" he asked.

She blushed, then nodded.

He tipped his head back. "Say it," he ordered.

A shiver raced down her back. "I want to try being a good cocksucker," she whispered.

Geteye chuckled and waved at his erect member. "Be my guest," he said.

She stared at it hungrily, wrapped her hand around the base of his shaft, then wrapped her lips around the head. Holding his gaze she sank down slowly over his cock. It felt so dirty as it moved into her mouth, stretching her jaw until she felt it at the back of her throat again. She paused, then took another fraction of an inch until she felt it tickle her gag reflex again.

This time she held it in place, getting accustomed to the feeling of it so deep inside her mouth. She pulled an inch out, then pressed it back in. This time the reflex wasn't nearly as powerful. She did the same and, after a few more strokes, found she could easily go back and forth with the head moving into her throat.

The deep groan Geteye let out reverberated through her whole body. She loved the feeling of giving the powerful man such powerful pleasure. She moved a little faster, bobbing up and down on his cock and letting it stretch out the opening to her throat.

Geteye let out another groan, leaned forward and eased her mouth off with a finger on her chin. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves," he said, smiling. "You do that very well. You can take it home to Henry and show him, yeah? That can be his gift for the evening."

She gave a few enthusiastic nods, excited at showing Henry her new skill.

He studied her expression for a few moments. "I like you, Carmen. Very much. You were such a good slut for Henry."

She had no idea why hearing Geteye say Henry's name was arousing, but it was. It sent fresh arousal pulsing through her, knowing her loving husband was waiting for her to get home after seeing her lover.

"I'd like you to be a good slut for me, too."

Her pussy throbbed and moistened and her eyes widened.

"Do you think you can do that?"

Arousal churned inside her. It seemed a bit silly but she didn't want to agree to anything if she didn't know what it entailed. It wasn't the sexiest thing to say but she had to ask. "What would I have to do?" she asked, trying to make her voice as sweet and innocent as she could manage.

Geteye started chuckling. "Are you serious? You're so conscientious I love it," he said.

She blushed. She really was being very naive. He was just having some fun with dirty talk.

"You would have to do whatever I ask," he explained.

She had to think about that for a moment. Huge cock or not she wasn't about to agree to do whatever he asked. There were certainly some things she would never do in the bedroom. "I'm sorry," she muttered. "I know you're just trying to be playful." She shook her head, ashamed at how prudish she must look to him.

Geteye chuckled again. "You're adorable. Stand up for me."

She put her hands on his knees and got up onto her feet.

Staring up at her he reached under her trench coat and the skirt beneath it.

She gasped when she felt his finger move into her underwear and pull them down her legs.

He pulled the tiny, pink thong down to her feet and she stepped out of them. Leaning back in his seat he grabbed his cock and stroked it up and down a few times. “Now come have a seat,” he said.

She glanced sideways, unsure if he wanted her to strip or not. “Should I...”

“Come as you are, sweet thing,” he said, chuckling again. “I want you in that cute little coat you’re wearing.” He held out his hand.

She took his hand to steady herself as she stepped up onto the armchair. Her body tensed, her pussy moistening in anticipation of feeling his enormous organ moving inside her again. She lowered herself towards his lap until she felt the tip of his cock touch the damp petals of her entrance. Her eyes closed and she drew in a slow breath, holding herself in a crouch above his lap.

He adjusted his cock, lining up the head with her hole, then took her by both hands. “Take it,” he whispered.

She relaxed her thighs, closed her eyes and groaned as she slid down the thick pole. Her jaw fell as it stretched her again, her pussy enlarging to accommodate his girth. She let out a low moan as it touched those parts of her she hadn’t known were there before she’d met Geteye.

It was so dirty sliding down his big cock until she was seated in his lap. She pressed a hand against her belly, trying to find the spot he ended inside her. She’d only just sat on it and already her body was thrumming with pleasure. She felt like if she wiggled side to side a few times she could make herself climax.

The thick root was pressed firmly against her clit and she could feel each beat of his heart as it throbbed inside her. Her eyes fluttered open to find him staring at her. His smile was gone, his gaze dark and serious.

“Do you like it?” he asked.

She bit her lip and nodded. "I...I love it," she admitted.

He nodded back. He reached down between them and found her clit with his thumb.

She trembled as he twisted a circle around it.

"Now," he said, quietly. "Do you think you can be a good slut for me, Carmen?" he asked. His thumb twirled faster.

Pleasure drenched up from her insides, soaking her brain in warm love hormones. She squirmed on his lap, not wanting the moment to end but so eager to climax from his touch. "I...I think I could do that," she said, grinding against his cock, her mind stripped of all inhibitions.

She glanced up at him to find him smiling a moment before a powerful climax shuddered through her.

A moment later she sat still on his lap, panting and trying to catch her breath. She could feel him staring at her but couldn't bring herself to look back into his eyes.

After a few moments he put a finger on her chin, turned her eyes to his and smiled. "What is it about beautiful women that makes men want to do the dirtiest things to them?" he asked.

She blushed, forced a smile and looked away. What was it about Geteye that made her crave him even when he talked like that? If Henry or anyone else had asked her that question she would have been repulsed. With Geteye she wanted to make his every dirty wish come true.

"Get down on your hands and knees on the floor for me," he whispered.

The command made her shiver. As if he'd just whispered some sweet nothing into her ear and not a dirty request to put herself in a compromised position for his pleasure. Even dirtier was the way she had to pull herself off of his cock. Her pussy was wrapped around it so tightly it almost created a suction as she eased it out of herself. As she stepped off the armchair she glanced at it and cringed. It was coated in the creamy sheen of her feminine juices.

She got down on her hands and knees and kept her eyes lowered, unable to meet his gaze and not wanting to look like she couldn't take her eyes off of his cock.

“Very good. Now turn around,” he said.

She did as he asked, turning around and presenting her ass. It felt dirty but hot. She began blushing again. This was a bit different than making love to him. Getting down on her hands and knees, letting him touch her wherever he wanted. Still, it excited her.

Her back arched when she felt his fingers fall against the soft petals of her sodden pussy. She gasped when he pressed one inside her. It slid in easily, her interior well lubricated and stretched from sitting on his lap.

She squirmed a little when he moved it in and out of her. She could feel the bony knuckle as it passed back and forth through her entrance.

He reached over the side table and picked up his phone. Pointing it at her sex, he snapped a picture of his finger inside her. He pulled the finger out and, a moment later, she felt him press it against her ass hole.

She gasped and her body bucked forward, her sphincter instinctively squeezing to prevent anything from going in back there.

“You don't like it?” he asked, massaging the tightened hole with the tip of his finger.

She looked over her shoulder to see him smiling at her. There was mischief in his smile. She flashed a shy smile back at him. “I don't really do that with Henry,” she explained.

He chuckled and leaned back in his seat. “I'm not Henry though, am I?” he asked.

She shook her head. “No. You're not,” she replied.

“Would you do it if Henry asked you?” he asked.

She shrugged. Henry would probably never do something like that. He wasn't into that dirty back door stuff. Then again, a week ago she would have said he

wasn't into any kind of kinky stuff. Now she was in a hotel getting her butt fondled. Would he still be happy if he knew she let Geteye do butt stuff to her? "I don't know. I never thought about it," she replied.

Geteye chuckled again. "Turn back around for me, darling," he said.

She turned on her hands and knees and crawled forward until her face was between his knees.

Chapter three

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Chapter Three

Henry's eyes had been glued to the photograph on his phone screen since the message had arrived. He recognized Carmen's beautiful backside. What had him riveted was the sight of Geteye's finger pressed against her puckered bottom hole.

His body swam with arousal. The cryptic message that had arrived with the picture, You have a few surprises coming home to you tonight, had sharpened his interest in what might have happened between Geteye and Carmen.

His cock was rock hard and, every so often, he'd reach between his legs and rub it through the fabric of his pants. His mind was filled with many questions. Some of them Carmen had posed earlier that evening. Why did he like this? Why did it turn him on so much?

He had no good answers, though his body's response of a very painful erection, made it clear that he did like what was happening. He waited in his trance-like state until he heard the front door open and close.

The light went out in the hall. He heard Carmen's soft footsteps on the stairs. He was gripped, almost paralyzed, by the most potent desire for her he'd ever felt. What would she look like? What had Geteye done to her? Would she be the same Carmen, the same loving wife that had left the house earlier that evening? Or had Geteye changed her somehow?

She never would have let anyone take a picture of her backside like that before she'd met Geteye.

He turned his phone screen off and tossed the device onto the bed next to him as Carmen appeared in the doorway. He took a deep breath and stood up. His erection was poking against the front of his pants. He felt a little sheepish for it but walked towards her all the same.

He couldn't bring himself to tell her the truth he'd figured out while she was gone. He felt like the balance of power between them had shifted somehow. Geteye, who had up until that evening been nothing more than a sexual prop, was looming larger between them. He wouldn't admit it to her yet, though he

knew he had to eventually. “What happened?” he whispered.

Her innocent expression, the softness in her eyes both hardened his cock. What had she seen that evening? What had been done to her? She reached up with a hand and caressed his cheek with her thumb.

He turned his head and kissed her palm. The stale smell of manly musk lingered on her skin. He drew in a breath, savouring how the smell mingled with her own, feminine scent.

She leaned closer to him. The darkness seemed to envelop them both as she kissed him lightly on the lips. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a tiny, pink thong crumpled in her hand.

His eyes widened at the sight. He looked up into hers. “You came home like that?” he asked. “Not wearing underwear?” He couldn’t believe it.

She nodded and let the underwear fall to the floor. Raising her hands she pulled apart his belt buckle, then popped his button open and pulled the zipper down. “Geteye’s teaching me to be a better slut for you,” she whispered.

A shiver raced down his back at the tiny smile that formed at the corners of her mouth. Had Geteye really said that to her? Had he looked her in the eye and, with that deep voice of his, told her he was going to make her a better slut?

He watched her sink to her knees and pull his pants down his legs as she went. His cock sprang out of his underwear, stiff and proud and pointing at her forehead.

She gazed at the tiny hole at the tip. She wrapped a warm hand around it and squeezed, as if savouring its turgidity. She glanced up at him and opened her mouth. As she wrapped her lips around his prick her mouth turned to a vacuum, cheeks hollowing as she sank deeper onto his organ.

His eyes widened when she took half, then three-quarters of him into her mouth. She gazed at him lovingly the entire time and didn’t wince or flinch when he felt the back of her throat against the head of his cock.

She paused, lifted a hand over his, then drew his hand to the back of her head.

He shuddered. She'd never done anything like this in their years of marriage. If he'd suggested or tried it she would probably have told him she thought it was disgusting. What had Geteye awakened in her that she was doing it now?

It was a wonderful, horrible thing to watch her as she took the last inch of his prick into her mouth. His eyes bugged when she pressed the tip of her button nose against his abdomen and squeezed the muscles in her throat.

A lewd groan escaped him. Her neck muscles caressed the sensitive flesh of his coronal ridge and glans. His cock flexed inside her mouth.

She purred, a satisfied sound that travelled up his shaft and tickled the spot just beneath his balls.

He stared at her, shocked at how she could take his entire cock into her mouth. She must have practised this with Geteye because her gag reflex had always been sensitive.

Slowly she pulled away then popped off the top of his cock. She drew in a few deep breaths, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. "Did you like that?" she asked in a whisper.

He was afraid, and a little ashamed, to admit how much he'd liked it. He'd really meant what he'd said earlier. He worshipped her like a goddess. Who would do this to a goddess and enjoy it? She was unlocking a filthy side of him with her tricks. A side he didn't know if he could hide again if he had to. He nodded.

"Geteye wants you to fuck my mouth," she whispered. "Use it, Henry. But don't come. There's something else we have to do before you finish. Use me. Use my mouth." She stuck her tongue lewdly out of her mouth.

He stepped forward, placed the head of his cock on her tongue then pressed it into her mouth. Her words use me, use my mouth reverberated in his ears as he moved deeper into her.

She kept her mouth perfectly rounded and her lips sealed around his shaft.

He moved back and forth, slowly at first. Each gentle thrust sent an exquisite pleasure racing up his spine. His eyes moved from hers, to her mouth where his cock was moving in and out. They widened when she pressed a hand between

her legs and began touching herself.

Her eyes fluttered shut and she moaned again.

He couldn't believe it but she seemed genuinely aroused at how he was fucking her face like she'd asked. His body twitched as she swiped her tongue around his cock. He gave a slightly harder thrust that pressed against the back of her throat.

She gagged and pulled her mouth away.

"Oh god, sorry, Carmen," he said, trying to pull all the way out. He couldn't stand the thought of hurting her or making her uncomfortable in any way.

She clapped one hand onto his ass, raised her eyes to his and shook her head. Opening her mouth wide she pulled him back inside until his corona stretched the delicate tissues in her throat once more.

The fingers of her other hand spun tight, fast circles around her clit. She gazed up lovingly at him. Her eyelids fluttered as his cock moved in and out of her mouth. She coughed, then groaned. Then her throat tightened around his cock as her body shook with an orgasm.

She continued to fuck her own face with his cock as the waves of climax crashed over her. Every few thrusts she would break the seal around his shaft and gurgle and sputter as she dragged air into her lungs. Finally, she pulled her mouth off of his cock.

Long, clear strands of bile and saliva hung between it and her lips. She looked up at him and licked her lips clean. Grabbing his hand she stood back up. "You like that?" she asked.

Again he was ashamed to admit how much he'd liked it. But he'd never been able to lie to her and couldn't do so now. "I did but only if..."

She cut him off by pressing a finger to his lips. "I just wanted to know if you liked it," she said, smiling.

He stared into her eyes, still grappling with whether this change in her was real or not. "Did you like it?" he whispered.

She smiled, then giggled. “Yes,” she whispered. She took him by the hand and led him over to the bed. She sexily slipped her trench coat off of her shoulders, then hiked up the dress she was wearing and bent over the bed, supporting herself with her hands on the mattress. She turned her head to the side. “Geteye wanted my ass tonight,” she said.

His cock flexed. He looked down to see the wet mess she’d left on it. A pearly bead of pre-ejaculate spilled from his opening. “Did you...did you let him?”

She shook her head. “I told him we didn’t do that kind of stuff. But then he asked me if I would do it if said you wanted it. He said to ask you if you wanted it,” she explained.

He glanced down at her lovely, heart-shaped ass and the hole of puckered flesh at it’s centre. The dirty gateway to her temple of a body that he’d fantasized and masturbated about so many times. She didn’t do that kind of stuff. Now she was offering it to him?

“Do you want it?” she asked. “Have you always wanted it?”

He was ashamed to tell her the truth but, again, he couldn’t bring himself to lie. “Yes,” he muttered. To his astonishment, she reached behind herself and spread her ass cheeks out wide, her tiny hole gaping into something only slightly larger.

“You can have it tonight, Henry. Geteye said if you have it he can have it, too,” she explained.

So Geteye wanted her ass. But, gentleman that he was, not without her husband’s permission.

“Go slow, baby. And stop if I tell you,” she said.

He put his hands on the sides of her ass and rubbed her soft skin. “Are you sure?” he asked.

She glanced over her shoulder, bit her lip and nodded. “I want to do it. I want to know what it feels like.”

Gripping his cock, he pointed it at her ass hole, keeping one hand on her hip. He pressed the spongy tip against her rubbery ring of puckered flesh. He stopped

when she drew in a quick breath. “Are you okay?” he asked.

She nodded. “I’m okay,” she said, smiling. “Just not used to it. Keep going.”

He wasn’t sure if he should do what she was asking. But now he wanted it so bad, too. He’d jerked off about it so many times and now she was offering it up and he just couldn’t give up the chance. Holding his cock he pressed the head into her tight hole.

“Oh,” she said, exhaling lightly.

“You good?” he asked. She was so incredibly tight and it felt amazing slipping inside her back hole.

“It’s...it’s kind of nice,” she replied.

Tingles ran down his spine. He squeezed more of his cock into her. About another inch.

She stepped apart wider with her feet, bracing herself against the mattress. “Oh,” she said again. She lifted a hand between her legs and started flicking her clit again. “Oh!” she squeaked.

His eyes widened as he put both hands on her sides and swayed slowly back and forth. Each thrust gave her just a couple of inches of cock but she seemed to be genuinely enjoying herself. The sight of his cock disappearing into her ass drove him wild with need.

He gripped her hips harder and eased his own forward, stuffing more of his shaft into her and stretching out her ass.

“Oh, god, Henry! Oh god! I...it feels so good,” she said, glancing nervously over her shoulder. “I didn’t know it would feel so good!” she moaned.

His excitement was escalating with each thrust. He felt his balls tightening, his cock hardening inside her. Her grip was so tight he could feel the contours of her interior against his sliding shaft.

Her fingers flicked at her clit, wet sounds emanating up from between her legs as she barrelled towards another climax.

He closed his eyes and flexed his ass cheeks, hoping to last until she came again.

As her orgasm began her sphincter gripped him tighter still. Her knees buckled and she fell forward onto the bed.

He fell over top of her, driving his cock deep into her ass. He grunted and felt the first spurt of ejaculate shoot into her. His body took on a rhythm of its own, thrusting his cock deep into her as it spilled the heavy load from his balls. He groaned as he felt the last of his seed leave him.

He lay on top of her savouring the fading twitches of his climax. He leaned sideways and looked into her eyes. "You okay?"

She bit her lip and nodded. "That was nice," she whispered.

He pushed himself up onto hands and knees and pulled his cock out of her ass. As he staggered to his feet he stared at the yellowish-white clumps of semen rolling out of her closing ass hole.

He put a hand on the side of his head and ran his fingers through his hair, still in disbelief about what she'd let him do. Glancing up, he saw her peeking over her shoulder at him, smiling. He crawled onto the bed behind her and wrapped his arms around her in a tight embrace.

They lay there in the darkness for what felt like hours. The warmth of her body, her closeness and her soft breathing soothed the angst that continued to roil his insides. After a time he lifted his head, kissed her cheek and stared at her serene expression. "Will you tell me what happened?" he asked.

She smiled and made a soft purring sound. "I'm so sleepy," she whispered.

"Please, Carmen," he begged, turning her head with a finger on her chin and kissing her cheek again. "I need to know."

She rolled onto her side, reached a hand behind his head and pulled him into another kiss.

His cock stirred again at how passionately she kissed him.

"Let me go clean up a little," she said. She rolled off the bed and she her dress

on the way to the bathroom.

He watched her beautiful ass swaying, his mess running down her thighs, until she disappeared into the bathroom.

Getting up, he picked up the clothes strewn all over the floor. He pulled off his shirt and threw them all into the hamper, then pulled the covers back on the bed and crawled in to wait for her.

She came back ten minutes later. Showered and smelling fresh and wrapped in a white towel. She let it fall off of her a moment before she crawled into the bed next to him.

Normally he would have scowled and probably scooped up the wet blanket lying on the carpet. Another passionate kiss from Carmen kept him in bed.

As she pulled back from the kiss she gazed into his eyes.

“Tell me,” he whispered.

She gazed into his eyes, her mouth in the soft crescent shape of a smile. “I love coming home to you after,” she said.

He pulled closer to her and drew in a breath of her scent. His hand wandered along her side. Up her arm and to her breast. He squeezed it gently, the soft flesh under his palm hardening him again. “Tell me, please?”

She brushed a stray hair off of his forehead with her fingers. “He was a perfect gentleman,” she said.

“He was?” he asked, eyes widening.

She nodded. “He was. But he wants to do some very dirty things to me, Henry,” she whispered.

His eyes bugged wider. “Wants to? He’s leaving though, right?”

She bit down on the lower corner of her mouth.

Fresh angst and arousal surged through him. Geteye wasn’t going? He wasn’t

done? Had he changed his plans? And if he had, why? Had he become so enamoured of Carmen that he felt the need to sample her body some more before returning home?

“He’s going to stay a few more days. To see some friends,” she explained.

To see some friends? That sounded like pure bullshit. “Are you seeing him again?” he asked. His heart had started pounding again and he sounded breathless.

She leaned in and nuzzled her nose against his. “If you let me,” she said.

He stifled a groan. Enduring the evening with Carmen at the hotel had been excruciating. He didn’t know if he had it in him to do it even one more time. Their sex life was ablaze thanks to Geteye and this new kink they’d discovered. “Baby,” he said, bowing his head because he couldn’t look into her eyes. “I don’t know.”

He glanced up to see her reaction. There seemed to be no sadness in her eyes. “Do you really want to?” he asked.

She leaned in, put a hand on the back of his neck and pressed her lips to his. She plunged her tongue into his mouth. At the same time her hand fell between his legs and found his freshly bulging cock. She wrapped her warm palm around it and squeezed and stroked it.

He groaned at the pleasant pressure. His cock was so sensitive after the climax but he liked the rough, possessive way she touched it. He looked down between them and watched her petite hand stroking the sore, red flesh of his prick.

“He wants to see us again,” she said. “Both of us. You can come with me and watch if you want.” She studied his reaction.

Another groan escaped him. She continued to stroke his cock and seemed so excited by the possibility of another evening with Geteye.

“You can watch me be a good little slut,” she whispered. “Isn’t that what you want?” She smiled when he groaned again.

He pressed his forehead against her chest and kissed her breast. “Yes,” he

whispered. "I want it."

Chapter four

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Chapter Four

The drive to the address Geteye had given them took almost two hours. The large property was surrounded by wooden fencing. A large, stone farmhouse stood at the end of five hundred feet or so of gravel driveway. It was well kept but nothing fancy. It seemed like any ordinary rural property passed down through generations.

Henry had spent the drive trying to keep his eyes on the road. Carmen had worn a pair of comfortable black tights and a white turtleneck over top. She had a pair of brown, leather thigh-high boots on.

The tights highlighted her shapely thighs. The boots screamed fuck me. And the turtleneck was tight enough that her breasts constantly drew his eye.

He pulled up to the wide parking area in front of the garage and parked the car next to a black Mercedes, the only other car there. “You sure this is the place?” he asked.

She pulled out her phone and showed him a picture Geteye had sent her. The house in the picture looked identical to the one in front of them.

He drew in a breath and let it out in a heavy sigh. “Okay. I guess let’s see what we’re up against,” he said.

It hadn’t taken much convincing to get him to come. Though Carmen had been insistent on making sure this was what he wanted. He certainly appreciated that and it helped relieve any suspicions that she might be here for purely selfish reasons. He looked at her when she put a hand on his thigh.

She smiled. “We’re here to have some fun, Henry.”

“Of course we are,” he replied.

She nodded. “It just makes me a little nervous when you frame things that way. I don’t want to be up against anything. This is you and me. The two of us. We’re in this together,” she said, eyeing him.

“I know that,” he said. He paused a moment, then sighed. “Okay. You’re right. I’m sorry. I guess I’m...I don’t know what I am.”

“Do you want to be here?” she asked.

He nodded.

“Then stay with me? I mean keep in touch? If something happens that you don’t like just...tell me?”

He nodded again.

She sighed and smiled. “Is this hard for you?” she asked.

He shrugged. “I mean, kind of? I guess?” he replied. He looked at her and saw her smile had faded. “I still want it, Carmen. Even if it’s hard. I can’t explain it but I do. Just...give me some time to get used to it?” he asked.

She turned her hand palm up on his thigh. “Just promise me you’ll be honest with me?” she asked.

He smiled and put his hand in hers. “I promise,” he said quietly.

Carmen grinned, squeezed his hand, then pulled the door latch. She swung her feet out of the car and got out.

He watched her ass muscles flex as she stretched. Her outfit looked almost like a riding getup and fit the rural setting. He got out of the car, shut the door then walked around to the trunk. He pulled two small overnight bags out and slung them over his shoulders.

Carmen waited for him in front of the car, smiling cheerfully. She took his hand in hers and they walked up to the small porch together.

The door opened as they were making their way up the steps. Geteye stood smiling inside the house. He was wearing a pair of jeans and a crisp, white t-shirt and it was strange to see him looking so casual. He held out a hand towards Henry.

Henry shook it, smiling.

“What a lovely young couple you are,” Geteye said. He turned to Carmen, leaned closer and pressed his cheek against hers. “Hello, darling.”

Carmen smiled and giggled. She seemed elated to be there and it made Henry’s heart sing to see her so happy. She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. “Hello, lover,” she whispered.

His heart jumped into his throat and his insides tightened. For a moment he wasn’t sure if she’d meant it for him or Geteye. He quickly realized it was meant for them both. Carmen flirting and having fun with Geteye while toying with her husband’s angst.

She seemed to have some natural understanding of what he wanted, even if she didn’t seem sure why. In a way it mirrored his own feelings about it. He had yet to unearth exactly why this was so enticing. He was hoping to find some answers during their stay.

Geteye pulled her into the house by her waist, then motioned Henry to come inside.

Henry stepped in and Geteye held out a hand to take his bags. “I can carry them,” Henry said.

Geteye smiled. “Of course you can. But what sort of host would I be if I let you do that?”

Henry returned the smile and handed him both of their bags. Geteye’s kind manner was reassuring and put him a little more at ease.

Carmen looked around at the interior of the house. The decor was a quaint country style with original hardwood flooring and wide, hardwood baseboards and trim along the windows and doors. “This place is so lovely!” she said, pressing her hands together in front of her chest and smiling.

“It belongs to a very dear friend of mine,” Geteye said. “Follow me and I’ll show you to your room.”

They fell into line behind him as he started walking towards the back of the house.

“It used to be the only farmhouse for many miles in this area. Some of the land has been partitioned and sold off for new builds but the nearest house is still a few kilometres down the road. We’ll have plenty of privacy here,” he explained. He stepped through a door at the end of the back hallway that led into a small addition.

The room was cozy with a canopy bed in one corner, a small antique desk and chair by the window and an old chest of drawers with a white jug and washbasin standing on top. Next to them was a pile of washcloths.

Geteye set their bags down on the bed, turned around and clasped his hands together, smiling. “Why don’t you take some time to get comfortable. I’ll be in the living room at the front of the house when you’re ready.”

“Thanks,” Carmen said, smiling at him. As he walked out the door she turned to face Henry. “This is cute, right?”

“It’s a really nice place,” Henry replied, looking around. It had been always been a dream of his to live in a little house in the middle of nowhere.

“You seem to be feeling better,” Carmen said, stepping closer to him and putting her hands on his arms.

He smiled and gazed into her eyes. “Don’t worry about me too much,” he said. “I can handle myself, I promise.”

“I know you can,” she said, rubbing his arm. “I just want to make sure we’re both having fun.”

“You want to get unpacked?” he asked.

She nodded. They unpacked their bags, Carmen folding their clothes into the small chest of drawers. They set their toiletry bags on top, tucked the bags in the corner of the room, then set off down the hall to find Geteye.

He was seated in the front room with a pair of reading glasses on, holding a tablet in one hand and swirling a glass full of golden liquid with the other. He smiled as they stepped into the room. “All settled?” he asked.

“More or less,” Carmen replied.

“Can I fix you a drink then?” he asked.

Carmen glanced at Henry.

“I’ll have a beer if you have one,” Henry said.

“Of course,” Geteye said, setting down his tablet and rising from the chair. “And you, sweetheart?” he asked Carmen.

She blushed and smiled.

Henry’s heart did a little dance in his chest at hearing Geteye refer to her as sweetheart.

“I’ll have a white wine,” Carmen replied.

“Take a seat. Or follow me if you like,” Geteye said.

As he walked through the door Carmen took Henry’s hand and pulled him after Geteye. They followed him across the hall to a double door that led to a spacious, gorgeously refinished kitchen with marble counters, refinished wood floors and an old farm table and bench that had been painted white. “Oh my gosh this is such a cute house!” Carmen squeaked.

Geteye smiled. He reached into the fridge, pulled out a beer bottle and a bottle of white wine and set both on the counter. “It’s charming, isn’t it? My friends had the whole thing redone when they bought it. They have excellent taste, as you can see.”

Carmen’s good mood and Geteye’s easy manner lulled Henry into a sense of calm he hadn’t been expecting. He watched Geteye pour out their drinks, hand Carmen her glass of wine, then took his beer bottle from him.

Geteye raised his own glass in a toast. “To new and unexpected friendships!” he said.

They all raised their glass and clinked them together, then took sips of their drinks. Carmen wandered over to the large bay window behind the kitchen table that looked out onto the back of the property. “This is amazing,” she said. “Is that an orchard?”

“Apple trees,” Geteye explained.

Henry took a swig of his drink and glanced at Geteye. His heart skipped a beat. Geteye was staring at Carmen, her body illuminated by the sunlight streaming through the window. His expression and the light in his eyes had changed. The easy manner had given way to something more intense and intentional. The look in his eye was more that of a predator stalking its prey than a cheerful host in a rural farmhouse.

Geteye set his glass down on the counter and rounded the table.

Carmen let out a small gasp when his hands settled on her hips and he nuzzled her neck. She giggled nervously, casting a sideways glance at Henry.

Henry’s autonomic nervous system began firing immediately upon seeing Geteye so close to Carmen. The sight brought a mixed desire. First, to intervene and protect his wife from the large man intruding on her personal space. The second, far more overwhelming reaction, was to sink back into the dark heart of his fantasy and watch the scene unfold without interrupting.

The conflicting feelings brought fresh ideas into his mind. There was a reason most men felt jealous when their spouse was being pursued by a competing mate. At its most basic level, life was a reproductive competition. When you examined the trappings of modern civilization, the distractions; owning a nice car, buying a big house, having a good job, all of those were in the service of one thing: status.

Status brought attention. Attention brought a wider selection of potential reproductive partners. That wider selection increased the possibility of finding the most compatible genetic material to team up with.

It was a reductionist idea, but it seemed intuitively correct. It also made his desire to see Carmen with Geteye make even less sense.

Carmen was already married. She’d assured and reassured him that she was going to be faithful to him and no one else. This fling with Geteye was just that. A fling.

They’d also decided to wait a while to have kids. Her reproductive potential was currently suspended by the hormonal birth control she was taking. The

possibility of her getting pregnant was incredibly slim. But it wasn't zero.

He found it oddly thrilling to linger on that thought. The idea that Geteye might somehow slip one past her hormonal goalkeepers and impregnate her brought a hot flush to his cheeks and set his insides churning. It should have been a horrible thought and yet, it wasn't.

He didn't have a science or biology background. But he couldn't help but wonder what on earth the biological reason for his arousal might be? Why would he be turned on by the possibility of Carmen getting pregnant by another man?

He was wrenched from his deep dive into the psycho-sexual foundations of his attraction by the sight of Geteye rubbing Carmen's arms and kissing her neck in an increasingly lewd way.

Carmen's blushing and demurring only made it more exciting. She looked so sexy pretending she might not want it. Playing hard to get in front of her husband while Geteye's insistent touches and kisses disarmed her.

"I thought you said you were meeting some friends?" Carmen said, glancing over her shoulder at Geteye.

"I am," Geteye whispered. "But not until tomorrow. They'll be arriving around noon for lunch."

The corners of Carmen's mouth turned up in a wide smile. "I guess that means we have the rest of the night to ourselves?" she asked, obviously excited by the prospect.

"I suppose it does," Geteye replied.

Henry was still standing at the other end of the kitchen, star-struck by the intimacy of their interaction. Carmen had only known Geteye a few short days and she was acting like a young woman with her latest crush.

It rubbed him in a funny way. On the one hand he liked it. It was what he'd come to see. On the other he couldn't help but feel...betrayed? No. That wasn't the right word. The way she was acting with Geteye made it seem like less their mutual fantasy and more like hers, exclusively.

“It seems like perhaps your husband might have something to say about that.”

Geteye’s words stirred Henry from his thoughts. He looked over at them to find both Carmen and Geteye staring at him. He forced a smile but knew it probably did nothing to mask the concern on his expression. Geteye was a smart guy. Emotionally intelligent. He wasn’t about to be fooled by a fake smile. At least he had the decency to acknowledge Henry’s discomfort.

“Why don’t I give you two a moment?” Geteye said, pulling away from Carmen. “Take some time to connect. If you decide you’d like to continue then I’ll be upstairs in the first bedroom to your left. If I don’t see you in twenty minutes or so we can make other plans for our time.” He flashed an easy smile at Carmen, then at Henry, then slowly walked out, disappearing into the hall.

Carmen sighed, tilted her head to one side and smiled. She walked over to where Henry was standing and put her arms around his neck. “Are you upset?” she asked.

He shook his head. What he really wanted, what he needed, was time and space to process his emotions and to try and find some answers about why he was so turned on by this. He realized he wasn’t going to get that now. They were here with Geteye and all he could do was give Carmen his blessing. They’d have to find time to parse all this later, once they were home.

He wrapped his arms around the small of her back and pulled her into an embrace. “Listen,” he said.

She smiled. “I am.”

“I don’t want to keep getting in the way of this,” he said.

She scowled. “You’re not.”

“No, I know I’m not getting directly in the way. Like, I’m not interrupting. But I’m going to have some feelings about it no matter what happens. I don’t want you and Geteye to feel like you have to ring the bell and stop the match every time I look like I’m anything but thrilled with what’s happening.”

She shook her head, obviously still not understanding.

“I need you to trust me the way I’m trusting you,” he explained.

Her eyes brightened and she arched her brow.

“I believe you when you say this is about us. I believe you when you say that we’re in this together. Am I going to have doubts?” he asked.

She frowned, obviously unsettled by the question.

“Of course I’m going to have doubts. I can’t tell you for sure what my reaction is going to be to everything that happens. I just feel like it’s unfair to expect that. I need you to trust me that we’re going to be okay no matter what. And I think I need you to tell Geteye that, too.”

It felt as good to articulate what was on his mind as it did to get it off his chest.

Carmen looked at him, a little weary. “Are you sure?” she asked.

“I’m sure,” he said, giving a nod he hoped looked certain.

Her smile returned slowly. “Then let’s go upstairs?” she asked.

He smiled back at her. “Then let’s go upstairs,” he said.

She pulled him up the stairs and into the first bedroom left off the landing. They both stopped in the doorway and stared.

Chapter five

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Chapter Five

Geteye was completely naked on the bed. He still had his reading glasses on and was holding his tablet up, reading. He lowered it when he saw them, setting it down on the night stand next to the bed. “Everything cleared up?” he asked.

Carmen and Henry both nodded. Their eyes both fell to the flaccid pylon laying on the mattress between Geteye’s legs. Henry found it a little uncomfortable staring at it so intently. It was another man’s penis, after all.

It was the thought of it intruding again on Carmen’s person that kept him mesmerized. His mind wandered back to his philosophical musings. He was a little ashamed to admit it but there was something about it’s blackness that fascinated him.

He considered himself somewhat progressive and these days it was kind of taboo to speak about race in anything but the most politically correct of terms. It wasn’t necessarily that Geteye was black and Carmen white that tweaked his arousal.

Any cock was a vulgar thing compared to a woman’s beauty. In a way any cock was a symbol of aggression, masculinity, intrusion. Women’s bodies were so soft and welcoming. Thinking of any woman accepting an organ so rigid and rude was...titillating.

He wasn’t sure why. The blackness of Geteye’s cock only seemed to enhance the contrast between the male and the female. Imagining the dark flesh penetrating her white body and being aroused by it seemed rude and wrong on some level.

It was also deeply exciting. Wasn’t all of life just a study in contrasts, after all? Wasn’t it difference that made things novel? Being turned on by the intersection of their racial differences and sexuality wasn’t a political statement. It was an erotic accelerant all three were using to propel them to ever greater heights of pleasure.

Geteye slid off of the edge of the bed, the motion of his naked body moving through the room drawing Henry back out of his thoughts. He glanced at Carmen.

Her body language was unmistakable. She stood a little straighter, a little taller. Her eyes were wide and her lips had parted just the tiniest fraction. Despite the thick padding of her bra, her hard nipples were clearly visible through the front of the tight, white turtleneck she was wearing.

Her gaze was affixed firmly on Geteye's organ, lazily swinging from side to side as he walked around the bed and stood at its foot.

"Did you enjoy your wife after I sent her home the other night?" he asked.

Henry nodded, the pendulous motion of Geteye's prick pressing him into a trance.

"Did she show you all her new tricks?" Geteye asked.

Henry nodded again.

Geteye's smile widened as he turned to look at Carmen again. "Why don't you come over here, darling?" he asked.

Without hesitating, Carmen moved towards him.

He raised his hand and cupped her cheek, then tilted her head and kissed her on the lips.

Erotic arousal surged through Henry, flushing his cheeks. Carmen's hands were at her sides, the tips of her fingers reaching only about halfway down the length of Geteye's cock. He fixed his gaze on how dainty and pretty her slender hand looked next to Geteye's vulgar club of a penis.

After pulling away from the kiss, Geteye stared into her eyes for a few long moments. "Let's get this off," he said, gently pulling at the bottom of her turtleneck.

She seemed mesmerized by his stare. She absently raised her hands as he pulled the turtleneck up and over her head. Her breasts heaved from it, bouncing once, her bra keeping them folded together in a lovely cleave of flesh.

Geteye reached up and gently slipped the straps from her shoulders.

It stirred something inside her, as if she were remembering where she was and who was there with her. She glanced at Henry, cheeks red, a nervous smile on her face.

It sent a shudder trembling through him. He wondered if she always acted like this around Geteye. There was a fawn-like innocence about her, as if it were the first time she'd seen a man so close. When she reached back to unclasp her bra, Geteye touched her arm.

“Not yet,” he said. He pulled the bra down off of her chest until her breasts slipped free, the nipples pointing straight at Henry. Then he brought his hand to his cock and lifted it.

This caused Carmen's eyes to fall to his groin and widen. She stared at the dark tube, her eyes wandering back and forth across it. Her hand drifted towards it in a ghostly way, as if she weren't controlling it herself.

Her fingers came to rest on the root and slid along it, following the path her eyes had taken.

Geteye reached up and tucked her hair behind her ear. “Do your work, sweetheart,” he whispered.

Carmen's lips parted wider. She pressed one hand against his pectoral muscle, the other on his back and slid down his body.

It made for another delightfully dirty sight for Henry. Her bra half-off, tits hanging out. She still wore her tights and boots. She sank to her knees with her eyes glued on Geteye's cock. A soft “ungh” escaped her.

Geteye raised his cock and pointed it at her mouth.

Her eyes nearly rolled back into her head a moment before they fluttered shut. She opened her mouth and her tongue fell out, wet and willing.

Geteye smiled and slid his glans along it side to side.

Henry felt like he might burst from what he was seeing. He wondered if he would ever tire or get bored of watching her with Geteye? Watching her now brought the same fresh thrill he'd felt in the seedy motel.

Geteye lifted his cock off of her tongue and pointed it straight up. It was starting to harden, the veins more prominent along the sides.

Carmen opened her eyes and seemed to understand exactly what he wanted. Sinking lower between his legs she licked first one testicle, then the other. She twisted her head side to side, staring up into Geteye's eyes, searching for his approval.

Geteye gave a few small nods.

Carmen smiled faintly. She opened her mouth and closed it around his nut, giving it long, slow pulls.

Geteye matched her rhythm with his hand on his cock, gently stroking her hair at the same time. "She wants to be a good slut," he said.

Henry, wide-eyed and wondrous, nodded. "She wants to be a good slut," he whispered back at Geteye.

Carmen let Geteye's testicle fall out of her mouth and smiled. She put her hands on his muscular thigh and turned to Henry. "I want to be a good slut," she whispered. She and Geteye both started chuckling.

Chapter six

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Chapter Six

Waves of warmth washed up and down Henry's back.

Carmen sank deeper between Geteye's legs and slurped his other nut into her mouth. She suckled on it as Geteye hardened his cock with his hand.

Geteye let go of his cock. It bounced in the air a few times above Carmen's face.

Finishing her work on his balls, she shuffled out from between his legs and knelt a little straighter in front of him.

"Good," Geteye said. "Let's show your man how I taught you your tricks."

She obediently opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out for him.

He pressed his thumb against his cock, lowering it to her lips.

The way she wrapped her mouth around it made Henry shiver. Her lips opened wide and her tongue poked out further. She closed them around his fat cock head then closed her eyes and sucked him.

Geteye gently put his hand on the back of her head. He turned to stand in front of her, giving Henry the perfect view of both their profiles. He gulped in a breath of air as Geteye pushed his cock deeper and deeper into her mouth.

Geteye slowed, then paused with his cock five inches or so inside Carmen's face. He looked down at her lovingly and stroked her hair.

She stared up at him and blinked three times, her eyes wide.

It shook Henry to his core. His beautiful Carmen on her knees with her cleavage bared, a hard, dark pipe of thick flesh sticking out of her mouth. He would have called her whorish if she didn't look so sweet sucking on that thing.

It touched the deepest part of the most perverse part of him. His cock throbbed painfully as he watched and he could already feel it starting to leak with excitement.

Geteye enjoyed the sight for a few moments then took a step forward. He moved his hips forward.

Carmen's hands shot up to his thighs and she braced herself to take the full heft of his phallus inside her face. Her eyes widened at the same time as Henry's.

Henry's jaw dropped as he saw the outline of Geteye's cock stretching her neck. His head tilted to one side, his mind trying to make sense of the physiologically incongruous sight.

A wet gurgle came from the sides of Carmen's mouth as Geteye's testicles came to rest against her chin.

Geteye held his cock inside her throat, one hand on the side of her head, and gazed into her eyes for a few long moments. "You're a very, very good slut," he said, smiling.

Carmen gave a few stiff nods, another gagging gurgle escaping her.

Henry felt like he'd died and been transported to some hedonistic heaven where any and all depravities were possible. What was most astonishing was that Carmen seemed to be enjoying this intrusion into her face.

Geteye pulled his cock out as tears began streaming down the sides of her cheeks. As it slipped out of her mouth she sank lower slurping half his ball sack into her mouth and sucking hungrily. He stroked his cock above her face with their eyes locked on each other. "Why don't you take a seat, Henry?" he said. "We might be a while."

Henry blinked and looked around to see a small settee against the wall next to him. He stumbled sideways and sat down. When he looked back to Carmen and Geteye, he gasped.

Geteye had pushed his cock back into Carmen's mouth. He stepped sideways, turning her around so her back was to the bed. Taking a step forward he knocked her off her knees and onto her ass, her head resting against the mattress.

Henry's eyes bugged as he watched Geteye's cock pinning her to the bed. His sweet Carmen mounted no protest to the vulgar act. She kept her mouth wide open, her wide eyes staring up at Geteye.

“What do you think of it, sweetheart?” Geteye asked her.

“Kah-kah-kah,” Carmen gurgled.

Geteye pulled his cock out of her mouth. “What was that?” he asked.

“I like it,” she panted. “More.”

Geteye leaned over her, placing his hands on the mattress. He pushed his cock back into her mouth and his hips started swaying gently above her.

Henry put both hands over his mouth, paralyzed by disbelief at what he was seeing. Surely she didn't actually like this? Carmen his gentle feminist, his partner and equal couldn't possibly be enjoying getting face-fucked against the bed?

Geteye put one hand on his ass and kept the other on the bed as he pushed his cock deeper into her throat. “My god, your mouth is exquisite,” he growled.

Carmen slid her hands up his calves and thighs. She lifted them to his ass and dug her nails into his cheeks, spurring him on in his debauchery.

A strange expression formed on Geteye's face. A consternation coupled with a twitching of one side of his upper lip. His gluteal muscles flexed and he groaned as he drew his cock out of her mouth. He grabbed it and pointed it at her bare breasts, stroking himself through what appeared to be an unplanned orgasm. A long blast of silky sperm shot from the tip, splattering across Carmen's tits.

Carmen got a desperate look on her face and sank lower between his legs so his cock was aimed at her mouth. She stuck out her tongue, seeking out the taste of his jizz.

The next shot landed along her tongue and down the left corner of her mouth. She slurped it up and swallowed with a ravenous hunger, quickly opening her mouth for another helping.

Geteye groaned as he alternated aiming his member at her mouth and breasts. As his orgasm abated he let out a heavy sigh and shook the remaining dollops of sperm from the tip of his cock. He stood up straight, shook his head and started chuckling.

Carmen looked down at her tits and ran three fingers through a line of the sticky load coating them. She looked straight into Geteye's eyes, pressed the fingers deep into her mouth and sucked them clean. She looked like a vampire who'd just had her first taste of fresh blood, straight from the source. "More," she whispered.

Geteye's chuckle turned into a laugh. "This is why I prefer white women," he said. He turned and walked towards the door to the en suite bathroom. "Clean her up for me, Henry. Then let's finish our drinks before we continue the festivities, shall we?" He disappeared into the bathroom.

Henry stood up off the settee and staggered towards Carmen.

She looked at him with wicked eyes as he knelt down next to her.

"What the hell did you just do?" he gasped. He regretted what he'd said immediately. Carmen's cheeks flushed to a bright red colour and she looked off to one side. "Oh, god! No! I'm sorry," he said, rubbing her arm. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad!"

She looked up at him out of the corner of her eye like she wasn't sure whether to believe him or not.

"Baby, I'm sorry," he said quietly. "I didn't mean it like that. I just...I can't believe what I just watched."

She regarded him for a few moments. "Did you like it?" she whispered. Her eyes fluttered down to his cock. She rubbed a hand along the inside of his thigh until her fingers met the hard lump of his bulging cock. She smiled. "You liked it," she said.

He looked down at her hand caressing his prick, unsure of what to say.

"Tell me you liked it, Henry," she insisted.

He looked up into her eyes again. They were glimmering with a wild mischief. "I...I liked it," he stammered.

Her smile transformed into a grin. She glanced down at her cum-covered breasts. Bringing three fingers to them, she swiped up more of Geteye's jizz and brought

it to her mouth. She stuck out her tongue and licked them clean, tilting her head and twisting her hand so he could see her perform the act.

“Oh my god,” he sighed. “You’re really into this.”

She blinked a few times, then nodded.

“How? Why? I just...I don’t understand. It’s not that I don’t like it. It was so hot, Carmen. It’s just so unlike you.”

She chewed on her lip as she leaned forward. “I love his cock, Henry.”

His guts hollowed. The pleasure emanating from his groin was indescribable as she stroked him through the fabric of his pants and underwear with the backs of her fingers. He gazed at her messy breasts, then looked up into her eyes again. “You love his cock,” he said.

She nodded, rubbing him harder.

He groaned. Geteye and Carmen’s performance had already pushed him so close to a climax. If Carmen didn’t relent, her fingers were going to finish the job. He could feel his cock leaking, a damp patch spreading in his underwear. “Baby, stop. If you don’t stop I’m going to...”

“Do it.”

The deep voice that came from behind him made them both turn and look at Geteye. He was standing in the bathroom door, a white towel wrapped around his waist, his fists on his hips like he was some sort of super hero.

Henry groaned.

Carmen’s eyes lit up with excitement. She rose to her knees, put a hand around the back of Henry’s head and drew his mouth to the nipple Geteye hadn’t sullied. He groaned again as she pressed his lips to her teat, her hand rubbing his cock harder and faster.

“Oh, god!” Henry moaned.

“I’m going to make you come,” she whispered next to his ear.

“Do it,” Geteye repeated.

She kept his mouth on her nipple.

As the first convulsion of his orgasm erupted between his legs he squeezed his eyes shut tight and groaned. His body burst into a frantic and somewhat embarrassing twitching as she nursed him through his climax.

He was vaguely aware, and slightly humiliated, that Geteye was standing behind him watching. But the pleasure flowing from his crotch quickly overwhelmed both. He let himself be pulled under the surface of his conscious thoughts and into the deepest, most intense pleasure he'd experienced yet. In his memories of it later, it would last forever.

As he resurfaced from the event he looked up at Carmen, who was beaming at him. She let her hand fall away from the back of his head. He blushed with embarrassment. He glanced over his shoulder.

“Relax,” she whispered. “He’s gone.”

He turned to look at her again. Before he could stop her, she slipped her hand into his pants and underwear. He twitched and squirmed as her fingers brushed against his sensitive cock.

She pulled them out and raised them to her mouth. She did the same thing with his ejaculate that she'd done with Geteye's, but slower this time. Her tongue swept up and down in long strokes. She slurped and sucked the sticky mess he'd made until her fingers were glistening clean.

He gawked at her, awed and in a slight daze at her nastiness.

Still watching him, she cupped a hand beneath her chin. She puckered her lips then stuck her tongue out. The load she'd cleaned came oozing out into her palm.

Henry gasped.

Carmen giggled. Raising her hand to her mouth she sucked the nasty thing in and swallowed with her head tipped back like she was downing a shot.

“Holy fuck,” he whispered.

“I want to be a good slut, Henry. I want to be the best slut,” she said.

Chapter seven

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Chapter Seven

With Carmen cleaning up in the shower, Henry went downstairs to try and find a change of clothes. A dark stain had formed on the front of his tan trousers, one he found deeply embarrassing. He walked quietly down the stairs, hoping he wouldn't run into Geteye.

Unfortunately, Geteye was standing in the kitchen, directly in the way of the door to the little guest room in the back. He turned and smiled at Henry when he saw him.

Henry covered his crotch with one hand, hoping Geteye wouldn't notice the shameful stain.

"Come, Henry," Geteye said, waving him into the kitchen.

"I, uh, I was actually just going to, uh..." He motioned towards the door of the guest room.

Geteye nodded. "Yes, yes. All in good time. Come finish your drink with me while we wait for your wife."

Henry wasn't quite sure why but he couldn't bring himself to ignore Geteye's request. He shuffled into the kitchen and took a seat at the table as Geteye brought him his unfinished beer.

Geteye, who had put on a pair of black pants and a turtleneck, sat down across the table from him and smiled. "I would love to know what you thought of your sweet Carmen's little performance?" he asked.

Henry fidgeted with his beer bottle and looked off to one side. He gave a few solemn nods. "I liked it," he said quietly.

"Wonderful," Geteye replied. He took a slow sip of his own drink before setting the glass down on the table in front of him. "I'm glad we have a moment alone together. There's something I wanted to ask you before my friends show up tomorrow."

Henry looked at him out of the corner of his eye. “Oh?” he said.

“It’s a bit of a delicate subject but since you seem so enthusiastic about seeing Carmen at her dirtiest I’m hoping you won’t be offended.”

Henry shook his head. “I don’t think I could get offended by much after what I just saw,” he said.

Geteye smiled. “My friends are also aficionados of, uh, carnal indulgence, shall we say. They’ll be quite excited to see Carmen here with me.”

Henry’s eyes widened.

Geteye put both arms on the table and leaned closer. “How would you feel about Carmen getting a bit dirtier with us?”

Henry’s eyes popped open wide at the question. “You mean like…” He trailed off, a little embarrassed about saying it out loud.

“Have you ever invited anyone to participate with you and Carmen in the bedroom?” Geteye asked.

Henry shook his head. “I don’t think Carmen would be into anything like that,” he explained.

Geteye flashed an amused smile. “Don’t underestimate a woman’s potential for depravity, Henry. Did you ever think Carmen would have sex with another man in front of you?” he asked.

Henry shook his head. The ache was already returning to his cock as he pondered the possibility of seeing Carmen in full porn mode, taking Geteye and his friends at once. The thought nearly made him guffaw. Surely there was no way Carmen would be into that. Was there? “I’m not sure if, I’m just not sure if she’ll do something like that. It’s so out there.”

“The only thing you need to be sure about is whether you want to see it or not. I’ll take care of the rest. I ask because I wouldn’t want to do anything you’re not comfortable with,” Geteye said. “So what do you say?”

Despite what he’d just seen Carmen do, Henry was deeply skeptical that Geteye

could somehow convince her to have sex with a bunch of strangers. At the same time he was excited about watching him try. “You’re going to ask Carmen about this too, right?” he asked.

Geteye smiled. “Carmen will know what’s coming, yes,” he replied.

Henry mirrored the smile and took a swig of his beer. “Well, if you think you can convince her then I’m not going to stand in your way,” he said.

Geteye’s smile widened. “Excellent,” he said. He looked up and past Henry and arched his brow. “Well, well. Speak of the devil.”

Henry turned to see Carmen standing in the doorway to the kitchen. She was barefoot and holding her clothes in a bundle in front of her. Her cute little trench coat was wrapped around her, the belt tied at her waist.

“I need some fresh clothes,” she said, giggling and scurrying through the kitchen.

An electric jolt of arousal pulsed through Henry as she shuffled past him. As she neared Geteye he extended his long arm and swept her sideways towards him.

“Hey!” she squealed, giggling some more.

Geteye pulled her to stand next to him. He looked up into her eyes, smiling at her warmly. “Why do you need clothes?” he asked. “They’ll just be a nuisance when we have to take them off again. Henry’s already dreaming about you being naked again, aren’t you Henry?”

Henry’s eyes were riveted to the way the trench coat hugged her voluptuous curves. Their eyes met and his chest swelled with lust.

Geteye dragged her down into his lap. Palming the bundle of clothes like a basketball he threw them onto the floor next to the wall. He undid the belt of the coat and pulled on one of the lapels.

Henry got a scintillating view of one of her breasts before she pulled the coat tight against her chest again.

Geteye grinned. His hand fell to her thigh and slipped up into the coat.

Carmen gasped when his fingers touched her pussy. She drew in another sharp breath and squirmed on his lap.

Henry's eyes widened when he heard the wet squish of Geteye pressing his fingers into Carmen's pussy. Geteye was staring at her face, studying her reaction as he lewdly intruded on her person.

Carmen's eyes darted around the room. It was clear she didn't know what to do with herself or how to act in this strange situation. She rocked back and forth on Geteye's lap, chewing on her lower lip as he fondled her.

Geteye stared at her for a few more moments. He pulled his fingers out from between her legs and raised them to her mouth. "Taste yourself," he whispered.

Carmen got a wicked, devilish look in her eye. She glanced across the table at Henry and a smile flickered to life at the corner's of her mouth. She slowly wrapped her lips around Geteye's fingers and sucked on them.

The hairs on the back of Henry's neck stood on end as he watched her lubriciously suckling Geteye's digits. Geteye seemed to have a power over her Henry couldn't understand. An ability to unlock a sexual deviance that was obviously present within her but normally hidden.

Carmen herself had admitted she loved Geteye's cock. But could a cock, no matter how long and thick, really be the only thing making her act this way?

For the time being he sat, transfixed, enjoying her slutty performance.

Geteye reached up with his hand and parted the lapels of her coat again. "Come, now. Be a good little slut and take that thing off," he said.

Carmen's eyes darted to Henry's and her cheeks reddened in another hot blush. She reached up and slowly pulled the jacket open, hunching her shoulders as she revealed her breasts to the two of them.

Geteye chuckled. He reached behind her and smacked her gently on the ass. "I told you there's no room for your shame with me, darling," he said. "Sit up straight and show your husband what a good slut you are."

Carmen let her hands fall to her lap. She straightened her back, sitting up primly

in Geteye's lap, her breasts jutting forward.

Geteye grinned. He slid his hand along her shoulder, then down her arm to cup her breast. He studied her nipple as he rolled it between his finger and thumb. "I think you might be the prettiest thing I've ever fucked," he said quietly.

Carmen drew in a breath and held it as her eyes went wide. It was obvious she was at least a little bit uncomfortable about the way Geteye was treating her and talking to her. But she didn't seem distressed. She seemed to be getting used to his advances and her new, more sexual self. She held her head up a little higher and the smile returned to her mouth as she stared at Henry.

"That's better," Geteye said, grinning again. "I much prefer you like that." He patted her bottom a few times. "We're going to have a lot of fun tonight, us three. Stand up for me, sweetheart?"

Carmen shot him a nervous glance but did as he asked. She stood up between him and the table, locking her index fingers together in front of her lap and hiding her pussy from Henry.

Geteye put his hands on her hips and turned her until she was facing Henry.

Henry's heart felt like it was melting. She looked so sweet and innocent but ready to be as dirty as Geteye pleased.

Geteye put his hands on her arms and caressed them up and down a few times. He put them on her sides and did the same, sliding them all the way down her thighs and back up again.

Carmen shuddered and giggled.

He reached around her front and palmed her breasts, kneading them tenderly.

It was a deeply erotic sight for Henry. Geteye's dark hands roaming along Carmen's white flesh brought his lust surging up from between his legs and filling his whole being.

"Now. Bend over for me," Geteye said.

Carmen's eyes widened. She staggered forward, her hands shooting out to the

table as Geteye bent her at the waist from behind.

“All the way, darling,” Geteye said.

Her hands splayed out to either side on the table as she bent lower, until her breasts were pressed against the wooden slab. She glanced at Henry, nervous excitement dancing in her eyes.

Geteye put his hands on the two perfect orbs of her ass cheeks. He spread them apart with his thumbs and stared at her ass. “What a perfect little hole,” he said. His thumb drifted sideways and he drew a circle around her puckered ring.

Carmen shuddered, the motion shaking the heavy table. She wore a desperate look but not panicked. She winced when Geteye fingered her ass hole with the tip of his finger. “You gave your husband your back entrance like I asked, yes?”

Carmen nodded.

“Good,” Geteye purred. “I’ll take what I have coming then.” Geteye’s chair scraped along the floor as he shoved it backwards. He bent forward and his tongue flicked out a moment before his lips touched Carmen’s ass.

She gasped again and grabbed the edges of the table as he began to eat her ass.

Henry’s cock was hard again between his legs. It throbbed at the wobbly moan that escaped Carmen’s parted lips.

Geteye made quite a feast of her ass, gorging on it with wet, sloppy licks and slurps. He put a hand between her legs and began to manipulate her clit with his fingers as his tongue flicked in and out of her back hole.

Carmen mewled, her eyes rolling back in her head and closing. She swayed back and forth against the table, enraptured by Geteye’s ministrations. Every so often her eyes would open and she’d stare at Henry with the most erotic, sultry look in her eyes.

Henry sat and ogled the lewd scene. Once again he could hardly believe what he was witnessing. Each new depravity that Carmen was subjected to deepened his arousal and desire to see her doing something even dirtier.

Her moan startled him and he jumped in his seat. He watched her body tremble as she climaxed from Geteye's attentions.

As she sighed and the tension left her body Geteye stood up behind her. She gazed over her shoulder.

Geteye unfastened his belt and pulled his zipper down. He reached into his pants and pulled his cock out, rubbing the head against her now soaked hole. His attention was riveted to her backside. He pointed his cock down, pressing the tip into her exit.

She startled and tensed.

"Ah, ah!" Geteye said, laying a sharp smack on her rear. "Relax, pretty thing."

Carmen swallowed and did her best to follow his instruction. She turned her head and looked straight at Henry. Letting go of the sides of the table, she stretched them across it. "Hold my hands?" she whimpered.

A slow smile stretched across Geteye's lips. He looked up and over Carmen towards Henry, his cock still pressing against her tiny button. "How sweet," he said. "Yes. Hold her hands, Henry. Share the moment with your woman."

Henry's hands were trembling and sweaty as he extended them across the table towards Carmen. He wrapped them around hers and held them tight.

"Oh!" Carmen gasped.

Henry craned his neck to stare over her body and his eyes bugged.

Geteye was in position, his thick cock head slimy with his own spit. His hips tilted forward and Carmen moaned. He grinned as the fat mushroom cap of his cock slipped fully into her. He put his hands on the small of her back and pinned her to the table.

"Are you okay?" Henry whispered. She seemed quite distressed.

She looked up at him and seemed somewhat stunned when she nodded.

"Better than okay, I think?" Geteye asked, reaching forward and brushing her

hair from the side of her face so he could see her.

She nodded again.

“How much better?” Geteye demanded, giving a slow thrust forward and squeezing more of his fat cock into her ass.

“Ungh,” she grunted.

“Is it okay?” Henry asked again.

Carmen looked up and locked eyes with him. “I...I like it,” she whispered.

“Better than that even,” Geteye said, driving another inch into her.

She moaned and went slightly cross-eyed for a moment. “I love it,” she grunted. She squeezed Henry’s hands tightly.

“That’s more like it,” Geteye said.

Henry stared at Geteye’s rigid organ jutting out of Carmen’s ass. He’d enjoyed fucking her ass so much. It had been so tight. He couldn’t imagine how she was able to take Geteye’s cock, so much thicker than his, without splitting.

Carmen let out a bovine moan as Geteye slid the last three inches of his package deep inside her ass. She was clinging to Henry’s hands, squeezing them each time Geteye thrust more of himself into her.

Henry frowned and looked around the room when he heard liquid dripping. Bending sideways he glanced under the table and gasped.

Fat dollops of Carmen’s womanly juices were falling like raindrops from in between her legs and landing on the hard tile floor in wet splats. Her pussy was drooling from Geteye fucking her in the ass.

Geteye began slowly swaying back and forth. His cock slid in and out of her tight ass, coated in his own saliva. He studied Carmen’s reactions until he found the perfect depth and rhythm that had her gasping with each thrust.

Her eyes widened as she stared at Henry.

“You alright?” Henry asked.

“F-feels...so...good,” she whimpered.

His chest expanded and his cock flexed as he watched her getting ass-fucked.

Geteye wore a deeply serious look of concentration as he watched his cock disappearing inside Carmen’s ass hole. He kept his hands firmly on her hips as he plied her back channel.

After a minute of this Carmen’s hands started to shake in Henry’s. The shake worked it’s way down her arms, to her shoulders, then through her torso to her legs. She vibrated on the table, another orgasm gripping her and making her cry out in a loud wail.

Geteye set his jaw and furrowed his brow, his rhythm unflappable as he worked her through three climaxes this way. After the third he tightened his grip on her hips and pulled her closer, impaling the full length of his cock inside her as he came.

Her eyes rolled back in her head and she let out another pleased moan. She seemed to find Geteye basting her innards as arousing as him releasing into her pussy.

Geteye held himself inside her. The root of his cock twitched and throbbed as he dumped his load deep inside her ass. The room was silent save for Carmen’s panting. When he’d finished he slowly drew his cock out of her back hole. It was coated in the milky slime of his essence. He held it in his hand to keep it from soiling the front of his pants as he took a step back.

A smile lit his lips. “Now,” he said, reaching out with his other hand and petting Carmen’s ass. “What does a good black cock slut do next?” he asked.

It took a moment before it dawned on Carmen. She got a surprisingly dreamy look in her eye and flashed a naughty half-smile at Henry. She let go of his hands and slid off the table and down onto her knees, turning to look up at Geteye. She opened her mouth and let her tongue fall out.

Henry gripped the sides of the table and stood up to see over it. His jaw sagged as Carmen swiped her tongue back and forth along Geteye’s cock. She licked up

every last drop of his filthy seed, then wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock and sucked out what might have been left inside.

Geteye smiled as he watched her obediently sucking his prick. He gave it a few shakes with the tip still lodged inside her lips, then pulled it out and tucked it back into his pants. He looked up and smiled at Henry. “Well. We should eat something, shouldn’t we?” he said.

Chapter eight

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Chapter Eight

Over dinner Geteye regaled them with stories about his business travels. He insisted that Carmen remain naked for the meal. She put up enough of a resistance that he allowed her to wear a cooking apron but nothing else.

Carmen, who'd been shy about this at first, now seemed to delight in her state of undress. She listened attentively and laughed at his jokes, picking at her chicken cordon bleu.

Henry tried to be present but his mind was completely distracted by Carmen's nudity and her and Geteye's earlier exploits. He found himself unable to think of anything but the memory of her taking Geteye's cock into her ass and the pleasant side of her boob he could see peeking out from underneath the apron. He desperately craved for just five minutes alone with her so he could release the pressure of the erection that had plagued him since that afternoon.

Geteye made no mention of his guests the next day. As the evening wore on Henry began to wonder if the plans had changed or if he was even going to tell Carmen about his intentions?

When they finished eating Geteye insisted on clearing away the dishes himself.

Henry sat at the table, Carmen casting flirtatious smiles at him and making him blush.

When he finished cleaning, Geteye poured sherry into three small crystal glasses and sat back down at the table. "I hope you're having a nice visit?" he said, raising his glass.

Carmen grinned, raised hers and tapped it against Geteye's. "To nice visits," she said.

"To new friends," Geteye answered, reaching over the table towards Henry's glass.

"To new friends," Henry said.

They sipped their digestif and when they were finished Geteye leaned back in his chair. "So. The night is still young," he said.

"What should we do?" Carmen asked, spreading her hands out at her sides and giggling.

Henry smirked. What he really wanted to do was drag her to the little guest room and fuck her brains out, his cock was so painfully erect.

Geteye chuckled and ran a finger over the rim of his glass. "You know, Carmen, your husband asked me to arrange something very naughty for him," he said.

Carmen turned and looked at Henry, a curious smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "Really?" she asked.

Geteye winked at Henry. "I think seeing his wife turn into a dirty slut is very pleasing for him," Geteye went on.

"I think it is," Carmen replied, still smiling at Henry. She turned her head at the sound of Geteye pulling his zipper down. Her smile faded and her lips parted as she watched him pull his cock out of his trousers. She sucked her lower lip into her mouth as she stared at it swaying above his lap.

Henry sensed shift in energy in the room. The lighthearted mood immediately evaporated, erotic tension taking its place. He stared at Carmen. He was gradually beginning to accept that Geteye's cock really did have a profound effect on her. It wasn't just some act she was performing. She really did love his big, black cock.

He had the vague notion that maybe he should be concerned. Men were supposed to be protective of their wives. The social norm was that Carmen shouldn't even be thinking of anyone's cock but his own. Seeing the change in her demeanour every time Geteye pulled out his thick phallus was deeply arousing. And there seemed to be nothing he could do about that.

"Come, Carmen," Geteye said, waving her towards him.

She stood up off the chair, the skimpy apron covering very little of the front of her body and none of the back.

Henry stared at her ass bouncing and bobbing as she walked towards Geteye.

Geteye reached behind Carmen and pulled the drawstring of the apron. The sides fell apart. He wagged his cock side to side in his lap a few times.

Carmen's eyes followed the motion of the cock like she was being hypnotized.

"You know what to do," Geteye said.

She nodded. Resting a hand on his knee she sank to her knees at his side.

Geteye reached behind her neck, pulled the apron off and tossed it aside. He swung his cock sideways so it was dangling over his thigh.

Carmen sighed and closed her eyes. She leaned her arm against his leg and opened her mouth.

Geteye fed an inch of his cock into her mouth.

Her lips closed around it and her jaw moved up and down as she began sucking.

Geteye patted her head like she was a pet. He gazed lovingly at her for a few moments before looking up at Henry. "You see, Henry? You see the power of the black cock?" he asked.

Henry blinked a few times, staring at Carmen nursing on the dark tool. He was seeing it with his own eyes and yet he refused to believe it. There was just no way that a cock, of all things, could hold any kind of power over Carmen. She was too smart, too sensible, too rational. So why was she acting like a drunk bimbo, getting on her knees every time Geteye ordered her down?

So while, in reality, it seemed implausible that Carmen was really under the influence of Geteye's huge black cock, the fantasy of that happening was powerfully arousing.

"Henry would you open that drawer over there please?" Geteye asked, motioning towards the drawer next to the fridge.

Henry rose from his chair, zombie-like, and trudged over to the drawer. He pulled it slowly open and his eyes widened at what lay inside. A dildo, a tub of

lube and a small paddle lay next to a long, thin leather strap with a collar attached to the end. He turned, somewhat stunned, to look at Geteye.

“The collar please, Henry,” Geteye said.

Carmen’s mouth was still firmly affixed to Geteye’s cock, her lips stretching out each time she pulled on it.

Henry reached into the drawer and took out the strap and collar. After closing the drawer he turned and held the collar out towards Geteye.

Geteye took it and smiled in thanks. His cock had hardened, causing Carmen to have to hold it with her hand to keep it in her mouth.

Her eyes fluttered open and widened as he unclasped the collar. Her nipples hardened as he wrapped it around her neck. She looked up at him with wide, innocent eyes as her cheeks heated to a bright red colour.

Geteye wrapped the strap, which Henry now realized was a leash, around his hand a few times. He put a finger on Carmen’s chin and eased her mouth off of his cock. “What do you think, darling? Will you make a good pet for me and my friends?” he asked.

Carmen giggled, blushed hotter, and glanced at Henry out of the corner of her eye, looking like she was asking for permission to answer.

“What an obedient, loyal slut you have for a wife,” Geteye mused, stroking Carmen’s hair again. “Always dutifully checking with her husband before she tries something new. I’m very impressed, Henry.”

Henry erection was pulsing in his pants. Seeing Carmen seated at Geteye’s feet, still holding his cock in her dainty hand and with a collar around her neck was explosively exciting. He gave a few slow nods.

Carmen’s smile twisted into something wicked. She turned to look up at Geteye again. “I’ll be the best little pet you’ve ever had,” she said.

A low chuckle rumbled from Geteye. He stood up from the chair and let his pants fall to the floor. After laying the leash on the table he pulled off the turtleneck he was wearing.

Carmen, with her feet tucked daintily under her legs, looked even smaller next to the dark mass of his powerful, black body.

He picked up the leash and gave it the gentlest of tugs.

Carmen giggled and scrambled to her feet.

Geteye leaned forward, cupped her chin and pressed his lips against hers in a long, hot kiss. As he pulled away he gripped his cock and rubbed it along her belly.

Carmen bit her lip and looked down at it. Her eyes wandered along its length, taking in the graceful arc. She put both hands underneath it and cradled it like she was touching a sacred object. She turned her head and her hair fell down over the side of her face as she gazed at Henry with lust in her eyes.

“What do you want, Carmen?” Geteye asked softly.

“I want this black cock,” she whispered in reply.

Geteye gave a single nod. “Come. Join us in your bedroom,” he said to Henry as he gave the leash another gentle tug and turned towards the small room at the back of the house.

Henry stumbled after them, nearly tripping on the kitchen chair Geteye had vacated. His cock throbbed and his mind spun with sexual excitement about witnessing a new level of Carmen’s depravity. He leaned against the doorframe just in time to see Geteye lying down on his back on the bed.

Geteye began to pull on the leash, hand over hand.

Carmen bent at the waist then put her hands on the bed and crawled onto it over Geteye.

He dragged her up his body and, as she passed his cock, gave it a long lick from root to tip with her tongue.

Her knees were spread wide apart to accommodate Geteye’s thick frame beneath her. She dragged her pussy along his cock, pressing it against his belly. It sprang up behind her ass, tapping the tight eyelet of her back hole a few times.

She pressed her hands against Geteye's chest and lowered her mouth to his. Her tongue flapped out and she coaxed Geteye's out of his mouth. She licked around and along his tongue in the most disgusting French kiss Henry had ever seen her give, her saliva dribbling into his mouth.

Geteye dropped the leash and raised his hand above her ass. He brought it down in a harsh crack.

Carmen gasped and her back arched. The skin where he'd struck her began to redden. She rolled her hips back and forth, her pussy gaping from how wide apart her knees were.

Henry saw that her pussy was a sodden mess. Long strands of clear lubricant leaked out of her, down along her thighs and onto Geteye's lap. It was this subconscious response of her body that finally convinced him there was something about the power of Geteye's cock.

Carmen wasn't choosing to be wet. She wasn't actively convincing her body to react that way. Her mind was working on a level she had no control over. She was succumbing to a sexual response that was obviously overwhelming all reason and logic.

Henry winced when Geteye brought his hand down on the other side of her ass. He frowned when he heard her whimper. He raised a hand and took a step forward, ready to intervene on his wife's behalf. Carmen had never liked it that rough.

Geteye raised a finger, stopping him in his tracks. "Look how sweet your husband is. Worried about your well-being. But you have something to tell him, don't you?" he asked, swatting her ass with his hand again.

Carmen whimpered and nodded.

"Go. Tell him. Share your secret. He deserves to know. What a loving man you have," Geteye said. "Tell him what you like."

She turned her head to look at Henry, her hair covering one eye. "I like it," she said, breathless. "I like it when he smacks me."

Geteye grinned and gave her another firm swat.

Carmen mewled. Her nipples hardened and her pussy gushed more sticky lube, the strands leaking down over Geteye's cock.

"Good," Geteye purred. "Now mount it. Show your husband how well you take my cock." Geteye reached around her ass and gripped his prick. He tapped the head against her wet entry-hole a few times.

Carmen rolled her hips forward arching her back and opening her pussy wider for Geteye.

Henry shuddered as he watched Geteye moving the fat head of his cock along her wet pussy lips, searching for her opening. When he found it he held his cock in place and put his other hand on Carmen's ass. "Take it, darling," he whispered.

Carmen drew in a breath and sucked her lips between her teeth. She slowly rolled her hips back and let the head of his cock press in past her labia. Her eyes widened and she paused the motion, holding him just inside her entrance as she adjusted to the fresh pressure.

"That's it. Take your time. Enjoy it," Geteye said. He put both hands on her ass and squeezed her cheeks.

Carmen closed her eyes, as if savouring the feeling of him inside her again. She opened them, scooted back an inch or two, then began the long, slow slide down his meaty pole.

Henry gawked at her pussy swallowing the thick organ. Her pussy lips were particularly pink and engorged as her body worked to accommodate the member.

Halfway down she paused and breathed through parted lips like she was running a race and needed to catch her breath.

Geteye caressed her ass cheeks then gave them both another sharp smack.

"Oh!" Carmen yelped.

Geteye grinned at her. "Take it all," he ordered.

She hoisted herself up, hands on his chest. The muscles in her thighs flexed as

she finished lowering herself onto his mighty cock. Her ass squashed his balls between his legs. She drew in a few quick breaths again.

Geteye reached up and pinched both of her nipples.

Her back arched and she cooed, obviously pleased by the bite of pain his fingers brought.

“Ride,” Geteye growled, spanking her ass again.

Her body rolled slowly forward. As it did, Geteye’s slimy cock emerged. She shuddered as she squashed back down onto her haunches on his lap. She rolled forward again, gaining momentum. Soon her rhythm stabilized, her ass thwapping against his lap on each descent.

He smacked her left ass cheek. “Ride!” he barked.

The look in her eye turned wild.

Geteye had one hand on her ass, the other tweaking her nipple like he was fine tuning her into the perfect fucking machine.

Her hands shot to her sides and she fell down pressing her tits against his chest. She hitched her feet up onto his thighs.

Geteye put his hands on her sides.

Her ass started moving back and forth. Her pussy looked like a mouth wrapped around his cock, hungrily gorging on the thick muscle as she raced towards an orgasm. Her body seemed to be under the singular control of the bundle of nerves at the apex of her sex between her legs. Every motion, every thrust, every twist of her torso was in service of rubbing that place against Geteye just so.

Henry stared at her pussy. Each time she pushed down against him her ass cheeks would press together and the single little eye between them seemed to scowl and narrow. With each pull away her cheeks would spread and the forbidden gateway would widen, as if in surprise and excitement.

Henry found himself nodding his head in time with her gyrations. Following the motions of her undulating flesh and wishing he wasn’t too embarrassed to touch

himself. His groin contained what felt like a very dangerous amount of pressure.

He startled when she cried out. The rhythmic slish-slosh of her greedy pussy erupted into a wetter, more frenzied copulation as she whimpered through what appeared to be a very intense orgasm. As it faded she came to a rest against Geteye's chest, panting lightly, her ass giving the occasional twitch as the final pleasure signals fired from her pussy to her brain.

“Good slut,” Geteye said, smiling and running his hands along her back. “Now that you're loosened up I'll show you how to take two men.”

Chapter nine

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Chapter Nine

Geteye put his hands on her ass cheeks and spread them widely apart, baring her beautiful tiny ass hole to Henry.

“Wait, what?” she asked, lifting herself up onto her hands and knees and turning around to look at Henry over her shoulder.

“A proper slut knows how to take it in all her holes at once,” Geteye explained.

She frowned and shook her head as she looked back at him again. “I’ve never done that,” she said. “I’ve never done anything like that before.”

“As the saying goes, there’s a first time for everything,” Geteye said. “Henry go to the drawer. You know what you’re looking for.”

Henry was, once again, deeply skeptical of this. He stood staring at Carmen, hoping she’d give some sign or just say outright if this was what she really wanted. She seemed pretty skeptical herself.

Geteye’s hand fell to the root of his cock. He dragged the fat hose out of her until it sprang up behind her and tapped against her ass hole.

Carmen whimpered.

“If you want to feel it again, you’ll do as I say,” he explained.

Carmen bit her lips, worry furrowing her brow.

Geteye tapped his cock against her pussy lips.

“Okay. Okay!” Carmen mewled. Hiking her hips up she found the tip of his prick with her pussy and slid down onto it again with a guttural groan. She turned to look at Henry. “Go get it,” she said quietly.

He turned with eyes wide, staggering into the kitchen and to the drawer. He pulled it open and reached in for the big tub of lubricant. As his eyes glanced over the large black dildo his cock throbbed in his pants. He grabbed that too and hurried back into the bedroom.

When Geteye saw him walk in with the tub and the dildo, he grinned. “Clever man,” he said, rubbing Carmen’s rump.

Carmen looked over her shoulder and her eyes bugged wide at the sight of the dildo.

It stopped Henry in his tracks and he stared back at her, unsure of what to do.

“I am not doing that!” she said, her sexual intoxication evaporating at the sight of the implement he was carrying.

Geteye chuckled and patted her rear. “Relax, sweetheart. It won’t go anywhere you don’t want it to.”

Carmen glared at Henry, the look in her eyes a warning as to what the consequences might be if he tried to use the dildo.

Geteye heaved his hips up and down a few times, stroking his cock in and out of her.

Her demeanour changed instantly. Her eyelids grew heavy and she moaned. When Geteye stretched his hand further and tickled her ass hole with the tip of his finger, she wriggled but didn’t protest.

“Take your clothes off, Henry,” he instructed.

Henry dropped the dildo and lube on a chair and scrambled to get his clothes off. When he finished pulling off his underwear and socks he stood up and picked the toys back up. He felt a little sheepish when Geteye looked at him. His skin was pasty and while he worked out at the gym regularly, his physique was half the size of Geteye’s. His cock throbbed a bright red and looked angry compared to the solemn dignity of Geteye’s black phallus.

As Geteye rocked Carmen back and forth on his lap she turned to look at Henry. “Oh my god,” she whimpered. “Are we really going to do this?”

Geteye raised his hips, impaling his full length inside her.

“Ah!” she wailed. She lay flat against his chest again, reached back and spread her ass cheeks herself as she locked her mouth onto his and began kissing him

again.

Henry shuffled forward. The pressure in his groin had spread through his own appendage and he felt like he might ejaculate at just the slightest touch of Carmen's silky flesh. He laid the dildo down next to her leg, then unscrewed the top off the jar of lube.

"Work it into her," Geteye grunted, bouncing Carmen vigorously on his lap.

Henry scooped out a dollop of the clear goop with two fingers. He paused as he watched Carmen's ass rising and falling in front of him.

Geteye slowed his thrusts and held her in place with his hands on the small of his back.

Henry stretched his arm towards her. He pressed the tip of his index finger against her tight back hole. Feeling a sudden surge of arousal he mashed it in, the lube easing it's entrance.

Carmen warbled and her sphincter tightened around his finger. She swayed back and forth, fucking herself with both Geteye's cock and Henry's finger. "Oh fuck," she panted. "Just put it in me already!" She spread her ass cheeks wider with her hands.

Henry felt a deep embarrassment at having to climb up onto the bed and into Carmen with Geteye already inside her. It was the most sexually insane thing either of them had ever done. But his body, charged with erotic arousal, led the way. He found himself climbing onto the bed and crouching over Carmen.

He stroked his cock with the remaining lube on his fingers then pressed the head against her hole.

She moaned as he held her open and slipped his prick into her ass.

He shuddered at the feeling of her forbidden ring tightening around the root of his cock. Geteye began to saw into her from underneath and Henry felt the hardness of his cock stretching the thin membrane inside Carmen that separated her entrance from her exit.

Unsure of what to do he stayed crouched over her, enjoying the feeling of her

insides massaging him. He gasped when he saw Geteye lift up the thick black dildo and bring the tip to her mouth.

Carmen eyed it with skepticism for a moment. Then, with a look that said ‘fuck it’ on her face, let her mouth fall open and her tongue fall out.

Geteye grinned. He eased the dildo gently into her mouth, his hips still working beneath her to drive his cock in and out of her pussy.

Seeing Geteye stuff the fat dildo into Carmen’s face twisted something deeply perverted inside of Henry. His hips started bucking, fucking her from his crouch like a dog would fuck a bitch. His mind was a cacophony of pleasure. The visual stimulation of seeing all of Carmen’s holes plugged twisting together with the tactile excitement of his cock rubbing inside her tightness.

Carmen seemed as aroused as he was. Gagging on the dildo triggered an auto-erotic response inside her and she began coming again. Her ass clenched around Henry’s cock.

Geteye grunted as she came all over his cock. He wrapped his arms around her body and drove his cock balls deep into her pussy.

As he crested his orgasm, Henry felt Geteye’s powerful muscle seizing and releasing inside Carmen, flooding her pussy channel with hot, black seed.

Chapter ten

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Chapter Ten

Carmen was startled by the dexterity with which Geteye extricated himself from their coital entanglement. He slipped out of her and out from underneath and was gone like a puff of smoke, closing the door behind him as he left.

This left her sprawled on the bed with Henry's cock still inside her ass and her pussy leaking copious amounts of seminal fluid onto the bedspread. A warm calm descended on her that she hadn't expected.

In all their years together she and Henry had barely departed from missionary sex in their darkened bedroom. She'd liked it that way and Henry had always put her desires above his. Geteye had opened a doorway to a sexuality she wasn't sure she could close. She wasn't even sure she wanted to.

She'd been raised with the internet but in a house that still put stock in ideas like virtue and morality. Sex wasn't a sin but hedonism had been severely frowned upon. So perhaps part of the fantasy she'd indulged had been about testing whether the sky would fall if the boundaries of virtue and morality were tested, even broken.

They certainly had been and the sky was still above them.

She glanced at the large black dildo, now laying next to her on the bed, and became momentarily appalled at what she'd allowed to be done to her. Carmen of a month ago would have needed a fainting couch and smelling salts if she'd been told what she was going to get up to.

Now it simply made the warmth still lingering in her groin spread throughout her body. She relished the notion of taking a turn at being a bad girl. Taking a cock in both her holes while choking on a fat, black dildo, with Henry gleefully urging her on. It made her giggle just thinking about it.

Henry groaned on top of her. He pulled his hips back and his soft noddle of a penis squished out of her.

She blushed when she felt his emission bubbling up out of her ass. She found it wildly thrilling, though. And all because of Geteye's unending charm and the

absolute monster of a dong he had. Thinking of the way his fat cock felt inside her made her cheeks warm and brought a smile to her lips.

“Baby? Carmen, baby? You alive?” Henry whispered behind her.

Her blush deepened. “Oh gosh,” she said, covering her bottom, deeply embarrassed by all the fluid leaking out of her. “I’ve got to go clean up,” she said.

“No, no,” Henry said, sounding a little breathless. “Can you just...wait a second?”

Wait a second? What was he talking about? “Why?” she asked.

A few moments of silence followed. She rolled over onto her back, keeping her legs closed and one hand still on her bottom so the sheets didn’t get completely soaked in cum.

Henry was kneeling on the bed staring at her. Not just staring at her, though. He was riveted. His eyes were wide and raking up and down her body. He looked like nothing would tear his gaze away from her. And he hadn’t looked at her like that...well, ever, really.

Of course they’d been in love and he’d paid her a lot of attention then. Not like this. This was ravenous, obsessive attention. He looked like he’d never tire of looking at her. She wasn’t the kind of girl that would do anything for attention. But being gawked at like that by a man who loved her was surprisingly exciting.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” she asked quietly.

He shook his head, as if he wasn’t sure of the reason himself. His eyes fell to her closed legs and lingered there for a while before he looked up at her again. “Can I...can I see it?” he asked.

“See it?” she said, scowling. She had some inkling that he wanted to see her lady bits all sullied. She had a hard time understanding. But he looked as maniacally gleeful about it as she felt about Geteye’s cock stretching out her pussy.

Henry blushed. “Can you show me?” he asked.

She scrunched her nose at him. “I’m all messy,” she said.

He nodded. “That’s...kind of what I want to see,” he admitted.

She stifled a giggle. She knew most men’s minds had a dirty part they kept hidden. She was surprised that Henry was showing her his. But, all in all, it was kind of fun. He seemed to like how nasty she was being so why not give him what he wanted?

She opened her legs slowly and felt a gurgle of Geteye’s cum ooze out of her. Her pussy even made a quiet queefing sound, which made her giggle.

Henry’s eyes widened as he stared at it.

It was kind of raunchy but also kind of fun. She felt so dirty at having let Geteye come inside her. For some reason she thought of her aunt Matilda, who’d spent every visit scolding her for not attending church more often, and how horrified she’d be if she knew what they’d just done.

She stared at Henry, marvelling at his insatiable interest in her messy lady parts. “You want to see it all, don’t you?” she asked.

He looked up at her and nodded.

She smiled at him. Putting hands under knees, she raised her legs until her toes were pointed towards the ceiling.

Henry’s jaw went slack at the sight of her used ass hole. He got down on hands and knees and crawled towards her, his eyes locked on her backside.

If he hadn’t reassured her earlier that he loved seeing her like that she would have been worried that he was upset. Now she understood he was just obsessed. Obsessed with her body. Obsessed with what she’d let him and Geteye do to her. Obsessed with the holes that led into her interiors.

Still staring at him with a half smile, she reached around her bottom and poked a finger into it. She let out a pleasant coo as she twisted it inside, then pulled it out. She lifted it, showing it off to Henry.

He seemed mesmerized by the sight.

Feeling especially naughty, she brought the finger to her lips and licked his semen off like she was sucking a lollipop.

He clutched his stomach and groaned, then flopped down onto the bed next to her.

She lowered her legs to the bed, then turned onto her side to look at him. “You alright, big guy?” she asked, feathering his back with her fingers.

He groaned again, this time into the pillow, then looked sideways at her. “Am I horrible for liking this so much?” he asked.

“If you’re horrible for liking this so much then that makes two of us,” she replied.

He got up onto his elbows, a wild look in his eye. “You really like it?” he asked, breathless.

She laughed. “I’m pretty sure I wouldn’t have let things go this far if I didn’t like something about it.”

“Tell me,” he said, gripping her wrist. “Tell me what you like.”

She still found his desire to hear her proclaim her love for Geteye’s cock a little strange. She would have torn his hair out if he’d talked like that about another woman. But he seemed to genuinely get off on it, so who was she to judge? “I love his cock, Henry,” she whispered. “I love his big, fat cock.”

He groaned and buried his head into the pillow again.

She leaned closer to him. “I love taking it in my mouth and sucking it,” she whispered into his ear.

Another groan from Henry.

“I love what it feels like when he’s inside me.”

Henry beat his fist against the mattress.

“And I love it most when he’s filling me up with his hot, black cum.” She

giggled when his ass rose up and he humped the bed. She slipped a hand between his body and the sheets and felt his cock had hardened again. Feeling dirty, she rolled over onto his back, gripped his prick and stroked it. “Was I good little slut, baby?” she whispered.

He groaned and his hips bucked.

She continued jerking him and tipped his head to one side. “Do you like it when I’ve got my collar on? I’m Geteye’s little pet now,” she whispered. She gasped when she felt his cock flex in her hand and a small spurt of ejaculate dribble out and into her palm. “Oh my god, Henry,” she whispered. “You’re an animal.”

Two hours later and she was lying on her back staring up at the ceiling as Henry snored beside her. Neither the heat, nor the tension had left her core. The ache was palpable, as was the steady drip of arousal fluid at each and every thought of Geteye’s cock.

She thought of waking Henry a few times when he stirred. The trouble was, even though she loved Henry so very much, he was not what she craved.

She’d liked the feeling of his modest, loving cock inside her ass. But that had more to do with the fact that Geteye had filled her with his fat hose first. The ass-fucking had been a dirty novelty, a further perversion on their shared adventure. It was the big, black beast she craved.

When she admitted to herself that sleep was definitely not coming, she slipped one leg, then the other, out from under the blankets. She eased herself off the bed, careful not to shake it too much so as not to wake him.

She wrapped herself in her cute trench coat and tiptoed out into the kitchen. She padded through the kitchen and up the stairs. Holding her breath, she pressed her ear to the door of the bedroom where Geteye lay.

When she heard the rhythmic breathing of the sleeping giant she wrapped her hand around the doorknob and gave it a slow twist. She heard the latch click and pushed the door open a crack. On peering in she saw Geteye’s naked torso bathed in blue moonlight streaming through the window.

His bottom half was covered by a white sheet. He slept on his back with his arms at his sides, his broad chest rising and falling with each breath.

She felt a pang of guilt and thought about turning back. They had not discussed this, her and Henry. On the other occasions she'd gone to meet Geteye it had been with Henry's full and enthusiastic consent. Now she was here, sneaking into his bedroom with Henry sleeping in the tiny room downstairs.

Would it hurt him if he found out? She would never do anything knowing that it would hurt him. But the horrible ache between her legs, the lust that had kept her awake was raging inside her now as Geteye's masculine scent wafted into her nostrils.

The smell of his deodorant and aftershave was laced with a more sour note of sweat. The combination of those odours served to moisten the petals of her sex. I'll just see if he's awake.

She knew she was telling herself a lie as she stepped into the room. She would not settle for seeing if he was awake. She would pretend to stub her toe or bump the bed to wake him. She knew she wouldn't leave until he'd sated her.

She slipped into the room and pushed the door shut, but didn't close it. She shuffled across the floor until she was standing at the side of the bed. She looked at the tightly fitted sheet he'd somehow tucked himself under. The arched outline of his bullish cock poked up from in between his legs. Staring at it, she reached a hand between hers and touched her fingers to her wet and swollen clit.

Geteye's eyes slowly opened.

She gasped at seeing him awake. He'd looked so peaceful she'd been sure he was sleeping soundly. Relief washed over her at not having to stage a scene to wake him up. "Geteye," she whispered.

"Hello, darling," he said. "Lost your way?"

She let her eyes roam along his body, linger on his cock, then rise to meet his. "I couldn't sleep," she said.

"Why suffer alone then, right?" he asked, smiling.

She forced a smile of her own but it quickly faded. “It’s not just that,” she said.

“No,” he said, rolling his head side to side on the pillow. “It’s this, too, isn’t it?” he asked, peeling the sheet off of his midriff and exposing his blunt instrument of pleasure.

She pulled her bottom lip into her mouth as her eyes drifted to his cock again. She nodded and squeezed her legs together, aghast at how hopelessly she needed his thick thing.

“Well. Better come and wake it then,” he said.

She gave a more enthusiastic nod before shedding her coat and letting it fall to the floor behind her. Excitement flickered inside her when his cock heaved at the sight of her pale skin. She mounted the bed on her knees and crawled to the centre where he was lying.

Reaching out, she wrapped her dainty hand around the thick slab and gave it a squeeze. The space beneath her belly trilled at how hard it was even when not fully erect. She longed to feel that hardness inside herself.

Glancing to the side she saw Geteye staring at her. Even after everything she’d done with him she blushed again, embarrassed at being naked with a man other than her husband. She felt a pang of hunger in her belly.

Her eyes went wide as she sank her face between his legs to soothe her dirty need. She let out a satisfied sigh as she slipped the head of his cock past her lips.

Henry felt her absence from the moment he woke up. There was a lightness to the bed and the door to the room was open. He sat up with a start as a jolt of adrenaline shocked his body.

He turned his head and listened. Nothing. There was no sliver of light beneath the bathroom door down the hall. No one in the kitchen pouring a glass of water. No one to be heard on the first floor at all.

His heart accelerated. A cold sweat broke out on the back of his neck. Deep inside his gut he knew where she was. He knew there was something filthy

going on upstairs and he knew he was going to get out of bed to see what it was.

He barely registered the faintest hint of sadness that brushed the inside of his chest. She'd obviously had a need. Had she tried to wake him? Or had she gone straight to Geteye? The question allowed him to let the lustful jealousy he'd been toying with bloom fully inside of him.

He swung his legs over the edge of the bed. His whole body felt heavy. His cock began to swell as he wondered what degrading pose he was going to find her in.

His feet dragged along the floor, the exhaustion of countless climaxes making it difficult to walk. The stairs were harder but the banister helped. Halfway up he heard the filthy sounds. Sucking, slurping and muffled cooing. His chest inflated.

He paused at the landing to calm his breathing. Leaning one hand against the door frame, he peered in and his eyes popped wide open.

Carmen was naked and on her knees, her body perpendicular to Geteye's. Her wet lips were wrapped around the fat head of Geteye's erect prick. She had her hand on his wrinkled scrotum and was fondling his balls with the tips of her fingers as she sucked him.

Her lovely breasts hung low beneath her chest. The air in the room was infused with the lovely, damp stink of her sex.

He watched her head bob up and down as jealousy filled him. She had gone straight to Geteye. There was her little trench coat lying on the floor. And there she was working his cock with her mouth and making that sound. That deeply satisfied but still needy sound letting Geteye know she loved sucking his cock but that she needed something else.

Geteye raised one of his large hands and wrapped it around her buttock. He dipped his fingers into her folds then pulled them out glistening with her wet. He drew them to his nose and sniffed. His cock flexed in Carmen's hand.

She pulled her mouth off the head with a wet smack. "Now can I have it? Pleeese? I need it," she whined.

Geteye let out a heavy sigh. He swung his legs over the edge of the bed and sat up straight facing the window.

Carmen stayed on all fours staring at him like a dog waiting for it's breakfast.

Geteye raised his arms in the air in a deep stretch and yawned.

Henry pulled away from the door as Geteye turned towards the bed.

“Come here, slut,” Geteye said.

Henry peered in again. He saw Geteye's arm sweep out and grab Carmen by the waist. He swung her body around, handling her like she was a sack of potatoes. He hoisted her hips up with one hand and pressed her head down against the bed with a hand on her back.

He grabbed his cock and swiped it along her slit, dampening the tip with her female juices until it was soaking wet. He squeezed the head into her without any pomp or circumstance.

She gasped and warbled.

“Keep your voice down, darling. Let your husband get some sleep,” he said. Bending his knees he leaned forward, burying the full length of his cock into her in one languid thrust.

Henry palmed his raw, sore cock and rubbed it.

Chapter eleven

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Chapter Eleven

When Henry woke up again he was still alone in his bed. He'd jerked himself off watching Geteye fuck Carmen, then fallen back into a deep and dreamless sleep. Through the door he could hear the gentle clatter of pots and pans and dishes.

A strange calm came over him as he stood up out of bed. He remembered the jealous feeling from the night before, at Carmen stealing up to Geteye's bed. It didn't haunt him as much now that there was daylight coming through the cracks in the curtains.

He dressed in a pair of jeans, a t-shirt and a hoodie then made the bed as best he could. He walked to the door, opened it and stepped out into the kitchen.

Geteye was at the stove. He wore a black t-shirt and casual black trousers. Over that he had on a larger version of the apron he'd made Carmen wear the previous day. He gave the eggs cooking in the frying pan a stir, then smiled at Henry. "Good morning, Henry," he said.

"Good morning," Henry replied.

Geteye set his spatula down, pulled open a cupboard and reached in for a coffee cup. He walked over to the coffee maker bubbling in the corner of the counter and poured out a cup. He walked back to the stove and set it down on the counter. "Be careful it's very strong. There's milk and cream in the refrigerator," he said, going back to stirring his eggs.

Henry muttered a thank-you and picked up the steaming cup. He took a sip and winced at how bitter it tasted. He walked to the fridge and poured some milk into the coffee. "She still up there?" he asked. He turned to face Geteye.

Geteye set the spatula aside, picked up a hot pad and the frying pan and walked them to the table. "She's still sleeping, yes," he said. "Won't you have some eggs?"

Henry nodded. He took a seat at the table. Geteye had laid out three place settings with plates and forks and knives. There was a bowl of chopped fruit in

the centre of the table.

Geteye took a seat next to him and raised a large bowl-sized mug of coffee to his lips and sipped it. “You seem a little...muted, Henry. Are you having some concerns?” he asked.

Henry sighed. He felt the need to share his state of mind with someone. He didn't want to turn Carmen off of their adventure but he also wanted to be heard. He felt like Geteye had already seen the most intimate, most private parts of him. “I saw you and Carmen in your room in the middle of the night,” he confessed.

Geteye nodded.

“She came to you in the middle of the night?” Henry asked.

Geteye thought for a moment. “This bothers you?”

Henry smirked and shook his head. “I guess not.”

“You guess?” Geteye asked.

“I mean, I suppose it doesn't, really,” Henry said.

“You are feeling sorry for yourself,” Geteye said.

“I don't think so,” Henry replied.

“Then what are you feeling?” Geteye went on.

Henry scowled at the large man's probing question.

“Don't be upset with me, Henry,” Geteye said. “It's important that you stay in touch with what you're feeling. So you can be honest with yourself. And with your wife. Then there will be no recriminations later. No harbouring ill feelings. You should not blame her for coming to me. I turned her into a good slut for you. It is only natural that she feels the need to return to that state. It's her safe space now.”

Henry frowned, skeptical of Geteye's assessment. “I'm not feeling bad about Carmen,” he said.

“Are you feeling bad about yourself?” Geteye asked.

Henry wondered what the value was of Geteye asking all these questions. It did make him think for a moment. His shoulders sagged as his mind zeroed in on the source of his frustration. “She came to you,” he said.

“She did,” Geteye replied. “Is that what’s bothering you?”

Henry shrugged. “She could have woken me up. I was right there in the bed next to her. I’m her husband.” His tone sounded a little too raw for his own liking. “I’m not upset,” he clarified. “Just...confused, I think.”

Geteye nodded sagely once again. He set his coffee mug down. “I think I understand what it is you’re trying to say.”

“Do you?” Henry asked.

Geteye leaned back in his chair. “I think you are feeling a bit of jealousy on some level? And not the good kind. Not the kind that hardens your cock. You’re feeling a little betrayed?”

Henry thought for a long moment. “Maybe,” he muttered, his shoulders sagging.

“Here is something you have to understand, Henry. You have to understand that Carmen will never be the kind of slut for you that she is for me.”

Irritation flared inside Henry and his eyes widened at Geteye’s blunt pronouncement. He managed to control his anger and not lash out. But what Geteye had said had really gotten under his skin. “You’re going to have to clarify that for me, Geteye. That’s my wife you’re talking about.”

Geteye raised a hand. “Please allow me to explain. Perhaps that did not come out the way I had intended.” He leaned forward and laced his fingers together on the table in front of him. “I am nothing to her, Henry,” he said, pointing towards the stairs. “And you are everything.”

Henry, slightly taken aback again, leaned back in his chair.

“I am just a fuck. A cock she likes to feel inside herself. After I leave we most likely won’t see each other ever again. Of course she can act however she wants

with me. I'm a fiction. A fantasy. She can let go and become the lustful siren that lives inside her. But with you? With you she is a wife. She is a partner. An equal. There is power that needs to be shared in your relationship. She can not submit to you the way she submits to me because she can't simply erase the relationship you both have built."

Henry was somewhat skeptical of Geteye's pseudo-philosophical musings but they did allay some of his anger. "She just came up there to get fucked?" he asked.

"She came for the cock," Geteye said. "If the situation had been reversed, would you have done differently than I did? Would you have sent her away?"

Henry couldn't argue in good faith that he would have. "Thanks, Geteye. I think I just needed to say some of this stuff out loud."

"Any time, my friend. Any time," Geteye said, picking at his eggs with his fork.

They sat in silence for a while. "What's going to happen today? When your friends arrive?" Henry asked.

Geteye shrugged. "That's up to you and Carmen," he replied. "They're lovely people. They own this property. We can have a nice relaxing dinner. There's an excellent wine cellar in the basement. Or we can do something far less civilized," he said, grinning. "They're as open minded as we three. Why don't you leave your cold eggs for the time being and go see if your sweetheart is awake. You can talk about last night if you need to. Then you can decide in which direction you'd like the rest of your stay to go."

Henry thought for a moment, then nodded. He got up from the table and walked towards the entrance to the kitchen. He paused and turned to look at Geteye. "Hey Geteye? Thanks again," he said.

He found Carmen tangled in a nest of sheets and blankets on the bed upstairs. One foot was poking out over the end of the bed and she had a hand over the pillow covering her head. A jealous thrill zipped through him that she'd spent the rest of the night in Geteye's bed. After everything she'd done, this act seemed the most intimate and the closest she'd come to crossing a line he didn't want

crossed.

But Geteye's monologue bouncing around in the back of his brain put him at ease again. Maybe he was right? Maybe Carmen really did feel like she could become someone she could never be with him. A dangerous, exciting version of herself she could act out because she felt safe. Both with Geteye and with him.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. The motion of the mattress made Carmen stir. She pulled the pillow off from over her head and her eyes popped open. "Oh my gosh," she whispered, glancing around the room as if she was suddenly remembering where she was and what had happened.

She turned to look at him, her expression a mix of fear and worry. "Don't be mad," she said.

That tweaked his insides a bit. So she did have some sense that what she'd done might have been inappropriate. "I'm not mad," he said.

"I meant to come back. I didn't mean to sleep here," she added.

He nodded but said nothing, waiting for her to speak.

"You're sure you're not mad?" she asked, eyeing him warily.

"You tell me if you think I should be mad," he said.

She looked down at the bed, her eyes a little guilty. "I probably shouldn't have come. I was going to tell you about it this morning. You were sleeping so soundly and I couldn't get to sleep."

"Nothing worse than being alone in the darkness with your thoughts in the middle of the night," he said.

She nodded. "I am sorry I fell asleep here, Henry," she said, contrite.

He studied her expression. "I watched you with him."

She raised her eyes and arched her brow.

"I woke up after you left and came up."

She bit her lip and looked away.

“I want to ask you something,” he said. “When you told him you needed him, that you needed his cock, were you fooling around or being serious? Did you really need him?”

Her lips curled up slowly into a barely perceptible smile. Her hand poked out from under the sheets and she ran it along his leg.

He looked down to see the tips of her fingers brush against the bulge of his cock in his trousers. When he looked up at her again the smile had curled to a grin. He shook his head. “You’re insatiable,” he whispered.

She shrugged and looked sideways. “Maybe?” she replied.

“Geteye’s friends are coming today. I think he wanted me to find out how you feel about that.”

“How should I feel about it?” she asked.

He smiled. “He says they can be as civilized or uncivilized as we want. Our call.”

“Uncivilized sounds like fun, doesn’t it?” she asked.

He smirked. “Absolutely insatiable,” he said, shaking his head.

Chapter twelve

■

Chapter Twelve

Geteye's friends were unlike any couple Henry had ever met. From the moment he saw their black Suburban pull into the driveway he could tell they were people of wealth and privilege.

He watched a man emerge from the driver's side, black and handsome with a bald head and dark sunglasses over his eyes. He wore black jeans and a white blazer over a pink polo shirt. He walked around to the back of the car and pulled open the trunk.

The woman who emerged from the passenger side was just as smartly dressed. She was tall, with brown hair tied up in a tight bun high atop her head. She wore a tight-fitting white pant suit and a pair of white high-heeled shoes.

The man stepped out from behind the car with an overnight bag slung over his shoulder. He took the woman's hand and, together, they began walking towards the house.

"Um, Geteye? I think your friends are here," Henry called out in the direction of the kitchen.

Geteye had made eggs for Carmen after she'd showered. Then, after cleaning up, he'd begun to prepare for dinner that evening.

He walked out of the kitchen wearing his apron and wiping his hands on a towel. He walked to the door and opened it just as the couple were climbing the porch steps. He flashed a wide grin and spread his arms open wide. "Calista," he said, gently embracing the woman and touching his cheek to hers. "You look stunning, as always." He stepped back and held his hand out to the man.

"You watch those hands around my wife," the stranger said to Geteye.

Geteye started chuckling. He clapped his palm against the stranger's and gave his hand a firm shake while gripping his upper arm. "Great to see you, Marquis. Come. I have someone I want you to meet." He led the couple into the living room, where Henry was still standing by the window. "Calista, Marquis, this is Henry. Henry these are the friends I was telling you about," he said.

Henry stepped up and shook Calista's hand. She looked to be middle aged but had a youthful complexion and light sparkled in her eyes. "Pleasure to meet you," he said. He turned to Marquis, who already had his hand outstretched. "Great to meet you."

"Great to meet you, Henry," Marquis said, flashing a grin and shaking Henry's hand. "Geteye's told us all about you and your lovely wife."

Henry flashed an awkward smile. Marquis had a powerful grip and his hands were very large.

"You three get acquainted while I go fetch my sweetheart," Geteye said. He turned to walk to the kitchen.

Henry was startled at hearing Geteye refer to Carmen as his sweetheart. He'd used the word before. But this time, in front of strangers, it felt more jarring. "This is a lovely place you have here," he said, trying to move past his reaction.

"Thank-you, Henry," Calista said, dropping her purse on the couch and moving to the window. She drew the curtains closed over the large bay window that looked out onto the front lawn.

"We mostly use it in the summer but we've had a few Christmases here the last few years," Marquis explained. He walked across the room and sank into the large armchair standing by the wall. "It's always such a relief to get out of the city. Traffic on the eighty-five was an absolute nightmare, isn't that right, baby?" he said, as Calista walked over to where he was sitting.

She sat down on his lap and he put a hand on her waist. She tipped her head to one side and gazed into his eyes. "Yes, baby," she whispered.

Henry's eyes widened when the two locked lips in a passionate kiss. They seemed to have forgotten that he was there as their tongues played against each other, or more likely they didn't care. After a few moments he realized he was staring and turned to look the other way.

"Are you two at it already?" Geteye said as he walked into the room.

Henry's pulse quickened when he saw Geteye holding Carmen's hand. She'd put on a cute blue sundress peppered with white polka dots. Frilly straps hung

loosely on her shoulders. The front dipped low, showing the pretty curves of her breasts and it ended midway down her thighs.

She was blushing faintly, and grinning like children did when their parents introduced them to friends.

Marquis and Calista pulled away from their kiss. Calista stood up off his lap and gave Carmen a shameless once over with her gaze. “Lovely to meet you, dear,” she said, holding out a limp hand.

Carmen shook it and smiled at Calista, looking a little starstruck. She turned to Marquis as he stood up off the armchair.

Marquis was at least six inches taller than Geteye. He loomed over Carmen, his eyes giving her a slightly more discrete once over than Calista’s. A very pleased smile formed on his mouth as he greeted her. “Great pleasure to meet you,” he said, shaking her hand.

Carmen stared up at him and blinked a few times. Her smile half-faded as she stared up at him.

Henry’s mind began to gallop once more. He wondered if the same thing was running through Carmen’s mind as was running through his? Is she really going to take a guy that big?

Geteye ushered them towards the kitchen, promising aperitifs and appetizers. He turned when he saw Henry standing in the living room staring at them leave. “Well? Come along, Henry,” he said.

Henry followed them into the kitchen. By the time he walked in, Geteye was handing out glasses of champagne. He’d prepared a charcuterie with smoked meats, cheeses and vegetables. Henry took a glass of bubbly from Geteye and toasted the others over the kitchen table.

They all sipped their drinks.

“So, Carmen,” Calista said. “Geteye told us he’s been turning you into the perfect little cock slut.”

Henry nearly blew his champagne out through his nose. Carmen turned a much

deeper shade of red. Geteye gave a smile and approving nod, as if that was a totally normal ice breaker for a conversation. Marquis put a hand on Calista's ass and squeezed it.

Geteye and Marquis looked completely unperturbed by Calista's crass non sequitur.

Henry began to wonder if he and Carmen had bitten off more than they could chew if this was the preamble to the evening.

A sly smile formed on Calista's mouth and she glanced at Geteye.

Geteye cleared his throat. "I've told you there's no need to be ashamed in front of me," he said to Carmen. Setting down his glass, he lifted her dress and gave her a quick smack on the ass.

Carmen gasped, her eyes darting to Henry's filled with disbelief.

"Alright, come on guys," Marquis said, setting his glass down. He walked around the table and inserted himself between Carmen and Geteye. He looked down at her and smiled. "Nobody wants to feel intimidated, do they? That's not sexy." He let his hand fall to the small of Carmen's back. "How about you and I go and find some privacy and get to know each other a little better?"

Carmen looked up at him again. She forced a smile, obviously feeling somewhat thrown off balance by Calista's crude question.

Somehow Henry found his voice, along with the courage to intervene. "You know what? I think we're just going to take a few minutes in that bedroom back there," he said, pointing to the small room. He saw the nervous glances that were exchanged at the suggestion. They only emboldened him and made him certain he was doing the right thing by giving Carmen some time to collect herself.

He took her by the hand, pulled her out of Marquis' grasp and dragged her towards the bedroom door. Pushing her into the room, he spun around, flashed a smile and gave a friendly wave to the stunned trio staring at them from the kitchen. "Shouldn't be more than five minutes. Maybe ten." He pulled the door shut, leaned back against it and let out a heavy sigh.

He started chuckling a moment later.

“What’s so funny?” Carmen asked.

He shook his head and laughed a little harder. “This whole thing,” he said.

Carmen giggled but looked unsure as to why.

“This whole crazy thing,” he said, waving his hands in the air. “Geteye’s a smooth operator, I’ll hand him that.”

“What are you talking about?” she asked, walking up to him and staring into his eyes.

He rested his hands on her shoulder and put his thumbs on her cheeks. “That guy’s got a clever line for everything, doesn’t he?”

She thought about it for a moment, then nodded. “I guess he does,” she said quietly.

“Of course he does. He’s a player, Carmen.”

She frowned at him. “He’s not a player. He’s a nice man,” she said.

“Sure he is. But he’s also a player. I talked to him right before I came upstairs to wake you up. I wasn’t going to tell you but now I am. I got a little upset that you went and saw him in the middle of the night.”

“I knew it!” Carmen shot back.

He held up a hand. “I’m over it. I promise. But I needed to work through it and I didn’t want to...burden you with it. So I told Geteye. You should have heard the lines he fed me. Brilliant stuff. About how he was just a fuck, a cock, nothing more than that. About how there was a power dynamic in our relationship that we both had to maintain or...some other bullshit. I can’t even remember exactly. But that’s the point. Everything he says sounds good when he’s saying it. When you really think about it?” He let the question hang in the air.

Carmen’s eyes wandered around the room as she pondered what he’d said. After a few passes she looked at him again. “When you really think about it,” she echoed.

He smiled, arched his brow and tipped his head to one side.

“When you really think about it, it’s all just bullshit.”

“Bingo,” he said, grinning. “Which is fine. There’s nothing wrong with that. I think Geteye knew what he wanted from you the moment he saw you. And for whatever reason I think he knew he was going to get it.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. Maybe we gave off a vibe or something? Maybe we seemed ready to him? Maybe he’s done this before? I still remember the way he looked at me when he came to pick you up. Like he knew right then that I was going to go for this.”

She thought about this for a few moments and finally smiled herself. “Maybe you’re right,” she said.

“Here’s the important part. Whether I’m right or not doesn’t matter. What matters is are you up for this? Because if you’re not, baby, I’m packing up that bag and we’re marching out to the car right now and going home.”

A worried look flashed across her face.

Henry laughed. “But you still want it, don’t you? You still want that...”

“Big, black dick,” she whispered, finishing his sentence.

His guts tightened and his cock hardened and he smiled into her beautiful eyes. “You still want that big, black dick,” he said. He leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.”

“I know that,” she said.

“Just making sure. I’ve got your back, baby.”

Her smile widened and she wrapped her arms around him in a warm embrace. “I love you,” she whispered.

“I love you, too, Carmen,” he whispered back.

Chapter thirteen

■

Chapter Thirteen

When they walked out into the kitchen Geteye, Calista and Marquis were huddled around the table, whispering.

Henry couldn't help but smile at Carmen's confident strut as she walked up to them. She wrapped an arm around Marquis' and looked at him, a smile lighting her lips. "How about some of that privacy?" she asked.

Marquis looked a little stunned, but smiled back at her. He picked up her champagne flute and handed it to her, then led her to the door and out of the kitchen.

Geteye looked at Henry and smiled.

Calista, who'd been staring at him coldly, forced a smile of her own.

Geteye set his drink down and walked towards Henry. "I'm sorry if," he began, then paused.

"You know what? You don't even need to worry about it," Henry said, shrugging. "It's just a game, right? We're all just playing?"

Geteye stared at him for a few moments before a knowing smile crept across his lips. He chuckled. "Yes, Henry. Very good. Life is but a game." He put a hand on Henry's back and led him to the table.

Henry picked up his glass and downed half of it. He flashed a smile at Calista, who looked a little aghast. "So, Calista, what's up? Tell me a little bit about yourself. Great ass, by the way."

Carmen sank down onto the couch next to Marquis and curled up next to him. She tucked her feet under her legs and smiled up at his handsome face. His body was huge and she was already imagining what his weight would feel like on top of her.

Her brief chat with Henry had brought a relief she hadn't known she needed.

She'd still been harbouring some guilt about hooking up with Geteye in the middle of the night. Talking to Henry had cleared the air between them. She was ready to enjoy the evening.

"Everything good with your husband?" Marquis asked.

"Absolutely perfect," she said, flashing a wide smile.

Marquis smiled back at her. "Glad to hear it. Sorry about Calista. She has a little trouble reading the room sometimes."

"Don't even worry about it," she replied, shaking her head.

"You're very pretty in that dress," Marquis said.

"Wait till you see me without the dress," she replied. A rush of confident energy swept through her. She'd never said anything so bold to any man in her life. Henry's words echoed in her mind. I've got your back, baby. It had been so empowering to hear them.

Marquis' eyes widened at her bold response. He smiled. "Wow. That's quite the change," he said. "I like it."

She let a hand fall to his lap and stroked the inside of his thigh. "Just needed a little me-time with my hubby," she said as her fingertips grazed the outline of his cock. "I'm going to have to be honest with you though, Marquis," she said as she felt his cock twitch at her touch.

"Of course," he said.

"I'm kind of in this for just one thing," she said, letting her eyes fall to his cock. When she glanced back up at him his eyes were even wider.

"Wow," he said, chuckling. "Whatever your husband did in there, remind me to thank him for it later."

She smiled and winked at him. "Sure thing. But should we get down to business? You're pretty to look at and everything but - and please don't take this the wrong way - I'm kind of in it for the equipment." She tapped all five fingers against his cock.

“Say no more,” he said. He set his drink down on the table, hoisted his ass up off the couch and undid his belt, then pulled his trousers down his legs without unbuttoning them.

Seeing his powerful thighs made her pussy squeeze and moisten. She laid her small hand on the firm muscles in his leg and swept it up his thigh again. When her palm came to rest on his cock she gave it a squeeze.

Reaching higher she pulled the elastic of his underwear away from his abdomen and tucked her hand inside. It drifted down over his smooth skin. She closed her eyes when she felt the heat emanating from his reproductive organ.

Wrapping her hand around it caused it to pulse, which sent that heat travelling up her arm, down her body and straight into her now soaking core. She opened her eyes, lifted the muscle and nearly groaned when she felt it's heft.

She pulled it from the tight confines of his boxer briefs and her lips parted in astonishment as she watched the weight head sag forward. She couldn't encircle the organ, an inch of space remaining between her middle finger and thumb.

Thick veins twined along it's length, blossoming out to the sides at the uncut head. Gripping him, she moved her hand towards the root to expose a helmet shaped head. It flexed and hardened, the head rising under her touch, the erectile tissue engorging with blood to fulfill it's purpose.

She closed her mouth and swallowed, then glanced into Marquis' eyes.

“You like that?” he asked.

“I love black dick,” she whispered. “I love this dick.”

“Man, Geteye wasn't lying,” Marquis said, brushing a few hairs out of her eyes. “You really are a black cock slut. You were just a little scared at first, weren't you?”

She returned her attention to the dark phallus and shook her head. “I was never scared of this. I want to suck it now.”

Marquis chuckled. “Yeah, you are,” he said.

She put her other hand on it and let it glide down the beast's underbelly until she felt his balls. Leaning forward, her eyes widened. They were heavy and fat and hung in a loose sack of black skin. She licked her lips and longed to suck them.

She saw motion in the corner of her eye. She turned her head slightly to one side and found Henry standing at the entrance to the living room, one hand on the doorframe, his eyes wide and hungry, his attention laser focused on her just the way she liked.

Leaning lower she puckered her lips and gently kissed the exposed head of Marquis' penis.

Henry sighed and shut his eyes for a quick moment.

The look he gave her confirmed his need was as great as hers. He, too, wanted to indulge his inner pervert by watching his wife pull on that thick shaft with her mouth. It thrilled her, sexual excitement rippling through her like warm rain pattering on her skin.

She leaned lower still and let her jaw fall slack. The masculine scent, mostly covered by the smell of body wash but still present, filled her nose. Her pussy squeezed and leaked more wet into her underwear. She swept her tongue around the head in a slow arc.

Marquis let out a satisfied sounding mmm and tucked her hair behind her ear so he would have a clear view of her face as she sucked him.

She let her lips close around the head of his cock. Her mouth was open wide. She could feel the heat of both Henry's gaze on one side and Marquis' on the other. It warmed her insides. Two men, one whom she loved deeply, the other she'd just met, obsessed by the sight of her performing this lewd act.

Why was that so thrilling and erotic?

She slipped more of his cock into her mouth and flicked the sides of it with her tongue. Somehow performing the profane act felt sacred. The transformation from saintly wife to unholy slut touched the softest, most vulnerable part of her.

And there was Henry, now with one hand on the door frame, the other over his heart as if in worship of her service.

She closed her eyes and let the feeling of the cock hardening in her mouth fill her mind.

Chapter fourteen

■

Chapter Fourteen

He gripped the door frame as the room seemed to spin around him. Watching Carmen put her mouth on Marquis' cock, a man they'd just met, made him feel like he'd just downed half a bottle of wine. His whole body was warm, his vision slightly fuzzy, it's sole focus Carmen's face moving progressively lower down Marquis' prick.

Each glance she gave him out of the corner of her eye hardened his cock. Seeing her stretched lips moving up and down the engorged meat pole made him giddy.

“Oh my god that's beautiful.”

He turned towards the voice and saw Calista standing next to him.

She held her champagne flute a few inches from her mouth. Her eyes sparkled with delight as she stared at Carmen blowing Marquis. She glanced at Henry and smiled with one corner of her mouth. “She really is quite something,” she said quietly.

Henry turned to look at Carmen again and his breath caught in his throat. Her hand had fallen between Marquis' legs and she was gently manipulating his testicles with her fingers.

Marquis' cock had fully hardened. It was longer than Geteye's and spectacularly thick. Carmen couldn't fit more than three inches into her mouth because of it's girth.

“I'm sorry about earlier,” Calista said. “Geteye gave me the impression that you two were...fully immersed in his little game. I hope I didn't make her feel too bad with what I said?”

Henry smiled at her and shook his head. “I think it just caught here off guard,” he explained. “She's been hanging out with Geteye for a while now. I think hearing a stranger be so forward was a little jarring. She's all sorted now,” he said, turning to look at Carmen again.

His heart skipped a beat. Carmen had come up for air. She worked Marquis'

cock with her hands as she panted to catch her breath.

Calista chuckled next to him. “She certainly is,” she said. “You think Carmen would mind if I join in?” she asked.

His eyes widened. “You mean...”

“I mean do you think Carmen would be okay with it?”

He shook his head. “I really have no idea,” he said.

She shrugged and handed him her glass. “Only one way to find out, I guess.” She sauntered over towards the couch.

Marquis smiled up at her and gave an approving nod.

Carmen froze for a moment, staring at Calista as she sat down on the couch on the other side of Marquis.

Calista smiled at her. Reaching out she cupped Carmen’s chin with her hand and leaned towards her.

Carmen gasped a moment before Calista locked lips with her.

Henry’s erection became painfully hard as he watched his wife kissing another woman, her hands still wrapped around Marquis’ thick cock.

Carmen seemed to freeze for a moment. Then the tension left her body and she leaned deeper into the kiss. Their lips mashed against each other, Calista’s jaw moving as she worked her tongue in and out of Carmen’s mouth.

When they pulled away from the kiss, Calista stared deep into Carmen’s eyes and smiled. “You’re spectacular. Suck his cock again for me?” she asked.

Carmen seemed mesmerized by the beautiful woman’s stare. She leaned back down over Marquis’ lap and sucked his cock into her mouth.

Calista tilted her head to one side and watched Carmen blowing Marquis for a few moments. Then she stood up from the couch and started undoing the buttons of her suit.

Arousal flooded through Henry when she peeled off the top. She wore nothing but a lacy, black bra underneath. She unclasped it and pulled the straps off of her shoulders.

She had large, close set breasts that almost touched. Her nipples were modest, the wide areolas a slightly darker shade around them.

They were the first set of real tits Henry had seen since marrying Carmen and it surprised him how arousing he found the sight.

Calista unbuttoned her pants and let them fall down her legs. Her panties matched her bra and just barely concealed her lady bits, a dark landing strip visible beneath the sheer fabric. She stepped out of the pants and sat back down on the couch.

She reached out and pulled Carmen's hair into a ponytail with both her hands, then gently moved her mouth up and down along Marquis' prick. She smiled approvingly as Carmen took more and more of the cock into her mouth under her direction.

She leaned sideways and locked lips with Marquis in a long, slow kiss as she continued to guide Carmen's head up and down. After pulling away she stared deeply into his eyes. "You want me to get her ready for you, baby?" she asked in a whisper.

"You know I do, baby," Marquis whispered back.

Calista pulled Carmen's mouth off of Marquis' cock. She smiled at her as she took her hands and helped her stand up. Stepping over Marquis' legs she gripped the bottom of Carmen's dress and pulled it up and over her head.

An awkward, goofy smile sprouted on Carmen's lips and she blushed as she looked between Calista, Marquis and Henry.

Marquis gripped his cock and stroked it as his eyes roamed up and down her body.

Calista put a hand behind Carmen's neck and pulled her into another long kiss.

Again Henry saw the tension leaving Carmen's body.

Calista reached behind Carmen and undid her bra, then pulled it off of her chest and threw it aside. It landed on the coffee table a few feet away. She hooked her fingers into Carmen's underwear, pulled away from the kiss and crouched in front of her as she pulled them down her legs.

As Carmen stepped out of the underwear Calista smiled up at her. Her tongue flicked out and glanced against Carmen's bare slit.

Carmen gasped. Her eyes were wide and locked on Calista. She seemed mesmerized by the novel experience of being touched by a woman.

"Why don't you have a seat, sweetheart?" Calista asked.

Carmen slowly sat down on the couch, her legs closed primly, hands on her knees.

Calista gently pried them open and giggled as she leaned in and licked one of Carmen's nipples then the other.

Carmen bit down on her lip.

Calista coaxed her to shift sideways on the couch. With a hand on her belly she leaned Carmen back until she was resting against the arm rest. She put her hands on Carmen's thighs and spread them wider until the beautiful pink flesh of her labia were visible. "Have you ever been with a woman?" she asked.

Carmen shook her head.

"Do you mind?" Calista asked.

Carmen shook her head again.

Calista grinned. She lowered her mouth to Carmen's sex and drew her tongue along the slit again.

Carmen's back arched at moist and gentle touch.

Calista sealed her lips around Carmen's clit and they hollowed slightly.

"Oh!" Carmen whispered, her eyes fluttering shut. She raised her hands and

waved them over her legs like she didn't know what to do with them. One fell to the inside of her thigh while the other dropped towards the back of Calista's head, barely touching her hair.

Calista pulled away from Carmen's clit with a quiet slurp and a giggle. "It's okay. You can touch there," she said. She reached up over her head and pressed Carmen's hand firmly against the back of it, then resumed sucking on her clit.

Carmen moaned and her hips rocked back and forth. Her hand moved lower on Calista's head, towards her neck. She rolled her hips back, giving Calista easier access to her pussy.

Calista raised her hand and wiggled a finger against Carmen's labia, then slipped it into her pussy.

Henry's head was swimming. He gawked at his wife getting eaten out by a woman.

Carmen began whimpering as Calista slid a finger in and out of her pussy. Her body undulated on the couch, her mouth falling open as she pressed Calista's mouth harder against her pussy.

Calista responded enthusiastically, sucking Carmen's clit deeper into her mouth, slipping another digit into her pussy and fingering her faster.

Henry's chest expanded as he held his breath watching Carmen approach a climax. Her beautiful legs were waving in the air around Calista's head, the toes curled with sexual excitement.

A powerful tremor shook through Carmen's body. She gasped, then let out a loud moan as she lost herself in a climax. Her back arched, her head falling back as her body trembled.

As Carmen's body relaxed, Calista pulled her mouth away from her clit, giggling. She eased her fingers out of Carmen's pussy, reached up to her breast and rolled a nipple between finger and thumb. She grinned at Carmen. "You like girls more now, huh?" she asked.

Carmen burst into a fit of embarrassed giggles. She tried to hide her face with her hand, her legs closing. She glanced over Calista at Marquis.

Henry's attention had been so focused on Calista between Carmen's legs he'd completely forgotten about the large man stroking his cock on the couch next to them.

Calista stood up and drew her hands along the insides of Carmen's legs. She wrapped them around Carmen's ankles, holding her thighs apart and staring down at Carmen's pussy. "I think she's ready for you, baby," she said over her shoulder.

Marquis rolled sideways and got up on one knee on the couch behind Calista. He tipped his head and kissed the back of her neck, then nibbled on her ear. "I think you're right," he replied. "That was so fucking hot."

Calista got up off the couch. She walked around to the end of the sofa and pulled Carmen's legs apart again, exposing her glistening sex to Marquis.

Carmen's body looked even more petite with Marquis' muscled frame looming over it. His huge cock was more vulgar and masculine than even Geteye's, ominously raised over Carmen's body.

Carmen stared at it as he sank back onto his haunches and shuffled forward on his knees.

He licked three fingers and rubbed them against her clit. "You're so fucking sexy," he growled.

Carmen's confidence seemed to have been slightly shaken by Calista joining in on the sexy action. Her eyes were wide and wondrous as she looked up at Calista standing over her, then down at Marquis' thick prick.

He lowered the head of his cock to her pussy and rubbed the underside against her clit.

Carmen groaned and closed her eyes, wiggling her hips to increase the friction against her clit.

Marquis slid his cock side to side against her engorged clit, then dipped the head lower against her pussy lips.

Carmen rocked back and forth whimpering.

Marquis let out a grunting sigh as he slipped his cock head into her pussy. His lip curled as he pressed a few inches into her.

Carmen's hands shot to his thighs as his cock stretched her entrance.

"Don't worry," Marquis purred. "I'll be gentle." He pulled a couple of inches out, then pushed three in, acclimating her pussy hole to his tremendous girth. He put his hands on her thighs to keep her legs open.

Calista let go of her ankles, stepped in front of the couch, then sank to her knees. She cupped Carmen's breasts with both hands, lowering her mouth to one and sucking her nipple into it.

Henry couldn't imagine the pleasure that Carmen was experiencing as Marquis pressed deeper and deeper into her and Calista manipulated her breasts and nipples.

Carmen moaned and rolled her head side to side. Her face was flushed a bright red and a line of sweat had broken out on her forehead.

Marquis slid his hands along Carmen's thighs and up her calves, then wrapped them around her ankles. He spread them open wide and sank the last few inches of his cock deep into her pussy.

"Oh god! Oh god!" Carmen gasped. Her hands shot to her belly.

Henry's eyes bugged when he saw the head of Marquis cock bulging in Carmen's stomach.

Carmen stared at the lump with wide eyes. She looked up at Marquis, who grinned back at her, then back down at the bump.

Calista chuckled and her hand settled on the protrusion. She gently rubbed Carmen's stomach.

Marquis withdrew a few inches then eased them back in again, the lump forming just above Carmen's navel.

"Oh my god," Carmen moaned. Her ass began to shake.

Marquis brought her ankles together and fucked his huge cock in and out of her tight hole.

As Carmen's entire body began to shake, Calista opened her mouth and gently bit Carmen's nipple. She caressed both breasts with her hands, then raised her mouth to Carmen's and kissed her.

Carmen let out a deep moan into Calista's oral cavity as she came.

Marquis kept her feet high up in the air, slowly stroking in and out of her as her pussy contracted around his massive organ.

Henry gawked as the orgasm went on and on. Carmen's uncontrollable shaking was intensely hot.

Calista continued to knead Carmen's breasts. When Carmen's body went limp she pulled away from the kiss and smiled at her.

Carmen's face was bright red and covered in sweat. Her arm flopped down over the edge of the couch and she turned her head to look at Calista.

"What do you think, darling?" Calista asked.

"I think...I think I'm in love," Carmen panted.

Henry's erection flexed harder and he clapped a mouth over his hand to stifle a groan.

Calista and Marquis started laughing, Marquis keeping half of his cock inside Carmen.

He let go of her feet and her legs splayed, one falling against the backrest, the other off of the couch, her toes touching the floor.

She looked like a used fuck-toy, arms and legs all pointing in different directions.

Calista chuckled and turned towards Henry. She raised an eyebrow and smiled. "Looks like we have company," she said.

Henry turned to see Geteye standing naked next to him, massaging his cock as he watched the scene playing out on the couch.

“What do you think, sunshine? Can you take two at once?” Calista asked Carmen.

“Of course she can,” Geteye replied, stepping towards the couch. He pulled the coffee table away from the couch and walked around it to stand by Calista.

Calista turned and got onto her knees in front of him. She grabbed the root of his cock and raised the head to her mouth. She wrapped her full lips around it and started sucking and stroking him.

“C’mere, baby,” Marquis said. He grabbed Carmen’s wrists and raised her up off of the couch. Keeping his cock inside her he used the momentum of their conjoined bodies and rolled onto his back, putting Carmen into a cowgirl position on top of him.

Carmen groaned and her eyes rolled back into her head as his cock filled her up. She wiggled on his lap, adjusting her body to accommodate his full length.

Marquis wrapped his hands around her back and pulled her down onto himself, turning his head and kissing her as her breasts pressed against his chest.

Henry couldn’t stand it any longer. He tugged his pants open and shoved a hand down into his underwear. He pulled out his cock and started slowly stroking it, hoping to relieve some of the pressure without blowing his load.

Sticky, wet suckling sounds made him turn and look at Calista.

She was giving Geteye a nasty blowjob. His cock was covered in spit and stomach juice each time it emerged from her mouth.

He stood over her, stoic as ever and staring at her as she prepared him to enter Carmen’s ass. “That will do, I think,” he said, his hand grazing the side of her hair.

Calista pulled her mouth off of his cock and smiled, wiping her lips with her index finger as she stood up.

Geteye stepped past her. He looked at Marquis and Carmen.

Carmen's hips rolled lazily back and forth on Marquis' lap.

Marquis' hands fell to Carmen's ass. He spread her cheeks apart revealing the tiny, puckered hole of her ass. He pulled away from their kiss and smiled at her.

Carmen looked over her shoulder in a daze. She saw Geteye's large cock loomed over her behind. She blinked a few times as she stared at it.

Geteye knelt on the couch on one knee. He gripped his dripping cock and gently tapped it against Carmen's ass hole, a smile forming on his mouth.

She looked up at him, smirked and shook her head.

Geteye chuckled and nodded. "Yes. It's time, my beautiful Carmen. Just look at your husband sitting across the room. Stroking himself at the sight of you about to be penetrated by two black cocks at once. Look how his cock weeps with lust."

Calista chuckled and turned to look at Henry.

A hot wave of embarrassment rolled over him as all eyes turned on him. The feeling only lasted briefly. As he locked eyes with Carmen's lusty stare nothing else in the world seemed to matter any more.

"Do you want to see it, baby?" she asked, her voice a soft coo.

He glanced down at his cock. Clear fluid was leaking from the tiny hole at the tip, oozing out over his hand as he stroked himself. He looked back up at Carmen, who was watching him from atop Marquis. "Yes," he whispered.

She bit her lip and a soft smile formed at the corners of her mouth. She reached behind herself and put her hands over Marquis', then pulled her ass apart wider for Geteye.

Geteye stepped forward with Calista at his side. Marquis cock stroked in and out of Carmen's pussy. Calista bent down and pursed her lips. A long strand of saliva squeezed out from between them, landing on Carmen's ass hole. Calista pressed her index finger against it and worked it around the rim.

Carmen gasped as Calista slipped her finger into her ass.

Calista fucked it in and out a few times, then pulled it out. She wrapped her hand around Geteye's cock and pulled him towards Carmen. She mashed the head of his cock with her fingers, stuffing the dark meat into Carmen's tiny back hole.

Henry gaped at it all with his mouth hanging open. Carmen's lusty whimper sent a shiver racing down his spine. His eyes widened as more and more of Geteye's cock sank into her back entrance.

Carmen shuddered and gripped the couch pillows as Marquis began pumping in and out of her faster. She gasped when Geteye's pelvis touched her ass cheeks. She looked over her shoulder and got a wild look in her eye at the sight of him buried in her ass.

Geteye put his hands on her ass and cocked his hips back. He pressed into her and she moaned and dug her fingernails into the cushion. Her eyes darted around the room. Each time they locked with Henry's they widened into a wide, psychotically gleeful stare.

With her work of stuffing Geteye into Carmen's ass finished, Calista turned and affixed her gaze on Henry. She smiled and walked around the coffee table and towards him.

As she stopped in front of him, blocking his view, he gazed up into her eyes. "You're the only one in the room still wearing most of your clothes," she said. "Let's fix that." She took him by the hands and made him stand.

His pants fell down around his ankles.

She pulled his hoodie and t-shirt off over his head, then tugged his underwear down his legs, leaving him standing in his socks with a bright red, leaking hard on pulsing between his legs. She raked her eyes down his body and smiled wider as she paused at his cock. "There's one last thing this slut needs," she said.

Holding his hand she walked him over to the couch.

Marquis and Geteye were alternately pumping in and out of Carmen, their rhythms matched.

Carmen moaned each time their cocks stretched her holes.

Calista bent down, cupped Carmen's chin in her free hand and stared into her eyes. "I think your husband would enjoy having his cock sucked, don't you?" she asked.

Carmen looked past her and at Henry's flexing erection. Her mouth fell open and her tongue fell out as a hungry stare filled her eyes.

Henry couldn't believe it. His eyes darted down her undulating flesh, rocked by the two giant black cocks pumping in and out of her. He found himself unable to move, paralyzed by his own lust.

"Come on, hubby," Calista said. She put a hand on his ass and pushed him towards Carmen's open mouth.

He paused with the head of his cock just an inch from her face and looked down at his wife.

She glanced up at him. "Give it to me, baby. I want you to fuck my mouth."

He trembled at her words.

Calista gave him a gentle shove from behind.

He stumbled forward, his cock sinking into Carmen's hungry mouth. Feeling the suction of her lips and the wetness of her tongue on his hard flesh made his ears start to ring. He stared down at her, her mouth moving back and forth along his member, propelled by the double fucking she was receiving.

Her eyes closed and her body shuddered.

"Fuck," Geteye grunted, digging his fingers into the flesh of her ass.

Marquis groaned beneath her.

Henry realized his wife was having an orgasm. A climax she'd been brought to by the two fat black dicks filling her pussy and ass, but triggered by taking her husband's cock into her mouth and sucking. Her clenching holes had, in turn, triggered both Geteye and Marquis to begin ejaculating inside her.

That set him off.

His cock lurched inside her mouth. He felt the hot gush of his own ejaculate shooting through his shaft. As the load spilled across her tongue it added fresh, sticky heat to the inside of her mouth. He put a hand on the back of her head and drove his cock deep into her face as pleasure erupted from his groin and soaked his brain.

Chapter fifteen

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Chapter Fifteen

They stood at the front door with Geteye, their bags slung over their shoulders. Carmen wore a wistful look on her face as she stared at him.

Geteye turned to Henry and extended a hand. "It was a pleasure to make your acquaintance," he said.

Henry took his hand and shook it twice. "The pleasure was all mine," he said without thinking.

Geteye smiled and Carmen chuckled next to him.

Henry felt his face heat and flashed an embarrassed grin.

Geteye let go of his hand and turned to Carmen. He gazed into her eyes, then reached up and tucked her hair behind her ear. "It was a delight to make yours," he said quietly.

Carmen smiled but there was a sadness in it. When Geteye put an arm around her and pulled her towards him she pressed her cheek against his chest and wrapped her arms around his trunk.

Geteye turned away from Henry, as if the embrace was more shameful or emasculating than anything he and Carmen had done while naked. As Carmen pulled away he glanced at Henry and gave a single, somewhat awkward nod.

Henry didn't find the moment uncomfortable at all. He reached out and took Carmen's hand. "We should probably get going. Can you tell Calista and Marquis that we're sorry we didn't wait for them to wake up before leaving? I've got to be back in the city this afternoon."

Geteye nodded. "Certainly," he said. He stepped out the door after them and stood on the porch as they walked to their car.

Henry popped the trunk and tossed his bag in, then took Carmen's and threw it in next to his.

Carmen was already getting into the passenger seat.

He closed the trunk and walked to the driver's side door. He gave Geteye one last wave and smile before getting in.

Geteye raised a hand and smiled back.

Henry shut the door and started the engine. He backed out of the spot and turned the car around on the grass, then threw it into drive and started rolling towards the gate. After pulling out onto the road he glanced at Carmen.

She sat in silence next to him, her hands over her chest in a defensive pose. Her eyes were focused on some far spot down the road. He reached over and touched her knee, giving it a gentle squeeze.

Her eyes fluttered, then she turned to look at him and smiled.

“Everything okay over there?” he asked.

She gave a few quick nods.

He gave her a few moments to see if she'd start talking. “You're being awfully quiet.”

She sighed and leaned her head against the headrest. “I don't want to make you upset, Henry.”

Heat started to crackle in his loins. “But?” he asked.

“But I think I'm going to miss him,” she said.

The heat began to spread, filling his cock and causing it to twitch and harden. That erotic jealousy swelled up from his belly into his chest. “You're going to miss his cock?” he asked.

She reached over and put her hand on his thigh.

He gripped the steering wheel tighter.

“Not just his cock,” she whispered, feathering the inside of his leg with her fingertips.

His cock hardened, trapped between his thigh and pant leg. He stiffened in his

seat when she gave it the same treatment as his leg, the gentlest wisp of a touch along it's length. He glanced at her sideways. "Not just his cock?" he asked.

"Does that make you mad?" she asked.

"Do I seem mad?" he asked back.

She shook her head. "No," she whispered. "You seem hard."

He smirked then twitched as she ran her fingers back the other way. He heard her phone buzz.

She reached into the back pocket of her jeans and pulled it out. The screen lit up and she thumbed her way to the messaging app. She read the message and a slow smile formed on her mouth.

"Who was that?" he asked.

She set the phone down in the centre console, then reached her hand out over his lap and tugged his zipper down.

"Hey! What are you doing? I'm driving, Carmen!" To his shock, she didn't stop.

She reached into his pants and found his warm, hard cock and wrapped her hand around it before pulling it out.

His eyes darted to his lap, then to hers, then back to the road. This was wholly uncharted territory. This was actual, real danger. They were doing over forty miles an hour down the road. The old Carmen never would have done anything like this.

"That was Geteye," she said, gripping his shaft and stroking it up and down.

"What did he want? Just saying goodbye?" he asked.

Keeping her hand on his cock she picked up the phone with the other and held the screen up in front of her eyes. "Carmen it's Geteye. You looked sad as you left. I don't want to think that my visit did that. Marquis and Calista were both disappointed that you'd left already. He asked for your number and I gave it to him. I hope you don't mind."

His cock twitched in her hand as she read the message out. He gripped the wheel even tighter.

“Do you mind?” she asked, staring at him with wide, innocent eyes.

He clenched his jaw and stared intently at the road as he shook his head. Out of the corner of his eye he saw her smile. Genuine this time. He groaned as she sank her face into his lap, wrapped her lips around his prick and sucked him.

End of Part Two

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