

A Wife's Seaside Fling



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By

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Be sure to check out a sizzling excerpt from one of my latest stories:

"A Bride's Bounty, Part 1".

"Oh my!" Toni said breathily. She lowered her sunglasses and got a better look at the tall, handsome hunk of man slowly emerging from the waves. About twenty-five, ten years younger than Toni herself, the brawny beefcake wore an arrogant smirk on his lips, a tight black speedo and nothing else. Seawater dripped over his tanned, muscled chest and over his flat, well-defined abs. She licked her lips, her green eyes growing wider as he lifted his hands to slick back his thick dark hair. He needed a shave, but she had to admit the stubble looked good on his strong jaw. He sauntered up the sand, closer to where Toni lay on a chaise beside her husband. His tiny swim trunks seemed to be having trouble containing him. She sucked in a long, slow breath.

"Are you all right, there, Baby?" Greg chuckled at her side. She glanced at her husband quickly, hoping he didn't notice her arousal. She felt a rush of blood spread up her neck and across her cheeks. Could he see her flushing? Greg Dafnor was a big man, as tall and broad-shouldered as the young stud slowly making his way toward them. The years had worn his tan face with fine line around the eyes and mouth, but it only seemed to make him more handsome. On vacation for their twelfth anniversary, his normally well-groomed hair was a

wild golden mass on his head. He patted her long, deeply tanned thigh, his strong fingers caressing her toned flesh. He had always loved her legs. His blue eyes sparkled, seeming to reflect the glittering Pacific Ocean spread out before them.

"I'm fine darling," she whispered and shifted on the lounge. She adjusted her blue bikini as she felt her long, dark nipples stiffen. "I think I'm just getting a little warm in the sun, that's all."

"Are you sure it has nothing to do with that?" Greg chuckled. He extended his long finger as he lay his hand atop her knee, pointing to the young man now only a few feet away. He almost seemed to pointing at his bulging shorts! Toni only blushed deeper, covering her husband's hand with one of her own. The young man stopped at her feet, smiling down at them. His eyes were so deep brown they seemed like polished onyx stones set deep in his handsome face. Those eyes lingered on her generous cleavage and smooth flat belly. She almost wished she'd worn a one-piece that day. Almost, anyway. It was good to be looked at sometimes.

"Excuse me, do either of you know if there is a shower near the beach?" he asked politely. After quickly scanning her curvaceous body, he focused on Greg. He smiled, suddenly looking very young indeed.

"I think so," Greg replied, and patted her leg affectionately. "We've been here three days and I still get confused on the layout. Toni, can you help us out here?"

"Um, sure," she flashed her husband a dirty look. He knew damn well where the beach shower was! They'd made love in it only the day before! She smiled at the young man and turned to point across her husband's body. "Just over that little dune there, the one with the little footpath."

"Oh, yeah, I see it now," the youth grinned. "And I can see the sign now too! I don't know how I missed it!" He smirked. The little devil had just wanted to talk to her! "Thanks a lot! I hate letting the salt dry on my skin. It really itches!"

"Sure thing, kid!" Greg said.

"Say you guys are a couple? Down here on vacation or what?" the youth made no move to leave. He just kept standing there, hands on his hips, his massive bulge just hanging out for everyone to see! He certainly wasn't bashful. Then again, he had nothing to be bashful about.

"Yep, I'm Greg Dafnor, and this is my wife, Toni," Greg said, and stood to shake hands with the boy. Toni couldn't help but compare them as they clasped hands. Her husband older and fair, his body softened a bit with age, but still fit and athletic. The young man lean and rippling with powerful muscles, the embodiment of tall, dark and handsome. With their waists just above the level of her head, her eyes glanced back and forth between their swim trunks. She'd had some big men in her day, before she met Greg and his perfectly average and adequate equipment. She found herself suddenly missing those old days, and the feeling of being thoroughly filled. At this angle, the young man's package seemed to dwarf her husband's

"That's great! I'm here with a couple of buddies of mine. My name's Jack. It's great to meet you both! I'm gonna run and hit that shower. Maybe I'll see you guys down at the beach bar tonight?" He smiled down at her, and his hungry eyes belied his polite words. There was nothing polite about the way his dark eyes drank in her body.

"Yes, nice to meet you, Jack," she said quietly, forcing herself to smile. And to stop staring at his bulge of course! That last part wasn't as easy. She settled back

on the beach chair, pushing her sunglasses up and stretching under the warm sun.

"He seemed quite friendly," Greg said, his voice off-hand. He sat back down and drew a finger from the string of the bikini on her hip down the outside of her leg to her knee. She shivered as the touch set off a spark between her legs.

"And so did you, Mister Man!" she huffed. "You must not have seen the way he was staring at me! It was like he was going to throw me over his shoulder and carry me to the shower right along with him!"

"I was too busy noticing the way you were staring him to pick up on that," Greg laughed. "I thought you were going to pull down his shorts so you could get a better look!"

"Please! I was not staring. I barely even looked at him!" she lied. She never could lie very well, though.

"It's okay honey. If you'd caught every glance I gave some cute little honey who walked by you'd be filing for divorce right now!" Greg admitted, his voice low. He was getting serious now, it seemed. But what was his point?

"Okay, fine!" she threw up her hands and scowled at him. "You caught me, I was a terrible wife and I looked at that boy's body for a minute!"

"I think he noticed too," Greg added. "Come here," he said, taking her arm lightly. She turned to see what he meant. He leaned to the side in his chair and

drew her closer. He kissed her lovingly on the lips. His lips were soft, gentle, and teased hers just how she liked it. She closed her eyes as the kiss deepened. In no time they were making out like teenagers, right there on the beach where anyone might be spying! She wasn't sure what had gotten into him, some jealousy perhaps, but she was sure she approved.

"Let's say you and I go back to our bungalow," she purred as she ran her long fingers through his silky blond hair. "We can shower after you fuck my brains out!"

* * *

"Do you think that boy Jack will be at the beach bar when we get there?" Greg asked, his voice all-too innocent. He was just slipping into leather flip flops having already showered and dressed in simple white linen shirt and loose pants.

"Who knows? I'd forgotten all about him," she cooed. She pulled her long, glossy black hair back over her shoulders. She wore a breezy multi-colored sari and cute little sandals, and at Greg's urging, nothing underneath. Their sex that afternoon had been especially passionate. Not quite forty, he still had plenty of stamina to give her. She wasn't exactly truthful about forgetting young Jack, however. Once or twice while riding her husband, she wondered if a big cock like the young man's would feel as good as she remembered from her wild single days.

"Really now?" Greg's fingertips glided effortlessly up her arms, their skin barely touching. It made her shiver with delight. "Then why are you nipples so hard?" he teased.

"Are they?" she looked up into his rugged face. He nodded, a small tentative smile on his lips. "Well, maybe I haven't forgotten completely about him," she admitted shyly. His eyebrows lifted, but his smile widened just a fraction. She ran her hands up his pants, feeling the swelling bulge inside. He was getting turned on!

"I know you told me not to bring it up again, but back when we were dating, you mentioned that you'd had many lovers who were very well endowed," he said softly, his blue eyes locked on hers. She nodded slowly. "Do you miss that?" he asked carefully. Though it had been over a dozen years, when they were both young and in their early twenties, she remembered that conversation well. He'd seemed so vulnerable at the time. He'd been unsure of himself in his youth, she supposed now in hindsight. She'd wanted him to forget all about those other guys. She loved him, and he was such an eager and attentive lover, it had been easy for her to put those other young men and their impressive endowments out of her mind.

"You're the best lover I've ever had, Greg," she told him truthfully. Lovemaking and fucking were different as far as she was concerned. With Greg, it wasn't about how many times she came, but how close she felt to him. "Please don't get weird or insecure about this, but yes. Sometimes I do miss having sex with a bigger man." His cock stiffened against her palm, and she rubbed it gently through the thin fabric.

"As much as I might look at other women or flirt, Toni, I never want another woman but you. I want you to know that. I love you as much as the day we met," he said sincerely. His hands stopped teasing her arms now, instead holding them in a firmer grip.

"I know that, Greg, and I love you too!" she giggled a little, feeling warm. It was always nice to hear that the man you loved returned your feelings! "For a moment there I thought you were going to suggest I sleep with that young boy

and his monster penis!"

"Who says I'm not suggesting that?" He whispered, and bent to kiss her forehead lightly. She sucked in a sharp breath. Was he serious? Her knees wobbled and she clutched at him for support. After twelve years of marriage, he wanted her to have a fling. "I feel like I want to indulge you, Baby. Spoil you. No one knows who we are here, we can play around for a few days, just for fun."

"You haven't met some little bimbo here, have you?" she asked as a sudden sharp pang of jealousy stabbed at her heart.

"Toni," he said a little firmer. "That's not what I meant at all. You're an amazing woman, and I want to see you experience sex with..." He blushed and coughed, but maintained eye contact. This must be a difficult thing for him to admit, and her heart went out to him. He was so brave! Not to mention generous. She had to be sure though, before they jumped into something foolish and got in over their heads.

"You'd like me to what, Greg, have sex with that young man in front of you? It may be a lot for you to handle," she said quietly.

"Isn't it you who will have a lot to handle?" he joked.

"No, I'm serious, Greg. You play my body like a master musician, but a big penis, a big cock does something else to me. I've never really told you this before, honey, but being filled with something like that makes me have a lot, and I do mean a lot, of really hard orgasms. Loud orgasms. It wouldn't be like when you and I make love." She was really laying it out there for him. He may make

jokes, but it was a serious matter, as far as she was concerned. Part of her hoped he'd back out now, while he could still do it gracefully. It might hurt his ego to be so blunt, but how he reacted would give her a clue.

"That's the first time you've ever told me that," he nodded thoughtfully. "I always suspected it though. I've heard with some women, things like that don't really matter, but with others..."

"I don't know about other women, Greg," she shrugged. "A lot of my friends have told me it isn't important, but a few are like me. Everyone's anatomy is different I guess."

"If that's the case it sounds like something you need, Toni," he said, as if making up his mind.

"I've been perfectly content without it for more than twelve years, Greg. I really do mean that! There's more to sex than orgasms, you know! I just wanted you to know, to be prepared I guess. But it's such a double standard! It doesn't sound fair to you!"

"I'm not sure how much fairness does, or even should play into it, Toni. You're right though, this is a big thing, but I'm willing to roll the dice. If these hung guys can make you scream and cum like you say they can, I think I, as your husband, have a right to see that!" He watched her for her reaction while she kept rubbing him through his slacks. He'd never been harder.

"Yeah? You want to see me moan and cum over and over on a young stud's big cock?" she decided to tease. She wasn't sure who she was teasing though, as her

pussy was absolutely drenched! She could almost feel the moisture dripping from her lips.

"God that would be sexy, Baby!" he breathed, and kissed her hard. His tongue battered her lips insistently, forcing its way into her mouth. She moaned as she sucked at the little pink organ.

She focused on the kiss while she made up her mind. She hadn't seen her husband this aroused in a long time. It was as if he was intoxicated by her. It made her feel powerful and sexy, not to mention oh so wicked. "Tell me, Greg!" she whispered as she pulled back, her eyes shining. "Tell me to fuck that boy Jack and I will."

"Baby," he began licking his lips. He leaned down and whispered in her ear. His hot breath on the back of her neck made her shiver. "Let's go down to the bar, find that kid and take him back here. And when he's here, you're gonna suck and fuck his big cock to your heart's content!"

"Oh Jesus," she whimpered, and pushed her husband away. "What the heck are we waiting for?" she demanded.

* * *

It hadn't taken long to find the dark young stud at the bar. Nor did it take her long to convince him to join them back at their bungalow. All she'd had to do was warp a long leg around his waist as she leaned against him and whisper in his ear, "Come back to our place, my husband wants to see me take your big fat cock!" Jack had just smirked, as if he'd known something like would happen all

along. He told his young friends a quick goodbye before leaving with the couple. They hadn't even had time to get a drink! The men had exchanged polite nods, but no one said a word until they slipped inside the small little building.

"Nice place," Jack commented. There wasn't much to it, a kitchenette, a bathroom, a little closet, a couple of wicker chairs and a great big king-sized bed. He didn't waste any time, but shrugged off tee shirt, once again baring his amazing chest and rippling abs. Toni looked at her husband, suddenly unsure of what to do. He shrugged. "This is your first time doing this, isn't it?" Jack chuckled.

"Well, yes," Greg admitted.

"Don't worry, man. I'm going to take good care of her, tonight," the young man smiled impudently, clapping her husband on the shoulder. "Just have a seat and I'll do all the work."

"If that's all right with my wife," he gulped.

"Sure, that sounds fine," Toni said, her voice a little shaky. For the last thirteen years or so, she'd only slept with one man. She knew what he liked, how to turn him on, and he knew her. Greg seemed embarrassed, but not jealous, at least not yet. She gestured to the chair by the bed and he slowly sank into it. Toni walked over to Jack and whispered, careful to make it loud enough for Greg to hear too, "Your trousers are still on, young man."

"Then why don't you take 'em off, Lady?" Jack replied. He kicked off his sandals and stood with his hands on his hips by the foot of the bed. As she neared him,

he turned slightly and winked at Greg. He was making sure her husband got a good view too!

"That sounds like a good idea," she took a deep breath as she sank to her knees on the soft rug. Her hands stopped trembling as she moved them up his loose cotton pants. His spicy, musky, body spray filled her nostrils. He'd come ready, it seemed. The bulge in his trousers loomed before her eyes, and she settled both her palms over it. An involuntary moan escaped her lips. She could feel him throbbing, semi-hard and radiating heat through the thin fabric. She traced the outline of him with her fingertips and cooled in delight. It felt good to feel the sheer mass of it, she'd almost forgotten. She wondered what other little details had escaped her memory as she slowly pulled the zipper down and unbuttoned the waist.

"You don't have to be shy about it now. The hubby seems pretty cool," Jack smirked and brushed her thick brown hair back from her face.

"Yes, go ahead, Baby," Greg nodded, sprawling on the chair. His blue eyes were wide. His nostrils flared. He idly rubbed the inside of his thigh, not touching his own, more modest bulge just yet. Still not jealous; so far so good! She grinned and tugged the young man's pants down.

"Christ!" Greg grunted as the boy's enormous cock and balls came into view. Toni grinned as she drank in the sight of him! Men like Jack were rare, but she'd once had a knack for spotting them. For a while, she even fancied herself a huntress of well-endowed men! Likely her husband had never seen one quite like it before, so long and thick, pale with a thick blue vein coursing down the side. The slightly flared helmet was dark, reddish purple. He kept himself neatly trimmed from the root of his magnificent member to his heavy, pendulous balls. She licked her lips. He was bigger soft than her husband was hard!

"Oh God it's been too long!" she sighed in joy. She shot a glance at her husband and winked, suddenly feeling quite saucy. "See, Greg, this is what a cock is supposed to look like!" Greg grunted in response and fished out his cock from his pants. She could tell how hard he'd become, and she didn't think she'd ever seen him quite so big. Not quite big enough though, not tonight!

"Damn, straight, Toni!" Jack laughed. "Sorry bro, but your wife knows what's she talking about. Now be a good little slut and suck it!" he added, his voice becoming firm.

"Oh may I?" Toni giggled. She wrapped her small hand around the base of him and lifted. The shaft drooped over hand and wrist. His skin was silky smooth, and she could feel him pulsing, filling with blood with each heartbeat. She spread her left hand flat against his belly, every muscle was cut and defined. She bent to lick around the tip where it lay heavily against her forearm, and it surged to life. She sucked the head in quickly, pulling his thick cock into her mouth and over her flattened, wiggling tongue while his was still half hard. Even then she had to open good and wide. Just the tip of his semi-hard cock filled her mouth so deliciously.

"That's it, work it, Toni," Jack sighed. He brushed her hair from her face their eyes met. Those dark eyes of his were looking right through her, and they demanded her service. She bobbed her head, moving her hand away as his giant prick stiffened, sticking up from his lean torso at an angle. She slurped at the tip for a moment before pulling back to admire it. The shaft was so straight it might have been made in a factory. He had fine blue veins under the silky skin, and the knob at the end and swelled along with the shaft, only a little thicker at the rim and tapering down to a blunt, almost squared-off tip.

"Look at him, Greg!" Toni gushed, sparing on the briefest glance to her slowly masturbating husband. It was hard to take her bright green eyes of that woman-pleaser! It was several inches longer, close to twice as long, perhaps, as her

husband. It had girth as well. She wrapped a small fist around the base, cooing in delight that her long, slender fingers couldn't meet around it.

"I'm gonna ruin your wife's pussy tonight, bro," Jack stated matter-of-factly. "It might be a week or two before she'll even feel you again! But that's all right, I'm here for the rest summer!"

"Uh huh. Plenty of time for you to keep stretching me," Toni agreed, staring up at the young man. He was so brash and arrogant it made her quiver with a desire to please him. She licked her lips before stuffing that wonderful cock past her full red lips once more. She couldn't help but moan as his fully hard cock forced her jaw to stretch open painfully wide. It was all she could do to keep her tongue moving against the turgid shaft. She sucked hard at him, moaning in satisfaction as she did. She'd forgotten just how erotic it was to worship a big cock.

"We're here another two weeks," Greg said to the young man. She sucked harder, faster, working both fists and the miles of shaft she couldn't stuff past her stretched lips. The thought of spending two weeks sucking and fucking young cocks like Jack's nearly made her cum right then and there! Her eyes fluttered in her head. She would owe Greg big time for this! She looked forward to repaying him.

"Now that is good news!" Jack chuckled. "The only thing I like more than breaking wives in for the first time is getting them hooked. I know what I'm doing, Toni. You'll love being my slut. My last married slut cried when I sent her home to her limp-dicked hubby!"

Toni bristled a bit at the implication. Was he calling her a slut? What could she say, though, with her mouth full of another man's cock? She glanced at Greg again, expecting to find him fuming on his chair. Instead, her husband was wide-

eyed and stroking his cock even harder than before. He seemed to like the idea, and truth be told, so did Toni. She redoubled her efforts as Jack simply stood stroking her hair, watching her as she choked and gagged on him. Her deep throat skills were seriously rusty, but after ten minutes of trying, she managed to push his hard cock deeper, forcing the steely shaft to flex as she took several more inches. She gagged hard around him, tears spilling from her eyes. She pulled off with a cough and a gasp.

"Nice try, Toni!" Jack smiled at her affectionately and caressed her cheek. "If we play again, I'll take the time to teach you the finer points. For now, just work the head. I wanna give you a taste of something you'll never forget!"

"God! It's fun sucking you!" she purred as she recovered her breath. She took her time after that, relishing every moment she spent on her knees with this younger man feeding her his huge tool. She slobbered and licked, sucked and smacked her lips as she worked the knob and the first few inches with lustful devotion. The minutes stretched on and on before she felt him twitch his lean hips. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked as hard as she could, rasing up on her knees to really bear down on him. She swished her tongue back and forth rapidly, looking up at his handsome features as he grimaced.

"Oh fuck, that's the stuff! Suck it right out of me, slut!" he grunted. His whole body tensed. The muscles on his abs clenched, and Toni traced her fingers along the well-defined six-pack. Her own moans of delight were muffled by his huge prick. It lurched on her lips and tongue, and she felt the first tangy blast splash against the back of her throat. She gulped it down eagerly, reluctant to let his cock out of her mouth. She looked up at him adoringly as she gulped down his load, or at least most of it. The young stallion came so much, some leaked over her lips and dripped down her chin.

Jack pushed her away, and slapped his wet, angry cock against her lips a few times. The shaft glistened from her spit, and left dribbles of his cum on her face.

Toni sighed and wiped her chin, she looked over her shoulder and almost panicked.

"Oh, he came like fifteen minutes ago, then went to get some ice," Jack chuckled. Toni blushed, she hadn't noticed either event. And had she really been sucking him that long? "Why don't you get up and take off your clothes, Toni," the young man suggested.

"Okay, Jack," Toni nodded slowly. "Did he look...mad?" she asked as she got to her feet and slipped off her sandals. The soft carpets felt nice against her skin, and she wiggled her toes. If Greg was ashamed, or angry, this whole thing may be the dumbest thing she'd ever done! Her mind raced, she had to get the boy out of there and come up with a plan to soothe Greg's hurt feelings.

"I'm back," Greg smiled as he burst through the door with a bottle of scotch in one hand a plastic bucket of ice in the other. He gave her a quizzical look. "Everything all right, Baby?"

"Oh Greg, I thought... I don't know I thought maybe you stormed out of here or something!" she cried and rushed to give him a kiss on the cheek. It soon turned into a more passionate kiss, their lips and tongues meshing. Greg tensed as she wiggled her nimble tongue against him, and she suddenly remembered that she had a mouthful of another man's cum only moments before.

"That was... different," Greg gasped as she pulled away.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't think!" Toni exclaimed, giving her husband a quick hug.

"No it's okay, it just caught me off guard," Greg mumbled. At his age, a second erection was becoming less common, but not tonight, it seemed! She could feel his revived hard-on poking her belly, and she giggled in delight. He wasn't mad at all!

"You can do your lovey-dovey stuff later, when I'm not around," Jack growled. "Right now, I need your wife's pussy!"

"Should we keep going, my love?" Toni asked Greg.

"Why the hell not? You've never made me more turned on than right now, Baby!" Greg kissed her one last time, apparently he didn't mind the taste of Jack's manhood so much after all! He pulled away and slapped her bottom before resuming his spot on the chair. He poured himself a scotch on the rocks. "Go ahead, I want to hear those screams you told me about!"

"You got that right, bro!" Jack stroked his cock and nodded in approval. "She'll be screaming my name all night!" The bastard was still hard as a rock! Toni spun on her toes as she untied the top of her sari. The flimsy, colorful fabric floated away from her body as she moved. No one but her husband and her doctor had seen her naked in years, and she bit her lip hoping to please the young man. She'd kept herself fit and toned, and at thirty-six she was hardly an old woman. Her breasts were generous, but not ludicrously big, and were still firm enough to sit high and rounded on her slender chest. Her belly wasn't quite flat, just ever so softly rounded. Her waist was trim, her hips wide and curvy over her toned legs. She kept her vagina manicured, sporting a cute little triangle of black hair above her tight pink slit.

"Lay back on the bed, Tiger. I'm going to ride you," she whispered, her voice low and husky. Jack didn't wait to be told twice. He bounded onto the bed, sprawling wide. His cock was too heavy to stand up completely straight, and slapped meatily against his stomach. Toni climbed aboard and reached behind her, aiming that splendid organ up with her sex. She groaned from deep within her stomach. Greg leaned over the chair, watching rapt, as she pushed her body backwards and down. Her lips parted before the tip, stretching over the knob.

"Fuck she's tight," Jack hissed. He pawed at her breasts, squeezing them hard and pinching her long brown nipples between thumbs and forefingers. A hot flush of pleasure spread up from between her thighs as Toni let her weight drop. Her pussy opened up readily for him, soaking wet from years of denying herself this particular pleasure. His girth forced her to stretch, the pressure stimulating every nerve. As she sank lower, his length opened up parts of her, deep, secret places in her womanhood she'd almost forgotten existed. He bottomed out, and as the rubbery tip of his cock pressed against the back of her pussy, forcing her to stretch inward, she came harder than she had since she'd met Greg.

"Oh JACK!" She shrieked. She threw her head back, her midnight locks draped down over the arch of her back. Her pussy quivered in delight, stretching and tingling as she gleefully stuffed herself on every delicious inch!

"Told you she'd be calling my name!" Jack laughed. He squeezed her tits and rubbed her sides and belly as she slowly recovered from her sudden powerful orgasm.

"I've forgotten just how good this is," she panted as she threw herself forward. Her nails dug into the boy's chest as she began to bounce. Jack merely grunted as her sopping pussy caressed his cock, covering it with her copious juices. The bed springs began to squeak as Toni rode him like a cowgirl. Her second orgasm wasn't long in coming, and the third was right on its heels. Was it the size of her lover's cock? His youth? The fact that she was being watched? Or just cheating

on her loving husband? She decided it was the first and the last that really did it for her. Licking her lips in ecstasy, she rode him on and on. The kid just wouldn't cum, and she grinned down at him, determined to have that cock inside her all night long!

"Oh don't go limp on me now!" Jack growled as her exhausted legs turned jelly and her motions began to slow. He rolled her over onto her back, his mighty staff never leaving her drenched and stretched cunt. He lifted her legs straight up into the air by her slender ankles. "This is how it's done bro!" Jack smirked at her husband as he worked his young, tireless hips into her like a jackhammer.

"Oh yes, fuck me, Jack! Show my husband how to fuck me right!" she squealed in delight. As good as it had been to ride his magnificent cock, now that she was fully opened and stretched for him, she basked in the pleasure he slammed into her body.

"Yeah, that's it, my little married slut! Take it!" Jack growled. Her toes curled in ecstasy as his rapidly pumping cock brought her off again and again, each earth-shattering orgasm more powerful than the last. The boy had fucking stamina too! His tempo never flagged, even as the night wore on into the deep dark hours of early morning.

"Oh fill me up!" Toni muttered, her eyes fluttering behind long lashes. Their bodies were drenched in sweat, and only the occasional sudden orgasm kept her from passing out from sheer sexual exhaustion. Jack collapsed atop her, his powerful body pushing her down into the mattress as his herculean cock finally gave up its second load. She felt each volley of scalding cum fill her, so much that it oozed out around the base of his cock to drip down her ass.

"That pussy," Jack panted, his eyes closed and his body limp atop hers. "Will

never be the fucking same!" Toni kissed the boy's cheek and looked out over at her husband. She'd only remembered to check on him from time to time through the night, but the knowledge of him there watching her cheat on him had revived her lust more than once. He too was sweaty, and naked now on his chair. His cock had long since given up the fight to keep up, and lay, small and limp and sticky with his own cum between his legs. She reached out, and he leaned forward to take her hand as she lay pinned under her young lover.

"No, my pussy will never be the same ever again," she said softly. Jack was already drifting, and only mumbled a response. Greg held her hand tenderly, and gave her a sheepish, rueful smile. "I love you, honey," she whispered to her husband.

"I love you too, Baby, always."

* * *

"Yeah, I like you two. You seem like a really nice couple, so issues," the young man grinned. His full name was Jackson Cromwell the Fourth of all things. The handsome lad was a rich young brat who spent his summers at the resort preying on married women and spending his sizable inheritance. He wore a pink polo shirt, collar popped of course, and loose shorts that swayed and bulged every time the young man took a step. They'd spent the day together, per Jack's request, to "see if they got on outside the bedroom." Toni found him to be well mannered and polite, even charming in a boyish way. He was also well traveled despite only being twenty-seven, and was an engaging conversationalist. She found herself liking him despite his obvious privilege. He was a handsome young man after all, tall and strong with a magnetic smile. Greg was fairly successful himself, and the two bonded over golf and Republican politics before they'd had a light supper at the rich boy's summer house and gotten down to business.

"You seem like a good kid, Jackson. And someone who can be discrete." Greg smiled. He sat across from her on the boy's back porch, leaning back on the wicker patio chair. Toni curled up on the matching loveseat, leaning against the younger man, already feeling comfortable around him. She stretched her legs out onto her husband's lap, and he idly caressed her ankles.

"I realize how important that is. It's not a lifestyle most people would understand," Jack grinned, stroking Toni's bare arm. She wore a clingy white sundress, and the dark boy seemed to take delight in touching her smooth, tan skin whenever he got the chance.

"Lifestyle?" Toni asked as she nuzzled his neck.

"Sure, I think you two are ready for it. Greg you obviously enjoy watching a great deal. You didn't participate, only watched. But you also clearly enjoyed the scene, and didn't lose your head even when a lesser man might have been humiliated," Jack explained. "And you, Toni, you enjoyed showing off didn't you?"

"I did. And I didn't mind showing how much I loved having sex with you and your rather spectacular gifts!" she giggled and ran a finger up the young man's shorts, over his massive bulge.

"Exactly. I think you two are ready to give the cuckold-slutwife lifestyle a try. Do you think you'd be happy if your sex life, in the future, was much more like last night than your sex life over the past few years?" He looked at both of them in turn, his dark eyes penetrating. Toni furrowed her brow as she turned away to look at her husband. She for one, could certainly get used to regular doses of big,

young cock!

"A lifestyle, huh?" Greg scratched his chin. "I really haven't thought about things beyond our vacation. I guess it really depends on Toni, doesn't it? She's the one who will be straying from our marriage."

"No, that's the wrong way to look at it, my friend," Jack shook his head. "You're a couple, you love each other. This has to be right for both of you or it isn't going to work. Don't put it all on her, Greg. That's too much pressure."

"Jack, Greg and I had never even thought about swinging until last night, let alone something like you are suggesting," Toni interjected. "Sure the sex was the best I've had in years, and I wouldn't say no to more of that in my life, but there could be complications."

"We'll work them out, Baby. We always have," Greg said with more confidence than he'd had before. She gave him a puzzled look. "You said it yourself, Toni. The best sex you've ever had. I almost feel the same way, even though all I did was look and you didn't touch me. I came three times last night, three! If you think you're the only one getting off on this, you're crazy!" he laughed. Toni smiled and giggled with him. Well, that was good to know!

"Still, one night is one thing and a lifestyle is another," she turned and kissed Jack's rough, unshaven cheek. "You sound like you know a lot about this stuff, Jack. Maybe you could show us the ropes over the next two weeks?"

"That I can do," Jack grinned, and bent to kiss her deeply. His tongue searched her mouth aggressively, much different than her husband's sensual style. It was a

nice kiss, but Greg watching her from a few feet away made it electrifying. The young man pulled away and she almost pouted in disappointment.

"A trial run sounds like a good idea, Baby," Greg nodded. By the tent in his shorts, watching the kiss had had a similar effect on him. "Show us what this lifestyle is all about, Jack. Take us into it, deep into it. It's only for a couple of weeks, after all. If we don't like it, at least we'll know now."

"That's what I like to hear, bro!" Jack chuckled. He pulled Toni onto his lap, and she gasped in surprise as he stood quickly. His brawny arms supported her as if she were light as mist. "Stay down here for about an hour, Greg. Cuckolds don't get to watch every time, you see. Make yourself a drink, relax, then go upstairs and into the last door down the hall to the left."

"Aw, I was hoping for ring-side seats!" Greg protested. Toni wrapped her arm around the powerful rich boy's neck and kicked a bare foot idly.

"The bull makes the rules, bro, not the cuck. One hour." Jackson said firmly, expecting his words to be obeyed. He spun on his heel and carried Toni up the stairs. Toni peeked over his shoulder as she was hustled away, a thrill of excitement rushing through her body. Greg seemed a bit at a loss, but smiled and shrugged. She waved him goodbye cheerfully.

* * *

The next two weeks passed in a hazy blur. She and Greg moved their things into young Jack's family summer home for the rest of their stay at the resort. Every night the energetic young man filled her and trained her skillful mouth and throat with his unflagging manhood. During the day he'd often rush her to a secluded spot for a frenzied quickie as well. If twenty or thirty minutes of solid fucking could be called a quickie! At nights he sometimes he closed the door in Greg's face, but most of the time he let her husband watch as they fucked like rabbits on his huge four-poster bed. He never let her husband join in however. This wasn't about group sex or threesomes, Jack had reasoned. A wife sexually served her lover, her bull as it was called, at his whim, but the cuckold was to be left high and dry!

At first, the exclusion had bothered Toni. She loved Greg dearly, and she'd been indulging her greediest desires for days on end and all he had for his own pleasure was his own hand! It bothered her less and less as time went on, however. Jack constantly urged her to vocalize how much more she loved sucking and fucking his big young cock, especially when Greg was watching. The words rang truer in her own ears each time. Near the end of their vacation, she'd taken her husband aside and asked him how he felt about really doing this. Could he really accept watching her fuck other men, younger, stronger, better-hung men as a full time lifestyle, as Jack seemed to suggest they try? Should it remain a once in a lifetime fling? Or perhaps an indulgence to engage in on special occasions? She hadn't gotten a clear answer from him, only that he loved every moment of their vacation so far. For herself, Toni secretly reviled in it, feeling so dirty and yet so free.

As she crouched on all fours on the bed, the last traces of doubt and regret faded from her mind. It had taken the full two weeks for her to get to this point, but now, as Jack stood at the edge of the bed and slammed his massive cock balls-

deep into her mouth over and over, she finally mastered deep throating him. A feeling of perverse pride swept over her, and she realized that not only would she much rather suck a cock like Jack's, but that she never wanted to suck anything but!

"Honey," she said softly as she inched back on the bed and let Jack's thrusting organ pop from her lips. It swayed above her pretty face, dripping with spit and full of menace. "I love sucking Jack's cock. I love his cock more than yours," she slurped at the tip and rubbed it all over her face.

"That's it, tell him the score, little slut," Jack chuckled and smiled down at her.

"Yeah, is that so, Baby?" Greg asked, his fist pumping up and down in his lap. He sprawled naked on the leather easy chair beside the bed, having been watching, for the last half hour, the well hung stud slam her throat like a well-lubed pussy.

"I only want to suck and fuck cocks like his from now on, Greg." She didn't look at him as she said it. She couldn't. A knot formed in her throat even as her pussy felt like it was about to catch fire from her arousal. "Please say yes, honey. I want this to be our thing!" her voice quivered as she begged her husband for a permission no sane man would give.

"Oh fuck yes, Baby, yes!" Greg roared. She forced herself to watch as her husband stroked himself to a screaming orgasm. His cock spurted up from his fist, covering his hand with a thick layer of his seed. She sighed in relief.

"I told you I had high hopes!" Jack laughed. "Time for one last lesson before you

two go home and leave me to look for the next married slut!"

"There's more?" Toni asked in surprise as her husband gasped and panted, clearly quite drained from his explosive reaction to her cuckoldry of him.

"There could be a lot more if you do this right," Jack said. The bed creaked as he got up on his knees behind her. He turned her so that she faced her husband, her hands clutching the edge of the mattress. "Greg come and kiss her while I fuck her from behind. Consider it your reward for being such a nice hubby!" he laughed.

Greg grunted, but did as Jack ordered. Toni gazed into her husband's eyes and smiled almost shyly at him. He kissed her nose before their lips met. Just as his soft, knowing tongue slipped into her mouth, Jack took hold of her hips and pushed his mighty cock into her dripping pussy to the hilt. His impressive member never failed to please her, and now after dozens of sessions, even his over-sized manhood slipped into her in one smooth, easy stroke.

"Damn, you're still nice and tight for me," Jack grunted as he drilled her from behind. "Not for you, though, Greg. Not that you'll ever find out!"

Greg did his best to keep at her as she rocked back and forth to meet Jack's lusty thrusts. She moaned and screamed as each orgasm overtook her senses, and through it all, Greg lovingly kissed her lips and face. He stroked her hair tenderly and held her as she was thoroughly pummeled. Jack thrust forward so hard she nearly slipped off the bed, but Greg was there to catch her and hold her as the younger man filled her aching womanhood with his thick, copious load.

"That's it, that's my Baby," Greg whispered as he nuzzled her neck and stroked her back. She clutched at his strong arms, leaning into him as she wiggled her bottom against her lover's body. She sighed and kissed him once again, holding him close as they shared their abiding love.

"Oh, your wife was built for this, bro," Jack declared as he slipped out. "You should see her pussy, man. Up close I mean."

"I must be a mess," Toni giggled. Her pussy felt achy and empty without that huge organ plumbing her depths.

"You are, my slut. Yes you are! I was kidding, though. Get up on the bed, Greg!" Jack suggested, pointing to the mattress beside her. "Lay on your back and relax. Toni, straddle him in the sixty-nine position."

"Oh my, pleasure, Sir!" Toni purred. She squeezed Greg's hand as he stretched out beside her and she eagerly turned to straddle his face. Jack was right, her husband did need a good up-close look at how stretched he'd made her. She could feel his thick load oozing out from between her intimate lips.

"Don't be shy, Greg, taste her pussy!" Jack said. Toni tensed, her ass over her husband's head, her sloppy pussy inches from his mouth. She crouched on all fours, and as her husband's tongue tentatively touched her swollen inner lips, his cock lurched and stood up to full hardness before her eyes. She stared at it, licking her lips. Greg moaned into her sex as his tongue grew bolder, scooping into her folds, no doubt sucking up mouthfuls of Jack's tasty cum. This was so wrong!

"I really need to suck cock right now," she purred seductively. Her mouth hovered over her husband's turgid prick. He shifted his hips as her hot breath caressed his flaring red cockhead. She looked up at Jack, who stood at the side of the bed, hands on his hips. His cock was still hard. "Jack, would you help me out?" she asked sweetly as she lifted her head away from her husband's needy prick and opened her mouth wide.

"Sure thing, my little slut!" Jack said with a wink. He eased his manhood toward her face, and she eagerly began to suck this ever-hard pole deep into her mouth and throat. She ground her pussy into her husband's face, her moans and muffled screams of orgasming prompting him to lick harder and faster. He alternated from her clit to her gaping, loose hole, bringing her to a hot, electric orgasm before slurping and swallowing another helping of Jack's second-hand load. Her husband's cock stood throbbing, completely forgotten as she delighted in her husband's worshipful ministrations and once again become lost in sucking Jack's heavy monster cock.

"Oh God!" she heard Greg whimper as he paused in his licking. His hips jerked under her, and his cock starting firing off, untouched. His cum splashed her neck and chin before she sat up and watched in awe.

"Oh my God, you came just from licking my pussy clean!" she giggled. Greg struggled under her ass as she settled her weight on him, and she rolled away. "Are you all right, dear? I see you like our new lifestyle as much as I do!"

"Damn, Baby!" Greg sat up, his face red as a stop sign.

"I'm glad you came, honey," she patted his arm. "Now go to the guestroom and make sure we're all packed up for tomorrow." She gave him a nudge and he reluctantly stood up.

"What are you going to do?" he eyed her and Jack, taking note of the younger man's hard cock.

"I'm going to get fucked for a while longer yet, of course!" she winked and started stroking Jack's hard cock with both hands once more. "It's our last night together, and I've think you've cum enough already for one night, my little cuckold!"

"All right," Greg shuddered. It was clear he was still turned on, despite cumming twice. His cock was already stirring. This lifestyle was doing wonders for his libido!

"Move along now, sweetie, and remember, I love you!" She said with a smile. He smiled back at her and bowed his head. Her heart filled with warmth, and she almost changed her mind and asked him to stay. She knew she'd let him watch most of the time, but a little extra teasing was pretty fun!

"I love you too, Baby. God how I love you!"

THE END

Excerpt from "A Bride's Bounty, Part 1"

"Dan," Mark began as he stepped around her to address her husband. "I think it's time we retire to my yacht. We should discuss business at little."

"All right," the big man coughed. Wendy looked at him out of the corner of her eye. He was blushing, and holding his hands in front of his bulging trousers. Mark didn't seem to bother with his own, even though it was quite a bit more obvious, even in the dim light.

"Wendy?" Mark asked, holding out his hand. She bit her lip, but took it. Together they left the dancing locals behind and headed down the pier. Dan was quiet as he walked behind her, her tiny hand clutching Mark's. The billionaire helped her up the gangplank and drew them inside a large study, complete with leather sofas and a full bar.

"Nice yacht," Dan commented quietly.

"Constance is a fine ship," Mark agreed proudly. Still holding Wendy's hand, he leaned down and added quietly, "Named for Lady Chatterley of course." Wendy blushed as she nodded, Constance Chatterley was, of course, a character from literature. And famously unfaithful.

"Yes, well," Dan shuffled his feet.

"But where are my manners? Please, have a seat!" he gestured for Dan to sit on one end of the cozy love seat, and guided Wendy down next to him. She let go of his hand and smoothed her dress over her legs. Mark sat across from them, pulling a chair close.

"It's all right, honey," Dan whispered, patting her leg. She finally looked at him,

and his big brown eyes were so full of love that she sighed in relief. She grinned and leaned up to kiss his bearded cheek. It seems their mutual indiscretions were forgiven.

"You two really do make a great couple," Mark grinned, leaning forward in his chair. "That's why I'm going to make you an offer. Dan, how much money would you need to completely fund your research for say, the next five years?"

"Five years?" Dan laughed. "I'd probably need around fifty million on top of University resources and other donors. I know that is a lot of money, but you did say five years. If properly funded, I could have meaningful results much faster than that," he said confidently.

"How much without any other funding. Grand total," Mark asked.

"Look, that's a tricky question. There's the matter of graduate student assistance, lab facilities, acces to the school's telescopes and sensors-"

"Ballpark it for me. I'm very serious about this, Doctor Jacobson."

"A little over a thirty million a year, probably. But like I said, five years is probably a lot more time than I'd actually need." The huge man shook his head. "Who am I fooling, you're not going to shell out a hundred million dollars, or more, on my account! But any little bit would help."

"A handred million dollars is lesss than one percent of my net worth, Dan," Mark

grinned and leaned back in the chair. Wendy sat listening as they talked. All the dancing in four inch heels had taken its toll on her feet. She slipped the strappy heels off.

"Dan do you mind giving me a foot rub?" she asked sweetly.

"Of course not, honey," he said graciously.

"No. Let me," Mark said abruptly. Sitting across from them, and so close, Wendy realized that it would be quite a bit easier, but still.

"Dan?" she asked her husband.

"Sure, go ahead," he gulped. Despite what gangsters may argue about in movies, foot rubs were a fairly intimate. She lifted her small, tan feet and lay them on Mark's lap as he leaned back. His hands went to work immediately, rubbing her soles in slow, firm circles. She sighed as the tension evaporated.

"I'm willing to fully fund your research, Dan. I can provide all the engineers and scientists you need to assist you. Plus, as you know, Anson Aviation has access to state of the art equipment and laboratories of all kinds. Money isn't an object." Mark continued. His fingers kept working too, and Wendy surprised herself as a low, contented purr escaped her lips. His touch was gentler than her husband's, and more sensitive. She felt her body temperature begin to rise.

"That's a lot of money you're offering," Dan said warily.

"For all my money there's one thing I've always wanted to own," Mark said carefully as he toyed with Wendy's toes. "You have the most exquisite legs and feet, Wendy Jacobson," he commented happily.

"And what's that?" Wendy asked. She drew a long breath and held it.

"I've always wanted a wife. Not to get married, you understand. I don't want or need that headache. What I want is something different entirely. I've always wanted to possess, to control, to own another man's wife," His green eyes went to theirs in turn, unblinking and deadly serious.

"And you think you can buy me for a hundred million dollars?" Wendy asked incredulously. She was tempted to pull her feet away from his hands, grab Dan and walk right out of there. Instead, she wiggled her toes as a delicious thrill crept up her spine. She wanted to hear more.

"That's silly," Dan said half-heartedly. Wendy reached over, rubbing his trousers. His hardness told her that he was as aroused as she was!

"Not for the money," Mark shook his head. "For the science. Think what you could do with an unlimited budget and complete freedom, Doctor Jacobson!"

"And what? Wendy becomes your slave? Or do you expect us to divorce," he shook his shaggy head violently. "I love science, Mister Anson, but I love Wendy more. I won't not have her in my life!"

"Oh, I don't want a slave. And I certainly don't want to steal her heart and marry her myself!" Mark laughed. His fingertips glided up and down her soft soles, and she shivered in delight.

"What do you want, then?" Wendy asked breathlessly.

"I want to be her lover, her only lover. I want her to be exclusive and faithful sexually to me and only me. You have no idea how long I've fantasized about this. I've been looking for the right couple to approach for two years. I've had staff researching candidates," he chuckled. "It was your wedding announcement in your local paper that did it. Or rather your picture. The two of you looked so good together. Clearly very much in love. And I have to say, Dan, your wife took my breath away even in that photo," Mark explained.

"I'm glad you approve, but this research will take a few years at least! We've only just been married for God's sake! You're asking us to give up an awful lot!" Dan said.

"I've never been unfaithful to anyone, least of all Dan. I won't risk losing what we have!" Wendy said. Once again, she found herself unable to pull herself away from Mark's wonderful hands.

"A wise choice, but you handled the island girl and the dance floor very well. You both are mature and intelligent. I think both of you know the difference between love and sex. You shouldn't decide anything now of course, but a little more information could help you make up your mind." Mark said.

"Information?" Dan asked. "What do you mean?"

"A trial. Let me have Wendy tonight. I suspect, from the way you haven't punched me out for kissing, fondling, and massaging your wife, and by the hard on you're sporting there, that you're not completely opposed to the idea of Wendy having a fling," he smirked.

"Well, I-" Dan blushed, but Wendy rubbed his cock through his pants with a naughty grin.

"You're right, he's hard as a rock!" she giggled. She remembered the way Dan had looked at her, as she had danced with the billionaire on the beach. She'd loved showing off for him, almost as much as she was, she had to admit, curious about what the handsome Mark had in his trousers. She whispered in her husband's ear, "I really think it would be fun, for both of us." Especially for herself, she realized.

"I don't know what's wrong with me, but I'm actually considering this," Dan grumbled.

"As you can see, Wendy and I seem to have some chemistry. Wouldn't you like to see just how much?" he smiled at her, his hands idle on her ankles.

"Please Dan?" she batted her eyelashes at him. He never could resist her when she did that. "I'd only do something like this if you say it's okay," she said as she gave her husband a firm squeeze through his pants.

"One night," Dan grunted. He was starting to sweat. "What do we get out of it, then? You seem to be all about making this a bargain!"

"Fair point," Mark laughed. "Consider your honeymoon paid. Send me your receipts and I'll cover every expense. Deal?" He offered the man a hand.

"Wendy, do you want to go through with this? I mean, sure it was, erotic I guess is the word, seeing you dancing with Mark. But kissing and groping are quite different than, well, sex." Dan said, his deep voice dropping low.

"I think we're both enjoying it, my love. And frankly, the way Mark moves, and from what I felt in his pants, I'm in for a real treat!" she said and turned to kiss him. Their lips met and their tongues tangled for a long moment as they sat on the leather couch. Her small hand rubbed his stiff bulge all the while, making him groan into her mouth. She finally pulled away, her blue eyes were alight with carefree exuberance. "What the heck, Dan, if it gets weird we'll go back to the mainland and forget this ever happened!" she grinned.

"When you put it that way, what do we really have to lose?" Dan said. She felt him throb through his pants, the way he did when he was about to cum good and hard. She pulled her hand away quickly. She didn't want him to lose control, and perhaps his desire, before things even got started.

"We'll do it, Mister Anson!" she told the dashing young billionaire cheerfully. "But I want Dan there in case, well in case things get-"

"I understand. He's a part of this arrangement too. He really does need to watch," Mark smirked. He was a cocky one! He pulled her feet from his lap and stood.

"I've had the crew prepare my state room."

* * *

"I can do this," Wendy said, taking a deep breath. She'd left her dress and underwear in a neat pile by the sink in the yacht's little bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror. She knew she was pretty but she didn't have the kind of figure that typically graced magazine covers or men's fantasies. Barely over five feet tall and not quite a hundred pounds, she had cute teacup breasts, just large enough to appear rounded against her chest, a waist her husband could wrap his hands around, and slim, almost boyish hips. She twisted in front of the mirror to get a look at her small, but bubbly little bottom. A lot of guys did like that, as well as her toned, smooth legs, slender for a woman her height. She pulled her panties from her waist, her last vestige of clothing. She had had a full wax for the first time before getting married, and her sex was as still smooth and hairless. She hoped Mark liked that.

She nodded to herself and slipped out the door, turning off the light behind her. The men were waiting for her in the adjoining bedroom. A pair of lamps on tables at each side of the bed were dimmed down to fill the small room with soft golden light.

"Exquisite," Mark muttered as he rose from the bed. He'd stripped down to black silk boxers, and Wendy filled her eyes with the sight of him. Young, athletic, with toned muscles and that too-handsome face, he could make male models jealous. She glanced at his boxers, the material seemed stretched to bursting over the fat penis stuffed into them. She smiled shyly and gulped.

"Thanks, I guess?" Dan rumbled. Wendy glanced at her husband where he sat on a cozy chair, not three feet from the bed. He was going to have a front row seat!

"Tell him to be quiet, Wendy" Mark said. His flashing green eyes never left her body. His nostrils flared as they roamed over her slim figure.

"Hush, Dan. Just watch tonight, okay," she said softly. Almost before she could finish, Mark swooped in, pulling her into his strong arms. He lifted her onto her tip toes as he bent to kiss her. Once again their lips and tongues met, and Wendy found herself melting into his passionate embrace. She felt in a trance as he led her to the bed, laying her out while he hovered over her. His talented mouth teased her neck, her chest, her tiny breasts and nipples. He tickled her navel before moving down, pushing her slim thighs wide as he crouched on the edge of the mattress.

"You did this for your husband?" he asked her quietly as he traced her delicate pink lips with the tip of one long finger, barely touching her. She shivered in delight.

"Yes, I thought he'd like the look," Wendy blushed as the young man examined her exposed sex.

"What color is your pubic hair?" Mark asked, leaning close enough that she could feel his hot breath against her clit. She wanted to pull that smirking mouth lower, feel his amazing tongue on her pussy.

"Not quite blonde, but close," she said instead.

"You'll grow it back out for me. Oh you should trim it, but leave a little for me to

admire," he said. It was clearly not a request.

"Yes, Mark," she said. No sooner had she agreed than the man began to kiss her pussy, kissed, as if he were making love to it. His lips and tongue teased her lower lips sensually, finding her clit but never quite touching it directly before wiggling into her tight, wet sex. She arched her back, thrusting her gumdrop nipples toward the ceiling as Mark expertly worked her pussy into a frenzy. His mouth seemed tireless, and just when she thought she couldn't take it anymore, his tongue flicked upward, homing in on her swollen little clitoris.

"You found it, finally," Dan muttered wryly. Wendy turned her head to see her big, strong husband rubbing himself through his pants, panting and flushed as he watched another man lick her pussy.

"Oh Gosh!" she cried, her eyes screwing shut. She beat her heels against the mattress and clutched at Mark's head as his expert tongue sent her right over the edge. She screamed finally, a great groaning rush of breath escaping her lungs. Mark kept at her, feeding more and more pleasure into the bursting well of her clit, until she pulled at his hair so hard, he had no choice but to pull away.

"You taste fantastic," Mark smirked, wiping his chin. "How'd I do, Wendy?"

"Oh. My. God." Wendy panted when she could speak. She sat up on her elbows, rubbing a bare foot against the young man's bronzed chest. "Amazing!"

"Better than Dan?"

"What?" Wendy blushed and look at her husband, who nearly growled. The big man prided himself on his oral skills. While he had never failed to bring her off with his enthusiastic tongue, Mark simply seemed to know what she wanted, what she felt, and what she needed, before she did herself.

"Go ahead, tell the truth. I don't want to have to cut this night short before the fun really begins," Mark said, sitting back on the edge of the bed and crossing his legs.

"Yes, better than Dan," Wendy said quickly. She watched her husband wince, and she felt a stab of guilt.

"Don't feel bad, it's just sex," Mark chuckled. "And I'm glad you were honest."

"Yeah, so happy about that," Dan muttered.

"Please, Dan. We agreed to this, remember?" Wendy pleaded with him. "It's just a one-night fling."

"You're right, I'm sorry, honey," Dan nodded, seeming to recover his confidence.

"Lay back on the bed again, Wendy," Mark said. As she scooted her little ass back on the mattress, the young man stood, stripping off his silk boxers. His massive cock flopped free, and Wendy and Dan gasped in unison. She glanced to her side, giving her husband a look of exaggerated fear. He burst out laughing.

"Something funny?" Mark demanded, his hands on his hips.

"Is that a dagger I see before me, or a battleship?" Wendy giggled.

"I think that thing has its own gravitational field," Dan quipped. They shared a look, Dan's eyes warm and full of mirth, Wendy's sparkling with fun. It was a game, and they both knew it. A raunchy, dirty, forbidden sex game, but a game nonetheless.

"If you two are done joking," Mark cleared his throat, flushing and looking quite sheepish. Wendy took pity on him. She sat up, taking Mark's hands and pulling him onto the bed. He rested on his knees. He seemed out of place, unsure of himself, for the first time that night. Wendy took his cock in hand, and gasped a little at the feeling of his warm member.

"You're really, really, big," she whispered. Even soft, the young man's endowment dwarfed any hard cock she'd ever played with. Smooth and well-formed, the massive tube drooped over her tiny hand, hanging over a pair of equally impressive balls in a smooth sac. He kept himself neatly trimmed and all in all, he was quite the sight. She chewed her lower lip nervously as she began to stroke. She could feel the blood rushing to his organ, swelling and coming to life.

"Am I the biggest you've ever seen?" Mark prompted, seeming a bit more comfortable. He sighed as his huge cock grew and grew, soon becoming far too thick for Wendy's small hand to grasp. She sat up on her heels and used both, watching in awe as his mighty staff rose to full size.

"By a mile," she nodded up at the handsome man.