

HOTWIFE EROTICA

BIMBO

Becky

LARAN MITHRAS

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A Russian, an American, and a bimbo were talking one day.

The Russian said, 'We were the first in space!'

The American said, 'We were the first on the moon!'

The bimbo said, 'So what? We're going to be the first on the sun!'

The Russian and the American looked at each other and shook their heads.

'You can't land on the sun, you idiot! You'll burn up!' said the Russian.

To which the bimbo replied,

'We're not stupid, you know. We're going at night!'

CHAPTER 1

Adam

I rammed my cock into Becky.

I just loved blonde bimbos, and my wife was such a perfect airhead that I couldn't help but love her.

Ditzy, goofy, and simple, the only thing she lacked was truly humungous boobs. She had a great body and a fantastic feeling pussy. Her blonde hair was natural and her lips nice and puffy.

I asked her once about getting her 32-Cs enlarged. They fluctuated between there and 32-D.

Becky had asked brightly, "How big do you want them?" And then blew on her thumb.

But I really did love her because I have a thing for bimbos. So what if she couldn't think her way out of a paper sack? So what if she loved sex and hated working?

I was content to keep her at home. She shopped, but not excessively. She shopped for what we needed. I was okay with that, and why not? I had my own blonde bimbo. She was a real man's woman.

I watched her tits bounce as I gave her my cock. It was so hot to see them swirl to my pumps and see her bright-eyed look of devotion as I emptied my balls into her pussy.

What more could a man ask for? I mean, really?

Blonde, tits, pussy. No attitude.

Perfect.

I fucked her like a sex-doll and blew my wad in her as hard as I could and she looked up at me as if I was her prince.

She listened to everything I said, even if I did have to repeat myself twice sometimes. I was down with that because she didn't give me shit about stupid shit. She didn't rag my ass. She didn't expect, demand, assume, or play games.

Maybe she looked at me like her prince. That was great.

But I felt like a king.

CHAPTER 2

Becky

I loved my husband, truly.

The sex was, like, mind blowing. What woman wouldn't like it hard, fast, and passionate?

He wanted to keep me home so I was safe.

What a thoughtful guy.

He let me do the shopping and I would just spend like total hours shopping while he was at work.

I had it good. I had it really good.

I showed him the catalog. "Which color of lawn chair would go better with my tits?"

He was studying his laptop. Probably something to do with his commercial real estate career. "What?"

I pointed. "Red or green? Which would make my tits look better?"

He coughed and shook his head. "Red. For nipples."

I bounced on the couch next to him. "Blue it is!"

He looked at me as if he had really bad cramps, then just patted my knee.

He was so patient with me and it just gave me the warm fuzzies all over.

I giggled.

He frowned at me. "What?"

"Which umbrella for the table would go better with my hair?"

He groaned as if he was in pain. "Red chairs – I mean blue – goes with the yellow umbrella. That also matches your hair."

I bounced again on the cushions. "Red it is, ell-oh-ell."

He slapped his hand to his forehead. "Did you just say the letters ell-oh-ell?"

"I think so, why?"

"You type them, not say them."

"Well, like, I don't have a keyboard right now. Duh."

He sighed and went back to his laptop.

His cell phone chimed and he thumbed. "Hello? Hey, Wayne, how's it going? Yeah? Yeah? Really?" There was a long pause.

I liked Wayne, he was a cutie. I flipped pages to go look at truck bed liners even though we didn't have a truck. You never knew when you might need one.

Adam was nodding. "Right, right. I understand. You can stay here. Sure. Sure. Work it out."

I plucked at my blouse to show my cleavage better. Men just loved looking at cleavage. It was magical!

My husband said, "Absolutely. Won't be a problem at all. Okay. Okay. Not a problem. See you then." He thumbed his phone.

I asked, "Was that a friend of yours?" I turned the page.

"Yeah, Wayne. His wife dumped him for a black guy."

"What a lucky black guy."

Adam frowned. "No, it's bad. She kicked him out and moved in the black guy."

"How is that bad for the black guy?" I looked at him confused.

He sighed. "It's bad for Wayne."

"Really? Why?"

"He has nowhere to go."

"Oh..." I nodded like I understood.

"I told him he could stay with us until he figures out what's happening and arranges a place."

"Oh." I giggled.

My husband went back to looking at his laptop.

I liked Wayne.

CHAPTER 3

Adam

I wasn't sure if my wife remembered Wayne was coming.

"Becky? Becky?"

I had to call her name twice sometimes because she often thought I was calling for someone else. It was kind of cute and what the heck? I always called her name like that with a barely suppressed smile.

"Yes?" Her voice drifted from the laundry room.

Laundry and dishes were about the only household chores she could handle. She'd burn water if she set it to boil. It took her an hour to cook Minute Rice. She had cried once about how cooks were so cruel to beat eggs and whip the cream.

I did all the cooking. No biggie; I liked my food edible and identifiable.

I leaned against the doorframe and squeezed her shoulder.

She jumped and said, "Oh hi. I didn't know you were home."

"Didn't you hear me calling?"

She smiled brightly. "Yes, of course."

What a bimbo. It made my dick hard. "Wayne will be here soon. Is the guest bedroom ready?"

Her eyes sparkled. "Ready for what?"

I'd just go check it myself. I squeezed her shoulder again. "Love you."

"I love you, too."

Maybe some men couldn't handle a total airhead who couldn't think without cue cards. But I loved Becky. She did what I wanted and fucked like a dirty slut.

How could a man go wrong with that?

Becky's pussy was made for fucking and didn't have the attitude most women had that went with it. She was simple and sexy. I snapped my fingers and her legs would spread.

I mean, perfect.

Wayne knocked – he was a half hour late. He held a suitcase under one arm and a bag in his left hand. He grinned at me with that rakish smile. "Hey, guy. I brought booze."

"I hate booze."

Wayne snorted. "The fuck you do. We're getting hammered."

I let him in. "We are?"

"Fuck yeah. I bought fifteen year old Irish Whiskey."

"Isn't that young?" I knew it wasn't.

He laughed. "You fucking dipshit."

I said, "Good to see you."

He grunted and dropped his suitcase. "I got a couple more in the truck, want to help me?"

"Sure."

He handed me the paper sack. "That's why I'm late. Be careful with it."

"Why?"

"That old? It's pure nitro glycerin."

I held it out and pretended to be sweating.

He laughed. "Come on."

"Be right out." I put the sack in the kitchen.

With any luck, Becky would see the bag and stand there staring at it trying to remember if it was something she bought.

I helped him bring his suitcases. He also had a travel bag over his shoulder.

He said, "I hope this isn't too much?"

"Shut up."

We set his stuff in the guest bedroom. The room wasn't original. The previous owner had converted a patio into a room. I had a bathroom added on when I thought Becky and I might have a child.

We hadn't had one yet.

He put his fists to hips and sighed. "Michelle and I hadn't had sex in four months. I wondered what was wrong."

I grimaced. "That bad?"

He laughed incredulously. "Bad? That's good. Whore might have contracted something for all I know. She dropped me for sex as soon as she had this guy's interest. And he might not have been the only one."

"I'm sorry."

He made a face and waved his hand at me. "Don't be. Just sucks not having sex in four months."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I got balls bigger than your wife's boobs."

I laughed.

He scowled. "I'm not kidding - and they hurt like a son of a bitch."

I made a hand motion. "Just jack off."

He groaned. "It's not the same and you know it. I need to go buy a doll or something. Maybe a flashlight."

"You don't want that crap."

"Why not?"

I spread my hands as if trying to explain to a simpleton. "Because it's not real."

He gave me a weary look. "Know any willing women who'll fuck on a moment's notice? Of course not."

Willing? Moment's notice? I scratched my chin. "Well, sure. Becky."

He made a noise of disgust. "Hey, she's hot as hell, but I didn't come here to steal your woman."

I appreciated his respect. "No, no, not steal. Borrow. If you need to get off, Becky's the girl."

He got real close to my face, squinted and lowered his voice. "You serious? You'd loan her to me?"

It was a direct question that demanded a direct answer. I loved my wife, but she was a walking fuck doll – nothing more complicated than that. And Wayne was my best buddy. I'd have to be selfish to torture him – and it would be torture if Wayne had to suffer seeing her strut around in her tight shorts and tighter blouses.

Poor guy.

I said, "Very serious."

His eyes went from squint to glint. "You'd do that for me?"

"I wouldn't be a friend if I didn't."

"Yeah, but what about Becky? I doubt she'd just drop down on command and suck my cock."

I laughed. "You haven't been around my wife all that much."

His eyes dulled a tiny bit with doubt. "I don't know... I think you're pulling my leg."

I tugged his shirt. "Come on, I'll show you."

"Get the fuck out."

"Really, come on."

He followed me to the laundry room.

Before I got to the doorway, I called out, "Becky? Becky?"

"Yes?" She was trying to match socks. She was a complete failure at it and I was constantly pulling apart white from black and grays from browns.

I said, "I need you to suck Wayne's cock."

"Oh, you scared me."

"Why?"

"I didn't know you were here. I thought you might have gone back to work or something." She looked back and forth between me and Wayne. "Oh, hi Wayne." She wriggled her boobs in her blouse.

Wayne's eyes followed them, his mouth open and breathing accelerating.

I said, "I need you to suck his cock."

Her eyes perked up. "Oh. Of course." She dropped to her knees and began tugging at his belt.

Wayne panicked. "Wait, what? I thought she was going to blow you?"

I patted his back. "Now what kind of demonstration would that be?"

Becky dug eagerly and brought my buddy's cock out of his pants.

I started to get hard; she looked so hot with his dick in her grip.

She said, "Wow, it looks just like a cock."

I slapped my forehead. What else is a cock supposed to look like?

She glanced up at me with those bright, brainless eyes and smiled.

I said, "Go ahead. He needs it. And do a good job."

"Of course, honey." Her mouth covered his growing erection. Her puffy lips slid down the length as it stiffened.

Wayne closed his eyes. "Oh... fuck."

Becky made a giggle noise.

I had thought her offering this service would be just that, but it was also turning me on. Good little fuck doll. Suck him. I put my hand on her hair and gripped. I pushed her head back and forth on his cock.

She gagged and slurped and groaned. She looked up into his eyes.

I was seriously hard and it hurt. "Suck him, slut. Suck him hard."

Wayne gasped, "Can I see her tits?"

I didn't answer; I just reached down and tore her blouse open. Two buttons went bouncing.

Her breasts were heaving and I could tell my little fuck slut was getting turned on. Such a good sex-doll.

Wayne was ecstatic. "Oh... fuck."

I ordered her, "Tell him how good his cock tastes."

Her eyes got brighter and she pulled off, her hand immediately stroking his wet shaft. "Your cock is so good. I love it." Her hand pumped him fast and his balls swung back and forth with the jacking.

I was oozing in my slacks. "Rub it all over your face. Smear your lipstick."

She moaned in lust and rubbed the head of his shaft all around her lips. Her tongue circled the bulging helmet.

Wayne had a great-looking cock - thicker than mine and bulging with need. My wife was doing a fine job and seeing her lips all over his cock was making me pant.

Becky breathed on his shaft, "I'm getting so wet."

My buddy groaned and trembled. "Adam?"

"What?"

"Can I...?"

I knew what he wanted and if he didn't want to wait until later, that was fine with me. "Do it."

He was like a racehorse unleashed at the gate. He lifted her and spun her around.

She squealed with delight.

He hugged her from behind, mauling her tits. She leaned her head back and hummed happily. He dropped his hands down and unbuttoned her shorts. With a frantic yank, he tore them down and pulled her feet out of them. He spun her around and buried his face up into her pussy, licking and slurping like a mad man.

I was in so much pain, I took out my cock and started stroking it. Using her like a slut was always fun. Seeing her used like a slut was twice or even three times the fun. She was so fucking sexy my dick was straining and throbbing at full erection.

Wayne got up and spun her around again. He pushed her shoulders down onto

the washing machine and lifted her left leg so her knee was resting on the edge.

Mismatched socks went flying as her hands grabbed for purchase on the click surface.

I was almost as frantic as Wayne and felt our buddy-bond as strong as ever. I told her, "Beg him to fuck you."

Becky instantly pleaded, "Oh please fuck me like a slut. I want to feel your—"

Wayne didn't want a speech. He slammed his cock into her from behind so hard she cried out in surprise. His muscles strained and stood out as he pressed it as far in as he could get it. He groaned with relief. "What a fucking awesome pussy!"

Becky moaned low and long.

I panted, "Fuck her, Wayne. Fuck the slut hard."

He did. His scrawny butt slammed upward, driving his cock into my wife's pussy. Faster and faster he went until the washer was slamming back against the wall with each pounding thrust. His balls slapped loudly against her pussy with wild wet sounds that drove me dizzy.

I was jacking madly as Wayne brutally fucked my moaning wife and battered our washer against the wall.

I had an epiphany of sorts experiencing this so close: that every man should see and hear his wife get ram-fucked by his best-buddy. It was beautiful and intimate – a true gesture of friendship and respect. Watching Wayne fuck my wife was like an orgasm in my soul. I wanted him to use her like a slut.

She was his bimbo now, too.

Her hand had snaked down and was playing with her clit.

Good girl. Get off on his cock. I masturbated so happily I thought I'd pass out. The noise of the banging and slapping and moaning was an aphrodisiac. Fuck her good, buddy!

Becky descended into bimbo-gibberish that made no sense – she was cumming.

Wayne growled and heaved hard, his butt straining and clenched tight. He began grunting as if trying to shove a heavy refrigerator across an uneven floor.

I sighed raggedly. Oh yeah, fill her up. Definitely, every man should watch his friend fuck his wife and cum in her. Nothing is more beautiful, intimate and sharing. It should be a law.

If I wasn't willing to share my wife with him, then I wasn't sharing a very personal part of me. Holding anything back in a friendship weakened it.

He pulled out and staggered back. His cum dripped from his cock and ran out of my wife's swollen pussy.

Perfect.

CHAPTER 4

Wayne

I sat back and relaxed as I sipped my whiskey.

Becky was curled up protectively in Adam's arm.

I was surprised over what had happened. Total mind-blowing situation. Becky was definitely lovely. She possessed just about everything a man could want except for brains.

Too bad about that. Every man wanted an intelligent woman.

Fortunately, my friend had offered his bimbo and I had been able to blow a healthy load into her. The way her pussy squeezed my dick was out of this world and I was feeling very grateful to Adam that our friendship was so strong he could share his wife.

I had really needed a good fuck. In fact, I knew I was almost ready for more. I had four months of saved-up lust and I was going to vent it all on Becky. I said, "I appreciate you letting me stay here."

Adam made a dismissive face. "No problem, no imposition."

Becky blinked vacantly. "What should I do with him here?"

He frowned at her. "What do you mean?"

"Like... if he wants to be sucked again—"

Adam pointed his finger at her. "Treat him like you treat me. If he gives you the command, you obey."

She blinked again, bright eyed. "Oh, okay. I can do that."

I was so glad Adam was genuinely happy with sharing her. I don't know what I would've done having to watch those tits sway all over the place and not get to touch.

And he really did look happy – as if pleased we had done the thing and a new vista in our friendship had opened. Not only that, but his cock had liked it, too. The man had jacked like a mad monkey while I force-fucked his wife.

I had come to the right place and the right friends. I drained off my whiskey. "I'm ready for another go."

Becky wiggled with delight – but she frowned and asked her husband, "Is this where I'm supposed to obey?"

I think Adam was horny. He said, "Yes. Get in the bedroom and strip naked."

"Which bedroom?"

My friend had a tired look on his face for a second. "Ours..."

"Oh, okay."

I chuckled inwardly. Becky was such a brainless bimbo. But gorgeous for all of that. I was already hardening.

She bounced down the hall.

I said, "Thanks, buddy. Really."

"Hey, what are friends for? Besides, Becky is built for it."

I got up. "You got that right."

He led me into their bedroom.

Becky was naked, looking in the mirror and hefting her boobs. She was making kissy faces, too.

I wanted to slap her ass until it was pink. "Is spanking allowed?"

Adam was stripping. "Sure. Makes her cum harder."

I undressed, sat on the bed, and patted my thighs. "Come get a spanking, Becky."

"Oh, okay." She bounced over, waggled her boobs back and forth in front of me and then climbed over my lap.

I wailed down four good slaps – two on each cheek. She squirmed and it felt fantastic against my dick.

Adam came over to her and stuffed his cock into her mouth. She mumbled and slurped.

She was such a cock-hungry slut that I was fully erect and wanting inside her pussy. Instead, I fingered her for a while, forcing four of my fingers into her pussy. Her groans were satisfying.

He pulled his cock away from her and I used the opportunity to flip her around and over onto the bed.

He said, "Let me get in a few pumps."

"Sure thing." I went around to her head as he entered her. She watched me come close and opened her mouth as my cock dangled near. I leaned over her and slid my erection into her mouth. I pressed deep and held it there, feeling her throat constrict and convulse. But she was good and didn't cough.

I pulled out and made her lick and suck the head of my cock. Her lips and tongue were gorgeous.

Adam said, "Careful now, I'm going to start pushing. Might want to remove your dick."

Becky's eyes were crossed looking at it and uncrossed as I moved away.

Adam began ramming her. I thought I had been rough. If this was how they fucked all the time...

Becky's head tossed as he fucked her so brutally that she had no chance to catch her breath. It was knocked out of her by his pummeling and her wheezing

intakes not enough for more than bare survival. Her tits moved in big circles as he used her like a fuck toy.

He pulled out suddenly, breathing heavy and cock bulging. "All right, your turn."

I climbed over her thigh and lifted them to my shoulders. Her eyes had that bright look again – so vacant and happy. I moved up so her pussy was facing up and my cock down. I dropped my hips down onto her and drove my shaft deep into her pussy.

She groaned so loud in satisfaction that I was spurred into action. I lifted and slammed down, over and over, drilling my cock so deep into her pussy that I felt her wet lips against the base of my shaft. My balls slapped down with such force I felt the vibration in my toes.

Her mouth was open half in wonder and half in shock.

Adam muscled in and gripped her head, turning it to his erection. He forced his cock into her mouth and pushed hard.

She gagged.

I pounded harder, punishing her pussy. My shaft felt like it was enveloped in the softest, tightest velvet glove I had ever felt. And wet? She was drenched. Much of it might have been my earlier cum.

The thought I was going to push it deeper and add more to it was hot. And she was supposed to obey me?

I was going to fuck her every single day I was here. I hadn't had sex in four months and I was going to use her.

Adam pulled back out of her mouth and slapped his cock onto her cheek. Then he jacked while watching my dick rise and fall in her pussy.

I pushed deep and put all my weight behind it. She groaned as the base of my cock stretched her pussy open just a little more. Her glazed eyes were on mine as I held it as deep as I could get it. My cock swelled inside her and with a growl I released a series of strong, frantic pulses, squirting my cum so deep in her it would never come out.

I swayed from dizziness as I realized I was holding my breath with the force of the orgasm. My balls ached with the squeezing and yet my body was filled with that ecstatic euphoria of a perfectly satisfying fuck.

Oh yeah, I was definitely fucking her every day.

My cock still felt like it was a steel rod when I pulled it out. Her pussy gaped open from where I had been.

Adam was pushing me. "Let me in. I want to feel her."

I moved out of the way and teased my twitching cock. A tickle ran up my insides and a little squirt shot out of my dick and landed on their bedspread.

He pumped into his wife maybe four times and froze. "Wow, that feels... awesome."

Becky giggled, but it ended in a strangled gargle as her eyes closed and her body began shaking. She cried out as an orgasm rolled over her.

He said, "Definitely awesome."

I grinned. "Glad I could help out."

"Oh man... Oh man." He began ramming, his cock a cum-covered blur. He roared and began trembling. His butt heaved in jerking thrusts as he added his cum to mine.

I stroked a little more but knew I was done. Still, my cock hung engorged just looking at her.

I was so glad my buddy had married a bimbo.

CHAPTER 5

Adam

Work the next day was a distraction to me like never before. I wanted to be home. I wanted to use my bimbo wife and watch her be used.

It was as if her bimbo-ness had become even better.

Why had I never shared her before? It was what she was made for. She was a cock holster. A cum dump. Just stupid enough to take it all with a smile.

If I hadn't been blind to the possibilities, I could've bimboed her out to all my friends.

And here I was, stuck at work while my bimbo was at home getting boned. Wayne had promised to save some for tonight.

Four years of marriage and why didn't I think of this during that time? What a selfish prick I had been. I should've had all the groomsmen fucking her to start the marriage off right.

After all, she was just a bimbo – married so I could have a fuck doll. I loved her, but if her only good attribute was fucking, I should've played to her strength and had her available for my friends.

It's what she was made for.

I was so glad Wayne had come to stay and provided me with the opportunity to realize my marriage could be even more fun.

I went home that day with anticipation. All day I had thought about my buddy using her and it had kept me hard.

Walking into the house, I heard the sounds of fucking in the living room. He said he'd wait. I scowled and walked in.

He was sitting on the couch, slouched down, cock up. Becky was facing out and bouncing up and down on his erection. Her tits bounced when she hit bottom and rose when she rose.

I was mesmerized.

She smiled brightly. "Hi honey." She didn't stop.

Wayne said, "Sorry. I couldn't resist seeing her in her shorts."

My irritation fled as I watched my bimbo bounce. "Nah, don't worry about it."

"Anyway, I saved the best part for later tonight. We'll do something a little extra."

I moved to them and loosened my tie. "You'll be able to go again?"

He laughed. "I've already boned her twice today. Right after you left for work and after she came back from shopping."

"Twice?"

"I haven't had sex in four months. I'm catching up."

I laughed. "I'm lucky if I can finish more than once."

"Oh, I can do five or six times, but it really starts to hurt. I knew a guy who pulled fourteen over a twenty-four hour period."

I shook my head. "That's insane."

"Tell me about it. He described it like someone had pounded his balls with a sledge hammer."

"I bet." That I was sitting there talking so casually while my wife bounced on his erection was almost surreal. I loved it.

He pulled her down onto him, his hands on her hips, and grunted. "Fuck yeah.

Filling you again."

Becky's eyes half closed with pleasure and she looked at me as she rubbed her nipples and my friend filled her pussy with cum.

It was as if all his cum had awoken something sultry in her above and beyond the brainless blank looks.

I went into the bedroom to change. The bedspread was ruffled and smelled like sex. It was a heady aroma that made my dick hard.

After dinner we relaxed in the living room.

I asked him, "Are you going to move down here? What about your painting business?"

"I can paint houses anywhere. Just move my van down here."

I was happy. "It'll be great having you in town."

His eyes flashed at Becky. "Yeah, definitely."

She giggled.

I said, "Oh, and just so you know, she's an open bimbo for you, even after you leave."

He looked at me with such appreciation. "Thank you, Adam. Really. I want you to know, she's a first class piece of ass."

Becky giggled again. "Are you two talking about me?"

I said, "No, we're talking about the other blonde in the room."

She nodded. "Oh..." Disappointment saddened her face.

Wayne chuckled.

I asked, "So what's the extra thing tonight?"

He raised his eyebrows and patted his dick, squeezing and testing. "I think it's

ready. I have a pump."

"Pump? The suction things?"

"Yeah."

I laughed. "You don't need one of those."

"Dude, do you know how much larger you can make it?"

I was intrigued. "Well, let's do it."

He rose and stretched. "I'll go get it. Meet you in the bedroom?"

I motioned to my wife. "Becky... Becky."

She had been staring off. Her eyes went wide and bright. "Hmm?"

"You need to be naked in the bedroom now."

"Which bedroom?"

I pulled my hand down over my face. I got up and gently took her hand. "Come on..."

Wayne came in a moment later with the pump, grinning like a porn star. "Wait'll you see this."

Becky shifted from foot to foot. "What is that?"

He held it up. "A pump."

"What are you going to pump?"

"My dick."

"Oh, it's for cum?"

He sat on the bed. "Uh... no..." He went to work.

I pulled my wife over and motioned to my cock. She dutifully bent down and

started sucking. I leaned back, reveling in the power of the male over the bimbo.

I was supreme. She performed her sucking. Life was good.

When he was ready, he showed off his suctioned cock. The thing was very noticeably bigger – thick and veiny and just bulging at all the seams.

I said, "Fuck, man..."

He gripped it – his fingers not even reaching all the way around - and bounced it in the air for us. "Going to stuff her pussy full of man-meat."

I rolled over and grabbed my phone from the nightstand. "I need a vid of this."

He grinned. "Go for it."

Becky moved to the edge of the bed at his beckoning. He opened her thighs.

I got into position and got the phone close to her pussy. "Do it, man."

He gripped his pumped cock, truly monstrous, and pressed it against her opening.

She gripped the bedspread and tensed.

I coaxed her, "You can do it, Becky. Just relax."

She closed her eyes and went still.

Wayne pushed and worked the head into her pussy.

I got the camera at a better angle between them and captured her pussy stretched open around the helmet of his shaft.

He grunted a little, then said, "Ready? I'm going to shove it in now."

I nodded in encouragement. "Go for it."

He grabbed her hips, his muscles standing out on his forearms, and began pressing his hips forward. His face was a grimace of effort and focus.

His fattened shaft split her pussy open and began sliding in.

It looked glorious.

She was moaning with intensity and pleasure. This was far more than she had ever been stretched.

I stroked her thigh. "You can do it."

She nodded absently and clutched the bedspread in her claws.

My wife Becky was the best bimbo.

My friend's vacuum-pumped cock slid in, the enormous thickened shaft moving into her pussy at a slow, steady pace.

She panted faster and her fingers dug into the bedspread.

He pulled out a little and pushed again, sliding in easier. He groaned with relief and his cock disappeared from view.

Becky arched her back up a little and her eyes were squeezed shut. She let out a sigh filled with sensuality and satisfaction.

Normally, I wasn't overly concerned with her pleasure. I knew she enjoyed it all and never gave much thought to how much. I mean, really, how much can a bimbo enjoy sex? All the way? Great. I had been fairly certain Becky enjoyed sex as much as possible. No doubt had ever crossed my mind.

But seeing this showed me that she could enjoy sex even more. It made me proud that my bimbo wife was really being affected by his cock. It made sense to me. It seemed only right.

Expected.

In fact, Wayne and his pumped cock were perfect for bimbo Becky. It was beautiful. What good was a bimbo if she didn't have the biggest cock in her mouth to shut her up or stuffed deep into her pussy?

My friend moved his hips back and forth, his legs spread out on the floor as he

drove his shaft straight into my wife's pussy. His feet were wide apart and his leg muscles tense as he slowly shoved that thick pole in and out of her.

That they both enjoyed it was obvious and I was capturing it on video.

I focused in again on his fat, veiny shaft moving in and out of her. I panted powerfully, my entire body shaking with pleasure. I had never seen anything so sexually satisfying and sensual as this.

I was going to be watching this video for a long time – a treasure never to be deleted.

Witnessing her pussy so thoroughly owned by such a wide and thick cock and hearing her groans of glee was gratifying beyond anything I had ever experienced.

Wayne was playing my bimbo like a violin – a master at work and eliciting the sweetest of sounds. I'd have to admit, his big cock shoving deep into my bimbo wife's pussy was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

My friend leaned over her and began nibbling at her nipples.

Becky moaned breathily and arched her back, thrusting her breasts up at my friend.

I stroked my shaft. Good bimbo. Offer your tits.

Wayne's tongue moved all over them and swirled around.

She responded with more vigor and humped her hips in ever increasing gyrations of hunger and need.

I captured her orgasm on my phone. Her body shook so hard I thought she was suffering a seizure.

Her release spurred Wayne to more direct and overt efforts. Gone was the slow fucking he had given her. Now he moved with urgency and pounded that amazingly thick cock into her.

Her juices had wet him and he moved in and out with smooth ease.

He grabbed both sides of her neck and pulled hard against his thrusts. She was slammed back against him as he drove forward. Her tits swirled and shook with the force of the fucking. Their hips slapped together so loud it sounded like a whip snapping in the air.

Wayne growled with effort, his teeth clenched as he delivered it to my wife hard.

She was a real champ, taking it as naturally as if she was born to do it. Which, of course, she was. Seeing her in action and responding like a pro made me proud she was my bimbo. Any wife who was willing and could handle action like this was definitely a keeper. Even her moans sounded sexy.

Wayne's movements got more frantic.

I moved behind him and lowered the phone to get a close-up of his balls. They ballooned as they smashed against her and then they were drawing up. His whole shaft flexed and pulsed as he yelled out with release. His balls moved up and down, pumping his cum out, along his thick shaft, and deep into my wife's pussy.

He gave a few last extra hard thrusts and grunts to finish his orgasm.

I watched him pull away, blowing out a breath with effort. He looked dizzy, but panted, "You going to push my cum deeper into her?"

I was ready. I put the phone down and climbed between her legs.

She smiled sweetly at me. "Oh, it's you. Hi."

I chuckled and rammed my erection straight into her sloppy pussy. It was a fabulous feeling – pushing my cock along my wife's cummed canal. Hot juices coated my shaft as I pushed deep. The head of my dick was engulfed in Wayne's hot deposit at my deepest reach.

I groaned at the sensation of his cum coating the head of my cock. I pushed frantically as if to pack his load further in.

Becky breathed through her mouth and pulled on my butt. "More cum."

Perfect dumb cum-dump. I panted with effort because I already felt the tickle of my approaching orgasm. I wanted it to be a forceful blast inside her to drive my

friend's cum into the deepest parts of her pussy. It seemed important that I do that.

When I erupted, I heaved in as far as I could go and held it there while I ejected with as much force as I could squeeze. I imagined my cum forcing his into the depths of her womb in a gushing tidal wave.

It was a good orgasm and fuck.

Yes, it was very good.

In fact, it was the most satisfying fuck I had ever had with my wife.

I rested on her, panting. "I love you, Becky."

Her hand touched the side of my face. "Oh, I love you, too."

CHAPTER 6

Wayne

I woke up in the morning feeling rested. The old familiar hint of good sex still echoed through my system.

I'd have to get some cards printed so I could hand them out around the paint stores. Someone always needed a painter. Rebuilding a reputation from scratch was the hardest part. But that's where paint store employees came in. Enough friendly chatter with hints of my demands for top notch work and materials would have them handing out my card before others.

Easy. Just time consuming.

Then I could be back here fucking the daylights out of my friend's wife. His gift was gracious and I was extremely grateful. Becky's availability gave me a whole new lease on life.

And the best part was that Adam had said it was a permanent offer. I might be quiet, but I'm not shy; I was going to use her as often as I could.

Her pussy was pure paradise and I wasn't even expected to wear a condom. I loved it. I was going to make her pussy my cock's new home.

The guest bedroom door opened and Becky bounced in naked. "Hi, there. Adam said I should suck you awake."

I flipped back the sheet and smiled. Who was I to argue so early in the morning?

She climbed happily onto the bed and put her mouth over my shaft in a heated slick of lips and tongue.

What a perfect woman.

She moved her head up and down, pleasuring me with such ease and skill. Her mouth was far better than Michelle's. I rested my hand on her head and stroked her blonde hair. Why hadn't I married a blonde?

She stopped after a few moments and crawled up my body. She whispered, "I want sex."

How the fuck can any sane man – any real man – deny a woman like that?

She rubbed her pussy along my shaft until her opening was over my helmet. She reached down and angled it for entry. Her hot silkiness engulfed the head of my rigid shaft and began sliding down over it.

I sighed, "You have such an awesome fucking pussy."

Bright eyed, she said, "Is that good?" But her giggle at the end told me she was joking.

I grabbed the smooth flare of her hips and pulled down. I slid all the way in as she came down onto me. Her pussy felt even better than her mouth. Fleshy and soft all the way through, she even felt better than my skanky wife Michelle.

She sighed happily and moved on me.

I brought my feet up towards my butt to shift her forward. Her breasts loomed over my face and I licked and nibbled until she practically rested them on my mouth. Her eyes were closed and her head up and back.

Adam's voice came from the doorway. "Ah, what a sight. I could watch this all day."

I said, "Oh, sorry. Got carried away."

"Nah, don't worry. I put breakfast in the oven. I just wish I could sit and watch your balls pump her full of cum all day long."

I offered, "You want me to make this a fast one so you can see?"

His face lit up. "Yeah? Sure." He came into the room.

I gripped her butt and began pressing while keeping my cock deep inside her. I said, "Let me do the moving, just clamp your pussy on me and squeeze."

She said, "Okay..."

I slid my bulging shaft deep, reveling in the feel of her pussy clamping tightly around my cock. It turned me on that I was able to reach a half inch or more into her than Adam.

I pumped a little bit, a couple inches out, then a pressing shove back in as deep as I could force it. I concentrated on the fact that Adam loved me fucking his wife and that I could cum in her as often as I wanted.

The tickle started and I pressed so hard I could feel her lips all around the base of my shaft.

She groaned with lust.

That did it for me and I exploded in her, hot and fast – the pulses almost hurting with my effort. I sighed with the supreme satisfaction as I filled his wife's pussy again.

Adam breathed happily and said, "Perfect."

EPILOGUE

Becky

I applied a very light layer of eye shadow a little brighter than my skin. It helped to make my eyes look a little bigger – and a little more vacant.

It was super easy playing dumb. All I had to do was widen my eyes and pause to think what a dumb woman would say. The pause alone gave people the impression I was an airhead.

Sometimes I amused myself with the silly stuff I came up with and had to let out a giggle – that added to the effect, as well.

I had met Adam and been entranced – but I had been prepared well beforehand by my friend, Christine. I had learned he was a playboy who preferred bimbos. I also got several earfuls of how fast he dumped the bimbos when they started demanding things from him: time; attention; gifts; dinner dates...

I knew long before we were introduced that to get his attention, I had to be a bimbo. I also knew he'd dump me if I started suggesting we were a couple.

My Adam was a handsome man and so kind, even if he thought I was a bimbo. He treated me well enough that I fell in love. I saw his generous side. I saw his commitment – because I never pushed an inch.

He asked me to marry him and I was overjoyed. But he had conditions. I wasn't to work. I had to shop to keep the house stocked with necessities – and only necessities. I had to cook and clean.

I had to stop him there and admit I couldn't cook. I actually could, but I was no gourmet. And I also wanted to see how far he'd bend in his conditions.

He had bent.

And it made me love him more. The night he proposed and we worked out the conditions, I could've told him the truth – about all of it. But something in me wanted to please him.

Before he had proposed, I had been to his house. Several times, in fact. But one picture stood out at me in a way that made up my mind later during the proposal.

It was a black and white framed photo of a suited man sitting on a simple wooden chair. At his feet and resting her head on his knee was a naked woman, demurely posed so nothing showed. Black haired, but I don't think he chose it for hair color. The man's hand was resting on her head as if to claim and comfort her.

I realized this was a window into his soul. I had taken a peek and decided I wasn't going to back away.

So when he proposed, I had a choice: to be the woman he wanted; or to tell the truth and shatter his dreams.

The choice was simple.

I became the woman of his dreams and the happiness was assured. What woman shouldn't be what her man wants? What man shouldn't be what his wife wants?

Love grew because I was his bimbo. To change that would've been to lose him and disappoint him. I didn't want to disappoint my husband, I wanted to love him.

And we did, really, really love each other.

I never let my pride get in the way of being who my husband wanted me to be. It was the best gift I could give him.

In return, he fucked me like a whore and it was so good that I was thankful I hid the truth from him. If I had been smart, he would've treated me different – perhaps more gentle – not getting what he really wanted out of sex.

The dumber I played the more he made love to me, and it was intense. What

woman would rather boast about her intelligence instead of getting pussy-pounding, toe-curling sex almost every night?

I didn't have to work or cook. I cleaned. I was his loving wife and he was my loving husband. It was bliss.

Wayne?

I liked Wayne. What a yummy, yummy cock.

In being a bimbo for my husband, Adam wanted me to do Wayne. I was okay with that because I knew my husband and I loved each other. He was going to let me be taken by his handsome friend?

Well, I wasn't going to resist.

I didn't love Wayne – not like my husband. Not at all. Completely satisfied by my husband in bed, Wayne offered nothing except what he was: an extra cock as a bonus.

I collected my things to go shopping.

Wayne was thumbing through the phone book in the kitchen.

I put on my blank look – a widening of the eyes and a relaxation of the tissue around them - and smiled at him.

He said, "You're going out, too?"

"Going where?"

His smile came up lopsided and superior. "Shopping?"

"You're going shopping, too?"

He chuckled. "No, I need to make some contacts. Where are you going?"

"Shopping for lingerie. What do you like?"

His lips spread evenly in delight.

Yes, I definitely liked Wayne. What woman wouldn't like two cocks? All wives should have at least one extra.

Life was good. Very good.

Thank you for reading Bimbo Becky. All reviews are definitely appreciated.

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