

But Why Him? Pt. 01

"But why him?" Paige asked her husband, confounded by what he had just admitted.

"I don't know... I can't control it..." David answered. From the look on her face, it definitely wasn't enough of an explanation.

David was shocked to be having this conversation with his wife. It was one he never thought he'd be having with her. Especially now at the beginning of summer.

It started when he was younger. He had this fantasy of his girlfriend engaging in a bit of exhibitionism for other men. It began with him imagining his first girlfriend dancing for a group of men who would watch but never touch. He never told any of, but it affected his porn habit.

He would watch cuck videos or read voyeurism stories online, and this little fantasy sort of expanded. He began to imagine each of his girlfriends in increasingly compromising positions. He never told any of them about it; it was a fantasy just for himself.

Then he met Paige, the love of his life. They met at a club one night, Paige's large 34F breasts an obvious attraction. As were her passion-filled brown eyes, her long, luscious brown hair, and her pretty pink lips. She was, by all accounts, a smoke show. David was no slouch either. Six feet one with broad shoulders, his brown hair was thinning, but he had a strong jawline and cute brown eyes.

But he loved her for more than her looks. Her kind heart, passionate voice, and intelligence all formed the perfect woman for him. They dated for a few years until he popped the question. Now at 33, they're married and are planning to start a family together. Over time, the passion they feel for each other hasn't dimmed, and he wouldn't change a thing about their life together.

Paige is a teacher and wants to have the kids next summer, so she doesn't miss the entire year. Until recently, she was on the pill, she read how it can take several months for a woman to return to a regular menstrual cycle. She hopes to get pregnant in October, so we'll have the kid next July.

Paige and David's sex life is quite active, especially for a married couple of 5 years. For a while, Paige quenched David's strange voyeurism fantasy. But it came back recently.

They moved into their newest home almost 2 years ago now. It was when they met their neighbor, Hank, that David's fantasies resurfaced.

Hank was an old man, probably early 60s. He had a head of dark grey hair with a prominent bald spot, a grizzled jaw with a five o'clock shadow, a rapidly wrinkling face, and a beer gut. He had never married and had made a small fortune in real estate.

But Hank was also a creep, Paige and David agreed on that. He would leer at Paige, look down at her breasts constantly, and on the few occasions he had Paige alone, he had tried to flirt with her.

"Ugh, he's such a creep!" David remembered Paige complaining early that first year as she walked in from the backyard in a tiny white bikini.

"Who is?" David asked.

"Hank!" She answered.

"What did he say?" David replied.

"He told me how good I look in this bikini and that if I were his wife, he wouldn't let me out of the bedroom!" She angrily recounted.

"Well... that's not so bad..." He told her.

"Ugh, it's a disgusting way to talk to your married neighbor!" She replied. "I couldn't see him staring at my chest and grabbing the bulge in his shorts where he obviously keeps a sock."

"You've looked at his bulge?" David asked.

"I-I... it's completely obvious." She answered a little flustered. "Have you not noticed it? It pokes out of his pants pretty obviously. It's not like it's actually that big, he has to stuffing to attract women. Like anyone would ever be attracted to a creepy old man like him!"

David's fantasy came back in a big way after that day. He began to imagine Paige with Hank of all people. The way he looked at her, with no regard for decency, made David imagine them together. He would watch from the second floor whenever Paige was outside sunbathing. Hank would be out shortly, and David watched their short interactions. Even from above, he could see the way he looked at her and the way he clearly adjusted his bulge, an obvious boner growing.

His fantasy began to infect his mind. Even when having sex with Paige, he began to imagine her with Hank. His porn habit came back too. He read stories, saw pictures, and watched videos. He saved his favorites in a folder on their shared laptop. He had named the folder "Taxes 2020", and since he was an accountant and handled their taxes, he assumed Paige would never find it. He was wrong.

It had been a rainy July day, and Paige was off work for the summer. She decided to be productive today and clean the laptop of any unnecessary items. When she found David's porn stash she was a little surprised. She was hurt at first, thinking she wasn't enough for him, that he had to go elsewhere to fulfill himself sexually.

But once she started going through the files, she began to understand. It wasn't that she wasn't enough; it was simply a fantasy of his that he was too embarrassed to share. She imagined she was a part of the fantasy, that he imagined she was in these pictures and stories.

The idea started to grow on her. The picture and stories were definitely enjoyable, and she felt herself getting hot as she read them. She decided to talk to David about it and whether he wanted her to fulfill that fantasy. She thought about it, and she might be up to some light, playful voyeurism. Sex was off the table but maybe a blowjob if they found the right guy.

"Hey, babe!" David said as he walked through the front door after a long day at work.

"Hey, baby, how was your day?" Paige asked, sitting on the couch, a glass of red wine in her hand.

"Oh, same old, same old." He answered. "Is there any more wine left?"

"Ya, I left it on the counter for you." She replied as David went to the kitchen.

"So, how was your day?" He asked.

"Interesting... do you know what I found in the 'Taxes 2020' folder?" She asked.

David's face went pale at the mentioning of that folder. "Umm... what?" He asked as he finished pouring the wine.

"Baby... it's ok if you look at porn." She told him.

"It is?" He replied, feeling himself relax a bit as he walked towards

"Of course." She answered as he sat down next to her. "At first, I was a little upset. But I get it, you have a little fantasy."

"Ya, that's all it is. It's just a fantasy." He told her, feeling relieved at how cool Paige was being.

He put down the wine and kissed her lips, relishing his beautiful wife's understanding. He leaned back against the couch, and Paige cuddled up next to him, her head on his shoulder.

"Have you ever imagined me in this fantasy?" She asked coyly.

"Umm... yes." He admitted, knowing Paige can read him like a book.

"So, would you want me to, you know, fulfill it?" She pushed.

"Babe, you don't have to do that. You are enough for me." He told her.

"I know, but maybe I want to." She replied.

David's eyes lit up as she said that. "Really?" He said, half expecting her to stay, just kidding.

"Ya... I mean, I wouldn't sleep with anyone, but a little fooling around never hurt anyone." She responded.

"Oh my god... yes!" He enthusiastically replied. "That would be the hottest thing anyone has ever done for me!"

"Hehe!" Paige giggled at her husband's evident excitement. "Did you have anyone in mind. Like a friend, or do you want it to be a complete stranger?"

There was a long moment of silence. Paige felt her husband gulp and his body stiffen. She pushed off his chest to look him in the eyes, as there was suddenly an uncomfortable air in the room. She eyed him suspiciously, knowing he had thought about this and definitely had someone in mind, but for some reason didn't want to say it.

"What is it?" Paige asked.

"Nothing..." David lied. "I think we should find a complete stranger."

"There's something you're not telling me." She responded.

"Huh..." He exhaled, knowing there was no use hiding it from her, but also that this wasn't going to be easy to say. "The person I've imagined you with is... ummm... Hank." He slowly said, dropping his head as soon as they were out of his mouth.

Paige's eyes widen in shock and horror. "Hank? Our neighbor Hank?!?" Paige asked, and David could only shake his head yes. "Eewwww, that creep of a neighbor."

"I know it's strange." David replied, his head still down in shame as Paige shook hers in disbelief.

"But why him?" She asked.

"I don't know... I can't control it..." David answered.

Paige stood and looked down at her husband, crossing her arms over her chest. She felt dirty just discussing Hank with her husband.

"Be honest, you do have some control. So, why him of all people?" She asked.

"I guess, the way he looks at you with desire. Like you're all he ever wanted." He admitted like a child getting in trouble. "He's disgusting and perverted, which makes it so wrong... but that only makes it hotter to me."

"Ugh, this is way more fucked up than I originally thought..." She told him, rubbing her bridge of her nose with her right hand.

David stood up and hugged his wife. "I know, and you don't have to do any of it. I love you and that's all that matters." He replied.

She looked up at him, studying his face. "I know and I want to fulfill your fantasy, but I don't think I can."

The next morning, Paige stepped outside into a beautiful Northern California summer day. Not too hot, not too cold. The sun was shining and barely a cloud in sight--a truly spectacular day.

After a day inside, it was nice to be outside. Their backyard was medium-sized with a small pool and a grassy area. Paige wished for a flower garden, but it took too much effort in upkeep. The bouquets that David would constantly get her would have to do.

She grabbed their mower, the lawn needed a cut. There wasn't a lot to do outside, but it beat staying inside all day. She started the gas mower, the loud noise surely waking all her neighbors up. She began pushing up and down the grass area in a symmetrical pattern.

Her mind drifted as she worked. She obviously thought about her conversation with her husband and his odd fantasy. She could wrap her head around the exhibitionism and even the voyeurism. But with Hank, of all the people on the planet, made her skin crawl, think that's what her husband wanted, or even fantasized about.

"Mornin' neighbor!" Hank said, leaning against their shared fence.

He had snuck up while she was deep in thought. He appreciated the time she took to look good, even on days when she was just staying home. He watched her for a moment, her leggings stretched around her fine ass, her flat stomach so taut, and those giant jiggling breasts. Hank wanted her so bad, he could feel his cock hardening in his shorts from just watching her.

"Oh!" Paige replied, surprised to see the man who had created such tension in her house. "Hi Hank! You really snuck up on me!"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle such a pretty thing like yourself." He responded with a toothy grin.

Paige cringed internally at him calling her pretty. But a salacious idea popped into her mind, one she suspected might drive her husband wild.

"It's okay, but you sure know how to get a girl's heart rate up." She said with just a hint of flirtatious energy.

"I may have a trick or two up my sleeve." He replied with a small grin on his face.

"Oh, so you have more than just one way of scaring me." She responded, eyeing the old man up.

"Hehe, not exactly..." He answered, adjusting the bulge in his pants.

Paige's skin crawled, but she maintained her outward composure, thinking only about her husband. "What do you mean by that?" She replied, raising an eyebrow at her elderly neighbor.

"You'll find out one day..." He said, his words dripping with sexual innuendo. "You know, with you having the summer off and being all alone in that big house, you could come over and spend some time with me."

"Oh? And what would we do?" She asked, her mind disgusted, but her body maintaining a flirtatious stance.

"We could work on getting that heart rate up." He answered, his flirting crude and obvious.

Paige's stomach turned, and she couldn't take much more of this. "Well, thank you for the offer, but I'll have to take a rain check." She responded, plastering the fakest smile on her face. "I should head inside."

Hank watched Paige's swaying hips and ass intently as she sauntered inside. She had never flirted back with him, which to him meant she was finally giving in to him. He thought it was only a matter of time until he was stretching her tight young pussy out.

Paige cringed once she got inside, her body felt gross. David had better like what she did today, or else. She needed a shower, her body feeling dirty from her flirting with her neighbor.

Paige took a deep breath. She looked at herself in the mirror, her makeup was perfect, and her long brown hair was that ideal mix of manicured and messy. She had on a light pink teddy, which was nearly see-through and cupped her breasts nicely. She put on a smile as she heard her husband get into bed just outside.

As she got further away from flirting with Hank, Paige was able to calm herself. She knew her husband would enjoy himself, hearing about her naughty conversation. She was actually excited to tell her husband. She wondered how he would react.

Paige decided to wait until after dinner, waiting for bed to get naughty with her husband. It was hard not to tell him, knowing it would bring a smile to his face. She could feel David's nerves throughout the day, knowing his confession yesterday had frightened her. She played along for a little longer, letting him think she was still mad at him.

Opening the bathroom door, she straightened herself up and puffed her chest out proudly. She stepped out and leaned against the bathroom doorframe, facing towards their bed. She saw her husband, shirtless in bed, just getting comfortable. His eyes widened as he saw her in the teddy, a small smile coming across his face.

"I thought you were mad at me?" He asked, sitting up in bed.

"I was... but maybe I see the appeal now." She responded.

"Y-you do?" He replied, his voice shaky as his arousal rose.

"Mmhmm." She agreed, taking her first step towards the bed. "I had a little conversation today..."

"Conversation? With who?" He asked, curious about his wife's change.

"Hank." She answered and let the word hang in the air for a moment. She watched her husband's face and saw a shocked look, she could see he was at a loss for words. "I went outside to mow the lawn today, and he came out."

"Wha... what did you guys talk about?" He asked as Paige got on the bed and began crawling towards him.

"Nothing much... just about how to get our heart rates going." She said the sexual innuendo was not lost on David.

"Wha..." David couldn't think straight, his cock was as hard as it had ever been. Between his wife's story and her swinging breasts, he couldn't get the words out of his mouth.

Paige waited until she got closer to David so that she could whisper the next part in his ear. "He even invited me over and implied he wanted to fuck me..." She said, pressing her curving body against him. She could feel his boner straining in his pyjama pants.

"He did what?" He replied, not sure if it pissed him off or turned him on.

"He said he wanted to get my heart rate going. There's no other way to take that, especially from a dirty old man." She replied, nibbling on his earlobe and grinding her body against his.

"How did you respond?" He asked, his breathing becoming erratic as his wife turned him on beyond what he thought was possible.

"I told him we'd do it another time..." Paige answered, pulling away to look her husband in the eyes.

She barely had time to react when her husband cupped her face and captured her lips in a kiss. She sank into him, enjoying the soft lips of her husband, and his hands reached down and squeezed her breasts.

"I need you now!" He sternly told her.

Paige saw her husband's lust-filled eyes. It gave her a chill as he pushed her onto her back beside him. He then got up, pushing the covers off himself, and got over Paige, kissing her again. She had never seen him so horned up and all over a bit of flirting.

He pulled her top down, revealing her breast. Her nipples were already rock hard as his hands continued to caress them. Her hands went down and pulled his pyjamas down, and his cock sprang free. He was already rock hard and throbbing as she jerked him with his hands.

Paige reached down with her other hand and moved her panties out of the way, lining her husband's cock up with her insides. She was surprised by her wetness. While she knew her husband would be excited, she hadn't expected herself to get worked up. She was just responding to her husband and his lustful stares, his greedy hands, and his hard cock.

"Ooohhh ya!" She moaned as her husband pressed into her with a quick and powerful thrust.

They stopped kissing and just looked at each other. David was already fucking her with wild abandonment, her balls tight already. There was no warmup tonight. Paige's teasing story had already worked him into a frenzy. He looked down at her with amazement that she had flirted with the old bastard, for her was the hottest thing anyone had done for him.

Paige could feel her husband's nicely shaped penis working itself inside her. He didn't have the biggest cock, but it had a nice curve to it that caused it to hit her G-spot. She closed her eyes and began to moan gently.

"Did he grab himself?" David asked, a bit of sweat forming on his brow.

"Oh! A lot!" She told him. "He kept looking at my chest in my tank top and adjusting himself!"

"Did you enjoy flirting with him?" He replied.

Paige hadn't expected that question. The thought of her enjoying being hit on by such a revolting man was impossible. But she knew how her husband wanted her to answer.

"Mmm... I did!" She told him, moaning her answer to hit him extra hard. "I know I've said he's ugly in the past, but there's something magnetic about him. Maybe I should take him up on his invite, I bet my husband wouldn't even mind..."

David started thrusting into Paige harder than he ever had in his life. The bed squeaked, threatening to give out at any moment, but neither of them cared in the moment. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. He knew she was probably lying just to get a rise out of him. But goddamn, it was working.

The sound of sex filled the married couple's room. Paige's wanton moans mingled with David's grunts of passion. The sound of their bodies slapping together added to the experience, along with the creaking of their bed.

The passion in each of David's strokes had brought Paige to the edge. She met each of his thrusts by lifting her hips, trying to urge him deeper and fill her more. She tipped her head back and looked at the ceiling as they both rapidly approached completion.

"Oh, Paige!" David moaned as he bottomed out inside her, painting her inside white.

"Oh yes!" Paige moaned back, arching her back as she too orgasmed with her husband.

Paige's body shook for a moment as her pussy massaged David's cock, coaxing every last drop of sperm out of him. They both were out of breath and a little sweaty. Neither had lasted very long, but the intensity of their lovemaking was much higher than usual.

David kissed Paige gently and lovingly. Paige cupped his face before he pulled away and off her, lying down satisfied next to his loving wife.

"You were an animal tonight!" Paige commented, rolling onto her side to look at her husband.

"Ya, that story, it's just... fueled me." He replied. "Was it true?"

"Ha... unfortunately, yes." Paige responded.

David turned his head and faced Paige. "You don't have to do this if you don't want to." He told her. "You've already done more than I expected."

"I can do a little flirting, especially if it results in that!" She responded.

David leaned in and pecked her on the lips. "You're amazing!"

Paige put her towel down on the lounge. It was another bright, sunny day, and Paige was outside trying to get a tan on. She wore a revealing orange bikini, her tits barely contained, and her thong wedged between her buttocks.

After last night, the idea of flirting with Hank didn't seem as revolting to her. The passion and excitement her husband had fucked her with made up for any disgusting feeling. With the knowledge of how much her husband had enjoyed hearing about her flirting, so that she could withstand Hank's degrading comments.

Paige was outside today to do a bit of suntanning; her pristine white skin needed a bit of color for her liking. She figured if Hank were home, he'd probably come out and ogle her. She knew that would only arouse her husband, and the fact that she wore a skimpy bikini wouldn't hurt his arousal either.

She sat down on her towel and grabbed her suntan oil. She started with her legs, squirting some on then rubbing it in, her skin shining in the midday sun. She worked her way up her legs, gently massaging the oil into her skin. She eventually got to her stomach, accidentally squirting too much on herself, and was forced to rub in a bit extra.

On cue, she heard Hank's back door open and saw the elderly man shuffle outside. She rolled her eyes, his intentions clear. She imagined he got a kick out of yesterday, both the fact that she flirted back and that she didn't storm away like usual.

"Hiya, sweetie!" The old man said as he leaned against their shared fence. "How ya been?"

"Oh, you know, enjoying the summer." She replied, finishing lathering her stomach. "What about you? I've seen you outside quite a bit, enjoy the outdoors while you can?"

"Absolutely!" He replied, his eyes wandering down Paige's body. "I love it when it's this hot out, see all the girlies in their bikinis!"

Paige gave him a side eye. A comment like that would usually cause her to storm off, but instead, she just smirked a little.

"Oh really? You an expert on bikinis?" She joked as she started rubbing oil on her arms. "What do you think of mine?"

"Mmm... it's a very nice color of orange." He replied, Paige feeling his intense stare on her chest.

"You don't think it's too revealing?" She asked, rubbing oil on her shoulders and cleavage, directing his attention to her boobs.

"Maybe for a public space, but for a private area where no one can see and no one would know, it's perfect." He answered.

"Nobody would know what? That I'm wearing a bikini?" She teased at his pathetic flirting.

"A modest woman wouldn't want others to know." He replied.

"Well, clearly, I'm not a modest woman since you've seen me and know I'm wearing a bikini." She responded, still mocking him playfully.

"I won't tell anyone. It'll be our little secret." He said with a grin.

"Oh, so we have a secret now?" She replied.

"Just a little one, unless you wanna make it a big one?" He asked, grinning from ear to ear.

Paige looked him over. She knew what the old bastard meant, and it was here she reached her limit on flirting with him for the day. It had been easier than the previous day, there were fewer moments where she wanted to puke. She just kept picturing her husband's excited face as they had sex last night, and that relaxed her.

"I think we'll keep it just a little secret..." She told him and flipped onto her back. "... for now."

"Hehe... for now..." He replied with a devilish grin. "Say, do you need someone to put a little oil on your back?" He offered.

Paige froze for a moment. This felt like a huge step, letting Hank touch her. She knew it would probably drive David crazy with lust, but she also knew it would disgust her in the moment. She had to decide if it was worth it. David would enjoy hearing about the flirting she's already done, so she could easily stop here. But the temptation to satisfy her husband's fantasy was strong. Too strong.

"Umm... ya, I could use a hand. Thanks!" She said, gulping a little as he turned and walked around their shared fence.

Fear and trepidation ran through Paige's body as she saw her nasty neighbor stroll into her backyard. He carried himself with an air of confidence, head held high and shit-eating grin on his face. She couldn't help but notice his prominent bulge, still sure he was stuffing something in there. She gulped as he picked up the oil bottle and squirted some on his hands.

'Too late to go back now...!' She thought as he put the bottle down and rubbed his hands together for a moment.

"Mmm... you have a very nice back, Paige." Hank said as he kneeled beside her, his tone dripping with vulgar undertones.

Paige felt herself cringe as Hank's hands touched her back. He started near her shoulders, roughly caressing her body, massaging the oil in. Paige could feel her skin crawling wherever Hank's hands went, her stomach in knots as his nasty hands dug into her.

She tried closing her eyes and imagining her husband. But it was no help. She was painfully aware of whose bony fingers were touching her. His gnarly fingers traveled down her back, going under the string of her bra. She felt sick as his finger went to her side, threatening to touch her boobs.

She felt something touch her arm. She opened her eyes and looked down. She froze in horror at what she saw.

Hank had leaned over and pushed his hips forward, which pressed his bulge up against her forearm. Paige was shocked that the old man took such liberties with her. Her mind reeled at what she should do. Should she say something? Push him away? Yell at him?

The ideas quickly ran through her head, but before she could do anything, Hank leaned back up and pulled his bulge away. She knows he was testing the waters, seeing what he could get away

with. And the fact that she hadn't done anything, probably meant in his mind she was giving him consent to go further.

"Am I doing it right?" Hank asked.

"Ya... ya, you're doing good..." Paige uttered, trying to hold the bile down.

"Good." He replied, smirking, confusing her trepidation for arousal.

Paige felt a slight relief as his hands went down to her lower back, meaning he was almost finished. But that was only momentarily, as she felt his hands slowly move down towards her ass. She could feel Hank's eyes on her butt and wished she had worn a less revealing bikini. The thonged bikini bottom left little for Hank to imagine. She could feel his eyes devouring her butt, and she began to worry he might go further.

She felt herself cringe as Hank's pinky finger brushed along her bikini bottom. He clearly wanted to grab her ass, and Paige knew she'd puke if he did. His bony hands continued to stroke along her lower back, right at the curve to her buttocks. She could feel his lecherous gaze on her, wanting her so desperately but willing to wait. Luckily, after a couple more rubs along her lower back, he removed his hands.

"There you go, all oiled up for ya!" Hank said, standing up and admiring the lovely wife below him. He knew the dance they were playing, and that for today, he needed to stop if he wanted more in the future.

"Thank you..." Paige replied, putting on a fake smile.

"It was my pleasure!" He replied, his smile sending a shiver of revolt down Paige's spine.

Hank then walked away, the smile quickly falling from Paige's face. She let a whole body cringe, the feel of his hand on her still lingered on her back. She felt used, like she was just a pawn in Hank's sick fantasy. She couldn't believe her husband could want her to do anything with such a vile man.

Unable to relax outside any longer, Paige went inside. She needed a shower to scrub away the dirtiness she felt on her.

David had a nervous excitement as he pulled into his driveway. After yesterday and Paige's willingness to play with his fantasy, he wondered the entire day if Paige had done it again. Paige had teased him at breakfast, hinting she was going to see her admirer.

Stepping out of his car, he was worried someone might see the tent in his pants. He struggled to keep his raging boner settled as he drove home. He imagined Paige was going to tease him with what she did until bedtime. But he was already so excited to hear all the dirty details of what she did.

But walking into his house, he felt a much different air. There was almost an ominous feeling in the air. Their place was dark and quiet. He called out to Paige but didn't hear a response, only a few muffled sounds from the living room.

Walking into the living room, he saw Paige curled up on the couch in sweats. She had a dejected look on her face and a glass of whiskey in her hand. David could sense the negative energy emanating from her.

"Is everything alright?" He asked, his excitement quickly turning to concern as he walked over and sat next to her, putting his arm around her comfortingly.

"No..." Is all Paige responded with, letting the word hang in the air for a moment as she put the glass down.

"What is it? Are you ok?" He asked, his concern only growing.

Paige turned and looked at her husband, her eyes full of regret. "I-I went outside to flirt w-with... with Hank and..." She struggled to tell David.

"What did he do?" David asked, a strange mix of arousal and anger rising inside him.

"He..." Paige looked away, almost embarrassed that she had allowed him to touch her. "... offered to rub tanning oil on me. And I allowed him to. I know it sounds innocent enough, but it was how he was doing and his nasty hands on my body."

David could feel his cock only getting harder thinking about the scene, but knew he had to comfort Paige. "You did that because of my stupid fantasy." He replied, trying to sound angry with himself. "Paige, look, we can forget about that dumb fantasy now. It's not for us."

While his words were what she wanted to hear, his tone hinted that he might not be telling his genuine opinion. Paige looked up into his eyes and saw a shameful lust behind them. She knew he was lying, but wasn't sure how to feel about it.

"Is that really what you want?" She asked.

"Yes..." David's tone even less convincing.

"Uhh!" He moaned and closed his eyes as Paige reached down and grabbed hold of his raging boner.

"Be honest with me, does it turn you on knowing Hank touched me?" She asked.

David opened his eyes again and looked at Paige. She was shocked as the subtle look of shameful lust was replaced with a raging look of desire. She was taken aback but could feel her own sexual drive feeding off the look.

"I need you! Now!" He said, his words desperate and lustful.

Before Paige could respond, David pushed forward and met her lips with his own. He pushed her down onto her back as they kissed passionately. Their tongues mingled as Paige felt her husband's hard-on press into her sweatpants-covered sex.

Paige had never felt her husband kiss her like this. This animalistic passion fueled it, like he was trying to kiss through her. It awakened something in her as well, her body getting hot as her husband's body pressed her into the couch.

Paige began to unbutton David's shirt as he quickly discarded her pants. Lust and passion had taken control, and they broke apart only long enough for their clothes to be thrown aside. Paige's

clothes were off first, her sweats and white cotton underwear piled on the side. David worked on his shirt as a naked Paige took his cock out.

"God, you're hard!" Paige noted as she felt her husband at full mast.

"I can't help it!" He replied, finally finishing taking his shirt off and throwing it aside.

"I know..." Paige said, looking at her husband's now naked chest and thinking about how they got here.

It was so strange how their elderly neighbor was now a sexual lubricant for them. Paige wasn't sure how to feel about it. Part of her was disgusted. Hank was a lecherous old perv, and she wanted little to do with him. But as David took hold of his cock and pushed Paige onto her back, she felt a swelling of arousal as her husband lined it up with her pussy.

"Oh!" He grunted out as he pushed into her.

"Mmm!" Paige moaned back, her pussy getting wetter by the second.

Just like the previous night, David began to hammer into his wife. His thrusts were fueled by an insatiable lust his wife had pulled out of him. He couldn't believe how sexy it was that she was doing all this just to fulfill his fantasy. His libido was on hyperdrive, sending him to a sexual high he had never experienced before.

Paige looked up at her husband, the day had taken a nice but unexpected turn. He rutted into her with power, she hadn't felt from him. Her body bounced, her tits jiggled as he fucked her. A loud slapping noise made throughout their house as they fucked on their couch.

"There's something else..." Paige said quietly through heavy breaths.

"What?" David grunted back.

"He touched me with it..." Paige told him, almost embarrassed.

"...with it?" Her husband stopped for a second, looked down, his eyes opened wide.

"His cock... bulge. It was still in his pants." She explained. "He brushed it against my arm."

David leaned down and kissed Paige fiercely on the lips. His already frantic thrust got even more desperate as the weight of what she just said hit him. Paige's heat only increased as her husband's body weight pressed her into the couch. She wrapped her arms around him and felt the muscles on his back. They were contracted, like he was using every muscle fibre in his body to fuck her. David broke the kiss, burying his neck in Paige's neck.

"How did it feel?" He asked, needing to hear more about it.

"It felt nice." She lied, knowing her husband would enjoy it even more.

"Do you still believe he's stuffing his pants?" David asked.

"No, it felt really!" She told him, surrendering to his husband's sick fantasy. "I think Hank's got a big dick!"

"Oh, Paige! I'm cumming!" He announced as he released a torrent of sperm into Paige's womb.

Paige felt her husband's warm seed fill her and began to orgasm with him. Her pussy gripped him tightly as she kissed his lips and held him tight. Their sensual embrace lasted even after David had finished cumming inside her. It was definitely not how Paige had expected that to go.

About 30 minutes later, Paige and David lay in their bed. After another round of riled-up sex, Paige found her head lying on her husband's chest. She could hear his heartbeat as he took long, deep breaths. The passion and craze he did her with was unlike anything he had shown before. The fact that he was able to get it up immediately after finishing the first time was another sign of what this fantasy did to him.

They were both coming down from their sexual high, silently stirring about where to go from here. Paige had an enormous fear of continuing with this fantasy. She wanted to be her husband's fantasy, to go as far as she could. But to subject herself to that man, to be leered at, coveted, and touched by him, it gave her a revolting feeling.

David really wasn't sure where to go from here either. Paige obviously hadn't enjoyed being touched by Hank, but he had a different reaction. He couldn't make her do anything and wanted her to feel safe and protected. He couldn't reasonably ask her to do things with Hank. But these past 2 days had been the best sex of their marriage, and he wasn't sure he wanted to get rid of that.

"What are you thinking?" Paige asked as she looked at her husband's face.

"I'm thinking that I completely fucked up." David replied, bowing his head as if embarrassed.

"You haven't completely fucked up... yet." Paige responded, looking at her husband.

"I just... I don't want to pressure you into anything you're not comfortable with." He told her.

"You've already done more than I ever expected!"

"You didn't pressure me." She replied. "I choose to do everything today."

"But you wouldn't have done it if it wasn't for my fantasy." David argued.

"I'm a grown woman, and I'm choosing to fulfill your fantasy." Paige replied, waving him off. "The question of pressure doesn't matter. What matters is where do we go from here?"

"I think today should end it right?" He responded. "You hated it, enough said."

"Is that really what you want?" Paige asked, looking her husband in the eyes.

"Yes... no... I don't know." He said, confused.

"It's ok if you want this to keep going." Paige replied.

"I do... at least part of me does." He responded. "I don't want to put you in those positions, though."

"I don't really want to be there either, but maybe there's a way for me to go a little further without having Hank touch me." Paige said, her mind thinking up a devious plan.

"Can you oil my back, please?" Paige asked, looking over at David. They both understood the teasing tone she put on the words.

It was a bright and beautiful Saturday afternoon. David and Paige were enjoying their backyard. Paige was in a skimpy green bikini as she sunbathed with her husband. Her curvy figure and his muscular one were glistening in the hot summer sun.

Paige had avoided the backyard for a couple of days. She needed time to process the rubdown from Wednesday. Luckily, her summer yoga group got together on Thursday afternoons. They would go to a nearby park and enjoy the outdoors while stretching their bodies. They were all women, so there were no lingering eyes apart from a few passing by. On Friday, she visited her mother and spent the day with her. So aside from a bit of flirting when she got home Friday evening, she hadn't seen Hank much.

That hadn't prevented her from teasing David in bed Friday night. She may have exaggerated her interaction with Hank, making her husband believe she was seconds away from heading into his house for the night.

It was strange that as David pounded into her, Paige's mind drifted to Hank. It hadn't been purposely, but perhaps her husband's fantasy had rubbed off on her a bit. She cringed afterwards, the disgusting old man should have nothing to do with her fantasy, but she did wonder if she could survive another rub down.

But that was a question for another day as David already had his hands on her back and was oiling her up. She rolled her eyes as her husband pressed his bulge into her forearm just as Hank had. He was trying to tease her now.

She had teased him several times since that day that Hank had a big cock. She could see and feel that he liked that thought. Why, she wasn't really sure, but at this point they had already gone down this path, so she might as well go with the flow. She wasn't actually sure Hank was big; his bulge touching her had been too short to tell anything.

But David's rubbed down did remind her of that encounter. It was intentional; he was rubbing Paige just as Hank had several days prior. The threat to touch her breasts and the pinky on her bikini bottoms were reminiscent of it. Paige had told him every detail of it by now, and he was using that info right now. But Paige could tell the difference; David didn't have the gnarly fingers like their neighbor.

After a moment teasing her lower back just as Hank did, David lay down on the lounge next to Paige. She looked over at him, biting her lip, and her husband had a big, wide grin on his face. The memory of Hank touching her had morphed in her mind. As much as she remembered the disgusting feeling on her body, she also now thought about how she and David had the best sex of her life. It was starting to confuse her.

'Ccrrkk!' They heard the back door to Hank's place open and the old man walk out.

"Afternoon, neighbors!" Hank said, waving over at them.

"Hey Hank!" David replied, trying to sound casual.

"How are you, David?" Hank asked, coming right up to their shared fence.

"I've been doing well." David answered. "How have you been?"

"Oh, great. Got this annoying pain in my thigh, but great otherwise." Hank told David. "How's work been?"

"Oh, the usual. Always busy but never enough hands." David replied.

"Ya, I noticed you've been working a lot." Hank responded. "Been keeping Paige company while you're away."

Hank looked past David and saw Paige blushing, a slight grin peeking at the corner of his lips.

"That's good." David replied unfazed. "I'm sure Paige gets lonely during the summers."

"Oh, I'm sure she does..." Hank said. "I'll let you enjoy your afternoon together."

Hank strolled away to look after his garden as David turned his head towards Paige. She mouthed 'Oh my god' to him as their eyes connected in a lustful gaze.

Paige got a naughty idea. She picked her phone up as she turned onto her back. David looked curiously as she bit her lip and had a small smile on her face.

'Bbzzz' David's phone vibrated. He quickly picked it up as Paige put hers down.

'Go inside and stand by the bathroom window.' The text from Paige read.

David gulped, his mouth suddenly felt dry. He knew what Paige was thinking immediately. She was going to flirt with Hank, and he would be able to hear them from the bathroom. His cock was already getting hard in his pants.

"Do you need anything inside?" David asked, making sure to project his voice so Hank would be able to hear him. Paige just shook her head no.

He opened the back door, peaking back to see Hank stalking Paige like a predator ready to tear into her. His cock was straining his pants at this point, the thrill of this fantasy overwhelming.

He ran to the bathroom as quickly as he could. The window was cracked ever so slightly, which he thanked god for. He sat on the floor next to the window, hoping to hear what was said.

"... David already oiled my back." He heard Paige say, Hank had obviously started as soon as he stepped inside.

"Ooh, that's too bad!" Hank replied.

"Ya... he can't do it like you do." Paige responded.

"How so?" Hank replied.

"I don't know, just something you did made it feel so good!" Paige answered.

"You know I could give you a massage if you wanted." Hank offered. David knew he had a big, wicked grin on his face.

"Maybe another time." Paige responded. "Wouldn't want my husband to catch us."

"But isn't life more fun with a bit of risk?" Hank asked.

"Sure... but sometimes patience is needed." Paige answered.

"Sage words... patience can definitely pay!" Hank replied, David bet he was touching his bulge.

"You know, I was thinking though, I don't really want to get tan lines." Paige said.

David's eyes bulged as Paige said that. Was she about to take her bikini off and show Hank her incredible chest. He had been jerking it since he walked in, but he began to pump harder, having to pull his cock out of his pants. He peeked around the corner, wanting to see if Paige was actually going to do it.

"Hehe... ya wouldn't want those!" Hank said with the biggest grin on his face.

David watched as Paige undid the strings of her bikini and pulled the thin fabric off herself. Hank's eyes bulged as he saw Paige's perfect mounds. They were immaculate. They seemed to defy gravity, perfectly taut, which was shocking given their size. Her nipples were small and dark pink. David hid again as he was about to complete.

"God damn!" Hank said as David finished, spraying his cum onto the floor in front of him.

"You like them?" Paige asked.

"Fuck yes!" Hank enthusiastically replied. "Those are the best tits I've ever seen!"

"Hehe... you're too kind." Paige giggled.

"Need a hand putting oil on those bad boys?" Hank asked.

"Thanks... but I think I can manage." She replied.

David's boner wasn't going anywhere as he listened to his topless wife flirt shamelessly with their elderly neighbor. He grabbed hold of his cock again and began to jerk it as he heard the faint sound of the suntan bottle being opened. He imagined Paige rubbed oil on her tits while their lecherous old neighbor watched.

"Huh! Hank!" David heard Paige gasp.

Suddenly, dread and curiosity filled his mind. He wondered what Hank was doing, but if he touched Paige without her consent, he wouldn't care about his fantasy; he'd kick his ass. So as he peeked through the window again, he was relieved to see Hank was still on the other side of the fence. But after a second, he realized Hank had pulled his cock out and was jerking it at Paige. Paige, in response, had covered her tits with her hands.

"I couldn't help myself!" The old man replied.

"David could be out any second..." Paige said, turning her head to the side, and appeared to be looking at the bathroom window.

David didn't know if she could see him, but he nodded his head as if to tell her this was turning him on. He could see that Paige was conflicted. He just hoped she was comfortable with this.

"Come on, show me those nipples! It'll help me cum faster!" Hank said.

Paige turned back towards Hank as David sank back behind the wall.

"Fine. Just hurry up, I don't want David walking out and seeing this." Paige replied, putting her hands to her side as she looked at her elderly neighbor brazenly jerking off between the black poles of their shared fence.

Paige's eyes flicked down and finally looked at Hank's penis. She was shocked to see Hank's cock was massive. Her jaw dropped as she took in his thick tool, her eyes transfixed on the veiny organ.

"Like what you see?" Hank asked, still pumping his cock and looking at Paige

"Umm... ya, you have a nice... thing." She nervously responded, unsure of how to respond.

"Nicer than your husband's?" He replied.

"I-I can't answer that..." She told him, her throat suddenly feeling very dry.

"Mine's bigger though, right?" Hank asked but was only answered with a prolonged silence.

"Come on, it'll help me get off if you tell me I'm bigger."

Paige looked nervously towards the bathroom window again. She wasn't sure what to do or what her husband wanted her to do.

"Yes, yours is bigger..." She finally admitted, unsure of herself but going with it.

David came again, hearing his wife admit that. He wasn't sure why it turned him on to listen to his wife say that, but it did. He was spent, his cum pooled on the floor in front of him as he caught his breath.

"How much bigger?" David heard Hank bark.

"A lot bigger... you're a lot bigger than David!" Paige replied, her own breath hitching as she stared at Hank's glorious cock.

"Oh yes, Paige!" Hank cried out as his cock began to erupt.

Paige's eyes widened as she witnessed the elderly man's cock begin to spurt out cum. It was thick and creamy white, and there was quite a bit shooting from his cock. It sailed through the air for a moment before landing in the grass below. Paige unconsciously held her mouth open, in shock at what just transpired.

As his cock finished its last shot, Hank put his cock back in his pants with a huge, creepy grin on his face. He leered over at Paige, who blushed in embarrassment and nervousness.

"See you around, Paige." He said before walking back to his house.

But Why Him? Pt. 02

"Thank you, baby!" Paige said as David held the door to their hotel room open.

It was Sunday night, and after a nice meal together, Paige and David got a room away from the distraction at home. After her encounter with Hank, Paige went inside and found David in the bathroom, cum on the floor, his cock soft. She knew there was no point in trying to get him up at that point. David suggested they go out tomorrow, and Paige agreed.

The air around the house was tense with unspoken questions about the little game they were toying with. Paige wasn't sure how much further she wanted to go, while David was fighting his own desire with his need to protect Paige. He knew Paige wasn't comfortable with Hank, and that should be a deal breaker. But Sunday, he woke up with a raging boner and thoughts of Paige and Hank running through his head.

Paige finally decided to clear the air as they drove downtown Sunday night.

"So... should we talk about what happened yesterday?" Paige asked, not sure how to broach the situation.

"Yes, we should." David replied. "I've given it some thought, and I think we should call it here."

Paige eyed her husband suspiciously. "Is that really what you want?" She asked.

"Yes... well, most of me." He responded. "Look, I know you're uncomfortable with Hank, and I don't want to put you in that situation. You've already done more than I ever expected, and I can never repay you for all that. So, yes, I do want to end it here."

Paige looked at her husband and saw an assured look in his eye. "Alright, if you're certain." Paige replied. "I can handle Hank's lecherous gaze, but if you want to end it, we'll end it."

"I know you can, but Hank is going to keep trying to push further, and I don't want you to do something you don't want to just to please my weird fantasy." David admitted.

"I'd sooner punch Hank in the face than go any further with that creep." She joked.

"I know you would, but let's not let it get to that point." He told her. "I love you, and I don't want to put you in those situations."

"Thank you." She said, giving him a small smile and placing her hand on his thigh lovingly.

Heads turned as Paige and David walked into the restaurant; most were because of Paige. She looked gorgeous in her light brown dress, which showed a generous amount of cleavage but still fell within the bounds of modesty. The fabric was sheer and elegant, truly magnifying her natural beauty. As they sat at the table and ordered some wine, Paige was glad this weird week was over.

"Cheers!" She said, raising her wine glass to her husband.

"Cheers!" He replied with a smile and clinked glasses with her. "Mmm... that's good!" David noted after taking a sip.

"Don't drink too much, though..." Paige told him, then leaned in. "... because I have plans for you later." She said in a hushed tone.

Dinner was a blur of drinks, steaks, and laughter, as the ordeal of the last week was gone, and they spent their time together. Paige felt at ease with David, he had always had that effect on her. She just felt comfortable around him, allowing her to let loose and forget Hank and her husband's weird fantasy.

Dinner was just the start of the night, both had an appetite for something more after eating. David's fantasy may have its downsides, but it had led to the best sex of their young marriage. This, in turn, led Paige to be hornier than usual, needing her husband more than ever. And as they walked down the hallway of the hotel room they rented, she could feel herself peaking, needing her husband's cock inside her.

As soon as the door opened, Paige attacked David's lips, pressing herself against him as they kissed passionately. They slowly made their way towards the bed, both more focused on each other than where they were going. Paige felt her husband unzip her dress, the fabric becoming loose and her naked breasts coming into view.

They split apart to take their clothes off, her husband's cock already hard and her pussy damp. Paige crawled onto the bed as David took the last of his clothes off. She turned around and faced him as he got on the bed and quickly made his way over.

David kissed her again, deeply and passionately, tangling his hands in her hair to keep her locked in. Paige could feel his hardness against her thighs. Paige instinctively opened her legs; she needed him badly, and her body was acting accordingly. Excitement poured out of her, a week of incredible sex was about to culminate in an evening of passion.

David pulled back and looked into Paige's eyes as he slid his cock in. Paige let out a soft moan. Her husband's eyes were filled with a loving passion as he sank his cock into her. He began to gently rock his hips, slowly pulling his cock in and out of Paige. While she enjoyed the animalistic nature of their sex this week, there was nothing truly as good as making love with her husband. She cupped his cheek gently as she bit her lip.

David pulled back away from her hand. Paige found it odd but remained focused on the pleasure she was feeling. David's dick was curved in just right as to press him against her G-spot. Paige always thought it was the world's way to push them together. She gently moaned as her husband began to pick the pace up, his cock head hitting her G-spot over and over again.

David closed his eyes as he began to really thrust into Paige. It was similar to how they had been doing it all week, with a pent-up sexual tension. His hips were a blur as he pounded her with all the force his muscles could produce. Paige began to moan as her body got increasingly hot. She could feel each of David's wild thrusts pressing her further into the mattress. She closed her eyes to better focus on David's cock inside her.

"Oh, David!" Paige moaned, her voice filled with lust.

"No... call me Hank!" David replied.

"What?!?" Paige replied, her eyes shooting open to look at her husband.

"Just go with it!" He replied, refusing to look back at her.

Paige was in shock. David, her loving husband, was imagining Hank while they were making love. He continued to rut into her as she lay there paralyzed. Hank was not exactly the image she wanted to be conjuring at the moment, but she knew how much David enjoyed it, even if they had agreed to stop with the fantasy. It left her conflicted. Should she go with it, even if it made her feel dirty?

"Ooh... ooh... babe..." She unenthusiastically moaned. "Oh... Hank." She said, the words feeling dirty against her lips.

"Yes! Say it louder!" David replied, still thrusting into her with all he had.

This was an inflection point. Paige could either push David away and end this fantasy, as they had discussed. Or dive right in alongside David, play into it, and risk getting more involved. She stared up at her husband, his eyes still closed, still thrusting into her. His cock was hitting just the right spot as it always does. It made Paige hot and her mind go to dirty places.

"Oh god, yes! Just like that, Hank!!!" She moaned out, letting go of her inhibitions.

"Ya, you like that?" David replied, finally opening his eyes to look down at Paige. "You like fucking your elderly neighbor?"

"Yes, I do! Your dick is so big!" She responded, remembering that David had told her he liked hearing her be descriptive. "So much bigger than my husband!"

"You like being a cheating whore?" David asked his voice sounding gruffer than usual to Paige.

"Huh!" She gasped, hearing those vulgar words fly from his mouth. "Yes! Yes, I do!"

Paige had fully embraced her husband's fantasy. She kept her eyes open and focused on David; she didn't want to picture Hank, even if he was a part of this fantasy. She reached up and groped her own tits as David watched from above.

"You like my big tits, don't you?" Paige asked, too far gone now to care.

"I do, I really do!" David replied.

"Huh!" Paige gasped as David lunged downwards and planted his head between her tits.

David wasn't being his usual gentle self with Paige's tits, he was mauling them like a bear would or a particular older gentleman might. His hands clamped them, squeezing them as his lips licked and kissed them. Paige quietly moaned as he pressed her into the bed, David still furiously pumping his cock in and out of her.

Paige could feel the end coming. Her husband was already pumping furiously, and she was getting closer by the moment. This fantasy, one they were supposed to have finished, was causing them to heat up faster. Paige rationalized that it was her husband who enjoyed it, and she was just feeding off it. She refused to believe that she might also enjoy this fantasy, even though there was mounting evidence of otherwise.

She felt David move away from her chest and begin to kiss and suckle on her neck. She felt the muscles on his back, hard and flexed. It was clear to her that she was not with Hank at this moment, and she was thankful for that. As her breathing became quicker, she could feel her husband's cock hitting her G-spot, driving her crazy. She was on the verge; all she needed was one last push.

"You want ole' Hanks cum?" David asked. "Want this old man to put a child in your belly?"

Paige was flabbergasted at what her husband just whispered in her ear. Had it been a rational moment, Paige would have been disgusted to even entertain the idea of having Hank's child. But this wasn't a rational moment, and Paige said something she wouldn't have ever thought she would.

"Yes! Yes, Hank! Put a baby in me!" Paige screamed.

She would later cringe at saying such a thing, but in that moment, she could feel her body hitting a high. She lifted her hips off the bed to meet her husband's thrust. She felt the first ropes of his cum enter her, and her body responded by cumming with him.

"Oh, I'm cumming, Hank!" She cried out, continuing to play along with her husband's fantasy.

Paige wrapped her legs around David as he leaned down and captured her lips. He pressed his cock deeply into her as he came, pushing his sperm as deep as it would go and pressing against her G-spot. Paige wrapped her arms around him, holding him tight as they rode out the end of their lovemaking.

Paige gently awoke from her slumber the next morning, memories of last night flooding her mind. After completion, David had rolled off her, and they lay there in silence, neither of them sure what to say. They slowly drifted to sleep, having not said a word about what they had done.

Before she opened her eyes, she reached over to feel her husband's body, but all she felt were the covers. Paige opened her eyes and saw she was in bed alone. She sat up just as David walked out of the bathroom, fully dressed for work.

"Hey... sorry I tried not to wake you." He said with a look of panic in his eyes.

"Umm... can we talk about last night?" Paige replied.

"Sorry, I've got to get to work." He responded, turning his back to her. "We'll talk later."

Paige turned and looked at the bedside clock. It read 6:54 AM, far too early for him to be going to work. She knew he was avoiding the conversation, but when she turned back, he had already sprinted out of the door.

"David!" She yelled at him, jumping out of bed.

Before she ran into the hallway, though, Paige remembered that she was completely naked. By the time she slipped into her dress from last night, David was already long gone. She went back into the hotel room and sent him an angry text, mad that he had run away before they even discussed what had happened last night.

She drove home angry, not believing that David would run out on her without talking to her. She wasn't some random one-night stand; she was his wife, for God's sake. She wasn't mad about the role-play or even the thought that he might want to continue this fantasy, but rather that he couldn't communicate with her, that's what drove her mad.

So, she was definitely not in the mood when she stepped out of her car and saw Hank on his front porch.

"Mornin' Paige." He cheerfully said, intently watching his neighbor.

"Hi, Hank." She replied, trying to be nice.

"Beautiful day today." He responded with a big smile. "Perfect for sunbathing."

"Mmmph... not today, Hank." Paige said, trying not to get upset.

"Oh, come on, you know you wanna see it again." He replied, Paige knowing full well what he was talking about.

"Shut it, Hank." Paige responded, getting mad at her neighbor. "I don't know what you think has been going on between us, but I don't want to see anything of yours. Understand?"

"I get it." Hank answered, hands up defensively.

Paige turned on a dime and swiftly walked towards her house. She knew she went off on Hank in part because of her husband this morning. However, it did feel good to wipe the smug smile off his face. As she got inside and put her purse down, she finally exhaled and relaxed a bit. It was then that her stomach growled.

She decided on a bowl of fruit and yogurt, her mind still reeling from the last night. She went to the sink and began washing her hands. She pressed down on the soap dispenser. She looked

down at her hand and stopped for a moment. The soap had a shiny, creamy white look. Gears in her head started turning, and she began to form a plan to get her husband to open up.

Meanwhile, David was in his office at work, staring at a blank computer screen, his eyes glazed over, as his mind tried to process what was wrong with him. His fantasy had taken complete control last night, turning what was supposed to be a lovely evening with Paige into a perverted dream. While he couldn't deny enjoying it in the moment, it wasn't supposed to have happened. He wanted to be over this little fantasy for Paige's sake. But something kept him coming back.

He double-dipped with his mistakes by leaving early. He woke up in a panic. He didn't know what to say or how Paige would react. So, he took the coward's way and tried to leave before she woke up. He knew she was going to be pissed, and the text she sent confirmed it. He couldn't focus on work now, his mind trying to find something to say to her.

When he felt his phone buzz in his pocket, he absentmindedly took it out. What he saw surprised and confused him.

'I'm sorry babe...!' The text from Paige read. David was unsure why she was texting him that, but the following text provided an explanation.

'I was mad at you, and when I got home, Hank was there. I don't know how it happened, but...!' The following message read, and David felt a mix of anger and curiosity bubbling up within him.

The next message made David's eyes go wide. It was Paige's naked breasts covered in thick white substance. He felt a current of emotions. Jealousy, anger, and betrayal, among them, but most of all lust. Part of his brain recognized that it was just soap and Paige was just playing with him. The rest of his brain didn't care.

David suddenly found himself rushing to the bathroom, phone in hand, and his cock rapidly hardening. Luckily, nobody noticed, and he locked the bathroom as soon as he got in. He went to a stall and pulled his cock out, staring at the picture as he began to jerk off.

His cock was at full mast as he began to imagine what exactly had taken place. He imagined Paige had gotten home pissed, and Hank was waiting for her return. He wondered how much she would have told him. He then probably slyly took advantage of that anger. David wondered just how far they went.

He realized Paige was kneeling, looking up at the camera. At minimum, it would have been a handjob, but he kind of hoped she had blown him. He also realized both hands were in frame, meaning the picture was taken by Hank. The lucky bastard was probably cackling as he looked at Paige, covered in his spunk. But his next realization made his jaw drop.

He looked down at Paige's legs and quickly realized she wasn't wearing any panties. That means, at the bare minimum, Paige had shown Hank her pussy. An insidious thought came to his mind: what if she had let him fuck her? Could she allow that? She could barely tolerate his hands on her, was she really that mad at him that she would let Hank fuck her?

He wanted to believe she would. That she went home and let that elderly man go to town on her, the only thing she stopped him from doing was nutting inside. He wondered what position they were in, he imagined Hank would have put Paige on her back so he could watch her tits bounce as his cock plunged into her.

David made the last of his realizations as he got closer and closer to cumming. Looking at the carpet in the picture, he recognized it as the carpet in his bedroom. Hank hadn't just fucked Paige; he had fucked her in their marital bed. He closed his eyes and imagined it. Paige was on her back as Hank thrusted into her, his massive cock reshaping her pussy as she moaned out, probably feeling no guilt until it was all said and done. David busted right then and there, his cum flying all over the toilet.

Out of breath and his cock quickly softening, David's rational brain took over. 'That's soap, isn't it?' He texted Paige before putting his phone away.

He embarrassingly grabbed some toilet paper and wiped the toilet clean. He then flushed all evidence of his improper behaviour. He sulked back to his office. Paige's picture proved he couldn't help himself from imagining his fantasy. That no matter how much he said or even tried to believe, the truth was he didn't want the fantasy to end.

'It was.' Paige replied. 'Be honest, did you masturbate to it?' She texted again.

'Yes.' David responded, Paige sensing his reluctance and embarrassment.

'Did you imagine Hank and me together?' She asked.

'Yes.' He replied again.

'Did you ever really want to quit this fantasy?' She responded.

'No, I just thought it's what you wanted.' He responded.

'We'll talk when you get home.' She answered, bringing this conversation to a close for now.

The picture had been a gambit by Paige. She had placed the phone on their tripod and set a timer to make it appear as though Hank had taken the picture. There was a chance David would see right through it and control himself. Of course, after a few minutes of waiting, she concluded that it had worked. She knew that once he had completed, he would be honest with her. He'd be too tired, both physically and mentally, to think of excuses.

Paige went about her day, relaxing and cleaning the house. She waited patiently for her husband's return, not sure what was to be said. Could she really continue with his fantasy? Hank was such a gross perv. Subjecting herself to his presence was revolting. But as they went down this path, there was always another presence hanging over her when she was around Hank. It was the wildness in her husband whenever she'd push this fantasy further.

Paige was just starting to prep dinner when she heard David open the front door. She looked up and out the kitchen window. The sun was setting outside when she noticed Hank hanging around by the side of his house.

"Hello?" He weakly called, not sure what exactly was happening.

"I'm in here, David." She replied, continuing to cut the vegetables.

"What are you... umm making." He asked as he entered the kitchen, Paige's back to him.

"Pasta and salad." She told him before turning around to look him in the eyes. "But we need to talk."

David's head dropped out of embarrassment. He knew this was inevitably coming, but he had still hoped for some way to avoid it.

"I know." He softly said.

"Now, are you going to be honest with me?" She asked, crossing her arms over her chest as she looked at her slumping husband.

"Yes, I will be." He replied, refusing to look her in the eyes. "I never wanted you to end the fantasy." He admitted.

"Then, why tell me you want to end it?" Paige replied.

"I thought that's what you wanted." He answered.

"Look at me." She responded and waited until her husband made eye contact to continue.

"When I said I wanted to make your fantasy come true, I meant it. Obviously, at the moment, I didn't know Hank would be a part of it, but I still want to."

"It doesn't have to be Hank. We could find someone else." David suggested.

"Be honest, did any of your fantasies involving me have anyone other than Hank involved?" Paige asked.

"No." David truthfully answered.

"Then, there's nothing to talk about." Paige responded.

"I don't want you to feel like you have to do anything with Hank." He replied.

"I'm a grown woman, if I weren't comfortable with this, I wouldn't do it." She told him. "But you need to understand, we're a team and that we need to always be honest with each other. Ok?"

"Ok, I understand." David responded.

Paige felt better about their situation now. She knew there would be uncomfortable conversations about how far to take this fantasy. She knew that truthfully, her husband would want her to go all the way, but she could never with a man like Hank. But that was a conversation for another day.

"Alright, now it's time for punishment." Paige coyly said, turning around and checking out the window to see if Hank was still outside.

"My punishment?" David replied, wondering what she was hinting at.

"Yep." Paige replied, opening the window slightly, then turning to face her husband. "I'm going to go outside and flirt with Hank while you listen in."

"Do you not know what a punishment is?" David asked.

"No, I do." She answered, beginning to walk towards her husband sensually. "See, I know that me going outside and flirting with Hank will no doubt turn you on. And as soon as I come back inside, you'll want to jump on me and fuck my brains out. But here's the thing... I'm not going to let you. No, I'm going to come back in here and finish dinner, while you sit there with a heavy set of blue balls." She told him, whispering the last part in his ear as she reached down and felt his hardening member in his pants.

David was left stunned. His mouth was hanging open, breath ragged as Paige turned around and walked away. She pulled a bag of trash out from under the sink, giving one last look at David over her shoulder before exiting the kitchen and heading towards the front door.

David could hear his heart beating as his cock quickly got hard. He pulled up a chair close to the window and listened. Paige knew him too well. Her teasing was exceptional, and David knew it was going to be hard to keep it in his pants when she returned.

Paige rounded the corner and saw Hank. He was shrouded in darkness, but she could feel his eyes on her as she walked towards the garbage cans. She took a few deep breaths, her breasts swelling in the white tank top she had on, before throwing the trash bag away and turning towards Hank.

"Hey, Hank." Paige said, approaching their shared fence. "I just want to apologize for my little outburst this morning."

"Eh, it's water under the bridge." Hank replied, coming out of the shadow of his house. "Something tells me it wasn't me you were mad at."

"Heh... very perspective." Paige responded. "David and I have been having some troubles recently."

"I get it... David hasn't been satisfying you recently." Hank answered with a big smirk.

"Oh, Hank." Paige said, shaking her head in disbelief.

"You can be honest with me." He replied. "That's why you've been acting differently. You're looking for a new physical outlet."

"Truthfully, yes, it has been a while." Paige lied. "And maybe I am looking for an alternative outlet."

"An affair partner?" He asked.

"I wouldn't say that... yet." She replied. "Let's keep things above board for now."

"I mean, we've already done some below-board stuff." He responded, referring to their encounter on Saturday.

"I know, but maybe we should tap the brakes a little." She pleaded. "The anticipation is half the fun."

"I guess we might have different ideas of fun." He joked.

"Possibly." She responded.

"Did you like what you saw on Saturday? Did you like my cock?" He asked.

"Uhh... you men are all the same." She replied. "Whipping your dicks out and wanting validation."

"Come on... you know it's impressive." He said, grabbing his cock through his sweat pants.

"It was a... pleasant surprise." She replied.

"Have you thought about it since?" He asked.

"I'll see you later, Hank." Paige replied, knowing the answer was yes, although not entirely on her.

"It's supposed to be a beautiful sunny day tomorrow." Hank said as Paige walked away. "Perfect for sunbathing."

Paige could feel herself cringe as he said that. She knew what he wanted, and she knew what her husband would like her to do. She wasn't exactly excited by it, but she would do it anyway. She was already mentally preparing for it, trying to remember it's for David's fantasy. That her discomfort was only temporary, and David's enjoyment was worth it.

Paige walked inside, expecting to see her husband and for him to try to jump her. But to her surprise, he wasn't in sight. She walked into the kitchen and didn't find him there either.

"David, where are you?" She called out.

"I'm in here." He replied. "I... umm... just had to use the... bathroom."

"Oh, did you not enjoy my little flirt with Hank?" She asked, walking towards the bathroom.

"No, it was... great." David answered, Paige noticing an odd cadence in his responses. "Was he grabbing his dick while he talked to you?"

"Ya, a lot. So, gross." Paige responded.

"Mmmpphhmmmm." She heard her husband groan, followed by heavy breathing. "Ya... totally gross."

"Did you just masturbate?!?" Paige asked, putting her ear to the door.

"... yes." David admitted.

"Oh my god." She laughed.

Paige was nervous as she made her way down the stairs. She was headed outside, it was a beautiful sunny day, just as Hank had predicted. It meant Paige was going outside to sunbathe, and Hank was inevitably going to be outside as well. He would push to rub oil on her back again, and Paige knew she had to grit her way through it.

She wore a skimpy beige bikini, one that left little to the imagination. The top was primarily made of a cotton mesh that you could almost see her nipples through. She knew her husband would go wild when he found out she wore this set. But she was also worried about what Hank might try to do after seeing her in such a revealing bikini.

As she stepped outside, she reminded herself of last night, when, after dinner, David had taken her upstairs and shown her his appreciation. He had lifted her up and brought her to their marital bed. He lay her down and pulled all her clothes off, bathing her entire body in kisses before he got to the real fun.

He had lied her down on her back and eaten her pussy out. He was a madman, licking her clit and fingering her pussy with force. Paige held his head down as she got wetter and wetter. He did an incredible job, licking her in just the right manner. For a little reward for his hard work, Paige moaned Hank's name out, knowing that would turn her husband on.

Eventually, they were both so horned up that sex was inevitable. David couldn't help but imagine Hank and Paige together. It didn't help that Paige was teasing him, playing into the fantasy. As much as Paige hated the thought of being with Hank, goading her husband on did lead to incredible sex. They eventually finished together and then fell asleep in each other's arms.

The great sex made it all worth it in Paige's mind. She could deal with Hank as long as her husband continued to make her feel good afterwards. In truth, her husband's fantasy had begun to rub off on her. Not that she wanted to do anything with Hank, but there was an excitement to telling her husband about it and teasing him.

So, she wasn't altogether disappointed when she stepped outside and saw Hank was already out. He smiled when he saw her, his toothy grin still creeping her out. He immediately put down his hedge trimmers and walked over closer to Paige.

"Mornin' neighbor." He said, clearly checking Paige out in her bikini.

"Morning." She replied, placing a towel down on her lounge.

"Beautiful day out, isn't it?" He asked.

"Yes, quite warm though." She answered, lying down on her back.

"Yes, you should probably put some sunscreen on." He responded, looking at Paige with salacious intentions. "Do you need some help?"

"I guess I could with my back..." Paige replied, Hank was already heading around the fence.

Paige quickly flipped onto her front as Hank strolled into the backyard. Her eyes went wide as he got closer because she could see the head of his cock hanging out of the bottom of his shorts.

"Hank!" Paige shrieked, getting up on her elbows.

"What?" Hank replied, playing dumb.

"Your dick is hanging out!" She answered, torn between her uncomfortable feelings and the knowledge of what her husband would think.

"It's just the head." He said, picking up the suntan oil next to Paige and squirting some on his hands. "And it's not like you haven't seen it before. So, relax."

Paige reluctantly lay back down, trying to avoid looking at. She was happy when Hank went to his knees, his crotch now below the seat level. It caught her off guard when Hank's gnarly hands made contact with her shoulders. Her breath hitched, but not in an uncomfortable manner. She was surprised to find that the disgust and discomfort she had felt the previous time Hank had rubbed oil on her had mostly disappeared.

"You doing alright?" Hank asked.

"Ya, your little stunt just surprised me, is all." Paige replied, slowly becoming more relaxed as Hank's hands sensually rub her shoulder.

"Well, if you got it, flaunt it." Hank told her. "You know that better than me."

"That is true. And you definitely have it." Paige responded.

"Why, thank you." He replied, his hands venturing lower on Paige's back. "Maybe you ought to flaunt it a bit." He said, tugging at her bikini string.

"I don't know about that, Hank..." Paige replied, looking at the old man.

"You don't want any tan lines, right?" He responded.

Paige looked away as Hank undid her bikini top and moved the strings out of the way. To her almost dismay, she didn't feel any disgust with it. She knew she should, but she couldn't help but feel a tad turned on as Hank returned to rubbing oil on her back.

She felt him rub as close as he could to the side of her breasts without actually touching them. Paige actually wondered if she should let him. The idea wasn't altogether revolting to her, and Hank's hand didn't feel as terrible as last time. Plus, she knew how David would react. Still, she felt a bit of relief as Hank moved further down her back, the idea a bit too much for her right now.

Hank's hands went lower, rubbing her lower back and once again threatening to touch her butt. But Paige didn't find it revolting, she was strangely finding it oddly relaxing and sensual. She blamed David, as his fantasy had slowly been affecting her as well.

"Do your legs need a bit of oil?" He asked, already.

"Ummm... ya, they could use it." She responded, a little conflicted.

Hank quickly grabbed the suntan oil, squirting more on his hands before going right for Paige's legs. He started with her calves, his bony fingers digging into her muscular flesh. Paige's body was at first tense, but began to loosen as Hank firmly rubbed her lower leg, pressing any tension out of her legs.

Hank's hand slid up further, going to Paige's lower hamstrings. Paige could feel her heart beating through her chest. She was nervous and horny; nervous about letting her lecherous neighbor touch her upper leg and horny from how excited she knows her husband will be. While she was thinking of it, she grabbed her phone and stealthily took a picture.

Hank's hands began to massage up her thighs, moving closer and closer to her juicy butt. Paige was now quite thoroughly enjoying his massage. The tension in her legs was slowly dissipating as Hank's hands did wonders. As his hands reached closer to her butt, Paige thought, he'd stop before. She was wrong.

"HANK!!!" She yelled at the elderly man as he grabbed two handfuls of her ass.

"What? You can't have all this ass out and expect me not to wanna get a handful!" He explained.

"Huh!" She gasped as Hank scrunched her bikini bottom together, making it more like a thong.

"This is just a bit much..."

Even as Paige said that, she didn't pull away. As Hank groped her ass, she couldn't help but feel a bit aroused. His grip was firm and commanding, it was heating her body to an uncomfortable degree. Her mind was so mixed up, she knew she hated him, or at least she used to, but between his strong hands and her husband's fantasy, she couldn't help but get wet.

"Huh!" She gasped again as she felt Hank's nose nestled between her cheeks. "That's enough Hank!" She said, flustered and moving away while turning over.

"Hehe!" Hank giggled as, in her rush to get away, she had forgotten that her bikini was undone.

Hank grinned widely as he got an up close look at her breasts. Time seemed to slow as he memorized her perfect tits. Paige quickly covered them with her hands, she was blushing immensely from embarrassment.

"You need to leave, Hank." She sternly told him.

"Come on, let me at least get a feel." Hank replied, holding his hands out.

"No, today has gone too far." She responded, grabbing her bikini top and putting it back on.

"Fine, but let me show you what you do to me." He answered as he stood up.

Before Paige could answer, Hank's shorts were already around his ankles. His cock was hard and aimed directly at Paige, who felt uncomfortable being so close to the old man's cock.

"Jesus, Hank!" Paige said, looking away from him and putting her hand up to block her view. "Do you always whip that thing out?"

"Hey, when you got it, flaunt it!" He replied, slowly jerking it off.

"Can you put it away, already." She responded.

"Just take a look at it." He answered, waving it at him.

"Then, you promise to put it away?" She asked.

"Of course." He answered.

Paige put her hand down and turned towards him. She took in the raging beast of a cock. It was intimidating, Paige had never seen one that big before. She gulped, her mouth feeling rather dry as she took a moment to really look at his dick.

"There I took a look." Paige said.

"Fine, I'm a man of my word." Hank replied, picking up his shorts. "It's pretty impressive, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's quite large, if that's what you want to hear." She responded.

"Among other things." Hank said, as he began to walk away, sensing that he probably wasn't going to get anything more from Paige. "See you tomorrow, neighbor."

Paige watched her elderly neighbor walk out their back gate. She hadn't expected things to go that far with him. She needed to be more prepared for him to push her limits and know how to keep things from escalating. Hank would be Hank, but Paige needed to stop him before he got any funny ideas.

Once he was out of sight, she refocused. There's no point in ruining a perfect day because of Hank. She grabbed her phone and sent the picture she had taken to David. He was sure to get kick out of it. She then lay back and enjoyed the warm summer day.

David was having a mundane day at work, dreaming of the weekend and looking forward to getting home to spend time with Paige. He was filling out some paperwork when his phone buzzed. Taking a quick break, he saw the message from Paige.

'Look who came by today...' It read with a picture attached.

David immediately opened his phone and was greeted with a picture of Paige being rubbed down by Hank. His imagination ran wild with thoughts of what had happened and how far they had gone. He needed to know.

'What happened?' He quickly replied.

'You'll have to wait to find out.' She responded. 'But it was scandalous.'

David's cock was quickly getting to full mast as he wondered the possibilities. He looked at the time; it was barely 2 PM, meaning he had three hours of work left. He couldn't focus, though, his mind running through every scenario. He would barely touch his work if he didn't find a way to settle himself. There was only one solution.

After a quick stop in the bathroom, he shamefully walked back to his office. But even as he got some work done, his mind continued to wander back to the texts. The word 'scandalous' stuck out to him. Could it mean that Paige went further with Hank? How far did Hank push? And just how far did she let him go?

It was not a productive afternoon of work to say the least. He drove like a maniac home, his cock already hard in his pants as he stepped out of his car. He ran up the front steps, eager to know what had happened that day. His jaw nearly hit the floor as he walked in. He saw Paige lying out on the stairs in sheer, black lingerie.

"Hehe, someone got here in a rush." She giggled.

"Why... what..." David said at a loss for words. He hadn't expected to see her like this.

"Why am I dressed like this?" Paige asked, raising an eyebrow at her husband. She stood up and sexily strolled towards him. "Well, I knew that the picture I sent you would drive you wild and that you'd be very eager by the time you got home. So, why not?" She said, licking her lips as she grabbed his pants by the belt and began to pull him upstairs.

Paige and David soon found themselves running upstairs, with David already taking off his clothes. Paige was giggling as her husband fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. She had been waiting for his return, horny as hell. She even briefly considered masturbating, but wanted to wait for David to get home.

"What happened with Hank?" David asked as they got to the top of the stairs.

"Well, I went outside to sunbathe and he was waiting for me." Paige answered.

"Did he rub oil on you?" David asked as they made their way to the bedroom.

"All over me." Paige replied.

As they stepped into their bedroom. David pulled Paige into a deep and passionate kiss. He couldn't believe she was still doing this for him. Even after this weekend, she was still voluntarily letting their old lecherous neighbor touch her. It was the hottest thing anyone had ever done for him.

David's pants came off as they slid into bed, their lips barely separating as both were desperately horny. Paige pulled his boxer down, getting a handful of his hard cock. She jerked him off as she lay down on top of him, her flimsy panties the only thing between their privates. David kissed her neck as Paige grinded against his boner, teasing him for just a moment more.

"Tell me everything." David huskily whispered.

"When I went outside, Hank was already out there." Paige replied, her wetness already soaking her panties.

"He was waiting for you." David responded.

"Yes, he was." Paige told him as she began to move her panties to the side. "He came right over and began oiling my back up just like last time. But this time he undid my bikini, got a good look at my side boob."

"Oh, ya!" David moaned both from the story and Paige rubbing his length across her pussy.

"He did it just like last week. And it was ssooo good!" She teased. "And then, I let him oil my legs."

"You... you did?" David asked, his voice shaky as he realized they had gone further this time.

"Mmmphmm!" She moaned as she finally let her husband's rigid length enter her. "Big time! His hands felt so good messaging my thighs!"

David was in a state of shock as Paige leaned back. He was in awe of her and how far she was willing to go with his fantasy. He couldn't find the words, but he had a million questions to ask. He couldn't say anything, only groaning as Paige began to bounce on his cock.

"Hehe!" Paige giggled at her husband's shocked look. "The story isn't over, cause Hank had bigger plans today!"

"H-he... he did..." David gasped out, unsure what Paige meant.

"Hank took what he wanted today." Paige told him. "He reached up with both hands and grabbed my ass! Gave it a good rub down! Even stuck his face between my cheeks!"

"He did that?" David asked.

"Yu...uuppp!" Paige answered, but was suddenly pulled forward as David's lust took control and he began to thrust up into her hard.

Paige bit down on her lower lip as her eyes rolled back. David had been holding his excitement in, and now it was coming out in full force. She could feel his slightly curved cock hitting her G-spot over and over again. It was mind-numbingly good, and the reason she endures with Hank.

"Oh... there's more!" Paige said as David's lips latched onto her swinging breasts.

"There is?" He asked as he switched to her other nipple.

"Ya, I flipped over, but I forgot that my bikini was loose." Paige breathily admitted, getting very close to an orgasm. "He saw my tits! Up close this time!"

Desperation filled every stroke of David's cock inside of Paige. Their bodies slammed together, Paige's jolting every time he thrustured into her. The room was filled with the sounds of their hard lovemaking; David's manly grunts, Paige's wanton moans, and the slapping of their bodies together. Lust filled both of their eyes as they approached their big finish.

"Oh shit, Paige! I'm going to cum!" David cried out as his cock began to burst.

David buried his cock in Paige's snatch, painting her walls with his cum. Paige nuzzled against his neck as his cum coaxed an orgasm out of her. She gently moaned as her pussy massaged his rigid length. Her body slowly relaxed as they stayed connected for a long moment.

As they came down from the high, the shame slowly seeped in. While it was fun while it happened, Paige always had to deal with the feeling of regret for letting Hank near her. Now that this fantasy also turned her on, the shame seemed only to grow. David felt shame as well. This fantasy had always been a shameful pleasure to him, and Paige actually fulfilling it only increased that shame.

"So, was all that true?" David asked, as they lay there together.

"Ya, things got a little out of hand." Paige replied.

"You don't seem devastated by it this time." He responded.

"I'm not... I just kept thinking about how turned on you'd get, and that helped me get through it." She told him.

"Would you ever think about going further?" He asked.

Paige leaned up and looked at her husband. "I don't know..." She said, unsure of herself.

"You don't have to." He replied.

"If I was ok with it, would you want me to?" She asked.

"Ya... I would." He admitted being honest. "But only if you want to."

"I want to be fantasy." She replied. "My hang-up is Hank. I just can't with him sometimes."

"I get it." He responded. "And I never expected you to go this far with him anyway."

"I need some time to think." Paige answered. "Hank is always going to push for more. I need a way to corral him."

David gave her a soft kiss on the lips. "We'll figure it out together." He said. "Now, I have worked up an appetite."

Paige stepped out into the early summer morning, a yoga mat under her arm. She locked the front door before walking down her front steps. She looked over at Hank's house to see if he was around. She was relieved to see that he was nowhere to be found.

She was glad not to see him. She still needed to think about this game they were playing. She knew the longer it went on, the further he'd push, and she needed a way to hold him back. She needed a place where she was in control.

It had been a day and a half since the last rub down, and Paige had hoped to avoid Hank. On Wednesday, it had rained, and Paige had left the house to run errands. Today, she was off to the park to do some yoga. She hopped in her car and took off, throwing her mat in the backseat.

The drive over was a quick and easy one. She'd walk, but half the streets don't have sidewalks or crosswalks at the lights. Unfortunately, she heard her mat go under the seat as she drove over.

The mat was the perfect size to get stuck under the seat, and it was harder than you'd think to get it out.

She soon parked the car. She opened the back door and bent over to retrieve her mat. She had a tug on it as he squeezed it tightly under it somehow. She would quickly realize how vulnerable she was in that moment with her ass up in the air, but it would also lead to a discovery.

"Paige!" She heard a gruff voice from behind her say, just as she got her mat out. She immediately knew it was Hank, and her mind panicked just a bit.

She turned around quickly to find Hank already within arm's reach. "Hank, what are you doing here?" She asked.

"I came to walk around the park for a bit of exercise." He answered. "What are you doing here?"

"I have a yoga class here in the park on Thursdays." Paige explained.

"Ya, must be nice doing a bit of yoga outside. Better than a dingy studio, I bet." He replied.

"Umm... ya, much better." Paige responded, finding his conduct to be strange.

"I'm sure it is." He said. "So, will you be out back later?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I don't think so." She answered. "Maybe tomorrow."

"Well, I'll be looking forward to it, but I should be going." He replied. "See you around, neighbor."

Paige felt strange. Not because their conversation had been weird, but because it hadn't been. There was no real flirting, no attempts to grope her, he even made an effort to make eye contact with her. It was strangely casual. Then it hit her.

'Hank can't hit on me in public!' She realized.

It was so obvious that she didn't know why she hadn't thought of it earlier. This, however, brought a new problem. The fun was seeing her husband's reaction to Hank hitting on her. So, she needed a public place with some privacy, enough to make Hank comfortable hitting on her without trying to grope her.

She thought about it while doing yoga. She refused to go on a date with Hank, it would be far too romantic for her. A walk in the park was risky because they could walk down a side path and find themselves alone. She couldn't think of the perfect place, the idea consuming her as she finished up her yoga.

After her yoga class, she put her yoga mat back in the car and looked across the street at an older couple sipping coffee on their porch. They smiled and waved at her, Paige waving back. That's when the second realization hit her.

'That's it!' Paige internally celebrated. 'Coffee on the porch is perfect! It's in public, so he can't grope me, but private enough that he'll still hit on me! It's not too romantic and won't raise any suspicions! It's perfect!'

Paige happily hummed on her way home. She had figured out a way to control Hank while fulfilling David's fantasy. She knew David would be excited by it, which meant more riled-up sex. It was perfect, and Paige was ecstatic to put it into motion.

Paige took a deep breath before going outside. She was dressed in a low-cut top and tights, a very flattering outfit, she thought. Her hair was back in a bun, she didn't want it blocking Hank's view. It was strange that she was dressing up for her elderly neighbor, but these last few weeks had been a constant stream of strange.

Paige had spoken to David about her idea, and he liked it. If she were comfortable with it, he would definitely enjoy hearing about it. So, it was set, she would invite Hank over for a coffee this morning. She, of course, planned to send David a teasing text about it once it was over.

Stepping out into the partly cloudy morning, it took a second for her eyes to adjust. She had made sure Hank was outside, smoking a cigarette, before she stepped out. She could feel his eyes on her as she walked down her front steps. A smile on his face as he saw her turn and walk towards him.

"Hey, Hank!" Paige said, waving at her neighbor.

"Mornin'." He replied, flicking the end of the cigarette away.

"How have you been?" She asked. "Haven't seen you in a while."

"I've been good." He replied. "Been missing our... chats out back."

"I know, but maybe we could catch up over coffee?" She offered, steering the conversation.

He raised an eyebrow at her. "You wanna have coffee with me?" He asked. "Don't you wanna do something else with me?"

"While it's tempting, I thought we could sit down and get to know each other before we do that." She answered, beating around the bush.

"If that's what it takes, I guess I'll have coffee with you." He responded.

"Great, I'll get the coffee going if you wanna sit out on the porch." Paige happily replied.

Paige went back into her house as Hank made his way over. She had one of those single-serving coffee makers, so she had to wait for the two mugs to be filled. She felt excited to go outside, knowing Hank would be throwing compliments her way, which would drive David wild. As she stepped outside with the two mugs, she saw Hank seated in one of their rocking chairs.

"Here you go!" She said, handing Hank his mug by bending at the waist to give him a good look down her shirt.

"Mmm... thank you." He replied, his eyes fixated on her cleavage.

"You're very welcome." She responded, standing back up straight and sitting in the rocking chair next to him. "I assumed you like it black."

"You are correct." Hank responded. "I like my coffee strong... just like my woman."

"Oh, really? You don't want a delicate woman?" She asked.

"I mean a strong-willed woman." He answered. "That's why I really like it."

"Because I'm strong-willed." She responded.

"Oh, ya. Took a while for me to crack your shell, but eventually I got in." He replied. "It's all about the chase."

"Is that what this is? The predator chasing its prey?" She asked.

"I wouldn't exactly call it that." Hank answered. "It's not like you're not enjoying this."

"And why do you think that?" She responded.

"I saw the peep in your step earlier." He replied. "The smile, the way you leaned over when handing me the coffee. It's pretty obvious that you want it."

"Huh, you're more observant than I thought." She joked to herself, knowing he had no idea what was going on.

"I could see from the very first day that David wasn't satisfying you." He responded. "Knew it was only a matter of time until your walls started falling."

"And what makes you so sure that's what's happening here?" Paige asked. "Maybe this is all a cruel joke."

"Even if it started as that, you've seen what I'm packing." Hank answered. "You've seen how big it is, and I know you're curious."

"Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not." She replied. "But you need more than a big thing to get what you want."

"Is that so? What is it I need then?" He asked.

"Some patience for one." She answered. "Sex is much more fun when there's an actual connection."

"So, is that what I need. A connection?" He replied.

"Yes, I don't do flings." She told him.

It was the truth, she had never liked one-night stands. Having a connection with someone made it so much better. She also hoped it would tame Hank down a bit. If he were after a connection with her, he would hopefully be less pushy when it came to physical touch. At least Paige hoped he would.

"You'll learn eventually that all of life is a fling." Hank said. "You're here and happy one day, but the next day could be completely different."

"That's an upsetting way to see the world." She replied. "Did someone break your heart?"

"Ha, I wish." He laughed. "It would have been easier if she were just a cheating bitch."

"What do you mean?" Paige asked.

"My first wife and I got a divorce." He explained. "Neither of us did anything wrong, we just grew apart. The last thing holding us together were the kids, and once they moved out... well, nothing held us together."

"I'm sorry that must have been hard." Paige responded.

"Ya, but it was either that or live an unhappy life." He told her. "In the end, connection is just temporary. But lust is forever."

"Ha, hardly." Paige responded. "Lust fades, even you won't want me forever."

"With a banging body like yours, my lust will be permanent." He replied.

"I didn't know you had kids, Hank." Paige said, steering the conversation once again.

"Ya, my pride and joys." He replied. "Gave up smoking for 25 years for them."

"Really? That's impressive." She responded. "Wouldn't expect that from you."

"Guess there's more to me than what meets the eye." He told her. "Plus, a man should do everything and anything for his family."

Paige took the last sip of her coffee and felt a bit bad for judging him. He obviously was still a creep for hitting on her for so many years, but there's still a half-decent man in there somewhere.

"I'm going to get another cup of coffee. Do you want one?" She asked, not wanting this conversation to end.

"Sure, I'll take one." He replied with a smile, handing her his mug.

Paige took the mug and hurried inside. She gave her hips a little extra sway as she walked, knowing Hank's eyes were glued to her ass. She left the door open a crack so she could push it open when she came back outside. Once in the kitchen, she pulled her phone out and thought about a teasing text to send David.

Suddenly, two hands, one on both sides of her, came to rest on the counter next to her, trapping her in place. An old, rickety body pressed itself against her as Hank breathed in her scent.

"Hank, what are you doing?" Paige asked, her body stiff as she began to panic internally.

"Come on, Paige... we both know where this is headed!" He whispered in her ear.

"Hank, I'm not ready..." She replied, trying to figure out a way out that didn't involve punching him in the face.

"I think you are!" He responded, one of his hands going to her hip and pulling her back, causing her to bend slightly, her butt being pushed into his crotch.

"Huh! Hank!" She gasped, shocked by his aggressive moves.

Hank began to grind his bulge against Paige's butt. Her mind felt disgusted as she smelt the cigarette smoke on his body. But her body betrayed her, getting aroused, causing her to arch her back. Paige began to pant as her body got hot and bothered, her body responding to Hank's bulge being pressed against her.

"Hank!" Paige gasped as he suddenly reached up and grabbed her breasts.

Paige was in shock as Hank's hands groped her breasts through her shirt. She could feel his hardon pressed against her ass as his hands roughly played with her tits. He squeezed them tightly, getting a good feel of each breast. Paige squirmed, unsure how the situation got so out of hand.

Paige knew she had to get out of his grip somehow. But she was starting to get aroused. Her body temperature was rising as were her nipples, which poked through the thin fabric of her top. She could feel his big cock pressed against her, and for some strange reason, her body was

responding to it. She hated to think that she might be attracted to Hank, but in her current state, there was little doubt.

"Mmm... feels so good!" Hank moaned. "I think we should take this top off!" He said, his hands grabbing the hem of her top.

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" Paige replied, finally getting out of his grip by turning around. "Maybe we should slow down a bit."

Hank's hands went to her hips as he still had her pinned against the counter. She placed a hand on his chest to keep him away, but with one strong movement, he could easily power through her. She looked at him with pleading eyes, hoping both that he wouldn't push any further and that he wouldn't stop. Her contradictory feelings were muddying her head, unsure of what was going to happen next.

"Come on, Paige... how long are we going to dance around like this?" Hank asked, his eyes searching Paige's.

"I-I'm just not ready... yet." She told him, her walls crumbling under his persuasive touch.

"Fine." He annoyedly agreed, releasing Paige's hips from his grip. "But know that this is inevitable. I'll be upstairs pounding that pussy in no time."

Paige gasped at his unseemly comments. Her body shivered, out of disgust or arousal, she wasn't quite sure. Hank smirked, turned around, and left Paige alone, his final words ringing in her mind.

What he said sounded preposterous, but the longer Paige thought about it, the more truth lay within them. Hank kept pushing Paige further and further, and Paige was putting up less and less resistance. She hadn't put up any resistance when Hank grabbed her breasts today, only willing herself to stop him when he attempted to go further.

Paige realized she still had her phone in her hand. She wondered what to tell David. She let out an exhausted little laugh as she knew this would turn him on. Her focus shifted back to her husband, trying to figure out exactly how much teasing she could give him.

David was feeling anxious at work. He knew Paige was having coffee with Hank this morning, and he wanted to know all the sordid details. The meeting he was in this morning felt like an eternity as he wondered what could happen. This fantasy had a downside, as his work had been suffering due to his lack of attention. But he couldn't help himself.

He imagined them sitting out front, sipping on coffee, Paige slowly being drawn in by the elderly neighbor. In this fantasy, Paige would eventually give in. She'd bring him inside and up the stairs to their bedroom, where she'd let the old guy have his way with her. He already knew Hank would start in missionary, wanting to see Paige's big tits bounce as he fucked her.

He really tried to focus, but he kept coming back to that damn fantasy. He was afraid to stand up, as he might have a tent in his pants. Every time his phone buzzed, he got a rush of adrenaline, only to be disappointed when it wasn't Paige. Finally, she sent a text.

It was a picture. David held his breath as he unlocked his phone. His eyes bulged when he saw the picture. It was Paige from the chest down. She was lying down on the edge of their bed, naked, legs spread apart. On her stomach was a pool of what looked like cum.

'Coffee was a SMASHING success!' Her following message read.

David knew it was soap and that Paige was just messing with him. But he also didn't care. He pulled out his cock in his office and began to jerk off, imagining his fantasy as it played out on his bed.

He knew Hank would bang Paige in missionary, watching her reaction to his enormous cock. Probably laughing to himself as he went to town on his neighbor's wife. He wondered if Paige enjoyed it. She must have, even if Hank were clueless, that hunk of meat would make her feel things she hadn't before. He imagined her screaming in ecstasy, Hank's cock inside, stretching her out.

He bet they didn't use a condom; Hank wouldn't want to, and convinced Paige that he would pull out. He did, only because he knew Paige would've been pissed if he didn't. Paige was playing with fire by not using protection. Considering she was off the pill, if Hank had cummed inside it... you never know.

David was lucky that no coworker walked in at that moment, otherwise, he would have been in trouble. He sat back and thought about Paige and Hank together. He imagined Hank hammering into her with all the force he had. Sweat was dripping down his brow from the exertion. His thrusts were getting more desperate as he got close to the end. Then the two of them cumming together in an ultimate climax.

"Mmphmm!" He exhaled as his came all over his pants.

The post-nut clarity hits David hard. His fantasy is still quite embarrassing for him, especially when thinking about it in an inappropriate place like work. But he just can't stop himself, no matter the circumstances. When his brain thinks about his fantasy, he just completely loses control.

"Aww, shit!" He said, looking down and realizing he had obviously cum on his pants now.

He obviously couldn't walk around like this. He tried to wipe it up with some tissues, but that didn't help. He would have to come up with an excuse to go home.

"Huh..." He exhaled as he picked up his cup of coffee, then proceeded to spill it all over himself.

"Hey, boss." He said, lightly knocking on his boss's door. "I spilled coffee all over myself. I got to go home and change. I'll finish my work this weekend."

"Hmmm... ya, ok." His boss replied, focused on something else. "See you Monday."

As David got in his car, he knew this drive home was going to be torturous. He was soaked in coffee, making it difficult to get comfortable. Worst, he had a boner that was pressing against the wet fabric. His cock had only gone soft for a few minutes as he exited his work. By the time he got back in his car, his tent had returned.

He rushed home; glad he hadn't passed any cops, as he was surely speeding a lot. He was eager to get out of his wet clothes, but he also needed Paige desperately. By the time he got home, he was riled up and ready to go. He left his briefcase in the car and ran inside.

"Hello?" Paige said, hearing the front door open as she sat on the living room couch. David walked in, and she was surprised to see her husband. "Babe, I didn't know you'd be home early?"

David rushed her. Jumping on her and kissing her with all the pent-up passion he had. He pushed her onto her back as he pressed his fully erect cock against her. Paige was a little surprised at first, but she should have seen this coming. Her teasing only invited David's fantasy.

"Why are your clothes wet?" She asked as he went down and kissed her neck.

"What happened with Hank?" David responded.

"Take those wet clothes off first, then I'll tell you." She answered.

David practically ripped his clothes as Paige took her pants off carefully. David was back over her in a short minute, teasing his cock against her panty-covered pussy.

"So, what happened?" He asked, desperate to know.

"It was all going well. Mmm... we were drinking our coffees on the porch." Paige explained.

"Was he flirting with you?" David asked.

"Of course." She answered. "He was very adamant about us fucking!"

"Mmmm!" David groaned, pulling Paige's panties aside.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Paige said, slapping his hand away. "There's more!"

"Hank pushed for more?" He asked.

"Mhmm." She replied, smiling at how shocked David looked. "I went inside to get us another cup of coffee, and he followed me inside. He trapped me against the counter and rubbed his big cock against my ass! Then he reached up and grabbed my boobs!"

"He did?" David asked, his tone between shocked and aroused.

"He did!" She said, grabbing her husband's hands and placing them on her breasts. "Doesn't that make you jealous, that Hank got to touch what was once just yours!"

David was stunned into silence. Paige was moaning and groaning below him as he began to thrust, teasing them both as his cock pressed on her pantie-covered pussy. His hands massaged her breasts, roughly palming her tits as they played out this fantasy.

"Come on, Hank! Fuck me already!" Paige moaned out.

David lost it in that moment. He tore Paige's panties off her and roughly shoved his cock inside her. He began thrusting with all the force he could muster. He ripped her shirt open so he could see and fondle her breasts as he fucked her. His lustful state turned his brain off, his sole focus was Paige.

"Oh god, yes!" Paige moaned as she felt her husband's cock enter her. "Uhh... you can't tell my husband about this!"

"Of course!" David replied, trying to make his voice sound more gravely.

"Uhh! Mmmm... he can't do me like you can!" She told him, playing the role of the cheating wife.

Paige laid back and let her husband go to town. She knew all the teasing was driving him crazy, and the role-playing brought him even further down. She was a little worried that she had

initiated the role-playing, that David hadn't even asked for it. His fantasy was definitely rubbing off on her, which made Hank's final words to her even more ominous.

But in the moment, Paige couldn't deny how good it felt--lying on her back, taking her husband's dick, his curvature letting it hit her G-spot over and over again. She reached up and cupped his face. So smooth and strong, a stark contrast to Hank's old mug. And yet, here she was, role-playing as if it were Hank doing her.

"You're such a little slut!" David said, trying to sound like Hank.

"And you're such a BIG man!" She responded, emphasizing the big.

"Fuck, I'm going to cum inside you!" He replied, his thrust hitting a triumphant finally.

"No, I'm not on the pill!" Paige told him.

"Wha?" David asked, confused for a moment.

"I'm not on the pill, I could get pregnant!" Paige repeated. "And then David will know about our affair!"

David was once again shocked into silence. Paige was finding all the right buttons to push. She pushed him off her and forced him to sit down. She went to her knees, getting between his legs and grabbing hold of his cock.

"Mmm... I've always wondered what your cock tastes like, Hank!" Paige said as she kissed David's cock up and down.

Paige used to give him blowjobs all the time. But over the course of their relationship, they slowly stopped. Things had just become more routine in the bedroom, and it wasn't something he necessarily needed. But this fantasy had turned their sex life upside down, and this was no exception.

"Oh god!" David groaned as Paige wrapped her lips around his cock.

David was already close, and feeling Paige's lips only brought him closer. Paige was sucking with everything she had, taking his whole cock to the back of her mouth in one quick swoop. She dug her nose into his curly pubes, smelling the distinct musk of her husband. Her hands reach down and gently squeeze his balls, attempting to juice him of his sperm.

"Fuck! You are such a bad wife!" David said as Paige took him out of her mouth and began licking his cock up and down.

"Only because of the influence you've had on me, you dirty old man!" Paige replied, staying in character.

Paige wrapped her lips around David's cock head and began doing circles around his cock head with her tongue. David's low groan let her know that she was doing something right. She began to lower her head again, this time taking her time to go down. She could feel his cock pulsing, and as she got to his base again, he began to explode.

"Uuhhh!" He moaned as he began to cum into his wife's warm mouth.

Paige happily hummed as she felt her husband's hot load enter her mouth. She wasn't exactly a fan of the taste, but she did love to please her husband. And by the sound of his joyful groans and the amount of cum currently in her mouth, he definitely enjoyed himself.

"Are you sure you wanna do this?" David asked as Paige walked down the stairs in a tiny white bikini.

"You don't have to keep asking that." Paige answered. "I know what I'm doing."

"I know, I just want to make sure." He replied. "And remember, just say 'Did you hear that?' and I'll come running out."

"I know you will." Paige said, giving him a tender kiss on the lips. "Now, go take your position. My secret crush is waiting for me." She teased.

Stepping outside into the hot summer afternoon, Paige felt the humidity from a rainstorm in the early morning. But the clouds had parted, allowing the sun to shine. She had her suntan oil in one hand and a strong drink in the other. Hank was already waiting for her outside. Their eyes met, and it was on.

Meanwhile, inside, David was getting comfortable next to the bathroom window. He had a moisturizer and a box of tissues next to him to avoid having to clean up again. He was already stroking himself by the time Hank and Paige started talking.

"Afternoon, Paige." Hank said as he checked Paige out in her bikini.

"Hi, Hank. How are ya?" She asked as she put her stuff down.

"A lot better now." He replied, checking out Paige's thonged bikini bottom.

"Oh, you're so dumb!" She cheekily responded, but made sure to give him a good look at her butt.

"Need some help putting on that suntan oil?" He asked.

"I guess I might." She answered.

Hank was already making his way around the fence as Paige lay down on the lounge. She saw him walk in with the biggest shit-eating grin she had ever seen. She rolled her eyes internally as he picked up the bottle and put some on his hands.

"Hubby not around today?" He asked.

"He's busy inside with work." She explained.

"Aawww... too bad." Hank responded, getting down to Paige's level.

David was actually near the window, listening in, wondering whether he could peek out the window without getting caught. He listened carefully for now, the playful banter already turning him on. His cock was already leaking precum as he heard the squeak of the oil bottle.

"Oh!" Paige yelped. "Your hands are quite cold."

"Sorry, about that." He replied. "How about we warm them up a bit."

Hank's hands made their way down Paige's back, starting at her shoulders and quickly going down to her bikini string. Hank undid the top with only a small look between the two of them. Paige's lack of resistance made Hank far more bold than he should be, as evidenced by him definitely getting a quick feel of her side boob. It was a blink and you miss it, but Paige for sure felt his gnarly fingers on her breasts. But Hank had his sights on something else as his hands quickly made their way down her back.

"Mmmm!" Paige moaned slightly as Hank's hands grabbed her juicy butt.

"Hehe... enjoying yourself?" Hank asked, laying gentle kisses on her cheeks.

"You know I always do." She responded, blushing slightly at the realization that this wasn't a lie anymore.

David took his first peek out the window. His eye went wide as he saw Hank rubbing Paige's ass. It was even crazier that he was kissing her ass. David could see from the bathroom that Hank wanted more. He wanted to really taste her. David both wanted him to push the envelope and not to. He obviously wanted Hank to eat Paige to satisfy his fantasy, but he worried that might be too much for Paige, and he'd have to intervene. For now, he sat back down beside the window, images of Hank licking Paige running through his mind.

"Mmmm... you sure know how to massage a butt!" Paige noted.

"And you have quite the butt to massage!" Hank replied, giving her butt a few light spanks.

"Why, thank you. I do work on my glutes quite a bit." She responded.

"I can tell!" He answered. "Now, why don't you flip over so I can oil up your front side for you as well."

Paige slowly turned over, watching Hank as his eyes feasted on her nude rack. She blushed slightly under his lustful stare, knowing full well he was going to push the envelope on her. She knew how far she was willing to go, and anything more, she would say the phrase to get David out here.

"Mmm... absolutely incredible!" Hank said, his eyes taking in all of Paige's sexy body. "How do they stay so perky?"

"Hehe... good genes, I guess!" Paige responded, her hands cupping her breasts gently.

"I think these should come off." He replied, hooking his finger in Paige's bikini bottom. "You don't want tan lines, do you?"

"Hank, I don't know about that..." Paige responded, but Hank was already pulling her bottoms down.

"Don't worry, I won't touch." He assured her as her pussy came into view.

"Promise?" She weakly asked as her bikini bottom was already down by her knees.

"I promise." Hank answered as he pulled her bottoms right off her.

Paige tipped her head back and spread her legs slightly to give Hank an unobstructed view of her pussy. She couldn't believe she was letting him see it, but here she was. Her head wiped back as she felt Hank kissing up her inner thigh.

"Hank, don't..." Paige said, sounding like a plea rather than a command.

"I won't. I'm a man of my word." He replied. "But ho boy, is it tempting!"

David took another peek, seeing Hank kissing Paige's thick thighs sent him into overdrive. He couldn't pull himself away from the scene even though he was risking getting caught. He wanted Hank to go forward and eat her pussy. Paige had told him how far she was willing to go today, and Hank licking her pussy was definitely not on the list. But the look on her face told him it was unlikely she'd stop him.

"Mmm... your pussy looks so tight." Hank noted, kissing right next to her labia. "David can't stretch you out like I could!"

"No... he can't." She replied, knowing that this type of talk strangely turned her husband on.

"It'll be soon, won't it?" Hank asked, pulling his head away.

Paige didn't respond, but her silence spoke volumes. Hank had that big, creepy grin as he stood up and picked up the oil bottle backup. Paige watched him as he went behind her. She couldn't help but notice the large tent he was supporting in his shorts.

"Oohh!" She gasped as he dribbled a little bit of oil on her bare breasts.

Hank quickly tossed the bottle aside, and before Paige could stop him, his hands were on her breasts. Paige had expected this, she had planned to go this far, and any further, she would get David out here. His hands felt oddly good on her tits, gripping and squeezing them tightly. She could feel his breath on her neck as he covered her breasts in oil.

"God damn! These are fucking perfect!" Hank told her, rolling her large breasts in his hands.

"Mmm... I'm glad you like them!" Paige replied.

Paige tipped her head back and closed her eyes as Hank went to town on her tits. His hands roamed every inch of her incredible breasts. His grip was tight and enthusiastic, as her breasts glistened in the afternoon sun. She let out a soft moan as he aggressively flicked her nipples, which became quite hard, quite fast. Hank took the opportunity and began kissing Paige's neck, causing her to moan even more.

David's eyes were glued to the scene happening outside. His cock was on the precipice of cumming as he watched his elderly neighbor fondle his wife's chest. He had fantasized about this for years, and it was everything he could have imagined. His lust was only matched by his jealousy as he watched the scene unfold.

"I think that's enough for today." Paige said, but not pulling away.

"You may be right." Hank replied, pulling his hands away and standing up. "But I need help putting on some oil as well."

"You want me to rub oil on your back?" Paige asked, finally opening her eyes.

"Not exactly." Hank answered and pulled his rock-solid cock out.

"Huh... Hank!" Paige gasped as his cock was now out and in her face.

Hank stood above proudly showing his cock off to the world and Paige to see. Paige couldn't believe her eyes as Hank took the suntan oil and dribbled a bit onto it. She turned away for a second, trying to see if David was watching, unsure of her next action.

"D--di..." She began to say, but the words seemed caught in her throat.

"Come on, just rub a little oil on it!" He responded, snatching her wrist and pulling it towards her cock.

Time seemed to slow down as Paige watched her hand make contact with Hank's cock. She was present but couldn't even control her own body as her fingers reflexively curled around his cock. Her jaw dropped as she was now holding Hank's cock in her hand.

"Aaahh! That's it!" Hank said, still holding Paige's wrist and manually moving her hand up and down his cock.

"This is crazy!" Paige responded.

"You like it though, don't you?" He replied.

David's jaw was on the floor as he watched his wife's hand on their elderly neighbor's cock. He was jerking off hard at the sight before him, a mixture of arousal and jealousy coursing through his veins. Paige gave him a sidelong glance, as if to check if this was okay. He doesn't know if she saw him, but he shook his head affirmatively. Paige looked back at Hank as David felt himself getting even closer.

"It is quite an impressive appendage." Paige said, looking up at Hank.

"Hehe... don't I know it." Hank responded, releasing her wrist and watching as Paige continued to jerk him off with no assistance.

Paige was still in shock at her position. She never in a million years would have thought she would have Hank's hard cock in her hand. It was also shocking that it wasn't causing her to vomit. There was something oddly desirable about the feel of Hank's cock in her hand. It was impressive in size, but there's something so satisfying about feeling him about to burst and knowing it's all because of her.

She began to really feel his member up. She noticed the prominent veins on his underside, his thick, red, circumcised head, and the strange lack of pubes. She realized he must have shaved, meaning this was definitely a premeditated act. She shook her head slightly but continued to jerk him off nonetheless.

She listened to her neighbor moaning and groaning as she jerked him off. She looked up at him, and their eyes met. She didn't feel her usual disgust or hatred towards him. She blushed and bit her lower lip as she jerked him faster. She wondered if she now found him attractive, a thought her past self would have laughed at, but she had to seriously consider if it was true.

Hank slowly leaned down and tipped her chin up. He captured Paige's lips in a searing kiss. She had had time to move away, but she didn't, kissing the old man back and jerking him off. His tongue invaded her mouth and began to gently play with hers as his hand groped her right breast. He tasted faintly of cigarettes and whiskey, although it wasn't unpleasant at all. She wondered what David thought of all this, but she was pretty sure she knew the answer.

"Mmmpphhh!" David groaned as he came into some tissues.

He finally busted when he saw Paige openly kissing their elderly neighbor. Something about it just turned him on so much. He had imagined it many times, but seeing it in person left him shocked and aroused. He couldn't hold back any further and began to ejaculate. He grabbed a tissue just in time. He could still hear Paige and Hank outside kissing and the faint sound of her hand jerking him off.

Paige could feel Hank's cock pulsing in her hand, so close to the end, yet she felt almost disappointed it was ending. She moaned into his mouth as he pinched her nipples, pleasure emanating through her body. The thrill and naughtiness of the moment were making her enjoy this more than she expected. She was also imagining what David would do to her when she went back inside. It was definitely going to be fun to see.

"Mmmm!" Hank groaned into Paige's mouth as his cock began to cum.

Paige could feel Hank's cum explode from his cock. She felt as his sperm began to hit her, from her hand still gently masturbating Hank, to hitting her arm, and down to her chest. Hank was still kissing her even as his cock began to soften. Paige finally pulled away, Hank giving her tit one last squeeze.

"Mmmm... thanks for the hand!" Hank said, laughing to himself as Paige lay there stunned, watching him pull his shorts back up.

'What have I gotten myself into?' She thought as her elderly neighbor walked back towards his house.

But Why Him? Pt. 03 (unrevised)

“And the ball is grounded to Gonzalez, who throws it over to first for the out. Two down.” The TV played as David tried to watch.

It was 0-0 game between the Pirates and the Brewers in the 4th inning. Really barn burner. David didn’t even like watching baseball, but he needed a distraction, literally any distraction.

He knew the reason, it was because Paige had gone out on a walk with Hank. He had been hard since she stepped out of the door in a pink tank top and matching active shorts. He had watched from their bedroom as she went outside and they said a casual hello in front of their house. There was nothing to indicate any romantic or sexual tension, but David couldn’t help but imagine, even after their conversation from last night.

“How was it?” He remembered asking her as they got ready for bed last night.

“I don’t know... I guess I didn’t hate it.” She replied, confused and muddled about the whole situation.

“Would you do it again?” He followed up, as they slid into bed.

“Maybe... ugghh, that’s so fucked up.” She answered putting her face in her hands.

“No, no, it’s fine.” David responded, scooting over and comforting his wife. “You did enjoy it then, didn’t you?”

“Ya, it was weirdly fun in a real fucked up way.” She replied, looking up at her husband. “And I knew you’d enjoy it.”

“Haha... that I did.” He laughed.

“I just don’t know how comfortable I am going any further with him.” She responded. “What about you?”

“You know where I stand.” He told her. “I obviously don’t mind you going further, but only if you’re comfortable with it.”

“Thank you, but the problem is Hank.” She replied. “Every time I get comfortable, he seems to push me further.”

“He has every incentive to.” He responded.

“I know.” She answered. “But I gotta draw the line somewhere, a red line where I won’t go any further.”

“Right and where is that?” David asked.

“It has to be sex, right?” Paige answered. “Even if we use protection, there’s no guarantee that it will work.”

“Not to mention a guy like Hank might try and pull it off or something.” He added.

“Right... way too risky.” She agreed. “And it’ll keep when we make love special, because you’re the only one I’ll get that from.”

He knew when Paige put her foot down, she rarely picked it back up. But Hank seemed to snake his way in, and somehow David felt like he might just be able to. It was crazy, Paige still had a

distaste for him, but she agreed to a walk in the park with him so maybe things had change. Still, out in public she was safe, and she wouldn't dare go down a trail less travelled.

'Bbbzzttt!' His phone vibrated on the table next to him. He hoped it was the distraction, literally any distraction. He'd even be happy if it was his boss telling him to come in. But it was quite literally the exact opposite.

'It's happening right now!' The text from Paige read.

David immediately understood and his eyes went wide. 'There's no way!' He thought even as his cock seemingly got even harder.

David didn't believe the text, there was no way Paige would let Hank have sex with her. Especially after their talk from yesterday. The idea was insane and impossible, but he couldn't help but imagine it happening.

He wondered what Hank said that convinced her, but he would have done something big to seduce. He then dragged her behind some bush, Paige not putting up a fight. He imagined he be rough, pulling her shorts down then ripping her panties off. He finger her aggressively not giving her a second to breathe, then pulling his fingers out and replacing them with his cock.

David imagined him thrusting deeply into Paige, his massive cock remoulding her pussy to his cock. He knew a man like Hank would know how to please a woman, meaning Paige was probably screaming in pleasure. He bet a couple of people stopped and watching, surprised to see such a beautiful woman with such an ugly, old guy.

David sighed and pulled his cock out, there was no point in trying to stop at this point. He masturbated hard as he pictured his elderly neighbor pounding his wife, his cock ready to explode. Paige would have the awareness to stop him before he busted inside her. He'd reluctantly pull out and bust on her face, laughing as he covered his neighbor's wife in his spunk. He was close to finishing when his phone buzzed again.

His heart pumped faster and his jaw dropped as he saw the picture Paige sent over. She was bent over at the waist, her shorts and panties around her ankles. And sitting between her cheeks was Hank's thick meat.

'No... she didn't...' He thought looking at the evidence that she might have.

When the second picture hit, David could no longer deny it. This picture had her bent over again, but this time Hank's cock was lined up with her pussy. His cock was brushing against her lips ready to take her in a moments notice. He took a closer look and recognized the tile floor. It was from a bathroom in the park that was known as a hookup spot.

'It happened... Hank fucked my wife!' Is what he thought as his cock burst and he came all over himself.

The last picture was off her chest, Hank's sperm clearly all over. This time it definitely wasn't soap. David couldn't believe it after their discussion last night he thought there was no way, but Hank had done it.

When Paige walked out to water her front lawn, she knew it would garner the attention of a certain someone. She didn't mind; she'd try and keep her distance and make him aware David is

right inside. She wore a pretty revealing outfit, plenty of cleavage and legs to be seen, knowing it would make her husband jealous. When she heard his front door open, she couldn't help but smile a little.

"Mornin' neighbor!" Hank called out, Paige looking over her shoulder as he approached their shared fence.

"Morning Hank." She replied, refocusing on the lawn. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"That it is, would be a perfect day to do some sunbathing." He responded, Paige could feel his hopefulness in his voice.

"Not today, unfortunately." She told him, Paige finally turning around to face him. "I feel like doing something today and not just lying around the pool."

"I could think of a few things for us to do." Hank replied with a menacing smile.

"Oh, really and what did you have in mind?" She asked playing coy.

"Hehe... I don't want to offend the lady with what I'm thinking of." He joked. "But maybe just a walk in the park to start?"

This offer somewhat surprised Paige. She had expected a more inappropriate offer, but that far more tame than expected. She knew he was attempting to lure her away from her husband, but the park would be packed and she'd keep him at arms length.

"Ummm... sure." She answered, knowing a public wasn't too big a risk.

"Terrific. Just give me a minute to go put my walking shoes on." Hank replied, then headed back to his house.

Paige quickly went inside as well just to tease David that she was going on a date with Hank, even referring to him as her "new boyfriend". She could see the list and jealousy swirling inside of David. She laughed as walked back out the door, her eager date already waiting for her.

Paige was oddly excited to go on the walk, she rationalized that she was excited for her husband's reaction when she got home. But a dark thought came through her head, that maybe she was excited to be with Hank. She brushed it aside as a nonsensical, intrusive thought.

The start was quite awkward, mostly just mundane chitchat as they walked. Hank's hand would bump Paige's hip every so often, he obviously wanted the physical touch, but out in public he couldn't outright grab. Paige smiled though as he stared her chest, which bounced slightly as they made their way to the park.

The park was a pristine spot in the city, a place of pride for the community. There was a grass lawn as you entered with just a few trees for shade and a couple of park benches. There were several pathways that headed down into the wooded area. Paige was weary of going down those paths as they could be empty giving Hank an opportunity to make a move on her. She was happy when he suggested a more popular path, knowing that there was almost a few people along the path. As they started making their way down, Hank put his hand on Paige's exposed lower back.

"Hank, someone could see." She whispered and looked at the old man.

"I don't see anyone I know, do you?" He asked.

“No... but what if someone I know does.” She answered looking around and seeing only a few strangers around.

“Just cough and I’ll pull away.” He told her. “Don’t act like you don’t like my touch. I know I enjoyed your touching from yesterday!”

“Don’t expected that again, it was a one-time thing.” She replied, trying to set boundaries.

“Don’t act like you didn’t enjoy it! I could see from your smile yester that you did!” Hank responded, Paige blushing a bit.

“Maybe it wasn’t terrible...” She admitted, Hank’s hand moving to her hip.

“See, you’re a naughtier wife than you lead on.” He replied, feeling Paige relax next to him.

“Maybe you bring just bring that out in me.” She responded as they passed by a large tree.

“Maybe I want to put something in you.” He answered.

“Ha... oh my god!” Paige laughed in surprise.

“Sorry, couldn’t help myself.” He replied with a smile.

“No, it was good. Made me laugh.” She responded, realizing it was a genuine laugh at his comment.

“Hey, look up there.” Hank said pointing up into a tree. “It’s a couple of cardinals.”

“Oh, wow!” Paige replied looking up at the birds who were standing next to a nest.

A couple of baby birds head popped out of the nest as one of the birds gave them a worm. It made Paige think about her own impending pregnancy. She was so ready to be a mother, it had been a longtime dream of hers. It was weird to think but Hank was helping her to that dream in some ways. Their relationship was acting as a lubricant for hers and David sex life. It was messed up, but David and her had never had a better sex life thanks to Hank.

“Ain’t they cute?” Hank said as they stopped and watched the birds for a moment.

“They are.” Paige replied noticing a few other people stopping and watching as well. “I’ve always loved birds.”

“Can’t say I’ve ever been a bird watcher.” He responded.

“Huh! Hank...” She quietly gasped as the elderly man took the opportunity to grab Paige’s ass. “We’re in public...” She whispered.

“Don’t worry, nobody’s looking at us.” He replied, his hands giving her ass a hard squeeze.

Paige looked around seeing most people were focused on the birds or already moving along on the path. She decided to give the old man his kicks. It wasn’t feeling disgustingly terrible, it was actually feeling pretty good. Plus David might get a kick out of her being touched out in public.

“Mmm... how about you show me those tits.” Hank whispered as his hand continued to grope her ass.

“I think that’s enough.” She said smacking his hand away and continuing down the path again.

“Come on, you know you want to!” Hank replied catching up to Paige his hand going back to her hip.

“Even if I did, I can’t take my top off in public.” She responded, looking at the stranger around them.

“I know a place!” Hank answered, grabbing her hand and pulling her down another path before she could respond.

Hank walked with conviction, who wouldn’t given the circumstances and the obvious motivation. Paige should have resisted more, but she was a little curious what idea her elderly neighbor had. In retrospect, she definitely should have stopped him when she saw what is colloquially known as the ‘bang bathroom’. But before she knew it she was being dragged into the dirty washroom by Hank.

“Mmm... let’s take a look!” Hank said as he pulled her top up and above her head.

Before Paige even got her bearings, Hanks hands were in her chest and his mouth was locked in her nipple. Paige luckily had the wherewithal to lock the door, so no one would come in. She had to admit there was an excitement to being topless in a public space where anyone could catch them. That and Hanks aggressive groping and suckling got her surprisingly wet.

“Wow!” Paige yelped as Hank suddenly turned her around, his hands snaking around her to grope her tits from behind.

“Fuck! You have the best tits!” He growled as his hands massage the supple flesh of Paige’s breasts.

“Be quiet or someone will hear us.” Paige whispered, looking back at him to trying to keep him quiet.

“Alright, princess.” He joked.

Hank pressed his lips forward and caught Paige’s lips in a kiss. He stuck his tongue into her mouth and began to explore her mouth. Paige should have stopped him, but he was kind of a good kisser and she was rather enjoying the chest massage. Plus, as long as his tongue was in her mouth he couldn’t talk, which was a big plus.

But it was only a temporary kiss to subdue her. Hank suddenly bent Paige over, her hands going to the wall in front of her. Before Paige could stop him, he grabbed her shorts and pulled them down, her panties quickly following suit. Suddenly, Paige found herself in a vulnerable position, her lecherous old neighbor posed to take advantage.

“Hank... wh... what are you doing?” She quietly asked as he slid down to his knees.

“I just taking a look.” He responded.

Paige felt ok about him looking, it’s not like he hadn’t seen it before. Obviously, she was ready to stop him if he went too far. But feeling his hands spread her cheeks apart gave her chills. As did his kisses on each cheek, she could feel his eyes on her ultimate prize. She felt weirdly excited being touched in this bathroom by her elderly neighbor.

Hank knew he needed to have patience with Paige, but he was already getting tired of waiting for her to be ready. He pulled his phone out while Paige wasn't looking and snapped a quick pic, making sure his phone was on silent first. He took a good look at her pussy.

'Fuck it!' He thought as he pulled his hard cock out of shorts.

Unfortunately for him, Paige predicted what was coming. She felt his second hand come off her and figured it went to his dick. She peaked back just in time to see him pull his cock out. And as he stood up, she knew what he was going to try and do. But before he could, Paige stood up turned around, keeping Hank at arms length.

"That's not happening, Hank." She sternly told him looking him dead in the eyes.

"I wasn't..." He replied although very insincerely.

"If you ever want to actually get my consent, you won't try anything." She told him.

"Alright. I promise I won't." He reluctantly responded.

"Good." She replied, relaxing just a bit knowing Hank doesn't take promises lightly.

"But I got an idea." He told her before he spun her around and bent her over again.

"Huh! Hank!" She gasped as he put his meat right between her cheeks.

"Don't I won't do anything more, just a bit of teasing." He said as hot dogged his cock between her ass.

Paige should have probably stop him, but it was feeling oddly electrifying. She knew Hank could take her pussy at any moment and she'd have no real chance of stopping him. But she had a weird trust that he'd keep his promise. He did yesterday, and it was the beginning of trustful relationship. Plus, she knew Hank wouldn't do anything to risk losing her, so she always held that above him.

Hank took a few pics of his cock between her cheeks. He would definitely be saving those for his spankbank. He then lined his cock up as if he was about to enter her and snapped another pic. His cock brushed against her pussy lips, causing Paige to gasp. He knew he could ravage her, destroy her pussy and make her his, but he was going to be patient.

He went back to hot dogging his cock between her cheeks. He grabbed her by the waist and began humping her with increased force, letting her feel the power and speed he'd fuck her with. She wasn't going to be able to deny him forever, he'd eventually get her.

Paige could feel her body shake every time Hank plowed his old body into her. The bathroom filled with the sound of their bodies smacking together. She could feel his balls swing and slapping against her thighs as he thrust against her. She couldn't believe how easily she had succumb to this position, which brought the idea forward in her mind that she might actually like this game they were playing.

She shooed that idea away as Hank's hands moved to her ass. He roughly shoved her cheeks together, making her ass wrap tightly around his cock. Paige hated to admit it, but his rough treatment of her ass was feeling really good. She could feel her pussy becoming wet as his dick moved between her cheeks.

'Smack! Smack!' Sounded through the small bathroom as Hank spank her ass.

“Not so hard someone might hear.” She told him as she felt the radiating heat on her ass.

“Oh, I’m gonna cum!” He cried out, not listening to Paige at all.

Paige suddenly took the initiative, and turned around. She went to her knees and grabbed his cock with both hands, beginning to jerk him off. Hank while surprised, didn’t stop her. Instead, he tipped his head up and groaned as her soft hands moved in unison up and down his cock.

“Mmm... why don’t you cum for me, big boy?” Paige sensually said as she felt his cock pulsing in her hand.

“Your hands are a bit dry, maybe you should use that pretty little mouth of yours.” Hank suggested with a knowing smile.

Paige spat on her hands before quickly returning them to his cock. “Good try though.” She said, her hands gliding more easily now with her spit.

“Can’t blame me for trying!” Hank responded.

Paige looked back at the monster cock in her hands. The red head looked enormous to her, especially with a small bead of pre-cum leaking out. She had decided to give him a handjob rather than let him cum on her back as she didn’t want to have to clean herself off. But she now realized she was kneeling on the bathroom’s dirty floor.

“Oh god I’m going to cum!” Hank groaned as he took hold of his cock.

Paige had intended of getting him to cum on the floor away from her. But Hank aimed his cock right at her chest, and before she could move to get out of the way his first shot of spunk hit her. Shocked and disoriented, she stayed still as his cock covered her chest in a thick layer of his white, hot cream.

“Uhh!” She gasped as she looked down and saw Hank’s sperm all over her chest.

“Hehe... you look good, princess!” He laughed snapping a picture of her.

Paige was flabbergasted. Hank had covered her in his cum, from neck to her stomach. A bit of cum had gotten on her yesterday, but this was way overboard. She couldn’t believe he had done that, but mostly she hated that she had allowed it.

“Uuughh... get out, I got to clean off!” She told him.

“Hehe... yes you do!” Hank laughed again as he pulled his pants up. “I’ll wait outside for you.”

Paige locked the door behind Hank, then head right to the sink. The mirror was old and rusted, but she could still make out herself. She couldn’t believe what she saw, she barely recognized herself. But truthfully, Paige enjoyed it, and she knew she did.

Her heart was racing like crazy, her chest was hot, and her pussy dripping. The excitement and naughtiness of her encounters with Hank were no longer disgusting, but a thrilling experience. She had long believed that the excitement came from her fulfilling David’s fantasy, but it had slowly been transforming into her own fantasy. She still enjoyed for fulling David’s fantasy, but it was no longer the only reason she enjoyed it.

Paige cleaned herself up using the paper towels and water, it wasn’t perfect but it would have to do. She was putting her clothes on when she checked her phone and saw that Hank had sent

her the photos of her. Luckily her face wasn't in any of them. She decided to tease David, knowing those pictures would drive him wild.

She took a deep breath as she unlocked the door and stepped out. She looked around, it didn't appear as though anyone knew or was watching. She saw Hank seated on a bench across the path, his sinister grin forming as soon as he saw Paige.

"That was fun!" Hank said standing up as Paige walked over.

"It wasn't terrible." She coyly replied. "Shall we continue on our walk?"

"Hehe... I always knew there was a naughty little wife in there, just had to dig it out!" He told her as they began to walk back the way they came.

"Maybe... or I'm just teasing you." She responded as Hank's hand was on her again.

"Well if that's you teasing me, I'll gladly take it any day, princess." He replied, his hands moving to her ass.

Paige side eyed Hank, but ultimately didn't move away as his hand squeezed her ass. "You keep calling me princess. Is that your new pet name for me?" She asked as they strolled along.

"Ya, figured I'd try it out. What do you think of it?" He replied.

"Hhmmm... I kind of like it." She responded.

"I thought you might." He said. "Every woman wants to be a princess to someone."

"So, does that make you my prince?" Paige joked. "Cause from where I'm standing, it's more like the creepy, old jester."

"Haha... well it's quite scandalous of the princess to be sleeping with this jester." He retorted.

"We haven't done that... yet." She said, the implication of the yet weighing heavy on her.

They continued to walk up towards the park's entrance. Paige noticed a few curious looks from passersby, obviously curious as to why this elderly man has his hand directly on her ass. She ought to smack it away, but for a while she simply didn't, not until they were almost at the path's beginnings. Finally once the main road was visible did Hank take a step away from Paige.

"Well, that was quite the walk." Paige commented as they walked up her porch.

"Hehe... it's always an experience with me." Hank replied, taking a small step closer towards her.

"That it is very true." She responded, facing him as they got to her front door. "Well, I'll see you again soon."

"You're not leaving without a goodbye kiss, are you?" He asked taking her hand.

"Hank, my husband is right inside." She told him, looking through the small glass panel but not seeing a sole.

"He's not right at the door, he won't see a thing." He replied.

Before Paige could respond, Hank grabbed her hand and pulled her tight. His lips connected with her and Paige felt his tongue push past her lips. She didn't even try and stop him; she

actually wrapped her arms around him. Here she was in full view of the neighborhood making out with her elderly neighbor. She was lucky nobody she knew walked by.

“That’s enough of that.” She said, breaking the kiss as Hank’s hands went right to her ass.

“Mmm... see you around, princess!” The old man gleefully said, giving her one last spank on the ass before walking away.

Paige watched for a moment as Hank’s hands went left. ‘What have I gotten myself into!’ She thought.

“Oh! Fuck baby!” Paige cried out as she rode her husband’s cock.

“Then, what happened?” He asked from beneath her.

“He was ready to ravage my pussy, I barely had time to stop him! His head might have slipped in!” She embellished as she used his hands for balance, their bodies loudly smack together as she fucked him.

After her walk with Hank, Paige played it cool, pretending she didn’t know what pictures David was talking about. She was teasing him and driving him wild as she refused to give him the details of her encounter with Hank. She didn’t say anything to him until that night.

David was already hard as he laid down on top of the covers. He could hear his wife getting ready in the bathroom and knew she was finally going to spill the beans. He had been trying to coax any details out of her all afternoon, but she remained tight lipped about it. His imagination was running wild as he thought of what could have happened.

His excitement peaked as Paige stepped out of the bathroom in sheer white lingerie set. His cock as hard as it’s ever been as she crawled on the bed towards him. She slowly began to dish the details of her walk. The new pet name, the flirting, and the touching. As Paige slid onto his cock, she finally started talking about the bathroom incident.

“Is that when you took the pictures?” David asked, a little relieved they didn’t actually have sex, but also disappointed.

“Yup, the old bastard has photos of your girl, butt naked!” She commented as she moved with conviction. “Can you imagine what the old bastard is doing with them? I wondered if he’s showing his friends. Would you even be mad if he did, or would you like it?”

“Ooohh!” David groaned, Paige’s teasing driving him wild.

“After the picture, he squeezed my butt together and used them as his personal cocksleeve!” She told him. “Humped me good and hard! My pussy was ssooo wet! I was practically dripping onto the floor!”

“He came on your tits...” He replied, barely able to speak at this point.

“He did.” Paige responded, reminiscing about it. “I didn’t want to have cum on my back, so I turned around and finished him with my hands.”

Paige's leaned forward, putting her hands on either side of David's head. She got just a foot away from his face, so close she could see the hair follicles of his five o'clock shadow. Her hips continued to move violently as they both got close to finishing.

"I was on the ground, this close to his magnificent cock!" Paige told him, her pussy could feel his cock about to bust. "And all I could think about was what it tasted like... I'm even thinking of it right now! Would you like me to find out?"

"Mmmppphh!" David groaned as Paige's teasing and her salacious smile pushed him over the edge.

"Mmmm... that's a good boy!" She replied as she felt the warmth of her husband's sperm fill her up.

Paige eventually rolled off and snuggled up next to him as they both caught their breath. Their sex life had never been better, but both felt a heaviness come over the room as they lied there in silence. David looked at Paige on saw a concerned look on her face.

"What's wrong?" He asked looking down at Paige.

"It's just... I'm worried." She answered.

"About Hank, cause we can always pull the plug on my fantasy." He replied, trying to be supportive.

"No, it's not that." She responded. "It's I'm enjoying fooling around with Hank."

"Why is that problem?" David wondered.

"Well, before I was only doing it because it was your fantasy and I could tolerate Hank." She answered. "And I would be thinking about you and how you would react. But now that I get something out it, I'm not think of you as much and it makes me feel like I'm cheating on you."

"No, of course you're not cheating." He told her. "I'm happy you're enjoying yourself with him."

"You are?" Paige asked raising an eyebrow at her husband.

"Ya, I am." He answered. "The reason I was so scared to tell you about my fantasy was I knew how you felt about Hank and thought you'd never be able to get over that. And when we started I was feeling really guilty for putting you in these positions. But if you're actually enjoying yourself, then I don't feel guilty."

"I guess that makes sense." She replied.

"I don't mind you enjoying yourself as long as you keep supplying me with the details." He responded.

"Ha... ya, I will." She answered, feeling a bit better about the whole situation. "I guess it's both of our fantasies now."

"Who was that?" Paige asked as she sat at the dining room table sipping her coffee.

“It was my mother.” David explained. “She was calling to let me know that’s dad’s knee surgery date has been set for two weeks. I think I’ll drive up that weekend and help them out. I’m sure it’ll be difficult on my mom with dad being out of commission.”

“That’s a great idea. I can come as well, help with cleaning and such.” Paige told him.

“I know they’ll appreciate the help.” He responded, kissing her on the cheek and sitting down next to him. “Any plans for the day?”

“Hmmm... I was thinking of doing some sunbathing today.” Paige teasingly answered, the air in the room suddenly getting charged.

“Oh, really been a couple days since you went out? I think someone’s probably missing you.” David responded.

“Well, he’s not the only man in my life... but I bet he wishes he was.” Paige joked.

“Ha, ya he definitely does.” He laughed. “I got to go, just don’t tease me at work again.”

“I won’t... but your brain will do that for me.” She replied.

Paige took her time that morning, drinking her coffee and scrolling instagram as the sun rose. She had her breakfast, oats, yogurt, and some fruit, then replied to a few emails from work. Summer break wasn’t going to last which meant that this little fantasy would come to end, but she was going to enjoy the ride.

Paige looked at herself in the mirror later on. She was getting ready to go out back in the most risqué bikini yet. The bottoms were beige and barely cover anything, especially the g-string in the back. But that was conservative compared to the top. The sea star shaped bikini barely covered her nipples, let alone much of her breasts at all.

She had just bought it yesterday, not even David had seen her in it. She was quite excited to show off to Hank. She knew it would get quite the reaction from Hank, and therefore David as well. She was still feeling a little guilty about enjoying this fantasy even with David’s assurance. But for today at least, she would enjoy herself in whatever Hank pushed her to do.

It had been a couple of days since she fooled around with the old man. She needed a break just to ensure she wouldn’t feel too guilty. David kept reassuring her that it wasn’t cheating over the few and made her feel better. When she was out shopping yesterday and saw this bikini, she knew what she had to do.

She bounced down the stairs, her bikini barely holding together as she went to the back door. Opening up the door, she saw Hank already out back and watering his garden. She saw a look of surprise, before his lips curled in a devilish smile. Rather than head for her usual spot, Paige head right for her shared dance with Hank.

“Phhwhhht-phwooooooh!” Hank whistled as Paige came close. “Damn princess, you look sexy!” He said as Paige got close.

“Thank you very much!” She replied an extra pep in her step.

“That bikini is tiny, what’s the point of wearing anything at all?” He asked, as Paige reached the fence.

“I got to keep some modesty!” She answered. “Plus it’s fun to tease you!”

“Why don’t we stop with this silly game?” He responded, reaching out and cupping her breasts with his hands.

“I told you, to wait until I’m ready.” She answered, her hands rubbing his forearms as his hands dug into her supple chest.

“But it’s getting real hard!” He told her, his hands bouncing her chest.

“Well, maybe I could take care of that for you...” Paige offered, Hank raising an eyebrow at her. “Not in that way!”

“Haha... someone’s horny!” He replied, his one hand unzipping his pants.

“I guess we’re getting right to business today!” Paige noted as she slid down to her knees.

Hank pulled his cock out of his shorts, the massive appendage barely fit through the slots of their shared fence. Paige was always mesmerized when he pulled it out. The hulking beast short-circuited her brain and made her think devilish thoughts.

As her small, tender hands wrapped around his cock, she felt a rush of excitement vibrate through her. She bit her lower lip looking at his cock through lust filled eyes. She couldn’t help but imagine what Hank’s cock could do to her pussy if given the chance. It was disgraceful, horrible thought, but one she couldn’t help but think as she began to jerk him off.

“You should use those pretty lips of yours!” Hank said as Paige gave him another handjob.

“And why should I?” Paige asked, looking up at him curiously.

“Because you want to just as much as I do!” He answered.

Paige giggled to herself and looked back at his cock. He was entirely wrong, she was definitely curious about its feel and tasted. But it was just too much fun teasing the old man.

“Hhmm... is that what you think?” She responded, her lips getting awfully close to his cock. “Because I think I could leave and not look back.”

“Hehe... you really believe that?” He replied, challenging her assertion.

“Of course.” She answered. “I’m still married and don’t need it. You on the other hand, live all alone, and yearn after a taken woman.”

“Then leave.” He told her with a confident tone.

“What? I’m serious.” She replied surprised by his response.

“Oh, I know you are.” He answered. “But I see how you look at me and my cock now. You’ve gone down this road and there’s no turning back. So, you could stand up and walking inside, but some time soon, you’ll find yourself right back here.”

“Ha... you really have quite the ego.” Paige responded, looking at his cock.

“Matches my cock!” He replied. “I see you’re not leaving.”

“What’s the point, it’s like you said I’d just end up right back here.” She answered.

Paige focused her attention on her hands movements up and down his cock they went. She took detailed mental notes. The feel of his circumcised head, the prominent veins across his shaft,

and those heavy balls swinging freely. She bit her lower lip, it was odd temptation to suck on his one she might just give into.

“Your hands are quite dry.” Hank noted.

Paige rolled her eyes. Hank was persistent. She gave it one last look before moving her head closer. She let her tongue out and licked Hank’s cock head. He tasted of sweat and a bitter muskiness, but Paige found it oddly alluring. She dragged her tongue down his massive shaft, then back up, leaving a trail of saliva.

“Mmm... that’s a good princess!” Hank moaned. “Now wrap those lips around my cock!”

“No.” Paige simply replied, continuing to lick his cock up and down.

“What?” A confused Hank responded.

“I said no.” She answered. “This is all you’re getting for today.”

“You little tease.” Hank replied, a bit of frustration in his voice.

Up and down Paige’s tongue went gently dragging along his sensitive skin. She teased his head, getting a taste of his salty pre-cum. She heard Hank groan in pleasure and frustration as she teased him some more. Her one hand continued to jerk him in synchronized motion with her tongue as her other hand gently massaged his balls.

Hank wanted so desperately to grab her head and force his cock between her pretty lips. But he knew he couldn’t. That if he wanted Paige, he had to go at her pace, pushing her just a bit to get what he wanted. She would decide when she was ready and Hank just had to remain patient.

Paige could feel Hank was close. His cock was bulging and pre-cum was leaking out of his tip. She felt his hands reach down and grab her breasts, squeezing them and pulling her bikini top aside. She felt his fingers flicking her nipples making them nice and hard as he got closer to finishing.

“Mmm... you want cum on my tits again?” She asked as her hands teased his cock head.

“Mmmhhmmm!” He groaned, his balls tightening and his cum almost arriving.

Paige tipped her head up and looked at Hank as she pointed his cock at her chest. He had a cocky smile on his face, Paige knew why and couldn’t exactly blame him for having. She felt the first wad of cum hit just below her neck. The second hit the tops of her breasts. Hank leaned over the fence and kissed her lips as his cock glazed her chest in his cum.

His right hand went down and began to run Paige’s bikini bottoms. She was already wet, and his fingers gentle touch turned it on even further. As the last of his cum escaped onto her chest, Hank pulled away slightly to look her in the eyes.

“You are magnificent!” Hank said in husky tone.

“Mmm... thank you. Now, help me get up.” Paige responded.

“How about I help the princess in a different way!” He replied, pressing his fingers into her bikini bottom for emphasis.

“Ooohh!” Paige gasped in surprise. “I’m not sure about that...”

“Let me show you a bit of appreciation.” He answered his fingers tracing the waistband of her suit.

“Let me clean up and think about it.” Paige replied, pulling away and standing up.

Hank watched intently as Paige headed inside, her swaying hips were temptation to every man. He knew he had her, she just needed a little more push. He waited a moment before going around the fence and following her inside.

Paige headed right for the bathroom, grabbing a face towel and cleaning her breast off. She readjusted her top, covering her nipples back. She looked at herself in the mirror and considered Hank’s offer. She was very tempted, she had been giving him a ton of pleasure with her handjobs, which made her feel entitled to it. Plus, it would drive David wild hearing how their creep of a neighbor ate her out. But, she’d be in a vulnerable position, and she wasn’t sure she was ready for that.

While still considering the offer, she heard the back door open. “Hank?!?” She called alerting him of where she was.

Suddenly, Hank was at the bathroom door, his eyes full of lust and determination. “Hank...” She softly said, unsure if she wanted him to leave or come closer.

The decision was made for her as Hank quickly invaded the space between them. He kissed with fury and passion, his right hand grabbing her hip and pulling her close. Paige didn’t move away; she kissed him back with equal force. How something so disgusting had become so natural in such a short period she’ll never know.

His left hand returned to her breasts, although this time not gently. He pulled her right breasts out and roughly caressed her breasts, his old hands dug into her supple breasts with eagerness. His breath tasted of garlic and scotch, a reminisce of his lunch. His tongue entered her mouth and played with hers, a dance between two complete opposites.

Hank’s other hand joined his left as he began to kiss down her neck to the swell of her breasts. Paige’s heart was pumping fast as Hank ripped her top off. The artistic beads falling to the floor with clack as Hank stuffed his face in her chest. He was like a rabid dog, his hands groping every inch of her large breasts as his tongue tasted the supple skin of her breasts. Paige quietly moaned having long given into Hank’s desires.

Hank moved away from her breasts kissing down her flat stomach. Paige knew his target, one she was about to give him. His fingers hooked her bikini bottoms and began to slowly and sensually pull down, laying kisses on her increasingly exposed skin. Paige blushed as her wet pussy came into his view. The old man smirking as he looked up at her flustered face.

“Why don’t you get up on counter?” Hank told her in a hush tone.

Paige complied, jumping up onto the bathroom counter, her body on autopilot as Hank spread her legs and her back leaned against the mirror. He licked up a bead of her juices that had run down her thigh. Her heart pounded through her chest as Hank’s tongue got closer and closer to her pussy. Her eyes went wide as he lifted his tongue just before making contact.

Paige let out a deep groan as Hank attacked her pussy with force. His tongue found its way inside her and began exploring its new surroundings. Paige’s pussy went from wet to soaked in

the matter of minutes as Hank's tongue found weak spots inside her. The old man internally smiled as Paige effeminate moans reached his ears. He had her right where he wanted her.

"Aaahhh!" She screamed out as she felt his rough fingers on her clit.

The room was spinning as a growing feeling in her stomach began to grow. Hank had found her g-spot and seemed to press down it every time around. She was shocked at his proficiency at eating pussy; he had her shaking already, her body on the edge. She closed her eyes as she got even closer to an orgasm, her body out of her control at this point.

"Oh god!" Paige cried out as Hank fingers pressed down on her clit.

"Cum for me Paige! Cum on my old mug!" Hank told her, his husky tone giving her chills.

Paige was quickly losing control of herself. Her mind was fuzzy, unable to think clearly. Her skin was like electricity, shocking with every touch. And her pussy was on fire, and Hank's tongue was the gasoline feeding and growing the fire within her.

"I'm... I'm... aaahhh!" Paige screamed out as her pussy let out a torrent of powerful orgasmic waves.

Paige's body was suddenly hit with a calming sensation that radiated from her pussy and outwards. She felt a surprising fountain of cum squirt out from her pussy. She had squirted a few times in her life, mostly during wild encounters during college. Her tongue lazily hung out of her mouth as she released the breath she wasn't aware she was holding.

Hank gladly licked up Paige's sweet juices, he had been dreaming of tasting them for years. His kissed her thick thighs, licking up any juices dripping down her thighs. He could feel her ragged breathing, a testament to his tongue's efforts. He covertly pulled his cock out, with it returning to its hard state since he began licking her pussy.

Paige noticed Hank standing up as she finally caught her breath. She looked him in the eyes and saw a lustful stare that sent a shiver down her spine. She then noticed his cock, hard again and as big as ever. He placed it on her pussy with a loud smack, her juices covering the underside. His hand cupped her face as he looked her in the eyes, Paige shocked to be in this position.

"Ok..." Paige quietly said, giving him what he wanted consent.

The word had escaped her mouth both she even fully registered it. But once it was out, she felt an odd relief, like a weight lifted off her shoulders. She had been dancing around the truth, and the truth was she wanted nothing more in that moment than for Hank to ravage her.

But to her surprise, Hank didn't. Instead he lifted her off the counter and placed her on her knees. Next thing she knew, his hands were squeezing her tits together and his cock was between her breasts. He began thrusting, fucking her tits with all his might.

Paige was confused. She had given consent, why hadn't Hank taken her? Did he not hear her? Did he misunderstand her? He must've otherwise he would be dick deep in pussy by now. She was kind of glad he hadn't taken her, she would have likely regretted later.

Hank smiled down at Paige, her breast jiggling as he fucked her tits hard. He had heard and understood what she meant. He knew he had her consent and it took all his willpower not to fuck her right then and there. But Hank didn't want this to be a one-time fling in her bathroom.

He was playing the long game with Paige and he knew an in-the-heat of the moment consent may jeopardize his long-term plan.

So, he decided fucking her tits was the next best option. Paige replaced his hands, pushing her own tits together as Hank's cock glided between them. She had such beautiful breasts, made even better with his cock between them. She looked up at him, that cocky smile plastered on his face. She couldn't blame him; you too would have that look if your neighbor's beautiful wife was on her knees in front of you, her big tits wrapped around your cock.

Paige looked down at his cock. It looked like it got bigger somehow, his massive head looked red with rage as it moved with speed between her breasts. She was a bit surprised when it poked her chin, she knows Hank had done it purposely. But in the moment her mind was all mixed up and she simply giggled. So, Hank did it again and again and again.

Paige then did something she didn't expect. Her mind was fuzzy and her body was on autopilot. So, she looked down at Hank's cock and opened her lips.

Hank seized the opportunity and thrust his cock into Paige's mouth. It took a second for it to fully sink in, but Paige eyes went wide as she sucked on the head of Hank's cock. He continued to fuck her tits, but maintained a bit of his cock in her mouth at all times. He held the back of her head in place to ensure she wouldn't move away.

Hank let out a low groan as Paige's warm mouth felt incredible on his cock head. As he thrust in Paige would swirl her tongue around him, activating every nerve on his cock head. He was pumping with every muscle fibre he had, his cock ready to burst at a moment's notice.

Paige could feel it too, his cock swelling and from the flow of his sticky pre-cum into her mouth. She was oddly enjoying the taste of his pre-cum, the degrading taste gave her a jolt of excitement. She pressed her tits even tighter, imagining if Hank had heard her and had actually fucked her. She wasn't sure her pussy was ready to handle such a big dick.

"Oh! Here it comes!" Hank announced.

Hank grabbed Paige's hair and pulled her lips off his cock just as the first wad of cum flew out his cock. Paige watched in shock as his cum hit her nose and splashed all along her face. She closed her eyes just in time for the second wad as Hank covered her face in a glaze of his sperm. Some trickled into her open mouth as he finally finished his facial.

"Haha... you look good, princess." He laughed as he pulled his pants up.

Paige was shocked, not that Hank had given her a facial, but that she actually kind of liked it. She was all messed up, her mind not thinking straight as she scooped some cum off her face and ate it. It had a creamy texture and a very salty taste. It was oddly thrilling as Hank watched her clean her face off with her fingers.

"That's a good princess!" He said smugly.

David blood pressure spiked as he pulled into the driveway. He knew Paige had gone out to sunbathe and that meant Hank would have gone out, too. He knew something happened, although Paige didn't text him, his mind had been filled with ideas of what could transpire. He ran up the front steps, forgetting his bag in the car as he needed to know what happened.

But stepping inside he didn't see Paige as he expected to. The place was quiet, eerily quiet.

"Hello?" He called out.

"I'm in here." Paige responded from the kitchen.

David walked to the kitchen, the tone of her voice was not sexy or even sensually making him wonder if she had changed her mind about sunbathing today. He found Paige in sweats, her hair wet, sitting at the island counter enjoying a glass of wine.

"Is everything alright?" David asked.

"Yes... and, well, maybe." Paige responded.

"What do you mean? Did Hank do something?" He replied, walking towards Paige.

"Yes, but it's not him we have to talk about. It's me." She answered bluntly as David looked at her curiously.

"What do you mean?" David asked, pulling a seat over to sit across from Paige.

"Before, I tell you this, I need you to think with this head and not the other." She said tapping her finger on his head.

"I will. What's wrong?" He replied, taking her hand.

"I was fooling around with Hank again today, and he came into the bathroom with me." She responded.

"What did he do?" David asked worriedly.

"I'll save for later." She answered. "But it was more what I did... I gave him consent."

"Consent to..." He replied already knowing the answer.

"To have sex with me." She responded, seeing an undeniable look of lust. "Settle down."

"Sorry..." David answered, shaking his head to clear it. "But you didn't, right?"

"No, we didn't." She told him. "He must've not heard me or misunderstood or something."

"Ok... what's the problem?" He asked.

"I almost had sex with Hank today!" She replied. "If he'd understood what I was trying to tell him... I would have cheated on you!"

"I told you, it's not cheating." He said taking her hand. "I understood that when we started with this fantasy of mine that you having sex with Hank was the ultimate end. And trust me I'm ok with it. As long as you tell me and tease me with it I'm ok with it."

"I can't believe I'm having this conversation." She said rubbing her temple.

"Let me ask you this, if it had happened, do you think you would you have enjoyed it?" He asked.

"Huh... I mean, yes." Paige admitted. "I was quite turned on in the moment and I get the sense Hank might know what he's doing. But afterwards, I don't know how I'd feel."

“Look, I get the hesitation.” He replied, taking both her hands and looking him in the eyes. “You have your grievances against Hank. But like I’ve told I want you to enjoy this fantasy with me. And if you would enjoy doing it with Hank...”

“You want me to do?” She asked.

“I do.” He answered. “I won’t lie, I’ve thought about it a lot and it just might be the hottest thing anyone could do for me.”

Paige pulled her hands away. “This is crazy...” She told him.

“I know.” He said, taking her hands again. “But it was crazy that you flirted with him. Crazy that you let him touch you. Crazy that you touched him. So, what’s a little more crazy?”

“I need some time to think.” She told him. “I’m not promising anything but...” Paige let the words hang in the air as she wasn’t even sure what she meant.

“Mmm... you never did tell me what happened on Wednesday!” David said as Paige and him made their way into the bedroom.

It was Friday night and a few friends had come into town for the weekend. It was the perfect timing as things between Hank and Paige had been tense. But a night out with drinks and dancing, seemed to relieve any tension. The cab ride home Paige and David kissed and groped each other like they were young college students again. Paige looked too sexy in her pink dress for David to keep his hands off her.

“You dirty boy!” Paige whispered in his ear. “You wanna know how your wife fooled around with your elderly neighbor?”

“I do!” David replied as he pulled her down on to the bed.

“Well, I went outside to sunbath in the most revealing bikini I’ve ever wore.” She told him. “I’ll have to show you a picture because Hank tore it to shreds!”

“Mmm!” He grunted wonder just how tiny the bikini must’ve been. “What did he say?”

“Barely anything to convince me.” Paige answered. “Within in a moment I was on my knees stroking his cock.” Her hand went down David’s and felt his cock up.

David immediately grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it above her, leaving her in nothing but her white panties. He took his own shirt off, while Paige worked on his belt and pants. Their clothes were tossed aside as Paige leaned down and kissed him again.

“Did he cum on your chest again?” David asked as his hands pulled her panties down to her knees.

“Mmhhmmmm!” Paige replied as she kissed his neck. “I think it’s his favourite place to cum.”

“Uhhh!” David groaned as his cock slipped into Paige’s warm hole.

“Mmm... but that’s not the part interested in is it?” Paige teased as she began to hump her husband. “You wanna when I gave him permission don’t you?”

“Yes! Tell me now!” David replied thrusting back already so close to finishing.

“We went inside... no, I lead him inside. Right to your cuck bathroom!” She answered, her chest bouncing like crazy as they banged like animals in heat. “I knew it would drive you crazy so I brought him there. He kissed me and stripped me naked! Then he put me up on the counter and ate my pussy!”

“Was it good?!?” He replied as he pictured it in his head.

“It was incredible... I squirted all over the old guy.” She told him. “Which is crazy cause I hadn’t squirted in years. But it was just so... thrilling.”

Paige leaned down and kissed her husband. He was thrusting up into her more and more as she told the story. Things were getting increasingly hot, their bodies sweaty as they made love. David quickly broke the kiss, needing to hear more.

“When did it happen?” He asked, still eager to hear how it happened.

“Right after.” Paige breathily replied. “He stood up and put his cock on. Jesus I was so horny and confused. I told him ok... that he could do me, but...”

Before she could finish that thought David grabbed and flip them, putting Paige on her back. He spread her legs wide and began thrusting with insatiable force. Paige could sense the end coming and she moaned out like crazy. But just before he finished, he pulled out and finished on her stomach. Paige was surprised that he did that, his cum sitting on her stomach as David caught his breath.

“Ugh... why’d you do that?” Paige asked as she looked at her cum covered stomach. “Now, I got to go clean off!”

“Cause I need you to do something for me.” David answered looking down at Paige.

Paige gulped as she looked back up at David, lust and mischief mixed in his eyes and Paige could tell that it only led down one path.

‘Knock! Knock!’ Hank heard at his front door.

It was late, he couldn’t quite make out the time on his clock but he knew it was past midnight. He wondered who the hell could be at his door at such a time. As he got out of bed, he got mad at whoever it was making him get up at this hour.

“This better not be a prank or I’m getting my shotgun!” He angrily called out as he stormed downstairs.

“Hey...” Paige said as the door flung open surprised that he was actually awake.

“Paige?” He replied in confusion.

It took his tired brain a second to clue in on what was happening, but it obvious to anyone. Paige stood at his front door in a pink dress that showed off her wonderful tits and beautiful, long legs. She was biting her lip as she stood uncomfortably at his front door in the middle of the night. It was a clear booty call, one Hank was all too excited to accept.

“I went out with David tonight and, well, he’s passed out now...” Paige nervously explained.

“Mmhhmm... why don’t you come in, princess.” Hank replied with a grin on his face.

Paige hesitated for a moment before stepping inside, nervous peaking as she looked at her elderly neighbor.

'Why'd it have to be him?' She thought, knowing the very real possibility of what this night might bring.

To be continued...

But Why Him? Pt 4 (unrevised)

David wasn't sure when he fell asleep, but when he woke up in the morning Paige was lying beside still asleep. He remembered her leaving the room to head over to Hank's, and he remembered listening closely and just being able to hear the door close behind them. After that it was a mixture of jealous and lustful thoughts, until he fell asleep.

He scooted over and wrapped his arms around Paige's naked body, spooning her as he waited for her to get up. He wondered what had happened last night. He had asked her to go over to Hank's with the specific intention of having sex with him. But as he asked her to do that, he saw conflicting emotions in her eyes. He knew part of her was angry and betrayed that he'd request such a despicable act. But he also saw an unmistakable excitement and lust in her eyes. He knew she would have been unsure of herself as she walked over.

He laid in bed for what felt like hours, his mind running through scenarios and his cock uncomfortably hard. But he knew he needed to be here when Paige woke up.

Paige woke up slowly to his loving touch. She couldn't remember coming home last night, her head abuzz with emotions as she came home. But the feel of his hands on her was reassurance that David was going to be here for her, no matter what. It made her feel good as she finally let out a little yawn.

"Did you?" David whispered into Paige ear as it was the question he needed the answer to. Paige simply shook her head no, David feeling a wave of relief and disappointment.

Paige remembered pulling her dress up as she entered Hank's home. She realized how this looked and how exposed her breasts truly were in this dress. Part of thought about running just as Hank shut the door behind her, but she knew her husband wanted this, and deep down, she did, too.

She looked around and was surprised by how cozy it was. She wasn't sure what she expected, but the fact that his living room couch matched his walls was enough of a surprise for her. Her eyes scanned the warm mahogany stairs, leading up to his bedroom. Paige stood still as Hank took in the sight of his neighbor's wife in a tight dress standing in his hallway.

"Shall we head upstairs?" He asked, already reaching for her hip.

"Ya..." She simply said a mix of excitement and nervousness in her voice.

"I'll show you the way, princess." He replied, pulling her next to him and leading her up the stairs. "Are you sure you're ready for this?"

"No..." She admitted. "But I don't know, if I'll ever feel ready to cheat on my husband."

"We don't have to if you're not ready." He told her. "I know you gave me permission in the bathroom the other day, but I could you weren't ready."

"Wait... you heard that." Paige said shocked. "Why didn't you, you know..."

"I knew it was just in the heat of the moment response, that you weren't actually ready." He told as they made their way into the bedroom. He turned the light on then faced her. "I know that cheating on your husband is not an easy decision, and shouldn't be made in the heat of the

moment. I myself have struggled to hold back at times. So, I ask you in honestly if you're ready or not."

Paige was surprised by Hank. How he talked it almost sounded like he cared about her. Had she thought about it, that was a pretty big red flag. But instead she leaned in and kissed him.

Hank kissed her back, his tongue quickly invading her mouth. But he wasn't the aggressive, brute he usually was. This felt more sensual, more lovingly than Paige had expected. Paige moaned into his mouth as she wrapped her arms around his neck and Hank wrapped his around her torso. They held each other tightly until out of breath and aroused.

"Bed, now!" He said in a gruff voice that sent shivers down Paige's spine.

He suddenly lifted her off the ground, Paige wrapping her legs around his waist. They kissed again as he walked them to the bed, Paige kissing with a fury that surprised herself. Her lips were suddenly ripped away from his as he dropped Paige on his soft bed. Paige watched as he took his shirt off, his grey body hair and prominent bulging gut not exactly a turn on. He then began working on his pants, Paige biting her lower lip as she watched his cock come into view.

"Take off the dress!" Hank commanded in her authoritative tone.

Paige's quivered as she heard him, but then slowly slipped off one strap then the other. She heard Hank groan as her large breasts came into view, her nipples already hard. She slowly pulled the dress down her stomach as Hank got the bed next to her. He grabbed her chest with one hand as his other directed his cock at her face. She pulled her dress down and off herself as she turned her head towards his cock and gave his head a lick.

"Do you a condom?" Paige asked, quickly realizing where this was headed.

"Condom?" Hank replied, looking surprised by the question.

"Hank, we cannot have unprotected sex." Paige answered, taking a serious tone.

"I'll pull out, and you know sex is better without one!" He responded with a faux-suave smile.

"I'm not risking it!" Paige replied, sitting up.

"Aren't you on the pill?" He asked frustrated that Paige was about to deny him.

"No... it messes me up." Paige answered, not wanting Hank to know that she was trying for a kid with David.

"Huh... fine." Hank reluctantly backed off. He thought tonight was finally going to be the night, but Paige setup a boundary and he had to respect it.

"Doesn't mean we can't have some fun." Paige told him, taking hold of his cock. "Why don't you lie down."

Hank plopped down on to the bed, disappointed but not angry. Paige's soft hands jerking him off kept him from being too mad. She gave his head soft kiss and she looked up into the old man's eyes.

"I say it's about time I gave you a proper blowjob!" She told him as her lips came ever so close to his head.

Hank let out a guttural groan as Paige wrapped her lips around his cock creating a tight seal around the sensitive skin. Her tongue did laps around his head as she got a good taste of his pre-cum already flowing from his cock. She looked up at him with a lustful gaze as she drove him wild with her teasing tongue.

Paige dipped her lips lower, feeling the full girth of Hank's cock. She couldn't deny how difficult it was to take his cock, her gag starting almost immediately as she slide her mouth down his shaft. But she was motivated by lust, a sick twisted wanting to please Hank, both for his sake and David's.

Hank watched as his neighbor's wife bobbed her head lower on his cock. While this might hadn't ended how he hoped, it was quite satisfying seeing his cock between Paige's lips. Her mouth was moist and warm, the perfect combination as she bobbed her head greedily on his cock. How quickly relationships can change; only a few weeks ago did she dislike him, now she's sucking on his dick. And they'll soon do so much more.

"Ohhh, princess!" Hank moaned reached down and collecting her hair to keep it out of the way.

Paige closed her eyes as she pushed herself to take more of his cock. She was barely halfway and already her gag was brutalizing her body. She jerked and stirred until she finally had to come up for air. She took deep breaths as she looked at the beast of a cock, unsure how she could ever swallow the whole thing.

"God... it's just so big!" Paige said stroking her elderly neighbor's ego a bit.

"Hehe... you're not the first woman to struggle with my cock!" He replied.

Paige began to lick around his base, where she was unable to swallow before hand. She breathed in through her nose, his purses a strong musky scent. It oddly gave her chills; in her mind he smelled like a man, not manicured, but raw, unbridled man. She could feel her pussy become liquified by the scent as her tongue migrated to his balls.

Hank watched in glee as Paige's tongue licked around his sensitive testicle. Her lips then gently wrapped around it, bringing into her warm mouth. Her right hand continued to jerk his cock off as her tongue did laps around his ball. His naughty neighbor was proving to be quite the performer, his cock already preparing to explode.

Paige switched over to his other ball, feeling the delicate skin on her tongue as she sucked. Part of her was relieved that they weren't having sex. It was a line that you can't uncross, and could have very well altered the fantasy in ways she wasn't she was ready for.

But her body wanted it badly. She could feel her pussy aching to be filled by Hank. Her body got hot just think about it, and his scent seemed to send her into overdrive. She was disappointed with her body reaction; it's like it had forgotten how much she used to despise Hank. But she didn't despise Hank anymore, she didn't like him either, but her feelings were mainly of a lustful nature. He was just some fun she was having, and an ends to a means.

Paige moved back to his, wrapping her plump lips around his head again. She began bobbing down his shaft, his flavor invading her senses. She felt like something was wrong with her for enjoying Hank's taste. She couldn't explain it, but it was enticing flavor, making her want to taste it more and more. As she reached her end again, she wondered if there was something wrong with her mind.

“Princess knows how to suck!” Hank said as Paige came up for air.

“You think you’re the first big cock I’ve had!” She replied.

“Well, I know that pussy David doesn’t have one!” He responded.

“Careful how you talk about my husband... especially when I’m holding your cock!” She responded.

Hank smiled at Paige as she went back down and sucked his cock. He knew she didn’t think much of him yet, but she soon would. While Hank was just some fun to Paige, she represented so much more to him. She was who he hoped to have, to wake up beside everyday. She was a goal, not a short term goal, but one for the long term.

Paige looked up at Hank as she bobbed her head. He had a satisfied grin on his face, that as much as Paige hated to admit gave her chills. His hand still held her hair out of the way and gave her gentle encouragement to go further. But her gag was just too strong and no matter how wet or determined she was, she just couldn’t get that far.

She wondered what David was doing. She had a good idea what he was doing, but had he finished already or was he waiting for her. He had asked to go with the intention of them hooking up. She wondered if he would be disappointed, but she knew he’d still enjoy hearing about it. She also had a good reason, one he could not deny.

As Paige bobbed her head, she could feel Hank was getting close. His cock pulsed on her tongue signalling an end was coming. Her hands gently took his balls and gave them loving squeezes, an encouragement to finish himself. As her tongue teased the tip, and she heard Hank’s groans getting louder, she knew he’d still enjoy what was right there.

“Oh yes!” Hank groaned as he felt the end coming.

His hand that once held Paige’s hair, suddenly palmed her head like a basketball and held her down as his cock burst into her mouth. Paige had thought about not allowing him to cum in her mouth, but that decision had been made for her. She scrunched her face up as his hot load accumulated in her mouth. The sick part was she rather enjoyed the taste, and the feeling of being dominated by her old neighbor.

Paige sucked him dry, keeping a tight seal on his cock as his orgasm came to an end. She then presented his load in her mouth to Hank, before swallowing it up. She knew guys loved that, and since his cum was pretty tasty, she decided to give him the honour. Hank had a look of both shock and arousal on her face at her naughtiness, he definitely didn’t see that coming.

“Wow, Paige! That was amazing!” He told her.

“It might have been a little fun.” She replied, finally fully pulling away from his cock.

“Haha... we should have done this for years ago!” He responded.

Paige rolled her eyes. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Hank.” She said as she picked up her dress.

“You’re not staying?” Hank asked.

Paige looked back at him, he gave her doe eyes. “I can’t Hank, David will notice in the morning.” She told him as she slipped her dress back on.

“You could at least cuddle for a bit.” He replied.

“Huh, Hank...” She said, suddenly feeling exhausted from the day.

“Just for a bit.” He responded. “You are the one who said she wanted a connection before we sleep together.”

She hated that he was using her words against her. “Fine, but I’m setting an alarm for 30 minutes then I have to leave.” She told him.

“Of course.” He replied watching her as she folded her dress and placed it on the dresser, her phone placed right next to it.

Hank got under the covers and held them open for Paige to get in as well. She hesitantly got into bed and under the covers with him. They quickly began to spoon, Paige’s back was to him as his hands wrapped around her stomach. He pushed his waist into her butt, his now soft cock rubbed against her thighs and buttocks. Hank’s body ran hot, a stark contrast to cold air in the room.

“You fit nicely in there.” Hank said as Paige got comfortable in his bed.

“Don’t get used to it, I’m not here for long.” She replied, her head hitting the pillow.

“We’ll see about that.” Hank replied. “So, you’re not on the pill...”

“We’re not talking about that.” Paige responded, shutting him down.

“Why not? Has been that long since David did you?” He asked, trying to pry as much information out of her.

“No, it’s not that.” She answered. “If you must know, David and I are going to try to conceive soon. And for your information, David does me perfectly well.”

“Really? Then why are you here spooning with me?” Hank asked, a challenge in his voice.

“Huh... cause you begged me to!” She replied.

“No, I mean why are you fooling around with me?” He responded. “If David’s really satisfying you, then why are you here with me?”

Paige had to stop and think about it for a moment. She couldn’t tell him about David’s fantasy for so many reasons.

“I just want to have some fun.” She told him. “Soon, I’ll be a mother and not be able to do crazy, wild stuff. So, before I do, I just want to try a few things.”

There was a kernel of truth in what she was saying. She knew once they were parents, this was something they couldn’t do. They had to think about their child first, and her fooling around wasn’t good for the kid. A kid deserves to live with their mother and father in happy, monogamous relationship.

“You don’t sound excited.” Hank said.

“I am excited.” Paige retorted. “I’ve dreamed of being a mother for a while.”

“Just seems like you’re having fun and the kid might get in the way.” He replied.

“Sure, there are things I can’t do while being a mother. But kids add so much more to your life than you lose.” She answered.

“I know.” He responded. “I did raise three of them!”

“Right, I kind of forget that you were a dad at one point.” She told him.

“Yep, I raised five amazing kids... maybe you should give me a shot with yours.” He replied.

“Ha, you’re insane if you think I’d let that happen.” She responded.

“Hey, you would laughed if I told you a month ago you’d come over with the intention of sleeping with me, you’d of called me crazy.” He said.

“That was a mistake.” She replied, realizing how far she had fallen.

“It was.” He responded. “Our first time together should be special.”

“Special?” She answered, looking over her shoulder at Hank.

“Ya, I was thinking I could take you out for a nice meal, have a nice time together, and get a hotel room for us.” He replied. “Treat you like a real princess.”

“Hank, I don’t know about all that...” Paige responded.

“Why not?” Hank asked. “You said you wanted a connection with me before we sleep together.”

“I know but...” Paige tried to find any excuse not to.

“Just say yes.” He seductively whispered as his hand caressed her neck and his lips found hers.

Hank’s tongue sunk into mouth like it was nothing, Paige barely put up a fight. She just melted into the kiss, it was acceptance of his invitation without saying a word.

‘Shit!’ Paige thought as she woke up, very early in the morning still in Hank’s bed.

Her phone was on the dress vibrating quietly as Paige slipped out of Hank’s arms. She snuck out of bed, quickly throwing her dress on and grabbing her phone. Checking her phone, it said it was 4:12 AM. After they had made out for a bit, Paige had fallen asleep in his arms. She was embarrassed and regretting having stay as long as she did.

“I’ll see you tonight, princess.” Hank called out as she snuck out of his room.

“Ya, I guess.” Paige quietly replied as she tiptoed further.

She doesn’t remember much about getting home, it felt like a fuzzy dream to her. She briefly woke up to David’s gentle touch, her mind still processing the previous night. She answered David’s question before falling back asleep. She finally got out of bed, when the smell of bacon came up from the kitchen.

“Morning, princess.” David said as she walked into the kitchen.

“No, don’t you start calling me that, too!” She laughed as she walked in.

She looked at the spread David was preparing; bacon, waffles, scrambled eggs, and fruit salad laid before her. Her stomach growled as she plucked a grape from the salad and popped it into her mouth.

“What is all this for?” She asked, surprised by the large breakfast David had put forward.

“It’s an apology.” He answered, taking the last of the eggs off the stove. “I shouldn’t have asked you to go over to Hank’s last night. I definitely shouldn’t be pressuring you when you don’t want to do something.”

“Well, thank you. It means a lot that you’re apologizing to me.” She replied as she sat down at their island counter. “But I am a grown woman and I can make my own decisions. And I did decide to go over there last night.”

“I know, but you wouldn’t have gone if I hadn’t requested that you did.” He responded. “I need to control myself.”

“I think we’re both wondering the same thing.” Paige said. “Am I going to have sex with Hank?”

“You’re not sure.” David replied, looking at the conflicting emotions on his wife’s face.

“Huh... I’m not.” Paige answered. “I know that it would be the ultimate climax of your fantasy and I want to do that for you. But...”

“But what?” David asked as his wife trailed off. “Is it Hank?”

“No, not really.” She admitted. “I have my quarrels with Hank in the past, but I’ve mostly gotten over them. There just has to be consequences, something is going to change.”

“Things have already changed.” He pointed out. “You’ve gone from hating Hank, to letting him touch, to touching him, and now you’re wondering how far you can go. But we’ve weathered the storms of change and I think we’re stronger than we’ve ever been.”

Paige smiled at David. “I love you.” She told him before giving him a kiss on the lips.

“I love you, too.” He responded.

David played the two large breakfasts and sat down next to Paige. Paige told David about last night with Hank, the preamble, the lack of condom, and the conversation afterwards. She of course kept the juicier details a secret for later.

“So, are you gonna go out with Hank, tonight?” David asked, his curiosity undeniable.

“I don’t know... he obviously is going to expect, you know.” Paige answered. “And I’m still on the fence.”

“I get you’re undecided, but just because you go doesn’t mean you have to sleep with him.” He replied. “And if he ever tried to hurt, you know I’d be there in second to beat him up.”

“Thank you, although Hank is a lot of things but he isn’t violent.” Paige told him. “What about you? Does it help your fantasy when I go out with Hank?”

“Unfortunately, it does.” He admitted. “It makes me so horny and frustrated knowing you could be doing stuff with Hank and I’m completely in the dark. It’s the ultimate tease.”

“You’re so fucked up!” Paige laughed.

“Ya, but so are you now.” He replied, laughing with her.

“Oh god, I am now aren’t I?” She said while giggling.

“What time did you even get in last night?” David asked.

“I don’t know.” Paige lied. “It took him longer to cum than I expected.”

Paige didn’t want David to know that she spent most of the night in Hank’s bed, snuggled up to him. It felt like a line she shouldn’t have crossed, even if it was just a mistake. She regretted the lie as soon as it left her mouth, but it was already done. For now, she could only smile as she finished her breakfast.

Hank looked over at the big box of XL condoms he bought from the pharmacy sitting beside in his front seat. He figured it would last a week at most with the plans he had for Paige. But his plans went far beyond sex now.

He knew now that Paige wasn’t on birth control, which means all he needed was to get in her without a condom and she could be his. The idea of knocking up his neighbor’s wife was incredibly arousing. He couldn’t stop thinking about, Paige pregnant with his child, her husband none the wiser until a mini Hank pops out. Then Paige would be all his.

He knew all it takes is being in her raw on the right day to make it happen. He had strong swimmers, so he knew if he got the timing just right, they’d find their way to that egg. He knew even a plan b couldn’t stop his boys, so once they were inside her it was all over.

He looked over at his neighbor’s house when he pulled into the driveway. He knew Paige was inside, preparing for their date. She was still blissfully unaware that he was stealing her away. That her love for David would soon be nothing compared to adoration she’d feel once she got a taste of his hog. And when she became pregnant with his child, she’d be waking up next to him from then on.

His phone dinged as he got out of his car. He pulled his phone out and smiled.

‘What should I wear tonight?’ Paige texted.

‘Something sexy! I want you looking like sex personified!’ He replied.

‘Will do! But where are we head? So I know the atmosphere.’ She answered.

‘The Lobby.’ He responded.

Hank put his phone away as he walked into his home. He was going to be inside of Paige tonight, and there was nothing that could be done to stop him.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Paige asked as David got ready to leave.

He was just going to head out of the house, make it look like he had left so Hank could come right up to the door. David had wanted to see their goodnight kiss after, so he had figured if Hank thought he was gone, he’d be able to see them. The hard part would be to not cum while they were gone, but denying himself was part of the fun.

Paige had done as Hank requested; she looked as sexy as could be. She wore a tight fitting black dress that hugged her apple-shaped bottom and flat stomach. Her breasts looked like they could pop out of the low V-neck front. She had her long brown hair up in a messy bun and put on the right amount of makeup to complete the look. She was fixing herself as Hank had said he'd be over in ten.

Underneath, Paige was nervous. She wasn't sure why, but going out with Hank made her feel jittery, like someone might catch them and turn the whole thing upside down. There was also the after date activity that had her shaking. She knew Hank and David wanted it to happen, and she did, too. But she couldn't shake the feeling that it was a step too far.

Her heart jumped when she heard the doorbell. She knew exactly who it was, which made her feel unsteady as she walked over in her six-inch heels. She took a big gulp before she opened the door.

Hank's eyes went wide as he saw Paige and her outfit of the night. He unconsciously licked his lips as he saw her figure in a dress that screamed sexy. His eyes trailed down her body, absorbing every detail of how she looked in that incredible black dress.

It was clear to Paige that Hank had tried to look good; he was clean shaven, his hair gelled back, and he wore a nice looking suit. She found his effort endearing, and if she was being honest, he didn't look half bad because of it. She gave a small smile as they stood appreciating each other's appearance for a second.

"Paige, you look... spectacular." Hank said in a low tone.

"Thank you." She told him as she stepped out of the house. "You told me to look sexy and I didn't want to disappoint."

"Mmm... you definitely accomplished that and then some!" Hank replied, his eyes full of lust as Paige locked the front door.

"Hehe... you don't look so bad yourself!" She responded, as she linked arms with him as he brought her out to his old muscle car.

"I didn't know you had this car." Paige said as they approached the vehicle.

"I keep it in storage most of the time." Hank replied as he opened the door for her. "I only bring it out for special occasions."

"Well, thank you." Paige responded as slid into the passenger seat. "I do like a classic car."

"I thought you might." Hank replied, then headed over to the driver's side. "Shall we head out?"

"Sure, but I need you to understand something." Paige answered. "We're not having sex tonight."

"What? Why?" Hank asked shocked. "I thought we had the connection you wanted."

"We do." Paige admitted, only half lying. "But I need to know that you respect me. So, for the next week, I need you to obey my wishes and resist it."

"Mmfff..." He exhaled. "Fine. I'll do it."

"Good." Paige responded. "I'm not gonna make this easy on you."

"Oh, I know that!" He replied looking directly at Paige's cleavage.

“But don’t worry, I’m not evil.” She told him, leaning over and grabbing his cock through his pants. “We can still fool around!”

“Well, let’s get to the restaurant!” Hank replied pulling away.

Paige was still mulling over whether she was actually going to sleep with Hank. It’s not that she didn’t want to, last night proved that she did. But her biggest concern was even if Hank had condoms, he’d pull it off while in the heat of the moment. She needed to fully and completely trust him. So this week, was the test, to see if she could trust him.

The Lobby was a high-end steakhouse, very good but very expensive. It had a darker decor and dim lighting, making each table feel private and intimate. It was thy place to take someone special, and Paige did appreciate the effort Hank was putting in to impress her. But this didn’t change her mind that she wasn’t going to sleep with Hank.

The waiter came by and took their drink order, Hank got a beer as Paige ordered a white wine. They looked over the menu, feeling a sense of calm and security. Paige knew someone could see them, but the dark room and closed off booth made her feel protected from curious observers.

“I’m surprised you got a reservation here.” Paige noted as they scanned the menu. “You usually have to call days ahead to get a reservation.”

“Well, it helps when the owner owes you a big favour.” Hank replied.

“Oh, and why does he owe you a favour?” Paige asked.

“I help him meet his wife.” He told her.

“Really? You don’t seem like the wingman type.” She replied, as the waiter placed her wine in front of her.

“I wouldn’t exactly say I was his wingman, but I did sort of help him.” He responded.

“How so?” Paige asked, curious about what Hank did.

“I broke his arm.” Hank answered bluntly.

“What?” She replied confused.

“We were playing hockey, he went to corner and I slammed him into the boards.” He told her. “Broke his wrist in 2 places. Obviously, I didn’t mean to, things like that just happen. But the nurse who helped him, he ended up marrying.”

“Doesn’t seem like he should owe you anything.” She responded.

“Hey, I told him that he didn’t have to.” He replied. “But he was adamant that he did. Told me if I hadn’t hurt he would never have met her.”

“You don’t seem like you believe that.” She said, looking at him.

“I believe fate has bigger hand in things than we like to believe.” He replied.

“Really? Never took you to be someone who believes in fate.” Paige responded.

“You have to believe in something.” He answered. “Maybe I’m wrong, but it’s always better to believe and have hope than be right and be hopeless.”

“Huh.” Paige replied, seeing Hank as a three-dimensional person for the first time. “You are full of surprises.”

“Do you not think it was fate that we met?” Hank asked.

“I think we moved in next to you and that’s why we met.” She answered.

“But of all the house, in all the neighborhoods, you just happen to move in next to me?” He replied.

“And why would fate bring us together?” She asked.

“That’s for us to decide.” He answered.

Paige smiled at Hank. She was surprised to be having such a deep conversation with him. He was far more than simply the creepy, old guy next door, and the more she got to know him, the more she seemed to like him. He had his rough edges, but there was a real person underneath the rough exterior.

The waitress soon came back and took their order, Paige getting the sea bass as Hank got a T-bone steak. It was a livelier conversation than you might expect, Hank told Paige all about his kids as Paige told him about her dreams for the future. Paige ordered a second glass of wine as they finished their food, both staying as they shared stories and tidbits of their lives.

They shared a dessert as Paige thought about how differently she saw Hank. He was still a creep to her, but the edges had been soften. Two weeks ago, she never imagined she could tolerate a dinner with him. But now, she was now enjoying her time with him. She didn’t want to, it was easier when he was just some creep she was fooling with for her husband’s sake. But life is never that easy.

They eventually headed out of the restaurant, the hot evening air hitting like a freight truck. Paige held Hank’s hand as the sun slowly descended from sky.

“Shall we head home?” Hank asked, a bit of depression in his voice.

“You got us a hotel room, no?” Paige answered.

“Yes, but...” He began to say.

“I said we could fool and we’ll need a bit of privacy for that.” She replied. “So, now where is this hotel?”

“Right this way, princess.” Hank said, leading her down the street.

It was just a short walk to the small hotel, but Paige couldn’t help but notice some of the reactions. A few women looked at her disapprovingly, another with surprise. A man walked by a nodded approvingly at Hank. Paige felt gross seeing all these people staring knowingly at her, and her revealing dress did not help her.

Hank used a keycard to get them in a side door, Paige realizing he likely came early to setup. The cool air felt nice as the warm summer evening had left her sweating just a bit. Hank brought them up to the third floor, holding the door open for Paige as she walked in. He couldn’t help but notice her round ass in the tight dress.

‘One more week.’ He thought as Paige turned the light on.

The room was a rather plain looking hotel room. The beige walls were only slightly brighter than the beige comforter on the bed. There sat a TV on the opposite side of the room, a window with a view of the city, and a door to a plain bathroom. It wasn't incredible, but it was sufficient for what Hank thought they'd be doing tonight.

Hank had obviously come in and set a few things up. At the foot of the bed, sat a table with a bottle of champagne in a bucket of ice, a couple of flutes, and a chain of condoms. On the bed lay a few rose petals, a little cliché, but thoughtful nonetheless.

"It's cute that you set this up." Paige said as she looked over the champagne.

"My plan was to shower you in it as I entered you." He replied, taking his suit jacket off.

"You're kidding?" She responded putting the bottle down.

"Only kind of." He answered, walking up to where Paige was standing.

"Guess you had big plans for me tonight." Paige said as she picked up the condoms and saw 6 connected together.

"I had been waiting a long time for tonight... I wanted to be prepared for anything." He told her.

"Well, I guess you came extra prepared." She responded, putting the condoms down and facing him. "So, question... if I told you to crack a condom open and fuck my brains out, what would you do?"

"I'd hold off, cause I know that's what you requested earlier." He answered as his hands went to her hips and Paige's went behind his neck. "Although it would be very difficult especially with how you're looking."

"Hehe... I know." Paige said as she moved in and kissed him.

Hank kissed Paige, not like two people about to fuck, but like a lover would kiss. Paige didn't notice, having only kissed David for a long time, she didn't know the difference. Or maybe she did, and in the moment she just didn't care.

As their tongues met, Hank felt miserable. He had done everything right, been patient, but also pushed Paige just far enough each day. Tonight should be a celebration of his first time inside Paige, but instead he must wait another week. Every day was getting harder and harder to stop himself. Part of him wished he had taken her in the bathroom when she asked for it. But he knows he's playing the long game.

He lifted Paige off the ground and laid her down on the bed. He kissed down her porcelain neck to her chest. His hands moved up and groped her through her dress, his lips kissing her exposed skin. He tried to pull her tits out of the dress, but it was too tight and he could barely get her nipples out.

"Hehe... there's a zipper on the back." She told watch him fail to pull her breasts out.

Paige flipped over onto her stomach to let Hank unzip her. He lied on top of her as he kissed her neck and his hands began to slowly pull the zipper down. He slowly kissed down her back as he slowly revealed more of her smooth skin. She let her hair down as Hank zipped to the bottom and pulled the dress's straps off her shoulders.

Paige flipped over and showed him her large breasts, looking up at Hank with those sexy brown eyes. Hank lowered his lips and took her right nipple into her mouth, sucking on it gently until it was erect. He then moved over to the right, doing the same. Paige began to gently moan as Hank began to lick and kiss all over her breasts.

He moved back up her neck and found her lips again as they both worked together to take her dress completely off her. The tongues swirled together as Hank laid on top of Paige in nothing but a pair of black panties. She began working on the buttons of his shirt as they made out. Paige felt a growing heat inside her as Hank's old body pressed her into the bed.

"What are we doing here Paige?" Hank whispered as Paige finished with his shirt.

"Mmm... we're just fooling around!" She answered pulling him back into another kiss.

Paige suddenly rolled Hank off and climbed on top of him. "Look I know you're disappointed that we're not going further tonight." She told him. "But I need to know I can trust. Having an affair with someone is a big secret, and I need to know you're going to keep it."

"I've kept it so far." He replied.

"You have." She responded, laying her curvy down on to Hank's old one. "And I'm starting to trust you, but I just need a little longer, ok?"

Paige kissed Hank again as her hand went down and felt the bulge in his pants. Despite his disappointment she could feel how hard he already was. She got a shiver down her spine as his hands went to her ass and began spanking her. She was getting hot and bothered as Hank tongue played with hers, gently caressing each other as they slowly got naked.

Paige got off him and lowered herself down towards his crotch. She wrapped her lips around the outline of his cock as her hands began to unbuckle his belt and pants. She slowly open his pants, feeling his cock as she pulled it out of his pants. The beast was definitely up and ready, feeling hot in her hands as she took a moment to appreciate the large cock in front of her.

Her tongue licked his shaft, tracing the prominent vein running down the side. He tasted like a man, unkempt and musky, yet delicious as is. She bit her lower lip as her eyes traced back up his cock until she was at his head. His circumcised cockhead's skin was smooth, unlike the rest of his veiny cock. She looked at it with thrill and excitement as she felt his hand return to her nearly bare ass.

"Oh!" Hank moaned as Paige wrapped her lips around his cock head.

Paige smiled up at him as she did circles around his sensitive cock head, her lips keeping a tight seal around it. This wasn't how Hank envi the night ending, but watching his neighbor's wife suck on his cock did bring a smile to his face. And Paige was quite talented and enthusiastic about sucking on his cock. He felt chills as her hand gripped his base and sensually jerked him off.

Paige lips dipped further, her body full of sexual energy as she blows her elderly neighbor. There was something so exciting about having Hank's thick cock in her mouth that sent thrilling waves of adrenaline through her body. She could feel her body getting aroused, her pussy already extremely wet as she bobbed her head down his cock.

"Mmm... hmmmhmm!" She gasped as Hank spanked her ass.

He felt the soft supple skin on her bottom, reveling in the feel of her strong glutes. His attention became divided between Paige's sloppy blowjob and her bouncing ass. He spanked her again and again until her cheeks were bright red. She moaned on his cock sending a vibration through his cock that felt beyond amazing.

Paige couldn't get much more than half of Hank's cock into her mouth. He would hit the back of her throat and she would have to come up for air. But from the sound of his manly groans, it sounded like he enjoyed it anyways.

Hank stopped spanking Paige, his fingers curled around her panties and slowly pulled them down. He pulled them right off and brought them to his nose, taking a big sniff of her panties. He could feel the moistness, confirming what he already knew.

"Do you like the smell?" Paige asked as she saw Hank inhaling her panties.

"Mmm... you have a fantastic smell." He answered. "And you were definitely wet for me!"

"Well, your big cock just really turns me on!" She replied, licking his cock head.

"I think it's more than just my big cock." He responded, his hands going to her thick thighs.

"You wish... I'm just here to have some fun with your big cock!" She told him, looking up at him.

While his one hand groped her thigh, his other hand went to Paige's face and gently caressed her cheek. "Keep telling yourself that." He said as he looked her in the eyes.

Before Paige could react to Hank's assertion, Hank twirled Paige so that her pussy sat on his lips. She gasped as his coarse tongue was suddenly thrust up inside of her. Her eyes rolled back and tongue hung out as Hank's tongue made her feel a warm sensation in the pit of her stomach. He had a talent for eating pussy and Paige was getting his best effort.

Suddenly, Hank's hands grabbed her head and pushed her lips back onto his cock. He began thrusting up into her mouth, a brutal act that only seemed to turn Paige on further. His cock hit the back of her mouth causing her to gasp and gag, but his tongue inside her pussy stopped it from feeling torturous. Instead, Hank's rough treatment of her only turned her on further.

His hands on the back of her head started pushing her head down even harder as if to push her down further. But her mouth couldn't take any more, or so she thought. With a loud, guttural noise, Hank's cock pushed past her mouth and suddenly pressed down into her throat.

She was gagging and gasping for air as felt her throat being opened for the first time. She opened her eyes in shock, seeing most of the massive cock still outside, but she couldn't take anymore. Before Hank could push her down further, Paige forced her lips off his cock, gasping for air as she moved away from his cock.

"Uggghh, Hank whyyyyy... aaahh!!!" Paige began to say but before she could finish Hank began to lick her G-spot.

Paige was hurled towards an orgasm as Hank's tongue nailed down on her G-spot, taking her to heights of pleasure she wasn't accustomed to. She felt her heart race as she rocked her hips unconsciously on her elderly neighbor's face. She was getting off quickly and she knew she needed to bring Hank with her.

Paige went back at his cock, worried she wasn't going to be able to deepthroat him like she did before. She knew she had to, that in-order to get him off, she had to push herself. But without, Hank's forceful hand, would she be able to?

This question ran through her head as she wrapped her lips around his cock again. She bobbed her head down his shaft as Hank tongue found a particular weak spot. She could feel her legs shaking as her pussy dripped down on Hank's face.

Her hand gripped his cock, beginning to jerk him off, moving in unison with her lips. Paige would go down a few inches at a time, coming up slightly before pushing her lips down further. She was getting closer and closer to the end of her mouth. She shut her eyes and tried to hold herself back from gagging.

Her body jerked as his cock hit the back of her throat. Hank felt that and went back at her G-spot, and he felt her body relax as he rubbed it just right. His hands were on her ass, squeezing and groping as Paige's pussy dropped down on to his face. It was a lovely waterfall, he closed his eyes as her warm juices covered her face. He knew the grand finale was incoming.

Paige's legs were shaking as she took a deep breath in through her nose. She pressed her lips down, pushing herself to her limit. Until, she felt Hank's cock slid down her throat, just as it had before. But this time, Paige had done it without Hank's help.

She gag desperately tried to get her off his cock, but Paige held firm holding her lips where they were. She could feel his cock beginning to pulse ready to release his seed down her throat. She was well on her way to an orgasm as well her body shaking as her pussy prepared to squirt.

Their orgasms happened nearly simultaneously, Paige beating him by a second or two. Her pussy squirted out, essentially waterboarding Hank. A moment later, she felt the first of his load shoot down her throat. Paige was too busy enjoying her orgasm to even care that she was swallowing Hank's seed.

Paige got a mouth full of his flavour as she pulled her lips off his cock. She weathered enjoyed the tasting of his cum, bobbing her head to clean every drop of his cum. Meanwhile, Hank was kissing her thighs, and sending chills down Paige's spine as his chubby fingers entered her. Paige finally pulled her lips off, swallowing the last of his load.

Paige rolled off of Hank, still trying to catch her breath after the fun. Hank her hand and pulled her up along side him, his lips reaching out and finding hers as they locked lips in an intimate kiss. Paige's head was foggy, but her body responded to his kiss, loving playing with his tongue until they finally parted.

Paige then rested her head on the old man's chest, listening to his heartbeat as they laid together. She thought she'd feel odd or uncomfortable lying in his arms, but there was an odd sense of calmness being in his arms. She liked and hated it; it was very confusing for her being with Hank.

"I need to get home." Paige said but didn't move.

"Just lie here with me a little longer." Hank replied and Paige let her eyes shut for a moment.

David woke up suddenly when a flash of light came through the window. It was from Hank's car as he pulled it into his driveway. He wasn't sure what time it was, but he knew why he had been

waiting up. As Hank shut his car off, he hid in the shadows, wanting to see them interact after their intercourse.

He heard them shut their doors and whispers between them as they walked up to their door. He had a decent view of the door and was hopeful that Hank wouldn't notice him. He figured he wouldn't be looking for him, that he would be too absorbed by Paige to care. As he saw them walk up the steps, his hands around her hip, he felt a wave of jealousy and the blood rush to his cock.

"I had a good time tonight, Paige." Hank said, sounding tired to David.

"I had a really nice time with you, too." She replied, smiling warmly at him.

David cock got impossibly hard as he saw Hank move in and kiss Paige. Paige clearly reciprocated, kissing him back with equal intensity. David's jaw dropped as he watched his wife make out with the old man she just fucked. He had dreamed of this moment and he knew he needed to have her.

"One more week." Hank whispered, Paige nodding before he walked down the front steps.

Her mind was reeling. After their orgasms, Paige had snuggled up to Hank again and fallen asleep. She didn't mean to but these things just kept happening. She watched the old man go, walking across the lawn to his house. She wasn't sure how to feel; she enjoyed herself with Hank, but there was still a guilty feeling being with him.

Stepping inside, Paige felt her husband's presence. His shadowing figure stood in the darkness and Paige suddenly felt nervous. She thought he might be mad that he stayed out so long with Hank. He had stayed up this late, which meant he likely knew something was wrong with her.

Flipping on the light, Paige saw raw lust in her husband's eyes and knew he wasn't mad. She took a tentative step towards him, before he ran towards her and kissed her. It was a pent up passionate kiss, one filled by the lust David was feeling. He still couldn't believe Paige had actually gone through with it.

"Did it happen?" David broke the kiss to ask.

"Ya..." Paige lied, but didn't want to stop her husband's lust.

David kissed her again, reaching and closing the door for some privacy. He backed her up into the wall as his tongue explored her mouth, just as he imagined Hank's had. His hands cupped her face, lovingly for what she had done to complete his fantasy. Paige reached down and cupped the bulge in his pants, knowing full well where this was headed.

Paige gasped as David suddenly flipped her and began dragging her dress up over her hips. His one hand moved her panties out of the way as his other fingers began dragging along her pussy lips.

"Tell me! Tell me what happened!" He whispered into her ear.

Paige gulped as she felt David pull her hips back, pushing her ass into his crotch. She was quickly getting hot, her husband's lust rubbing off on her as he dragged her panties down her legs.

"We... we got to the hotel room." She nervously told him.

“No! Start at the beginning! What did he think of the dress?” He growled, reaching around and felling Paige’s chest.

“Mmm... he liked it a lot.” She replied. “I could see him struggling to look me in the eyes! Looked away a few times so he could take a peak!”

“Oh! And what was the restaurant like?” He responded, pulling Paige’s tits out of her dress.

“It was quiet and dark, real intimate place!” She answered, feeling her husband’s hands gripping her chest. “He put his arm around me and held me tight, declaring to the whole restaurant that I was his.”

“Fuck that’s hot!” David responded.

He reached for his pants, pulling them down and releasing his cock. Paige moaned out as he lined himself up with her pussy. David thought about how Hank had been inside her earlier and that he was essentially getting her sloppy seconds.

“Ooohhh!” Paige moaned as David entered her.

“How was dinner? Did he play footsy with you?” He asked as he slid in.

“No... but only because we sat next to each other and his hands were all over me!” She exaggerated.

“Did you try and cope a feel?” He responded as he bottomed out inside her.

“Try? No... he successfully felt me up.” She told him. “I think we caught a few people’s attention!”

David began hammering into Paige as he imagined them in a booth, Hank’s hands all over Paige. He thought Paige’s pussy would feel different after taking Hank’s cock, but it felt the same as before. He thought his cock would have remodelled her pussy or stretched it out. It was a clue that she didn’t actually do it, but his brain ignored it for now.

“Uhh... you guys did it in a hotel room?” David asked, closing his eyes and imagining it.

“Now look who wants to skip over details!” She teased. “We did... it started in the elevator. We couldn’t keep our hands to ourselves, kissing and touching each other like we were teenagers!”

“Did he drag you into the room?” He responded, grabbing her hips as he thrust even harder.

“Mmm... no, he was a gentleman, unlike some people.” She continued to tease. “We got into the room and slowly peeled our clothes off!”

Paige was egging him on with her lies. She knew it was what he wanted to hear even she hadn’t done it. His fantasy would take him over and Paige couldn’t lie that the sex they had was pretty amazing.

She grabbed David’s hand and brought them to her chest. “Feel these tits... Hank got a good feel of them first!” She told him, knowing it would drive him wild. “He touched, licked, and kissed them all over. Does that make you jealous?”

“Hhrrmm!” He groaned, his brain not functioning.

Paige's teasing had the desired effect she wanted. David snapped his hips with wild abandonment, fucking her like never before. Paige pushed her hips back and met each of his thrust, making each thrust more powerful. She turned her head and looked back at him with lustful eyes as he fucked her well.

"What position did you do it in?" David asked his eyes still closed envisioning it.

"Which time?" She teased. "First time we were in missionary, he wanted to watch my reaction as he slid into me."

"I'm going to cum!" David declared as this fever dream came to a close.

"Why don't you pull out and let me taste it... just like Hank did." Paige replied. "Probably a good thing he did since he forgot the condoms again!"

David eyes shot open as he heard that. He knew she was just teasing him, that she wouldn't have actually let Hank fuck her raw. But in the moment he couldn't have cared less.

David tried to pull out, but his cock began to shoot too quickly. His first wad entered her pussy, the subsequent wads landed on her ass. He was breathing hard as he looked at his wife, covered in his seed. He smiled knowing she had done the unthinkable just to please a real fucked up fantasy of his.

But Why Him? Pt. 5 (unrevised)

Paige filled the car with her groceries, the sun already high in the sky. She knew today she would head out and sunbathe. Well at this point, it was more about teasing her neighbor. She was enjoying her summer far more than she expected given her company for much of it. But this game she and her husband were playing was oddly exciting.

She hadn't been able to tease Hank in a few days as Sunday morning she had her period. It was a good news, bad news situation for her. The good news was her period had returned likely meaning the pills hormones had been mostly flushed from her body. It happened earlier than she expected, but that was ok. The bad news was of course, was she wasn't pregnant. But that too was ok as it would have been too early, given she wants to give birth next summer.

On Monday, she had seen Hank out front, who obviously wanted to fool around with her. But she told him that she was not feeling well, which she thought would keep him away. Instead, he showed up with homemade chicken soup and some cold medicine. Paige thought it was sweet of him, missing that he was deeply caring for her wellbeing.

He insisted that he come in and take care of her, putting a classic movie as he made her lunch. She let it slip that wasn't so much her being sick that she was just on her period. She saw a little smirk on his face before a stoic expression returned. They ended up cuddling and watching classic movies as it rained all afternoon.

She didn't tell David about Hank coming over. There was nothing sexy about and didn't think he'd find any enjoyment out of her snuggling with Hank. David also didn't ask thinking her period would keep Hank away.

Tuesday Paige spent the day with a couple of friends from work, enjoying the summer months while they still had it. By Tuesday evening, the cramps had stopped and bleeding was minimal if any. She was glad it had stopped, she could return to her teasing ways. Deep down, she was a little excited for Friday as Hank had promised to take her out until midnight. She knew that meant as soon as the clock struck midnight, he was going to fuck her. And sickly, she was excited.

After putting her groceries away, Paige adjourned to the bedroom to change. She looked through her bikinis, so many options but which one to choose. Buried deep in her dresser was a bikini she had forgotten she had, manly because it wasn't even hers. A friend had left her years ago and she just never given in back.

Paige looked in the mirror and could see the bathing suit clearly wasn't meant for body so curvy. The string holding the top together strained to not break. The triangle fabric barely covered any of her heaving chest, and the bottoms disappeared between her heavenly cheeks. Paige wondered if she made too quick a move whether the entire bathing suit would survive.

She happily walked down the steps heading right for the backyard. She grabbed a towel and some sunscreen, thinking she might actually use the pool outside. While the fantasy she was playing out was fun, it had interrupted her usual exercise routine. She was typically pretty good at maintaining a routine, but Hank had sent her all out of sorts recently.

Paige stepped out into the early afternoon sun, the beams coming down on her hard. Her vision was temporarily obscured by the sun's brightness, but slowly her vision adjusted. Once able to see, she was surprised to see Hank sitting in one of her loungers completely naked, his big cock hanging out for all to see.

"Hello, Paige." Hank said, his hands behind his head relaxing.

"What are you doing here Hank?" Paige asked as she walked towards him, eyeing him suspiciously.

"I was just hoping your period was over and that you might want to fool around with your boyfriend." He answered.

"My boyfriend? Is that you?" Paige replied hanging back out of his sight.

"Is it not?" He replied with a challenge.

"Well, boyfriend... what do you think of my bikini?" She asked, making sure "boyfriend" was extra sarcastic and finally stepping into his view.

"Damn, Paige!" He said as he checked her out. "Can bikinis get any smaller?"

"Hehe... I don't think this actually mine." She answered, turning around and showing him the back. "I'm pretty sure a friend mistakenly left it here."

Hank reached out and gripped her ass, giving a good squeeze as Paige turned her head to look at him. The smug expression spoke loudly; he had Paige all to himself and they both knew it. She could see his cock growing as his blood rushed to his cock, which in tune made Paige hornier watching his cock grow.

"Come on." Hank said, suddenly jumping up from his seat and pulling her towards her house.

“Where we headed?” She asked, not putting up much resistance.

“Inside and somewhere private.” He told her.

Paige probably should have dug in further, but she knew from her husband’s reactions that he enjoyed when they fooled around inside. It also kept any nosy neighbor from seeing them, so the more privacy the better. But Paige hesitated as he brought her to the stairs.

“Hank where are you taking me?” She stopped and questioned.

“I thought we could fool around on your bed today.” He told her.

“Hank, I don’t know about that...” She replied, taking her hand back from his.

“Why not? We fooled around in my bed before.” He retorted.

“That’s different.” Paige responded. “It’s not your martial bed.”

“Does it really make a difference?” Hank asked, knowing full well he was bringing there because it is different.

“Yes, I’m still married and love my husband.” Paige answered holding her ground.

Hank walked right up to Paige, his frame dwarfing her as she met his stare with her own. Her heart raced as he leaned down and kissed her, gently and tenderly. Paige opened her lips and let their tongues dance as her hands went behind his head. She felt herself leaning more and more into the kiss, even as his cock poked at her covered sex.

“Come on.” Hank said, taking her hand and walking upstairs with her.

Paige would reprimand herself later for being so easily convinced, but in the moment she didn’t really care. Hank seemed to always get what he wanted with her when they were in the moment. Internally, she knew that could mean trouble in the future. Hank opened the door to her bedroom, the implication of him stepping into her martial bedroom felt heavy.

“Cozy.” He said looking around the bedroom as Paige stayed frozen at the doorway. “Are you coming in?” He asked holding his semi-erect penis up towards her.

Paige first step felt hesitant, like she was unsure what to do. Her second step felt easier somehow, the third one even more so. Hank grabbed her hand pulled her tight against him, kissing her with more fury and passion. His cock rubbed against her thighs as his tongue tangled itself with hers.

His hands went right for her ass, groping them and pulling her bikini bottoms off. Her arms went behind his neck pulling him tightly as he began to move them towards the bed. Suddenly, he pushed her down on to the bed, Paige giggling as he stood above her triumphantly.

He surged downwards, planting his face between Paige’s heaving breasts. Paige laughed as his tongue licked along her chest, his hands pulling the tiny bikini off her. His hands began to massage her breasts as his tongue licked every inch of her magnificent chest. He looked up at her with a lustful stare as he sucked on her nipple, a hunger building deep inside him.

Everyday it became harder for Hank to hold himself back from Paige. Looking in her eyes, he knew she wanted him, and in her current position, she’d have no way to stop him. But he was

stopping himself, knowing what he promised, and that he could wait an extra few days. He hadn't worked so hard to ruin it at this point.

He began to kiss down her stomach, his loving touch giving Paige chills. She bit her lip as she watched him go down on her. Memories of past orgasms on his tongue filled her head as he panted her navel. Her pussy was already wet by the time he got down there. She saw a big smile as he recognized her moistness, clearly indicating her excitement for what's to come.

"Mmm... yes Hank!" She cried out as he kissed her pussy tasting her irresistible flavour.

Paige's moans only grew louder as Hank's chubby fingers pushed inside her. Paige closed her eyes and arched her back as her elderly neighbor's mouth surrounded her clit. He began to pump his finger and lick her clit in a slow but synchronized fashion. Paige felt the passion and care in each movement, her pussy becoming liquidized as he pleased her.

Hank was being intentionally slow, keeping himself in check. His one hand jerked himself off as he licked Paige, feeling her shudder in delight. He stopped moving his and began to spread them apart while still inside. He could feel how tight her pussy and knew he needed to stretch her out before going inside. He wanted their first time together to be pure bliss and he knew getting her stretch out a bit would help.

"Aaahh!!! Hank!" She cried out as she felt her pussy walls expanding because of his fingers.

She suddenly gasped as Hank's tongue nailed down on her clit. The contrast of stretching and lovingly licks made Paige confused and shaking. She had never been a masochist, but something with Hank's fingers pushed inside stretching her pussy was oddly arousing. She could feel her pulse quickening as her heart raced and her pussy dripped onto the bed below them.

Hank could feel her body tensing, her muscles flexing as she ascended towards an orgasm. He dragged his tongue along her lips as his fingers began to move quickly. She wrapped her legs around his head, her thighs squeezing him keeping him in position. Hank smiled as the young wife was about to cum from his old mug on her marital bed. The situation was intoxicatingly naughty to him.

Paige's breathing became quicker. She couldn't form words, just feminine moans as she was quickly losing control. Her eyes rolled back and her tongue hung out of her mouth, looking like a complete slut to anyone observer. She could feel the orgasm coming and with one last flick of his tongue against her clit, sent her over the edge.

"Ooh god!!!" She screamed out as her hips lifted off the bed and pussy squirted on the floor below.

Hank pulled his fingers out as Paige's fountain shot out, covering him in thin layer of her cum. She looked so glorious after cumming, her chest heaving, her pussy red and abused ready to be taken by his superior cock. He was so hard in the moment looking at his conquest, but knowing he had to wait.

Hank took a last few licks of her pussy, her juices covered her inner thigh, before standing up. He smacked his cock against her pussy, he was so ready to take her, it was difficult not to in her compromised situation.

'2 more days...' He told himself as he rubbed his cock against her pussy lips.

“Uuhhh... mmm! Just do Hank!” Paige moaned as he rubbed his cock against her entrance.

She was out of her mind, the heat of the moment taking her again. The teasing was driving her wild making her want him even more. Paige didn’t care anymore though, in that moment all she wanted was Hank’s fat cock inside her.

Hearing Paige moan like that nearly broke Hank. He lined himself up with her inside, one quick thrust is all it would take. But somehow he held off, continuing to slide his against her pussy without penetrating her. It was becoming almost impossible for him to hold back any longer.

She looked up at him with lust and desire in her eyes. Hank had broken her down completely; she needed him in that moment more than anything. But he continued to tease, letting his cock sit on her pussy. He began to thrust, letting his cock drag along her pussy, slowly at first but quickly picking up speed until their bodies were smacking together.

The temptation was becoming too much. Paige’s moans, the sound of their bodies smacking together, and the smell of sex was breaking Hank’s willpower. He pulled away from her and climbed on top of her. He put his cock between her massive tits and began fucking as if his life depended on it.

Paige was surprised by Hank. She was quite enjoying his cock against her pussy, but she didn’t mind him fucking her chest either. She liked that as well. She squeezed her tits around his big cock making it as tight as possible for him. She looked down and took his cock head into her mouth as he thrust his incredible power.

“Oh here it comes!” Hank cried out as his cock began to erupt.

He pulled his cock away from Paige’s plump lips just as the first was of cum poured down on her pretty face. Hank watched as his cum showered his neighbor’s beautiful wife in his semen, her face becoming covered in a solid layer.

Paige closed her eyes and lied back as he felt her neighbor’s hot cum land on her face. She almost expected to be horrified by this act, but she actually revelled in it. She opened her eyes once it was over, seeing a smiling Hank standing above her.

“Saturday can’t come soon enough!” She told him as she spooned a bit of cum into her mouth.

“Brings me back to how this all started!” Paige joked as she laid outside on a lounge, Hank rubbing tanning oil on her back.

“Haha, ya how things have changed!” Hank replied. “Just few weeks ago you were just Paige, now you’re my princess.”

Paige rolled her eyes, but she couldn’t fully deny him. While calling her “his” might be an exaggeration, she had been spending a lot of time with him and enjoying it. Even moments like this where they were simply relaxing by the pool weren’t so bad. Paige had to admit, her neighbor had grown on her, as messed up as that was.

After their fun upstairs, Paige cleaned up and put on a plain black bikini, more conservative than what she was wearing before but still quite explicit. She let Hank borrow a pair of David’s swimming trunks so he wasn’t lying around naked.

“You know for how much I’ve seen you outside, I can only remember you using it once.” Hank commented as he lied down on the lounge next to Paige.

“I don’t use it that often... although maybe I ought to.” Paige replied. “Do you wanna see me get wet?”

“I’ve seen you plenty wet before.” He answered with a grin.

Paige slapped his shoulder as she stood up and headed towards the pool. “Come on and join me... I love to have company in the pool.”

Paige went to the deep end doing an elegant swan dive in. She then swam over to the edge closest to Hank and gave him the come here signal with her index finger while giving him the sexiest eyes possible. No man could resist her, evident by Hank stand and running towards the pool.

“Haha!” Paige laughed as Hank cannonballed into the pool splashing her with the water.

Hank swam right up to her, trapping her against the pool wall. He looked into her eyes, he had lust and desire in them as he wrapped his arms around her. Their lips just a few inches apart, Paige itching to be touched and desired.

“I remember one night last summer, you and David were drunk and you went skinny dipping.” Hank said in whispered tones as he grinded up against her. “You hadn’t notice I was outside, and you guys started getting naughty in the pool.”

“I do remember that, it was fun.” Paige replied closing her eyes as Hank pressed against her.

“Do you remember looking over at me and seeing me?” He asked, his hands groping her breasts.

“Yes...” She gasped as she felt his bulge against her sex. She remembered seeing a shadowy figure but not that it was Hank.

“But you didn’t stop, did you?” He replied, Paige shaking her head affirmatively. “Who were you thinking of as David fucked you that night?”

“You!” She responded before pressing forward and kissing his lips.

It was incredible how fast Hank could turn her on. A low, husky tone and pressing against was all that was necessary for her to turn into putty in his hands. She couldn’t stop herself, no matter how wrong it felt, her attraction to Hank kept her coming back for more.

Their tongues swirled together as they made out in the pool. Hank’s hands migrated to her ass as he pulled her flush against him. Paige could feel all of Hank, from his flexible tongue, to the pot belly and even the wrinkles on the back of his head. He was below her, and yet he had a way of getting her going. It was an utterly bizarre scene seeing the young wife with the old creep of a neighbor, one that was about to be walked in on.

“Paige! What the fuck!!!” They heard coming from behind them.

Paige turned around and her face went pale as she saw her good friend Shyla standing at her back door.

‘Why hasn’t Paige responded?’ Shyla wondered as she drove towards her house.

It wasn’t like her to just not text back and when Shyla had returned from a trip to see her family, she wanted to gossip with her best friend. But Paige was busy with Hank, which meant her phone was being ignored and Shyla decided to do a surprise visit instead.

Paige and Shyla had met in teacher’s college, and instantly hit it off. Shyla was more outgoing and brash, but they worked well together and always had fun. They ended up rooming together for a couple of years. After college, they stayed close and when a job opened up at Paige’s school, Shyla jumped at the opportunity. Paige gave a glowing recommendation and the job was hers.

They got a nickname across campus; “the tit twins”. While they didn’t look very much alike, Shyla too was blessed with a pair of beautiful breasts. She was blessed with similarly large 36F tits that was the envy of just about every woman on campus, aside from Paige. Her long, straight blonde hair, green eyes, and short but curvy body was the cherry on top.

While Paige had settled down with David, Shyla had not, instead choosing to live the single life. She often had several men on call at any time, and once in a while would enjoy the company of a woman. She always went for a new experiences and pushed Paige to do the same, although Paige often pushed back. It was always good to have a friend like Shyla who pushed you to try new stuff, and Paige definitely appreciated it.

When Shyla pulled up to Paige’s house, she let herself in. Paige and Hank were distracted in the pool, so they didn’t notice anything. Shyla saw them through the back window and at first assumed it was David in the pool with Paige. It wasn’t until she got closer that she saw it wasn’t. She was shocked and confused, Paige had always been faithful, it was not like her to be cheating. But as their lips met, it was clear that she was.

“So, David wants you to cheat on him?” Shyla asked after Paige explained the situation in private to her.

“It’s not cheating if he’s okay with it.” Paige replied.

“It’s fucking weird though.” Shyla responded.

“It is but it’s kind of exciting.” Paige told her.

“So, you’re only doing this for David’s fantasy?” Shyla asked, intrigued by her friend’s new voyeurism side.

“Well... ya, mostly.” Paige answered not wanting to admit any feeling towards Hank.

“But not complete?” Shyla replied.

“No, David’s fantasy has sort of rubbed off on me.” She admitted, knowing how weird this all is.

“How so?” Shyla curiously followed up.

“When I’m with Hank, I know David is waiting to hear about it and when he does, he goes primal.” She explained. “It’s crazy and insane, probably the best sex of my life.”

“Wow... I’m surprised you got into this.” Shyla replied. “But I have to ask; why him?”

“That’s all David.” Paige told her. “When I discovered his fantasy, I honestly had the same reaction. I couldn’t understand it, but I don’t know I’ve gotten into a bit, too.”

“You’re enjoying it with that guy, though? Am I missing something?” Shyla asked, pointing out the obvious difference in attraction.

“Well... his cock it’s gigantic!” Paige answered. “It’s got to be a foot long!”

“You have to exaggerating.” Shyla replied sceptical.

“Only a bit.” Paige responded.

“Hhmmm... never took you to be a size queen.” Shyla commented.

“I am not, it’s just thrilling to feel.” Paige replied.

“Well, I know all about size.” Shyla responded. “Bigger dicks just feel better, don’t they?”

“Well, we haven’t actually had sex yet...” Paige admitted, blushing slightly.

“Oh, well that’s boring.” Shyla replied.

“Hey, it’s a big decision when you’re with someone.” Paige responded.

“Please, you have David’s blessing.” Shyla responded. “Remember when I was in an open relationship with Steven, I fucked tons of dudes all the time.”

“It’s not an open relationship.” Paige argued. “It’s just David’s fantasy.”

“Whatever.” Shyla replied. “All I’m saying is if I had the ok and I knew my neighbor had a fat hog, I’d have ridden him already.”

“And that’s why we’re much different people.” Paige responded, the two women laughing.

“Just over 24 hours, my princess.” Hank said with a smile.

It was Thursday night and David had gone over to a friend’s house for the evening. It had been a rainy day, which Paige was thankful for as it let her clean up the house. After her discussion with Shyla yesterday, she knew Shyla would keep her secret. She might be a bit of a loud mouth, but she was a good friend and would keep her secret. Paige had told David that Shyla caught them, which of course lead to some incredible sex as she explained the story of them in the pool together.

Paige omitted the part of her getting eaten out on their bed. She knew it was a lie; the lie of omission is still a lie. But she also wasn’t sure David would be happy with them fooling around on their bed. She had always been told secrets are not good in a healthy relationship, but fear and confusion were making her act unlike herself.

So, when Hank showed up at her front door with an old record player and a bottle of wine, Paige let him in. Hank talked about how the old records sounded purer, not necessarily better, but a more realistic sound, not auto-tuned nonsense from the modern era. Paige listened intently, it was always fascinating to listen to someone’s interest, especially when they were knowledgeable.

Hank put on a classic slow dance song and invite Paige up to dance. Hank had better rhythm than she expected, leading a slow sensual dance. They looked into each other's, a longing stare for what was to come tomorrow. Paige recognized that this was more than simply a sexual relationship, but she didn't know what to do about it.

"Just one more day." She replied, her arms behind his head as his were on her hips. "You know when you were talking about the records and how they sound different. Less perfect."

"Ya, it's just a preference of mine, I guess." He responded, swaying her gently to the music.

"Well, it got me thinking about life." She replied.

"How so?" He asked, looking at her curiously.

"We all want the perfectly manicured life, just like modern music is meticulously crafted." She answered. "But the truth of life is... messier. And that's what makes it beautiful. The mess of life is amazing."

"A little cheesy there, princess." He laughed. "But I like it. Cause, ya, life isn't perfect. But that's what makes it worth living."

Paige smiled up at him, Hank returning the smile before leaning in and kissing her. Paige hummed as she tasted the wine on his breath and his dinner on his tongue. He soon maneuvered them to the couch, falling on top of Paige as they kissed and touched each other. Their sexual chemistry was apparent, Paige moaning and getting wet as she kissed the elderly man.

"I got something to show you!" Paige told him pushing him off her and running upstairs.

Paige walked down a moment later in black lingerie, the black bra pushed her tits up incredibly, while the thong got lost between her cheeks. She wore a sheer robe over top which barely hid anything. Hank's eyes were like saucers as she stepped into the living room, biting her lip as she saw her neighbor's reaction.

"I just wanted to give you a sneak peek of what I'll be wearing tomorrow." She told him as she let the robe fall from her shoulders.

"Paige..." He gasped as she did a spin in front of him, showing him the full view of her spectacular body. "There's something I've wanted to do with you for a while now..."

"We have to wait another day Hank." She told him as she stood hands on her hips in front of her.

"It's not that." He responded. "I just don't know how you'll react."

"What are you thinking of Hank?" She asked, eyeing him curiously.

"Do you trust me?" He replied, taking her hand and pulling her on to the couch beside him.

Paige didn't respond, but her allowing Hank to put her in position was enough of an answer for both. Paige's heart pounded as he got her to turn around and bend over. He pulled her panties down, putting her in a completely vulnerable position. But all he did at first was gently pet her pussy and spread her ass.

"This is nice and but why were you acting..." Paige began to say. "Huh!" She gasped as Hank pushed his tongue into her asshole.

Paige was speechless as Hank's tongue dove into her tight rear end. No one had ever touched her back there, although a few had asked. David was going to be completely jealous of Hank as his flexible tongue got acquainted with her ass. He was probably right not to tell as she would have rejected the proposal. But he just took what he wanted and Paige was getting hotter by the second.

"Oh! You nasty old freak!" She cried out, but didn't pull away.

Hank's fingers dove into her pussy giving Paige a feeling of being double stuffed. He knew she would like, but it was getting over the initial feeling that was going to be tough for her. But with hands locked on to her hips, he knew she wouldn't be getting away. And from the wetness of her pussy, he knew she wouldn't want to anyways.

Paige began to moan as Hank's tongue did magic in her ass. She was surprised by how much she was enjoying this, having never imagined she'd be into anal play. But she started to push her hips back into face, wanting his tongue deeper into her. Her pussy began to drip as her body gently shook, her mind already giving in to Hank.

Hank began to thrust his finger with conviction causing Paige to yelp and moan out louder. He curled his finger hitting her G-spot as his tongue found weak point in her ass. He could feel her legs trembling, which only encouraged him to go harder. His other hand went down his pants and began jerking himself off, happy he got to eat Paige's ass.

"Oh, Hank! Fffuuuccckkkk!!!" Paige cried out as her body exploded into an ecstatic orgasm.

Her eyes rolled back as she loudly moaned, her body shaking uncontrollably. Her ass and pussy tighten as if they were trying to trap Hank in place. He did manage to pull out just as Paige's pussy squirted all over the couch below her. Her arms and legs felt weak and fell down on to the couch below, a mangled mess.

Hank smiled down at his neighbor's wife, looking incredibly sexy even in her current state. Her pussy and asshole looked delectable, ready to be taken by him. But he would hold off, no matter how hard it might be. He pulled his cock out and got on top of Paige, planting his cock between her sweet cheeks and beginning to thrust.

Within a moment, Hank was cumming, too, ejaculating all over Paige's back. Both were now sweating and out of breath, the thrill of the teasing game they were playing was almost over. Both of them were excited for what was to come next.

"We built this city! We built this city on rock and roll!" The radio sang as David drove home.

It had been a hard week for David to focus on work. Knowing Paige might actually sleep with Hank was making him insanely horny. It hadn't help that Paige was constantly teasing him the past few days.

When he came home last night, he found Paige was already in bed, but there was a conveniently left pair of black panties on the couch, two used wine glasses, and a distinct wet spot on the couch. He knew something happened, but Paige didn't give anything letting his imagination run wild throughout the day.

But something felt off to him with Paige. She looked at him differently, like there was something that needed to be said, but for some reason she couldn't. If he tried to pry it out of her, she'd stonewall him, acting like nothing was wrong. But he could see it in her eyes.

He thought maybe she wasn't actually ready or willing to sleep with Hank. But every time he brought it up, she reiterated that she was excited and willing to fulfill his fantasy. David could tell she was being sincere, which he was happy for. But only made this feeling with Paige even stranger. He shrugged it off as simply jitters.

Finally getting home, he found Paige in the bedroom wearing a lacy, red teddy. Lying on the bed touching herself as he walked in, she had the come hither eyes that were far too sexy.

"Come on, Hank! We got to hurry before my husband gets home!" Paige said in a high pitched but sexy tone.

David was surprised by Paige, who smirked at his baffled expression. David shook it and stepped into the bedroom, trying to mimic the way Hank would if he was about to sleep with Paige. His steps ended up looking like a cartoon strut causing Paige to giggle.

"Sorry... was it too much?" He asked, breaking character.

"No, it was fine. Just go with it." She told him.

"Okay... so, when's this husband coming home?" David replied, doing his best Hank impression.

"Not for another hour... what should we do?" Paige responded, going to her knees as David got to the bed.

"I could think of a thing or two!" He answered, getting on the bed and kissing Paige passionately.

Paige returned the kiss with equal fury and lust as David's hands cupped her breasts. He pulled away to go down and kiss her cleavage as Paige moaned out and felt his body. It was a stark contrast to Hank's body, something her mind immediately noticed.

"Mmm... I've been waiting all day for you to come over!" Paige moaned as David pulled her chest out of the lingerie.

"I would have been here earlier if I'd known this was waiting for me!" He replied between kisses on her nipples.

"Well, let's not waste anymore time!" She responded, pulling out of his grip.

Paige turned around and bent over presenting her thong cladded ass to David, who quickly moved into position. He pulled his cock out, hard as ever, and pulled her panties to the side. Paige's pussy glistened from in the late afternoon light coming from the window. David took a close look, smiling that his wife was enjoying the role play as much as he was.

"Mmm... this reminds me of last night!" Paige commented as David gently pet her pussy.

"Wha... what about last night?" He replied, trying to stay in character but his curiosity overriding him.

"Well, it's just like last night!" She answered. "I was in this exact position on the couch downstairs, you were behind me, and your tongue was so far up my ass!"

David froze for a moment. He had always dreamed of sticking his tongue up Paige's ass, but knew she was less than excited about the possibility. But Hank had maneuvered his way in, taking what David had wanted from him. It filled him with jealousy thinking about. But also arousal, imagining the old man's tonguing Paige's butt.

"Can... can I do it?" David asked breathlessly as he stood there frozen.

"Not right, now, Hank." She answered. "Right now, I need you to fuck me!"

David was a little disappointed hear that. But it seems for now the job of eating Paige's ass belong exclusively to Hank. While he was envious of Hank, it didn't stop him from pushing his cock into Paige as she rocked her hips back to meet him. They both groaned as Paige's warm pussy engulfed his cock.

"Did you like it?" He asked as he began to thrust in and out of Paige.

"It was... an experience." She told him. "In the moment it was hot, but I don't know if I'd let him do it again. Now get back in character!"

"Oh, right." He replied, clearing his throat and getting back into character. "You've been a little tease for so long!"

"I just never knew what a man you were!" Paige responded through her effeminate moans.

"More of a man than that pussy husband of yours?" He asked as he began to violently thrust into her.

"Sooo much more!" She responded, looking back at David as he plowed into. "He doesn't have what you have!"

"And what is that?" He replied, feeling his balls tightening already, a whole a day of teasing catching up to him quickly.

"You know what it is." She teasingly answered, listening to the slapping of their bodies together.

"I wanna hear you say it." David told her, gripping her hips even tighter.

"Mmm... it's cause your cock is bigger." Paige naughtily said.

"Say it louder!" David demanded, his hips becoming a blur as he fucked his wife hard.

"Because your big cock is so much bigger than my husband's!!!" She cried out.

"Oh shit! I'm gonna cum!" He responded, feeling his release coming.

"Not inside me... I'm not on the pill!" Paige told him as she pulled out of his grip. "Here cum on my chest Hank! You know you want to!"

Paige lied down on her back, presenting her chest out to David. She put one arm underneath her tits and pushed them up as her other hand reached out and began to jerk David's cock off. Her husband groaned as she moved her hand with increasing intensity, slowly pulling his orgasm out.

"Come on, Hank!" Paige moaned. "I know you want to cum! Are you mad you didn't get to breed me?"

"Oh fuck, Paige!" David cried as he began to cum all over her.

Paige aimed David's cum at her chest as he blew his load all over her. She smiled as her husband's cum splattered all over her. He didn't cum as much as Hank, but it still covered her chest. Paige released his cock and leaned her head back, enjoying the post-orgasm bliss. She gently rubbed David's all over her chest as he stood there dumbfounded.

"Of course it was the breeding talk that got you!" Paige noted as she stood up and headed toward the bathroom.

Hank checked the time again. 10:02 the clock read. Paige was 2 minutes late. He was already getting antsy. Tonight needed to happen. He needed Paige more than he was willing to admit.

He knew tonight was a big step towards his ultimate goal. That once Paige got a taste of his cock for real, she'd be unable to stay away. But this last week has been a fight for him, but it did reveal some crucial information.

With Paige having her period this week it did inform him of her cycle. And assuming she has a regular ovulation cycle, it let him know when she'd be open. He figured next Sunday would be his best chance to get her pregnant. All he had to do was convince her to lose the protection once, and it could be over.

He had a confident demeanour; he knew he could do it. And soon Paige would be giving birth to his child, and sleeping in his bed. To him it was inevitable.

'Ding-dong!' The doorbell rang causing a stir of excitement in Hank.

Paige waited on the other side of the door. She thought she'd be nervous, but there was a serenity in the air. She had no doubts about what she wanted, and with her husband's blessing, she felt self-assured. For most of this experience, Hank had pushed Paige for more, while Paige resisted to varying degrees. But tonight, he wouldn't have to push her at all.

"Jesus Christ, Paige!" Hank said as he saw her in her dress.

Calling it a dress might have been an overstatement; the sheer, black fabric barely hid the lingerie she was wearing underneath. Her tits looked ready to pop out at any moment, the dress's fabric barely holding together against her large chest. Her lips were her favourite pink lipstick shade, and her hair was back in a ponytail to keep out of her face.

"I would ask you what you think of my outfit... but I think I already got my answer." Paige mocked as she strolled into his house.

Hank's eyes ran over her body, starting at her beautiful shapely legs and thick thighs. They moved up to her flared hips and flat, tight stomach. They took their time looking at her wondrous bosom, noting her nipples poking out. He stared her porcelain neck, dreaming of kissing it as he made love to her. Her looked at those plump lips leading right to her charming eyes. Paige recognized the look Hank gave; it's the same one David gives her when the teasing has gone just far enough.

"Easy, Hank." Paige told him. "It's not Saturday, yet."

"I know but you look... irresistible." He replied, stepping towards her.

"Well, you don't have to resist me all night." She responded as he invaded her space.

“I know.” He answered, his hand groping her chest. “That doesn’t make it any easier.”

“Well, let’s find a distraction then.” Paige replied, stepping away and taking his hand.

Hank led her to the living room, where she sat down on the couch while Hank went to the kitchen to grab them a snack and some wine. Paige picked out a movie, a romantic comedy to hopefully distract them as Hank came in with a big bowl of buttery popcorn and 2 glasses of red wine.

Hank sat down beside Paige, pulling her into a cuddling session, Paige giggling as she felt his old, calloused hands on her hips. The intro began but Paige could feel Hank’s eyes looking down her chest and the prominent bulge in his pants. She didn’t mind, she knew he’d hold off until the end of the movie.

“You smell nice.” Hank commented.

“Focus on the movie or you’re never gonna make it to midnight.” Paige replied.

“It’s kind of hard with you basically sitting in my lap!” Hank responded.

“And who pulled me into your lap again?” She asked.

“Ha...fair point.” Hank laughed.

The movie was a dud, the protagonist unlikable and dumb, and had zero chemistry with the love interest. The only laughs came from the poorly acted side characters. Paige began tuning the movie out and just thinking about how much had changed. Sitting here in Hank’s arms was definitely not where she expected to be on a Friday night, but she definitely wasn’t disappointed to be here.

Hank’s one hand was on her thigh, given her gentle touches as they cuddled. She felt his heartbeat even through his clothes. She could sense when he was looking at her since his heartbeat would quicken. She felt his heartbeat speed up again, and turned her head to meet his gaze. They stared longingly into each other’s eyes, they both needed each other tonight.

Hank leaned down and found Paige’s lips, kissing her gently and lovingly. Paige turned her body to face him completely, the movie an afterthought now. She put her hands on the back of his neck, deepening the kiss as she made out on his couch. Hank’s hands went directly to her ass, pulling the dress up and grinding her against the bulge in his pants.

“We need to slow down.” Paige whispered as he grinded her butt against Hank. “We still have another 40 minutes to wait.”

But even as she said that, Paige kissed Hank’s neck as he nibbled on her shoulder. He pulled her dress over and right off her, revealing the same black lingerie from the night before. He took a second to absorb her beautiful figure before his lips returned to hers. Neither of them could keep their hands to themselves and neither of them wanted to.

Hank pushed Paige down on to the other side of the couch, quickly moving to get on top of her. Their legs became entangled just as their tongues were. They could taste the popcorn and wine on each other’s breath, and the smell of each other’s scents. They could feel how turned on each other were, the long wait nearly over and both at the end of their patience.

Hank broke the kiss and began to kiss down Paige's neck, taking his time to fully enjoy the taste, smell, and feel of her. He left a trail of saliva along her neck to her collarbone, leading directly to her chest. He planted his face directly between her tits squeezing them together and surrounding himself in her chest.

"Mmm... not here Hank!" Paige said pushing him off her.

Paige stood up and took Hank's hand leading him to the stairs and up to his bedroom. Entering the room, it was just as she remembered except for a small gift on the bed. Releasing his hand and walking over, Paige found a small bouquet of colorful tulips tied together by some string, a single condom leaning against it.

"You remember my favourite flower." Paige said picking the flower and taking a sniff.

"Of course." Hank replied, walking up beside her. "I would never forget."

"I'm gonna go put these in some water, why don't you get ready for my return." She told him, giving a quick peck on the lips before leaving.

Looking at the flower in the kitchen, a realization hit Paige: Hank was in love with her. Everything he had done for her; the patience, the gifts, and making things special for her. She knew feelings had been developed, but she always assumed they were more fun fling type feeling than serious ones.

This put her in an uncomfortable situation. She knew he was waiting upstairs for her, but if she went, was she not validating his feelings towards her? There was also David at home, who had the expectation of her as well. And while he had been supportive of her decisions, she also knew he wanted her to go through with it.

Her own feelings complicated the situation even more. It was clear to Paige that her and Hank had developed a bond. She enjoyed her time with him, which she never expected when she started this journey. Paige wondered how sex would affect this bond, a question that lingered as she walked towards the stairs.

Part of her knew she shouldn't, that going upstairs would only entangle her further in Hank. But her body didn't care; she needed Hank more than she was willing to admit.

"What took you so long?" Hank asked lying on the bed as Paige entered.

"Couldn't find a vase in your kitchen?" She answered, standing at the door.

"Well, come here." He replied.

Paige looked at the clock on bedside table. "There still more than 20 minutes until midnight." She told him.

"Hehe... we can still fool around." He answered. "I can keep it in my pants for another 20."

"I know that... I guess I'm just a little nervous." She responded.

"That's natural, but I'll be gentle." He replied.

Paige finally started walking over towards the bed as Hank swung his legs over the side and sat up. She gently cupped his face as she looked and saw what she was afraid of.

"Do you care about me, Hank?" She asked.

“I think you know the answer to that.” He replied as he pulled Paige down towards him.

Paige didn't hesitate as Hank kissed her, immediately kissing him back. He pulled her into bed with him, Paige lying on top as his tongue dove into her mouth. She couldn't stop herself even as she knew this wasn't a good idea. Rational thought went out the window when she was with Hank.

Hank reach behind Paige and unclasped her bra as they pulled away to catch their breath. Hank stared for a moment fully appreciating her incredible chest. It was by far the biggest he'd ever seen. He licked his lips as he went down and sucked on her nipples. Paige gasped as he gently nibbled on her sensitive tit, her body growing increasingly hot.

Hank's hands dug into her supple tits, not with desperation, but with a slow deliberate effort. He looked up as Paige looked down at him, moving a few strands of his grey hair out of the way. There was no rush tonight, they could fully and freely enjoy each other. And Hank planned on enjoying every morsel of Paige.

“Mmm...” Paige quietly moaned as Hank tongue flicked her nipple. “It's my turn to suck!” She told him reaching down and cupping his bulge.

Paige lowered herself down Hank, giving him the sexiest eyes he'd ever seen. She began working on his shirt, unbuttoning it then opening it to reveal his chest. His flabby chest and beer gut weren't exactly turn-ons, but Paige laid loving kisses along them anyways. She slowly went down his stomach until she found herself nearing his belt.

Paige could see his hard cock through his pants and began teasing him. She attempted to wrap her lips around his cock head as if she was trying to suck it through his pants. She could hear Hank groaning and his cock stirring begging to be freed. But she didn't, instead licking along his shaft, teasing him to more and causing him to groan in frustration.

Mercifully, Paige unbuckled his belt and began opening his pants. She reached and pulled his cock, standing high and mighty as she looked at with a lustful stare. She gave a few jerks, feeling the hard as steel meat ready for her consumption. She licked her lips as she playfully hit it against her cheek, looking up at Hank's eager eyes.

“Can you picture it... can you imagine this big cock sliding into my tiny pussy.” Paige busily said.

“Trust me, I've imagined it enough for one lifetime.” Hank responded his hand going to the back of Paige's head encouraging her to suck on him.

“Hehe... I know you have... and so have I!” She quietly replied as she opened her mouth and sucked him in.

Her plump lips enveloped his cock, sucking the head in and teasing it with her tongue. Paige looked up at him as she drooled on his cock, letting her saliva run down his shaft. Her hand spread it all along it, leaving his cock glistening in the soft glow of the bedroom light. She had plans for him tonight, but time seemed to be moving slower now.

Hank felt the same way, checking his watch every minute in frustration. They both knew this had to go slowly, which meant Paige had to tease him, her tongue slowly licking around his head. Her eyes on the surface were playful, but underneath was a growing frustration, one born from lack of sexual relief. Hank wanted so desperately to shove his cock in her pussy and fuck her until the morning, but he wasn't about to screw up just minutes from his ultimate prize.

“Oooohh!” He moaned out as Paige finally dipped her lips lower on his cock.

Paige could feel his veins on his cock as she took his thick appendage further into her mouth. She closed her eyes and tasted the salty pre-cum oozing from his tip. His hand on her head started to push harder now, encouraging her to go deeper. But Paige kept her advances slow and methodically, pushing back against his hand when needed.

Hank watched as she slowly got lower, his cock steadily becoming surrounded in the warmth of Paige’s mouth. This felt like one last gruelling test of his willpower. Paige was there for the taking, nothing could stop him, but he had to hold off. The slow and laborious blowjob was only making it harder for him. Time couldn’t go any slower for him in this moment.

Paige finally felt his cock reach the end of her mouth, chocking just a bit on the humongous, old dick. She pulled back slightly, taking one last look at Hank’s cock and a big breath in through her nose. Paige then began to descend slowly down his shaft, feeling as he slid down her throat. Both her and Hank were on the same wavelength on what was happening.

His hand held her firm not allowing her to go back up, a reminder to Paige of her goal. She held strong, even as her body gagged and begged to go back up. She began going faster knowing she couldn’t take the torturous feeling her body was causing. Hank’s cock slid further and further down, until Paige finally stopped at his base. She opened her eyes and saw that she had managed to swallow his entire shaft.

“Not bad, princess!” Hank said as Paige quickly had to come up for air.

“Not bad?!? Did you not see that?” She responded.

“I was just teasing... something you might know a thing or two about.” He replied.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” she said facetiously, her lips moving back towards Hank.

Paige eagerly began to suck on Hank’s cock, done with the slowly, tedious pace. Her lips went quickly down his shaft, deepthroating him just as she did before. She pushed herself until she was at her limit again just to prove she could. She found a steady pace to bob her head at, quickly sucking on Hank from tip to taint. She got a mouthful of his musky taste, sucking on his flavourful cock like a possessed woman.

“Goddamn, Paige! Slow down!” Hank cried out as she blew him.

“Why? You gonna blow your little load and not get to fuck me?” She questioned teasingly.

“I wouldn’t worry about that.” He answered. “But we still got time to waste.”

“That we do.” Paige replied, hosting herself on top of the old man. “So, let’s waste some.”

Paige held Hank’s cock in her right hand as she dragged her pussy along his cock. It was even more teasing in the worst way possible. Her pussy juices flowed and smeared along his cock as she moved her hips up and down. She would act as if she would slip him in, only to slid along it again, teasing him some more.

Paige bite her lip as she looked down at Hank, who had propped himself up on his elbows. They looked into each other’s eyes, the weeks of teasing about to culminate in an epic release. She leaned forward intent on capturing his lips in a kiss, when it happened.

“Huh!” She gasped as Hank’s cock slipped into her.

She looked into Hank’s and saw pure terror. “Paige…” He said at a loss for words.

“It’s okay, accidents happen.” She replied, leaning down further and kissing Hank, but also pushing him a little deeper into her pussy.

Hank was shocked as Paige kissed him. Not only were they early, but he also wasn’t wearing a condom like Paige had demanded. He wondered if he should say anything or just go with the flow. It wasn’t like he wanted to use a condom, and if Paige didn’t, then why bother?

Hank was frozen in spot as Paige put her arms around his head and pulled him close. He could feel his cock slowly inching its way into her. His hands finally went to her back as he thrust his hips just a bit to press himself further into Paige, who seemed completely absorbed in the moment. He could feel her tight pussy squeezing his cock as he sunk deeper into.

“Of course, you need to put a condom on before we go further.” She told him as she lifted her hips back and off him.

Paige got off of Hank, lying down next to him as Hank reached over and grabbed a condom off the bedside table. He quickly opened it and rolled it down his cock, the thin plastic barely able to contain his beast. Paige eyed it with wonder, knowing she was about to get every inch of it. Hank then suddenly spun on top of Paige grabbing her wrist and pinning her to the bed.

“There’s no getting away now!” Hank said, lust dripping from every word.

“I don’t want to anyways!” Paige replied, meeting his intense stares with an intense look of her own.

Hank brought both of Paige’s hands above her head holding them together with one of his hands. His other hand went right to his cock, holding it steady as he lined his condom-clad cock to her pussy. Paige bit her lower lip as he nudged against her folds. There was an excitement in the air as they were about to finally do it.

Hank groaned and Paige gasped against as Hank pushed into her tight pussy. The condom felt odd, Paige hadn’t used one in a while and the plastic feel made it less intimate. The condom acting as a barrier to the sexual contact they were feeling before. Still, Hank’s massive cock was still stretching her out, it was unlike anything she felt before.

Hank didn’t slide in slowly, he pushed into Paige quickly, having waited too long for this moment. Her pussy was tight, squeezing his cock immensely as he pushed deeper into her. Even through the condom he could feel the heat, he just wished the condom would wither away. He watched her face, her mouth open as she felt the size and power of his cock for the first time.

“Uhhh!” She gasped as Hank pushed his full cock up inside her.

It was like a punch in the gut and left Paige gasping for air. Hank’s cock was so big stretching out places inside her she hadn’t known existed. She could feel his rubbery tip against her cervix, a painful but also exciting sensation. She was teetering on the edge between pain and pleasure, her mind and body at odds with each other.

Slowly she felt him pull out, releasing the pressure she was feeling and letting her take a breath again. But it was only temporary relief as before he slipped out completely he thrust himself

back into her, Paige feeling that gut punch again. But this time didn't feel nearly as bad, it was still painful but not nearly as much.

Hank slowly pulled and pushed back in again, and once again it was less painful for Paige. Each subsequent thrusts became less painful and more pleasurable to Paige. Hank also began moving faster with each thrust, sensing Paige calming down and enjoying it more.

"Uuhh!" Paige began to moan as her body soon felt a molten pleasure building in her core.

Hank looked down at his neighbor's wife, her mouth open letting out her soft moans as her large breasts shook and jiggled as he thrusted into her. It was a sight to behold, a memory Hank wouldn't soon forget. He smiled down at her as he changed the angle ever so slightly to hit a new spot inside her causing her eyes to go wide in surprise. Even with condom on he knew she was having the best fuck of a life.

Paige looked up at Hank, his eyes dark with lust as his powerful thrust sent her into a frenzied state. When her summer break started, this was not where she ever expected to be; on her back having sex with Hank of all people. She knew this was an inevitable; once she accepted her fate, there was nobody who could stop this. But her mind was still trying to catch up with her current circumstances.

The air between them felt charged, their eyes connected as Hank pressed himself deep inside Paige. Each thrust sent a shiver of pleasure up her spine, releasing more and more endorphins into her body. Paige squeezed her pelvic muscles, getting a bit disappointed by the feel of condom, separating them. Still, each thrust felt amazing and Paige felt her legs shaking as she approached an orgasm.

Hank grunted as he plowed into the busty woman below her. All the teasing and the long wait for this meant his orgasm was coming much faster than usual. He was hammering her with all he had this point, holding back his orgasm for dear life. He could feel Paige's body getting closer in unison with his, their shared orgasm no doubt about to be explosive.

Paige pulled her ponytail out, letting her hair run wild as Hank fucked her well. She looked up at him with awe; he was banging her like there was no tomorrow. His cock was blur, rubbing everywhere inside her causing every nerve to be firing at once. This made her pussy get hotter and hotter, turning it into a furnace that made her whole body hot and heavy.

The air in the room felt heavy to Paige, every breath laborious. Her heart was racing as if she just ran a marathon. Her muscles felt weak, each plunging of Hank's cock into her depths causing more pleasure than her body could handle. And with one final thrust, Hank caused Paige to orgasm hard on his cock.

"Ooohhh fuucck! Hank!" Paige cried out as she lost control of her body.

The room went white as a burning fire inside her consumed her every thought. Her toes curled and her eyes rolled back, her body being overloaded with sensation as the strong orgasm of her life hit her. It became hard to breathe for moment; her muscles were stiff and her chest pumping faster than ever making it impossible for her diaphragm to expand.

"Oh! I'm cumming!" Hank called out as his cock exploded into the condom.

Paige's pussy had tighten up around his cock and Hank couldn't take it anymore. He had the biggest load of his life, filling the condom with so much of his spunk. He secretly hoped it was

too much and that the condom would break, flooding her womb with his seed. But alas, the condom stayed intact.

Suddenly, Paige felt a surge of muscle relaxant run through her body, causing her to feel completely relaxed. The fire still raged inside her, but now it had her nerves running high, sending her body into a euphoric state. She felt and her head felt fuzzy as she looked up at Hank with love and affection in her eyes.

Hank leaned down and kissed, pressing his full weight down on her and pinning her to the bed. Paige, who was in an orgasmic trance, kissed him back, swapping saliva with her elderly neighbor after having simultaneous orgasms with him. Their sexual chemistry would have been obvious to a blind man as they rode out the end of their first time having sex.

“Wow!” Hank exclaimed as he rolled off of Paige and onto his back beside her.

“Mmmm... ya, that’s what I was going to say!” Paige replied, feeling her abused pussy, red from the pounding it just received.

“So, why hadn’t we done that sooner?” Hank asked as they lied there catching their breath.

“Because I wasn’t aware of your hardware.” She told him. “Speaking of...”

Paige went to her hands and knees, looking directly at Hank’s cock. She carefully took the condom off him, her eyes going wide at the amount of cum seeping out as she took it off. Once the condom was off his cock, she used her tongue to scoop a wad hanging from it then swallowing it up.

Hank’s eyes went wide as he watched Paige eat his cum up. He then bursted into a smile as Paige went down and licked his cock clean. Her hand pumped his shaft expecting him to get soft in her hand, but all she felt was the velvety steel of his hard cock.

“You’re still hard.” She noted as she gave his cock several squeezes for confirmation.

“What? You didn’t think we were done, did you?” He coyly replied.

Paige bite her lip, her eyes unable to hide her excitement. “Well, I guess my only question is where’s the next condom?” She responded.

A few minutes later and Paige found herself bouncing on Hank’s cock. The old man had a hard grip on her hips as he watched her tits bounce like crazy as she fucked with all her might. She was already nearing an another orgasm, Hank’s big cock breaking her pussy down and sending her into a crazed state.

Hank took a deep breath in through his nose, smelling the scents of sex Paige and him were releasing. She looked like an angel to him, the slight sweat on her skin making her glow in the bedroom’s dim light. She was everything he ever wanted and tonight she was all his. The condom felt like an obstacle but he knew she had felt his cock raw and she’d soon want it again. He had no doubt about that.

Paige placed her hands on his chest as she bounced on his cock. She was moving with speed, power, and dexterity not many woman could accomplish. She was no passive pushover in bed; she loved taking control. She looked down at Hank with mischief and lust in her eye. Her elderly neighbor had turned her life on its head.

She could feel her heart rate increasing as she grinded her hips, letting his cock touch everywhere inside her. She let out a guttural groan as his cock hit her G-spot, releasing more endorphins into her body. Hank's hands moved to her chest, palming her large tits in his hands and squeezing ever so gently. Paige began to moan louder, the heat in her body rising even faster now.

Paige started bouncing on his cock again creating a loud smacking noise as she dropped herself on to his cock. The stretching feeling in her pussy was immaculate, unlike anything she had felt before. His tapping at her cervix makes her entire body cheer in ecstatic excitement. Part of her couldn't believe how great sex with Hank felt.

"Fuck Hank!!! I'm... I'm cumming!!" She cried out as she had another mind melting orgasm.

Her body felt suddenly weak and she fell forward on top of him, his cock still deep inside her. Hank pressed his lips against hers, and as if on autopilot Paige kissed him back. His one remained on her chest, while the other went to her ass giving her light spanks on the behind. Paige groaned into his mouth with each spank leaving a tingling sensation on her butt.

While Paige was going through her orgasm, Hank brought his knees up. As soon as he felt Paige's pussy loosen its grip on his cock, signalling the end of her orgasm, Hank began to pump. He wasn't gentle either, violently thrusting into Paige's abused pussy. Shockwaves went through Paige's body as Hank nailed her with power and speed she hadn't felt before.

"Aaarrggghhhh!!!" Paige screamed out as her body was vaulted into another orgasm immediately following her last one.

A loud smacking noise could be heard throughout the house as Hank used every muscle in his body to fuck his busty neighbor as hard as he could. They couldn't be more opposites; Paige young and attractive, Hank old and ugly. But in this moment, the only thing separating them was a condom stretched to its limits.

Paige had another orgasm on him, her body hit with a wave of orgasmic energy again. But Hank didn't let up, pounding her pussy and causing her to have a continuous orgasm. Her mind already weakened, completely gave up, leaving her in a haze of orgasmic bliss.

Paige wasn't sure how long Hank railed into before, all she knew was her body was tired and sore by the end. She heard his low grunts and his thrusts became erratic signalling his oncoming orgasm. His breath was hot against her ears as he began to whisper to her.

"I'm going to come over every day while David's gone and bang you until you can't walk straight. Understand?" Hank calmly said to Paige in contrast to the wild whipping of his hips.

"Mmmhmmmm..." Is all Paige could squeak out in the moment.

"This pussy belongs to me now!" Hank told her, planting his condom-cladded cock as deep inside her as he could. "Here I cum!!!" He cried out.

Paige was out cold by the time he stopped cumming her body too tired to do anything but sleep. She rested her head on Hank's chest as the darkness of sleep slowly took her over.