

DELORES SWALLOWS



*Cheryl  
Blossoms*

THE COMPLETE TRILOGY

# **Cheryl Blossoms**

The Full Story  
Cheryl Blossoms (Books 1-3)

by Delores Swallows

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**Content Advisory:** This book is intended for mature audiences and contains explicit sexual activity.

## Cheryl Blossoms

*The complete story of a woman's transition from monogamous wife to adventurous hotwife.*

**From Hot Wife to Hotwife:** *When Marc and Cheryl arrived at her older brother's 40th Birthday, they could never have guessed how the weekend's activities would change their lives. The drinks are flowing, the craic's great, and Marc can't help pointing out that he's happy all her old boyfriends still fancy her.*

*Eventually, the booze and ten-hour drive from London take their toll, and he goes to bed. When his wife finally joins him, their night of passion surpasses anything he can remember. In the morning she's ready for more, and only then does Marc realise exactly why she's so hot to trot. She'd misinterpreted his throwaway comment and brought her ex to their bed.*

*Once he's got over the shock, he can't believe how much it excites him to share her. Back in London, Marc encourages her to follow up her Highland adventure with a client who'd recently made a pass at her. Before long, he finds himself falling down the wife-sharing rabbit hole.*

*Then he puts it all at risk after her latest playdate when he oversteps while reclaiming her...*

**Learning to Share His Wife:** *Cheryl's been a hotwife for less than a month when Marc's behaviour almost ruins it for both of them. He pledges to abide by her new ground rules, terrified of losing the thrill he's getting from sharing his wife.*

*More gratifying playdates follow. Cheryl has a second night with her client, joins a married couple and shows she's no stranger to Sapphic fun, and is used by a man in a London pub, whose face she never sees.*

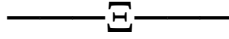
*When she reveals the fantasy that really gets her motor running, Marc's a little hesitant. It's one thing sharing his uptown girl with another man, but now she wants not only one backstreet guy, but two of them.*

***Her Ultimate Hotwife Trial:*** *Cheryl's special night with two black bulls is a huge success. Not only does Marc get to watch her being pleased in a way most women can only dream about, he also films the action so they can relive it over and over.*

*Cheryl declares the night the highlight of her adventures, but a casual remark makes Marc suspect there's something else she'd like to experience—being used and abused by multiple men. When pressed for details, she insists it's something that should probably remain a fantasy.*

*Marc can't stop thinking about her darkest desire. Could he stand to watch her being tag-teamed?*

*He'd been reluctant for her to have two men at once, but Cheryl had more than coped. Watching her do so had blown his mind, so wasn't it his duty to arrange her ultimate trial of satisfying a group of horny men?*



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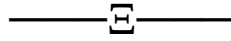
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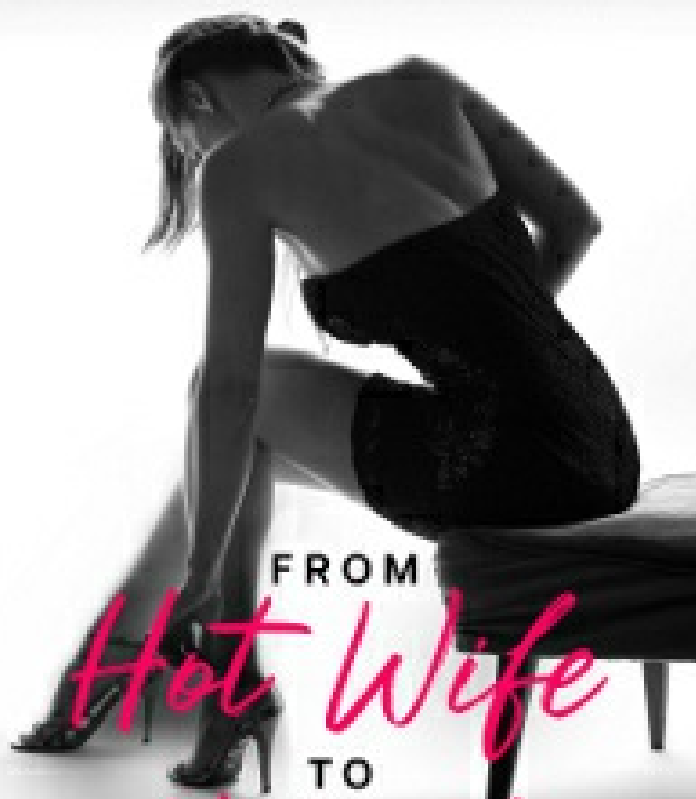
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**Book I**

**From Hotwife to Hotwife**

DELORES SWALLOWS



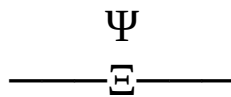
FROM

*Hot Wife*

TO

*Hotwife*

CHERYL BLOSSOMS BOOK 1



## **1 – A Highland Fling**

Exactly nine hours and forty-seven minutes after leaving their Notting Hill mews property, Marc pulled off the small single-track road onto a wide gravel drive. In front of them loomed a huge, three-storey sandstone house in the Scottish Highlands. This was the place his brother-in-law had chosen to rent as the venue for his fortieth birthday celebrations.

Sitting beside him, his wife Cheryl stared up at the property. “Wow.”

They got out of the car and stretched their legs. A dozen cars lined up on the drive, still leaving room for many more. The house was fabulous against a stunning backdrop. Heather-covered glens surrounded a loch nestled between the mountains.

Marc looked around and then back up at the house. “I guess that explains why it cost three grand for the weekend.”

It was a little after six in the evening. The sun was still warm and birdsong filled the air as they grabbed their bags and walked around the side of the house. They were greeted with smiles, hugs and handshakes from the twenty-odd people standing around on the patio.

Cheryl’s older brother John and his wife Kirsty rushed over to meet them,

asking about the journey and offering them a drink.

“Bit of a trek for you two, eh?” John said.

“That’s an understatement.” Marc gratefully accepted a cold beer. “Almost five hundred miles.”

The other party guests all greeted Cheryl warmly, making a big deal out of how well she looked after all this time. Though Marc enjoyed seeing his wife surrounded by so many friendly faces, being the only English person at the party meant he struggled to catch some of the heavily accented Scottish banter.

They chatted with all the other guests for half an hour or so, then Kirsty showed them to their bedroom on the top floor so they could freshen up after their journey.

Cheryl showered first, and by the time Marc was showered and dressed in clean shirt and trousers, Cheryl had pinned her hair up, applied makeup and put on a pale blue stretchy top and black skirt. As she stepped into her black shoes, Marc admired her long, tanned legs. The guys downstairs had been fawning over her in leggings and a creased t-shirt, so he worried how they’d react when they saw her in stiletto heels and a short skirt.

He gave her a smile. “You look fantastic.”

“Thanks, babe. And you look dashing, as always.” She gripped his hand.

“Come on, let’s go join the party.”

Downstairs, everyone seemed to be congregating in either the huge drawing room or the fabulous kitchen. As soon as the men saw Cheryl, they all made a beeline for her. Marc went to get drinks. By the time he returned, four men had surrounded his wife, each seeming eager to tell him what a lucky man he was.

“She’s a beauty, this one,” a small ginger-haired man called Gerry said.

“Always the best looking woman there, no matter where we went,” said another whose name Marc had already forgotten.

A big guy who’d been introduced as Gavin nodded his head. “She’s the only reason we hung around with Johnno in the first place.”

“Aye, man,” Dave said, putting his arm around Marc’s shoulder. “Your wife is fucking hot, you lucky bastard.”

Marc smiled and nodded. He knew how lucky he was. What the other men probably didn't know was how hard she'd worked to become a successful lawyer. Nobody in the room admired her as much as he did.

Food was served, and Marc finally got his wife on her own for a few minutes. He leaned close. "You seem to know everyone here."

She nodded. "John's two years older than me, so by the time I went to university he'd been in Glasgow for a couple of years. I hung out with his crowd, so they're my friends as well as his."

"Ah, okay." That explained how they all knew her, but some of them had acted overly familiar. "Were any of the guys more than just friends?"

Cheryl gave him a knowing smile, then took a gulp of her drink. "Maybe."

Marc frowned as a tightness gripped his chest.

She snorted and pulled him close. "Don't be daft. It was twenty years ago, and most of them are married with families now."

"Right."

"Does it matter?" There was a playfulness to her expression.

He shrugged, then shook his head. "Not really. I guess it's nice that they've still got the hots for you after all this time."

The lights were suddenly dimmed and Kirsty carried in a cake with burning sparklers moulded into the shapes of a four and a zero, and everyone sang Happy Birthday. Marc had always liked his brother-in-law, who had a great sense of humour and would do anything for Cheryl.

"Thanks guys," John said, looking genuinely happy as he gazed around at his friends. "I'd like to thank to you all for coming up here to help me celebrate the big four-oh. I know you all have busy lives, so I really appreciate you giving up your weekend." He looked over at Marc and Cheryl. "I'd like to give a special thanks to my wee sister and her Sassenach husband..."

There were cheers and jeers from the onlookers.

"I'm joking. For an Englishman, he's alright." John flashed Marc a warm smile. "It's taken them the entire day to get here, and I'm really glad you two were able to make it."

"How could we miss it?" Cheryl said. "Now you're forty, I'm hoping you'll

finally grow up.”

John shook his head. “It’s not going to happen. Right, I couldn’t afford a forty-year-old malt—”

“Stingy bastard,” one of the men called out.

John gave him the finger, then picked up two bottles. “So instead, I’ve bought two bottles of twenty-year-old malt.”

More cheers rang out.

“Maybe Kirsty should get herself two twenty-year-old men instead of an old bastard like you,” Gerry suggested.

Kirsty nodded enthusiastically. “I’ll drink to that.”

Glasses were handed out and everyone toasted John. Music started playing somewhere, and Cheryl was dragged off to dance by a couple of the other women. Marc talked with Kirsty for a while, then got chatting with a couple of John’s colleagues. By the time he saw Cheryl again, all the dancing she’d done was taking its toll. Her cheeks glowed, and there was a sheen of sweat on her face and legs. She looked really sexy. When she gave him a little wave, he smiled broadly. The guys he was talking to didn’t hide the fact they were checking her out.

Marc eventually made his way through to the drawing room. A few people were dancing, but most were talking in small groups. Cheryl was standing over by the fireplace with John, Dave and Gavin. She smiled and waved him over, slipping her arm around his waist as soon as he was next to her.

“You okay, babe?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

John topped up their whisky, and Cheryl chinked glasses with everyone in the group. Marc wasn’t much of a spirits drinker, but everyone was in such a great mood that he got carried along with it. Cheryl even convinced him to dance to a couple of songs, but in the end the alcohol and the fatigue from driving all day got the better of him. He glanced at his watch, amazed to see it was after one in the morning. Since Cheryl was still having a great time, he told her he was beat and was going to bed.

She kissed his cheek and told him she’d follow him up as soon as she’d finished her drink.

The house was huge, the walls and floors so substantial that Marc couldn't even hear the music once he got to the bedroom. When he turned out the lamp, he was shocked by how dark it was. The house was in the middle of nowhere, and there probably wasn't a streetlight within ten miles. He fell asleep just minutes after his head hit the pillow.

\* \* \* \*

Marc had no idea how long he'd been asleep when Cheryl climbed onto the bed and woke him from a deep slumber. He couldn't make out a thing in the complete blackness, though he could smell her perfume and booze. She dragged the quilt down to his shins. He was still drunk, but she was obviously in a much worse state because she didn't seem to know which end of the bed had the pillows. He reached over toward the bedside lamp but paused when her hand ran down his naked body. She gripped his cock and started to pump her hand, so he decided turning on the lamp wasn't necessary. What's more, it might break the spell.

The softness of her lips as she kissed the tip of his cock banished any thoughts of complaining about being woken up. She licked up and down the shaft, took his balls into her mouth one at a time, then swirled her tongue around the glans. Even though he was dog tired and fairly drunk, she got him fully erect almost instantly. Marc let out a long sigh as she took the top half of his cock into her hot, wet mouth.

Cheryl began to move her head up and down, letting out a moan which vibrated through his cock. She bobbed faster, making the bed bounce. She momentarily released his cock from her mouth but kept rocking her body.

"Oh yeah," she whispered, wanking him faster for a few seconds before taking him back between her lips. She pushed her face down onto his cock, her tongue constantly moving along the underside of his shaft.

Marc couldn't remember her ever behaving this way during a blowjob before. Maybe he should let her get chatted up by ex-boyfriends more often.

As she continued to lurch back and forth, he felt the tip of his cock enter her throat. She gagged and choked but didn't stop rocking her body. His cock went deeper in than it'd ever gone before. He groped blindly in the dark and found she still had her top on. Slipping his hand down the neck and inside her bra, he squeezed the soft dome and teased her nipple.

Cheryl's moans rose in pitch, then became more like grunts. He recognised the noises as the sounds she made when she was building to a climax, and the thought of her rubbing herself off while giving him a blowjob sent him over the edge. Gripping her by the hair, Marc pumped his hips and fucked her face, then exploded into her mouth.

She gagged and gulped as he fired spurt after spurt, but she kept swallowing and rocking her body.

She continued to bounce on him, even though they'd both come. After another half minute or so, she stopped rocking and let out a satisfied groan. She released his cock and licked all around it, then crawled up the bed and kissed him, pushing her cummy tongue into his mouth. He kissed her back.

"Was that okay?" she whispered, slurring her words a little.

"That was fucking amazing."

"Mmm, I kind of thought you'd enjoy it." Her Scottish accent was noticeably stronger whenever she was pissed.

He heard the clump of her shoes hitting the floor, felt her wriggle out of her clothes and then snuggle down next to him. She pulled the quilt up over their bodies and kissed him again. "You don't think I'm too dirty?"

Marc sniggered. "No, you can be as dirty as that any time you like."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah." Marc kissed her forehead, then fell into a deep, contented sleep.

\* \* \* \*

When Marc awoke, enough sunlight crept round the edge of the curtains to give the room a cheery golden glow. There was a dull throb at the back of his head, but he'd had worse hangovers. He looked at his wife, who hadn't moved at all since she'd collapsed with her head on his shoulder after getting into bed.

She opened her eyes and smiled at him. "Morning," she whispered.

"Hi."

"Are you still okay?" she asked, looking a little concerned.

He smiled and nodded.

"Do you want your turn now?"

Unsure what she'd meant, he opened his eyes wider and nodded.

As Cheryl ran her hand down his stomach, her elbow pushed the quilt down. Marc glanced down at her body and froze. A hairy arm was draped around her waist. He raised his head and there, fast asleep with his head on his wife's pillow, was Gavin.

Marc's mind raced and tumbled. The room had been so dark and he'd been drunk, but when he thought about it logically, it was obvious what had taken place in the middle of the night. How could he not have realised?

Cheryl hadn't been masturbating while she sucked him off. Gavin had been fucking her from behind. She'd brought another man up to their bed and let him fuck her while she'd sucked her husband off. She leaned close and kissed him again, oblivious to his shock and anguish. What's more, despite that shock and anguish, his cock was fully hard in her hand.

After climbing on top of him, Cheryl ran the tip through her folds. They were warm and slick. "He's left me nice and wet for you."

Before Marc could respond, she fed him inside her and started to undulate her body. He let out an involuntary groan.

She smiled. "Does it feel nice and wet in there?"

He stared at her, unable to think of an answer. She obviously assumed he'd been aware of Gavin's presence last night, and that he'd willingly participated in the threesome. He remembered her asking if she'd been too dirty. As he'd said she could be as dirty as she wanted, she clearly thought he'd agreed to all this.

Cheryl placed her hands on his chest, pushed herself up into a sitting position, then started thrusting her hips faster.

Gavin stirred, opened his eyes and quickly took in the scene. He grinned and reached up to fondle Cheryl's boobs. Marc lay there and watched. He felt stupid and hurt but didn't want to make a scene. As far as the other two were concerned, this was something he approved of.

Cheryl continued to grind herself down on his cock, and Marc felt the early tingles of his orgasm. His wife reached over and, as he watched, wrapped her red-nailed fingers around Gavin's cock. She teased the head with her thumb while slowly pumping her hand. Jealousy stabbed him, but then suddenly he arched off the bed and fired his load into her depths. Cheryl turned her gaze

to him and rocked her hips faster while simultaneously pumping her hand faster on Gavin's dick.

As Marc jerked and twitched through the spasms, Cheryl gave him a warm smile, lifted herself off him, and moved across the bed to straddle Gavin. Without a word, she pointed his cock at her sex and impaled herself on it.

Marc saw the thick shaft disappear completely inside his wife and heard her throaty groan. Gavin placed his calloused hands on her hips and started to haul her back and forth on his cock. Cheryl closed her eyes and dropped her head back as she was bounced up and down.

Her breath caught in her throat. She opened her eyes and looked down at Marc, mouth wide and brow furrowed, then grunted. She was coming. Gavin bounced her harder then held his breath and pushed up, lifting her off the bed.

Marc knew the guy was coming inside his wife. She moaned and panted while frantically grinding her clit against him until she managed to reach another orgasm.

Finally, she rolled off her lover and lay between the two men who'd both let her ride them. Letting out a long, contented sigh, she snuggled down and went back to sleep.

Gavin slipped out of bed and pulled on his clothes. "I'm gonna go to my room and grab some shut-eye," he whispered. "I'll catch up with you at breakfast in a couple of hours, yeah?" He gave a friendly smile and crept out, closing the door behind him quietly as if not wanting to disturb Cheryl's well-earned rest.

Marc lay awake and listened to his wife's steady, guiltless breathing. He thought about what had happened, and how he'd unwittingly said he'd approved of it. There was no denying he'd enjoyed the sex—not just last night's when he hadn't known what was really happening, but also this morning's. He'd enjoyed fucking his wife as she wanked another guy's cock, and he'd also got a huge thrill out of watching her ride Gavin. Seeing her come with another man was far more arousing than he'd have thought possible.

"Hey."

Marc blinked and turned to look into his wife's eyes. He had no idea how long she'd been watching him.

“Hey.” He smiled.

“Are you okay?” She sounded concerned again.

“Bit of a hangover.”

“I mean are *we* okay?”

“What do you—?”

She sat up and looked at him. “I mean, are you still happy about it? I know that sometimes, after the heat of the lust, doubts and regrets can start to set in.”

Marc was too embarrassed to admit he’d been oblivious to Gavin’s involvement until this morning. “I suppose it may take a while to sink in.”

She nodded. “But it’s not like he was a stranger. I used to date Gav, so technically neither of us was getting anything we hadn’t had before.”

He let her words filter through his brain. Gavin had fucked her twenty years ago, so did that make it okay for him to fuck her now?

She ran her fingers through his hair. “Besides, you seemed to like the idea of them all still fancying me.”

“What?”

“Earlier last night, you said it was nice that all the guys had the hots for me.”

“And you thought that was enough to invite another guy into our bed?”

“I wanted to give you something special. Gavin wanted me to go back to his room.”

Marc blinked, realising she could have done exactly that; fucked Gavin all night long and come up to their own room before Marc woke. He’d never have been any the wiser. “So why didn’t you?”

“I wanted you to be part of it. I wanted you to watch me with another man.”

She smiled. “Obviously it was too dark last night, but I’ve never known you fuck my face that way before. And I could see everything in your eyes this morning.”

Marc frowned. “What do you—?”

“You got off on it. It turned you on, I could see it in your face.”

He couldn’t deny it.

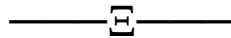
Cheryl leaned close and looked deep into his eyes. “Tell me you didn’t like watching.”

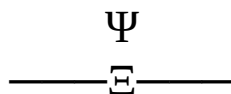
“I...” He sighed. “Yeah, it was sexy.”

She smiled. “I think it’s sexy that you liked it.” She looked down at her body, which was seeping fluids. “Right, I need a shower.”

His wife got out of bed and walked across to the bathroom. He heard the running water and wondered if their marriage would ever be normal again. Then he remembered her expression when she’d come on Gavin’s cock, and the dirty little thrill he’d experienced when Gavin came inside her.

Marc was no longer sure if he actually *wanted* a normal marriage.





## 2 – Revisiting a Missed Opportunity

Cheryl couldn't help wondering if Marc regretted their threesome with her ex-boyfriend. He'd seemed fine the morning after, although Gav leaving on Saturday afternoon had removed the opportunity for a repeat performance.

During the drive back to London on Sunday, Marc asked about her past relationship with Gavin.

"It only went on for a few months," she explained. "It wasn't anything heavy. I was studying during the week, and we saw each other at weekends. We went to pubs and clubs, plus a few gigs and parties."

Marc nodded, his expression neutral and his eyes on the road. "Did you take holidays together?"

The question surprised her, and she had to think back. "Nothing major. I was a poor student and couldn't afford to go abroad. I think we had a couple of weekends away. I remember one time we went over to Skye, and another weekend we went to Glencoe." She felt obliged to point out that she'd also dated Gerry and Dave during her time in Glasgow.

"So what makes Gavin special?" he asked, though not with any apparent malice.

"He's no more special than the others."

"So why bring him to our bed?"

"He was the one I ended up chatting with. He's divorced and was at the party on his own. Gerry and Dave were there with their wives." She placed a hand on his leg as he drove. "Gav's a nice guy I've known for years. We saw each other for a few months and it petered out. This weekend was the first time I'd

seen him in years, probably since John and Kirsty's wedding. Please don't think he means anything more than that."

"So he's not a regular fuck-buddy?"

Cheryl slapped his leg. "I was pissed and horny, and you got as much out of it as we did."

Marc gave her a smile.

By the time they got back to London, both were shattered so they headed up straight to bed.

Marc was a project manager for a mining company and worked mainly from home. Cheryl had set her alarm for seven because she was representing a client in court at eleven, so she had to be at the office by eight-thirty. She slipped out of bed as quietly as she could but when she came back into the bedroom after her shower, Marc had been downstairs to make her a cup of tea.

"Thanks," she said, taking a clean blouse and trouser suit from the wardrobe.

"Big case?" he asked, getting back into bed.

"Unfair dismissal. I think she's been treated badly, but there's no denying she abused her employers' trust. Playing solitaire during the lunch hour is one thing, spending three hours on social media most afternoons is another."

"Oh dear."

Once dressed, Cheryl flashed him a smile and took her tea downstairs so she could put her makeup on at the mirror in the hall. Five minutes later, she shouted goodbye and headed briskly to the Underground station.

\* \* \* \*

When she got home that night, Marc was making dinner.

"How did it go?" he asked as she slipped off her jacket.

"The earlier case ran over, so we didn't start until after two. Back again tomorrow, so I've got to a few things to prepare."

"No problem. I've got this stuff marinating so we can leave it until you're ready to eat."

She took her briefcase up to the bedroom they'd converted into an office, then went to change into leggings and a cotton sweatshirt. After spending an

hour updating her notes, she packed everything back into her briefcase and went downstairs.

“Do you want a drink?” she called as she passed the open living room door. Marc pointed to a full bottle of beer on the coffee table so she went into the kitchen, poured herself a glass of wine, then went and sat down in the living room.

“So,” she said, peering over the rim of her wine glass. “I was wondering if you’d been thinking about our adventure?”

Marc looked over at her, muting the TV before answering. “*Our* adventure?”

“It wasn’t just me who had a good time. I saw your reaction. I *felt* your reaction.”

He gave an embarrassed sigh.

Cheryl leaned forward. “Don’t deny it, Marc. I think we both discovered something about ourselves at the weekend.”

He chewed his bottom lip as if he wanted to contradict her, then shrugged and nodded. “I don’t know what surprised me the most, you shagging an ex-boyfriend or me finding it a turn-on.”

A warmth spread through her as she remembered Friday night. “I suppose I could say the same.”

“Oh?”

“Having you both at once was...” She smiled. “Fucking awesome! But then, in the morning, having you one at time while the other watched was empowering, yet...” She shook her head. “I saw a hunger in your eyes that I’ve never seen before.”

“I’m surprised you noticed, you seemed to be having such a good time riding his cock.”

Cheryl laughed. “I had just as much fun riding yours.”

“You only came on his, though.”

“What?” She cast her mind back, ashamed that she couldn’t remember whose cock she’d been riding when her orgasm hit.

“You didn’t come with me, but you came with Gavin. Twice.”

“I wouldn’t read too much into that. I think your face was just as responsible

as his cock for getting me off.”

“I’m not sure I believe—”

“Your reaction really turned me on.” Cheryl squeezed her legs together. Her panties were wet. “Just thinking about your expression still turns me on now.”

He frowned. “Why?”

“It was a weird mix of hurt and lust. You looked kind of haunted by what was going on, but at the same time your eyes burned with passion.”

Marc lowered his eyes to the floor and nodded. “I didn’t…”

There was something he wasn’t telling her. “You didn’t what?”

“It doesn’t matter.” He shook his head, then looked up into her eyes. “When you were on top of me and reached over and played with his dick, I knew…” His breath caught.

“You knew what?”

“I knew you were going to fuck him as soon as you’d finished with me. That should have upset me, but it didn’t.”

Cheryl smiled. “You came so hard.”

Marc nodded.

“You came before I did.” Things were coming back to her. She’d been tired and hungover, but she remembered now. Marc came quickly, much sooner than he usually did. She’d felt him shrink inside her, and there’d been another hard cock in her hand. So she’d moved over and impaled herself on Gavin. And that’s when she’d come.

“Have there been others?”

His question felt like a blow. She opened her mouth to deny it, but her mind flitted to a client called Ross—a heated embrace, a stolen kiss and a burning desire. The few seconds she’d taken to relive them was enough to spark Marc’s suspicion.

“There has,” he said, a look of amazement on his face.

“No, there hasn’t. I swear.”

“So why didn’t you say so straight away? Why the hesitation?”

“I...” She closed her eyes and let out a sigh. She couldn’t keep it from him now. “It was just a... Once, after a meeting with a client, there was—”

“When was this?”

“Er...” She tried to remember. “A couple of months ago. I was—”

“A couple of *months*? I thought you were going to say a few years ago. A couple of months is like...” He blew out his cheeks. “That’s recent. What happened?”

“Nothing happened.”

“If nothing had happened, there wouldn’t be anything for you to consider before saying no.”

Cheryl held his gaze. All the sexiness she’d felt just minutes ago had evaporated, and she needed to clear the air. “Okay, a client I was representing got delayed for his appointment. We needed to have the meeting before the hearing started the following day, so I agreed to stay late at the office and wait for him. By the time he arrived it was almost eight, so he suggested we go for dinner and discuss it there.”

“Was he a criminal?”

“What?”

“Were you defending him in some sort of court proceeding?”

She laughed and shook her head. “No, nothing like that. It was a business transaction where the vendor tried to change the terms of the agreement at the last minute. The deal fell through, and my client lost quite a bit of money. More importantly, his reputation was tarnished. He’s now suing the vendor. Anyway, we got our strategy for court sorted fairly quickly—he had all sorts of signed documents with the original terms in black and white—and then we just chatted and had a nice dinner.”

“Did he make a pass?”

“Kind of.”

“Was there a mutual attraction?”

She sighed. “Yes. But when I explained I was married, he apologised and ordered me an Uber.”

Marc was silent, but she could see his brain working behind his eyes.

“What’s he like?”

“Oh Marc, please. Nothing happened.”

“Just humour me. What does he look like? How old is he?”

Cheryl let out a long sigh. “He’s about your height, black hair going grey at the temples. He’s probably in his mid-forties.”

“Is he fit and handsome?”

“Yes and yes. He also wears designer suits and silk ties. Women like that sort of thing.”

Marc smiled. “You make him sound like James Bond. Did he invite you back to his place after dinner?”

“His hotel. He lives in Cornwall but was staying in London.”

“Were you tempted to go?”

Cheryl shook her head. “When I told him I was happily married he immediately apologised. I don’t usually wear my rings for work, you know that.”

Marc stroked his chin and looked into her eyes.

She got the impression he didn’t believe her. “Marc, nothing happened.”

“What if he’d been at John’s party?”

“Oh, for God’s—”

“I’m serious. It was only a couple of months ago, so it’s not like anything’s changed in our relationship between then and now.”

She held her breath and considered the absurdity of this conversation.

Marc leaned forward and smiled, his eyes twinkling in the lamplight. “Well?”

“He wouldn’t have been at John’s party because he doesn’t know anyone there. The only reason anything happened at the party was because I was surrounded by old friends and familiar faces. I felt relaxed and secure, and I got the impression you liked the idea of me being chatted up. On top of that, I’d drunk far more whisky than I could handle.”

“Maybe you should have had a few whiskies after dinner with 007.”

Cheryl was about to mock his comment when he slid off the couch and crawled across the rug. To her amazement, there was a playfulness in his

eyes.

Marc placed his hands on her knees and eased her legs open, kneeling between her bare feet. There was a smile on his face as he ran his fingers up the soft material of her leggings. “Did you win the court case for him?”

“Things don’t move that quickly in the justice system. That was just a preliminary hearing where it was agreed that he had a legitimate case. We’re confident we’ll win if it gets to court. Their lawyers were surprised when they saw the documents their client had signed. I’m pretty sure they’ll settle out of court.”

“It’s still an active case?”

“Yes.”

Marc’s hands had reached the top of her thighs and he was now running his finger up and down the seam of her leggings, gently tracing the outline of her sex. “So you’ll be seeing him again?”

“Yes.” Her voice was now a whisper, and she flexed her buttocks in response to each touch.

Marc licked his lips, then leaned in and kissed just to the side of her mouth. “So,” he whispered, “what will happen when you meet him next time?”

“Noth—”

“Things have changed.” He kissed her again, this time on the mouth. She parted her lips but he pulled back an inch and looked into her eyes. “We both know things have changed.”

“I’m not... I can’t just—”

Marc jabbed his fingers into her sex, taking the stretchy material of her leggings and the soft cotton of her thong with them. Cheryl cried out, twining her fingers in his hair as he roughly prodded her. She writhed under his touch and he kissed her again, this time slipping his tongue into her mouth as he continued to pump his fingers.

Cheryl was desperate for his touch to be skin on skin, and even more desperate for his cock. She eased him away and pushed her leggings and thong down to her knees. Marc put his hand between her bare thighs and slipped his fingers into her sopping cunt. She cried out and tried to undo his jeans, but he was relentless with his finger-fucking. She began to shake, then

stopped trying to get his jeans undone and instead lay back on the chair and let him pleasure her. He bent down and gnawed her nipples through her sweatshirt and bra. Cheryl arched off the chair and screamed as she came. He curled his fingers and pressed against her G-spot, making her jolt again as a second spasm rolled through her.

Bending one leg enough to get her foot into the crotch of her leggings, she managed to push them down and wrestled one leg free. She opened her legs wide and quickly unfastened his jeans, freeing his rigid cock and guiding it to her entrance.

Marc took over and gripped the shaft, running the tip through outer lips still tingling from her orgasm. “What are you going to do when you see him again?”

Cheryl’s breathing was ragged. She raised her hips to give him easier access. “I don’t know.”

“I think you do.” Marc slapped his shaft against her pubis, using it like a club.

Cheryl shook her head.

“Maybe he’ll invite you to dinner again.” He rubbed the tip of his cock over her clit, making her whimper. “And then maybe he’ll invite you back to his hotel.”

“No he won’t. I’ve already told him I’m happily married.”

“But now you can tell him that your husband’s not the jealous type.”

Cheryl stared into his eyes and frowned. “I couldn’t do—”

“Yes, you could.” Marc positioned his cock at her opening and smiled. “And afterwards, you can come home and tell me all about it.”

Before she could answer, he plunged his cock into her. She groaned and dropped her head back, writhing as pleasure radiated out from her core.

Marc pushed her t-shirt and bra up to uncover her breasts. “You’re going to go out for dinner,” he said as he traced his fingers around her sensitive nipples.

She stared up at him, relishing the feeling of his cock sliding in and out of her drenched channel and the teasing of her breasts.

“And then you’ll come home and tell me all about it.”

“I’m going to come.”

He raised his eyebrows. “With him?”

She shook her head. “Now. I’m going to come now.”

“Good. But I’m pretty sure you’ll come with him as well, like you came with Gavin.”

Cheryl rocked her hips and clenched around him. “Come with me.”

“Not yet.”

Her legs trembled. “Marc, I’m so close.”

“Tell me what you’re going to do when you see him again.”

Cheryl suddenly knew what would get him over the final hurdle. She stared up into his eyes. “I’ll do whatever you want.”

His eyebrows went up. “Really?”

“Mm hmm.” She ground her clit against him. “Whatever you want me to do.”

“Will you suck him like you sucked me?”

“Maybe.” She could see him trembling. “Or I could suck him ’til he’s nice and hard, then fuck him like I fucked Gavin. I could ride his cock then come home and tell you how good it felt.”

Marc’s eyelids fluttered and she felt his cock pulse inside her. She tumbled into her own orgasm, groaning and scratching at his sides as he pounded her until they were both fully spent. Finally, he collapsed on her, both of them gasping for breath.

Cheryl lay in silence and wondered what they’d gotten themselves into.

\* \* \* \*

A few days later, she received notification from the vendor’s lawyers regarding the settlement proposal. Excitement fluttered in her stomach as she typed an email to Ross suggesting they meet to discuss the offer. Her office phone rang just seconds after she’d hit send.

Her secretary announced it was Ross on the line, and she told her to put the call through.

“Hi Ross.”

“Cheryl, hi. I’ve just seen your email.”

Hearing his voice made her heart race. “Good news, I think,” she said.

“Yeah, it’s encouraging. Listen, I’m committed to attending some meetings for most of the next week or so. Would another evening appointment be possible?”

“Certainly.”

“Great. I’m staying in Kensington, but I could come over to your office—”

“No, that’s okay. How about we meet in the bar of your hotel?” She smiled when he paused, imagining his expression.

“That would be great if it’s okay with you.”

She lowered her voice to a whisper. “I wouldn’t have suggested it otherwise.”

“Right, er... Brilliant. What night were you thinking?”

“Would tonight suit?” She bit her lower lip.

“Tonight would be perfect.”

After he’d given her the name of the hotel and rung off, Cheryl sat back in her office chair and smiled.

\* \* \* \*

Marc stayed downstairs while Cheryl showered and got ready for her meeting with Ross. She chose a white silk blouse under a grey skirt suit, black nylons and patent leather stilettos. Her makeup was conservative, though the scarlet lip-gloss was racier than she’d wear for court.

When she walked into the living room, he frowned. “I was expecting you to wear a little black dress and show a lot more skin.”

“It’s a business meeting,” she explained. “If one of our senior partners happens to be in the hotel bar, I’ll look appropriately dressed for a meeting with a client.”

She could tell he was disappointed. He nodded towards her legs. “Are those stockings?”

She blinked in surprise, then shook her head. “No, tights. I never thought—”

“Do you have stockings?”

Her tights were sheer and made her legs look good. “I’m pretty sure I have a

couple of pairs of hold-ups in my drawer, but these tights cost me—”

“Go put them on. I’m sure 007 would prefer you in stockings.”

“I doubt he’d care. I just assumed that if anything happened, I’d be naked.”

Marc shook his head. “I think he’ll want you to keep your stockings on. You should probably not wear any panties either.”

She laughed and shook her head. “I am *not* going out without underwear.”

Once upstairs, Cheryl quickly removed her tights. The hold-ups had ornate lace at the tops, but they didn’t look great with her white thong. She quickly stripped off her suit and blouse, removed her bra and thong and put on a black teddy that buttoned at the crotch. Her blouse was opaque enough to mask it, and once she’d replaced the suit, she felt sexier.

Back in the living room, she stood in front of Marc and slowly raised her skirt until he could see her stocking tops. “Happy now?”

He stared at her legs until she’d lowered the hem, then looked back up into her eyes. “You look amazing.”

“Thank you. I hope you realise that it’s all a waste of time. He might just—”

The sound of the Uber driver blasting his horn made her look to the window.

“You’re definitely going to have sex tonight.” Marc got up and walked her to the door. “Even if 007 doesn’t make a move, I’m going to ravage you when you get home.”

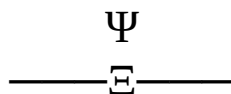
“And if he does make a move?”

“Then I’ll definitely ravage you when you get home.”

She smiled and turned her cheek for him to kiss. “Will you wait up?”

“Of course.”

She grabbed her bag, opened the door and walked to the Uber, her heart crashing in her chest.



### **3 – The Homecoming**

Sitting on the couch in their living room, Marc checked his watch again. It was almost midnight. He felt certain that if Cheryl and her client had only discussed the vendor's offer over dinner, she'd have been home before now.

The possibility that she'd accompanied the guy to his hotel room triggered a mixture of emotions. The stabbing ache of jealousy was undoubtedly there in the pit of his stomach, and yet churning alongside it was the guilty spike of excitement at the thought of his wife being intimate with another man. Only a week ago, he'd been blissfully happy within their monogamous marriage. Now he found himself tumbling headfirst into the wife-sharing rabbit hole.

It hadn't been until they'd returned to London that Marc had started to process what had taken place in Scotland, or how it might change their relationship. He'd spent hours trawling the internet and reading countless articles and forum posts on the subject of hotwifing, wife-sharing and cuckoldry. With each fresh revelation or insight, he'd analysed how they made him feel. While certain aspects of the fetish left him cold, others resonated to such a degree that he'd had to masturbate to relieve his craving. And now here he was, sitting alone in their house while his wife was out with another man. It was supposedly a business meeting, but he'd been pushing for her to make it so much more.

Marc shifted in his seat. His mind raced and his body tingled with nervous energy. His boxers were damp from the constant oozing, and his cock had been semi-erect for the past three hours. He checked his watch again, then checked his phone to see if he'd missed a text arriving in the few minutes since he'd last looked. Nothing. He sighed and closed his eyes.

A car engine idled in the street. There were voices outside, a woman's laughter. Agitation shrouded him. Had Cheryl invited her client back to their home? Images from the previous weekend flooded his mind and he scrabbled through the remnants of their conversations since then, certain he hadn't suggested another threesome. When he heard a neighbour's front door being slammed, he sighed with relief. As much as he'd enjoyed sharing his wife with Gavin, what he wanted tonight was for her to come home alone and tell him about her evening. He wanted the thrill of hearing the details from her lips and letting his brain transpose her words into images. He'd seen the film, and now he wanted to read the book. He wondered if his imagination would be vivid enough to bring the scene to life. Would he be able to evoke the ecstasy he'd witnessed during her encounter with Gavin on Saturday morning? Could his mind recapture her rapture?

Time passed.

Another glance at his watch showed it was approaching one in the morning. There was no way it could just have been a business meeting. Something *must* have taken place.

The sound of another engine outside made him sit forward on the couch. A car door slammed, and then he heard the tap of high heels on their steps, followed by a key in the lock. He held his breath and listened as their front door opened and closed, followed by the click of the deadlock.

Then his wife walked into the living room. Her clothes looked uncreased and her hair was still neatly pinned up. Even her lip-gloss was intact. As relief and disappointment swirled through his mind, she stopped directly in front of the couch and studied him.

Her brown eyes sparkled in the lamplight. "Hey," she said.

He ran his eyes down her body, half-hoping to see a ladder in her stockings. Failing to find one, he looked up into her eyes and forced a smile. "It's quite late."

"Hmm." She slid off her jacket and threw it onto an armchair.

"Does the hotel bar stay open this late?"

Cheryl held his gaze while unbuttoning her blouse. "I have no idea."

His throat tightened. "So you haven't been sitting in the hotel bar all this time."

“Nope.” She dropped her blouse on top of her jacket, then reached round to undo her skirt.

“Where have you been, then?”

“You know where I’ve been.” Her skirt slid to the floor. She kicked it towards the armchair, standing in front of him in only the black teddy, lace-topped hold-ups and patent leather stilettos. “And you know what I’ve been doing.”

“But your hair and makeup seem—”

“I fixed my hair and re-applied lip-gloss before I left his room.”

“Ah.”

“Did you have a wank?”

He blinked, taken aback. “No.”

“I just thought you might—”

“No.” He gave a smile. “I’m hoping for something more fulfilling.”

She regarded him. “What if I’m fulfilled enough already? I might decide to make you wait for your turn.”

Marc felt his jaw drop. This wasn’t how he’d expected things to go. “But I thought we’d agreed—”

“I don’t recall us reaching an agreement.” She smiled teasingly. “I’m pretty sure about that because I know all about contract law.”

“Well nothing was signed, but I thought we had a gentleman’s agreement.”

Cheryl glanced down at herself. “Do I look like a gentleman to you?”

“No, you don’t.” She looked one hundred percent woman, and he was desperate to fuck her.

“Well then.” She looked down at his body and pursed her lips. “I’m not sure I believe your denial. Maybe you should take off all your clothes so I can inspect the evidence.”

Marc immediately stood up and removed his t-shirt. As he unbuckled his jeans, he remembered his boxers were wet. “The evidence could be misleading.”

She raised her eyebrows. “This sounds like a pre-emptive excuse from the

defence counsel.”

He pushed down his jeans and boxers together, kicking them off his feet, followed by his socks.

Cheryl traced her finger over the drooling tip of his swollen cock, then rubbed the clear fluid between her forefinger and thumb as she examined it. “This suggests your testimony is questionable at best.”

Marc couldn't help smiling. “Would you like me to swear under oath that I haven't touched myself all evening?”

“Would it be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?”

He raised his right hand. “So help me God.”

She stepped back and pointed to the arm at one end of the couch. “Sit on there and lie back.”

Marc perched himself on the brown leather sofa arm and then leaned back, steadying himself by gripping the top of the backrest.

She held his gaze as she licked his precum from her fingers. “Well if you didn't touch yourself, why is your dick wet?”

“It just started dripping, m'Lud.” He gave a little shake of his head, as if the phenomenon was as surprising for him as for her.

“When did it start to do that?”

He was tingling all over. “When I thought about what you might be doing.”

“Oh, I see.” Cheryl gripped his dick and began to slowly pump it in her hand, running her thumb over the slick head. “And what did you think I might be doing?”

Marc stared into his wife's beautiful face and wondered for the umpteenth time that week why he got such a thrill from the idea of sharing her. “I thought you might be playing with his dick like you're playing with mine now.”

She held his gaze and kept pumping his cock. “Maybe I did.”

Marc's breathing became shallow. “And I wondered if maybe you were sucking him like you'd sucked me last weekend.” He watched her face, waiting for her to admit to having another man's cock in her mouth. She'd already told him she'd needed to reapply her lip-gloss.

“Maybe I did that, too. Anything else?”

“Yeah. I wondered if you’d had his cock inside you.”

She smiled. “You seem to have been having an awful lot of dirty thoughts. I’m not surprised your dick’s been dripping all night.”

“So, was I right with any of my guesses?”

“You were definitely right about the first one.” She stared into his eyes.

“When we got to his room, we helped each other out of our suits. You were right, by the way. He asked me to leave my stockings on.”

Marc nodded, trying to visualise the scene.

“And I played with his dick.” She glanced down at her hand sliding up and down his cock. “Kind of like this.”

“Did he touch you?”

“Mm hmm. He caressed my boobs and ran his fingers over all the warm wet places.”

“And what about the second thing?”

Cheryl added a twisting motion to her action. “Yeah, I sucked him as well.” She pumped faster.

“Did 007 like that?”

“Hmm, but you have the wrong number. He’s more of a 009.”

He grinned at her pun. The idea of her lover being well-endowed gave Marc an added thrill. “And the third thing? Did he fuck you?”

“We hit a problem there.”

“Oh?” This wasn’t what he wanted to hear.

“Hmm. We were getting hot and heavy, and also a little breathless...” She tightened her grip on his cock and pumped a little faster.

“And?”

“And that’s when we realised that neither of us had a condom.”

Marc’s mind spun. He hadn’t thought about condoms, and evidently neither had they. “So what did you do?”

Cheryl gave a little shrug. “I wasn’t about to halt proceedings—and besides,

I'd already seen how much you liked it when Gav came inside me."

"You took him bare?"

She nodded.

Marc couldn't decide if this was a good or a bad thing. Gavin was someone she'd been familiar with, someone who'd probably come inside her dozens of times in the past. But 007 was new, someone she'd never had any interaction with before. "Did he come inside you?"

With her free hand, Cheryl reached between her legs and unfastened the buttons of her teddy. "Mm hmm." She placed her stilettoed right foot on the floor by the couch arm and rested her stockinged left knee on the cushion next to him so that her sex was directly over Marc's cock. "Actually, he came inside me three times, the last of which was just before I left for home."

Marc tore his gaze from his wife's eyes and looked down at her sex. She let go of his rigid cock and it sprung flat against his body. She lowered herself onto it until his shaft was nestled between her swollen outer lips.

She rested both palms on his chest. "When I said I've been fulfilled, what I meant was I've been filled, and I'm still full."

Before he had a chance to reply, Marc saw her thighs twitch as she clenched her muscles. Something warm oozed out onto his dick. Cheryl smiled, then began to move her hips slowly forwards and back, sliding herself over his cock. He watched the swollen tip of his dick disappear then come back into view as she moved on him. It was now slick with the goo running out of her.

"How does that feel?" she asked, using the puffy lips of her well-fucked cunt to rub him off.

There was no denying what she was doing was pleasurable, but he was desperate to be inside her. "Let me fuck you."

"Aren't you enjoying this?"

"Yeah, but—"

"I thought you'd like the idea of a spunky wank."

Her words both shocked and thrilled him. "I just—"

"You're getting off while another man's cum drips out of your slutty wife onto your dick."

He tried to steady his breathing. “Cheryl, I need—”

She pressed her hands down harder on his chest and doubled the speed of her hip thrusts. “What you need is to let go and add your own cream to the mix.” She smiled. “Don’t worry, I’ll get you hard again later. You’ll be able to go inside and reclaim me properly.”

Marc couldn’t believe her behaviour, but he was right on the edge. “Ohh...”

She smiled down at him. “Come for me. Let it out.”

Marc’s back arched with the intensity of the spasm, and he fired a thick rope of pearly-white cream over his stomach. Cheryl cried out and ground faster, smearing the mess over their bodies. Marc dug his fingers into her backside and jerked her to and fro on his cock, shooting spurt after spurt on her labia and onto his stomach.

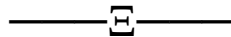
Cheryl pressed down harder, slowing her movements. It wasn’t until he saw her eyes flutter that he realised she was chasing her own orgasm. He pushed his hips up, jamming his shaft against her clit. She let out a grunt, then a long exhale. She eventually stopped moving and looked down at him with a beautiful smile. Suddenly, she looked like his own Cheryl again. “Was that okay?”

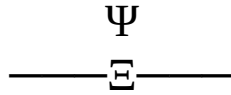
He was too breathless to answer. All he could do was smile and nod.

She traced a finger through the mess on his stomach, then looked into his eyes. “I think we need a shower.”

She got up, walked to the armchair and picked up her clothes. “Come on, I’m sure you have a squillion questions.”

Marc quickly turned off all the lights and followed her upstairs. She was right, there were so many details he needed to know.





## 4 – Worth the Wait

Cheryl hung her suit in the wardrobe, stripped off her teddy and stockings, then dropped them into the laundry basket with her blouse. In the bathroom, she turned on the shower and had started to unpin her hair when Marc walked in. He stared at her groin, and she followed his gaze. She was covered in cum, her pubes matted with it.

“I guess I should have bought condoms,” she said.

“But then I wouldn’t have been treated to a spunky wank.”

Cheryl laughed. “True.” She’d got that idea from something she’d read online. She stuck her hand in the shower to check the water temperature, then stepped under the jets.

Marc followed her in, picked up the bar of soap and started to wash her shoulders. “Tell me about the rest of your evening.” His eyes showed the same hunger she’d seen during the morning with Gavin.

“The vendor’s offer was okay, but I think we can get more. We agreed that I’d negotiate for a better settlement on his behalf.”

“And what happened when the all the business on the agenda had been discussed?”

“We had a brandy and discussed other things.”

“What sort of things?” Marc worked his hands lower, now lathering her arms.

“He asked if anything had changed with regard to my marital status since our previous meeting.”

“Ah. What did you tell him?”

She was enjoying teasing him. “I explained that I was still happily married, but had learned that my husband wasn’t as possessive as I’d originally presumed.”

Marc seemed to think about this as he washed her neck and chest. “Did you tell him about what happened with Gavin?”

“No!” She shook her head, horrified at the thought. “That’s none of his business.”

“So... when you told him your husband wasn’t possessive... Is that when he invited you to his room?” He was now washing her boobs, making her tingle each time his soapy hands brushed over her nipples.

“Actually, I invited myself.”

“Hussy.” His smile suggested he approved. “And was there kissing and groping in the lift?”

“There are CCTV cameras in all hotel lifts. But I stood quite close, and he put his hand on the small of my back and surreptitiously slid it down to cup my bottom.”

“The cad.” Marc lowered his hands, tracing small circles on either side of her bellybutton. “And once you got to his room?”

“We stopped being surreptitious.”

Marc laughed. “Tell me how you stopped being—”

“He slammed me against the door and kissed me passionately, groping my tits through my blouse.”

His eyes opened wide with concern. “Just like that? Was he rough?”

“Yes, and it was exactly what I wanted.”

“What did you do?”

“I kissed him back, sucked his tongue into my mouth and slid my hands inside his jacket to scratch him through his shirt.”

Marc started rubbing the soap in her pubes. “And then?”

“We pushed off each other’s jackets while still kissing. As I fumbled with his belt and trouser buttons, he undid my skirt and let it slide down.”

“Revealing your stockings?”

“Mm hmm.”

“What did he say?”

“Nothing, he was too busy unbuttoning my blouse.”

Marc slid the soap between her legs, tracing it over her still-sensitive outer lips. “Was he still being rough?”

“Not really rough. Maybe ‘eager’ would be a better description.” She remembered Ross’s expression as she’d reached inside his boxers and groped his cock. “I was just as eager as he was. We fell onto the bed and I played with his dick while he slipped the shoulder straps off the teddy and released my boobs. He sucked my nipples for a while, then I returned the favour by sucking his dick, but not for long. I wanted it inside me. That’s when we realised neither of us had a condom.”

“Was it awkward?”

She shook her head. “There was no way we weren’t going to have sex, and we both knew it. I straddled him, undid the crotch buttons of my teddy, and impaled myself.”

“You rode him the same way you’d ridden me and Gavin?”

“Mm hmm.”

“Was he worth the wait?”

She smiled. “Yes.”

“Did he come like that?”

“No, but I did. Once I’d come, he rolled me over and fucked me until he came.”

“Did he offer to pull out before coming?”

“No, but I was clinging onto him with my arms and legs and urging him to come. He couldn’t have pulled out if he’d tried.”

“Did you come again?” Marc eased two fingers inside her, making her sigh.

“No, not then.”

He fingered her gently for just a few seconds then resumed washing her, bending lower so he could reach down to wash the mess off her inner thighs.

“And afterwards?”

“We lay on his bed. I removed my teddy, but he asked me to leave my stockings and shoes on. He stripped naked, and we cuddled and talked.”

“What about?”

“Nothing important that I can recall. After a while we started touching each other. I kissed my way down his body and sucked him until he grew hard again.”

“And then?”

“I got on all fours and asked him to fuck me from behind.”

“Anal?”

“No! Doggy-style.” She shook her head in disbelief. “Anal was never on the menu.”

“Sorry, I just...” He shrugged. “So he fucked you doggy-style?”

“Hmm.” She pushed his hands away and rinsed the soap off. “Let’s finish this conversation in bed.”

After turning off the shower, they quickly dried each other. Marc’s cock was already starting to swell again. When he lay on the bed she crawled between his legs and slipped the tip into her mouth. He was fully erect in seconds.

She released him but kept her hand gripped around the root. “Can I sit on this?”

He nodded eagerly.

She got herself in position but hesitated. “There’s probably still some of his cum inside me.”

“Good.” Marc gripped her hips and pulled her down onto his full length.

Cheryl let out a sigh and clenched around him. He felt good, and she knew she’d come fairly quickly. She slowly rotated her hips, grinding her clit against his body. “If you have more questions, now’s the time to ask them.”

He watched her face for a few seconds, then licked his lips. “Did you come again when he fucked you doggy-style?”

She shook her head. “We tried a few different positions.”

“Which ones?”

“Me lying face down on the bed, then on my back with my legs over his shoulders. Eventually we ended up in missionary, and we both came like that. We dozed for a while after that one, and then I went to the bathroom to fix my hair and makeup.”

“You said he came three times.”

She nodded. “When I was dressed and ready to leave, he bent me over the bed, hitched up my skirt and fucked me from behind. I returned home before it’d had chance to drip out.”

Marc sighed. “I’m going to come.”

“I know.”

He looked up at her. “This’ll be the fourth load you’ve had in as many hours.”

Her orgasm was approaching fast. “That’s because I’m a slut.”

Marc grunted. His cock gushed inside her. She cried out and came with him. They clawed at each other and she struggled to stay on top of his shaking body. He pulled her head down by the hair and pushed his tongue into her mouth, making her groan. They writhed and shuddered until they were fully spent, then Cheryl rolled off and snuggled into the crook of his arm.

After their breathing had returned to normal, she pulled back and looked at the alarm clock. It was almost 2:15.

Marc turned onto his side to look at her. “I know it’s late...”

“It’s okay. When I told Jeffrey I was meeting a client who couldn’t make a daytime appointment, he told me to take tomorrow morning off and work from home in the afternoon.”

“Cool. Can I ask you more questions, then?”

She smiled. “If you like.”

“You said you sucked him.”

She nodded. “I sucked him a couple of times. The first time was fairly brief, but later I took my time. I needed to get him hard again.”

“What would you have done if he’d come in your mouth?”

“Swallowed, I suppose.” She frowned. “Why?”

“I wasn’t sure if…” He shrugged. “I didn’t know how far you’d go with another man.”

“I’d just fucked him. I think that’s going further than sucking his dick.”

“Is it?” He didn’t look convinced.

Cheryl wondered if he was starting to feel uncomfortable about what they were doing. Maybe some jealousy had crept in. “Would you have been upset if he’d come in my mouth?”

“No.” His cheeks reddened slightly.

She could see him biting his lip and she got the feeling he wasn’t telling her everything. “Marc, we both need to be honest about how we feel.”

He held her gaze for a few seconds, then sighed. “Since the weekend, I’ve been doing quite a bit of reading.”

“Me too.”

“Oh?” He looked surprised but then nodded, obviously accepting it was only natural she’d have done the same thing. “Well, I read about lots of couples who do this sort of thing.”

“And did they turn you on?”

“Some did, some didn’t.”

“Oh?” This was a worry. “Which ones didn’t?”

“The ones where the wife refused to have sex with her husband or made him wear a cage and perform clean-up after her dates.”

She smiled, relieved. “And which ones *did* turn you on?”

“The ones where she went out on a date then came home and described what she’d done while her husband fucked her.”

“Tonight turned you on, then?”

“Yeah.” He gave her an embarrassed smile. “Sitting at home imagining what the two of you were doing was a kind of sweet, twisted torture.”

“What sort of things did you imagine us doing?”

“I was thinking about minor details, like who’d take charge, what positions you’d have sex in, if there’d be oral, that sort of thing. I tried to imagine your expression when he fucked you, and the noises you’d made when you came.”

His enthusiasm gave her a warm feeling. “And what about when I got back? Were you disappointed that I didn’t let you go inside me straight away?”

“No. What you did was really sexy.”

“Did it make up for all the sweet, twisted torture you’d been through?” She leaned close. “To turn your own question around, was it worth the wait?”

“Definitely.”

“Did you enjoy me going out on a date more than you enjoyed actually participating, like the first time?”

Marc hesitated, then sighed. “During the first time, I didn’t know I was participating.”

This puzzled her. “What do you mean by that?”

“I didn’t know Gavin was there until next morning.”

She scoffed. “That’s ridiculous, you must have...” She saw his expression and realised he was serious. She sat up and looked at him. “How can you not have known?”

“It was pitch black in the—”

“There was a light on the landing. Didn’t you see him when we came into the room?”

Marc sat up next to her. “No, I was asleep. I didn’t wake up until you got on the bed, and I couldn’t see a thing.”

Cheryl remembered closing the door to keep the noise from travelling through the house. “But you were up for it.”

“You pulled the quilt off me and started sucking my dick. Who wouldn’t be up for that?”

“No, I mean *really* up for it. I’ve never known you be that aggressive when you’re getting a blowjob. You nearly choked me.”

“I thought it was what you wanted.”

“It was.” She smiled at the memory. “It really was. But I was getting pounded from behind as well. Surely you felt the bed bouncing. And you must have heard me when I came.”

“I assumed you were masturbating.”

“Jeez, Marc.” She felt awful. “I was so sure that Gavin’s presence had spurred you on to use my mouth like that. That’s why I thought you’d liked the idea of it.” She shook her head as she tried to piece together their weekend from his perspective. “So when *did* you realise what had happened?”

“In the morning. When you started playing with my dick, I saw his hand around your waist. That was the first I knew about it.”

“But you were rock hard—”

He laughed. “You were playing with my dick, and I was still buzzing from the blowjob in the dark.”

Cheryl shook her head in guilty dismay. Now it felt like she’d forced him into this. “But the way you looked at me that morning, and when you came so quickly, I just thought—”

“Yeah, I know.” He shrugged. “We were already having sex by the time I’d worked out what had happened the night before. Then, when you started to play with Gavin’s dick and I realised you were going to have him next, I came straight away. That’s when I realised I liked the idea.”

“God...” She shook her head. “I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

“I honestly thought—”

“It’s fine. It doesn’t matter how we got here. Since that morning I’ve been tingling all over. Every time I think about what happened, and what might happen in the future, I get a warm feeling.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Tell me the other things you’ve read about that turned you on.”

“There was one where the wife went out on a date and sent her husband photos. The first picture was of her all dressed up and looking gorgeous for her other man.”

“Her bull.”

He smiled and nodded. “Yeah, her bull. Then, later in the night, she sent her husband photos of her half-naked with the bull’s cock in her mouth, and the

last couple of photos were of her looking at the camera with cum all over her face.”

Cheryl was a little freaked out. “And you liked that?”

“Yeah, it was sexy.” He grinned. “Sort of dirty and nasty.”

“Are we dirty and nasty?”

“I was turned on all evening wondering what you were doing with another man. What’s dirtier than that?”

“And when I came home I suppose I was nasty for not letting you go inside.”

He laughed. “Yes, you were. And you were dirty for giving me the spunky wank.”

She studied him, then decided to tell him about her own research. “Do you want to know what things turned me on when I read the websites?”

“Yeah.”

“I really liked one wife’s story about a night she’d had with two bulls.”

“Oh?”

“Hmm. They just used her like a piece of meat, taking turns to shove their cocks in her mouth and fuck her.”

Marc’s mouth opened and his eyes sort of glazed over. “I’m not sure... That story turned you on? Really?”

“Oh yeah. What’s not to like? Two hung guys going at you like you’re a rubber doll.”

His face seemed to have lost its colour. “Did the woman’s husband like it?”

“Loved it. He was there with them, filming the action. There were pictures and clips with the post, some tiny blonde being spit-roasted by two big black dudes.”

“They were black? You want—?”

“I’d be just as happy between two white guys, so long as they’re both big and they both abuse me for hours.”

He stared at her with wide eyes.

“I’m sure it’s a common fantasy,” she said, trying to convince him she wasn’t a deranged pervert. “A professional, well-educated woman getting nailed by a

couple of working class, blue-collar studs. Especially if they're both a lot younger." She grinned. "Don't you like the idea of me giving myself to a couple of nineteen-year-olds who'll fuck me all night long?"

"Wouldn't you prefer a night with a married couple?"

"Huh?"

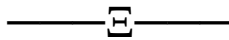
He nodded in a way that suggested he was making this up as he went along. "You could have the husband's dick, but also share a bit of Sapphic fun with the wife."

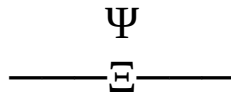
"Hmm. Maybe we can think about that later, after I've been tag-teamed by a couple of Neanderthals."

Marc sighed and reached over to his bedside lamp. "I guess we should get some sleep."

"Yeah, okay." Cheryl settled down under the quilt, wondering if she'd revealed her fantasy a little too early in their adventures. How could having a threesome be any kinkier than sending photos of her face splattered with another guy's joy-juice?

She smiled to herself in the dark. Maybe she could satisfy both their fantasies at the same time. With two guys, there'd always be someone to hold the camera.





## 5 – A Sweet, Twisted Torture

After Cheryl's night with her client, Marc spent the following few days avoiding the subject of her going on another playdate. Although he'd enjoyed getting all the details afterwards, her revelation about wanting to be used by two bulls at the same time made him uneasy. He considered it a dangerous escalation: too much too soon. She claimed it was a common fantasy for women. This might be true, but fantasies didn't always work out in reality.

While she was pottering in the kitchen one evening, he heard her singing Billy Joel's *Uptown Girl*. He had no idea if this was an intentional prompt on her part or just a tune she'd heard recently on the radio. Whatever the reason, Marc was uncomfortable with the idea of his classy, uptown wife being pounded hard by one backstreet guy, let alone two of them. He didn't comment on her singing that particular song, but when they retired to bed that night Cheryl was horny and instigated sex.

As they lay entwined in the afterglow, Marc reflected on their lovemaking. She'd moaned softly as he felt the clench of her orgasm, but there'd been none of the intensity they'd shown during their sex after her playdate.

"Was that okay?" he asked.

She rubbed her head against his chest. "Mm hmm."

After a few seconds of silence, she raised her head, looking worried. "Why? Didn't you enjoy it?"

"It was lovely. I just worry that..." He gave a shrug. "You know, maybe sex with your husband is a bit dull after—"

“Don’t be silly.” She kissed his chest then lay her head on him again. “What we do together is more than sex.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

She glanced up into his eyes. “Are you still happy about what happened the other night?”

“Yeah.” He was a little concerned. “Why, are you having regrets?”

“No, not at all. I was just worried because you hadn’t mentioned it since.”

“I didn’t want to keep badgering you for details.”

“I’ve told you everything that happened. There are no more details to give.” She grinned. “Yet.”

He laughed. “Is that your way of saying you’re ready to go on another playdate?”

“From what I’ve read, most women only do it every couple of months or so.”

“Maybe that’s the case once they’re settled into the lifestyle.” He stroked her head, admiring the softness of her hair. “I’d guess that when they were first getting into it, they probably had playdates more often than that.”

“Hmm, maybe. Do you think I should go out again fairly soon, then?”

“Not necessarily. I’m just saying you don’t need to wait a couple of months if you don’t want to.”

“Okay, thanks.”

\* \* \* \*

Life got back to normal for a few days. Marc was still reading about other people’s experiences on wife-sharing forums, but neither he nor Cheryl mentioned the subject again until Friday evening. They were in the kitchen preparing dinner and sipping white wine as the Bluetooth speaker played songs from Marc’s phone.

“I’m going out tonight,” she announced.

Marc stopped slicing peppers and looked up at her. “Oh?”

“Hmm.” She flashed him a smile, picked up her glass and took a sip.

“Out where?”

“I don’t know yet. Thought I’d play it by ear. I’ve booked a hotel in Earl’s

Court, so I'll find a cosy bar around there and see what happens."

"A hotel?"

She nodded.

His heart raced, but he couldn't tell if it was anxiety or excitement. "I'm not sure I like the idea of you going somewhere like that on your own."

"I'll get a taxi to the bar, and hopefully I won't be on my own when I go back to my hotel."

"You'll pick up a guy and take him back to your room?"

She nodded. "I think that's a safer option than going back to a stranger's place."

Marc nodded, but he was still a little uncomfortable. "When will you come home?"

"Tomorrow morning."

He tried to hide his disappointment, but she must have read his expression.

"I can tell you all about it then," she said with a smile. "It's the weekend, so we'll have all day to discuss the details you enjoy so much."

Marc nodded and went back to slicing peppers. After dinner, Cheryl went upstairs and Marc cleared up in the kitchen. She came downstairs just a few minutes later, still wearing the jeans and t-shirt she'd put on when she'd first arrived home.

"Is that your outfit?" he asked.

"No, I'll get showered and changed at the hotel."

"Do you want me to drive you?"

"It'll be easier all round if I take the Underground." She stepped close, kissed his cheek and blew in his ear. "Keep your phone close by."

Slinging her rucksack over her shoulder, she gave him another smile and left.

Marc topped up his glass and walked into the living room. It was only 7:20, so he knew he had a long evening ahead of him. He flicked on the TV and found a movie on Netflix that he hoped would occupy his mind. An hour into the film, he refilled his glass and checked his phone.

Still nothing from Cheryl.

Twenty-five minutes later, he heard the sound of an incoming text message. He paused the film and snatched up his phone. There were two messages from Cheryl, and before he had a chance to open the first, a third arrived. They were all photos. The first showed a close-up of her face in heavy makeup. Her lashes were thick, she'd applied blusher to her cheeks, and her mouth had the same bright red lip-gloss she'd worn for her date with her client.

The second photo showed her reflection in a full-length mirror. A black, knee-length silk dress clung to her curves. Her black, high-heeled sandals with ankle straps emphasised the tone in her bare, tanned legs. He noticed she'd painted the nails of her fingers and toes in a varnish that matched her lip-gloss. She looked stunning.

The final photo showed her smiling broadly at the mirror as she hitched up her dress to expose a lacy red thong. This picture was captioned *Going Hunting*.

Marc's fingers shook as he typed out a reply telling her how sexy she looked. He waited over ten minutes for a response, then eventually restarted the movie and watched it to the end. There were no more texts from Cheryl as he watched the sequel to the first film. By the end of that one, he'd finished the wine and started on beer.

Marc turned the TV off and the living room fell into darkness, the only light now coming through the window from the streetlights. It was a little after eleven. Surely Cheryl would have picked up her bull by now. He wondered if she'd settled for the first guy to make a move on her, or if she'd deflected a few until she found a man she was really attracted to.

His phone beeped on the coffee table. Cheryl's new photo was of feet and legs walking along a pavement. He recognised her sandals and nail polish. On her left were brown leather shoes and dark trousers.

Marc sat in their darkened living room and stared at his phone, briefly flicking back to look at the photos of her in the black dress from earlier. His chest was tight. Butterflies skittered through his stomach. Eventually he put his mobile back on the coffee table.

Instantly, it buzzed again. Rather than snatching his phone back up, Marc waited to see if more messages would arrive. His back was clammy, the shirt sticking to his skin. After a couple of minutes of silence, the waiting became

too much.

She'd now sent a photo of a reflection in the full-length mirror of the hotel room. This one showed Cheryl and her bull standing toe to toe, the guy viewed from behind with Cheryl smiling over his shoulder. He was tall and wide, towering six inches above her even though she was wearing heels. His hands cupped her hips and her arms were around his waist. In one hand she held the phone; the other was pressed flat against the back of his jacket, her wedding and engagement rings twinkling in the light of the flash.

Marc's cock strained against his trousers. His mouth was dry, but he didn't bother to get himself another drink. He watched the minutes tick by on the clock of his phone, then two more photos arrived in quick succession.

The first was of Cheryl sitting on the edge of the bed in just the lacy red thong and a matching bra. It had obviously been taken by the guy with her. The second was of her still sitting on the edge of the bed but taken from closer. The guy must have held the phone up by his head and angled it downwards. Cheryl was now looking up into the camera as her hands worked on his belt.

Marc couldn't believe she'd told the guy that her husband wanted photographs of everything she did. What sort of pervert did that make him seem?

Another picture arrived. Marc's stomach knotted. It was Cheryl—eyes closed, nostrils flared, and a big cock lodged deep in her mouth.

It was several minutes later that a further update, provided by the bull again, showed Cheryl riding him, her hands behind her head. The thong was gone but her red bra was still in place.

Mark breathed fast. At that very moment, his wife was riding another man's dick. She'd already ridden Gavin's and 007's, and now it was somebody else's turn. Marc expanded the photo and studied it closely. The yellow ring of a condom was visible around the base of the man's cock.

Only a couple of miles down the road, his beautiful wife was fucking a stranger. Marc gave in to the craving and unfastened his trousers. His cock was already hard and slick with precum, and he smeared the clear, viscous fluid over the tip, then touched his thumb to his lips to taste it.

He closed his eyes and slowly stroked his dick, imagining Cheryl's moans as

she bounced up and down on her bull's cock. He was sure she'd come quickly. If the guy managed to last long enough, she'd probably come twice.

His phone beeped again. Marc kept pumping as he opened the next photo, showing a close-up of Cheryl's face. Tendrils of her hair stuck to her cheeks and forehead, and the guy's cock—sans condom—was back in her mouth.

Marc knew what she was doing. He blamed himself for mentioning his fantasy but pumped his cock ever faster. Even as his phone buzzed yet again, he knew what he would see. Still, he couldn't stop staring. Cheryl's face looked up at him with a half-smile on her lips and a long dollop of cum stretching up the length of her left cheek, over the bridge of her nose and onto her forehead. She'd asked the guy to come on her face.

Marc ejaculated with a grunt.

He pumped his hand faster and another three spurts shot onto his shirt. The remnants oozed out and dribbled down over his thumb and into his pubes.

Breathless, he glanced around the room and through the window. Their house was elevated enough so that nobody passing on the street could see in, but neighbours from the houses opposite might. The room was dark, and all curtains on the other side of the road appeared to be closed. He breathed a sigh of relief, confident that nobody had seen him. Even if they had, he was sure they'd never guess it'd been a picture of his own wife covered in another man's cum that had inspired his actions.

He expanded the last photo and studied it more closely. Tiny beads of perspiration dotted his wife's forehead, and there was also a dribble of cum he hadn't noticed before running down from her lower lip onto her chin. He suspected she'd told the guy she wanted him to come on her face. Then, after his first shot, she'd taken him back into her mouth. Maybe he'd been firing his next shot as she guided him between her lips, or maybe he'd come in her mouth and it'd dribbled out as she bobbed her head and sucked him dry.

Marc's post-orgasmic come-down brought on doubts.

Why did he feel the need to share his wife with anyone else? She should be at home with him, not in a hotel room with a man she'd known for only a couple of hours. It ought to be his cum running down her beautiful face, not that of some random guy she'd picked up for sex.

He sighed, tucked his cock back into his sticky boxers and went upstairs. He

dropped all his clothes into the laundry basket and took a shower. Once clean and dry, he slipped into bed naked and put his phone on charge.

While in the shower, he'd been thinking about the photos. Cheryl must have told the guy that she wanted photographic evidence of her infidelity to satisfy her pervert of a husband. How else could she explain sending photos of them walking to the hotel, groping in her room and fucking on her bed? Not to mention the one with his jizz all over her face!

Although it was a little embarrassing, Marc decided he didn't really care what the guy thought about him. It's not like they'd ever meet. The chemicals in his brain were changing back to normal because he was now actively hoping the guy was still in her room. Maybe she'd already sucked him back to hardness and had her legs over his shoulders at that very minute...

As he absentmindedly stroked his thickening cock, Marc's mind flitted back to their discussion earlier in the week about fantasies. Had Cheryl only fulfilled his so that he couldn't refuse her wish to have two bulls use her at the same time?

Marc must have dozed because the arrival of another text stirred him from his slumber. The alarm clock read 02:45. He unlocked his phone and clicked on an attachment to her message. The sound of Cheryl's moans made him jump. He hadn't realised this one was a video. He sat up and restarted it, now fully awake.

Cheryl was holding her phone at arm's length, her face closest to the phone and her bum raised in the air behind her. The guy was fucking her hard and she grunted each time he thrust into her. The image shook as he bounced her off the bed, but Marc saw her eyes close and her mouth open as she came. The guy pounded her through the orgasm, and once it had passed, she opened her eyes again and smiled at the camera.

The clip ended, the room eerily quiet after the sound of the video. Marc watched it a second time, noticing the sexy way her eyes had fluttered just before she came. There were so many subtle details he'd never noticed when he was having sex with her.

He was about to replay it again when another videoclip arrived.

This one had obviously been filmed by the guy. It showed Cheryl from behind, kneeling on the bed with her head flat on the mattress and her face

hidden. The guy was fucking her slowly, Cheryl moaning in time with each thrust. Then he pulled out and pushed the wet tip of his sheathed cock against the puckered hole of her anus. Marc sat up straighter, his buttocks clenching as if it was his own arse on the screen. The cock pushed forward and Cheryl opened around it as her moans grew louder. The man said something in an American accent, then pulled back slightly and pushed again. His cock sank farther in, and she let out a long, low wail.

As the cock slowly slid in and out of her backside, Marc heard Cheryl's strained voice say, "Push it in deeper."

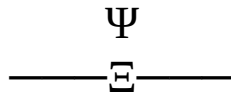
The guy forced his cock all the way in until his balls rested against the lips of her sex.

"Harder," she rasped. "Fuck me harder."

He obliged, slamming in and out of her with force for well over a minute. Cheryl grunted and yelped as the image shook violently from his efforts. Suddenly he withdrew, peeled off the condom and sent several thick ropes of cum up over her backside and back.

Marc dropped his phone, kicked the sheet down to his knees and wanked himself as hard as he could. Lightning flashed behind his eyelids, his back arched and he exploded over his stomach.

His heartbeat still thundering in his chest, he eventually opened his eyes. The videoclip had ended and the cooling cum was running down his ribs. He got up and headed for yet another shower.



## 6 – Roughly Reclaimed

Cheryl woke when the hand resting on her tummy slid up and cupped a breast. She opened her eyes and saw Kyle’s dirty-blond hair on the pillow next to her.

“Good morning,” she whispered.

He raised his head and smiled, giving her nipple a gentle tweak. “A good morning to you, too.” He leaned close and kissed her.

“Your breath smells,” she teased.

“Well, your lips taste of cock.”

She laughed and pushed her tongue into his mouth, which he sucked greedily. Within just a few seconds heat bloomed between her legs and she crawled on top of the rangy Texan, her boobs crushed against his chest as they kissed passionately. She rubbed her mound against his cock, pleased to feel him growing hard already.

He pushed her head back to look into her eyes. “You’re one insatiable wildcat, you know that?”

“Get a condom on and I’ll show you how wild I can be.”

He rolled her off and reached over to the pack on the side dresser. “You going to film this one, too?”

“No.” Cheryl watched Kyle place the rubber over the tip of his cock and roll it down the thick shaft. “This time’s just for us.”

“That’s okay with me but sending dirty photos and videos to your other half

was a big turn-on.”

“Hmm.” Cheryl pushed him onto his back and cupped his huge balls in her hand. They felt as big as eggs. “I’m trying to show her what she’s missing.”

He raised his eyebrows. “She’s strictly DC?”

“Yep, never even tried running on AC.”

“But she likes to see you getting down and dirty with a real cock?”

“Yeah. I’m trying to convince her to join me in a threesome with a guy.” Since Marc first suggested Cheryl join a married couple for a night of sex, her imagination had taken flight. “I told her I’d like to lick her clit while I watch her take her first ever cock.”

He grinned manically. “While I love your accent, it’s your filthy words that drive me crazy.”

“Oh, is that right?” she said, exaggerating her Scottish burr. She wrapped her fingers around the base of his cock, pointed it upright and positioned herself above it. “Do they drive you crazy enough to fuck me again?”

Kyle placed his hands on her hips and eased her slowly down onto him. They both let out soft groans as he filled her.

“Fuckin’ A,” he mumbled.

Cheryl closed her eyes and clenched around him, enjoying his girth as it stretched her walls. She began to ride him, leaning forward so she could grind her clit against his pubic bone.

“Does my cock get you off quicker than your girlfriend’s strap-on?”

She opened her eyes and saw he was filming her with his phone. He knew this wasn’t part of the deal because she’d explained last night that they could only use her phone. She smiled patiently, took it from him and deleted the video. “I told you,” she said, dropping it onto the pillow next to his head.

“This one’s just for us.”

“Maybe I want something to remember you by.”

She held his gaze for a second, considering his request. He’d helped her last night, and she couldn’t really think of a reason why she shouldn’t return the favour. “Okay, but I didn’t include your face in any of my shots, so the same goes for you.”

A broad smile creased his face. “Well honey, I’m from Texas so reverse cowgirl works for me just fine.”

Cheryl lifted herself off him and quickly turned around so she was facing his feet. Reaching down, she slid him back in and started to rotate her hips, stirring the cock around inside her.

Kyle groaned. “Oh baby, that feels so good...”

Cheryl assumed he was giving a running commentary to prove it was really him when he showed the film to his friends. She didn’t care because nobody would ever recognise her. All she cared about was using his cock for her own pleasure, then she’d go home to her husband and use his.

Kyle ran his free hand over her bum. “You have such a fine ass.”

Cheryl wiggled it for the camera, but her focus was on the tightening of muscles that indicated the early stages of another orgasm. She placed her hands on his knees for support and rocked faster. The tingling heat blossomed and spread from her core. Her throat tightened and her breathing became ragged.

“Such a beautiful ass.”

Leaning forward in this position seemed to send his cock deeper. Each down-thrust of her hips sparked a hot stab as his tip poked the roof of her cunt. She was right on the cusp.

“A beautiful *tight* ass.” Kyle speared her arse with his thumb at the very moment her orgasm broke.

Cheryl screamed and came hard. He stabbed his thumb quickly in and out, and her entire body seemed to melt. A warm wetness drenched her thighs and she glanced down, confused. Another spasm shuddered through her, and more clear liquid erupted from her.

Kyle shouted something but Cheryl was too absorbed in what was happening to her own body to pay any attention until he arched up off the bed and grunted. He was coming and she cupped his soaked balls. Now sure that she’d just squirted for the first time, she squeezed his balls as they jumped and twitched inside his sac.

Cheryl lowered her face to his knees and waited for her heart to stop racing. She heard the beep of his phone as he stopped filming, and felt his thumb slip

out of her rear. Gripping the base of the condom to hold it in place, she raised herself off him and glanced down at the sodden mess of the hotel sheet.

Embarrassment seeped through her, but Kyle whooped like a kid at the fair.

“Holy fuckity fuck.” Pure glee shone in his eyes. “Darlin’, I ain’t never seen nothin’ like that before.”

She took a breath but wasn’t sure how to respond.

When Kyle stood up, the flooded rubber hung from his cock like a dead fish. He peeled it off, tied a knot and nodded toward the bathroom. “I think we need a shower.”

Once he was in the bathroom, Cheryl stripped the sheet from the bed and dropped it on the floor. Then she quickly packed her dress, shoes and red underwear into her holdall. She waited until he had finished in the bathroom, then showered alone. Once clean, she wrapped a towel around herself and returned to the bedroom.

Kyle was fully dressed and standing by the window. “Is there any chance I can give you my number for when your girlfriend lets you bring her out for a threesome?”

“I don’t think that’s going to happen anytime soon.”

“I’ll be working here for another month.”

She smiled and shook her head. “Sorry.”

“Pity.” He walked across the room and bent to kiss her cheek. “I had a blast.”

“Me too.”

“Are all the girls in Scotland as wild as you are?”

“You’d better believe it, cowboy.”

“Maybe I should fly up there before I head back to Austin.” He gave her a final smile before leaving.

Cheryl leaned against the door and took a deep breath. She’d loved every minute of her night as a slut, and now it was time to go home and be a slut for her husband.

\* \* \* \*

By the time Cheryl had dressed, checked out and caught the Underground back to Notting Hill, it was 10:30.

She found Marc sitting in the living room holding his phone. “Hey,” she said, moving closer.

“Hi.”

“Are you okay?” she asked, a little concerned. His expression wasn’t the same as the one that’d welcomed her home after her evening with Ross.

“I’m fine. How was your night?”

She’d hoped the photos and videos would have made him desperate for her.

“It was good. What about you? Did you enjoy yourself?”

“Yeah, though probably not as much as your bull did.”

She frowned. “Sorry?” This wasn’t going the way she’d hoped.

“Well, he got to see you in your finest, all dolled up with a cherry on top.” He looked down at her pale blue top, jeans and flat shoes, then up into her eyes.

“I get the dressed-down version.”

*Cheeky twat.* Did he expect her to come home on the Underground in a silk dress and four-inch heels? “I just assumed you’d get me naked as soon as I walked through the door.”

“Is that what you want?”

“No, not now.” Cheryl walked out of the room and went upstairs. Of all the scenarios she’d imagined during her short journey home, Marc acting in this way hadn’t been one of them. Anger boiled in her gut. She’d tried to fulfil his fantasy last night, but he’d thrown his toys out of the pram because she’d dressed sensibly for her journey home.

She let out a sigh and glanced at herself in the mirror of her dressing table.

*Does he have a point?* How would she feel if he’d worn a tux and bow tie for another woman, then expected her to swoon over him in sweatpants and a t-shirt?

Making a decision, she stripped naked and took out last night’s dress and shoes. Once she’d put them on, she applied lip-gloss. She still had mascara on from this morning but didn’t bother adding eyeliner or blusher. Nor did she bother with underwear. She took a deep breath and headed back downstairs.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she heard him at the rear of the house. She walked along the hallway and stepped into the kitchen, her heels

clacking on the slate floor. Marc looked up and his mouth dropped open.

“Is this better?” she asked.

He looked embarrassed. “I’m sorry if—”

“It’s fine.” She was still angry and hurt, but knew he’d had a point. *Time to up the sluttiness.* “This is what I wore last night. It took less than ten minutes to find a guy who wanted to fuck me.” She could’ve found a guy to fuck her in the jeans and top she’d had on five minutes ago but didn’t voice that thought as she gestured her outfit. “Is this going to work for me again now, or should I go put on a shorter dress and higher heels?”

“No, that works fine.” He gave a mischievous grin. “Have you got the red thong on?”

Holding his gaze, she slowly inched up her dress to expose her bare sex. “It was too wet to put back on.”

“He made you drip that much, huh?” Finally, the hunger was there in his eyes.

“You could say that.”

Marc moved close and slipped his hands around her waist. “From the photos you sent, I know he got you wet in a few other places.”

“I thought that was what you wanted. Did it turn you on?”

He nodded slowly.

“What did you do when you saw the photo of my face covered in his cum?”

His eyes burned with passion. “I jerked off.”

Cheryl smiled, pleased he’d been honest with her. “I hoped you would.”

“Did you like letting him come on your face?”

“I’d built myself up to doing it, and it felt suitably slutty.”

“You enjoyed being his slut?”

“Mm hmm.”

“And now?”

“Now I want to be your slut.”

He roughly spun her around and bent her over the counter. Before she could

say anything, he raised her dress and pushed his fingers—two, possibly three—into her cunt. “So I can do whatever I want?”

“Marc...”

He pulled his fingers out and replaced them with his cock.

Cheryl let out a grunt of surprise. He felt bigger than normal. He was either really turned on, or she was still sore from her night with Kyle. “Oh, God...”

“You like that?” He started to fuck her hard, banging her hips against the edge of the countertop. “You like getting your husband’s cock straight after your bull’s?”

Breathing through clenched teeth, she nodded.

“Did you get his cock again this morning?”

She placed her hands on the edge of the counter and pushed back to meet his thrusts. She wanted it to hurt. “Yeah, I got it again.”

“No photos of that one?”

“No.” In truth, she’d wanted Kyle to send her a copy of the film he’d shot but hadn’t wanted to share her mobile number or email address.

“So what did he do this morning? Where did you get his cum this time?”

It was hard to talk when he was pounding her so hard. “He just... fucked me and came... in the condom.”

“Ah, poor you. No cum to rub into your slutty skin.”

Cheryl blinked, not sure if this was part of the ‘reclaiming husband’ role. But then he pulled out and pushed his cock against her bum hole. “Marc... Ow!” His cock, slick with her juices, plunged inside. It hurt but she was too shocked to do anything except hold her breath.

Marc moved slowly for a few thrusts, then soon picked up the pace. Cheryl closed her eyes and let him use her, though in truth she wasn’t getting the pleasure she’d felt doing the same thing last night.

He leaned forward to whisper in her ear. “I was shocked when you gave him your arse last night.”

Cheryl had decided that it was what she’d wanted and had told Kyle to do it so her ‘girlfriend’ could watch. She’d also instructed him to remove the rubber and come over her. “I’m a slut.”

“Yes you are,” he hissed. “And right at this minute, you’re *my* slut.” Marc fucked her like this for less than a minute then withdrew, spun her around, and pushed her to her knees.

Cheryl knew immediately what he was going to do. She shook her hair back and looked up into his eyes.

His first shot hit her in the eye, which stung like a bitch. The second hit her forehead and hair. A third splattered onto her cheek. She leaned forward and got her lips around the tip of his cock.

Marc gasped in surprise and tried to push her face off him, but she wrapped her arms around his thighs and held him in place, taking the dick that’d just been up her arse deep into her mouth. He groaned and more cum shot onto her tongue. She swallowed it and bobbed her head, sucking the final drops from him.

His legs were shaking by the time she finally released him from her mouth. He looked aghast. “I didn’t expect you to—”

“Take a picture.”

“What?”

“Take a picture of me with your cum on my face. I want to see it.”

Marc fumbled for his phone, then with shaking hands took three or four photos.

She stood up and stared at him. “Kiss me.”

He opened his mouth but no words came out.

“Don’t you want to taste your own cum?”

He frowned, took a breath and then leaned in to kiss her. Cheryl gripped his head and pulled him close, pushing her tongue into his mouth and smearing the cum from her cheek all over his face.

They kissed passionately for half a minute, then she pulled back and looked into his eyes. “You didn’t make me come.”

“I... I thought—”

“I don’t need you to think, and I don’t need you to talk. I just need you to make me come.” She placed her hands on the countertop and lifted herself up onto it, then hitched up her dress and spread her legs. “So get on your knees

and use that tongue of yours to give me what I want.”

Marc stared at her for a brief moment before dropping to the floor and pushing his face between her legs. He began to gently kiss all around her swollen lips.

“I don’t need the full service. You can skip the round and round, and back to front. Just suck my clit and get me off.” She was still angry for the way he’d just used her.

Marc placed his lips around her clit and brushed his tongue gently over and around it. When he looked up at her, Cheryl ran her finger through the cum on her forehead and sucked it into her mouth.

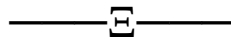
She was ambushed by her orgasm. It hit without warning, and it felt like going from stone-cold sober to falling-down drunk at the flick of a switch. She lost control of her limbs and her head spun. Her clit felt like it was being zapped with a cattle-prod. She pushed his head lower and ground her cunt against his face, smearing her juices all over his cheeks. Then she dug her stiletto heels into his shoulders and pushed him away. Her chest heaved and legs shook as they stared at each other with wide-open eyes.

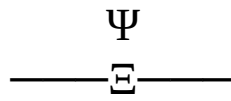
Cheryl got the impression that he felt as badly as she did about the way they’d just behaved. She slid down off the countertop. “I need a shower.”

“Cheryl—”

“We’ll talk later.” She left the kitchen and went upstairs. She stopped to turn the bath taps on, then went to the bedroom and stripped off her shoes and dress. She returned naked across the landing, aware that Marc was halfway up the stairs. He called her name, but she ignored him, closing and locking the door as soon as she was in the steam-filled bathroom.

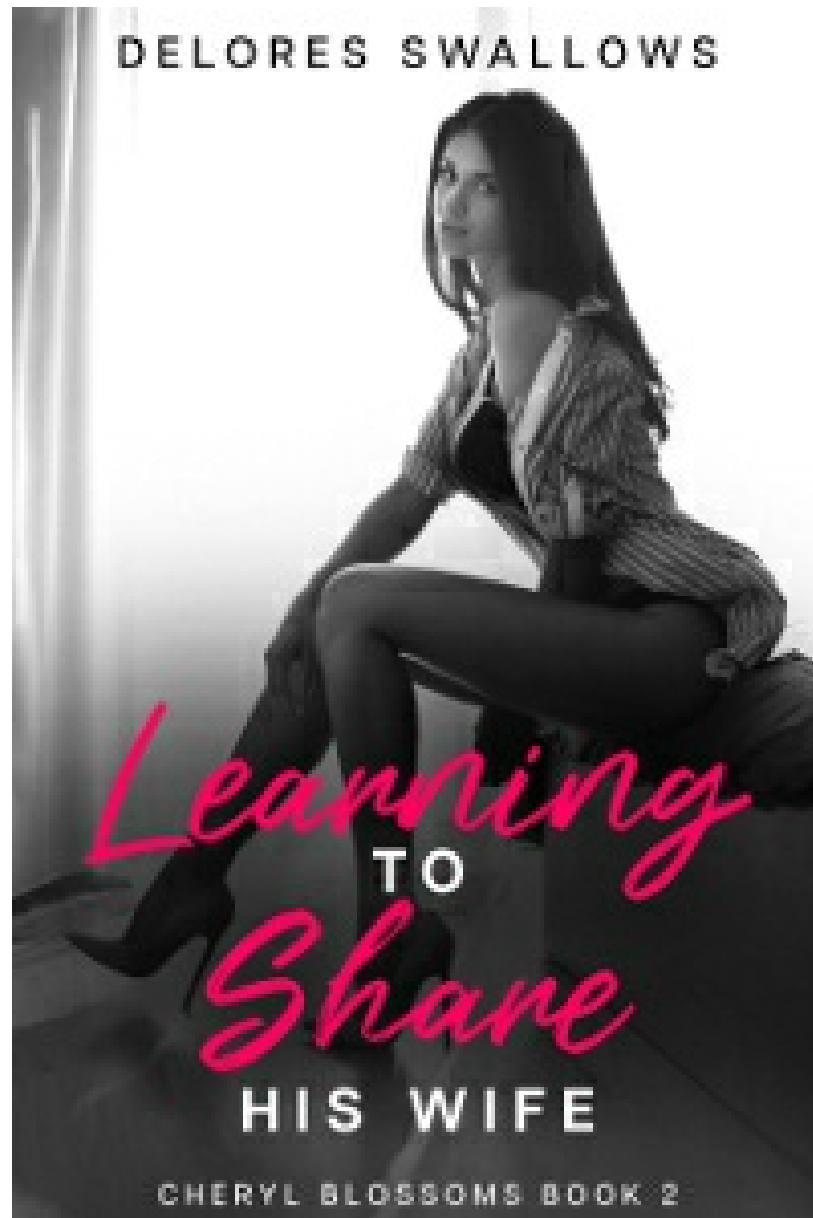
She had some thinking to do, and some rules to lay down.

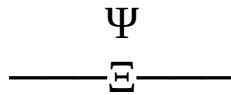




**Book II**

**Learning to Share His Wife**





## 7 – Ground Rules

Marc stood rooted to the spot in the kitchen, stunned by the intensity of what they'd just done but thoroughly ashamed of his actions. The thrill of their reconnection wasn't there, and he knew it was his own fault. *Why did I behave like that?*

Snapping out of his stupor, he fastened his trousers and followed Cheryl. He needed to apologise. When he was halfway up the stairs, she walked naked across the landing to the bathroom without acknowledging him and locked the door.

Marc returned to the kitchen and washed his cum off his face at the sink, then waited in the living room, terrified that his behaviour had ruined everything.

Almost an hour later, he heard the bath draining. Cheryl eventually came downstairs in leggings and a baggy t-shirt, her feet bare. Her hair was still wet, her makeup gone, and her eyes as cold as he'd ever seen them. The only resemblance to the woman in last night's photos was the red nail varnish on her fingers and toes.

She dropped into the chair opposite. "So, how was that for you?" Her accent always got stronger when she was angry.

Marc couldn't hold her gaze. He glanced down at his shoes and gave a shrug. "I don't know what hap—"

"Shall I tell you what happened?" She leaned forward, glaring at him. "I came home hoping we'd share something special, but instead I got greeted by a spoilt child. And even though I tried to appease him, all I got was to be treated like a fuck-toy."

“I’m so sorry. I don’t know...” He took a steadying breath, trying to collect his thoughts and give her some kind of reasonable explanation. “After the night with your client, you came home all gorgeous and sexy, and—”

“That’s because I came home on the same night. I got a taxi to drive me to the door. I left here last night in jeans and a top, and that’s how I came home. Would you rather I’d sat on the Tube dressed to the nines?” Her voice shook with rage. “Maybe I should have walked up the road with my tits out, just for you.”

“I wasn’t thinking.” Marc rubbed his face and sighed. “I just assumed you’d be wearing the black dress.”

“Why?” Her expression was one of disbelief. “What on *earth* made you think I’d come home in a party dress and four-inch heels?” Her accent gave ‘earth’ several extra r’s.

“I...” He gave a shrug, then tried to lighten the mood. “Maybe I’d been thinking with my little head instead of the big one.”

“And in the kitchen? Which head was doing the thinking in there?”

“I don’t... I still can’t believe how I...” He shook his head. “I’m so sorry, I don’t know what came over me.”

“Well I know what came over *me*.”

He sighed with relief when he saw the glimmer of humour in her expression. “Cheryl, I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to be so... I got caught up in my emotions, and—”

“Didn’t it occur to you that I might be sore?”

He paused. That possibility hadn’t crossed his mind. All he’d thought about was that she’d had some other guy’s cock inside her, and he needed to remind her she was his wife. He remembered looking down at her glistening sex.

“But you were really wet.”

“I’d been sitting on the train thinking we were going to reconnect like last time. I was turned on until you acted like a twat. I still can’t believe you rammed it up my arse.”

“I hadn’t thought about doing that until you were bent over the worktop. When I saw it was still a bit...” He made a circle with his thumb and forefinger, then sighed. “I remembered how you’d moaned in the video when

he'd done it, so I thought—”

“One of these days, I'll fuck you with a strap-on and see how you like it.”

He shook his head. “I've told you that doesn't appeal to—”

“I don't fucking care, Marc.”

He lowered his eyes and nodded. “I've said I'm sorry.”

Cheryl sighed. “If we're going to carry on with this adventure, and it's a big fucking *if* at the moment—”

“I don't want to stop.”

“Right now, I don't care what you want. It's my life and it's my body, and I'm *not* a rubber doll!”

Marc held his breath. The thought of stopping these adventures scared him, but he knew if that happened he'd only have himself to blame. He waited.

Cheryl sat back a little. “If we decide to carry on, then we need to agree some ground rules because I don't intend coming home to that sort of treatment again.”

“You're right, and you won't. Ever. I promise.”

“I know you don't like the idea of the husbands not being allowed access, but maybe I need to restrict you—”

“No. Please... That's not what I want.” He panicked. “I can't wear a cage or —”

She smiled for the first time since she'd first come home. “That's not what I'm suggesting.”

Relief swept through him, and he let out a long exhale. “So what *are* you suggesting?”

“I haven't thought about it yet. Maybe we should introduce a cool-down period between my date and when we reconnect.”

Marc shook his head, puzzled.

“Take today for instance—”

“I've already said I'm sor—”

“Yeah, I know. But it would have been nice if when I'd got home you'd wrapped your arms around me and held me tight for a minute, just to show

me you still loved me.”

He stared into her eyes and nodded, now wishing he’d done exactly that.

“We could have then spent a normal day together—nice lunch, maybe gone for a walk—and then tonight we’d reconnect. I’d have had a bath, put on a pretty dress and makeup, and tell you all about my night with the bull. You could get all the details you craved, and *then* you could reclaim me.”

“I like that idea.”

She nodded. “Me too.”

They were both quiet for a few moments. There were still so many details about last night he wanted to hear but this wasn’t the time.

“So, what do you want to do today?” he finally asked.

“I want to just chill.” She gave him a smile. “I could sit here and read trash on my phone while you make me cups of tea at regular intervals.”

“Yeah, that sounds like us having a normal day.”

“Stop whining. You have to remember that I had an exhausting night.”

His heartbeat kicked up a notch and she laughed at his expression.

“Where’s my tea?”

Relieved that they were back on good terms, he went into the kitchen and filled the kettle.

\* \* \* \*

Marc supplied Cheryl with three cups over the next two hours, then she suggested they go for a wander into town and get something to eat. Fifteen minutes later they walked hand-in-hand along Portobello Road, stopping at a small café for a late lunch.

They found a table near the window. After the waitress had taken their order, they sat and watched people walking by outside. The variety of cultures on show in Notting Hill never failed to astonish Marc. He’d grown up in a small town in Derbyshire where the only colourfully dressed visitors were the hikers and cyclists. Here the streets were full of vibrant dresses and saris, and it made everywhere seem more joyous.

“He was from Texas,” Cheryl whispered.

He turned to her, wondering if she'd read his mind about the ethnic diversity of their neighbours. "Sorry?"

"Last night. He was my first American."

Marc was pleased that she'd decided to give snippets, though he wasn't sure this was the best place to do it. If she divulged too much, there was a danger he'd get a hard-on. "I'd gathered that from his accent in the video."

"Oh." She held his gaze for a second, then looked out of the window again.

Marc could see the amusement in her eyes. "He seemed very tall in the photos."

She kept her eyes on the people in the street outside. "He was."

"Isn't this where you tell me he was big all over?"

Cheryl turned to him with a smile, then looked over his shoulder. The waitress had arrived with their order. Once they were alone again, she leaned close enough to whisper, "How many times did you make yourself come?"

The question didn't surprise him; she'd asked something similar after her date with her client. "Twice."

"Let me guess, the facial photo and the anal video."

Shocked, he glanced around to make sure she hadn't been overheard before nodding in reply.

Cheryl smiled. "I thought you would."

"Can I ask a question now?"

She nodded.

"How did he pick you up?"

"He was at the bar when I ordered my first drink and commented on my accent. We talked for a few minutes at the bar. I liked what I saw and decided I didn't need to look any further."

"I wish you chose your clothes the same way, instead of having me hang around for hours while you try on everything in the shop."

"Don't worry, I intend trying quite a few other styles." She leaned closer. "And sizes."

His cock thickened. "What about—?"

“That’s enough for now. My panini’s getting cold.”

He smirked. “Is that what you told your Texan?”

She batted his arm playfully, and they ate in relative silence before wandering back out into the street. Once home, they enjoyed the late afternoon sun in their paved back garden before spending their evening watching TV. They cuddled in bed, but nothing more was mentioned about what Cheryl had experienced with her Texan.

They had another lazy day on Sunday, though Cheryl had some reports to read, so Marc volunteered to go to the shops to buy the ingredients for a roast dinner. When they got into bed that night, Cheryl kissed his chest and worked her way down his stomach. He was fully hard by the time she reached his waist. She tugged off his boxers and mounted him, then lay down. Marc enjoyed the softness of her breasts against his chest and the smoothness of her thighs either side of his.

“Want another dirty detail?” she whispered as she squirmed sensually on top of him.

“Okay.”

“I had my first ever squirt during the morning session.”

This wasn’t something Marc had ever seen, with Cheryl or previous girlfriends, and he wasn’t sure how he felt about her doing it with another man. “You squirted?”

“Mm hmm. When I came, I soaked the sheets.”

“Wow.” He closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation of being gripped in her slippery wetness. “Do you think you’ll do it again tonight?”

“Probably not. But I am going to come soon.”

He slid his arms around her waist. “Good.”

“Will you come with me?”

“Probably.”

She nibbled his earlobe. “You know when you fucked me hard yesterday morning?”

Marc was getting close and didn’t want the mood spoiled. “I’ve already said \_\_\_”

“I liked it. I liked being used in that way.”

*So why make me feel like a bastard?* “Really? I thought—”

“And that’s how I want to be treated by two bulls at the same time.”

He held his breath.

“I want two men to fuck me hard like that, and I want you in the room watching it happen.”

Marc came immediately. He arched his back, pushing up into her. Cheryl tightened around him, her nails digging into his shoulders. She bucked and jerked, grinding herself against him.

When they’d finally stilled, they remained in the same position.

The room was dark, the only light coming from the phone charging pads on the bedside tables.

Cheryl kissed him gently on the lips. “You’re going to shrink and slip out.”

“I know.”

“And then I’m going to dribble all over you.”

“I know that, too.” He smiled. “At least this time it’ll be just my own cum.”

“Speaking of which, I have another meeting with Ross coming up this week.”

“Ross?”

“007, or 009 as I like to call him.”

“Oh. And what was last night’s name?”

“Kyle.”

“Gavin, Ross and Kyle sounds like a legal firm.”

She giggled. “I’d happily go and work for them.”

“Is your meeting with Ross another evening appointment?”

“Do you want it to be?”

He felt the now-familiar surge as his heart pumped his blood faster through his veins. “Yes.”

“Okay.”

“Will you spend all night with him?”

“Do you want me to?”

He didn't need to think about it. “Yes.”

“Okay.”

Another thought occurred. “Will you make him use a condom this time?”

She was silent, and it was too dark to make out her expression. Finally, she asked, “Do you want me to?”

Marc imagined her body writhing beneath her lover. Then he visualised spurts of pearly white jism coating the hot pink walls of her cunt as she squeezed and wriggled. “No.”

“Okay,” she said for the third time.

Marc lay in silence. In just a matter of seconds, they'd agreed that Cheryl was going to spend the night with her bull, and that he'd be allowed to come inside her. When she returned home this time, he was determined to hold her tight to prove that he loved her, and that nothing would happen between them until she was ready.

\* \* \* \*

On Wednesday morning, Marc sat up in bed drinking coffee while Cheryl packed her overnight bag. She'd showered and put on makeup, but still wore just her bathrobe.

“Aren't you taking a slinky dress to wear?” he asked, as she put in underwear and a clean silk blouse.

“No. I'm going straight from the office and will be offering legal advice, so I'll dress and act appropriately.”

“And after the meeting?”

“I'll undress and act inappropriately.”

His cock swelled, and he wondered if she had time for a quickie. “Will I be receiving more photos and videos?”

“Not this time. I explained those to Kyle by pretending to be in a lesbian relationship.”

“What?”

She shrugged. “I didn't want to admit my husband gets off by watching me

fuck other men, so I pretended I was trying to convince my girlfriend to try men for a change.”

“Oh.”

After zipping up her bag, she removed her robe, revealing the lacy white bra and matching thong beneath. She took a pair of nude stockings from a drawer and rolled them up her long legs, flashing him a smile.

“Do you have time for—?”

“No!” She pulled on a cream blouse and a dark blue fitted suit, then stepped into plain black heels. “Right, I have to go.”

“Will you come home in the morning?” He remembered she’d been given the morning off after her previous evening appointment.

“No, I’ll go straight to the office from the hotel.” She leaned down and kissed his cheek. “See you tomorrow night.”

Marc heard her feet on the stairs and then the bang of the front door. He wasn’t happy about having to wait so long for her to return, but at least it avoided the danger of him acting like he had the last time.

Closing his eyes, he thought about what his wife was going to do later and realised he still had an erection. It’d be a shame to waste it. He wrapped his fingers around his cock and started to slowly stroke himself.

He wondered how many orgasms Cheryl would have during her night. And what about Ross? Marc pushed the quilt down and pumped faster, certain that neither of them would come as many times as he would over the next twenty-four hours.

“Well, well,” Cheryl said, standing in the doorway.

Marc snatched his hand away and yanked up the quilt to cover himself. He was too ashamed to think of anything to say.

She stepped closer and hoisted up her skirt, revealing her stocking tops.

“Don’t be embarrassed. I hoped you’d be doing this.” She pulled down the cover and crawled onto the bed, straddling him.

Marc was speechless, his heart thumping more from shock than arousal.

Cheryl tugged her thong to one side, gripped his cock and lowered herself onto it. He groaned at her wetness.

She began rocking her hips. “This’ll be nicer than a wank. You can use your hand later, while I’m busy with someone else.” She smiled, now rocking faster. “Will you do that for me?”

Marc was mortified that she’d caught him out. She’d gone downstairs, opened and closed the front door, then crept back to the bedroom to see if he was masturbating. And like a dirty bastard, he had been.

“Will you make yourself come tonight when you think about me being fucked by another man?”

He frowned.

“I want you to.” She ground herself on him. “I want you to beat your meat when you think about him fucking me. Because I’m going to make him fuck me all night long.”

He was ready to blow. Gripping her hips, he clenched his jaw and bounced her on his cock. Cheryl used her fingers on her clit and held his gaze as he fired his first shot deep inside her. He grunted and kept bouncing her, firing more jizz with each spasm. Her eyelids fluttered and she let out a breathy moan. She removed her hand and rocked herself against him as she rode out her release.

After climbing off him, she slipped a wad of tissue into her gusset and walked to the door. “This time I’m really going.”

“That was sneaky.”

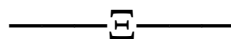
“I know.”

“I thought we had to be honest with each other.”

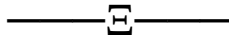
“We do.” She grinned. “I honestly wanted to catch you jerking off.”

“Why?”

“Because it proves you’re into this as much as I am.” With that, she went back downstairs and again he heard the front door open and close. He lay still for a couple of minutes, then went for his shower.



Ψ



## 8 – His and Hers

Cheryl exited the Tube station into the bright early evening sunshine and began her short walk home. She'd hadn't spoken to Marc since yesterday morning and hoped his reaction to her return would be more welcoming than the previous one.

As soon as she opened the front door, he called from the kitchen. Fleeting memories of him bending her over the counter and taking her roughly passed through her mind. She put down her bags and wandered along the hall. In the kitchen, her husband was dressed in combat shorts and a t-shirt while cooking something that smelled delicious.

He walked over, slid his arms around her waist and held her close, gently kissing the side of her head.

She relaxed and returned the hug, then pulled back and looked up into his eyes. "Hi."

"Welcome home." He glanced at the small slices of beef sizzling in the wok. "Since it's such a nice evening, I thought we could eat in the garden."

Cheryl smiled and nodded. "I'd like that."

"Go slip into something more comfortable, and I'll dish up."

She started toward the hallway.

“And Cheryl?”

She turned around. “Hmm?”

“I actually *mean* comfortable. Put on shorts and flip-flops, not a silk dress and stilettos.”

“Am I allowed a shirt?”

“No, leave your tits hanging out.”

She laughed and went to change.

When she returned, Marc had made up two plates of open beef flatbreads with sweet potato fries. He opened the fridge and offered her beer or wine. She chose the latter and after he’d poured her a glass, they made their way out to the patio table.

When they’d first bought the house, the garden consisted of a dandelion-infested patch of lawn, overgrown borders and straggly bushes. They’d hired guys to rip everything out, build three raised beds using old railway sleepers, and put down block paving everywhere else. The raised beds were now crammed with blossoming petunias, marigolds, geraniums and lobelia, making it a very pleasant place to sit in the evening sunshine.

Cheryl touched her glass to his beer bottle and glanced down at her plate.

“This smells great. What is it?”

“A recipe I found online. Some spicy beef Mexican thing.” He shrugged. “It does have a name, but I can’t remember it now.”

“Well, thank you.” She tried some of the beef, then nodded approvingly. “It’s lovely.” She watched his eyes as she chewed and swallowed. “So, do you want to hear about—?”

“Tell me about work,” he said. “Let’s talk about normal stuff for a while.”

She blinked, then smiled. “Okay. Well, the big news is that Toby’s leaving.” She and Toby had started at the law firm at the same time.

“Really? Where’s he going?”

“Dublin. His wife’s Irish, and they’ve not been happy here since Brexit.”

He nodded. “Will he be replaced?”

“Eventually, but in the meantime the rest of us will be picking up his clients.” They chatted for the entire meal about mundane things. Marc talked about his work, things he’d read in the news, and emails he’d received from friends. It was the first time they’d talked like this since she’d brought Gavin to their bed a month earlier.

By the time they’d finished coffee, the garden was in shadow. They went inside and sat in the living room to continue their everyday conversation.

Cheryl, who’d got very little sleep during the previous night, knew that if they didn’t go to bed soon, she’d be too tired to give him what he needed. She dropped onto the rug and crawled over to kneel between his feet. She kissed him gently on the lips. “I think we should go upstairs now.”

“Oh?”

She got the impression he was trying to look nonchalant, but his eyes gave away his eagerness. “Is that okay?” she asked.

He sighed theatrically. “I suppose so.”

She laughed, stood up and dragged him up to the bedroom. They were both naked within seconds. Once they were lying on the soft sheet, she stretched out and looked into his eyes.

“What do you want to know?”

“Everything, but that can wait. First, I’m supposed to reclaim you.”

She kissed his ear. “That’s fine with me. What part are you going to reclaim first?”

His eyes widened. “Which parts did he use?”

Cheryl ran her hand down between her legs. “He used this bit the most.” She brought her hand up and traced a finger around her mouth. “But he used this, too.”

Marc’s breathing became shallower. “Just those two places?”

“Well, he touched me all over, but those were the only two places he pushed his dick in.” She could feel him trembling.

“And did he come in both those places?”

She held his gaze. “Yes, but he only came in my mouth once.”

Marc ran his fingers through the slick crease of her outer folds. “And how many times did he come in here?”

“Three.”

“I guess this needs reclaiming first, then.”

Without waiting for a reply, he entered her slowly. She groaned, slipped her arms around his waist and held him as he slid slowly in and out. There was none of the aggression he’d shown after her last date, just a tenderness that caught her by surprise. She came quickly, whispering his name as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her body. He maintained his slow, careful rhythm, lasting much longer than she’d expected. She rolled her hips, desperate for him to come. But he didn’t, and Cheryl sensed another tightening of her muscles.

“I’m going to come again,” she whispered. “Come with me. Please, come with me.”

Marc adjusted his thrusts. He pushed deeper. Harder. Faster.

As Cheryl tumbled into another orgasm, she heard Marc’s breath catch in his throat. Then he let out a muted grunt and she knew he was coming, flooding her, washing away the remaining traces of her bull’s spunk.

They squirmed and clung to each other through the final spasms of their orgasms, then lay entwined. She kissed his cheek, grateful for his tenderness.

When their breathing returned to normal, she described how she and Ross had chatted over a couple of drinks before going up to his room. He’d gone down on her while she still wore her suit, then fucked her in just her stockings and shoes. They’d bathed together before getting into bed naked, where she’d ridden him to his second release. In the middle of the night, she’d woken him by kissing her way down his body and taken him all the way with her mouth. They’d fucked again in the morning, trying several positions before finishing in missionary. Marc asked many questions, which she answered truthfully.

What Cheryl didn’t tell him was that Ross had not only suggested they meet for lunch but had also asked her to spend a weekend with him at his home in Cornwall. She’d declined both his offers. She didn’t want an affair. She knew she wouldn’t be sleeping with Ross again. Cheryl fell asleep in Marc’s arms.

When she woke up the following morning, he had a cup of tea waiting for

her.

“Thank you,” she said, sitting up. Last night had been better than she’d dared hope for.

\* \* \* \*

Cheryl looked up from her phone. In the week since her night with Ross, she’d been busy. “I’ve been thinking about what you said regarding me having a night with a married couple.”

“Oh?”

“I think I might actually enjoy it.”

“Really?” He grinned from ear to ear.

“Do you still want me to try something like that?”

He nodded enthusiastically.

“Would you like to watch it? I’ve found a couple online who say you could join us for the evening.”

“You mean, like, swinging?”

She laughed and shook her head. “No, not swinging. That’s not the deal they offer. You’d only get to watch.”

“So how...?” He shook his head. “Have you spoken to them already?”

“I’ve messaged them through a contact forum. He’s straight, she’s bi, and they occasionally invite other women to join them in bed.”

“So he fucks you both?”

“Probably, though what’s more relevant is they’ll both fuck me.”

“But I’d be allowed to watch?”

She nodded. “Apparently most of the women they entertain bring their husbands along.”

He seemed to consider it for a lot longer than she’d expected. “Okay,” he said, finally.

“Good. I’ve arranged a date for tomorrow night.”

“You’ve already—?”

“They’re in Brighton. We’re not allowed to stay overnight, so I’ve booked us

a room in a nice hotel.” She gave him a smile, then Marc went back to watching TV. She kept stealing glances at his face. Something told her his mind was no longer on the programme.

\* \* \* \*

The day they drove to the seaside coincided with the first rainfall they’d seen in over two weeks. Pulling up at the hotel, they watched families with umbrellas walking along the promenade and, beyond them, several people swimming in the sea.

“What time are we meeting them?” Marc asked, once they’d checked in.

“Eight. They’ve sent me the name of a bar.”

He gave a smile. “Do you have to carry a red rose so they can recognise you?”

She chuckled. “We’ve exchanged photos, so I don’t think a rose will be necessary.”

“Oh?”

Cheryl walked over to stand in front of him, took her phone from her jeans back pocket and showed him a photo. “I’m going to be their plaything.”

Marc ran his eyes over the picture of a couple standing together, wearing only smiles and underwear, then looked back into Cheryl’s eyes. “They seem to have a lot of tattoos.”

“Hmm.”

“Do you like the idea of being their plaything?”

“We wouldn’t be here if I didn’t.”

“And what will you let them do?”

“Anything they want. I’ll be their slut.”

He let out a long exhale and looked at her pleadingly.

Cheryl laughed and glanced down at the bulge of his crotch. “Sorry babe, but you’re going to have to wait until after my playdate.” She looked out of the window. The rain had eased to a slight drizzle. “Let’s go get some fresh air.”

Three hours later, Cheryl sent Marc down to wait in the hotel bar while she got ready. After her shower, she oiled her legs, pinned her hair up and applied

makeup. She'd chosen a lacy black bra with matching thong, and over them wore a knee-length black dress. Stepping into a pair of red, peep-toed heels, she regarded herself in the full-length mirror. The oil gave her tanned legs a nice sheen, and her dress emphasised her slim waist and the swell of her hips. She picked up her bag and headed down to the bar.

Marc's eyes widened when he saw her. She felt the eyes of other men in the bar follow her across the room as she walked to meet her husband. He stood up and she kissed his cheek.

"You look gorgeous," he whispered.

"Thank you."

"Drink?"

"Should I have a whisky?" she asked with a smile. It'd been a bottle of twenty-year-old malt which first inspired her to invite Gavin to their bed at her brother's birthday weekend.

"Do you need a whisky?"

She shook her head. "Not really, but I'll have one anyway."

They took their drinks to a table in the corner. He checked his watch. "How far away is the bar where we're meeting them?"

"Just around the corner. That's why I chose this hotel."

They sipped their drinks in silence. She wondered who was more apprehensive. Finally, they downed their drinks and left the hotel. The rain had stopped and she slipped her hand into his as they walked together toward the seafront.

The bar was crowded, but Cheryl recognised the couple immediately. They were sitting at a table near the door, and when they saw her, they smiled and stood.

"Hi. I'm Trudi," the girl said, hugging first Cheryl, then Marc. "And this is Max."

Cheryl was surprised how wide the guy was. His chest and shoulders bulged with muscle. His arms were covered in tattoos, as were his hands.

"What can I get you to drink?" he asked in a cockney accent.

Cheryl ordered a white wine, Marc a beer.

While Max went to the bar, the other three settled down at the table and Trudi smiled at Cheryl. "I love your dress."

"Thanks."

"I can't wait to peel it off you."

Cheryl laughed but the words sent a flush of heat to her groin.

Max returned with their drinks and, as he moved around the table to sit next to Trudi, Cheryl couldn't help checking out his body. She wondered if he was as powerfully built below the waist as above it. When she looked up, Trudi's knowing smile suggested she'd seen her do it.

"Cheers," Max said, holding up his drink.

They chatted for a few minutes about London and Brighton, then Trudi asked how long Cheryl and Marc had been using the contact site.

"This is the first time. We're fairly new to this."

"We're not very active," Trudi confessed. "We don't really need anyone else, but every now and then I get a yearning for a woman and so..." She held out her hands as if to say *here we are*. "Max knows I'm bi, and after we got married, he offered me the chance to just meet up with women on my own, but I think that'd be cheating." She flashed him a smile. "To be honest, I get as much out of watching him touch a woman as I get out of touching her myself."

Cheryl looked at Max. "And do you enjoy watching Trudi with another woman?"

"Yeah." He grinned. "Though I also enjoy getting to touch the other woman, too."

Trudi turned to Marc. "I hope she's explained that you're just a spectator tonight."

Marc nodded.

"It's not that you're not sexy or anything, it's just that I only do stuff with other women." She reached over and gripped Max's hand. "He gives me all I need from a man, but there are some things he just can't give me."

"That's fine," Marc said. "I've watched before, and it won't be a problem."

Cheryl blinked and looked at her husband, but he kept his eyes on Trudi and

Max. She assumed he was talking about when she'd fucked Gavin, but she'd fucked Marc immediately beforehand.

Once the drinks were finished, Trudi suggested they head back to their place, which turned out to be a second-floor flat above a row of shops. It was a smart, modern space with an open-plan living room and kitchen. As soon as they were inside, Trudi put on some hip-hop music and came to stand facing Cheryl.

Even though they were both still in their heels, Cheryl was at least three inches taller than her new friend. She was aware of Marc watching from the couch as Trudi started to dance, moving her body to the bass riff and pushing her boobs against hers. It felt nice and she swayed with the beat, running her hands up and down Trudi's sides. Max sat in a chair by the window. She wondered yet again what it'd be like to run her hands over his powerful body.

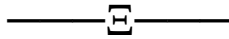
Trudi leaned in and kissed Cheryl's neck, sending shivers down her spine. Cheryl cupped the other woman's face and pulled her into a kiss. She groaned as Trudi's tongue probed her mouth and slid her own tongue against hers.

Their movements fell out of sync with the music as they swayed to the beat of their own rising passion. The dance became a full-on kiss and grope session. Trudi's hands were never still, pulling Cheryl's head down into the kiss, pawing her breasts through the dress, and cupping her arse. Trudi inched up the hem of Cheryl's dress and began to grind her crotch against an exposed thigh. Cheryl could feel the wetness of Trudi's sex through her panties.

Trudi broke the kiss and stared into her eyes. "I think it's time we take this through to the bedroom, don't you?"



Ψ



## 9 – Hard and Soft

Marc had been transfixed while Cheryl and Trudi were kissing and fondling each other. Only with the mention of moving to the bedroom did he let his eyes stray to Max, still sitting on the other side of the room. The guy was about to have sex with both women—what must he be feeling?

Trudi led Cheryl across the apartment, stopping at the door to look back at him and Max. “Come on, you two.”

The bedroom had mirrored wardrobes lining one wall, and a huge bed with a wrought iron headboard. The only other furniture was a small dressing table and a hardbacked chair on the opposite side of the bed to the wardrobes.

Trudi directed Marc to the chair, then handed him a box of tissues from the dressing table.

He frowned. “I don’t think—”

“It’s up to you, but there’s no need to be shy. We’re going to fuck your wife, and we know it’s what you want to see.”

Cheryl looked at him seriously. “I *want* you to have a wank while you’re watching us.” She gave him a smile. “Just try not to get cum on the carpet.”

He took the tissues and lowered himself onto the chair. Trudi stood in front of

Cheryl by the foot of the bed. Max stayed a few feet away with his arms folded over his barrel of a chest, presumably planning to let his wife have her fun before joining the action.

As Trudi reached up to kiss Cheryl again, her short dress rode up to reveal the tattooed ring of barbed wire circling one upper thigh. Their hands ran all over each other. Marc watched as Cheryl inched up the back of Trudi's dress to reveal two perfect spheres of tanned skin separated by the thin white strip of her thong.

Music was still playing in the living room, but the overriding soundtrack was of the women's heavy breathing and soft moans as they kissed and groped each other. Trudi lowered the zip at the back of Cheryl's dress and eased it off her shoulders. The material slipped down to Cheryl's waist, exposing her dark nipples through the lacy black bra. Trudi pushed the dress over Cheryl's hips and it slid down her legs. She looked amazing in the black thong and red high heels. Marc's chest tightened as he saw the lust in Max's eyes.

Trudi encouraged Cheryl to sit at the edge of the bed before stripping off her own dress. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her pert tits had very erect nipples. Marc had known from the picture that Trudi's tattoos weren't limited to the one on her thigh. A line of black roses trailed from her lower abdomen to her ribcage, and three swallows circled her chest above her small boobs. As she turned, he also saw a string of stars running up her back.

The small blonde dropped to her knees and slipped her fingers into the waistband of Cheryl's black thong. His wife lay back and raised her bum to let the other woman thread it down and off over her shoes.

Trudi bent forward and kissed the inside of Cheryl's right knee, then trailed kisses up her thigh until she reached her sex. She ran her tongue slowly through Cheryl's folds, making her moan. She did it again, this time spending a few moments at the end of the swipe to tease her clit.

Marc studied his wife's face. With her eyes closed and mouth open, she looked incredibly sexy.

Cheryl groaned and rocked her hips as Trudi slipped two fingers inside her. When the tiny blonde clamped her lips around her clit and pumped her fingers, Cheryl arched off the bed and let out a very unladylike grunt. Her high heels dug into the carpet and her thighs trembled, but Trudi gave her no respite, provoking more yelps and squeals as Cheryl shuddered through her

orgasm. Trudi eventually removed her fingers and gently kissed Cheryl's flat, toned stomach.

Lowering herself back to the bed, Cheryl opened her eyes and smiled. "Come lie here," she whispered, patting the mattress at her side.

Trudi crawled onto the bed. Cheryl knelt up and quickly pulled off the blonde's thong, then removed her own bra and shoes so that they were both completely naked. Cheryl placed her knees either side of Trudi's, lay down on top of her and licked all around her mouth, removing her own juices from the blonde's face.

This made Marc's cock ache with need. As their boobs crushed together, he wondered how different it must feel for his wife to be with someone as smooth and soft as herself. Cheryl started to thrust her hips, mashing their mounds together, and he briefly fantasised about watching his wife fuck another woman with a strap-on.

Cheryl broke the kiss and slid down Trudi's body, kissing her throat and chest before spending time teasing and sucking her nipples. She continued her journey south, kissing down the line of roses until she got to the thin strip of pubic hair. Just then, Cheryl glanced up at Marc. Her eyes held his as she ran her tongue through the puffy folds of Trudi's cunt.

His cock grew even harder inside his jeans.

She broke eye contact and went to work on satisfying her playmate.

Trudi writhed on the bed. "That's nice," she whispered, slowly pumping her hips. "Oh, that's really..." She took a breath, then threaded her fingers into Cheryl's hair. "You've done this before."

Marc held his breath. He'd often asked Cheryl if she'd ever been with another woman, and each time she'd deflected the question.

Cheryl kept teasing Trudi's nipple while probing her sex. When Trudi cried out in ecstasy, a weird sense of pride swept through Marc. His wife had made another woman come. Before he could examine this thought any further, Trudi sat up and lapped at the juices on Cheryl's face. Then she looked up at her husband. "Max, get your arse over here."

The women watched from the bed as Max peeled off his t-shirt, revealing his heavily tattooed and muscled upper body.

Cheryl stared at him with hungry eyes. "It's not his arse I'm interested in."

Trudi crawled to the foot of the bed and signalled for her husband to step closer. As Max kicked off his shoes, she unbuckled his belt and popped the buttons of his jeans. Max pushed them down from the waistband and his cock sprung into view, already hard.

Marc stared at it open-mouthed. So did Cheryl. The guy was *huge*.

Trudi leaned close and ran her tongue along its length as it stuck out at right-angles from his body. "What d'you think?" she asked Cheryl, smiling.

"I think it's the biggest cock I've ever seen," she whispered. Then she looked up into Max's eyes. "It's amazing."

He turned slightly so it was pointing in her direction. "Feel the weight of it."

Cheryl reached up and wrapped her fingers around the base. Marc noticed the tips of her fingers didn't even reach her thumb.

Trudi leaned forward and, looking into Cheryl's eyes, ran her tongue up its length again. "Want to help me suck it?"

Marc saw his wife lick her lips and lean forward. She opened her mouth and stretched her lips around the bulbous cockhead. Trudi repeated her action of licking up the shaft, and then both women were licking and sucking on Max's monster cock, their lips occasionally meeting for a kiss. Cheryl began to slowly pump the base of Max's shaft, and Trudi cupped his huge balls in her tiny hand.

As Max dropped his head back and closed his eyes, Marc had to adjust himself in the chair. His own cock was now uncomfortably hard.

"Okay," Trudi said, stroking Cheryl's hair. "I think it's time you got to feel this baby inside you. Turn around so Marc can see your face."

"What?" Cheryl asked.

Trudi was already helping her into a kneeling position with her backside facing Max. "I know cucks like to watch their wife's face when another man's cock first goes in." She kissed Cheryl's ear. "Especially when it's a big cock that hurts a little."

Cheryl knelt on the bed and stared into Marc's eyes. She looked apprehensive, and he couldn't blame her. Trudi stretched herself on her back beneath Cheryl, her feet on the pillow and her head between Cheryl's knees.

Marc looked into his wife's face, then glanced at the mirrored wardrobes and got a perfect view of Max's cock as he guided it to her opening.

Cheryl moaned, then her eyes and mouth opened wide. In the mirror, Marc saw his wife's sex stretch wide around the domed tip. As it pushed inside, Cheryl squealed. Max held still for a few seconds before leaning forward, feeding more of his fat cock into her.

Cheryl's expression was a mixture of shock and pain. She winced and bit her lip, then dropped her jaw.

"Keep it nice and slow," Trudi said, raising her head to suck Max's balls as he gradually fed more inches into Cheryl.

Cheryl let out a low groan. Breathing heavily through clenched teeth, she looked at Marc with unfocused eyes. Max placed his big, tattooed hands on her waist and slowly pumped his hips.

Trudi was running her hand where her two lovers were joined, alternating between rubbing Cheryl's clit and stroking Max's slick exposed shaft on the out-stroke.

Cheryl nodded at the tissues on Marc's lap. "Get your dick out," she rasped. He frowned, though in truth he was desperate for release.

Cheryl's eyes fluttered, then she looked at him once more. "I want you to come with me."

Reluctantly, Marc undid his belt and buttons. He'd never had reason to feel inadequate before, but Max's cock was like nothing he'd ever seen.

"Oh yeah," Cheryl whispered as Trudi licked her clit. "Oh fuck, that's so... Ahhh!"

Max was now fucking her with long, deep thrusts, his entire shaft disappearing inside Cheryl with each in-stroke. She was taking it all.

As Cheryl's voice rose in pitch, Marc watched her face. She was on the brink. Then she opened her eyes and stared directly into his. Her mouth dropped open and a series of short, staccato moans signalled her orgasm. Marc pumped his cock. She cried out again and again as Max increased the intensity. Cheryl dropped her head as Max pounded her. Her eyes were closed tight and her tits shuddered with each impact.

Suddenly Max pushed deep and held still. Cheryl opened her eyes and looked

up at Marc. They both knew Max was firing his load deep into her body. Holding his wife's gaze, Marc blew his own load into the wad of tissues.

Max slowly eased out and stepped back from the bed. Trudi adjusted Cheryl's position so Cheryl was kneeling over her face. Then, to Marc's amazement, Trudi looked up at Cheryl's sex and told her to squeeze it out. Cheryl frowned but did as asked. A huge glob of cum dripped out of Cheryl into Trudi's open mouth. She made a point of swallowing, then raised her head and licked all around Cheryl's sex.

Marc wiped his cock and slipped it back inside his boxers, though he didn't bother to fasten his jeans or belt. The women lay on the bed and Max joined them. With Cheryl lying in the middle, they soon started fondling each other again. Marc wondered what it must be like for Cheryl to be sandwiched between a body as hard as Max's and one as soft as Trudi's.

Max leaned in and kissed Cheryl, then Trudi took his place. They each kissed her in turn for a while, then Max ran his hand down Cheryl's body, skimming over her breasts before sliding it down past her stomach. He pushed two thick fingers into her swollen sex, making her groan. Cheryl ran her hand down to his cock and started to pump it. He was hard again and she spread her legs, ready for more.

Max clambered on top and was about to enter Cheryl again when Trudi knelt up, turned her back to her husband, and straddled Cheryl's head. Gripping the headboard, she lowered her sex onto Cheryl's face.

As Marc watched his wife's tongue probe into Trudi's moist pink slit, Max pushed forward and slid all the way into Cheryl. She let out a grateful moan but didn't stop pleasuring Trudi. The three of them rocked and moaned for quite some time. The air was thick with the smell of sex. Marc released his cock and slowly pumped it as his wife undulated beneath the other two. Trudi came first, grinding herself down so all Marc could see of Cheryl's face was her chin moving between the blonde's perfect arse cheeks.

Trudi knelt up and tenderly stroked Cheryl's hair before manoeuvring herself alongside Cheryl's head, facing Max. Cheryl raised her hips to meet each thrust of Max's cock, her cheeks flushed pink and eyes closed. She was coming again, and Marc wanked himself faster. As Cheryl cried and sobbed through her orgasm, Trudi groped her breasts and leaned down to kiss her mouth.

The blonde looked up at Max. “Come over her this time.”

He nodded but didn't change his rhythm. His thick, inked arms supported his upper body as his hips pumped like a piston. Cheryl thrashed her head from side to side under the onslaught.

Max finally withdrew. All eyes were on his huge cock as it twitched twice and then fired thick ropes of creamy-white jism over her stomach and tits. As Trudi massaged it into her skin, Marc shot his own spunk into another bundle of tissues.

The three on the bed settled down and cuddled again, this time with Max lying between the two women, Trudi on the far side and Cheryl next to Marc's chair.

She reached across and took his hand, giving him a smile. “You okay?” she asked quietly.

Marc nodded, no longer worried about his spent cock being on view.

After several minutes, Cheryl leaned up to look at Trudi. “Is he going to be able to get it up again?” she asked, as if Max wasn't there.

Trudi laughed. “Definitely.”

“Can I watch him fuck you?”

Trudi looked surprised. “He can fuck me whenever he wants, so I think he'd probably prefer to do you again.”

“Yeah, but I want to see you with that cock inside you.”

Trudi held her gaze for a second, then looked at Max. “What d'you think?”

He nodded. “Works for me.”

Max lay flat on his back as both women kissed his upper body. They kissed his shoulders and chest, moving down in unison over his ripped abs. His cock was already thickening by the time their mouths reached it. They took it in turns to suck it, then both licked down the shaft at the same time and each woman took one of his balls into her mouth. Unsurprisingly, Max was soon sporting a full erection.

“Okay,” Cheryl said, now directing the action. “Turn round and ride him reverse cowgirl.”

Trudi did as she was told. Marc noticed that even though she must have taken

Max's cock hundreds of times, she was still slow and careful as she positioned the fat head and lowered herself down onto it.

Their respective bodies couldn't be more different. Max's cock was thicker than Trudi's wrist; seeing her petite body taking something so large gave Marc a weird sort of thrill he couldn't explain.

"Okay," Cheryl whispered. "Now lean back on his chest and ride that cock."

Trudi lay back and rocked her hips. Cheryl lowered her head and sucked Max's balls, then placed her tongue on the base of his shaft as the tiny blonde bounced on it. After a couple of minutes, Cheryl eased Trudi up and slipped the cock out, immediately taking it into her mouth and bobbing her head for a few seconds before feeding it back inside the blonde's sex.

After Cheryl had sucked Max and fed him back into his wife for the third time, Trudi started to rock her hips with more urgency. With Max's cock buried deep inside her and Cheryl's lips clamped around her clit, Trudi screamed her release. Max held her hips, keeping her in place as if she weighed nothing. She looked delirious.

Cheryl knelt up and kissed her on the mouth. "You're so fucking sexy," she whispered between kisses.

Max was breathing heavily, still bouncing Trudi on his cock.

Cheryl kissed Trudi's face. "Is it okay if I take him out so he can finish in my mouth?"

Trudi opened her eyes and nodded. It seemed to take every ounce of strength to raise herself off her husband's cock.

Cheryl immediately gripped it in her fist and wrapped her lips around it. She couldn't take more than the top third into her mouth but she bobbed her head and pumped her hand with gusto.

Marc watched, thrilled by her eagerness.

Max grunted. Marc heard his wife gulp as she swallowed the load. Cheryl kept bobbing her head and Max groaned again. Marc wondered just how much the guy could come on his third time, and just how much his wife could swallow. He never found out because Cheryl didn't spill a single drop before releasing his cock and licking around the bulbous tip.

As the three on the bed settled down to get their breaths back, a series of

fantasies ran through Marc's mind. Cheryl sucking off a guy while Marc fucked her from behind; Marc watching Cheryl suck off one guy while another fucked her from behind; Cheryl surrounded by a group of men ready to take turns—

*“Marc!”*

He looked up, startled. The others were standing by the bed, looking at him. Cheryl already had her thong on and was fastening her bra.

“Sorry,” he said.

“It's okay.” Cheryl smiled. “I thought you'd fallen asleep.”

He laughed. “No. There was no chance of that happening.”

“Come on,” Cheryl said, pulling her dress on. “Fasten your trousers and let's leave these people in peace.”

She stepped into her shoes and hugged first Max, then Trudi. “I had a wonderful time.”

Max shook Marc's hand and Trudi gave him a final hug, then they were walking down the steep stairs and letting themselves out through the door onto the pavement.

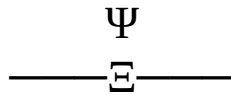
The air was cool, the smell of the sea strong in his nostrils. Everything felt a little surreal, as if he'd just been ejected from a dream.

Cheryl hugged into his arm. “Are you okay?” she asked, looking up in concern.

“I'm fine. You?”

She smiled shyly. “I may not be able to walk properly for a couple of days, but yes. I loved every minute of it.”

He laughed. “It's a good job you booked a hotel so close, then.”



## 10 – Dirty and Nasty

Cheryl woke to the sound of seagulls. Marc slept peacefully beside her.

When they'd got back to the hotel last night, he'd bathed her, put her to bed and held her all night long. Evidently, he'd taken her ground rules to heart. Either that, or he was too drained after jacking himself off twice while watching her with Trudi and Max.

She kissed his chest, making him stir. "Hey, sleepyhead."

He opened his eyes. "Hi."

"You okay?"

Smiling, he nodded. "What about you? Do you think you'll be able to pee without pain?"

"Probably not, but it was so worth it."

Once washed and dressed, they headed downstairs for breakfast. Trudi and Max weren't mentioned again until they were in their car driving north towards London.

Cheryl put her hand on her husband's leg. "So, do you want to talk about last night?"

He glanced at her, then turned his eyes back to the road. "I want to talk about every aspect of last night, but if we do it now, I'm likely to cause an accident."

"Fair enough. I'm happy to wait."

For the rest of the journey, they listened to Cheryl's playlist and chatted

about the sort of impact Cheryl's colleague leaving would have on her workload.

Once home, they lit the fire and snuggled up on the couch to discuss their night with the other couple.

"So," she said, waiting for the question she knew he was dying to ask. "What shall we talk about first?"

"How did last night rate, compared to your other playdates?"

Impressed by his restraint, she smiled. "I think last night topped everything I've had so far."

"And what made it so special?"

"I found both partners hot. Max's cock was the biggest I've ever seen, let alone had, and the fact you were there watching added to the sensuality of what I was doing."

"Have you had a threesome before?"

She frowned. "You know I have. You were there."

"I mean apart from the one with me and Gavin."

"No."

"It's just that..." He shrugged. "Trudi seemed to think you'd been with a woman before."

*And there it is.* "She was right. I have."

He licked his lips, his eagerness palpable. "So, you had sex with another woman when there wasn't a man there?"

"Yes."

"Right, so... How did...? I mean, what...?" He shrugged. "What I'm wondering is, how did you get into the situation where you... you know, decided to...?"

Cheryl couldn't help laughing at his inability to ask a simple question. It was a good job she was the lawyer, and not him. "We were classmates at university and had been out for a drink one night. When we got back to her flat, I said something about it being a shame we didn't see any men we fancied. She disagreed and admitted she'd managed to get the person she fancied most back to her place."

“What did you do?”

Cheryl remembered the shock and excitement of the moment. “I tingled.” He continued to stare at her open-mouthed for several seconds before seeming to realise she’d answered his question. “Did you know she was a lesbian?”

“She’s not a lesbian. She’s now married with three kids.”

He blinked. “Are you still in touch with her?”

“Yes. We went to her wedding.”

Marc’s face was a picture, his expression like that of a child trying to work out an arithmetic problem.

“It doesn’t matter who I’m talking about, before you ask. She was into girls as well as men when she was younger and, as it turned out, so was I.”

“So what happened?”

Cheryl sighed. “God, please don’t tell me you expect me to remember the blow-by-blow details.”

“No, I... I just find it interesting. And enlightening.” He gave a grin. “And sexy.”

Cheryl chuckled, deciding to give him what he wanted. “When I didn’t answer her, she stepped forward and kissed me. I didn’t pull away. When she kissed me a second time, I kissed her back. She took me into her bedroom and removed my clothes, kissing every part she exposed. Once she had me naked, she laid me on her bed and gave me one of the most intense orgasms I’d ever had. Then I tried to return the favour.”

He swallowed, then bit his lower lip as he studied her eyes. “What was it like, compared to men?”

“Well, she didn’t have a cock.”

“You know what I mean. How was it to kiss someone so soft? To touch a body that wasn’t hairy and hard?”

“It was nice.”

“I thought about that last night. Wondered how it must have felt having one body as wide and hard as Max’s and another as tiny and soft as Trudi’s.”

She nodded. "It was an interesting contrast."

"So, getting back to your first time, how many...?"

"What? If you mean how many times did we both come, I have no idea."

"No, how many different... You know."

"How many different nights did I sleep with her? How many other cunts have I licked?"

His already-wide eyes got even bigger. "She wasn't the only one?"

"No. She took me to a gay club a couple of times, and one night I was picked up by another woman."

"What about your friend?"

"She picked up someone else."

"And what did... You slept with the other woman?"

"Mm hmm." Cheryl smiled and leaned close. "I let her fuck me with a strap-on almost as big as Max's cock."

"How come you've never told me about it?"

"I didn't think it was important."

He gasped, then gave an embarrassed smile. "I think most husbands would like to hear about those sorts of details from their wives' past."

"Yeah, I suppose they would." She stroked his leg. "So, now's probably the time for you to tell me if you've ever sucked off any of your friends."

He laughed out loud. "Sorry, but I think you'd find my past a little boring compared to yours."

"Never played with any of their dicks?"

"No."

"You seemed to be quite taken with Max's."

"What?"

"While I was sucking Max's dick, I watched your face in the mirror. You couldn't take your eyes off it."

"I'd never seen anything like it. Not even in pornos." He shook his head. "I wondered if you'd be able to take it."

She nodded. "If he'd suggested we try anal, I'd have made a very sharp exit."  
"But as it was, you got it where you wanted it." He straightened up, his eyes bright. "So... how did it feel?"

She was getting wetter by the second. "Want to continue this conversation in bed?"

"Aren't you too sore?"

"No."

Marc practically dragged her upstairs. They stripped off and slipped beneath the quilt. She opened her legs as he climbed on top, then sighed as he slid inside her. Neither spoke as he moved gently in and out.

Cheryl gripped his buttocks and undulated beneath him. Putting her lips by his ear, she whispered, "When he first entered me, it really hurt. But as soon as I'd stretched, it felt fantastic. I was filled to the brim. I could feel his cock pressing against everything. His girth pushed my walls as wide as they'd go, and the tip of his cock was banging on the roof."

Marc sighed. "I may not last long."

"I don't care."

"How many times did you come last night?"

"No idea. Maybe five or six."

"Are you going to come now?"

"Probably."

"I loved watching you suck him off."

The change of subject surprised her. She'd expected more questions about what it was like to have a cock that big inside her.

"At the end?"

He nodded.

"Why?"

"Partly because I knew you were getting Trudi's juices in your mouth."

"Perv."

"Yeah. But mostly because you seemed so eager for him to come."

“I think that was the point. Trudi and I had already come, so it was his turn.”

“I know that, but you seemed desperate for him to fill your mouth.”

Was that a complaint? She eased his head up so she could see his face. “Did it bother you?”

“No. I loved seeing you act that way.”

“What way?”

“Desperate. Desperate for cock, and desperate for cum.”

She wasn't sure how she felt about that description.

“I like when you act like a desperate slut.”

Nor that one.

“I want to see you act like that with two men. I want to watch two guys use your body, and I want to see the need in your eyes as you wait for them both to come.”

Cheryl shuddered as her orgasm arrived out of nowhere. Marc cried out and they became a tangle of flailing limbs and trembling bodies. She ground herself against him as his cock twitched and pulsed. As he fired his hot load inside her, she came again, jerking her body as each nerve-tingling spasm jolted her. If he were to open his eyes, he'd see a desperate slut welcoming each eruption he shot into her core.

With their bodies pressed tightly together, she felt their thumping hearts slow to a more normal rate. She ran her hand down his back and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you.”

He snorted. “I think I should be saying that.”

“No.” She kissed his cheek again. “Thank you for letting me have fun last night and thank you for making me feel good just now.”

“Even though my cock's nothing like Max's?”

“Your cock gets me off perfectly well. You know that.”

He smiled. “Can I tell you a secret?”

“Is it about sucking off one of your mates?”

“What? *No!* Weirdo.” He gave her a reproving scowl. “No, my secret is that I really liked seeing Trudi getting reamed by her husband.”

“I’m not surprised. You’re allowed to fancy other women, and Trudi was really sexy.” Cheryl smiled. “If you feel like you’re missing out, I’m happy for us to find a swinging couple who—”

“No, that’s not what I mean.” He slid off and lay on his side, propped up on one elbow. “What I meant was, I got a big kick out of seeing someone that small take something so big. It was like one of those anime pornos where a huge, ugly creature fucks a tiny, gorgeous elf.”

“There are films like that?”

“Apparently.”

“I guess I can see the appeal.”

“That’s why I want you to find two really big guys.”

“I don’t think I could take them any bigger than Max.”

“I don’t mean their dicks, I mean their bodies. I want you to find two big bodybuilder types, preferably with big dicks—”

“Yes please.”

“But I like the idea of you looking tiny between them.”

Cheryl stared at him, a tingle of anticipation coursing through her body. “So you like that idea now?”

“Yeah.”

His obvious excitement thrilled her as much as the thought of two guys using her. Well, almost. “Why? What’s changed?”

“I didn’t realise how sexy you look when you fuck other people.”

She smiled. “Would you want to be there if I have two guys?”

“Yeah. And it’s not *if*, it’s *when*.”

“God, you’re getting me horny again.”

“I’m all worn out. You’re going to have to play with yourself.”

Cheryl laughed. “I don’t think that’s going to happen.”

“You watched me wank off twice last night, and also caught me doing it the other morning.”

“That’s diff—”

“No it’s not.” He pushed the quilt down and ran his eyes over her body. “Get yourself off if you’re horny.”

She felt weirdly self-conscious. “Some husbands perform clean-up after their hotwives have had sex.”

“I know, but I’m not that type of husband. Even though it’s my own spunk.”

“You want me to pleasure myself?”

He nodded.

“Can I use my vibrator?”

“Next time, maybe.” He grinned. “For now, I’ll be happy to watch those magic fingers that got Trudi squealing.”

Cheryl held his gaze and slid her hand down her body, toying with her pubes before going farther down and dragging her fingertips over her swollen folds. She lubed her middle finger and ran her slick tip around her clit.

Marc inched himself down the bed, his head turning as his gaze flicked from her fingers to her face. “What are you thinking about?”

“I’m thinking this is a little embarrassing.”

“No it isn’t. I’ve watched you come a thousand times, and within the last eighteen hours I’ve watched you come on a woman’s tongue *and* on the biggest dick I’ve ever seen. This is nothing compared to those.”

Cheryl licked her lips, then nodded. “Okay, I guess I have no reason to be embarrassed.”

“I also love you, so nothing you do in front of me should ever be embarrassing. So, what are you going to think about?”

“Max’s cock filling me up while Trudi sucked my clit.”

“Did it feel good?”

Cheryl closed her eyes. “Oh yeah.”

“We could simulate that, sometime. I could fuck you with your vibrator while sucking your clit.”

“Or I could just find another couple to fuck.”

“We could do both, but not until after you’ve taken two guys.”

Cheryl closed her eyes as her thoughts switched to that scenario. She cupped

herself and pumped her hips, grinding her clit against her palm as her fingers probed her hole. In her mind's eye, she was on all fours being spit-roasted by two guys. The guy fucking her was also fingering her arse, and the guy in her mouth kept pulling out and wiping his wet cock across her cheeks before pushing it back into her mouth and forcing himself down her throat.

“Now what are you thinking about?”

She'd momentarily forgotten Marc was there. “Being drilled from both ends.”

“Front and back?”

She shook her head. “Mouth and twat.”

“Where do you want them to come?”

“Wherever they want.”

“Would you take them both in your mouth, one after the other?”

Cheryl thought about it and nodded.

“Would you take them both in your cunt, one after the other?”

Safe sex seemed to have been side-stepped in this fantasy. “Yes.”

“Would you take them both on your face at the same time?”

She opened her eyes and stared at him. He was jerking off. “Yes.”

Marc was breathing hard. “Would you take mine on your face now?”

She nodded and rubbed herself faster.

He scrambled up onto his knees and straddled her chest, pumping his cock and pointing it down at her face. She pushed a third finger into her cunt and rocked her hand.

The orgasm surged through her. “Oh fuck.”

Marc pumped faster and came on her face, the first spurt splattering her nose and left cheek, the second and third going into her gaping mouth. She lifted her head and sucked his tip, making him cry out as a fourth spurt covered her tongue. She swallowed and bobbed her head, jabbing her fingers into her still-tender cunt while digging her heels into the mattress.

If he wanted a desperate slut, she was apparently more than willing to take on the role.

He stared down at her cum-splattered face. It may have been the post-orgasmic comedown, but he suddenly looked ashamed of his behaviour. She found it endearing and annoying at the same time.

“I guess we’ll need a shower before we go out to dinner,” he said.

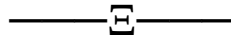
Holding his gaze, she said, “Kiss me.”

He hesitated for a moment, then back-crawled down her body until his knees were either side of her hips. Leaning down, he held his face over hers, glancing at the cum on her face before looking deep into her eyes. He lowered himself and sealed his lips to hers, probing her mouth with his tongue.

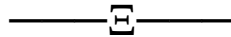
To her amazement, he broke the kiss and licked his cum from her cheek and nose, then kissed her again. She slid her tongue against his, revelling in the sordidness of what they were doing. She remembered him saying something a while ago about these adventures being dirty and nasty.

As Cheryl sucked the cum off her husband’s tongue, still sore down below after being used by a woman and two men over the last few hours, dirty and nasty was exactly how she felt.

Well... Dirty, nasty and incredibly lucky.



Ψ



## 11 – The Calm Before the Storm

After their weekend with Trudi and Max, Marc noticed that Cheryl's workload suddenly got much heavier. Since she seemed to be too busy in the evenings to talk about what had happened, he spent a lot of time mulling over their experience. He'd loved watching her with Trudi, and the revelation about her earlier hook-ups with women had given him a huge buzz. And he'd thoroughly enjoyed seeing Cheryl take a really big cock. He still got a shiver from remembering her expression when Max first entered her.

Since their return from Brighton, he'd also spent a considerable amount of time thinking about their afternoon session. He'd done things that he never imagined himself doing, namely licking his cum from her face. In the heat of the moment, he'd been happy to do it. After all, she'd done far worse for him when he'd reclaimed her in the kitchen after her night with the Texan. She'd sucked his cock immediately after he'd taken her anally. Tasting his own cum seemed insignificant in comparison, but now he had a constant niggling in his gut that she may one day expect him to perform clean-up after a playdate with a bull.

When Cheryl came home from work on Monday evening, she placed a large stack of files on the kitchen counter. Although Marc understood her need to

catch up on the cases she'd be inheriting from Toby when he moved to Ireland, he was surprised just how much extra work she was getting. Wouldn't her colleague have to work a notice period?

"Has he left already?" Marc asked.

"No, but his wife's having complications with her pregnancy. Baby's fine, but it means that while she's being kept in hospital for bedrest, Toby has the other two kids to look after." She shrugged. "He's working from home when he's not in court, and also helping with the cases we'll be left with."

"Well, I'm sure you'll get through it. If you want to make a start on them now, I'll give you a shout when dinner's ready."

"Thanks love."

"Do you want a cup of tea while you're working?"

"Whisky would be better."

He laughed. "Probably not a good idea if you're supposed to be giving sound legal advice."

"Hmm, you could be right."

"Besides," he called as she made her way into the hall, "drinking whisky usually results in you fucking other men."

She turned to look at him. "In that case, you'd better order me a new bottle of malt. By the time I've got through all this shit, I'll be more than ready for some fun."

"What sort of fun?"

"Just because I'm getting buried in work doesn't mean I've forgotten what you promised me for next time."

His balls clenched in his sac. "I didn't say it had to be next, I just said you had to do it at some point."

"Stop distracting me with sexy thoughts, I need a clear head." She gave him a beautiful smile. "A cup of tea would be lovely."

While he was waiting for the kettle to boil, he took peppers and mushrooms from the fridge and put two chicken breasts in the microwave to defrost. Then took Cheryl's tea to the office in their smallest bedroom.

Cheryl had changed out of her trouser suit and blouse into a pair of leggings

and t-shirt. She flashed him a smile as he placed the cup on her desk.

He kissed the top of her head. "Dinner will be about half an hour."

"Great, thanks."

It was rather later by the time he called her for dinner because he'd decided to walk to the local supermarket to buy a fajita sauce, tortilla wraps and sour cream. He got himself a beer. When she walked into the kitchen, he held up his bottle and raised his eyebrows.

"No thanks," she said. "But make sure there's some left for when I finish."

"Much more to do?"

She shrugged. "I could spend all night working, but I'll only do another hour. I promise." She walked to the fridge and took out a bottle of sparkling water.

"Any interesting cases?"

"Not really. Toby had a couple of unfair dismissal cases that looked good, but I think Jeffrey wants to give them to the new guy when he starts. I seem to be getting the run-of-the-mill stuff. Conveyancing mostly, though there's a divorce case that's kind of interesting."

"Oh?"

She nodded, taking a sip of her water straight from the bottle. "I met the woman for the first time yesterday, and it got me thinking about things. Her husband admitted he'd kissed another woman." She explained that while the husband and a female colleague had been working on the same project, a relationship had blossomed. After a work-related celebratory drink, they'd kissed. He was adamant it was nothing more than a kiss, but because he'd felt guilty about it, he told his wife. "She's kicked him out and filed for divorce."

"Wow." Marc shook his head. "Seems a bit harsh."

"I know. She said she could never trust him again and considers it adultery. I explained that in the UK, citing adultery means he had sexual relations, and a single kiss doesn't really constitute sexual relations."

"Depends where he kissed her."

Cheryl ignored his witticism and looked into his eyes. "I guess if you ever decided to divorce me, I wouldn't have a leg to stand on."

Marc smiled at her. "That's never going to happen, and you know it."

“Promise?”

He nodded. “I think the guy admitting having feelings for the other woman is more damaging than you using other men’s cocks for pleasure.”

“I’m not sure the law courts would agree.”

“Besides,” he said, “we both know I get as much out of it as you do.”

She nodded distractedly and sipped at her water. “So, you said earlier that me having two bulls at the same time doesn’t have to be our next adventure.”

“I think that’s something we should plan and look forward to. In the meantime, you could maybe have a quickie or two.”

“I like that idea.”

A tingle of excitement thrummed through his groin. “I might have had a few thoughts about that.”

She shook her hair back and laughed. “Why am I not surprised?”

“Maybe I’ll tell you about them later, after you’ve finished whatever you need to do.”

“Tell me now.”

“Okay.” His cock thickened as he thought about the fantasy he’d formulated over the last couple of days. “We go out to a bar. You’re dressed up like you do for work—skirt suit, blouse and high heels—but without panties.”

“I don’t always wear panties for work.”

“Hussy! Anyway, while we’re in the bar, I choose a man and—”

“Why can’t I choose him?”

“Because it was my idea. I choose the man and tell him what I want.”

“And what do you want?”

“I want him to follow me to a quiet spot in the bar where you’ll be waiting, facing the wall. You’ll hitch your skirt up, and he’ll fuck you without ever seeing your face. Once he’s finished, he can go back to his drink, and we’ll go to another bar, where you can tell me what it felt like to get fucked by someone you’d never recognise again.”

“You’re sick.”

“I know.”

“But I love how your brain works.”

“Does that mean you’ll do it?”

She shrugged. “I think there are a lot of potential flaws in the plan, but it’s a sexy fantasy.”

“So you won’t do it?” He couldn’t help feeling disappointed.

“I didn’t say that. I’ll be happy to dress up and wear no panties. If you can find a quiet spot and a guy who’s willing to risk getting prosecuted for public indecency, it might just work.”

“I knew it was a mistake to discuss it when you were in legal mode.”

“Speaking of which…” She wiped her mouth with a napkin and stood up.

“Thank you for dinner, and thanks for thinking of sexy ways for me to get off.”

“My pleasure.”

After Cheryl had gone back upstairs, Marc cleared away the dishes and got himself another beer. He was pretty sure he knew the perfect place for his fantasy. It was a sports bar he’d been in a few times. The clientele were predominantly men, and numerous areas were usually left deserted whenever a big match was showing. His cock tingled at the thought of going there for the Saturday evening game.

\* \* \* \*

Late on Saturday afternoon, Cheryl came down to the living room wearing a charcoal two-piece suit, white blouse, black stilettos with bare legs, and a mischievous smile. Holding Marc’s eye, she slowly inched up her skirt until he could see her exposed sex.

His stomach knotted. “You look fabulous.”

“I still don’t think this is going to work.”

“I don’t care. I’ll be with the best-looking woman in the bar, knowing she’s not wearing panties.”

Cheryl laughed and reached out her hand. “Come on, let’s see where the night takes us.”

They took the Tube, changing at Oxford Circus for Charing Cross. The evening was mild and dry, and they decided to call at a different bar for a

couple of drinks first.

Sitting at a table in the corner, Cheryl leaned close enough to whisper without being overheard. "I doubt anything will happen, but do you want to go into the loo and buy some condoms, just in case?"

Marc patted his jacket pocket. "Way ahead of you."

She laughed, then downed half of her glass of wine. Fifteen minutes later, they were walking along the pavement and into the sports bar. The place was packed. Nearly every man in the room ran his eyes over Cheryl as Marc led her to the long wooden counter. As he ordered their drinks, she leaned close.

"I'm overdressed," she hissed.

"You look gorgeous."

"Every other woman in here is wearing jeans and trainers."

He nodded. "They've probably got knickers on, too."

"Twat!"

He laughed, paid the barmaid and handed Cheryl a large glass of wine.

"Come on." He led her over to stand by a pillar fitted with a narrow shelf for glasses. There was one tall stool, which he suggested Cheryl use.

She gazed around the bar, frowning. "I'd imagined the clientele would be professional men in suits."

"Everyone dresses down on a Saturday."

"Then I should have done the same and worn a denim skirt and casual top. I stick out like a sore thumb."

"There isn't a guy in here who hasn't eyed you up."

"I thought the plan was for them never to see my face. If everyone's seen me, what's the point of facing the wall?"

"So you never see him."

She shook her head. "It's a stupid plan. There's no way we could do anything in here without being seen."

"Wait until the match starts."

Several minutes later, as Marc had predicted, the crowd swarmed to the huge screen near the back of the room as kick-off approached. Marc took Cheryl's

hand and led her up three steps to a short, wide corridor. The toilets were situated on the left. To the right were three smaller rooms, each with a flatscreen TV mounted high on the wall. They walked past an older couple sitting in a dark corner, watching a rally car race. Marc led Cheryl into one of the empty rooms further down and they sat at a table next to the doorway.

Cheryl was glancing around, obviously worried. “There’s no door. Anyone walking past will be able to see in.”

“Who’d be walking past? Everyone will be watching the match, and the only other place they’ll go is to the bar or the toilets, neither of which necessitate walking past this room.”

She frowned and shook her head. “I just can’t help thinking there are hundreds of places in London that would be more discreet than here.”

“Yeah, but where’s the fun in that? This is all about you getting fucked in public with the distinct possibility of being caught doing it.”

“No it isn’t!”

He laughed and gripped her hand. “I know. I’ve thought about this a lot, and I really think this place will be perfect.”

Just then, a great cheer rang out from the crowd.

“Sounds like Chelsea scored before you did,” Marc said.

Cheryl slapped his arm and picked up her nearly-empty wine glass. “Go and get me another one of these.”

He went to the bar, glancing into the men’s toilets as he passed it. His original plan was to find a guy for Cheryl in there, though he now felt some trepidation about approaching someone in the toilets with a condom and suggesting they follow him. He found himself wondering how he was actually going to make this adventure happen without getting punched in the face or hurled from the premises.

As it turned out, he needn’t have worried. While Marc waited for the barmaid to open a fresh bottle of wine, a man in the queue next to him nudged his elbow.

“You don’t want to leave your missus on her own in here, mate,” the guy said.

Marc studied him. He was in his early twenties, about his own height and

wearing a Chelsea football shirt. “Why’s that?”

The younger guy nodded towards the people crowded around the screen. “All of them eyed her up when you first came in. With Chelsea winning and a few beers inside them, they’re all going to be walking hard-ons.”

“What about you?”

The guy grinned. “I’ve been a walking hard-on since you first brought her in.”

Marc thought about it, then decided it was too good an opportunity to miss. He reached into his jacket pocket and leaned closer to the guy. “We’re in the back room on the left,” he said motioning with his beer bottle. “Follow me up there in a minute or so.” He held out the condom. “And bring this with you.”

The guy stared. “You havin’ a laugh?”

“No.” Marc kept his expression serious, then smiled. “We like to play.”

The guy hesitated a moment longer, then gripped the condom in his hand.

Marc paid the barmaid, picked up Cheryl’s drink and headed for the steps. Once he got to the room where Cheryl was waiting, he put her glass on the table and smiled at her.

“I think you should go stand over there,” he said, pointing to the corner least easily viewed from the doorway.

“What?” Cheryl looked shocked.

“Don’t hang about or you’ll see his face. He’ll be here any second.”

She gave an exasperated sigh, then stood up and walked over to where he’d indicated. Marc admired her in the suit, the skirt hugging her bum and her calves tanned and toned in the high heels.

A shadow fell across the room. Marc motioned the young Chelsea fan inside, then went to stand by the doorway and glanced down the empty corridor. He smiled at Cheryl. “Babe, why don’t you show my friend what’s on offer?”

Cheryl stood perfectly still for three or four seconds, then reached down and slowly pulled her skirt up.

The guy gaped as more and more of her perfect legs came into view. As the skirt reached mid-thigh, he glanced at Marc, who offered a reassuring smile. The guy’s breath caught as her bare arse came into view. He glanced at Marc

again.

Marc nodded at the condom in the guy's hand, then tilted his head in Cheryl's direction.

With an incredulous expression, the guy stepped over to stand behind Cheryl. He ran his hand tentatively over her backside as if waiting for her to turn and slap him. Her only response was to wriggle her arse and push it further back.

After a final questioning look at Marc, the younger man ripped the foil with his teeth while undoing his jeans. Marc glanced down the corridor, then back to the corner. The guy had rolled the condom on and nudged one of Cheryl's shoes with his toe. She widened her feet. With one hand holding her skirt around her waist, she braced herself against the wall and pushed her arse further out.

The guy bent his knees and pressed his groin forward. He straightened his legs and Cheryl let out a moan.

He'd entered her.

As the guy pumped his hips, Marc felt his throat constrict. His lawyer wife was getting fucked in a crowded London pub with about three hundred people mere yards away. He leaned out to check the corridor again. A different man in a Chelsea shirt came out of the toilets and hurried down the steps to watch the football.

When Marc turned back to Cheryl, she'd let go of her skirt and was resting both hands on the wall, pushing herself back to meet the powerful thrusts of her unknown partner. The guy gripped her hips and fucked her hard. Cheryl seemed to be stifling her grunts, so Marc had no idea if she'd managed to come. Then the guy's head fell back and he held still for a few seconds. He was coming, no doubt flooding the teat of the condom as Cheryl wriggled from side to side.

Marc knew she'd be clenching and releasing his cock to make it as nice for him as she could.

The guy gave maybe another dozen hard, single jabs of his hips before letting out a long breath and gripping his shaft to hold the condom in place as he withdrew. He turned to look at Marc, tucked his sheathed cock back into his shorts and fastened his jeans. With a nod, he left the room. Marc watched him walk down the short corridor and into the toilets, no doubt to dispose of the

condom and thank his lucky stars.

When he turned around, Cheryl had lowered her skirt and was staring at him, eyes wide and cheeks pink.

She bit her lip, then giggled. “I can’t believe that really happened.”

“Me neither.” He nodded at her drink. “Do you want that, or shall we leave before he tells his mates about the fun to be had in the back room?”

Cheryl dashed for the doorway. “Let’s go. You can buy me another drink somewhere else.”

They’d just reached the main door onto the street when another cheer erupted from the rear of the bar. Cheryl glanced at Marc, concerned.

“Well,” he said. “Either they’re screening the view from the CCTV, or Chelsea have scored another goal.”

She gave him a scowl as she pulled him further down the pavement, away from the bar. “Tell me you checked for cameras.”

“Of course I did.” He held her hand. “Tell me you enjoyed getting fucked by a man you never saw.”

She looked up at him, then smiled. “Of course I did.”

“Good. Because I have another surprise for you.”

“Oh?” She stopped and turned toward him, pressing her body against his. “Is it that you’re so horny that you want to fuck me on the train home?”

“That’s a really good idea. Except I think a lot of Tube trains *do* have CCTV.”

“Ah, right. So, what’s your surprise?”

“I’ve made a date for you to see two bulls in a fortnight.”

“What? How?”

“You’re not the only one who’s joined a contact forum, you know.”

She blinked. “Who? Where?”

“Two guys I’ve been emailing for a few days. They’re from the Midlands, and I’ve booked an Airbnb in Nottingham.”

“You’ve booked...” She shook her head. “What are they like?”

“Big. And muscular.”

She licked her lips. “Black or white?”

“Does it matter?”

“No.”

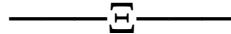
“Good. They’re both black.”

Cheryl’s eyes widened. “I can’t believe you’ve done this for me.”

“I thought you needed a treat after all the work you’ve been doing.”

“Jeffrey mentioned I deserve a hefty bonus for the extra load I’ve taken on.”

“Tell him I’ve booked you two hefty bonuses, and that you’ll be taking several loads from each.”

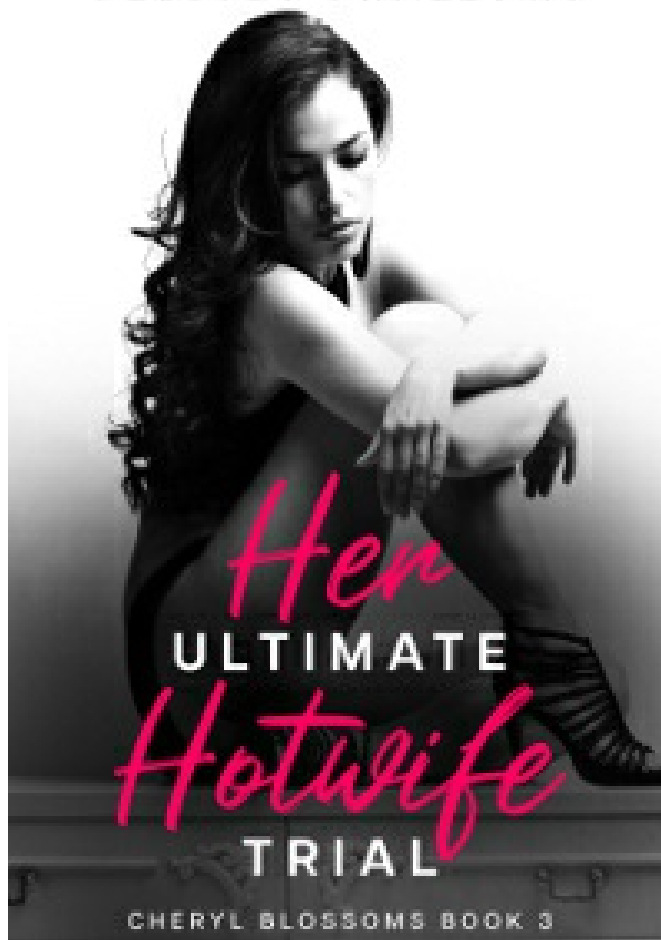


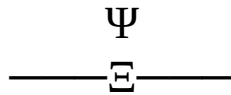
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**Book III**

**Her Ultimate Hotwife Trial**

DELORES SWALLOWS





## 12 – Used and Abused

Cheryl eventually caught up with all her extra cases, which meant she no longer needed to work during the evenings. It was now only four days away from her date with the two bulls her husband had arranged for her, and she thought it would be nice to go out to a bar and turn him on with a bit of dirty talk. So, after dinner, she changed into a cashmere off-the-shoulder jumper and a tight skirt that came to just above her knees. Her boobs were small and firm enough to forgo a bra and the cashmere just thick enough to prevent her nipples being too obvious.

Then she took one of her new purchases into the bathroom, along with some lube. A couple of minutes later, she stepped into her high-heeled shoes and headed downstairs.

Marc was watching TV when she walked into the living room. He did a double take, then muted the TV and stared wide-eyed at her outfit. “Wow, you look...” He frowned. “Did you tell me you were going out?”

“No, I decided to surprise you.”

“Oh.”

She could see his mind racing and decided to tease him a little. “I thought I’d go out to a bar and pick up a guy, then come home and

tell you what I let him do to me.”

Marc’s mouth opened as if to speak, but no words came out.

“Is that okay?” she asked sweetly.

He took a breath and gave a half-shrug. “Where will you go?”

“Maybe The Duke.”

“What? You can’t go in *there* and start flashing your eyes at—”

Unable to keep a straight face any longer, Cheryl burst out laughing. “You should see your face.” She struggled to get her breathing under control. “I thought we could *both* go to The Duke, and I’ll only flirt with you. Then you can bring me home and do anything you want to me.”

“That was...” He shook his head disparagingly as he stood up.

“You bitch, you nearly gave me heart failure.”

Cheryl stepped close, running her hand over his crotch. “Which would you prefer, us going out together or me going out on my own?”

“If you’re going out to our local, I think it’s better we go together.”

“Hmm, I suppose you’re right. Are you okay going like that?”

Marc glanced down at himself. “I’ll change my shirt.”

Five minutes later, they were walking hand-in-hand down the road towards their local. With each step, Cheryl experienced a weird thrill.

“I have a confession,” she whispered.

“No panties?”

She stopped on the pavement and turned towards him. “I do have panties on.” She lowered her voice. “And I’ve also got a butt plug in.”

He blinked. “What?”

“I said I’ve—”

“I heard you. What I meant was, *why* have you got a plug up your arse?”

“I’ll tell you in the pub, but I thought you should know now because I may not be able to sit down when we get there.”

Marc laughed as they resumed walking.

The pub was relatively quiet when they arrived. Cheryl stood by an empty high table surrounded by stools while Marc went to get their drinks. After returning with her wine, he took a gulp of his beer, hopped up on one of the stools and glanced around to make sure nobody was within earshot. “So, shall we talk about Saturday night?”

“If you like.”

“You’ll be taking on two men.”

“Hmm.”

“And I assume—” he nodded at the vacant stool next to her “—that you intend taking them both at the same time, and not just one after the other.”

*He’s good.* “Yes, that’s what I’d like.”

Marc nodded, though he suddenly looked apprehensive. “I’ve seen pictures of these guys. They’re both well over six foot and built like a brick shithouse.”

“You’re making me wet.”

“What I’m saying is, although none of the photos showed them completely naked, their cotton boxers clearly showed the outlines of—”

“Let’s see how it goes, shall we?” Cheryl held his gaze, then shrugged. “I’m sure nearly every woman fantasises about what you’ve arranged, but only a few get to fulfil the fantasy.” She reached out and held his hand. “And I’m guessing an even smaller percentage are lucky enough to have a husband who’s happy for them to do it.”

Marc squeezed her hand. “I want you to have as much fun as you can get, but I don’t want to see you get hurt.”

She smiled, touched by his concern. “I’ve bought two butt plugs.”

He blanched. “There’s no way I’m having one of them shoved—”

“They’re not for you, you dork!” She laughed and slapped his arm.

“They’re both for me, but different sizes. I have the smaller one in now, and it feels okay.” She backed up to a stool and lifted herself onto it. Fighting an involuntary clench, she shuffled her bum from side to side and settled into a relatively comfortable position. “I thought I’d wear this one tonight, and maybe when we get home I’ll take it out and you can replace it with something bigger and warmer.”

He stared wide eyed.

She smiled and leaned forward. “Would you do that for me?”

He nodded enthusiastically.

“Thought you might. Then, for the rest of the week, I’ll wear the larger one for a couple of hours a day.”

“At work?”

“God no.” Cheryl shuddered at the thought of conversing with the senior partners with a butt plug fitted. She took a sip of her drink.

“But I keep thinking if this is the only time I’ll ever take two men at the same time, I should make the most of it.”

Marc smiled. “That’s funny, because I keep thinking that once you’ve experienced two men at the same time, you’ll never be satisfied with just me.”

“That’s not true, and you know it.”

“I hope so.” He squeezed her hand again. “So, apart from loosening your sphincter, have you got anything else planned before Saturday night?”

Cheryl giggled, glancing around to make sure nobody had overheard him. “I’ve booked to get my legs waxed on Friday.”

“Just your legs?” He bounced his eyebrows.

“I’ll also be getting my bikini line waxed, thanks for asking.”

“Not going for a Brazilian?”

“No, I like my little triangle.” She frowned. “Don’t you?”

“Yeah, I love it.”

“Good.” She took another sip of wine, then decided to tell him her other plan. “I don’t want you to masturbate while you watch me on Saturday.”

“Okay.” He glanced around, then leaned closer. “I’ll be happy not to expose my white worm in the presence of two black pythons.”

“It’s nothing to do with that. It’s because I’ll want you to keep your hand steady.”

“Huh?”

“I want you to video it using your phone.”

“Really?”

“Mm-hmm.” She licked her lips. “I’d like to watch it afterwards.”

“Okay. It seems you’ve given the evening quite a bit of thought.”

“To be honest, it’s been hard concentrating on anything else. I’m not going to tell you the details, but Saturday night’s not just about me. It’s for you as well, and I want you to enjoy what you see.”

“If seeing you take Max is anything to go by, I’ll enjoy Saturday a lot.”

“So you’re finally admitting you got a thrill from seeing Max’s dick?”

He chuckled. “No, but I got a big thrill out of seeing you take it.”

“Was seeing me take Max’s any more thrilling than when you watched me fuck Gavin?”

“Oh yeah.” Apparently embarrassed by his enthusiasm, he gave a little half-shrug. “It was just.. I felt a kind of—”

“Penis envy?”

He laughed. “Not exactly, though obviously I’d happily trade cocks with Max. It’s just kind of...” He gave yet another shrug.

“Marc, we’re not keeping secrets, remember?”

He sighed. “Seeing you take a cock is arousing. After seeing you with Gavin, it was easy for me to imagine how sexy you’d have looked with 007 and the Texan.”

She nodded, flattered that the thought of her with another man was so arousing for him that he didn’t need to be there to witness it.

“But seeing you take someone as big as Max was especially arousing. Not just because of your expressions—which were really sexy, by the way—but the way you moved your body. I imagined I could see inside you, see your bits being spread open by the big rod of flesh filling you up. Just knowing that...” He shook his head.

“Tell me.”

“Just knowing that you were getting the sort of fucking that I could

never give you really turned me on.”

This was a huge surprise. “I’ve never said—”

“It’s not a problem. It’s a turn-on. Seeing you take a cock like that, knowing it’s touching parts I never reach...” He leaned closer to whisper. “Knowing it’s spraying cum further into your body than I ever had...”

Cheryl stared at him. She was momentarily speechless, but incredibly horny.

Marc smiled. “That’s why I’m excited about Saturday. You’ll be taking two cocks like Max’s.”

“Take me home.” She downed her drink and stood up.

Marc left his beer unfinished and they headed out of the bar. During the short walk, she ran her hand over his crotch, pleased that he was already semi-hard. As soon as they were inside, he pressed her against the front door and kissed her, running his hand up her jumper to grope her bare breasts before pushing it down the back of her skirt and pressing his fingers against the end of the butt plug. The extra pressure made her groan.

“Upstairs,” she growled.

In the bedroom he lifted off her jumper, undid her skirt and then, dropping to his knees, pulled down her panties. He moved his hand up towards her bum, but she shook her head.

“I’m going to leave it in for a while. I want you to fuck me first.” Hopefully, she might be able to squirt again.

Marc quickly stripped as Cheryl got into bed. He climbed on top of her, traced the tip of his cock through her drenched folds a couple of times and pushed in.

The butt-plug crammed everything together and made her feel

fuller. As he slid slowly in and out, every point of contact felt more sensitive, every pleasure intensified.

“That’s so good.” She moved with him, holding onto his waist.

“Does it feel good for you?”

He nodded, breathing through his mouth.

“Oh, just give me that for a little longer and I’ll... Aah!”

Her orgasm seemed to originate deep in her core and then burst throughout her entire body. Even her fingers and toes clenched. Marc maintained the same rhythm as she trembled and jerked.

When her climax subsided, Marc stilled and pulled out.

Cheryl removed the plug, wrapped it in a tissue and stared up at him. “How do you want me?”

“Like this, so I can watch your face.”

Cheryl lifted her legs and rested them over his shoulders. She raised her hips as high as she could, and Marc positioned the tip of his wet cock at her already loosened and lubed anus.

Looking only into his eyes, she held her breath as he slowly pushed in. There was minimal resistance and she soon felt his balls against her skin.

“God, you’re so hot and tight. And wet.”

“That’s the lube. Does it feel good?”

He let out a breathy groan. “Oh yeah. Is it okay for you?”

“Uh-huh.” She began to rock her hips. “So come on, use it.”

He gave her a puzzled look.

“I’m your fuck-toy. Use my hot, tight hole to get yourself off.”

He shook his head.

“It’s what I want. I’m a desperate slut, remember?”

“No, you’re—”

“I am tonight, and I will be on Saturday.” She held his face in her palms and looked into his eyes. “Fuck me hard and don’t stop until you’ve come. It’s what I want.”

Marc pumped his hips, but she wanted it harder and faster. She used her knees to pull him closer, and was soon kicking his back with her feet, grunting with each thrust. She saw his nostrils flare and felt his cock twitch, then heat flooded her body. She wanted to rub her clit but it was impossible while she was doubled over, so instead she watched her husband’s face as he emptied himself inside her. Once finished, he pulled out and gently kissed her forehead. They showered together and then settled down beneath the quilt.

As Cheryl waited for sleep to take her, she tried to imagine what it would be like on Saturday night. Marc and the plug had been a squeeze, so what would it be like having two huge cocks? Could she actually stretch that much?

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The Airbnb in Nottingham was a modern detached house on a quiet, leafy road. After dropping off their bags, they drove around until they found somewhere to have lunch.

“What’s the plan for later?” Cheryl asked.

“I’ve given them the address and suggested eight o’clock.”

“Wouldn’t you rather meet in a bar first, like we did in Brighton?”

Marc frowned. “In Brighton we were meeting another couple. Here we’re meeting two big guys, and I didn’t want everyone guessing what’s going down.”

She wasn't sure she liked the implication. "Does that mean every time you see a woman having a drink with three men, you assume they're going to end up in some kinky scenario?"

"No, I just thought..." He shrugged, obviously embarrassed. "I don't know the bars in the area, and I thought it'd be easier all round if we just met at the house."

Thinking about it, Cheryl accepted this was probably the most convenient way for them all to meet. She hadn't told Marc what she planned to wear, nor had she told him what she intended asking the men to do.

Half an hour before the bulls were due to arrive, she checked her reflection in the bedroom mirror. She'd pinned her hair up and applied thick mascara and bright red lip-gloss. Her outfit consisted of a grey two-piece suit over a black basque and stockings, with neither a blouse nor panties. Her stilettos were so high she struggled to walk down the open stairs leading directly into the living room.

Marc let out a long exhale when he saw her. "Wow, you look sexy as fuck."

"I'm going for the uptown girl look, remember?"

"Oh yeah. Where you're used and abused by a backstreet guy."

"Backstreet *guys*, actually. Is your phone fully charged?"

"Yep. I've also put in a bigger memory card to make sure I don't run out of storage space."

"I hope *I* don't run out of storage space!" Cheryl smiled. "Right, is the wine chilled?" She sat in an armchair while Marc went to get her drink. When he returned, she crossed her legs and raised her knee enough so that he could see her stocking-tops. She smiled at his expression. "You approve?"

“Oh yeah.”

“Good. Like I told you, tonight’s just as much about giving you what you want to see.”

“You look a lot less nervous than I feel.”

“My heart’s pounding, but I’m trying not to show it.”

He nodded. “I had a chat about condoms with them.”

“Oh?”

“They’re happy to use them but assure me they’re both STD-clear and have regular check-ups.”

A tingling developed in her stomach. “What would you prefer, sheathed or bare?”

“It’s your body, so it’s your decision.”

She bit her lip. Condoms would be the sensible, responsible option, but... “What if I want you to decide for me?”

Marc frowned. “I don’t think it’s my place to make that call.”

“You said you like the idea of them firing their cum deeper than I’ve had it before.”

He nodded. “I do.”

Her heart pounded even faster. “So... you wouldn’t hate me if I said I wanted to take them raw?”

“No. Not at all.”

A shiver ran through her. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

The ringing doorbell made them both jump. As Marc went to the door, Cheryl stood up and waited in the middle of the lounge. Marc came in first, followed by two huge black men, both at least six-

four and so wide across the shoulders they filled the doorway. Both had shaved heads.

“Cheryl, I’d like you to meet Kelvin and Ed.”

She smiled up at them, feeling dwarfed despite her four-inch heels.

“Hi.”

Kelvin looked the older of the two, around Cheryl’s age or maybe even forty. He had a close-clipped goatee and a wide, handsome face. Ed was lighter skinned with sensuous lips and almond-shaped eyes. Both had a firm grip and rough hands.

“Can I get you guys a drink?” Marc asked.

“Beer would be good,” Kelvin said. Ed nodded, and Marc disappeared into the kitchen, leaving Cheryl alone with the two guys who were here to fuck her. She decided to lay out her plan to them.

“So,” she said, happy to see both men glancing down at her body.

“Tonight’s not just about me getting the best time of my life.”

The bulls gave confident smiles.

“I want to give my husband something to remember. Are you okay with us filming what happens?”

Both nodded.

“I promise it’ll never show up anywhere, it’ll just be for our own private viewing.”

“No problem,” Kelvin said. “We’re all over the internet if you know where to look.”

She laughed. “Well, I’m not, and that’s how I intend to keep it. So, tonight...” She glanced from one to the other. “I want to experience a few things, but first I want you both to use me. I want you to fuck my mouth, I want you to fuck my pussy, and I want to

you spit-roast me. But I want to keep my suit on, and I want you both to finish on my face. Do you think you could do that for me?”

The men glanced at each other, incredulous, then looked back at her, nodding vigorously.

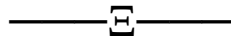
“Hell, yeah,” Kelvin said.

Marc returned and handed the guys a bottle each.

She watched them both take a gulp, then said, “Marc tells me you’re happy to forgo condoms, is that right?”

Both men nodded again.

“Okay. Well, when you boys have finished your beers, I’ll be waiting for you in the bedroom.” With that, Cheryl smiled sweetly and crossed the room. Her legs were shaking so much, she needed to hold onto the banister as she walked upstairs.



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### **13 – Everything and More**

Marc noticed that Kelvin and Ed’s eyes were fixed on his wife’s backside and legs as she walked up the stairs.

Kelvin looked at Marc and raised his eyebrows. “Man, you’re one lucky guy.”

“I know.” He nodded toward their beer bottles. “And as soon as you’re ready, you two can get lucky as well.”

The two men took another gulp of their beers, then put the half-full bottles on a side table. “Lead the way,” Kelvin said.

With a knot in his stomach, Marc led the two huge bulls upstairs to where his beautiful wife was waiting to take them both on. He pushed open the bedroom door and stood aside before following them in.

Cheryl was sitting on the end of the bed. She beckoned the bulls closer. Once they stood in front of her, she unfastened both pairs of trousers and glanced up at Marc. “Got your phone ready?”

He nodded, wondering how she felt at that very moment. If she was nervous, she hid it well. Marc focused the camera as his wife slipped a hand into Kelvin's shorts and pulled out his cock. Though not yet fully hard, it looked big and meaty in her small, pale hands. Cheryl looked up into Kelvin's face and pumped his cock. It grew even bigger as it hardened. Releasing it, she turned to take out Ed's, which was a shade or two lighter but equally impressive. He was already hard by the time she wrapped her fingers around the shaft.

Marc kept his eyes on the phone screen; both cocks looked as big as Max's.

Now with a cock in each hand, Cheryl slowly pumped them, looking from Kelvin to Ed. "I think it's time for you to show me all those muscles."

Both bulls peeled off their sweaters to reveal ripped torsos, thick arms and bulging shoulders. Cheryl bit her lip. The men kicked off their shoes, pushed down their trousers and stepped out of them. Ed was completely naked, and Kelvin wore only a pair of white sports socks.

Still holding their cocks, Cheryl glanced directly into the lens of Marc's phone before sliding off the bed to kneel on the floor between the two bulls. She took the fat tip of Kelvin's dick into her mouth.

Marc zoomed in, the screen now filled with Cheryl's face. Her lips stretched wide around the thick, black cock. She looked up into her bull's face as she bobbed her head, leaving shiny saliva trails on the top third of his shaft.

Still pumping Kelvin's wet cock, Cheryl opened her red-glossed lips and took Ed's as far into her mouth as she could manage. As

she sucked, she turned her eyes to the camera. Marc thought she'd never looked sexier.

She returned her attention to Kelvin, running her tongue down the thick shaft and sucking his balls before taking him back into her mouth. Then it was Ed's turn. Marc captured every detail, including the bulls' quiet murmurs and the slurps of his wife's eager, slutty mouth.

The recording time on the screen showed that Cheryl had been sucking their dicks for five minutes and thirty-eight seconds when she rearranged herself to kneel across the bed, with free space on either side of the mattress. She looked at the bulls, who seemed to know exactly what she wanted. Ed threaded his fingers through her hair while Kelvin walked around to stand behind her.

Marc moved a little closer and adjusted the image until Cheryl was in the centre of the frame. As Ed fed his cock back into her mouth, Kelvin lifted her skirt to reveal stocking tops and suspenders. A smile creased his face when he saw she wasn't wearing panties. He ran a huge hand over her firm, pale backside, then knelt on the bed and lined his cock up between her legs.

Wanting to capture both the entry and Cheryl's expression, Marc stayed where he was and kept all the participants in the shot. As Kelvin pushed his hips forward, Cheryl groaned around the cock in her mouth. Kelvin pulled back, the top half of his shaft now slick. He pushed in deeper. Cheryl released Ed's cock and hung her head down, her eyes squeezed shut and her open mouth taking in short breaths.

Kelvin pulled back and slowly pushed deep again. Cheryl raised her head and opened her mouth in invitation. Marc's stomach cramped and his balls ached as he watched his beautiful wife being spit-roasted. He'd fantasised about this, but the reality was so much

hotter.

Marc stepped to his left and zoomed in on Kelvin's huge cock sliding in and out of her stretched-out cunt, the entire shaft now slick and shiny. Then he took several steps to the right and focused on her face as she pleased Ed with her mouth. Cheryl was taking more into her mouth than Marc thought possible. He could see the bulge in her neck as she depthroated him. The room throbbed with the scents and sounds of sex.

The two bulls swapped places. As they passed at the foot of the bed, Cheryl looked up into the camera. Her eyes weren't unfocused like they had been with Max. This time they shone with lust.

Ed aligned his cock and slid all the way in with a single lunge. Marc managed to capture his wife's grunt and wide-eyed expression before Kelvin pushed his cock into her mouth.

After less than a minute of Ed spearing her, Cheryl's moans rose in pitch. As sexy as it was to see Ed's cock ploughing in and out, Marc decided to capture Cheryl's face when she came.

Her moans became stifled grunts. She released Kelvin's cock from her mouth. With a mixture of envy, arousal and pride, Marc stared at the image of his wife on the screen, tendrils of hair hanging on either side of her beautiful face. She opened her eyes just before she came, letting out a long, breathy moan. She sobbed, looking almost tearful, then gripped Kelvin's cock and took it back between her lips. As she groaned and mumbled through the rest of her orgasm, she bounced her head on one cock while pushing herself back onto the other.

Marc thought the term 'desperate slut' had never seemed more appropriate.

Kelvin and Ed glanced at each other, then stepped back. Cheryl

opened her eyes, quickly got off the bed and kneeled on the floor. Moving almost in synchrony, the bulls moved to stand in front of her, leaving exactly enough space between them to allow Cheryl to look directly into the camera. She opened her mouth wide as Kelvin and Ed pumped their cocks.

Ed came first, sending a thick creamy rope arcing through the air and onto Cheryl's forehead. His second spurt had just hit her cheek when Kelvin ejaculated into her open mouth. She didn't swallow but let it spill over her lower lip and run down her chin. Marc could no longer make out who came where as both cocks kept shooting more cum onto his wife's face. It was everywhere, caking one eye closed, running from her open mouth and dripping off her chin. There were splatters on her neck, chest, jacket and skirt.

When they'd finished, Cheryl blinked both eyes open, took Kelvin's cock into her mouth and sucked it clean, then did the same to Ed's. Finally, without wiping any of the mess from her face, she looked directly into the camera.

"Okay," she said, "I guess that's the end of Act One."

Marc stopped the recording.

Cheryl got up and smiled at the bulls. "I'll just go and clean my face. Why don't you wait for me on the bed?"

After she'd left the bedroom, Marc felt a little awkward standing with two naked men. Not only were they physically intimidating, they'd both just fucked his wife and blown their loads all over her face.

Kelvin evidently didn't share his discomfort. "Man, she's hot."

Marc nodded. His entire body was tense, and his underwear was soaked. He tried not to stare as the two bulls lazed on the bed. Their cocks were no longer rigid, but still substantial.

Cheryl returned a couple of minutes later. She'd removed the suit but kept the basque, stockings and high heels. Having cleaned her face, she'd re-applied lip-gloss and let down her hair. She looked wonderful.

Marc raised his phone and recorded her climbing onto the bed between the two men. She leaned over and kissed Ed, running her hand down his muscular body until her fingers encircled his cock. They kissed noisily for about a minute, her hand constantly squeezing and stroking him. She eventually broke the kiss to turned her attention to Kelvin.

Now gripping a stiff cock in each hand, she looked directly into Marc's lens. "I think we're ready for Act Two."

For the following thirty-nine minutes, Marc captured the two bulls pleasuring his wife. They lifted and repositioned her on the bed as if she weighed nothing, taking turns to indulge themselves with her eager body. Marc held his breath as Kelvin's fingers lubed and stretched Cheryl's backside before the men fulfilled her fantasy with the double-penetration. Marc watched the proceedings, his stomach knotted with anxiety and his cock swollen with desire. The finale was spectacular, with Cheryl squirting before both bulls came inside her. Cheryl declared Act Two was over and suggested they take a shower.

After the three had gone to the bathroom, Marc surreptitiously took out his engorged cock and wanked himself off into a wad of tissues. His orgasm was quick and powerful, the release of tension rendering him lightheaded. Gulping in deep breaths, he quickly tucked himself away and binned the tissues. In preparation for Act Three, he took the wet bedspread downstairs and left it by the washing machine. He grabbed a wine refill, opened three fresh beers, and jogged back to the bedroom. He could still hear the

shower running.

He peeked inside the bathroom. Cheryl's discarded basque and stockings lay on the tiled floor. Steam filled the air and partially obscured the three bodies standing in the large walk-in shower. Without her high heels, Cheryl looked tiny between the two massive bulls as they washed her, their dark hands sliding all over her pale body. Marc decided to record them caressing and teasing her breasts, stomach and backside. This footage was tame compared to what he'd caught on video already, but it really emphasised the difference in their relative sizes. None of the action he'd shot so far showed them all standing up. Once the jets were finally turned off, Marc returned to the bedroom and waited, sipping his beer.

Kelvin and Ed walked in first, obviously comfortable with the way they looked naked. Understandable. Both men had incredible physiques. Cheryl came in last, totally naked with her wet hair tousled from towel-drying it.

She smiled her thanks on seeing the glass of wine and raised it in a toast. "To the two handsome studs who've given me everything a woman could want, and to my wonderful husband who arranged it for me." She looked into his eyes. "Thank you. You give me everything and more."

Marc blinked, stunned by her words. He smiled self-consciously, glancing at the two bulls as they drank to her toast.

Cheryl finished her wine in record time, placed the glass back on the dressing table and walked over to the bed. Turning to face the bulls, she tilted her head on one side. "Whenever you're ready."

"Any particular requests?" Kelvin asked.

"I'm sure you'll think of something." Cheryl climbed onto the bed

and lay on her back, propped up on her elbows. Holding Kelvin's gaze, she slowly parted her legs.

The bulls approached the bed and Marc started to record another videoclip.

Kelvin knelt between Cheryl's spread legs as Ed climbed on the bed next to her hip. As the first bull ran his hands up and down her legs, the second stroked her stomach and breasts. This wasn't something Marc had expected; he thought he'd be watching his wife either fucking or sucking. Seeing her getting stroked and pleased in this way was an added bonus.

Cheryl let out a soft whimper as Kelvin lowered his mouth to her sex. Ed bent over her face and trailed kisses down her lips, neck and chest before taking a nipple into his mouth. As the minutes ticked by, Cheryl's writhing became more animated.

"Fuck me," she rasped, lewdly pushing her hips up and down.

"Take it in turns. Bend me anyway you want and use me."

They did.

Marc captured it all on video, worrying that Cheryl must be sore from the onslaught. The timer told Marc that Act Three had lasted over twenty-three minutes so far, during which Cheryl had come at least three times, possibly four. His phone battery icon flashed. Marc held his breath, hoping it would last a little longer.

Cheryl lay flat on her back with her head on the pillows, arms and legs stretched wide like a sacrifice. Ed stood aside as Kelvin climbed between her spread thighs. He fucked her hard for a short time then held still, his balls jumping in the sac. He pulled out and Ed immediately took his place. He fucked her just as hard and came quickly. Marc guessed they'd coordinated it so they were both ready to blow at around the same time.

Ed climbed off the bed. Marc aimed the camera at his wife's sex and zoomed in for a close-up as their cum ran out between her puffy lips. The flashing battery icon turned red.

Kelvin looked over Marc's shoulder at the phone screen and patted him on the back. "I think you'll have a lot of fun watching that again."

Marc nodded. A few seconds after he'd aimed the camera at his wife's exhausted face, the battery finally died and the phone shut down. The show was well and truly over.

Kelvin and Ed pulled their clothes on. Cheryl smiled at them but made no move to get up and see them out. The three men left the bedroom with Cheryl still sprawled on the bed.

Once downstairs, Marc shook the bulls by the hand and thanked them.

Kelvin smiled broadly. "It was our pleasure. If you want a repeat performance, you've got my number."

As the bulls made their way down the drive, Marc locked the front door and returned to the bedroom. Cheryl was still in the same position, a sticky puddle soaking into the sheet beneath her spread legs. Strands of hair were stuck to her sweat-covered face.

She looked up at Marc. "Do you need to come?"

He shook his head. "No."

She frowned. "You sure? You can do anything you want. Just choose wherever and—"

"I can wait." He smiled. "I jerked off while you were all in the shower."

"Really? That's good." She smiled. "Thanks for telling me. I'd have felt guilty if I thought you had blue balls after all the fun I

had.”

He sat on the bed and bent to kiss her forehead. “Was it as good as you’d hoped?”

“Better. It was...” She shook her head and let out a long, satisfied sigh. “Fucking amazing.”

“Good. Do you want me to run you a bath?”

“Yes please.”

\* \* \* \*

Marc woke with a raging hard-on. His dreams had been filled with images of Cheryl having sex. Some of the scenes were collages from things he’d actually witnessed—with Kelvin, Ed, Max, Trudi and Gavin—while others were conjured from his own imagination. It was still early, so he slipped out of bed and pulled on a t-shirt, leaving Cheryl to get more rest. He took his fully charged phone downstairs, stuck the bedspread in the machine and made coffee. At the kitchen island, he sipped while flicking through the videoclips. The picture quality was excellent, though the same couldn’t be said for the cinematography; in several places, there was considerable camera shake.

“I hope you’re not watching the videos without me.”

He looked up to see Cheryl standing in the kitchen doorway. She wore his shirt from the previous evening, her nipples pressed sexily against the thin cotton, her legs and feet bare. “No,” he said with a smile. “Just skimming to make sure I managed to actually record it.”

“Ah, good.” Stepping into the unfamiliar kitchen, she frowned.

“Where are the cups?”

“Sit down, I’ll make it. Tea or coffee?”

“Coffee please.” She grinned. “I like it black and strong, like my men.”

Marc sniggered. “I wondered how long it’d take for you to use that line.” He turned serious. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m okay. A bit tender in parts, but...” She shrugged. “I got exactly what I asked for, so I can’t complain.”

He nodded. “Do you want anything to eat?”

“No thanks.”

They sat and sipped their drinks in silence for a few moments. Marc had a hundred questions he wanted to ask but was mindful that Cheryl probably needed time to process what had taken place. Finally, she shook her hair back and looked him in the eye. “What did you think of the evening?”

“I could use your ‘I got what I wanted so I can’t complain’ line.”

“And what was it *you* wanted?”

“To see you being used by two men much bigger than you. You know, the tiny, gorgeous elf being taken by big ugly monsters.”

“They were big, but they weren’t ugly. Both were very handsome, especially Ed. He could be a model with his looks and body.”

“That makes me feel so much better.”

She laughed. “Shall we watch it now?”

“I was going to upload it to the cloud then we could watch it on my laptop.”

She shook her head. “Let’s keep it away from anywhere that might be hacked. We can watch it on your phone for now, and maybe transfer it to a hard drive when we get home.”

“Okay. Here?”

“Let’s go through to the living room.” Cheryl picked up her mug and led the way to the large L-shaped couch. Marc sat next to her and started the first video. The image of Cheryl sitting on the end of the bed in her suit, nylons and heels filled the screen.

“Wow, the picture’s really clear.”

“Yeah.”

They watched in silence as Screen-Cheryl unfastened the bulls’ trousers and fished out their cocks. When both men were naked, Cheryl leaned closer to the laptop. “They really had great bodies, didn’t they?”

Marc nodded, unable to look away as his screen wife took Kelvin into her mouth. As the image of her lips stretching around the big black cock filled the screen, Cheryl blinked.

“I didn’t know you were zooming in. That looks…”

“Sexy.” Marc glanced into his wife’s eyes and smiled. “You looked amazingly sexy.”

They watched her move up onto the bed, where the bulls spit-roasted her. Marc already had another hard-on but there was a question he needed to ask. He paused playback just as the men withdrew.

“This bit seems almost choreographed.”

Cheryl nodded. “When they first arrived, while you were getting the drinks, I asked them to do this.” She turned to him. “I thought it’d be something you’d like to see.”

“I did. It was really hot. I just hadn’t been expecting it straightaway. It was a nice surprise.” He restarted the clip, and they both watched in silence as the bulls jacked off on either side of the kneeling Cheryl.

She gasped as she watched her face getting splattered. “God, that’s pornographic.”

Again, Marc couldn’t take his eyes off the screen as he watched Kelvin and Ed coating her face with jism. “Will your suit be ruined?”

She laughed and shook her head. “No, but you’re going to be the one who takes it to the cleaners. Tell them it’s yoghurt or something.”

They watched to the end of ‘Act One’.

When playback stopped, she stared at the screen for a few seconds before turning to look at him. “Nobody can ever see these films.”

“I’m going to watch them a lot.”

She bit her lip. “I look sexier than I imagined.”

“You’re the sexiest woman I know, but I don’t need videos to tell me that.”

“Are you horny?”

“Incredibly, but it’s okay if you’re—”

She climbed onto his lap and raised up the shirt. “I’m not that sore, and I’m guessing it won’t last long.”

“Cheryl, you don’t have to—”

“Shut up and get your dick out.”

He did so, and she pulled the gusset of her panties aside and lowered herself onto him. Marc let out a sigh and slipped his arms around her back.

She rocked her hips and nuzzled his ear. “Don’t hold back.”

“I couldn’t if I tried.”

“Good. Just let it go whenever you’re ready.” It took less than two

minutes of her slow undulations to coax him to a shuddering climax. Cheryl cooed and kissed his face until he'd finished, then leaned back and smiled at him. "Better now?"

He nodded. "Do you want me to—?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm fine. Shall we have some breakfast before we watch the next one?"

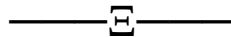
"Okay. I'll just put the bedspread in the tumble dryer."

Cheryl giggled. "You'd make someone a wonderful wife."

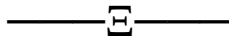
"Are you suggesting I'm your sissy bitch?"

She frowned and shook her head. "No. You're my husband, who I love and appreciate more than anything else in the world."

Marc smiled, relieved.



Ψ



## **14 – A Dirty Matinee**

Cheryl was pleased when Marc suggested they go out for breakfast. They drove towards the city centre and the first place they came to was an American-style diner. Having worked up quite an appetite over the last twelve hours, she ordered herself pancakes with maple syrup. Marc ordered himself a Full English.

While waiting for their food, she looked around at the other customers. Most were younger, and nearly all of them had laptops or were using their phones. “I guess this place is popular with students for the free wi-fi,” she said.

Marc nodded. “Maybe we could make their day and stream your videos to them all.”

“I think not.” She had an idea. “Rather than staying in Nottingham for the day, let’s go back to London after breakfast, then watch the other clips this afternoon in the comfort of our own home.”

He nodded. “Fine with me.”

After breakfast they went back to the Airbnb. While Marc put the clean cover on the bed and tidied away the empty bottles, Cheryl packed the cum-splattered suit, laddered stockings and four-inch stilettos into her bag. She smiled to herself, wondering what Jeffrey would say if she wore them for work the following day. The old bugger would probably have a heart attack.

Cheryl dozed in the car, then felt guilty when she realised she’d slept for most of the two-hour journey. “Sorry,” she said. “I must have dropped off.”

“No problem.” He smiled. “I wiped the drool from your chin a couple of times, then stopped for a piss in Luton and left you snoring in the car.”

Momentarily shocked, she saw his smile and knew he was joking. “Well, I had a hard night.”

“I know.”

Once home, they quickly unpacked. Marc set up his laptop on the coffee table in front of the couch in the living room and said he was going to mirror his phone to the laptop.

“What does that mean?” she asked.

“It means we can watch you getting nailed on a bigger screen.”

“Good, because after my last two playdates, I think I’m becoming a size queen.”

He smiled. “Shall I get the popcorn?”

“If you’re lucky, I’ll pop your corn later.” She settled onto the couch next to him and waited, apprehensive but excited.

Marc pressed play, and the laptop screen showed her walking across the bedroom wearing the basque, stockings and heels. She

was surprised how sexy she looked. Then, as the camera swung to the left, the sight of the two naked black men lying on the bed gave her a warm, tingling sensation. She watched herself climb onto the bed between them, then kiss and fondle them in turn.

“God, I look like a...” She shook her head, a little embarrassed. “I was really nervous doing that.”

“You did a good job of hiding it.”

She had to agree when she saw her confident, smiling face on the screen. With a huge cock in each hand, she announced it was time for Act Two.

As she watched Kelvin enter her on the screen, Cheryl shuddered. She wasn't sure if it'd been caused by the visual or the memory, and it was with a weird sense of curiosity that she watched herself being fucked.

Kelvin looked fabulous, his muscles clearly defined as he pounded her with long, deep strokes. The noises she'd made sounded alien. After Ed joined them on the bed, Cheryl leaned over and took his cock into her mouth. As she sucked Ed, Kelvin fucked her until she came. In Marc's close-up with her eyes squeezed shut and her lips drawn back over clenched teeth, she looked to be experiencing pain rather than pleasure.

She glanced at Marc, whose eyes were fixed on the screen. When she looked back at the laptop, the bulls had changed places. Ed was fucking her while she sucked Kelvin. She knew what was about to happen.

“There's something else I want,” she heard herself say in a breathless voice.

Kelvin's voice was loud and clear: “You can have whatever you want.”

“I want to take you both at the same time, front and back.”

Cheryl put her hands over her face. “God, they must have thought I was such a slut.”

Marc shook his head. “I’m pretty sure they’ve seen it all before, many times, with many hotwives.”

Cheryl watched as Kelvin directed things. While Ed sat on the edge of the bed, she took the lube from her bag and handed it to Kelvin. Then she straddled Ed’s legs, facing him, and flashed an apprehensive look back at Marc.

“You looked a bit nervous there,” he said.

“I was terrified.”

He paused playback. “Can I ask a question?”

She nodded.

“I can imagine that you were worried about it hurting—I still can’t believe you managed to take them both—but were you also scared about...?” He shrugged, obviously embarrassed. “You know, the mess?”

“I’d already cleaned myself out.”

“What?”

“I knew I wanted anal, so I gave myself an enema.”

His puzzled expression suggested he hadn’t a clue how she’d managed this.

“I bought a rubber squeeze bulb thing to use. You fill it with warm water and flush yourself out a few times.”

“Oh, right.” He blinked a couple of times, then restarted the videoclip.

On the screen, Kelvin took a large dollop of lube and smeared it all

around the tip of his cock. With a little more on his finger, he rubbed around Cheryl's puckered hole, pushing gently until his finger slid slowly inside. He gently probed in and out for a few moments before adding more lube and a second finger. He rotated his wrist, stretching her out.

Cheryl bit her lip watching the action. Kelvin had spent several minutes doing this. "I had no idea he'd been so patient."

Marc nodded. "He kept asking you if you were alright, which I liked. If you'll excuse the pun, he wasn't like a bull in a china shop."

Cheryl smiled as she watched Kelvin withdraw his fingers.

She impaled herself on Ed's cock before he lay back on the bed, taking her down with him. Kelvin rested one knee on the bed and leaned forwards. A well-timed zoom filled the screen with the image of her white nether region squeezed between their bodies. Ed's cock was stretching and filling her cunt, his huge balls lying on his thighs. Kelvin put the bulbous tip of his well-greased cock between her splayed cheeks and pressed it against her puckered hole. He pushed, and she opened around him.

Cheryl clenched her buttocks as she watched the action. "Christ, how did I take something that big?"

Marc didn't answer or take his eyes off the screen.

Kelvin pushed in a little deeper, making her cry out. He withdrew completely, added more lube, then pressed forward again. This time the entire cockhead slipped inside, making her yelp. The three participants lay motionless for about twenty seconds, then Ed raised his hips. She responded, pushing down to meet his thrust.

As Cheryl watched, she could see that only she and Ed were moving; Kelvin had kept himself completely still. Her movements

alone had dictated how deep Kelvin's cock penetrated her. The men were talking to her quietly, asking her how it felt, telling her how sexy she was.

"I didn't realise they'd talked to me so much," she confessed.

"I liked how they made sure you were okay." He turned to her.

"You seemed to be on a higher plane, so I'm not surprised you didn't pay them much attention."

Kelvin started to thrust his hips, and soon the three of them fell into a slow, sensual rhythm. The camera angle moved to the side so that all of Cheryl was in the shot. Her hair hung down, restricting the view of her face or Ed's. Her grunts became shorter and higher in pitch. Suddenly her whole body jerked and clear liquid splashed between her and Ed. Her grunts became a constant wail, and another squirt erupted from her.

"Christ!" she whispered, the memory of that orgasm heating her cheeks.

Ed bucked violently beneath her as Kelvin pounded her from behind. After a few more seconds, they held still.

Cheryl remembered the moment well. She'd known both men were coming inside her at the same time.

She watched as Kelvin withdrew and she moved up Ed's body a little. The camera angle changed so it was aimed from behind her. She saw a ladder in the back of one of her stockings, but the suspenders and basque looked really good. The shot zoomed in as pearly-white semen trickled from both holes.

"God, Marc!"

He turned to look at her with a startled expression. "What?"

"Why did you record that?"

“It’s sexy.”

“No it isn’t.” She shook her head, shuddering.

“There’s nothing wrong with it,” he insisted. “Believe me, that’s a big part of the thrill. Watching your wife get fucked by another man is a turn-on, but knowing he’s coming inside her, *seeing* his cum drip out of her, that takes it to another level.”

“I thought just the idea of me taking his load was enough. I didn’t know you wanted to actually *see* it.”

From the laptop speaker she heard her own breathless voice: “I guess that’s Act Two finished.”

The videoclip stopped.

Cheryl closed her eyes and took a breath, then looked at her husband. “What did you think?”

“You know what I thought. As soon as the three of you went for a shower, I jacked off. I thought it was incredibly sexy. *You* were incredibly sexy.”

She stared into his eyes, hardly believing he could still love her after what they’d just watched. “Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

“What did you think of me squirting?”

He grinned. “I’ve never seen anything like it. I know you did it with the Texan, but now I feel like I’m missing out.”

“I thought it might happen the other night while I was wearing the plug.”

“Were you having anal with the Texan when you squirted?”

“No, I was riding him reverse cowgirl. When I came, he pushed his finger up my bum and that’s when it happened.”

“Oh.” He seemed to think about this for a while, then nodded at the laptop. “Do you want to watch the next one now?”

“Do you?”

“Yeah.”

She still felt guilty about getting all the attention and thought he might need some release. “Want me to suck you off while you watch it?”

He laughed. “That would be nice, but I’m sure you want to see the action.” He ran his hand down her leg. “I’ve already seen it, but you haven’t.”

“I just...” She sighed. “With Max and Trudi, you got to come as well.”

He smiled. “To be honest, I think I preferred being the cameraman to being the husband jacking off while he watches.”

“Really? Why?”

“I don’t know. I felt more involved, somehow, and less of a bystander.” He shrugged. “And less of a pervert.”

“It wouldn’t have been a problem. Like you said to me earlier, I’m sure Ed and Kelvin have seen it many times.”

“Yeah, I guess. So...” He picked up his phone and chose another clip. “Ah, this is just a short one.”

The screen showed a steam-filled room and three blurred outlines in the shower.

“I didn’t know you’d shot this,” she said.

“I only did it to capture the ‘gorgeous elf with huge monster’ vibe that turns me on so much.”

She laughed but could see his point. Both men were so much taller

and wider than her. Yet she'd managed to take them both. Another shiver ran through her.

The next clip started with her lying on the bed and being stroked and caressed by both bulls. She held her breath as she watched them drive her crazy with their hands and mouths, then winced at the sound of her desperate voice imploring them to fuck her, to bend her and use her. Which they did, every which way, and yet again Marc had captured the sight of their cum running out. The last shot of her face, with eyes closed and hair plastered to her sweaty cheeks, ended the performance.

"That's where the battery died," he explained. "If they'd lasted a minute longer, I'd have missed the finale."

In truth, Cheryl could have done without the dribbling scenes, but she was happy for Marc if he got a kick out of them.

He turned to her. "What did you think of that one?"

"It made me horny."

"Oh?" His eyes shone with excitement.

Cheryl pushed the coffee table away, then took off her leggings. "Start the last video again," she said, dropping to her knees on the rug. "Fuck me from behind while we watch it."

He didn't need asking twice. As she watched herself writhing on the screen, Marc slid in and started to fuck her slowly. Cheryl bit her lip and pushed back onto his cock. She heard her voice tell the bulls to fuck her, then watched herself take their cocks.

Marc's breathing had become ragged so she used her fingers to rub her clit. He grunted and his cock twitched, and she rubbed faster, managing to come just a matter of seconds after him.

He pushed his thumb up her backside. She squealed as a spasm like an electric shock jolted through her. Warm liquid ran down her

thighs. Closing her eyes to enjoy the aftershocks, she tried not to care about the rug. He removed his thumb but kept thrusting, then grunted again. He'd either managed to come twice or had just prolonged his first orgasm.

When he eventually pulled out, she turned to see him grinning like a Cheshire cat. She couldn't help chuckling. "Go get a cloth."

After he'd wiped the rug—which wasn't actually that messy as she'd squirted much less than the previous night—they snuggled on the couch. The video was still running, showing Ed fucking her from behind while Kelvin fucked her face.

Marc nodded at the screen. "You seem to be enjoying that."

"Mmm. That was me getting properly tag-teamed."

"So, was the 'Uptown Girl' fantasy everything you'd hoped?"

Cheryl couldn't help smiling. "Yes, though Kelvin and Ed were hardly backstreet guys. They were really sweet. Even though they were big and strong, they were gentle."

"They lifted and used you like you were a rubber doll."

She smiled. "Yeah, but not in a rough way." She was suddenly embarrassed.

"Did you want them to be rougher?"

"No, I really enjoyed what they did." She shrugged. "It's a fine line, and difficult for women to express without men thinking it's acceptable to force themselves on someone, but there's something sexy about the thought of being held down and used."

His eyes widened. "Held down and used by who?"

"Men."

"Plural?"

She nodded. “Multiple.”

“You fantasise about being raped by a bunch of men?”

“Of course not.” She sighed. “This is why it’s so hard to talk about it. It wouldn’t be against my will, so it’s not rape.”

“Okay, you like the idea of being gangbanged?”

“I like the idea of men using me for their pleasure.”

“How many men?”

She laughed. “It doesn’t matter—”

“You might disagree by the time the twentieth pushes in.”

“No, I mean it doesn’t matter because it’ll never happen. It’s a fantasy, that’s all. What I meant was, I wouldn’t have minded last night if Kelvin had held me down while Ed fucked me. That’s all.”

Marc didn’t look convinced, and she couldn’t blame him. It was hard enough trying to explain the fantasy of a half-dozen men holding her down to take turns fucking her. It must be even harder for him to accept it.

He took a breath, then shrugged. “So, what happens next?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you’ve had a guy and a woman, and you’ve had two guys. Are you saying that you want a gangbang next?”

“No!” On the laptop, the close-up image of her minge leaking cum made her a little queasy. She closed the lid. “Actually, I’ve been thinking about something a little more spontaneous again.”

“Eh?”

“The last two adventures were arranged beforehand. While they were nice, and very satisfying, they lacked... the normal excitement of flirting.”

“Flirting?”

She nodded. “Max, Trudi, Kelvin and Ed all knew they’d fuck me. With both 007 and the Texan, things were less... planned out. There was some flirting. I enjoyed all the little smiles and expressions that usually get a woman going. Last night, like when we met up with Trudi and Max, the arrangement was specifically to meet and fuck. And that was fine, the sex was incredible and we all got what we wanted.” She shrugged. “But sometimes it’d be nice to have a guy flirt with me for a while, not knowing for sure if I’m going to put out.”

He nodded. “Okay, I can see what you mean. But if you don’t choose a real bull, you may not get the big cock and the staying power.”

“I don’t need those all the time. If a guy chats me up and charms me in a way that makes my motor run, I won’t need him to have a nine-inch cock to enjoy sex.”

“What if he comes too soon then falls asleep?”

“Then he’ll be in trouble, because I get enough of that at home.”

“Haha.”

Cheryl smiled. “I don’t want to think about what’s next. Let’s just play things by ear and see what sort of opportunities arise. If nothing comes up, we can book another bull, but I’m not in any rush.”

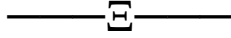
“Okay, that sounds good.”

“In the meantime...” Cheryl leaned close and rubbed her nose against his.

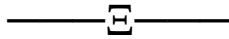
“Yeah?”

His expectant look made her feel almost guilty. “Any chance of a

cup of tea?"



Ψ



## 15 – Sowed Seeds

It had been over three weeks since Cheryl's night with Kelvin and Ed, so Marc was a little surprised she hadn't mentioned going out for another adventure yet. They'd since agreed that her next playdate would be more of a spontaneous pick-up.

He liked the idea of his wife picking up some random guy and flirting with him. The guy would hope things might progress, then not believe his luck when he ended up in bed with her.

Marc glanced at the time in the corner of his laptop screen. Cheryl would get back from work in the next half-hour. He finished the report he was working on, uploaded it to the company's shared drive, then went to start dinner. Having put chicken in the microwave to defrost, he checked the contents of the fridge to decide what to serve it with. His eyes ran over the variety of vegetables, but rather than coming up with possible recipes, his mind kept flicking back to the conversation they'd had about Cheryl's gangbang fantasy.

She'd assured him she never expected to fulfil it, but now the idea had been planted in his fertile imagination, it was almost impossible for him to ignore.

After all, he was a project manager. His whole job involved making sure everything ran smoothly in his company's South African mines. And he was good at it. So wasn't it only natural to view Cheryl's fantasy of being held down and used by a group of men as just another project to manage?

Her key in the door brought him back to the task at hand. He took out some baby courgettes and sugar snap peas.

"Hey," Cheryl said, walking into the kitchen and giving him a kiss on the cheek.

Marc thought she looked a little tired. "Hiya. Everything okay?"

She gave a non-committal shrug and a strained smile. "Crap day at work."

The microwave dinged. "Chicken stir-fry with veg and noodles okay?"

"Great, thanks. I'll go and change."

By the time Cheryl returned to the kitchen in a pair of leggings and baggy sweatshirt, Marc had almost finished making dinner. She poured herself a glass of white wine and got him a beer, then they carried their bowls through to the lounge and chatted about their respective days while they ate.

Dinner finished, Marc picked up his beer. "I've had an idea for cheering you up from your shitty day."

"Oh?"

"Maybe you should go out and flirt with a random guy." He grinned. "And then fuck him."

“It’d be easier to flirt with and fuck my husband.”

“You can do that when you get home.”

She put down her empty bowl, picked up her wine and took a sip. Studying him over the rim of her glass, she smiled. “Would you like that?”

“I just thought it’d be a way of clearing your head of all the hassle at work.”

“Where would I take him? I’m not getting railed in a crowded pub again, fun as it was.”

He smiled at the memory. “You go and get dressed, and I’ll book a hotel room. You can get a taxi from here to the hotel, check in, then go and find your prey.”

“My prey?”

“Yeah. On nights like this, I see you as a hunting tigress.”

She sighed. “I’m tired. Can’t I just have a bath and then pleasure myself with my vibrator?”

His cock swelled. “Only if I can watch.”

“Deal.” She took their empty bowls to the kitchen and returned with the wine bottle. “And *maybe* this weekend I’ll do the random-guy idea.”

Marc waited until she’d gone upstairs, then picked up his laptop. Since she always spent at least an hour in the bath, it was a good time to do a little research into arranging a gangbang. When the bath finally drained, Marc took his empty bottle to the kitchen, turned off all the downstairs lights and headed upstairs. By the time he got to the bedroom, Cheryl was lying naked with a smile on her face and the latex vibrator on the quilt next to her.

Admiring her body, Marc thought about all the men and women

who'd been lucky enough to take pleasure from it.

She looked into his eyes. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking how lucky I am."

She slowly spread her legs. "Why are you lucky?"

"I'm lucky that you're beautiful. Lucky that you're intelligent. Lucky that you're incredibly sexy." He stroked her foot with his fingers. "I'm lucky that you're my wife."

"Are you lucky that I'm a slut?"

Her words made him flinch. Although he'd enjoyed her slutty act with Kelvin and Ed, it *was* just an act. Part of a played-out fantasy. The word seemed too harsh outside that scenario. "You're not a slut."

"By definition, a slut is a woman who's sexually promiscuous, or considered to have loose sexual morals."

"I don't think either of those describe you."

Cheryl ran her hand down her body and cupped her sex. "I fuck men who aren't my husband. Doesn't that make me a slut?"

"No, because you do it with your husband's blessing."

She dragged her middle finger through her pink outer lips. "So, the fact you allow me to fuck other men means I'm not a slut?"

As Marc watched, she slid her finger in and out of her sex. He could smell the musk of her arousal over the soap and shampoo she'd used to bathe with. "I don't 'allow' you to fuck other men, I encourage it."

"That's true. And you're hoping I'll take another one this weekend."

*Wait until you see what I'm planning for after that!*

He met her gaze. “Am I too demanding?”

“No.” She pumped her finger faster. “I’m capable of meeting your demands.”

Marc could hear the squelching of her juices. “Are you ready for your toy now?”

“Mm hmm.” She smiled and removed her hand. “Do you want to be the one who holds it?”

He knelt on the bed and reached for the sex-toy. It was midnight blue and cock-shaped, with a domed head and raised veins along the shaft. Very realistic apart from the colour. It felt heavy in his hand, but he’d witnessed her take bigger things. Max, Kelvin and Ed all surpassed the toy in length *and* girth.

Marc pointed it at her face. “Want to wet it before I slide it in?”

“I only do that with real cocks.” She raised her eyebrows. “I’m always wet enough, I just like to taste what I’m about to get.”

“Are you wet enough now?”

Cheryl placed three fingers on either side of her sex and pulled it open. “What do you think?”

The dark pink inner walls glistened. He pressed the shaft against her clit and twisted the end cap. The vibrator buzzed to life. Cheryl let out a soft moan and pumped her hips.

After running the shaft between her slick outer lips for a while, Marc positioned the tip just inside her entrance. Cheryl gave a frustrated grumble and raised her hips. He moved the toy with her, restricting her to only the first inch.

She clenched her teeth and glared at him. “Stop teasing.”

“Certainly.” He pushed it all the way in.

She yelped in surprise, then rocked her body as he fucked her with

it. Digging her heels into the mattress, she arched up to take it deeper.

Having spent almost an hour reading gangbang fantasies, he now imagined his wife surrounded by a group of eager men. Her moans were getting louder, so he removed the toy. Before she could voice her disappointment, he rolled her over onto her stomach, roughly pulled her up onto all fours and reinserted it, pushing it as deep as it would go.

“Ow!”

He kept pumping it in and out of her. Cheryl dropped her head and started to push herself back, grunting with each thrust of his arm. Marc listened to her moans. He didn't want her to come yet. Before she managed to get into any sort of rhythm in this position, he withdrew it and flipped her onto her back again. When Cheryl started to complain, he slipped the wet vibrator into her mouth, making her gag.

“Come on,” he teased, pushing it so her cheek distended slightly. “If you had several men to satisfy, you'd need to be able to multitask.”

After he'd pulled the toy from her mouth, he lifted her leg until the foot pointed at the ceiling, then slid the dildo back inside her. He fucked her with it like this until she was panting, then crawled closer so she could rest both her legs over his shoulders. Looking down into her face, he decided he'd edged her for long enough. He shoved the toy deep and pressed his thumb over her clit.

“Are you going to come for me now?” he asked.

She nodded, hair clinging to her face. “Want to put your dick in my mouth?”

He shook his head. “No, I'll wait until after your next bull.”

Her eyes widened slightly, then they fluttered and closed. Her expression became one of concentration, and Marc could see her thigh muscles tense and relax as she bore down on the toy buried inside her. He could imagine her walls clenching and releasing, almost sorry it wasn't a real cock getting the pleasure.

She let out a long sigh, then took her lower lip between her teeth and furrowed her brow. Marc kept the vibrator buried deep while moving his thumb slowly around her clit. Cheryl suddenly opened her eyes and grunted. She roughly pushed his hand away and took hold of the vibrator, pumping it vigorously while bucking her hips. Marc reached up and stroked her boobs, tugging gently on her nipples as she rode out her orgasm.

Finally, she let out a long sigh and removed the toy. She opened her eyes. "Sure you don't want to slide in there and shoot your load?"

It was a tempting offer, but he was prepared to wait until the weekend. It'd give him more to look forward to. "No, I'll wait."

Cheryl placed her vibrator on the bedside drawers and slipped under the quilt. Marc stripped off his clothes and joined her, pulling her close and kissing her hair. Cheryl was soon asleep, but he lay awake, thinking about how to make her gangbang fantasy become a reality.

\* \* \* \*

Marc suggested they meet for an early drink at their local pub on Friday evening, and he walked down just before five. Cheryl arrived half an hour later, looking great in her trouser suit and heels. After a couple of drinks and a lovely Armenian meal, they were back home by eight-thirty.

Cheryl went upstairs to change while Marc opened a bottle of wine.

When she returned in her tartan pyjamas, he laughed out loud.  
“Ooh, sexy nightwear.”

“Since you’ve already told me you’re waiting until after my next  
bull, I thought wearing a lacy little babydoll wouldn’t be fair to  
you.”

He nodded as he handed her a glass of wine, then sat on the couch.  
“So you’re still up for a random guy tomorrow night?”

She sat beside him. “I’ve had a few thoughts about it.”

“Oh?”

“Hmm. I think you should come with me.”

“What?” A sense of unease crept up his spine.

“We’ll book into a nice hotel, and then walk to a nearby bar.”

“I don’t think I’d want—”

“We’ll go in separately. I thought you might like to see how men  
behave. You can find yourself somewhere to stand, then watch to  
see if any men hit on me.”

He felt his frown turn into a smile. He liked this idea.

“If I find someone I like, I’ll take him back to the hotel. You can  
either stay in the bar or follow us back and wait in the hotel bar  
until I text you.”

“What if he wants to stay the night?”

“I’ll tell him I have to get up early and I need my beauty sleep.  
Obviously, I won’t mention that my husband’s waiting in the wings  
to take his place.”

“I like that idea.”

“Good.” She picked up the remote. “Now, what’s on telly?”

\* \* \* \*

On Saturday morning, they browsed the web and settled on a hotel in Waterloo. After lunch they took the underground and walked back up to street-level to scout out potential bars near the hotel. They had a drink in a couple that looked suitable, then checked in and got ready for their evening.

Marc sat on the bed, watching Cheryl apply her makeup and get dressed. He approved of everything: the thick mascara, the red lip-gloss, the black bra and matching thong, and the tight-fitting blue dress.

“No stockings?” he asked, remembering how good she’d looked for Kelvin and Ed in the basque.

“Not tonight.” She sat on the chair and put on a pair of heeled sandals. After she’d fastened the ankle straps, she stood up and did a slow pirouette. “Do you think I’ll be able to find someone to satisfy our needs?”

Marc smiled at the way she’d included him. “I’m sure you will.” He stood up and grabbed his jacket.

She stepped close and looked into his eyes. “Any requests?”

“No. This is your night, so just do whatever you feel like doing.”

“Can I suck his cock?”

Marc’s heartbeat began to race. He loved these games they played.

“If you want to.”

“Can I take him bare?”

The familiar tightness appeared in his gut. “I guess that depends on whether you think he’s going to be a risk.”

Her eyes bore into his. “But do you want his cum inside me when you reclaim me?”

“I’ll want you nice and wet. I won’t care if it’s your juices or his.”

This was a lie, and he was sure she knew it.

“Want me to suck you off before we go out? Then if you see me kiss him in the bar, you’ll know he’ll be tasting your cum.”

“You’re depraved.”

“I know. I blame you for making me a hotwife.”

It had been Cheryl who’d invited Gavin into their bed, but he didn’t want to break the spell by pointing that out. “Do you think you’ll get to squirt tonight?” It was a roundabout way of asking if she would be prepared to give the guy anal sex.

She held his gaze and smiled. “Probably not.” She leaned close until their noses were touching. “But I may try and get his cream in my other two holes.”

The hairs on his neck prickled. “What order?”

“When I get him back in here, I’ll let him remove my dress and go down on me. I’ll suck his dick briefly, then fuck him. I’ll take his first load inside. Then I’ll get him hard again by sucking him. I’ll get him to fuck me from behind but tell him I want him to finish in my mouth.”

“And if he gets it up a third time?”

“Then I’ll tell him to fuck me missionary and come on my tits.”

Marc took a deep breath, then shook his head. “It sounds like you’re going to make a man very happy.”

“I’m hoping to make two men very happy by the end of tonight.”

He slipped his arms around her and pulled her close, marvelling at how good she felt pressed up against him.

“I can feel your hard-on,” she whispered.

“You have that effect on me when you talk dirty.”

She pulled back and looked into his eyes. “I’d be happy for us two to go for a drink and come back here and make love.”

“We can make love anytime. Tonight we’ll fuck.”

“Okay.”

“And before that happens...” He ran a finger down her cheek.

“You’re going to fuck somebody else.”

She let out a mock sigh. “Oh well, if I have to...”

Grinning, he walked her towards the door. “Have you got a coat?”

“No, I want my nipples to stick out.”

He laughed and led her along the hotel corridor.

Cheryl stepped out of the lift and wandered over to the reception desk. “Hi. How late’s the hotel bar open?”

The receptionist smiled. “The barman works ’til two, but if he has customers he’ll stay longer.”

“Great, thanks.”

Once they were outside, she squeezed his hand. “I didn’t want you walking the streets waiting for me to finish.”

“I love how considerate you are.”

“I’m a tart with a heart.”

As they approached the bar they’d chosen, Marc slowed down. “I think you should go in first. I don’t like the thought of you hanging around on the streets. Someone might stop their car and offer you money for a blowjob.”

She laughed. “I’d tell him if he lets my husband watch, I’ll give him a blowjob for free.”

His jaw dropped. Chuckling, Cheryl walked the few yards to the door and disappeared into the bar.

Marc hung around on the pavement, watching the other Saturday night revellers. Maybe they were catching up with friends over a drink, or on their way to the cinema. Some were probably out hoping to hook up with someone new, but he doubted many of them were husbands hoping to see their wives being picked up and escorted back to their hotel for sex.

After waiting at least three minutes, he followed her into the bar. It was much busier than it had been a few hours earlier. He waited until he'd ordered his drink, then, as casually as he could, he scanned the rest of the bar. He saw Cheryl on the far side. She looked fabulous, sitting on a tall stool by a high table with her legs crossed. She didn't look in his direction, but she'd probably seen him walk in.

When his beer arrived, he wandered over to stand a little closer, yet far enough away to be inconspicuous. She eventually glanced over and raised her eyebrows slightly, then turned her gaze elsewhere.

A group of guys made their way over and stood close to Cheryl's table. The thought of Cheryl inviting all five of them back to the hotel flitted through Marc's mind, but he quickly dismissed it. Cheryl smiled and laughed with them, but he could tell from her body language that she was just being friendly. After a little while, they moved on to sit down at a newly vacated table.

A guy in his early twenties wearing a green sweater and jeans went over to try his luck. His dark hair was buzzed short, and he had two-day stubble on his face. Marc didn't think he'd be Cheryl's type, so he was surprised when she patted the stool next to her. The guy sat down and they talked for a few minutes. Cheryl's body language completely changed. She leaned towards her new beau, squeezing her calves together and rotating her dangling foot. As the guy went to the bar, Cheryl flashed Marc a grin.

When Cheryl went to buy their next round, the young man's gaze was fixed on her backside and legs. He probably felt like he'd won the lottery. Once she'd returned, she moved her stool a little closer to the guy's and they spoke in whispers. Everyone else would probably assume they were just another couple out for a drink. She tilted her head on one side and looked into the guy's face, and Marc held his breath as the man leaned in and kissed her gently on the mouth. Knots of angst and arousal tightened in his guts.

Cheryl said something and the guy immediately downed his drink. Marc knew she'd just suggested they go back to her hotel room. As they made their way towards the door, she held eye contact with Marc for a couple of seconds. By the time he saw her again, she'd have added another man to her growing list of lovers.

Alone in the bar, Marc experienced the similar sense of disbelief he'd felt during her previous dates. He'd encouraged the woman he loved to go out and pick up a complete stranger for sex. He now had to wait until she'd finished, then he'd use her body to alleviate his pent-up arousal. It was a weird situation to be in, one he'd find impossible to explain to his friends, yet one he'd hate to live without.

He checked the time. It was a little before ten, so he had a few hours to kill. After getting himself another beer, he found a seat in a quiet corner, took out his phone and resumed searching through the contact pages for bulls. Forty-five minutes later, he'd identified someone who sounded promising. He sent a short email, explaining a request which would involve several bulls who'd be prepared to do a little roleplay.

He checked his watch again. How far along would Cheryl be with her evening? She'd told him the schedule she intended to follow, and he wondered if things had gone as planned.

His beer finished, Marc wandered back to the hotel. There was a different receptionist behind the desk. Marc flashed her a smile as he went into the hotel bar, which was far less crowded than the one he'd just left. After he'd bought himself a double brandy, he settled onto a leather couch by the far wall. It was weird to know that three floors above him, his beautiful wife was having sex with another man. He wished they'd booked adjacent rooms so he could have put a glass to the wall and listened to her moans and the bed springs creaking. Or maybe he should have planted a hidden camera.

When he took out his phone, he was surprised to see he'd already received a reply to his email. He'd expected the man to be out servicing hotwives on a Saturday night. The bull asked what sort of roleplay Marc had in mind, so he briefly typed out his plan. Once he'd sent it, he sipped his brandy and tried to imagine what was happening upstairs in the room.

People started to drift out of the bar shortly after midnight, but Marc didn't get a text from Cheryl until one-fifteen. He placed his empty glass on the bar and walked into the lobby, where he caught a glimpse of the young man in the green jumper bouncing out through the front doors, clearly very much happier than he'd been at the start of his evening. Marc took the lift to the third floor, walked along the deserted corridor to their room, and used his card to open the door.

The air was thick with the smell of sex. Cheryl lay naked on the bed, a contented smile on her face and dried cum on her stomach and breasts.

He stepped to the foot of the bed. "How was your evening?"

"I'll tell you when you're naked and your dick's inside me."

It took him about twenty seconds to strip and enter her. She was far

too wet to only be harbouring her own juices.

“Don’t move,” she ordered.

Marc held himself up on straight arms as Cheryl placed her hands on his buttocks and undulated beneath him, rocking her hips from side to side. It felt like she was using his dick to stir the mess inside her.

“How does that feel?” she whispered.

“Hot. Wet. Full.”

“Mmm. Well, I guess it’s all of those.”

“Are you going to tell me what happened?”

“How long will you last?”

His balls were already tingling. He imagined his cum bubbling like lava just before a volcanic eruption. “Not very.”

She lowered her voice to a breathy whisper. “I took him bare.”

“I can tell.”

“I also took him in my mouth.” Her big brown eyes sparkled in the lamplight. “He fired his cum up my cunt and down my throat.”

Cheryl only spoke like this after she’d taken a bull, and he knew she was doing it for him. She did it because her husband got off on her acting slutty with other men and then describing it using filthy words.

She ran her hands over her boobs. “And he fired his cum all over my tits.”

“So he came three times?”

“Four.” She grinned. “I have a greedy cunt, so that took two shots.”

With a grunt, Marc fired a third helping into her greedy hole. Cheryl bucked and ground herself against him, but he didn’t feel

the tell-tale clench of an orgasm. Maybe she was already too spent after her younger man, or maybe he'd come too soon for her to get over the line.

Marc pulled out and lay beside her. She snuggled down into the crook of his arm, pulled the covers up over them and kissed his chest.

“Want me to take a shower?” she asked, looking up into his face. He shook his head.

“Good, because your night's not finished yet.”

“I'm not as young as your last guy, you know.”

Cheryl giggled. “Yeah, I know. I'd forgotten how much stamina men that age have.”

Marc thought about what it must have been like for someone so young to have a woman like Cheryl take him back to her hotel and give him the sort of sex she was used to now she was a hotwife. He'd certainly never experienced anything like that as a young man—or since, for that matter.

She leaned up on one elbow and looked into his face. “What do you want to know?”

“Everything.”

“His name was Stefan, and he was from Romania.”

Marc hadn't considered the guy may have been from overseas, but then London was a pretty cosmopolitan city.

“He's studying at university here.” A hint of embarrassment flickered in her eyes. “He's only twenty years old.”

“Jeez.”

“I know. But...” She gave a shrug. “He had a cute accent, and he

charmed me in the bar.”

“And what about when you got him back here? Did you work your way through your planned schedule?”

She slipped her hand under the covers and wrapped her fingers around his spent, shrivelled cock. “Yes, but he surprised me with a few things.”

“Oh?”

“The going down on me part lasted much longer than I’d anticipated.”

“In a good way?”

“Oh yeah!” She beamed. “He wouldn’t stop. I came pretty quickly, but he kept his face clamped between my legs and fucked me with his tongue. I came again, then he rolled me over and did the same to my backside.”

“With his tongue?”

She nodded. “He licked all round then pushed it in. And I mean *right* in.”

Marc wasn’t sure how he felt about that. “Was it nice?”

“God, yeah. He fingered me at the same time, and I came like a steam train.” She frowned. “I was worried I’d squirt in his face, but thankfully I didn’t.”

Her fingers were squeezing and releasing Marc’s cock, which was beginning to swell again.

“So after he’d made you come three times with his tongue, did you suck his cock?”

“I didn’t get the chance. He just rammed it in me and fucked me from behind with me lying flat on my tummy.”

“Did he ask about condoms or anything?”

“No. He just shoved it in, fucked me hard and came fairly quickly.”

“What did you do?”

“I came with him. Then I pushed him onto his back and licked his cock clean.”

“Dirty bitch.”

“Hmm.” Seemingly happy he was fully hard again, Cheryl gave him one last squeeze before straddling him and feeding his cock inside. “Then,” she said, leaning over so her hair hung either side of his face, “I decided to return the favour of oral sex.”

Marc held her hips as she rode him. “You sucked him off?”

“Mmm. I took my time, giving his balls some attention as well as his cock.”

“And you made him come like that?”

She nodded.

“And after that?”

“We got our breath back for a bit, but he was hard again in no time. He fucked me in all sorts of positions and I asked him to come over me, which he did. Then we chatted and cuddled before I sucked him back to hardness so he could he fuck me one last time.”

“What position?”

“It started like this with me on top, and finished with me on all fours and him taking me doggie style.”

“How many times did you come?”

“God knows, but I’m going to come again soon.”

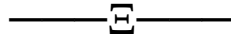
“Want to finish like this?”

“Mm hmm. Will you come with me?”

He nodded, running his hand up her cum-smearred body.

Nothing more was said and, for the final few moments of Cheryl’s lust-filled evening, Marc tried to show her that this was no longer fucking. He wanted her to know they were now making love. As she bore down and tightened around him, he flooded her again.

She lay down on his chest and he wrapped his arms around her. They were both fast asleep within minutes.



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## 16 – Her Ultimate Trial

After her night with Stefan in Waterloo, Cheryl got the impression Marc was preoccupied with something. At first, she was worried that her raving about the twenty-year-old's stamina had been a mistake, but he actually seemed to like the fact she'd slept with a guy almost half her age. He pestered her most nights for sex, seeming eager to prove that a guy in his late thirties could also exhibit stamina in the bedroom. Then, one Wednesday evening a couple of weeks after her latest playdate, Marc suggested they walk down to The Duke for a drink.

“Want me to dress like I did the last time?” she asked, hoping for a replay of their last trip there, when he'd ravaged her as soon as they got home.

“There's no need for the cashmere sweater and no bra, but I think you should put in the larger of your two butt plugs.”

“What?”

He gave a grin. “And I think you should wear it tomorrow and Friday as well.”

She frowned. “What’s going on?”

“You have a date on Saturday night, and I want all options to be open for your next bull.”

She stared at him. There was a niggling anger at the back of her mind that he’d arranged something without consulting her, but the way her heart raced suggested it also excited her.

“Don’t you think you should have asked me first?” she said. “I could have been on my period.”

“That finished on Monday.”

She blinked, amazed that he knew her cycle so well.

He walked over and bent to kiss her on the forehead. “You look great like that, but if you’d rather get changed, I’m happy to wait.”

She glanced down at her faded jeans and baggy t-shirt. “I’ll put on a clean top and a bit of lippy.”

Once upstairs, she changed her t-shirt for a stretchy pale blue v-neck, pulled on socks and flat ankle boots, then headed into the bathroom. Going against his advice, she chose the smaller of the two butt plugs, lubed it up and carefully inserted it. Then she washed her hands, applied lipstick and finger-combed her hair.

Marc was waiting for her in the hall. “You look great.” He raised his eyebrows. “Everything in place?”

She laughed. “Never you mind.”

They walked to the pub, exchanging brief greetings with one of their elderly neighbours down the road.

Marc leaned closer. “I bet old Mrs B would be shocked if she knew what you had up your arse.”

“Not half as shocked as she’d be if she knew you wanked off while watching other men fuck me.”

He laughed. “Touché.”

The pub was fairly busy. Without waiting for him to ask if she’d be able to sit down, she asked for a glass of white and took a seat at one of the few unoccupied tables. He brought their drinks over and sat next to her on the cushioned bench.

“Comfortable?” he asked.

Holding his gaze, she picked up her glass and took a sip.

“Perfectly, thanks for asking.”

He touched his beer bottle to her glass. “Here’s to your next adventure.”

“*Our* next adventure. Or won’t you be there?”

“Oh, I’ll be there. I wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

She narrowed her eyes, wondering if he’d arranged for her to have another date with Kelvin and Ed. “So, are you going to tell me about it?”

“No, I think it’ll be better as a surprise.”

The playfulness in his eyes made her smile. She was intrigued.

“Will we need to travel?”

He shook his head. “We won’t be leaving London, so we’ll be spending the night in our own bed.”

“Hmm.” Cheryl took another sip of her drink, wondering what he could have arranged. After she’d raved about the benefits of a younger man, she wondered if he’d booked her a young bull. “So, are you going to give me a hint?”

“Nope.”

“Following your request from earlier, am I to assume it’ll involve anal?”

“Not necessarily. I just want to cover all bases.”

Cheryl took another drink, then shrugged. “As you’ve decided to be all mysterious, I’m going to ban you from touching me until after my playdate.”

“What?”

“I don’t know what’s going to happen, so I think it’d be wise to save myself.” She smiled and rubbed his hand. “And you can save yourself, too. No sneaking in a crafty wank while I’m at work.” She could tell from his expression that he still resented her catching him doing that the other week. “And stop pouting.”

He took a gulp of his beer, then smiled. “So, any interesting cases to tell me about?”

Apparently, he wasn’t going to divulge any more details about her upcoming date, so they spent the rest of the evening discussing work and another possible trip to Scotland to visit her folks.

When they got home, Cheryl decided to leave the butt plug in for a while. They climbed into bed and cuddled. Marc’s breathing soon became even, and she felt sure he was asleep. She wondered again about what he had planned. The thought of another night with Kelvin and Ed—coupled with the presence of the plug—made her restless and horny. She ran her hand down her body, cupped her sex through her panties, then clenched on the plug. A tingle ran through her. She squeezed and released the plug and pressed her hand against her mound. An orgasm wouldn’t take her long, but she felt guilty after telling Marc he wasn’t allowed one.

She placed her lips by his ear. “I know I said you couldn’t have anything tonight, but I’m open to negotiation.”

He stirred, but didn't wake up.

She licked his earlobe. "If you were to slide your cock in, it might be nice for both of us."

He opened his eyes and smiled. "No, I'm good, thanks."

She frowned. "I'm horny."

"Sort yourself out, then."

Cheryl sighed in frustration, then decided to do exactly that. She rocked her hand and squeezed down on the plug. After a tingling build-up, she slipped her hand inside her panties and ran her middle finger around her clit.

"Sure you don't want to change your mind?" she rasped, already on the incline to her orgasm.

Marc rolled her onto her back, tugged her gusset aside and entered her. He was already rock hard, which suggested he'd been feigning disinterest. She cried out, pulled him deeper, and tumbled into her orgasm. Spasms jolted through her, the plug intensifying every sensation as he pounded her. Another orgasm, or a powerful aftershock, made her cry out again, then she felt his cock shudder inside her.

They groaned and bucked while riding out the final ripples of their orgasms, then stilled and held each other close as their breathing came back to normal. Both fell asleep soon afterwards.

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On Saturday afternoon, Marc suggested she bathe before her playdate and said he'd choose clothes for her to wear. While running the bath, Cheryl decided to prepare for all eventualities. She removed the large plug, which she'd even worn at work on Thursday and Friday, sat on the loo, and cleaned herself out with the squeezey rubber bulb and warm soapy water. After getting into

the bath, she lay in the hot water with a tingling anticipation about her date. Eventually, Marc knocked on the bathroom door.

“It’s open.”

He came in carrying a large glass of white wine. Condensation immediately formed on the glass as he passed it to her. “Here you go.”

“Thank you.” She looked up at him and smiled. He seemed more nervous about tonight’s date than he had about any of the others. “Have you picked out an outfit?”

“Yep. But before you get dressed, I’ll need to supervise you putting on your makeup.”

Marc left, and she spent another half hour or so sipping wine and wondering who her husband had arranged for her to fuck. Once her glass was empty, she climbed out of the bath and dried off.

Marc was sitting on the bed, pointing to the dresser where her hairdryer and makeup bags were set out.

“How do you want me to wear my hair?”

“Pin it up like you do when you go into court.”

She smiled and nodded. “And shall I do my makeup like when I go into court?”

“No. I want you to do your makeup like you would if you were a pole dancer.”

She laughed, sat at the dressing table and picked up her hairdryer. Once her hair was done, she looked at her husband’s reflection.

“Okay, makeup.”

“You have a nice tan, so there’s no need for foundation. But apply some blusher.”

She could feel him watching her as she highlighted her cheekbones.

She checked both sides, then looked back at Marc's face in her mirror.

"Eyes," he said. "I don't know what order you have to do things, but I want shiny gold eyeshadow, eyeliner and thick mascara."

Cheryl worked on her eyes as Marc watched. Once they were done, she batted her lashes at him. "Is this okay?"

"Fabulous. Right, I want your lips a shiny dark red."

She wasn't sure if she had the desired shade of lip gloss. First she used a lip pencil to draw the outline, then applied the darkest gloss she owned. She pouted at the mirror.

"Fantastic. Next, bigger earrings."

She took a pair of large silver hoops from her jewellery box and showed them to him. He nodded. She put them on in place of the small diamond studs she'd been wearing.

"Right." Marc stood up and walked to his chest of drawers. "I've bought you new underwear for the occasion."

Cheryl laughed, taking the gift-wrapped box from him. She opened it to find a sexy bra and thong set made from dark blue silk and lace, and a pair of sheer black hold-up stockings. She stood, slipped off her robe and put on the thong first, then the bra. She slowly turned to look at herself in the full-length mirror by the wardrobe. Then she rolled on the stockings.

Marc's eyes shone as he stared at her. "I also bought shoes." He handed her another box, though this one wasn't wrapped.

Cheryl took off the lid and gasped at the Jimmy Choos: black patent leather sling-backs with a peep-toe and stiletto heel. She wondered if she'd be able to actually walk in them. "I hope we're not going dancing."

He laughed and shook his head. “No, I promise.”

She sat to put them on and stood gingerly. They were the highest heels she’d ever worn, but the shoes were incredibly sexy and must have cost a small fortune. “They’re lovely.” She didn’t expect him to have bought her a new dress as well, but the beauty of black shoes was that they went with anything. She wondered which dress he’d chosen.

Marc went to her wardrobe, took out her suede knee-length coat and held it open.

She blinked, half-smiling. At his encouraging grin, she realised what he had in mind and shook her head. “Please don’t tell me you expect me to go out without a dress on.”

He grinned and nodded. “Don’t worry, we’re not going on public transport.”

“What if the car breaks down?”

“Do you usually take your coat off for the tow truck driver?”

“No, but...” She sighed. “Marc, I can’t walk out onto a London street wearing fuck-me shoes and only underwear beneath my coat.”

“Yes you can.” He shook it open and held it at waist height like a true gentleman.

Cheryl sighed, then turned around and slid her hands into the sleeves. He lifted the coat up her arms and helped as she pulled it on. She glared at him while fastening the buttons.

He led her down the stairs and out through the front door. His car was parked about twenty yards away. She gripped his arm for support, worried she’d trip on the uneven flagstones.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she muttered. “If we’re involved in

an accident and I need hospital treatment, I'll probably get disbarred."

"I think you can only get disbarred if you're convicted of a crime that's directly related to your practice as a lawyer." He patted her arm. "It doesn't apply when you're practicing as a slut."

She laughed out loud, despite her nerves. He unlocked the car and opened the passenger door for her.

Marc closed her door, walked around the bonnet and got in beside her. "Ready?" he asked.

"No, not really."

"Are you excited?"

She chewed her lip. "Yeah, kind of. I think I'd be more excited if you weren't being so mysterious about what you have planned."

He reached over and squeezed her hand, then started the car and headed down the road. They drove south along Ladbroke Grove, past Holland Park and farther south through Earl's Court, where she'd spent the night with Kyle the Texan. Then they crossed the Thames and headed out towards Wimbledon.

"I thought you said it wasn't far," she said.

"I said we weren't leaving London, and we're not."

"Is he going to wear a condom?"

He turned to her. "That's up to you, but I'm assured there's no risk of an STD."

The familiar tingle started in her groin. "Which would you prefer, sheathed or bare?"

"You know my answer to that. The question you need to ask is, which would *you* prefer?"

Cheryl knew Marc liked sloppy seconds. What's more, she much preferred sex when it was skin on skin, and the thrill of a man she'd never met before pumping his cum inside her made it so much more exciting.

They stopped at a set of traffic lights. "I'll take him bare if you tell me to," she said quietly.

He turned and looked deep into her eyes. "I want you to."

She let out a long sigh, aware that she was already wet. "How much further?"

"Almost there."

A few minutes later, he turned off the main road and navigated a warren of backstreets before pulling up outside an old brick building. A battered and weathered sign announced it was a community hall. The windows were covered in wire mesh on the outside and black drapes on the inside. The place looked abandoned.

A sense of dread seeped through her. "I'm meeting my date in *there*?"

Marc finished tapping out a text. "The inside is nicer, I promise."

"You've been here before?"

He nodded, then his phone chirped. He glanced at the screen and opened his car door, smiling. "Time to go."

Cheryl waited until he'd opened her door before getting out and looking around. Apart from some litter on the street, it was quite a nice neighbourhood, featuring lovely old houses with well-maintained front gardens.

"Come on," he said, holding out his hand.

They walked to the door and Marc pushed it open, leading her into

a small foyer with doors to the toilets on either side, and a set of double doors leading into the main part of the hall. When Marc pulled those open, she saw the hall in darkness except for the stage at the far end, which was lit by a row of spotlights on a bar above it. There were three tables on the stage, two on the left, placed side by side with a chair behind each, and a longer table and chair on the right, facing the others.

Cheryl stopped and frowned at the scene in front of her. “Marc, what’s all this?”

Just then, the sound of the front door being locked made them turn around. A guy in a smart suit walked up to them, smiling broadly. He was tall, maybe six-three, and very good-looking.

He held out a hand to Cheryl. “Hi, you must be the defence counsel.”

Cheryl opened her mouth but words failed her.

“I’m Henry, and I’ll be acting on behalf of the prosecution. Follow me, I’ll show you to your table.”

As Henry walked toward the stage, Cheryl turned to Marc and shook her head, puzzled. “What is this?”

“He’s in an amateur dramatics group,” Marc explained.

“Apparently this is where they do shows and hold their rehearsals.” He took her hand and guided her up the narrow aisle between chairs toward the stage.

Henry was waiting by the steps. He took Cheryl’s hand from Marc’s and helped her up. “That’s your table there,” he said, pointing to one of the smaller tables. “That’s mine right next to it. Please remain standing until the judge is seated.”

This felt like a weird dream. Cheryl stood by her seat and glared at Marc, who was still standing by the steps to the stage with a broad

smile on his face. The double doors opened and another man came into the hall and headed up the aisle. It was difficult to make him out in the dark, but as he approached the stage, Cheryl realised he was wearing a judge's black gown and a white wig. She had to bite her lip to stop from laughing.

The new guy took his place behind the larger table and sat facing them. He wasn't as tall as Henry, but he was thickset and wide across the shoulders, probably a frequent gym user. He had a gavel in his hand and a pair of half-moon reading glasses perched halfway down his nose. He tapped the gavel on the table, then looked over at Cheryl and Henry. "I'm sorry, young lady, but coats are not allowed in my courtroom."

Cheryl felt her jaw drop. She turned to look at Marc, and he just gave her another of his fucking grins. She took a deep breath. The whole point of her being here was to have sex. If these two guys were the ones Marc had arranged for her, then removing her coat wasn't really a big deal. She undid the buttons, then slipped the garment off her shoulders and walked over to throw it to her husband. She reclaimed her place behind her table, fully aware that the two men on stage with her were staring at her body.

"Thank you," the judge said. "Please, be seated." Then, in a louder voice, "Bring in the accused."

*The accused?*

The double doors banged again, and Cheryl looked over to see more people enter the hall. Trepidation swamped her brain as four men climbed the steps to the stage and walked up between the judge's table and the ones she and Henry were sitting behind. They were all wearing black and white hooped jumpsuits like members of a chain gang in old American movies. But they were all tall, fit-looking guys in their late twenties or early thirties. She glanced

back at Marc, but he was now in shadow, standing a little back from the stage.

*Six guys. Oh, my God, he's arranged my gangbang fantasy!*

The judge banged his gavel and looked over at Henry. "What are the charges?"

Henry glanced over at the men, then back at the judge. "Possession of an offensive weapon, m'lud."

Cheryl couldn't suppress a smile. This was ludicrous.

The judge turned to Cheryl. "And how do the accused intend to plead?"

Cheryl stood up, feeling foolish and almost naked. "Not guilty, your honour."

The judge sat back in his chair. "Very well. I suggest prosecution presents the evidence."

Henry turned to the four men, who'd shuffled into a line about eight feet to Cheryl's left. "Show the court your weapons."

To her amazement, the four men opened the flaps of their jumpsuits and each took out his cock. They were all well-endowed, a couple of them already sporting semis.

The judge stared at the men's cocks, then turned to Cheryl. "In light of the evidence, does the defence wish to change the plea?"

Cheryl looked at the four handsome men with their cocks out, then back at the judge. "No, your honour. As you can see, their weapons are not offensive in any way."

"Objection!" Henry stood up. "M'lud, I consider defence counsel's shoes inappropriate for court."

Cheryl blinked, then laughed.

“Inappropriate?” The judge leaned over his table, squinting.

“Yes m’lud.” Henry shook his head. “I find it difficult to concentrate.”

The judge looked from Cheryl to Henry. “Well, I can’t see anything wrong. Yet. Counsel, please approach the bench.”

Cheryl got up from her chair and waited for Henry to join her, then strutted towards the judge with long, slow strides, acutely aware that the four ‘prisoners’ with their cocks out were ogling her body.

The judge glanced at Cheryl’s face and gave the briefest of smiles. Then he looked at Henry. “Why are you finding it so difficult to concentrate?”

“Those shoes are far too sexy to be worn with stockings, m’lud.”

The judge leaned over the table again and nodded. “They are incredibly sexy.” He sat back and looked at Henry. “However, the shoes and stockings do not stop me from thinking clearly.”

“They don’t, m’lud?”

The judge shook his head, the long wig flapping comically. “Not at all, though all I can think clearly about is bending her over this bench and ramming my cock into her mouth.”

Cheryl laughed, but heat bloomed in her lower body.

“Well, m’lud,” Henry said. “It’s strange you should say that, because all I can think about is bending her over this bench and fucking her from behind.”

The judge banged his gavel. “Motion carried.” He frowned at Cheryl. “Or is that the wrong line?”

She shook her head. “It works for me.” She leaned her elbows on the table in front of the judge. “Now, didn’t you say something about your cock being in my mouth?”

The judge stood up and raised his gown, fumbling with the buttons of his trousers. Henry slipped his fingers into the waistband of her thong and pulled it down her legs and off over her feet. The four prisoners converged on the table, and as Cheryl opened her mouth for the judge's cock, Henry entered her from behind.

With her hands pressed flat onto the table, Cheryl closed her eyes and enjoyed being spit-roasted. Hands stroked her body from both sides, running over her hips and legs. Her bra was unclipped and both boobs were immediately groped, the nipples tweaked and twisted. Henry withdrew and was replaced by one of the prisoners. His cock was bigger, stretching her out and making her grunt when he pushed deep. The judge stepped back and another of the prisoners presented his cock in front of Cheryl's face. Without looking up to see which man it belonged to, she simply opened her mouth and pushed forward, swallowing his length into her throat.

Another of the prisoners reached down and played with her clit while his buddy fucked her from behind. A mouth latched onto her nipple, and suddenly Cheryl's orgasm arrived. She wailed, but the noise couldn't escape around the cock in her throat. Whoever had been rubbing her clit stopped, and the guy fucking her was replaced by another man. She'd now had three of the men inside her pussy and two in her mouth.

The guy in her mouth held her head tight and thrust his hips, literally fucking her face. Her throat was warmed by his cum, then he pulled out slightly and sent another spurt into her mouth. This one she could taste, and she bobbed and twisted her head, draining his balls.

"Get her on the table," someone said.

Cheryl felt the guy behind withdraw, then she was lifted off the floor and laid lengthwise along the judge's table. Someone held her

arms above her head so she was completely at their mercy. It felt wonderful.

One of the prisoners climbed onto the table between her legs and entered her. Her head was tilted to the side and another cock was fed into her mouth. She could taste her own juices, and when she looked up, she saw Henry smiling down at her. She bobbed her head and tried to give him pleasure, but the guy on top was now delivering long, deep thrusts that were bringing her to the boil again. She released Henry's cock to let out a long groan. Looking up, she realised it was the judge who was now fucking her. He'd removed his wig, gown and glasses. As he drove his cock into her again and again, Cheryl reached her second orgasm. He pushed deep and held still, the tendons in his neck standing out. She stared up into his eyes as he flooded her cunt, then Henry fed his cock back into her mouth.

As soon as the judge made way for another guy, her hair was pulled from behind. She released Henry to let the man on the opposite side of the table take his turn with her mouth. His cock also tasted of her juices.

A figure was moving behind the man in her mouth, and she realised it was Marc. He was holding his phone up, capturing what they were doing to her. The guy between her legs made way for another, and Cheryl raised her hips in readiness. She'd now lost count of how many men she'd sucked and fucked. She knew only two of them had come so far, one of the prisoners in her mouth and the judge inside her.

The latest cock was the biggest, making her cry as the prisoner slid it all the way home. She released the cock in her mouth and looked up at the man on top of her as he ploughed her across the tabletop. He was clenching his teeth and breathing heavily. "I'm gonna

come,” he rasped.

She nodded, wondering if she'd be able to come again this soon.

“Where do you want it?” he asked.

“Wherever you want.”

He grinned. “It could get messy.”

“Bring it on.”

He banged her a few more times, pulled out, and jacked his big cock while holding himself up with his other arm. Cheryl arched off the table as a thick rope of cum arced up over her body and landed with a splash on her chin and neck. She blinked, shocked by the amount and by the distance it had travelled. A second rope erupted onto her left boob. She ran her hands over the mess as a third hit her tummy.

Someone yanked her head to the right and came on her face. As she opened her mouth in surprise, the second shot hit the back of her throat. He slipped his dick between her lips and fired more spunk into her mouth. Then it was Henry's turn inside her again. She released the man in her mouth as Henry fucked her with short, quick strokes. She gripped his hips, banging her crotch up to meet his thrusts. She was on the brink of another orgasm and didn't intend letting him out until she'd come. In her peripheral vision she saw Marc filming her face, no doubt capturing the desperation as she chased her goal. Henry grunted.

Knowing he was coming inside her was enough to send Cheryl over the edge. This orgasm flicked her entire nervous system into overload. Her limbs twitched and her eyes squeezed shut. She screamed and shook, her feet banging on the table. Henry eventually withdrew and another man took his place. She undulated beneath him but didn't bother to open her eyes. She didn't care

who it was, she just wanted his cock. Turning her head to her right, she opened her mouth and waited. She wasn't disappointed. This cock was soft and tasted of her. Maybe it was one that had come inside her. It didn't matter. She teased it with her tongue and took it all the way into her mouth, her only task to get it hard so the guy could fuck her again.

Cheryl was lifted off the table, but she was barely aware of who was where. All she could think about was the fire burning in her core, and her desire to be used. She tried to count how many of the men had come. Surely all of them must have done by now.

One of the prisoners took her place on the table, his jumpsuit open down the front to show a well-toned chest and large erection. Cheryl was encouraged to straddle him. She did, impaling herself. Gently, she was pushed down to lie on him. She knew what was coming next.

This was confirmed by a cold squirt of lube on her arsehole. She opened her eyes and saw Marc, who was still filming the action. She stared into the lens of his phone as a cock slid easily into her backside. Her eyes fluttered and she let out a groan, then her head was turned to the side and another cock pushed between her parted lips.

*Three.*

She had three men simultaneously using her body, and three more waited to take their place. Her fantasy was now a reality. She closed her eyes and revelled in everything that was happening to her. The two cocks moving against each other—sometimes in sync, sometimes not—were at the epicentre of a burgeoning ball of pleasure. The sheer delight emanating out from those two points of entry spread throughout her body, setting off tremors in her thighs and butterflies in her stomach.

She was aware of gripping the edges of the tabletop and the sounds of her groans around the cock in her mouth, but everything else seemed to be cocooned in a warm numbness of bliss. Her orgasm was building and she gleefully rode the tide, howling in exhilaration as the wave crested for what felt like an eternity, then screaming when it finally broke. Wet heat covered her thighs and groin, and a different wet heat filled her mouth. She tried to swallow it all but failed, dribbles oozing out of her mouth and down her cheek. The guy behind pushed deep and held still, and more heat flooded her insides.

Cheryl twitched and bucked, dimly registering that she'd squirted with her orgasm and that two of the men using her body had just come. Those two pulled out, and she was immediately filled again. The man in her mouth tasted of her, and the man behind stretched her wider than the last. She concentrated on using her mouth. The big guy came quickly, and then the man beneath her grunted and twitched. She scratched at his chest and shoulders as the two neighbouring cocks unloaded. Then the big guy pulled out and a third took his place. The guy in her cunt was beginning to wilt, but his presence still gave a fullness she enjoyed.

A groan from the man fucking her mouth made her look up. It was the judge, and she knew he was about to blow. She took him deep into her throat and hummed. He jerked as he came, but this time she didn't spill. She bobbed her head and didn't let go until she knew she'd emptied his balls. Her body ached and she was suddenly tired to the point of exhaustion. The man behind stepped back and someone helped her off the table. Standing up, she was suddenly lightheaded.

An arm wrapped around her waist and she turned to see Marc looking concerned.

“Are you okay?”

She smiled and nodded. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

The six men congregated on the judge’s side of the long table, giving Cheryl and Marc some space.

She looked down at her body, which was covered in cum and her own fluids. “I need to clean up.”

Henry approached them, having put his trousers and shirt back on. “There are towels in the toilets. Use whatever you need and leave them on the floor. We’ll clean up before we leave.”

She smiled her thanks and walked unsteadily down the steps. Wearing only her shoes and hold-ups, she headed up the aisle and through the double doors. The toilets were much smarter than she’d expected. There were two piles on a faux-marble counter, one of flannels and one of hand towels. Several boxes of tissues were stacked under a large mirror over the sinks. Maybe they were used for removing stage makeup. She cleaned up as best as she could, very aware that cum was still leaking from both holes. There wasn’t much she could do other than clench and catch it on a tissue.

The door opened and Marc walked in with her underwear and coat. She smiled her thanks, then pulled on her thong and wedged fresh tissues onto the gusset. She allowed him to fasten her bra, then help her on with her coat.

She turned to look up into his eyes, which still showed concern. “Thank you.”

“Was it okay?” He slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her close. “I was worried at the end because you seemed to be out on your feet.”

She shook her head. “I was just tired, overwhelmed and...” She

laughed. “Well and truly *fucked*.” She tilted her head and kissed his cheek. “I don’t know how you managed to arrange it all, but I doubt I’ll be able to walk into court again without getting hot flashbacks.”

He laughed and turned her towards the door. “Do you want to say goodbye to the guys?”

“Yes, of course. Come on.”

The stage was now clear of the tables, the guys all sitting on the steps in regular clothes. Henry had tidied up his smart suit. They stood up as Cheryl and Marc walked towards them.

She smiled at them all. “Thank you all so much, I had more fun than you can imagine.”

Henry smiled broadly. “I’m pretty sure we had as much fun, so thank you.”

Hugs and handshakes were exchanged all round before Cheryl and Marc followed Henry to the main door, which he unlocked for them.

Marc opened Cheryl’s car door for her. Once they were both inside, she reached over and squeezed his hand. “Did you film it all?”

“I filmed as much as I could without getting in anybody’s way.”

“Want to watch it when we get home?” She knew he must be aching for release.

He shook his head. “I think when we get home you should have a bath and then sleep for twelve hours.”

She frowned. “I want you—”

“Don’t worry about me. This was for you, and I’m going to let you have a few days to enjoy and cherish what you’ve had. After that, I’ll take you out to dinner, bring you home and make love to you as

gently as I can manage.”

Her eyes filled with tears. “I really like that idea.”

“And then maybe next weekend,” he said, grinning, “we’ll watch the film and I’ll fuck you as hard as I can manage.”

“I like that idea, too.” She narrowed her eyes. “Have you got anything else planned for me?”

He shook his head. “Should I have?”

“No. I think for the next few weeks I’m only going to be a hotwife for my hot husband.”

“Oh?”

She squeezed his hand again. “We can pick things up again whenever we’re ready, but I want to show you that I don’t need anybody else.”

He leaned over and kissed her gently on the mouth. “You can have whoever you want, and if that’s just me for a while, I’m not going to complain.”

“Me neither.”

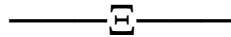
Marc started the engine. “Let’s go home.”

*THE END*

[Delores Swallows](#)

United Kingdom (2024)

## About the Author

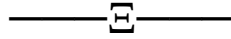


Delores Swallows has many dirty thoughts, and during his free time he writes them down in the form of stories. Born and bred in the northwest of England, he has a commoner's accent and a bit of a crush on his future queen.

His stories often feature petite brunettes, high-heeled shoes and voyeurism. He claims he didn't realise these were obsessions until someone pointed out how often they appear in his work.

Find out more about Delores on his [web site](#), chat on [email](#), and follow his new stories on [Amazon](#). And don't forget to sign up to his [mailing list](#) for a **free story**.

## Also by Delores Swallows



### His Inspiration



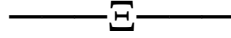
*Matt is a freelance writer who pens ‘geek’ articles for tech magazines and websites. In his spare time, he also writes hotwife fiction. His side line may not pay the bills, but it’s a lot more fun than writing about computer software and video games.*

*One evening, his wife Danielle goes out with girlfriends. When she gets home, she has a tale of her own to tell. At first, he assumes it’s exactly that – a tale. However, the evidence suggests otherwise. The combination of gut-punch and arousal he experiences helps him to understand exactly how some of his fictional cuckolded characters must feel.*

*When Matt and Danielle discuss her behaviour and his reaction to it, they find themselves embarking on a wild ride that not only mirrors some of his*

written fiction, it inspires his next book.

[His Inspiration](#) is available at Amazon.



## Your Next Hotwife



*Vivienne inadvertently discovers husband Lee's laptop still logged on after he leaves for a work trip. The scantily clad women on the webpage pique her curiosity. Thinking she might be able to give him a sexy treat if she knows what sort of porn he watches, she takes a closer look.*

*Then her world collapses.*

*It isn't a porn site - it's a contact forum. Lee's been moonlighting as a bull for couples who live the hotwife/cuckold lifestyle. Not only are there sexy women offering him their bodies, he's also getting requests from husbands to satisfy their wives' carnal desires.*

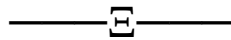
*About to call Lee and tell him not to bother coming home ever again, Viv*

*realises this confrontation needs to be done face to face. The inevitable denials and elaborate lies would hurt her even more. So she comes up with a good old honeytrap plan.*

*She registers as 'Brandy' and sends a request saying, 'Let me be your next hotwife'. When he turns up at the hotel, there'll be no way for him to try and sweet-talk his way out of his duplicity.*

*But there's something Vivienne hasn't considered: the forum has many bulls looking for sexy hotwives to service...*

*[Your Next Hotwife](#) is available at Amazon*



## **Pushing the Limits**



*Our marriage was no longer monogamous. Suzy's antics at a student house party had put paid to that, and a few weeks later she'd followed it up by offering herself in a free-use arrangement to my ex-army buddies. I'd been so caught in the hedonistic thrill that I didn't consider the long-term*

consequences.

*The next step was for me to become more involved, and we sought out like-minded couples for swinging dates. Everything was hunky dory, so a week-long stay at a couples' resort in Mexico sounded like the perfect vacation.*

*Things couldn't have started better. Our very first hook-up resulted in Suzy getting exactly what she likes every which way from a stud called Dean, while I connected with his beautiful partner, Cyndi.*

*Before long though, I became a little uncomfortable with Suzy's care-free approach to hook-ups. She randomly overstepped boundaries, and her competitive nature with a hotwife called Daisy pushed the limits even further.*

*Suzy and I had changed. We were no longer the same people we'd been six months ago. I knew we'd never get our old selves back, but I suspected that bothered me more than it would bother my wife. And why couldn't I get Cyndi out of my head...?*

[Pushing the Limits](#) is available at Amazon

