

Milf-Wife Files

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By

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The older the woman, the more desperate her indiscretions...

~ Unknown

CHAPTER 1

Gina cried out, blood spurting from her finger. "Fuck!"

At the same time, her cell phone played the Star Wars Evil Empire theme.

She snatched it up with her free hand and cradled it, twisting the dirty rag around her injured finger. "What?"

It was Robin on the other end. "Oh, wow, bad time?"

"No... I sliced open my finger."

"What did you do that for?"

"I didn't do it on purpose. I was cleaning a toaster." She bought old phones, toasters and radios from garage sales and e-Bayed them.

"Ouch?"

Gina's heart was slowing. "Yeah, you called me just as it happened. Sorry."

"You need stitches?"

Her hands were trembling with the shock of the injury. "No...a Band-Aid will do it."

"Try to be more careful."

"I am. It's just this thing is covered in decades of kitchen grease. Maybe I should use lacquer thinner."

"So, is this a good time? Or?"

Gina blew out a breath. "It's as good a time as any." She gingerly pressed the thumb of her right hand against the twisted rag around her index finger.

Robin laughed. "Okay, then. I need a favor."

"Hmm?" She carefully removed the rag.

"Could you, like, chaperone me?"

"Chaperone? You're an adult."

"Remember I was talking about the guys that moved into the place next door?"

"Yeah..." Gina sighed. She was forty-six. Her friend was thirty-five. College guys had moved in next door to her and rented.

"So, like, I got invited to a party."

"So go."

Her friend sounded scandalous. "But I feel so old—"

"Thanks."

"You know what I mean. Compared to them."

"And what about me?" The cut had already stopped bleeding, but it looked ugly.

"But you look so good."

"Well, thanks, but—"

Robin rushed ahead. "Oh, come on. I need a little support. Just to make sure someone doesn't slip me a drug into my drink or something."

"So you want me to play bodyguard? I don't have muscles."

"Please? You'd be security. Making sure things don't get out of hand."

Gina leaned her head back, looking up at the shop's ceiling light. Her husband repaired appliances in there and resold them. "I don't know. A college party? What, a Netflix night or a PlayStation party?"

Robin laughed. "No, more like beer and pizza with thirty or so people."

She shook her head. "Where do these kids dig up all these friends?"

"Networking, I tell ya."

"Maybe, I'll have to ask Dick." Dick Merryweather was her husband, who bore the name brazenly and proudly, despite the times.

"Great!" Robin's exuberance left no doubt she expected Dick to say yes.

Gina pressed the cut on her finger. The skin split open and fresh blood welled out. Like, duh, why did I have to do that? She said into the phone, "I'll call you tonight. When is it anyway?"

"Friday at six."

"I guess I should've figured."

"Sometimes college kids do Saturdays."

"Uh huh. All right, then, later tonight."

"Seeya."

Gina thumbed off. Then she took a picture of her finger and texted it to Robin.

Her friend texted back.

Robin: gross!!!

~ ~ ~

Gina heard him come in. "Dick?" She was in the kitchen.

"Yeah." He came into the kitchen and sighed. White hair and beard, he was ten years older than her and looking tired. He looked beat after every day of work.

Saturdays and Sundays rejuvenated him a little, but not enough. He stretched, back creaking audibly. He blew out a breath. "I'm getting too old for this."

"You said that last year."

"It's getting worse." He was in good shape, physically – moving appliances all over the place was far better than a gym membership. But mentally, physically, he was getting burned out on the job.

"Hire in a helper."

"With no experience? What good would that do?"

She pulled the ribeyes out of the oven with potholders. "Medium."

He nodded and rubbed at his face. "Maybe I should scale back. Just do the refurbishings in the shop."

"Why not? Let Hal pick up your slack." Hal Raynes was a competitor.

"He's older than me."

"So, someone else."

"We're the only two in town."

She set the plates down on the table. "And you can't make house calls forever. Someone new will eventually fill the vacuum. It's not your duty to repair appliances forever."

"It's my job." He sat and grabbed the utensils.

It was a familiar argument with no heat or contention. Gina chewed a few seconds. "Robin wants me to go to a college party with her."

A smile sifted across his face. "Oh, college gangbang, huh?"

She gave him a level gaze. "Dick..."

He chuckled.

She shook her head and laughed with him. They had mentioned several times over the years what a studly college guy could do for her in their bedroom musings. But she was happy with him and he with her.

He said, "So, you're going."

"I am?" Why did I know he was going to make me go?

"Get some young guy all hot for you? Sure."

She laughed. "I'm almost fifty."

"You're forty-six and sexy as hell."

"Is hell sexy?"

He gave her a wry look. "You know what I mean. What'd you do to your finger?"

"Sliced it open. How—"

"What'd you do that for?"

She wanted to hit him.

He saw the look on her face. "What?"

"You sound like Robin."

He grunted and forked his steak.

"How come you don't like her?"

"I don't dislike her. She just seems so flighty."

She watched him for a few seconds. "Sort of like going to this college party?"

He groaned with a tone of consideration. "Maybe. But I think you going with her is a good idea."

"How would I fit in? They're half my age."

He looked at her with a tired expression. "Yeah, you might not know how to relate to a twenty-something because you were never one."

She slapped his arm. "It wasn't that long ago."

"Go and have fun. Even if it's just for drinks."

"I'm not going to drink and drive."

He grunted. "Yeah, guess I can't argue that one. Just come home and tell me all the wild stories."

She rolled her eyes. "If...I go."

"Go."

She sighed. "It's going to be as exciting as hearing how I got beer spilled on me or something."

"Not liking the idea of some hot college guy hanging on you?"

"With Coors and Doritos breath? Ugh, no thanks."

He sat, laughing low, turning red in the face.

"Stop laughing at me."

Her husband leaned over his plate. "Gina, shut up."

CHAPTER 2

Gina knocked on Robin's door. Cars were already lining the street and across.

Robin flung open the door. "There you are. Finally." She was a curly brunette, with large eyes and a wide mouth.

"I'm early. You said six." She checked her watch: it was a quarter till.

"It's already started. I was going to head over there without you."

Gina nodded dramatically. "Oh...so you don't need me after all." She turned to go.

Robin burst out in low giggles and grabbed her arm. "No way; you're coming."

"Do I really have to?"

Her friend pulled her in and shut the door. "Yes, I won't know anybody there."

"I thought you knew—"

"Yes, I know Phil. He has a roommate. Scary-looking guy. Gary invited me. He's cute."

"So..."

"Just keep an eye out for me. If I get too wild or something, pull me out. Get me home."

"You're going to drink that much?"

"Hey, I live right next door. How's your finger?"

Gina held up her right index finger. A Tough-Strip Band-Aid was secured on it.

Robin made a face. "So, you ready?"

She sighed. "I guess so."

~ ~ ~

The upper floor of the fourplex was split evenly by a hallway – stairs front and back. The doors of both units faced each other. Both were open as the two tenants had obviously coordinated the party.

Standing in the doorway on the left side was a guy wearing a hoodie with the hood back.

Robin tapped his shoulder.

Gina saw dark hair kept short and a dark beard that was too long for her tastes. But her friend had been right; he was cute.

His smile was fast and clean. "Hey..."

Robin pointed to Gina. "Gary, this is my friend Gina. She's going to be keeping an eye on me."

The boy looked over Gina and smiled.

The party in the apartment in front of them was subdued, if a little loud for Gina. Too much confusion.

Behind her the open apartment door held an even louder mash of voices. Some were shouting, arguing whether Bernie supporters should back Hillary against Trump.

Gina wanted no part of the endless arguing over something no one could control.

Gary ushered them in.

A couple of college guys were on the floor, frantically fighting hand controllers

for a Play Station. More were relaxing, drinking beer. Far outnumbered were the college girls: most huddled together in the kitchen, talking, while one sat in a recliner, arms folded and watching the Call of Duty game being played.

Gary leaned close to both her and Robin. "Pizza around seven."

Gina made a face to herself. No way I'm eating chain-bought pizza.

"There's beer in the kitchen sink and we'll be making beer runs throughout the night."

She could see the silvery and crème-colored cans sticking up out of the sink and surrounded by ice.

Robin squeezed her arm. "This is going to be fun."

Gina frowned. "Watching them play some wargame on the TV?"

"No, I mean later."

She pointed. "There's the real party."

All four kids on the couch had heads down, texting.

Her friend shook her head. "I'm going to grab a beer."

"It's Coors," she said in warning.

"I'll drink enough that I won't know any better."

She followed her friend into the kitchen just for something to do. They edged around the group of girls engaged in a heated conversation.

A black-haired one said, "That sounds gross."

An incredulous chubby girl said, "He was looking at me. Right through the crack in the stall."

A third said, "Are you sure it was a man?"

"He had an Adam's apple bigger than Rhode Island."

Black-hair said, "This gender thing is going too far."

Third girl said, "Don't be racist. They have a right to use whatever bathroom—"

Chubby said, "How would you like some pervert spying on you as you pee?"

Third said, "They have rights."

"To spy on me?"

The third girl put a fist on her hip. "It's racist to judge them."

Chubby shook her head. "So I'm supposed to let them watch me pee and wipe because they have rights?"

Third made a disgusted face, looked up to the ceiling, and held her fingers up in the air near her face. "Like, yeah, what's so hard to understanding about that?"

Robin had grabbed a Coors and popped the top. She gave Gina an amused look.

Gina felt anger at the conversation, for everything it was: indicative of the common surrender of privacy and decency.

Black-hair said, "They'll kick you out of college if you say anything."

Chubby said, "This isn't fair."

Third said, "Of course it is. Used to be only women could peek at you. Now everyone can."

Chubby growled in frustration.

Third said, "What's the big deal? It's kind of kinky."

Gina palmed the bridge of her nose and hid her eyes. Peeing is kinky? What happened to spanking and nipple clamps? For fuck's sake.

Robin nudged her and motioned with her head.

They edged back around the four girls while the fourth silent one looked at them plaintively.

Gina shook her head. Don't look at me. If it were up to me, if you had a dick, you didn't belong in the women's restroom. She moved past.

There was a burst of exclamations at the door.

"Dude!"

"Dude!"

"Duuude."

"Dude!"

Gary was pushing a stocky blonde jock around and getting pushed back. Both were laughing.

Blonde said, "We need you over here to settle the Sanders problem."

Gary shook his head. "There is no settling. People are going to believe what they're going to believe."

"But I got four guys and two gals over there who claim they'll switch from Bernie to support Trump instead of Hillary."

"So?"

"Switching parties is illegal, isn't it?"

Gina cleared her throat. "Not yet, it isn't."

Robin giggled.

Blonde met her eyes and froze. "Oh..."

Gary nudged him. "This is Robin's friend..." He looked at her quizzically.

He forgot already? She sighed. "Gina."

Blonde smiled as if discovering a twenty dollar bill stuffed behind the couch cushion. He held out his hand. "Phil."

She shook his hand, smiling uncertainly.

His curious eyes were locked on hers. "So who do you support?"

"Does it matter?"

Phil stood up straighter. "Of course it does. Everyone needs to vote. This is one of the most important elections in history."

Gina smiled to herself. Aren't they all? "It doesn't matter who I support because we don't vote in the president."

"What are you talking about? Of course—"

"It's part of the separation of powers. The people vote for the House. Governors elect the Senate—"

"No they don't—"

She held up a hand. "Hold on, I was just telling you what the Constitution says. The electoral college selects the president. It has been amended to allow the public to elect the Senate."

He was shaking his head. "The delegates are pledged—"

"Stop. That's the nomination process. Those are for the conventions to select a nominee. The electoral college is different."

He was looking at her as if she had just claimed Adolf Hitler was her grandfather.

She shrugged. "Read the Constitution sometime. It's all right there."

"But I watched an election show on CNN—"

She sidled up to him and smiled brightly. "That's your problem right there. Watching TV for answers. It's a show."

Phil began laughing and shaking his head. "You're really something."

Robin giggled while Gary just stared at them both.

Gina suppressed a smile. "Is that a compliment? Or a lack of respect for your elders?"

A brooding boy, tall and pale, thrust his chin at Phil. He even grabbed his arm in warning – but of what, Gina didn't know.

Phil's mouth was open to respond but he closed it. He gave her a look of interest and said, "You want to come over and tell them all that?" He pointed back to his apartment door.

That brought out a good laugh from Gina. "Um, no, not really."

Brooding boy regarded her with intense eyes.

Phil detached his elbow from the boy's grip. "This is my roommate Nikolai."

Nikolai said nothing.

"I'm Gina." She looked away when the boy said nothing while staring at her.

Robin squeezed her elbow. Her word was a whisper. "See?"

She started to turn but Phil stopped her.

He said, "You can come on over...not to talk politics. You know, just hang out. That's why both doors are open."

"Okay..." Would Nikolai even let me in the door?

Robin led her the few steps to the back of the couch to watch the video game on TV. "He's from Algeria. Greek father and Algerian mother."

"He looks scary."

"Phil told me he faced a lot of persecution in Algeria. He's a Christian."

"I thought Algeria was all Muslim?"

Her friend shrugged. "There are Christians everywhere, really. Even in China."

Gina looked back at the door. What kind of persecution?

CHAPTER 3

By the time the pizza arrived, the kids were getting rowdy. The noise level, loud before, now left no doubt in Gina's mind that the previous level of volume was subdued.

She watched Robin accept a can of Coors from Gary. She was satisfied there was no way he could've slipped anything into it during the short trek from the kitchen. He had popped the top for her and that was it. Unless he's some master magician...at twenty. Is he even twenty?

She refused the pizza.

"Who doesn't like pizza?" Phil's amused voice was in her ear.

She jerked, suddenly startled and turned to him. "Huh?" She was leaning against the back of the couch, half sitting.

He was munching a pizza bone. He waved it in the air. "It's pizza. Who doesn't like pizza?" His voice was just audible above the music and the other people.

"I like pizza just fine; I make my own."

He gave a confused look. "You make your own? You mean those gross frozen pizzas?"

"No, by hand."

"Hand?" He looked incredulous.

She nodded instead of answering.

"So why not some of this?"

"You don't know what's in it."

Phil looked really confused. "It's food."

Gina smiled at him lopsidedly. No point in even trying to inform you, boy. Instead, she just raised her eyebrows and firmed her smile.

He shrugged and chomped a good half of the remaining crust. He began watching two of the dancers. Several had begun dancing after the Call of Duty game had ended. The couple he was looking at held pizza in one hand and beer in the other – held out as if on display. They wriggled their bodies together, then apart.

Phil nudged her. He motioned with his chin and a smile. "I think Dean's excited."

She glanced down between them at the lump in the boy's jeans. She leaned close to say, "I guess he likes her."

They watched together as the dancing girl took notice of the boy's predicament. She began rubbing herself more enthusiastically against him, giggling the whole while.

The other dancers took notice, too, and some were cheering.

One tall blonde boy took out his phone and aimed it down, hooting and taking pictures.

Dancing excited boy laughed, turning red, and stepped back. He molded his erection in his pants for the pictures and worked his way down. It became completely molded and obvious. But he kept going, scrunching up his pants in a line down to his knee.

Laughter and jeers erupted while excited boy waggled his eyebrows and blushed deeper.

His dance partner was all teeth and grin. She set down her beer and finished off her pizza. She said something, and reached down to the boy's knee where he had bunched up his jeans. She rubbed there as if stroking his head. Of course, there was nothing there.

A boy rushed in and leaned to Phil excitedly. "Dude, we have tits!" He jerked back to the other apartment.

Gary heard. "Yeah? Cool." He reached for his phone and said to Robin, "This is

the best part of partying."

Robin made an amused face and rolled her eyes. She grabbed at Gina as Gary pulled her to follow Phil and the other boy.

Gina sighed and followed them over to the other apartment. Great...tits. Beer, pizza, and tits. And politics. Ugh, why did I agree to this?

Phil's and Nikolai's apartment was much sparser and cleaner than Gary's. That caught Gina's eye right away.

But the others began laughing and whistling as to buxom girls were displaying tits to the cheers and comments of the boys. The animated discussion of which set was better sounded as unwinnable as a political argument.

The two girls looked embarrassed, but were beaming under the attention. Their hands held up their tops above their boobs.

One boy said, "I don't know, I think Andrea has a better set than these two."

A girl, apparently Andrea, turned bright red. "Like, shut up!"

"No way, dude. Yours are way better."

One of the girls exposing said, "Ha, hers look too small." She wriggled her chest to let her boobs sway. "Bigger is better."

Boy said, "Not always nicer. Andrea, show these two what nice boobs are."

Phones were out, shooting and recording.

Andrea, a petite blonde, said, "No way."

Big-boob chick said, "I'd be scared too with a chest that small." She wagged her boobs again to the jeering woots of the others.

Gina leaned over to Robin. "What is it about boys and boobs?"

"Who knows. They're about as endlessly fascinated with them as their own dicks."

"Dicks and tits."

Her friend made a face. "And a big fascination with anal."

"Ugh, what's wrong with pussy?"

Robin laughed. "Because pussy isn't fun anymore."

Phil did a double-take back at them. "Uh, how do I get in on this conversation?"

Her friend said, "Um, you don't."

Andrea, shamed into relenting, raised her t-shirt up and exposed her breasts to a surge of cheering.

Immediately, several boys agreed hers were better. That started an argument with the other boys.

A hefty boy reached from behind big-boob girl and slid his fingers around her globes. His fingers parted and nipples slid between them.

Girl immediately tried to lower her sweater over her boobs.

Laughter and cheering followed, with calls for the girl – the name Lisa was mentioned – to let the boy gauge how great they were.

Andrea had a satisfied look on her face that Lisa was now the one who was embarrassed. "Scared?"

With mouth open in challenge and outrage, Lisa raised her top back up to expose the boy's hands. He hadn't let go. Her nipples began hardening dramatically.

A relative hush fell over the group as pictures were taken of the Lisa's admittedly impressive nipples. She had at first an alarmed face, but it slowly changed to satisfied and proud.

One boy said, "I don't know. A contest isn't fair if not everyone participates."

"Yeah, not fair." A loud voice.

"Okay, girls, line up and let's make this fair."

Female eyes rolled and heads shook.

Gina made a face. Glad I'm too old for this.

Lisa began jeering at the other girls. "Come on, show 'em. I'm sure I've got you all beat." Her tone said she knew it – said the other girls were less.

The other girl next to her that had been showing hers when Gina had come in said, "Yeah, come on. I wasn't scared – even if mine aren't as big."

The boys acted as if the claim was the most solemn act of Congress. "Show 'em!"

There were five other girls in the apartment, and the one that came over and stood next to Andrea broke the deadlock. She unbuttoned her blouse with one hand, beer in the other. She was trying to suppress an embarrassed smile. Boobs came into view to quiet male cheers.

The rest of the girls then followed her lead and exposed their breasts in differing fits of anxiety, curiosity, and daring. Male heads were bobbing and wore smiles of deep satisfaction.

"Great party," said hefty boy from behind Lisa. His fingers still gently worked her boobs and nipples.

Gina saw Nikolai leaning against the wall, watching all the girls intently. He held no beer.

An excited male voice, nasally and nerdy, said, "Hey, there's still two that need to show."

Robin started giggling.

Lisa laughed in derision. "They're too scared."

Gina felt the rising panic of exposure to strangers. "I'm not showing—"

Lisa's look was smug. "And too old."

Robin deposited her beer into Gary's hand. She stood and lifted her sweatshirt

off in a display of defiance. Her look to Lisa was even more defiant.

Phil was chuckling. He said to Gina, "I think you better take your blouse off."

"What? No way—"

Andrea said, "Is that someone's mother?"

Robin said in warning, "I think you better..."

Lisa said, "She's way too old."

Gina stood straighter. Fucking brats. She undid her blouse and took it off.

Lisa said low and in horror, "Oh my god, she wears a bra to a party? Is that like a granny bra?"

With agitated fingers, rushing to be done with it and give no sign of hesitation, she unclasped her bra and exposed her small breasts.

Lisa looked away as if not caring that her challenge was so readily accepted. "She's small."

Exposed, Gina felt dirtied that she had been maneuvered into such a childish display. If anything, though, the cool air on her breasts felt good. The touch from Phil was another matter, and she jumped in surprise.

He said, "Very, very nice."

Flares of fireworks danced along her limbs as his fingers brushed over her breast and nipple. Fire deep inside grew bright and hot that she was being touched by a relative stranger in an intimate way. Her mouth fell open to protest, but a gasp came out instead.

Robin was smiling and winking at her.

Lisa was smirking.

The girl next to Andrea said, "She has nice boobs for an old woman."

Gina fought the two disparate sensations: outrage at the comment of being old;

and the heat of lust at Phil's touch. How dare the little girl! I'm not that old. And what is this I'm feeling? I should be slapping this boy's hand away. Why in the world am I getting hot?

His fingers caressed her nipple.

Jagged jolts of heat spread through her, warming her fingers and toes. She closed her eyes to concentrate and almost fell over to the comfortable numbness of being so intimately touched. Another hand closed over her other boob and she snapped her eyes open. Waves of excitement pushed inside her, and she tried to see who was feeling her up. It was another boy – someone to whom she hadn't been introduced. He was dashing angular and handsome with a look that said he was bad. Very bad.

Hands were out everywhere, gauging and feeling boobs on all of the girls.

Gina fought down the pressing urgency to stop the two guys from feeling her. All of us are getting felt. Just go with it and don't make a scene. She closed her eyes as she relaxed to the exquisite tension of being teased.

Phil's lips made contact with her bare neck and placed a moist kiss there.

Her body responded instantly with tremors.

CHAPTER 4

Gina gasped at the kiss to her neck. Her eyes opened again and she knew she needed to take control. She was being touched in places only her husband touched her. She felt the alarm and sense of danger at what was happening. "Alright, I think you've seen enough."

Phil said, "They're beautiful."

The words gave her pause and made her feel appreciative, despite her reluctance. "Thank you..."

The bad boy said, "Very nice. Love me some MILF."

Gina blinked. MILF? Me? I guess I would be... She laughed nervously, not sure how to respond. Her breasts were still being gently mauled and she had to admit, it felt good.

Robin said, "That's the spirit, Gina. It's just a little touching." Then a look of surprise crossed her features. "Dick wouldn't be mad, would he?"

Phil said, "My dick? Of course not."

Her friend said, "No, Dick is her husband."

The bad boy said, "Mmm, married MILF. He better appreciate what he has." His fingers were tracing all kinds of terrifyingly sexual tension-tendrils across her right nipple.

She pushed his hand away in a desperate bid to retain control. "He does."

His hand came down and gave her ass a squeeze.

She slapped his hand away.

Phil said, "Alright, that's enough, Cole. Let the poor woman alone." He pulled her closer to him and slid his arm around her waist.

Hefty boy who had been fondling Lisa from behind her had come around and leaned down, licking and sucking at her right nipple. She had her head leaned back with a satisfied and smug expression plastered on her face.

Gary was doing the same to Robin. The woman looked pleased at the attention.

Kids were coming in from the other apartment with quiet murmurs of approval.

Gina took a few deep breaths. Good grief, how did I get into all this? Darn you, Robin. She bent down to pick up her blouse.

A hand came up between her legs and pressed gently at the building sexual heat and moisture that she was trying to ignore. A need pressed deep, spreading through her in an anxious ache. She straightened abruptly, blouse clenched in fingers.

Phil was grinning. "Sorry, couldn't resist."

With a huff of impatience, she said, "You naughty boy. I'm married, you know."

The twinkle in his eye made her want to laugh. He shrugged and said, "If it doesn't bother you, should it bother me?"

"And if it bothers me?" She tried to ignore the aroused murmurs around her from the others.

He looked just a little disappointed. "Sorry. Come here and I'll make sure you don't get mauled." He was sitting on the arm of the sofa and pulled her down onto his knee.

Deciding it was safer than exposing herself to bad boy Cole and any others, she allowed it and immediately felt comforted in doing so. She started to clasp her bra, but noticed the other girls had removed their tops entirely. With a sigh and not wanting to look like the oddball out, she left her bra unclasped and just clutched her blouse in her lap. When is it going to be okay to button up?

Her attention was caught by Andrea smiling up at her boyfriend. Her hand was down between them, moving. Oh, now this is interesting.

Andrea's friend standing next to her added her hand and the two girls rubbed on

the boy's pants. The friend said, "Someone's getting large."

Lisa said, "Large? Him? Girl, you haven't seen large."

Andrea scowled. "Seven inches isn't small."

Lisa laughed with all the scorn of superiority. "He wishes."

The boy was laughing, but annoyed-like. "It is."

"Well then...prove it. All us girls proved ourselves to you. Even the old ladies."

Robin made an aggravated sound.

Gina frowned. I'm not an old lady!

Andrea flashed a fast scowl at Lisa. She said to her boyfriend, "Show her." It came out more in the tone of, "Show the bitch."

Robin made a large-eyed face of anticipation at Gina.

Ugh, I don't think I want to see little boy's penises. "Maybe we should go?"

"Right when it's getting interesting?" Her friend looked perplexed. She whipped out her phone with an eagerness that almost made Gina laugh.

Andrea's boyfriend slid off his shorts. His erection sprang up with all the youth and vigor of a stiff spring.

Gina couldn't help but look with a feeling of fascination. This boy's erection was angled up. When her husband's erection was firm, it stood more straight out. Does age do that to you?

An appraising cheer rose from the girls that signaled approval.

Andrea's boyfriend was smiling.

Lisa gave half an eyebrow and a shrug. "I've seen bigger."

Andrea's friend said, "Oh, bull."

The blonde frowned with superiority. "Obviously, you've never seen a big one."

"This is plenty big enough for me."

Andrea giggled and nudged her friend.

Lisa said, "How about it guys? Anyone have a bigger one? Why don't you show us what you got?"

Andrea, looking sure of herself, said, "Yeah, take 'em out. We showed you ours."

Gina rubbed a hand down her face. Great. Show and tell for the kiddies. Was I this naïve when I was younger?

A couple of boys took pleasure in revealing what they had.

Hefty boy vanished, hiding behind Lisa.

The girls hooted, calling for all of the boys to show. Phones were out, capturing pictures.

"That's tiny," said Lisa. She was smirking at Cole.

"Hey, it's soft. I can't walk around with a hard-on all day." He began rubbing and fondling himself.

Gina felt ashamed to be watching him touch himself so intimately in front of everyone, but her eyes kept coming back to him. She watched as his cock began firming and growing under his moving fingers. I guess watching isn't so bad...

Robin was almost bouncing with excitement. She made a face at Gina filled with eagerness and desire. "The parties I went to were never this good."

"No, definitely not mine, either. Best I ever got was kissed and felt up."

Phil grinned at her and said, "Well, I'll make sure this is one of the best for you."

"Those days are behind me."

Robin laughed. "Oh come on, you're not that old."

"No, I'm not—"

"Then relax. Phil will watch out for you." She leaned close to her. "Though that Cole is so very cute."

Gary chuckled, but it was lost in the cheering as a red-faced Cole waved a full erection around.

Robin pointed. "You slapped him away? Are you serious?"

She held up her left hand with her wedding ring and waved it around. "Well...?"

Her friend nodded. "Alright, I guess I can understand that."

Andrea and her friend were stroking her boyfriend's erection. He looked unsteady on his feet as his hips moved to the hand motions of the two girls.

A girl with glasses and black hair said, "How about you, Gary?" She shifted an eyebrow up fast. "Some of us are curious about what you're hiding..." The girl had pointy little boobs that were more nipple than anything else, but she didn't seem embarrassed.

Gary said, "Well, suuure." He let go of Robin and pushed down his jeans.

Gina tried to control her breathing. This is getting serious fast. And hot... The heat rising in her worried her with warning and also warmed her with desire. She wanted to see.

The boy's dick came into view and Robin aimed her phone. She said, "Very nice. Um, does it get any bigger?"

Gary chuckled. "Sure it does. Wanna see?"

Gina watched him begin fondling himself for Robin. But her own breathing quickened, even if the show was for her friend. Her eyes followed his hand as it slid on his hardening shaft.

Phil said, "This beats talking about Sanders and Trump."

She giggled abruptly. "Um, yeah, I guess it does."

"You wanna see mine?"

Gina's eyes went wide with surprise. Uh... "Well..."

He used his free hand to unzip.

She froze, breath catching as she sat on the knee of a boy about to show his cock to her. Oh my god, how did I get into this? Are kids so easily sexual these days?

A flash of skin and then the head appeared as he tugged it out. It sat there next to her thigh, soft, but thick-looking. He was grinning at her. "Like it?"

Oh, shit. What am I supposed to say? Yes, it's beautiful? No, it's shameful? Hey, it's great? "Uh..."

"You can touch it, if you want. It won't bite."

She glanced at her friend for some support. Robin was stroking Gary's shaft with a slow and unfamiliar move. The boy was smiling at her.

Phil took her left hand and brought it down. "Rub the head a little and it will get bigger. I need to show up Lisa."

Gina's fingers made contact with the cold skin of his cock. She jerked her hand away as she felt the soft skin of the helmet. A tingle trickled up from her pussy, though, causing all kinds of mental confusion and conflict. Would it hurt if I stroked him? It's not like it's sex...

Robin said to her, "Go ahead, Gina. I promise I won't take pictures."

That broke the dam in her mind as the dilemma gave way to nervous laughter. "Uh..." If I don't, I'm going to definitely be the odd one out and look like an old prude. Everyone around her was engaged in some kind of exposure and touching. Cole was giving her the eye and moving her way. Oh shit! Bad boy alert! Twisting pulses of need rose from her pussy and traveled up her middle. They ended up in her neck as she felt her pulse beating harder and faster. Without any thought other than panic at Cole's approach, she looked down at Phil's manhood and grabbed it.

The boy was pleased. "There you go. I was wondering if you were stuck up or

something."

"Stuck up?" The connection wasn't being made in her mind.

"Sure. Most MILFs aren't afraid to touch a cock."

What the fuck? How would you know? "How many MILFs do you know?"

Phil turned a very embarrassed shade of red. "Well...uh..."

"Uh huh." She pulled more of his cock up and out. Her hand began kneading and pulling on the soft shaft. Her wedding ring caught her eyes and she stopped at the sudden realization that she had some boy's cock in her hand while her husband sat at home relaxing.

Phil said, "Well, you know, I guess I've read a lot about MILFs..."

His words brought her attention back to him. "Oh. MILFs do this, huh?"

"Sure, all the time."

She felt his shaft firming and began stroking it again. Would Dick be mad if he saw me right now? This wasn't something we had talked about.

CHAPTER 5

Gina stopped stroking. "Uh, I need to make a call. I'll be right back, okay?"

Phil grinned. "Sure thing."

Robin looked at her with a curious expression, but said nothing.

She said to her friend in a reassuring tone, "I'll be right back." Trust me.

A nod from her friend as Gary was circling her nipple with a finger was all she got.

She turned to the door, intending to head straight out and make the call to her husband. Hand in pocket, she let go of the phone and stopped to clasp her bra shut. Arranging her shirt mostly closed, she stepped out into the hall. Boys and girls lined the hallway, some kissing, most just talking. She entered a cloud of cigarette smoke.

Ugh, cigarettes. She had given up smoking in her twenties as the price of cigarettes had skyrocketed. Occasionally trapped by the familiar smell, she was more often reminded of the pleasures of a clean mouth and lack of cough.

She looked left and right and decided the front entry was too busy. She turned to the back and went down the rear stairs. It was cramped and smelled faintly of water damage.

The backyard wasn't much. A couple of sheds, a double garage and a carport. A small compact was sitting there looking thirty years out of place. A crotch-rocket motorcycle stood beside it. The area was cramped – but free of people.

She took out her cell phone – the old flip kind that had no camera or other apps – and pushed her husband's number.

His voice was comforting.

"Hello?"

"Are you at home?"

"Yeah. No late calls tonight. Too tired for that shit. How's the party?"

Where to start? She laughed with a rising sense of nervousness. "Well, it's a party."

"That doesn't sound good? Are there drugs or something?"

"I...don't think I've seen any. And I don't think I've smelled any pot."

"Beer party, eh?"

"Yeah... Mostly..."

Dick picked up on her tone right away. "What's going on? You sound bothered."

"Well, there's a lot of touching going on."

"Sounds like a blast."

Try to be serious, this is bugging me. "Intimate kind of touching."

"Oh..." His familiar raspy growl comforted her. "You need me to come and crack some heads?"

"No, it's not rude—"

"What kind of touching?"

She adjusted her shirt as if someone was watching. "The girls had to have a tit-flash to prove who had better ones."

Dick erupted in laughter.

He thinks this is funny? She firmed her mouth.

He began coughing on the other end, trying to control his mirth. "So—" He coughed again. "So, who had the better ones?"

"Dick!" She rolled her eyes.

He broke into laughter again, wheezing lightly. But he stopped suddenly. "Did someone say something rude to you?"

Pleased that he had begun to take the call more seriously, she said, "No. Yes. Well, not directly."

"Tell me."

"Oh, not really anything that bad. Someone asked if I was someone's mother and some blonde thing referred to me as old. Another referred to Robin and me as the 'old ladies.' "

"Boys?"

"Girls."

He grunted. "Yeah, you girls can get pretty bitchy with each other."

Don't I know it. "None of it was very direct, though."

"Alright, so what's the problem? Did you show what you had?"

Her breath caught and knew this was the time to plunge into the truth; she never wanted to keep anything from her husband. "Yes, they sort of browbeat Robin and me into it—"

Her husband burst out laughing again. "Awesome. Gave them a good show, huh? Did you do a stripper routine?"

"What? No—"

"Lapdances?"

"Dick, no!"

"Get any comments?" He sounded interested.

"Two of the boys called me a MILF."

A satisfied grunt preceded his response. "That you are."

"But, they got touched."

"Your boobs?"

"Yes." Finally, he understands.

"I woulda touched them, too."

"But—"

"Are you, like, the center of attention? Boys ringing you and masturbating all over your tits or something?"

Ugh, Dick and his college gangbang fantasies. "No, not at all. I mostly went along with it just so I wouldn't look like a prude or a wet rag."

"Ah..."

"And then the boys started taking out their things—"

"This sounds interesting."

"Everyone was taking pictures—"

"And you don't have a camera." He sounded disappointed.

"Well, one of the boys saved me from another—"

"Saved you?"

Gina nodded, reinforcing her resolve even though he couldn't see it. "Yes, this handsome boy was touching my breast and making MILF comments—"

"Wish I coulda seen that."

"Dick...please. Anyway, Phil sort of took me under his wing and stopped the other boy from mauling my boobs."

"Boob mauling sounds fun."

She coughed. "I'm being serious."

"And I'm getting hard."

She laughed and shook her head. "You dirty old man."

He laughed with her. "So why are you calling?"

"There's more."

"It better be good."

She laughed again with some relief. "Would you stop it? Anyway, the boys began pulling their things out and I was sitting on Phil's knee—"

"Is he good looking?"

She paused at the change in direction. She wanted to talk about the touching and her husband seemed interested in other things. "Yes, I suppose..."

"Oh, good."

"So Phil showed his—"

"Oh yeah? Was it nice?"

"Let me finish. There was some stroking going around—"

"That really sounds like fun—"

"And the boy who was all over my boobs started coming towards me, stroking his thing."

"Damn, we really need to get you a camera."

She laughed incredulously. "Would you stop it?"

His laugh was low and salacious.

She blew out a breath. "So I reached down and touched Phil's...you know."

"Hot damn."

"Dick!"

He laughed. "Was it gross or something?"

"No..." Her cell beeped. "Fuck, low battery."

"Sounds like you're having a fun time."

"You're not bothered?"

"Only that you don't have a camera."

She sighed and her phone beeped again. "Look, I gotta go, this is about to die on me."

"Yeah, you're starting to cut out. Try to have fun, would ya?"

She sighed louder, not feeling as if anything was resolved. "I guess..." Her battery died. "Great." She took a deep breath and looked up into the stars.

They really were quite beautiful, and twinkled down on her just as they had on countless other women throughout history. Timeless in their ever-present witness, she felt as if her worries and those of people before her held little import.

She turned back to the house and went back inside.

CHAPTER 6

Gina paused in the hallway at the door to Phil's apartment. She took a deep breath, inhaling cigarette smoke and testing the air for the telltale stink of weed.

There was none.

I thought all kids were into pot these days? She went inside and took a good look around. What did I miss?

Robin was stroking Gary and gave her a wink.

Phil looked at her expectantly, his formerly hardening cock now soft again.

Andrea's friend - a pretty black-haired girl with bangs hanging in her eyes - was down on her knees. Her head was moving in that obvious way that said she was giving head to Andrea's boyfriend. Andrea had a satisfied smile on her face and her hand rested in the girl's black hair, guiding her friend's head back and forth on her boyfriend's cock. Her other hand had her phone out, taking pictures or capturing a vid.

Gina couldn't see it as the boy's back was to her, but she knew what was going on. A deep flush of heat spread through her from her center outwards.

Three of the girls were pulling on hefty boy, jeering at him to show his stuff. Boobs were swaying and jiggling as they tugged on him. Lisa was leaned back against the counter in the kitchen, beer in one hand as two boys sucked on each perfect breast. Her look was one of supreme satisfaction and smug certainty. The two boys were stroking themselves as they licked.

A brunette with her hair up in a messy-bun was eagerly sucking Cole's cock, but the boy's eyes latched onto Gina immediately. He gently pulled the girl off – to her obvious disappointment – and began making his way over to her.

Gina's bad boy alert began howling. She scurried back to Phil and plopped onto his knee. She looked away from Cole, dismissively.

A boy and a girl were on the couch behind them, kissing and feeling each other up. She was stroking his shaft while his hand was down and moving underneath her shorts.

The mixture of sexual activity with what sounded like conversational chatter entwined with murmurs of satisfaction seemed so serene that Gina found nothing to be alarmed about.

A terrifying tingle twisted up her pussy and she squirmed at the sudden discomfort.

Phil had grabbed his soft manhood. "You want to touch it again?"

Cole was standing next to them, surprising her - his erection throbbing and eager. "She can stroke mine..."

She gasped, having thought he had gone back to the messy-bun girl. "Um..." She looked away from his very tempting cock and grabbed Phil's.

Cole's expectant confidence deflated. "Aw...I want some MILF, too."

Phil chuckled. "You got Abbey over there slobbin' on you. Get the fuck out." His hand came up and caressed Gina's bra.

Thank you... Gina sighed raggedly as the heat built steadily in her pussy.

Gary was reaching his hand down Robin's pants. She undid the button and unzipped to let him. She threw another wink at Gina.

Phil's cock began hardening again in Gina's fingers and she figured she might as well stroke him. He fiddled at her clasp and succeeded in undoing her bra. His hand slid it aside and began rubbing.

Serious swirls of pleasure spread from his touch and caused shudders in her as the relaxation and sexual tension played against each other. She squirmed again on his knee, feeling sexually agitated and dizzy.

His mouth came forward and the sensitive area of her left breast was enveloped in wet heat. His tongue moved on her areola and nipple and her world twisted around as if she were on a teacups ride. She closed her eyes.

Cole didn't want to give up. His hand touched her other boob and he said, "Mind if I cum on them?"

The mouth left her boob. Phil sounded annoyed. "Hey, dude, back off, alright?"

"But she's so hot."

While the bad boy's words inflamed her heat, she didn't want to be some sex-object to a bunch of hungry boys. She clutched Phil's cock as if to a life-vest.

"I'm looking out for her. Go back to Abbey."

"You're not cool, dude." The disappointment was obvious.

She looked at his erection: it was gorgeous.

His attention was on Gina, though. "Do you like it?" He flexed his shaft.

She giggled nervously, still feeling the sexual pressure pounding inside her. "It's...very nice." It was.

"Could you at least stroke it a little? Having a MILF touch my stuff would be so awesome."

She laughed again, relaxing a little. "I guess if that would satisfy you..."

His face lit up and his deep eyes sparkled. "Oh, yeah. Can I take pictures?"

"No way."

"They would just be for me?" He was pleading.

"You really want pictures of me?" She reached up with her right hand and gently took hold of his hot shaft. It was still somewhat damp from Abbey's mouth.

"Stroking me? Yeah."

She sighed. The heat inside her notched up several uncomfortable degrees. "As long as they never get posted on the net—"

"Oh no, ever. Just for me. I'll fucking bust a nut over them every day..."

She giggled. "Alright then..." She stroked his perfect shaft more firmly and blushed under the angle of his phone.

Cole moaned with relief. "Hey, um, could you use your other hand?"

Her left was still on Phil's erection. "My left? Why?"

"Because of your ring. You know..."

She blushed deeper. "Oh..." Wow, this MILF thing goes deep. She let go of Phil and said to him, "Sorry."

He shrugged. "Go ahead. If it'll make him shut up..."

Cole frowned at Phil. "Dude, you're not cool."

"Who invited you, anyway?"

"You did." Bad boy was accusing.

"Dick."

"No you. Trying to keep her all to yourself."

Phil made a face. "She wanted me to look after her so she doesn't get taken advantage of."

"It's just a little stroking." He was capturing it on his phone. "Fuck yeah, man, look at her wedding ring on my cock. Fuck." He closed his eyes and leaned his head back.

Gina tried to suppress a smile but couldn't. He really likes me jacking him when bun-girl was blowing him? She felt flattered. Abbey was at least twenty-five years younger than her. And Cole certainly was a devastatingly handsome kid with his bad boy stubble and deep eyes.

Cole was whispering, "This is fantastic..."

Feeling more womanly with every passing second at the compliments she felt she was getting, she leaned forward and kissed the head of his shaft.

He jerked, his head snapping down and looking. His gasp was ragged and filled with excitement. "Oh, fuck..."

A small giggle bubbled in her throat and she opened her mouth for the beautiful erection. She slid her mouth along his length and sucked him in.

Cole groaned loudly with relief and pleasure.

Robin cheered her. "You go, girl!"

A couple of other girls murmured their surprise.

She moved her head slowly back and forth, savoring his taste and hardness. The heat in her pussy exploded and she felt wetness dampen her panties.

Cole said, "Oh...fuck, this is awesome."

She saw the camera hovering at the upper edge of her vision. She decided to give him something for his private viewing later. She pulled off and slowly licked the helmet, making sure her wedding ring was up and visible. She twirled her tongue around the head and looked up into his phone. I wonder if Dick would want to see this? Am I doing it right?

Cole's eyes were ablaze with hunger and victory. His look sent more heat and wetness through her.

She sucked the head in and hollowed her cheeks.

The boy's eyes went wide. "Oh, fuck!"

She felt a spurt of hot liquid in her mouth and panicked. Oh shit! I did it too well. She pulled off just as his second flex sent a jet of cum out. It splashed onto her nose in a sudden slap of scalding wetness. She gasped in shock and started to turn her head. A third blast of cum roped across the side of her lips and into her hair. She had let go and was leaning away over Phil.

Cole was jacking his cock fast, more spurts coming out and landing on her thighs.

She thought the girls had cheered loudly – the boys practically raised the roof of

the house with their howls of approval. She felt a strong blush rush up her neck. Oh my god, everybody's looking.

Robin was clapping happily, hooting her feminine delight under the crush of male howls that should have been heard in a fight ring. The sounds just drove the blush harder within her. The heat in her pussy was matched by the heat in her face. She turned quickly and put her head into Phil's neck.

He said something, jerking.

"What?" she said into his ear.

He raised his voice a little to be heard, but the noise was already lowering. "You're getting cum on me."

"Oh, sorry."

"Come on, let's go clean up before someone else decides you need a good bukkake."

"What's that?"

"You don't know what bukkake is?" He got up, still holding her, his dick waving about.

"Is that something to do with Japanese animation?"

He laughed. "No, it's where a bunch of guys cum all over your face. And I think no one says 'Japanese animation;' it's called anime."

She lifted an eyebrow at him. "Back in my day, it was Japanese animation." She felt Cole's cum getting cold on her face; she wanted it off. "You have a bathroom?"

"Of course. And yes, we still call it that."

Unfortunately, the bathroom was occupied.

He said, "Wait in my room. I'll grab a rag from the kitchen and wet it." He directed her into the bedroom.

Inside, two single beds were set. Nikolai sat on one, hands clasped between spread knees, and leaning forward on his elbows. Two girls were chatting with him – standing in front of him. The other side of the small room held the other bed and a small shelf stuffed with trophies. Most of the trophies had footballs on them.

She heard the bathroom door open. A girl went out.

Gina took the opportunity to use the sink in there.

Phil poked his head in. "Ah, well. Guess you don't need the rag?"

She had rinsed her face: she was working the cum out of her hair near her cheekbone. "I think I got it." She wanted to divert attention away from her now that she felt some measure of control. "You sure have a lot of trophies." She put down the hand-towel, satisfied she was presentable.

"Oh, yeah. Come on, I'll show you."

CHAPTER 7

Gina listened to Phil's animated detail of his trophies for his excellence as a linebacker, Mike position.

She didn't know what that was, but his description impressed her with his serious portrayal of its importance.

Nikolai didn't speak much to the two girls, though they tried to capture his attention. Dark-eyed and brooding, he looked even more the bad boy than Cole. The two girls were trying to interest him in their exposed breasts, but not having much luck. When they decided to touch each other to entice him, his look turned darker.

It was then that Phil touched Gina's breast again and gently massaged it. "You have such beautiful breasts."

She sniffed in scorn. "Are you kidding? They're not as perky as..." She tossed her head towards the two girls.

"They hang beautifully." His touch was causing the re-stoking of her heat.

"Maybe we should go back out there..." Where it's safer? So I can keep tabs on Robin? Was not Gary looking after her?

"You want to show these off?"

She laughed nervously. "Not really."

He sat and pulled her to him. His mouth met her breast and tongued around on it.

Shivers ran up her legs and back, causing such a delightful shudder that she was robbed of objections. A fire ignited again in her pussy and moisture flowed. An unwanted moan escaped her mouth and she snapped her mouth shut in embarrassment. But she couldn't help the overwhelming waves of physical force pushing through her with what this young man was doing to her.

Phil just smiled and kept licking.

While she wanted to stand there and let him, her knees thought it was a good time to betray her: they buckled. She twisted shakily around and sat next to him on his bed.

"Hey, um... Would you touch it again? That was nice." He pointed at his pants.

She started to laugh, but stopped. She realized without a doubt that she wanted to touch it again – she wanted to feel it in her hand. "Okay."

He stood and got out of his pants. He sat back down.

She said, "Do you want me on your other side so I'm using my left hand?"

His grin was giddy. "Nah, not unless you want it. Ring or not doesn't matter. I just want to feel your fingers on me."

She felt the reassurance of his words with all the respect and desire mixed into his tone. She gripped her hand around his semi-hard shaft and began squeezing.

He touched her breast again and leaned over to kiss her neck.

She was glad she was sitting, because the combination of their touches and his neck-kisses was causing a serious lack of balance in her, even sitting as she was. Fuck, this feels nice.

His shaft hardened fully, fast.

She began jacking him, loving the feel of his smooth erection in her hand. It throbbed and flexed as she slid her fist up and down on it. It was much like her husband's in size, but firmer. It had a slight upward curve to it and the helmet was shifted back a little farther, giving the impression of even more curve than there was.

Phil dropped his hand and touched the crux of her jeans. The pressing there fanned the flames already ravaging her pussy.

She groaned at the immense ache that was determined to demand all her attention. Her thighs parted on their own and she thrust her hips up a little. Her

breathing started coming in pants.

He whispered something, shyly.

She gasped, "What?"

He whispered louder, "Let me touch you. I want to feel it."

Gina had no intention of coming to the party to be doing such things, but with what had developed, she was robbed of all objections. Determined to be Robin's security, she had relented – and melted. She didn't want to push his hand away; she wanted his fingers working over that angry sexual anxiety that was churning in her pussy. Wordlessly, she undid her jeans and slid them off. A strange feeling of freedom enveloped her in a small apartment filled with boys and girls sexually charged into indecency.

His fingers slid down her soaked panties. They brushed over her clit, causing a violent shudder of relief and tease. She felt his fingers curl in.

"Nice and wet..."

The invasion of his finger was welcome; it chased a need around in circles, causing more craving inside her. She parted her thighs more and closed her eyes as the angry ache in her now progressed on a double path: relief at being dealt with; and an increase in the craving. She wanted to pull his fingers into her pussy and feel the relief at the stretching and filling of her aching hole.

Phil laid her back down on his bed and laid beside her. They worked each other's sex, stimulating each other into relaxation and sexual rage. Her hips humped on his fingers and she felt pre-cum ooze from his erection.

Lying back became awkward using her right hand, so she switched and reached over with her left. She turned slightly to do it.

Phil surprised and shocked her with a direct kiss to her mouth.

She froze, jolts of electricity jutting up her spine and causing a paralysis of indecision. His tongue moved easily, and she found herself responding to the kiss. This boy actually wants to kiss me? How flattering!

He maneuvered her back down as he twisted towards her. His face was above hers now, and his erection lying on her hip in her left hand.

She tugged on his cock, feeling the connection between her hand and his cock, his fingers and her pussy, and his tongue and hers. Warmth and welcome settled in her so readily that she forgot all about the three others in the room. Her world consisted of only his fingers in her, her hand on his manhood and their tongues locked together.

She moaned again, losing control of herself.

He pushed his fingers deeper, pressing his mouth onto hers with more desire.

She responded with a moan and a thrust of her hips upward. Nothing mattered but the moment.

Phil moved over her and between her legs.

She gasped, feeling his presence, his need, and her own.

He laid his erection on her clit and slid the shaft upwards across it.

Incredible impressions of need tickled and teased her hips and hole. She seized up with all the paralysis of a great sneeze. High and tight she wavered with wanton desire. The moan that escaped her wavered in the air.

Phil slid his shaft back down.

She angled her hips up and relished the feel of his slick skin rubbing her tingling pussy lips. She felt an immolation of passion inside her that she had felt when she and her husband had first been together. It was always good with Dick – satisfying and sexy. But she had forgotten how intense the emotions could be between two people. She had no control, nor did she want to have any control.

His erection pushed at her opening and very easily slid in.

She cried out softly at the sensation of his manhood stretching her open and chasing down that nasty ache that was driving her insane. She felt his hips meet hers, binding them together in that embrace of man and woman that was so very beautiful. She pulled on his muscular butt, drawing him all in as she tilted her

hips up. She clamped her pussy on his shaft and squeezed him with all the satisfaction that the ache had been driven away.

He sighed lustily above her. "You feel great." His hips began moving and tilting, driving his shaft in and out of her pussy.

Her eyes were closed and mouth was open. She gasped and clutched his butt, feeling the relief of all her pent-up need being fulfilled. Oh my god, this feels so wonderful. She felt herself drifting as if on air – anchored only by his manly cock.

He thrust efficiently above her and she felt his muscles working as he drove swellings of sensuality deep inside her. They began to ache in a different way, promising release and pleasure.

She was finally able to open her eyes. She searched his above her and found the mirrored pleasure in his. He was looking at her, wonder on his face as readily displayed as any of his trophies. His look confirmed in her the connection she felt. She smiled happily, pleased that he was enjoying her as much as she was him.

There were no doubts. There were no concerns. There were no worries of anything. Nothing was in the way of their coupling.

He began pushing faster, his breaths accelerating.

She whispered shakily, "Yes, harder." I'm almost there...

Phil squeezed his eyes shut, fucking her faster.

Gina moaned through a sigh as she felt the waves coming closer. Her pussy was alive and afire, perfectly molding around his plunging shaft.

He pushed deep and froze. His shaft expanded inside her and began pulsing, sending hot splashes into her pussy.

She tensed, feeling close and victorious that she had coaxed his orgasm, but her release receded. Still, she felt satisfied otherwise, and clutched at him as he jerked through the ending of his pleasure. She smiled at the completion of his climax and felt all the satisfaction of a rewarding effort. That she hovered close

and tingled with anticipation was still pleasurable; she would finish herself later.

He leaned down and kissed her, sending another wave of confirmation through her at how right this all felt.

CHAPTER 8

Phil pulled out of her slowly, still grinning down at her. "That was fantastic."

Gina giggled lightly, pleased that he had liked it.

"I'm going to clean up." He motioned with his head to the hall and bathroom.

"Mmm." She rolled over onto her stomach and stretched out on the bed to relish the sensations of satisfaction strolling along her limbs.

Noises in the apartment came to her then: talking and laughter; murmurs of salaciousness, and quiet approval from young throats. Whatever was happening out there was probably as nasty as what had gone on in Phil's bedroom.

There was whispering, close.

Gina looked back, seeing the two girls and Nikolai. I guess I gave the two girls a lesson in seduction... She settled her head back down and closed her eyes. It was only then that the first doubts or concerns drifted across her thoughts. What will Dick say? Is he going to just laugh it all off and be happy? Or will he be mad? Should I even tell him?

She felt the shifting of the bed as Phil returned. He pushed her ankle with his knee and got between the backs of her thighs. The words that followed startled her.

"Are you a whore?"

She jerked her head up; it wasn't Phil. She looked back and up to see Nikolai, naked and looking down at her intently. "What? No! Of course not." She tried to twist over.

The Algerian boy pushed her back down and grasped her wrists with one hand. His knees pressed the insides of her thighs, spreading them further open. He said, "Good."

She struggled. "No. What are you—"

The head of his erection pressed into her hole from the back. It felt like a fist.

Her eyes popped wide open. "No!" But an enormous pulse in her pussy had her angling her hips back up at him. She gasped as she felt her pussy stretch wide around the head of his invading shaft.

Nikolai said nothing; his only sound was a sighing grunt as he pushed.

Gina's pussy stretched even wider. She cried out fearfully as the stretching approached painful.

The boy let go of her wrists and placed his fists down on the bed on either side of her hips. He pushed slowly with effort, sliding a thickness into Gina she had never before felt.

She moaned suddenly, her pussy stretched on the edge of its limits and now sending signals of acceptance to the terrifying shaft beginning to slide into her. She had never felt anything so big. Deeper inside that invasion slid, filling her far more than Phil or her husband ever had. His invasion retreated a little and she gasped at the sudden loss. She pushed back against him, wanting to feel it again.

He gave a few small pumps – maybe an inch of movement – and she felt her lips become lubed with Phil's cum deposited just moments before. With a fast and desperate sigh, he pushed hard.

Gina cried out and moaned at the same time, as if heaving a heavy weight off of something. The thickness stretched her out and slid deep and fast. She clawed at the bed, expecting any moment to feel the rupture of her innards as he went too far. She felt the head press firmly up against the end of her canal – there was no more for her to offer to whatever length he had.

He gasped behind her with immense satisfaction and went still.

She was tensed, waiting for more, but there was none. She tentatively squeezed on his thickness, testing it. Oh my god, I took it all? What is that thing? Nine feet long? It felt like it. Her imagination summoned up something that looked like a telephone pole. But she knew he couldn't be so big as to be all of that. Probably twice as thick as Phil and Dick...and a few inches longer.

Nikolai growled with need from behind her. He began fucking her, driving his cock in and out of her pussy with demanding strokes.

The orgasm that had receded came back around, haunting the edges of her existence. Also coming back was the aching need, though filled beyond all it could hunger for. Her pussy squeezed over and over, thrilled and filled beyond anything she could have ever imagined. Slowly, her limbs relaxed; she knew she could take him all and he wasn't being rough. The tension in his deep thrusts inflamed her need and she wanted more. With a jerk, she moved her hand down underneath her and found her clit.

His thrusts pulled and pushed at her pussy, moving her clit back and forth in her furiously fiddling fingers.

Phil said, "Whoa, get her dude."

She registered his words, but was too far along on the journey to release that she offered nothing but gasps. Her fingers coaxed and teased that orgasm close, though she wondered if she needed to: Nikolai's cock was doing a great job all on its own. Twisting hard like a coiled spring, she squealed quietly with the tension. Then it released. A crushing wave of pleasure exploded in her and she lost all sensation except for her orgasm.

Phil said, "Fuck dude, that's awesome."

One of the two girls said, "Why did he pick the old woman?"

Gina gritted her teeth. Old woman? She grunted hoarsely, thrusting her pussy back harder on Nikolai's pistoning cock. Old woman? This is how you fuck, you stupid skank. Take notes.

Several waves buffeted her and the final one so large and almost painful that she collapsed on the bed limply. She laid there panting as the boy roughly used her pussy to its limits.

The Algerian panted heavily, pushing deep and fast. He didn't slow when he sent the hot splashes of his scalding cum deep into the end of her canal.

Gina let out an airy moan of bliss. She had milked another man's cock with her pussy to completion. It was a feminine satisfaction that resonated in that center

of her being that brought forth so much confidence and contentment.

He finally stopped thrusting and just panted above her while his cock twitched occasionally with additional pulses of cum into her pussy. She felt as if someone had put a hose up her and turned it on, and she felt it all leaking out of her.

She blinked several times and sighed happily.

Robin said, "Wow, I missed most of it..."

She turned her head and looked up. Her friend was standing there, holding her phone. Suddenly she felt self-conscious. She turned her head away, quickly. "Robin!"

"Fuck, that looked great."

"Put that away."

Her friend laughed. "Okay, okay. But I think I'm going to have a great time watching this later in private."

Robin is going to diddle to Nikolai fucking me? Is she serious? A late wave tore through her, clenching her insides in surprise. She gasped out audibly and quivered.

The Algerian slowly pulled his shaft out and panted with relief.

She twisted over, closing her legs to keep everyone from staring at her pussy, then sat up and pulled her shirt together over her breasts. She glanced at Phil. "Guess I'll use the bathroom."

It was then she saw Nikolai's cock. It wasn't huge, but it was definitely bigger than anything she'd ever had – eight or so inches with a nice, fat head. She swallowed and scurried to the bathroom.

CHAPTER 9

Gina drove home slowly in soaked panties. The reality of what had happened collided with her senses. She had gone to the party to watch over Robin. Instead, I let two boys fuck me.

Despite her husband's fantasies of some college gangbang, the uncertainty of what she had done echoed through her thoughts like a ricocheting bullet. Will he be mad? Will tonight be a fight? Should I even tell him? He did ask me to have fun...

She trod lightly up the walkway to their home, feeling drawn towards the door as if wanting to run to it, but shamed with guilt. I need to get this over with.

She went inside.

Her husband was in the bedroom and turned on the light. He glanced at the clock. "Eleven? Kinda early, isn't it?"

"No, not really. Parties aren't like bars...they sort of close down when they want to."

He sat up in bed. "Have fun?"

Gina stood there, feeling her soaked panties and the cum still in her pussy. "Well..."

"Something bad happen?" His look became as serious as his tone.

She looked everywhere but at him. "Um...you know that fantasy you have?"

He held up his hands. "Get undressed and get in bed. I have a feeling this is going to be fun."

She blew out a breath, not satisfied with the delay in getting the truth out. Or should I tell him? Would it matter? He had the fantasy, anyway. She went into the bathroom and cleaned up as best as possible and her hands shook as she did

it. She came out in her sleeping t-shirt and crawled into bed next to her husband.

He was grinning at her brightly. "So, tell me about all the exposure."

"There was plenty of that—"

"Did they make the girls show their pussies?"

Don't interrupt, dammit. You always go off on tangents. "No, not really..."

"Well, tell me," he said. His tone was impatient.

"Dick, please. I need to tell you something."

"Yes, yes, yes?" He made hand motions to tell her to hurry up.

She took a deep breath. "I touched another man's cock tonight."

He blew out a breath. "We really need to get you a camera."

She pushed at him. "And he...fingered me."

"Hot damn."

"No, there's more."

His eyes lit up. "You blew him?"

She sighed with frustration at the constant interruptions. "Yes, a little."

"We really, really need to get you a camera."

"Listen...things sort of progressed. We were in his room and..."

"And?" His brow furrowed.

"Things got carried away."

"What do you mean?"

Gina looked him in the eyes. "Really carried away. Your fantasy of some college

guy doing me?"

His pulse started beating visibly in his throat and his brows drew down further. His mouth hung open as if seeing something he didn't want to see. "What happened?"

"I...wasn't faithful to you."

"You did more than just play? You fucked some guy?"

Unable to say anything more as her mouth tightened in embarrassment, she only nodded.

He blinked and went still. "You didn't."

She looked down and away from him. "I'm sorry..."

His shoulders went slack. "How could you do this?"

She met his eyes again and saw the hurt flickering there, taunting her shame and crystalizing her guilt. She felt a roll of impending loss coming at her, much like an orgasm, only promising defeat rather than victory. She grasped at the only measure of excuse she had. "It was your fantasy—"

"It was just a fantasy; I didn't think you were going to go off and spread your legs for another—"

"You told me to have fun on the phone—"

He rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Yeah, great. Maybe a little exposure and some touching, but fucking?" He turned away looking at the wall. "I can't believe this."

"It's what you wanted."

"We didn't talk about you going out tonight to be a slut."

Tears came up and rimmed her eyes. This is so unfair. "I'm sorry..."

He turned out the light.

~ ~ ~

"Hello?" Robin's voice sounded sleepy.

Gina wanted to reach through the phone and shake her. "What happened last night?"

Her friend perked up at the desperation coming through the line. "Sorry, what?"

"Why did you let me get carried away?"

Robin was silent a few seconds. "I thought you had fun?"

"I didn't go there to get laid!" She looked around the shop at her toasters and phones.

"I thought you wanted—"

"Dick is pissed."

"Oh my god, I'm sorry."

"Why didn't you stop me?"

Robin's tone flared in defense. "You're a big girl and you were there to watch me."

The shop door opened and an agitated-looking husband stepped in. He stopped when he saw Gina.

"Look, Robin, I need to go." She clicked off without waiting for a response.

Dick sniffed. "Robin, huh? Probably your new lover."

She put the phone down too hard, her movements filled with exasperation. "It

was Robin. I was asking her how she could have let me go so far."

He looked at her with disbelief. "As if you had no control whatsoever."

She held up her hands. "I went along with things to be part of the crowd—"

He sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

She shook her head. "I never wanted to hurt you or do things behind your back. I'm sorry."

He sighed again.

"I love you, Dick."

He looked at her, calmer, but still hurt. "Were you thinking about me when you had some kid's dick in you?"

She pursed her lips together and jumped up from the stool. She fled to him, escaping the question, and flinging her arms around him. Her grasp shook with uncertainty – feeling his stiffness and desiring the comfort of his embrace. "I want you. I've only ever wanted you."

His arms came up and held her lightly, without much conviction.

She sobbed at the feel of his arms around her. She tightened, wanting to draw from him the same comforting squeeze of reassurance.

He held her for several minutes, the two of them standing there in the dusty shop alone with their silence.

She finally broke the quiet. "I'm sorry." She squeezed again.

He sighed audibly again. "I know." He squeezed a little. "Maybe it's me that should apologize."

She said nothing, only hugged him tighter.

"I urged you to have fun...and we fantasized about it..." He blew out a very loud breath of frustration. "I just didn't think any of it would ever happen. And then when you came home and told me it did, I felt as if I had no control—"

"I'm sorry."

"No, don't be. I guess it was just a shock. Maybe we should have talked about it more. I don't know."

Gina felt as if her future was in the balance.

CHAPTER 10

Gina adjusted the angle of the phone in the light-box. She took another picture. The phone would be posted later with a starting bid of fifty-five dollars. That was lower than her usual minimum bid of seventy-five, but not many people liked push button phones from the seventies in avocado green.

Dick came in carrying a box. "Oh, hey."

"Hi." She smiled at him, hopefully. Two weeks had passed since the fateful night. Each day held hope for a return to their solidarity.

"Why did you even buy that one? Who wants green?" Some of his old familiarity and crankiness was there.

"I only paid five bucks for it."

He grunted and opened the box. He pulled out some plastic wrapped rollers and looked at them critically. His words had nothing to do with the appliance parts. "Have you had contact with the college guy?"

Startled by the sudden return to the taboo subject they had both avoided, she said, "No!" A little too much force filled her reply. She held the camera hovering near the light box and looked at him.

He pursed his lips and nodded, finally looking at her. "I was curious."

Her eyes large and her voice shaking with desperation to impress her point, she said, "I only want to be with you."

"I was just wondering; it's been on my mind." His tone was careful, but not suspicious. He looked at her softly. "I know..."

She waited, but grew impatient. "What? Know what?"

He pursed his lips again. "I know you love me. I know you feel it was all a mistake—"

"Yes!" She dropped the camera. "Shit." She plucked it up and inspected it for damage.

He sat on the stool they shared. "I shouldn't have been so harsh; it was my fantasy, after all."

She looked at him quietly, waiting for the other shoe to drop, or the avalanche to begin. Unsure as to where he was going, she stayed silent.

He chuckled ruefully. "I guess I was supposed to be supportive."

She started to shake her head.

He held up a hand. "No, no, wait. I've settled down and cooled off. I needed time to work through this..."

"I want us to be you and me—"

He was nodding. "I know. I'm sorry I couldn't handle it. I had fantasized about it and then when I heard...something had happened, I felt all betrayed. I guess I should really hear what all happened."

She shook her head, feeling such a course would lead to disaster. "I think we should forget—"

He shook his head forcefully. "No, we shouldn't forget. I'm your husband. It was my fantasy. You're my wife and I'd like to know what happened. I need to know or the whole thing takes on the air of secrecy and deceit."

She drew a shaky breath, understanding what he meant and wanting to avoid that stigma at all costs. "Okay...what do you want to know?"

His look held no hurt, but was intense with sober solemnity. "Everything."

"Everything?"

"Leave nothing out. We should be open about everything."

She nodded, quivering at the danger of being totally open, but knowing it had to be. "Okay."

~ ~ ~

Forty minutes later, Gina felt more secure. She had opened up, leaving nothing out.

Dick frowned. "It really started with just a kiss?"

She laughed a little. "Well, there was the touching going on."

He smiled, nodding in a bemused way.

That's when she noticed the shadow. Leaning back against the workbench – he had let her have the stool – she noticed the overhead light casting a shadow on his jeans. She looked more intently at it and realized her husband had firmed and was poking his jeans out.

He saw her looking and chuckled. He shifted his package with his hand. "Yeah, guess I'm getting a little hot..."

She started to smile, but it vanished. "You aren't bothered by what went on? How I lost control?"

He opened his mouth, then shut it. Then opened it again. "Actually, it sounds very sexy."

"Sexy?"

He straightened and stepped over to her and behind her. His strong hands gripped her shoulders and massaged them. "Yeah, I guess hearing about how it happened... I didn't know a kiss was so devastating to you."

"Um..." The massage felt good.

"And the touching..."

She giggled nervously.

"Did you like stroking his cock?"

Gina froze. Is this where I need to lie? Or plead the fifth? Or...? "Um..."

He bent down and brought his mouth to her ear. His lips brushed over it and his breath warmed her. "Did you like it?"

Trembling and uncertain, she said, "Would you be mad if I did?"

His breathing accelerated. His word was more whisper than vocal. "No."

He likes it now? Is this his fantasy returning now that he knows I'm sorry?

"So, did you like it?" There was a quiver of excitement in his voice.

She dared the destruction of their return to normalcy. "Yes."

He sighed audibly and his hands trembled on her shoulders. He reached his hands down, sliding under her shirt. "Did you like him licking your breasts?"

Her breaths grew heavy as his hands slid down the top of her bra and over her nipples. "Yes..."

"It turned you on?"

She closed her eyes, breathing faster as twirls of pleasure swept out from her teased nipples. "Yes."

He groaned and removed his hands.

She opened her eyes and twisted to look at him.

He was lowering his jeans. He gripped his erection and aimed it at her. "Did you like sucking him?"

She searched his face for anything that hinted at danger, but found none. "The other boy? It felt naughty..."

He panted faster. "Show me what you did."

She gripped him with her right hand, then switched to her left. "He said he wanted to see my wedding ring on it."

Her husband sighed in wonder.

"I stroked him like this and looked at it."

"It was a nice one?"

She giggled. "Well, soft it was all small. But when it was erect, it looked really nice."

"Did it feel good in your hand?"

"Yes." She stroked, then said, "I decided to kiss it without asking. I just sort of leaned over and kissed the head."

Her husband sighed again, harsher.

"I'm not sure what came over me, but I started sucking him. I looked up at him like this and licked the head."

His eyes were glazed and wide. "Oh yeah."

"That's when he started cumming. It was fast once I started blowing him. I don't think it was any more than thirty seconds..."

He chuckled with a shaky wheeze.

She went back to stroking him. "Golly, it went everywhere. In my mouth, in my hair and on my nose..."

He laughed with more ease. "Wish I could've seen that."

"I think Robin got pictures."

His eyes lit up. "She did?"

"Maybe a video of it."

"Get it; I want to see. Get everything."

"Are you sure?"

He nodded rapidly, the shake returning. "Oh, yeah." He gripped her arms and brought her up. He deftly undid her jeans and pushed them down.

Gina smiled with delight; it would be the first sex they'd had in weeks. She gasped as he spun her around and bent her down onto the workbench.

His thrust was expected and familiar, but still tore a surprised gasp from her mouth. Her legs trembled as he heaved behind her, driving his hips forward and hard up against her butt. His shaft moved in her hard and desperate.

She clawed at the workbench, digging splinters underneath her fingernails as her husband gave her his love and lust.

CHAPTER 11

Gina might have been prepared for a return to normalcy – and welcomed it – but was not prepared for a week of scorching sex with her husband. It was as if he wanted to make sure she knew he was the man who was entitled to make love to her. Possibly she might have imagined something so hot. But nothing in her thoughts had prepared her for his words.

They were in bed, not yet worked up for sex.

Dick was on his side, looking intently at her, something on his mind other than just more sex.

She waited, knowing his look - knowing the hesitation on his features meant he was working through what he wanted to say.

Finally, he looked down at her breast as he toyed with it, and said, "You can have some more fun with Phil...if you want."

She stiffened, not so much in effrontery as in shock at the implication. "I'm not sure that's a great idea..."

"Of course it is. I was too harsh on you."

She said nothing, but silently agreed.

He said, "If you want. Those pictures and videos were hot."

She had gotten them from Robin. "Aren't they enough?"

He looked up at her, more sure. "Like I said, if you want. I think it would be hot: you having a college stud"

"I don't know..." She was searching his face.

"A nice, hard cock for you – a little extra on the side? Fuck yeah."

"And you wouldn't be jealous?"

The serious expression came over his face. "No. Not if we make sure we know everything. What to expect and things like that."

"Things?"

"Like limits and rules. You're my wife. If I loan you out, there's gotta be conditions."

Heat flooded her pussy and her heartbeat began thumping harder. "Conditions, huh? And you think that will avoid the fighting we had—"

"If everything is out in the open and agreed on, then there's no not-knowing. It's the not-knowing that's going to cause problems."

She toyed with his arm-hair, wondering if such a thing were possible.

~ ~ ~

Gina pulled up in front of Robin's apartment and looked at the building next door. It had been two months and was into the third since she had been inside that building. Almost three months of wrangling emotions and relationship with her husband. A quarter of a year had just about passed to bring her to this point.

She glanced at Robin's place, but knew her friend would be at work.

She entered the boy's building and went upstairs. The stairs creaked audibly and loudly: she hadn't remembered them making so much noise during the party.

She looked for a second at Gary's door. Robin had informed her that she and the boy were carrying on a very satisfying fuck-buddy relationship. She hadn't gone into detail, but had sounded happy. Gina turned and faced the door to Phil and Nikolai's apartment.

She had just knocked somewhat loudly when the door was pulled open swiftly. Startled, she stepped back.

Brooding and intent Nikolai was standing there, backpack over his shoulder. He looked at her with a scrutiny that made her blush. He said, "You..."

"Gina."

"Yes."

"Is...Phil here?"

He didn't answer her. Instead, he called back over his shoulder. "Phillip! Gina is here to see you."

She felt embarrassed instantly: his call seemed loud enough to be heard three counties over.

There was a muffled response.

Nikolai moved past her. "I have a class."

So serious... She watched him go from the doorway.

Phil appeared, dressed in a robe, hair wet. "Oh...hey." His slow smile said he was pleased to see her. "I thought you vanished or something."

She smiled shyly and lifted an eyebrow. "Busy, I guess."

"You wanna come in? I was just looking at some porn - nothing important."

People are so casual about porn nowadays... "Okay."

His smile brightened.

~ ~ ~

Gina rode Phil's cock up and down on his bed.

His hands were on her hips, guiding her. He moved his body slowly with her motions, creating the perfect synchronicity of fucking. His cock went all the way in and came out to the head. Up and down together, in and out as one.

He said, "So you missed me?"

"Mmm, I'm here, aren't I?"

"I was hoping you'd be back around, but I had given up hope. Figured your marriage vows had intruded."

If you only knew... She shuddered a little at the memory of the cold couple of weeks of distance between her and her husband. "Dick approves of this..."

He thrust up a little harder. "That's good to know."

She closed her eyes, concentrating on the feel of his thickness sliding through her pussy lips and filling her insides. She moved slowly, loving the delicious feel of the sliding sensation. She could feel his thickness throbbing and twitching. She could feel her juices coating his hard shaft. She rode that thickness, taking it in and massaging it with her own sex. Settling down, she began moving her hips in circles, causing the head of his penis to massage around the deep end of her canal. She gasped at the approach of an ominous wave.

She moved a little faster, teasing herself with his cock and making sure that wave kept building.

He said, "I could do this forever."

She moaned suddenly, the wave looming close, due to his words. She wanted to do this - wanted to come back. "Yes..."

"I'm free Tuesdays all day."

"Tuesdays it is." She forced her pussy down, jubilant that she had arranged a time and place for such a wonderful thing – all with her husband's approval.

Riding the young boy's cock was fun and her pussy really liked it. She knew Dick would attack her later and her pussy would get ravished by her husband.

Phil groaned beneath her. "Sure beats jacking off to porn."

She laughed at both his words and the sudden surge in the approaching wave. She dropped her mouth open, panting, as she felt the coils of sexual tension twisting to the breaking point. Her body trembled with the build-up. She felt his cock flex inside her pussy. That did it for her. An explosive surge burst through her, carrying away her tension with a suddenness that made her cry out. Then the tension built again, just as quickly, convulsing her in pulses of speed and satisfaction.

Phil gasped. "Whoa, fuck. Awesome." He tensed, thrusting his cock up against her harder. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck..."

As she was coming down from the heights of her orgasm, she felt his cock begin spewing his cum up inside her. She gasped again at the late arrival of a post-orgasmic aftershock. She worked her hips down onto his shaft, milking it. Wetness flooded her hotly and she smiled in satisfaction at having conquered the boy's lust.

His face was screwed up in a grimace of sexual concentration as he unleashed his cum into her pussy. "Are you sure your husband's okay with this?" He grunted harshly, thrusting his cock up harder into her.

"Yes." She smiled and wriggled her hips on him. "Hmm, only Tuesdays?"

He chuckled breathily under her. "Friday afternoons are good, too."

"Maybe I'll surprise you."

CHAPTER 12

Gina took advantage of the offerings involved. Her husband permitted her; Phil accepted her. Once or twice a week she visited the college boy. This went on for a month before one odd Friday in early May.

She knocked on the door.

Behind her, Gary opened his. "Aw, crap."

She gave him a look. "Nice to see you, too."

He laughed. "I didn't mean it that way. Was hoping Robin would show up before —"

Phil's door opened and she turned to face Nikolai. "Oh...is Phil here?"

His intense look, so unsettling, bore down into her. "Come." He held open the door for her.

Gary shut his door without another word.

Nikolai closed the door behind her. "Come." He led the way to their bedroom.

She expected to find Phil there, but he wasn't. She turned to the brooding Algerian. "Where—"

"Undress."

"Excuse me?"

"Undress." He reached and began unbuttoning her blouse.

"Wait, what's going on?"

"We will have sex."

"But—"

"Undress." He wasn't waiting for her to comply.

"Why did you ask if I was a whore at the party?" It had burned in her since then.

"Because I would not touch one. They are unclean."

She wasn't sure what to make of that and he had her blouse off. She wasn't wearing a bra in anticipation of Phil, but it was Nikolai's rough hand that caressed her breast. She trembled and looked up at him. "But, I'm a married woman."

"Your husband allows it. It is not adultery." His words were simple, heavy, and direct.

She found she could offer no argument against them.

He undid her jeans and roughly slid them down. He grabbed her panties and yanked them to her knees. A soft growl came from his throat and a brighter fire lit his eyes. "Get out of these." He was pushing her clothing down to her feet. He pulled on her calf.

Feeling a loss of balance, she stepped out of her clothes before they tripped her. "But—"

"Quiet." He pushed her firmly back and down onto the bed.

She sat, not sure what she was supposed to say or do with someone so focused on sex that nothing else mattered. Heat flooded her at his command. She tried to formulate a witty way to verbally dodge what was happening.

He very quickly shed his clothes – almost in anger as if they were in the way. His cock hung half-hard, large and thick.

Gina remembered it being large, but gasped at the sight of it. It wasn't huge or super-long like some porn star, but it very definitely was the thickest one she had ever seen up close. It hung, fat and engorged, beginning to harden under her gaze. More heat flooded her and she squeezed her legs shut at the thought of being stretched around that pole.

"Open." He gripped his shaft and massaged it fully hard. The helmet was bulging and big on an equally thick shaft. He nudged her knees with his. "Open!"

She did.

He pushed her back to lie flat and climbed between her legs. His look was feverish now and his mouth was open showing clenched teeth. His breathing turned to a pant and his cock flexed.

Gina had been taken by him at the party from behind. Seeing him approach her from the front had her consumed with excitement. She had never seen such an intense sexual lust displayed on anyone's face before: this boy was on a collision course with her pussy and she knew there was no stopping him. The knowledge left her wet and squirming.

The touch of his cock to her pussy preceded his shove.

She cried out uncertainly as his thickness spread her open and pushed deep. Her lips spread and stretched, forming around his thick shaft with a tension that bordered on pain. Her pussy filled as he pushed, taking his thrust smoothly and deep. Her mouth was stuck open, breath held as she felt his helmet pushing deeper into her. She wondered if this time would be different, as there was no cum from Phil to lube him, but her own juices helped his shaft along. She felt the tip of his cock push against the end of her canal. She also felt his hips against hers, pressed hard.

He growled, holding his cock in her.

She gasped in a breath, finally, and wriggled her hips. Yep, he's all the way in. She decided he was about an inch too long for a perfect fit.

Then he fucked her.

She called out wordlessly as he drove his fat shaft in and out of her. The filling movement of his cock totally paralyzed her from the waist down. She whimpered with the overflow of sensations that swam through her body. It felt so good and full – so pleasurable that she wanted to cry. Her legs had been half up in the air, but now they trembled and collapsed feet down onto the bed. She used them to move her hips up to his thrusts.

He wasn't savage in his thrusts, but he was forceful. She could tell he wanted to feel all of her married pussy on his cock and he was making sure the fuck was deep and satisfying.

She moaned shamelessly, feeling the pleasure in her pussy at the cock filling her so thoroughly.

He moved faster, pounding her pussy as if punishing it.

She felt her lips pulling and pushing with his movement. She thought he might fuck her inside out if he fucked her harder.

He didn't though. He pulled her legs up so her knees were on his shoulders.

She looked down, crying out as she watched his shaft shove deep, over and over down into her hole. For a brief second, she thought this was a good moment to take a picture. But she still had no phone with a camera and she wasn't about to ask Nikolai if he did.

His body tensed and flexed. He dropped his hips down hard, filling her full and deep.

She gripped his arms with her hands as she felt his helmet bump up against the absolute end of her canal. Her wedding ring flashed on his arm and caught her eye. Oh, fuck yes, this is hot... Her own lust had built, sending warning signals throughout her body that it was going to be a big one.

But Nikolai denied her the finish. He grunted heavily and held his cock in her, shooting his hot cum into her until she felt flooded. She gasped on the edge, feeling very close, but knowing it wasn't close enough. Her pussy tingled and ached as he withdrew.

"Tell your husband, thank you."

She was panting, feeling the orgasm recede and wanting it. "I will."

~ ~ ~

Gina poked her head into the shop.

Dick was on the stool at the bench, clicking through an online appliance parts catalog on the shop's laptop. He turned. "Hey."

"Someone wanted me to thank you..."

"Hmm?"

She leaned against the doorframe, feeling wanton and sexy – and knowing she had an unfinished orgasm that needed satisfaction. "I went to Phil's..."

A slow smile spread on his face. "Oh?"

"He wasn't there."

"Oh." The smile faded and was replaced by a pout.

"That other boy was there – the Greek-Algerian."

"Yeah?" He started to turn back to the computer screen.

"He took me...and wanted me to thank you for it."

He stopped and looked back at her. The interest returned to his voice. "Oh really?" He looked at her for a few seconds, licking his lips. "He took you?"

"Forcefully. He used me...in a good way, and wanted me to thank you for him."

He rose and came near. "Did you like it?"

She hugged her arms to herself and looked him in the eyes. "I had thought that I should only have Phil...but..."

He waited.

Gina opened her mouth, breathing heavier at the memory. "Yes. I liked it. Very much."

A smile started on Dick's face and fire lit in his eyes. "He was the one with the big...?"

She nodded. "Maybe a little too big."

He breathed a little faster. "He didn't use a condom?"

She shook her head. There had been talk of condoms if she wasn't sure of something, but Phil had been clean and they had never used one. "No, my pussy is full of his cum."

He groaned and grabbed her arm. "I need you..."

She let him lead her into the house and bedroom. "You like me coming home with some college guy's cum in my pussy?"

"You know I do."

She undressed. "What's different about this time? Why the need now and not later tonight?"

He stood naked, cock already hard. "Because he forced you and you liked it. And he filled you with cum and wanted you to send his thanks to me."

She felt the return of the twisting need inside. "That turns you on more than Phil?"

He pushed her back on the bed. "He used your pussy with respect for both of us." He crawled between her legs and lowered his head to her pussy.

Her eyes went large. "His cum is still in there—"

"I can see it." His tongue met her clit and sent shivers racing up her spine.

She moaned loudly, happy with the fantastic and familiar feel of her husband's tongue licking her pussy. She squirmed, feeling the wet and cool sensations as his tongue traveled over and between her pussy lips and up over her clit. Up and down he licked, forcing his tongue into her cum-filled pussy. She grabbed his head and whimpered as her sexual tension came back full force. It felt so wonderful and wicked. "Can you taste him in me?"

"Yes."

She moaned louder, lifting her hips up to him.

He said, "I want you to bring me this kind of offering more often. What was his name?"

"Nikolai."

"Nikolai, that's right." His tongue flicked over her engorged clit. "I want him to use your pussy and fill it. Can you do that for me?" His tongue stabbed into her pussy, pushing into her hole. "I want him to do it often."

She couldn't answer. Her breath caught at the fast approach of tension and pleasure. She gasped and convulsed, exploding inside with flashes of color and lust. She exhaled harshly and repeatedly as her hips gyrated through her orgasm. She bucked hard, and then finally collapsed on the bed, gently pushing her husband's head away.

She felt drained, but also energized. The tingles vibrated in her so forcefully in satisfaction that she trembled.

Dick crawled up her body, smiling with sexual desire. His lips were wet with her juices. Their mouths met and she tasted what he had tasted. Their kiss was deep and comfortable, like it always had been, but even more passionate than before.

She felt as if all the comforting warmth of their love had attained a new height of pleasure and wrapped her securely in the embrace of their bond. The feel of her husband's erection pushing into her cemented it all together.

She clung to him as he thrust vigorously into her well-fucked pussy – each stab reminding her that she was his and he was hers. She wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled, moaning at the familiar sensation of their love.

In that moment, more than ever before, she felt like the perfect woman.

EPILOGUE

Gina had found warmth, passion, and a new and more fulfilling happiness with her husband and herself.

It was with this new vista in her life that she suffered a disappointment the following week so saddening that she wondered if any of it had been worth it.

She thumbed her cell on the sidewalk outside of Phil's apartment.

Robin answered. "Hello?"

"What the hell?"

Her friend laughed. "What?"

"Where's Phil and Nikolai?"

"I dunno. Transferred to their next college."

"Together?"

"I don't think so. But the semester is over."

Gina held up her free hand. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Robin laughed. "I thought you knew."

"No, I didn't and this is unexpected."

"Neither of them told you?"

Her answer was so pedantic and sarcastic that her eyes bugged out. "No." But behind her aggravation, a deep disappointment was lurking.

"Didn't you see the For Rent sign?"

Gina glanced at it hanging in the bottom floor window. "Yes, but it's on the bottom floor."

"Yeah, that's where the owner hangs it. It's in his unit."

She blew out a breath of frustration to cover the shake she felt. "Why didn't they say something?"

"You know these kids. When the semester is over, they vanish back to whatever little town they crawled out of and bringing all their laundry home for mom to do."

Gina shook her head. Things had been going so well...

"Sorry you had to find out this way, but I gotta go. We'll talk later?"

"Sure, sure. Okay."

"Bye."

Gina clicked off. She looked up at the windows of the second floor and no one looked back. She walked back to her car, shoulders slumped and heart heavy.

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Her husband scowled later that afternoon. "Why the glum face?"

She tossed up her hands. "They moved out."

"Huh?"

"Phil and Nikolai. Their college semester is over."

His shoulders drooped a little. "Maybe they'll be back?"

"I don't know."

"Did you get their numbers?"

"No, I never thought I'd need them." She hung her head in defeat.

Dick's embrace was soft and comforting. "I guess kids these days just don't care."

"This isn't fair; that wasn't very nice of them."

"They didn't mention moving?"

"No!"

"Too wrapped up in their schooling, I guess. Or anxious to get back home."

"I can't bring you your fantasy anymore."

He chuckled. "Well, I wouldn't say that."

"But they're gone and they left us hanging."

"Shh, it's alright." He stroked her hair. "I think what we need is to find you someone not so young. Someone more mature who has that spark of respect that Nikolai showed."

"Good luck finding that with college kids."

He leaned back to look her in the eyes. "That's what I mean; I think we need someone older."

"Older?"

"More our age. Someone who was raised to be respectful and appreciate what's being offered."

Gina relaxed, finding sense in his words. "Who? Where?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. Someone."

"I don't want some stranger—"

"No, no. Don't worry."

"What do we do? Put an ad in the paper?" She wanted to laugh at the hilarity and hopelessness of the task.

"Yeah, maybe a dating site. Or something else."

"I don't want to be put up for sale like some old trailer."

He chuckled and cradled her face. "I know and I wouldn't do that to you."

"Then how—"

"Stop worrying. The right man is out there. Now that we know we want this kind of thing, we'll be receptive. He's out there, right now. Someday, we'll meet him."

"What about your fantasy of a college kid?"

He shrugged. "It's been satisfied. Yeah, it was fun, but I see now that it's more about respect. That turns me on a hell of a lot more than some college kid dumping a load in you. I'd rather the man appreciate and respect you."

She leaned her head down on his shoulder. "I suppose that does sound better."

He squeezed her in the hug. "We'll find him. Together."

I hope you enjoyed College Copulation. All reviews are greatly appreciated as I don't have a team (like other authors) following me around 5-starring all my stories the day of release.