

HOTWIFE EROTICA



Costume
Play

4 MEN FOR SALLY

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By

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"It's just sex. It's not like there's some deep emotional bond and quality communication going on here..."

CHAPTER 1

My wife screamed in terror. "Doug!"

Oh no, I thought. I stood dumbfounded and suddenly embarrassed – both for me and for her.

Sally had opened the door in her schoolgirl costume. That might have not been a big deal, except that her skirt was pulled up to show her bare pussy and her shirt was open to display her boobs.

Beside me, my three friends ogled.

It was my fault; I knew it.

Sally was high stepping, trying to get away from the front door and cover herself at the same time.

I rushed in after her. "I'm sorry—"

She disappeared around the corner into the hall.

Casper said, "Um, you want us to go?"

I sighed and tried to rub the red heat from my face. "No, that's all right, come in. I'll just need to calm her down."

Tank was first in. Brassy, big, and bold, he always took the lead. He carried the sack of strawberry containers.

John followed, holding the bag of rum bottles.

Quiet Casper, with his inquisitive eyes, came in last. "You sure...?"

I waved them in. "Yeah, get those daiquiris going." It was my party because I

had received an unexpected raise at the plant. I had texted my wife we would party tonight. I hadn't told her I was inviting friends.

She had obviously thought to make the occasion special.

Tank said, "I thought she looked fucking fantastic."

John was eager. "Tell her to come back out in it."

I cleared my throat and lifted my eyebrows. Work-speak gesture for inappropriate conversation.

Of course, we weren't at work.

Her schoolgirl costume with her hair in pigtails was our thing. I didn't have a young fetish or anything, but I thought she looked just too damn sexy when she dressed up as one. Young girls? Yuck. Did they know how to wash? Did their breath smell of Cheetos? Did they even know how to really suck a cock? No thanks. I just dug on the costume.

With my wife in it.

We didn't even roleplay any kind of age thing.

I chased after her down the hall. "Sally?"

I heard a mortified laugh from the bedroom. "Why didn't you tell me you were bringing people?"

I touched her as she shrugged out of the costume. "I'm sorry, really. I didn't want to make a super long text out of it."

She sighed raggedly. "How can I go out there? I feel like a fool."

"You're not."

"Were they laughing at me?"

"No, not at all. I think they felt bad for you. Although Tank said you looked great—"

"Did he?" She pulled a sweater from the drawer.

"His words were something to the effect of 'fucking fantastic,' I think."

She giggled a little, but was still flushed red from embarrassment.

We both were.

She said, "He really did?"

"And John said you should keep it on."

She laughed and shook her head. "No way."

"Well, you do look beautiful. Are you coming out? Or are you going to try hiding all night?"

She pulled the bottom of the sweater down. Her boobs poked and showed nicely. "Do you think I should?"

I decided not to tell her the sweater looked sexy. "We brought a bunch of rum and strawberries."

Her eyes lit up. "Oh... tempting me with daiquiris?"

I nodded. "I'm really sorry about... what happened."

She hugged me and gave me a kiss on the lips. "I love you, Doug. Thank you for understanding. I might linger back here a bit to work up my courage."

"I don't blame you. Don't take too long, I'll go see how badly Tank is mangling the drinks."

She looked better, but I could tell she was going to have to work up a ton of courage to come out. Something so terrifying doesn't just vanish; she was going to be shaky for a bit.

I went out and found them in the kitchen.

The blender was filled with strawberries. Tank had a rum bottle upended and was shaking it and grinning like a madman.

I waved my hands. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Isn't it only supposed to be like a half cup or something?"

Casper's eyes glinted with amusement. "Or something."

John nudged me. "She okay?"

"Just embarrassed."

Tank was still shaking the bottle, teeth and eyes flashing with fever. "Nothing to be embarrassed about."

I frowned. "I think you have enough in there."

He grunted. "Yeah, now we do." There was at least half a whole fifth in there. He started pressing buttons. "Hey, what the fuck?"

"Plug it in."

He scowled at me. "Why don't you keep it plugged in?"

I blinked at him. "Because every plugged-in appliance draws electricity."

He scoffed. "Oh come on. It's a tiny amount."

"Our electricity bill is under two hundred a month. What's yours?"

It was Tank's turn to blink. "Uh, three-ninety, usually."

I cleared my throat in a self-satisfied sound.

He griped, "Why isn't this thing working? Did we need to buy a blender?"

I said, "Wrong plug. You've got the toaster plugged in."

Casper said, "Maybe that's why he's the lowest paygrade in the plant."

Tank growled, "Hey now." He finally figured out the blender and used a stubby finger to push the fastest blend. His eyes lit up as the thing roared and swirled what was likely to be a deadly mixture. "There we go."

John said, "Give the man a raise; he figured out the common blender."

Tank stayed with his hands on the blender, but tried to kick his foot back to connect with John's shins.

Casper said, "I think Tank needs to be hosed down."

John grumbled, "The drinks will settle him."

"Those drinks would kill a horse."

Tank snapped his fingers loudly. "Gimme a pitcher. And set another here. I'm making all of it."

I set out a couple pitchers for him.

John asked, "Is Sally going to join us?"

"I don't know. That was quite a fright for her."

Tank was dumping in strawberries as Casper cut the greens off. "Faster, come on." He muttered over his shoulder, "Wasn't a fright to us. I rather enjoyed it."

Casper said, "It's not nice to say that."

Tank snorted. "What the fuck? Okay then, I was scared shitless and pissing my pants in little squirts."

John snorted and wiped his nose.

The brawny man upended the rum bottle again. "Hurry up with those strawberries."

I brought down some glasses and started filling them.

Casper waved the knife. "That wasn't a nice thing to say, either – and I am hurrying."

Tank sighed. "I'd be over here every day if she answered the door like that. And those pigtails? Oh yeah."

I rolled my eyes. "Guys..."

"Hey, do we look like metrosexuals to you? Am I wearing a man-bun? I can't help it, she was stunning."

Casper dumped a soggy handful of cut strawberries into the blender. He pulled another carton out of the grocery bag and went to work.

I asked, "Aren't you going to wash those?"

A shrug. "They're organic. And if they have some kind of virus on them, the alcohol will kill it."

I considered the amount of rum in the blender. It was going to kill all of us. I decided not to worry about it.

Sally appeared in the kitchen doorway.

CHAPTER 2

I considered her face.

My wife appeared to be composed, but she had a nervous swallow going on.
"Sorry, guys."

Tank growled. "We just went through this. Do you see a man-bun on any of us?
We're men."

"Uh..."

"Besides, nothing to be sorry about. You made our day. Maybe even our week."

"Er... I'm sure I did."

John pitched in. "No, really. You looked..." He blushed and averted his eyes.
"You looked great."

Sally reddened again. "I think I'm going to die."

Casper was beheading strawberries deftly. "No need for that. We'll just drink it
away, huh? I'm sure we all appreciated the chance to see someone so stunning
—"

My wife burst out laughing. "Oh, come on."

John muttered, "You think we're kidding?"

Tank poured into the pitchers. "Yeah, we'd love to see you in that again—"

"Sally interjected, "Not happening." She rolled her eyes.

John pouted. "Aw... we didn't mean exposed. Hell, the outfit was adorable on
you."

My wife relaxed some at that. "Oh, well, maybe."

Tank hooted once. Then he said, "Last batch, and then let's go guzzle it until we don't know our names."

I carried out the pitchers after he finished and returned to the kitchen. My wife was lingering there, ostensibly to wipe up the beheaded strawberries.

She turned and leaned back against the counter. "Did they really like my costume?"

I gave her some eyebrow wiggle and a nod. "Still, I'm sorry about that." I gave her a hug.

She put her arms around my neck and rested her elbows on my shoulders. "Doug, you awful man. Warn me next time." There was no heat in her words.

I pecked her lips. "You know that sweater looks pretty sexy on you."

"Oh it does not."

"Um, yeah..."

"It's a sweater."

"And the tease is as sexy as your costume. You can just see the lumps of your nipples."

She looked to the ceiling. "Stop that; we have guests." She peered down. "Do they really show?"

"Uh huh."

Her scowl was suspicious.

I said, "Come on, or they'll drink it all."

She followed, shifting and twisting in her sweater to absolutely no avail.

In fact, when I had sat down, I noticed her nipples had hardened due to all the moving and rubbing of the fabric. She sat next to me on the couch with Tank on her other side.

He was commanding the coffee table with the pitchers.

I guess we weren't allowed to pour.

Sally gasped, "Wow, strong."

My friends laughed in agreement.

Tank muttered, "What good is it if you can't taste the rum? Might as well just suck a strawberry."

She said, "But that's a lot of rum. Almost overpowers it all."

He shrugged. "Sure, but we're not guys or girly-men. If we were, we'd be eating ice cream."

Casper raised his glass. "To your raise."

Everyone raised and drank.

Indeed, the raise was an extra two dollars an hour. Extraordinary supervisory work, according to the plant manager.

With Sally's pay as a bank teller, we could pay off our honeymoon loan that much faster and start saving for a house instead of renting.

It was a good time.

And a powerful drink, I thought to myself. I raised my eyebrows as the cold burn down my throat turned into a comfortable heat in my stomach. Not having eaten anything since lunch hastened the buzz.

I handed my glass over to Tank even before he was done guzzling.

He guffawed admiringly. "Hey now, don't get ahead of us. And your wife needs to finish hers."

She squinted one eye down. "Why?"

He held out his hands in explanation. "To make it fair, of course. We only bought six containers of strawberries."

"Oh." She looked into her glass. "Makes sense."

"So drink up and then I'll pour for everybody."

I wanted another drink. I nudged her.

She squirmed. "Okay, okay." Down it went.

John and Tank cheered. Both of them and Casper, too, snuck peeks at her sweater.

My wife had very nice, full boobs. Good, delicious handfuls of female flesh. I couldn't blame them for looking. Heck, it was kind of nice to have something so fine to look at.

CHAPTER 3

It was halfway through the second pitcher when the topic came up.

Tank waved his glass under Sally's face. "You know, we'd really love to see that costume again."

Sally giggled; the daiquiris were hitting her. "No way."

John said, "Not like... um... how you answered the door. Just normal."

Casper grinned and nodded.

Tank nudged her. "Yeah, come on, be a sport. It was beautiful."

She looked at me for help.

Being in a great mood and feeling fuzzy, I flashed my smile. "Go on, go put it back on."

"But that's our thing..."

Tank laughed. "No, it's my thing, too."

John added, "And mine."

Casper raised his glass and gave an encouraging expression.

I said, "That sweater doesn't cover more than the costume anyway."

Tank and John shared a suggestive laugh. The big man said, "No, it sure don't."

My wife groaned. "Oh my gosh, fine."

Applause filled the living room.

She set down her glass. "You guys..."

Tank rumbled, "Thought we settled that..."

She came out a few minutes later dressed as a schoolgirl. She did a little curtsy to the cheering. Even I was clapping.

My wife didn't sit down, though, she plopped sideways onto Tank's lap and hung her arms around his neck. "Is this better?"

His hand rested on her thigh to hold her in place. "Oh, much better."

She kicked her feet like she was talking on the phone and just smiled.

I was a little speechless over her sitting on his lap, but she wasn't acting as if she were suggesting anything by it.

Innocent fun?

I watched her face.

No, it didn't seem suggestive and I didn't want to sound like some over-possessive husband jealous over every little thing.

I kept my peace and relaxed.

It wasn't all that big of a deal and she wasn't sitting on him sexually. And really, I liked her being open and sociable. A lap sit by a schoolgirl went together.

Okay, no biggie. And suddenly it wasn't. I was comfortable with it as if she were sitting next to me.

Tank didn't move his hand or try to look down her blouse.

I drank. So did everyone else.

Tank amused all of us when he asked, "Has the girl been bad? Do you need a spanking?"

Sally giggled.

John said, "I think that flashing earlier deserves one. Naughty girl."

She laughed louder.

My big friend nodded. "Yeah, that's right; girls shouldn't be flashing." He began wrestling her over.

Sally squawked, "Wah...!" And fell into uncontrollable laughter.

Tank took a quick peek under her skirt. "Ah, good. Panties this time."

John chuckled. "Yeah."

"Or... maybe not."

Even Casper laughed.

He gave her a couple of light slaps and frowned. He hiked the back of her skirt up and slapped her panties. "That's better. Bad girl!"

Sally was hysterical, laughing. "Let me up."

I was reaching to set my empty glass next to the pitcher for Tank to refill when her kicking feet caught my forearm. I lost grip and the glass dropped to the coffee table. I said, "Ack, wild feet."

Tank helped her up.

She was red-faced, smiling uncontrollably, and trying to adjust her skirt.

I picked up the glass and inspected it. There was a fine silver ribbon running down from the rim: a crack. "Aw, nuts. Cracked the glass when I dropped it."

Sally panted, "Sorry."

"I don't think your foot was aiming for it. I'll just go get another." I got up, unsteadily. I raised my eyebrows in surprise. "Woo, I think I'm feeling happy."

John said, "Do I get to spank her?"

Tank was gracious. "Sure, come over here and take Doug's spot."

Sally was breathless. "Whuh?"

A grinning John moved over to my spot as I swayed by the couch.

I need a cold rag on my face. My thoughts turned to the bathroom past the kitchen by the utility closet.

Tank and John laid her across their laps – mostly on John's. Her hands were on the armrest and her head hanging over it.

She looked up at me. "I'm gonna get a bruised butt."

John scoffed, "Nah, I won't spank you that hard." His hand came down on her panties.

"Ack!" My wife started laughing again.

She looked so adorable in her costume. I winked at her and went into the kitchen.

Glass in the trash, I went to use the little bathroom. I hadn't realized I needed to go. I sat and peed so I could wet a rag and wipe my face without having to handle myself.

When I came out a few seconds later, I felt quite a bit steadier. I took down another glass from the cabinet and froze.

Tank was saying, "Doug said it was okay."

She squawked and giggled. "Um, are you sure?"

"Yeah, he said it was okay. It's just a little tease." His slurred words were playful.

Sally sounded drunkenly judicious. "Oh, well then in that case, okay."

What did I say was okay?

Casper said, "Er, I don't know..."

Tank said, "It's just a little tease. For the naughty schoolgirl."

A tease? What tease? Her skirt hiked over her panties? I paused at the doorway, glass in hand, safely around the corner from them all. I listened intently, hearing

little, until Sally suppressed a giggle.

She said, "Uh, that's teasing?"

Tank said, "Sure is."

"And my husband said it was okay?" She sounded incredulous.

"Yep, just teasing."

I heard her gasp and sigh. "Well, okay, then." I heard some enthusiasm in her voice underneath the comforting buzz of the daiquiris.

What the heck is he doing? I left the kitchen to see what this teasing was.

They were standing. It looked like Tank had helped her off John's lap. Sally was backed up against Tank. His hand was reached around, up under her skirt and down her panties.

I was shocked by the sight, immediately thrown into a precarious position of having to act with an exclamation of disapproval or...

In that split second of vision, I took in that my wife was enjoying this tease. She held her drink with her eyes closed – not having seen me yet – and was smiling peacefully.

John and Casper both looked at me, eyes larger than normal.

Tank twisted to see me. "Oh, hey. Just teasing your wife here."

I was on the spot. Blow up? I wasn't necessarily angry. But my friend had crossed a pretty deep line. The drink? Or was Sally that much of a tease in her costume?

Knowing if I blew up, everyone would regret it, I instantly decided to let it slide. Maybe the alcohol made it seem better that way, but I really wasn't foot-stomping angry.

I said, "Oh, yeah. She probably deserves it sitting around in that costume."

I can't say I was totally comfortable with it, but seeing his hand down there and

seeing the look of happiness on her face had clinched the decision.

When her eyes opened, I made sure I was showing my smile. She grinned happily, "There you are. I didn't know you said this was okay."

I shrugged it off. "Ah, well, what's a little teasing?" I sat on the loveseat where John had been. I leaned forward and reached. "Um, looks like you have your hands full. Maybe I should pour?"

Sally had closed her eyes again, her thighs trembling as her panties moved from his fingers.

Tank said, "Okay, just this once."

I poured everyone fresh drinks. We still had another full pitcher. By the end of the task, I was feeling comfortable. We were at home, my wife was with me and certainly safe among friends. She was definitely sexy in her costume and if she received a little teasing, was that so bad?

I kinda liked it.

John had a tent in his jeans and his eyes were glued to her panties.

Sally did look stunning in the outfit. Her pigtails and big glasses fit right into her appearance and the familiar look of her in it calmed me.

My friends would have to be stupid, gay, or rude not to appreciate how she came across in the costume.

I knew they weren't stupid, or gay. I also knew how considerate they were. So why should they be rude and ignore my wife in her best tease outfit? It would've been uncalled for.

I found my eyes glued to her moving panties, too. It looked like his fingers were rubbing, and not anything more... penetrating.

Sally trembled against him and gasped. She opened her eyes again and licked her lips to regain her composure. "Uh..."

I think she felt embarrassed that she was enjoying it. I think she wanted to stop it

before it got to the point where she would have an orgasm. Now that would be embarrassing. I saw it in her eyes.

She pulled at his hand. "I need to sit down. And my drink is waiting."

Tank pouted. "Okay. Sit here between us." He patted the spot between him and John.

My wife picked up her glass, her eyes glazed, and said, "Honey, why don't you put on a movie? Something... teasing for the guys here?"

Tank scowled. "I don't have a man-bun and I'm not watching some rom-com."

She laughed. "No, not a rom-com. Okay. What's a good tease for you... men?"

John deadpanned, "Porn."

Casper and Tank and I laughed.

Sally was bright as if the lightbulb symbol had popped over her head. "Oh, we have some of that. Doug, dear, go pick one out." She sat between the two men.

I turned red and looked around.

Casper snickered. "Don't be embarrassed; we all watch porn. I think we'd look at you weird if you didn't."

I got up, trying to look suave and at ease. "Oh, well, sure..." What the fuck do I pick? I went into the bedroom.

I opened the cabinet next to the TV and scanned the few DVDs we had. I chose an action crime drama that featured big guns, big dicks, and bigger tits.

I came out with it. John had his hand down her panties this time.

I can't rightly say only Tank can tease her... and she looks like she likes it.

Her eyes were bright on me with enthusiasm.

CHAPTER 4

I put the movie in the player while Casper pulled the recliner around.

John mumbled, "Ah, NCI Boobs. I saw a preview of that..." His hand was still down her panties.

Tank said, "Give me a turn."

"Hey, you already had yours."

Casper looked longingly over.

Tank looked at me. "Hey, uh, can I tease her boobs?"

Thanks for asking. I tried to hide the dry look on my face. Of course, now I was in a position of deciding her pussy was okay to tease, but not her boobs? What kind of weirdo would they think I was? I grimaced with the effort of maintaining a neutral tone. "I don't see why not. But if she wants it to stop..." My look left no doubt.

He looked so solicitous and honest that I almost laughed. "Oh, yeah, of course."

I sat on the loveseat and tried to watch the flick. I could easily see them in my peripheral vision. Under the pretenses of getting my glass, I checked them out with more scrutiny.

Sally was very much enjoying it. Tank had her breast exposed and was very gently manipulating the nipple. At least he wasn't yanking on them. John was still playing in her panties. Her mouth would open a little, then close again.

I think she was liking it, but trying to be discreet.

Tanks saw me looking. "She has such gorgeous breasts."

My wife was tickled. "You think so?" She took a long drink of her daiquiri.

He nodded at her, big-eyed and grinning.

Okay, I guess I'm doing okay with this. I had just never thought of my friends groping my wife. But seeing it and how her reaction was relaxed and pleased, I had to admit it was kind of hot.

I was flattered. Proud.

She was mine and so sexy that I felt like a bragging man showing off his sports car. Okay, Sally wasn't a supermodel, but she was so sweet and looked so damned sexy in that costume that seeing their admiration of her was a huge ego boost.

By paying her the compliment, they were complimenting me and I liked it.

I started to get hard and tried to shift around to get comfortable.

I think Casper was trying to do the same.

Many minutes passed and tits were flashed all over the screen.

Sally said, "Hers are nicer."

Tank said, "Nah, they're just bigger. Yours are freaking awesome."

I glanced over.

I gulped hard.

They were both looking at the screen, but her hand was on his dick, stroking. When he had taken it out, I don't know. Her hand moved up and down.

She looked over at me and smiled a lopsided smile of daiquiris and satisfaction. Her hand didn't stop.

John had fumbled his cock out. "Uh, me too?"

My wife was peppy. "Oh, sure."

I was a little stunned. It wasn't Tank that had the bigger cock, it was John. I tried to tear my eyes away, but I just couldn't. Though my initial reaction was a

stunned outrage, it faded in less than two seconds. Seeing her smiling and jacking the both of them to the movie seemed so... natural.

And so hot.

I shifted again and again.

Casper was looking at me. "You and me both." He chuckled and tugged at his jeans to adjust them.

Sally said, "Awe, I'm sorry. Tell you what, you take my seat here and I'll sit on your lap. Give you a little tease." She got up, almost overbalancing and toppling over the coffee table. "Oops."

Casper stood. "On the couch?"

"Yeah, take your jeans off. It'll be easier."

He looked around. "Uh, I always go commando."

She giggled. "So? Your two pals here are sticking out. Are you afraid of something?"

He looked to me and back to them. "Well, no, I just didn't know if you'd want me naked in your house."

I appreciated Casper; always thoughtful.

She snorted. "If you want some teasing, get them off. You can leave your shirt on."

He was reluctant. "I don't know..."

"Oh, your wife wouldn't approve?"

He laughed. "Definitely probably not. Think I should ask her?"

John said, "Did you see me call my wife? Besides, it's just teasing. If you aren't willing, she can go back to teasing us."

Tank snickered. "More for me."

Casper shed his jeans and blushed, despite the drinks.

Sally looked down at him. "How does Debbie find that?"

He looked disgruntled. "It's not small."

My wife held up her pinky.

Now he looked incensed. "It's as big as Tanks!"

I considered him. He might have been as big as Tank if he was hard. It was only semi-hard.

Sally almost bent over laughing. "I'm just teasing you. Sit down."

I watched quizzically. There wasn't any room for her to sit.

She climbed onto Casper's lap.

I sat up, wondering what she was doing.

She wasn't looking at me and started moving her hips.

Casper gasped, "This is torture."

She collapsed on him, laughing. Her knees were spread out, her skirt hiked up, and I could see her panties. She was just rubbing the material against him.

Tank agreed. "She's a definite tease."

John was stroking himself, watching.

I might have gagged at the thought in any other situation, but right now, it seemed like the perfect thing to do – a compliment to my wife.

I liked seeing him look at her and stroke.

Casper panted, "How are you supposed to watch the movie?"

Sally said, "I've already seen it."

"Oh... right."

"It doesn't seem to want to get very hard. Am I ugly or something?"

He was frantic in his response. "No! It's probably just because of the drinks."

She giggled. "Uh huh."

"I'm serious."

Tanks said, "Maybe if you teased it with your mouth?"

My wife shook her head, amused. "Oh yeah, sure."

John was enthusiastic. "Yeah, that's a great way to tease an erection to life."

Sally shifted a little and leaned over John's lap. "You mean, like this?" Her tongue reached out.

John's eyes went lotto-winning wide. He thrust his hips and erection up towards her mouth.

Sally was fast, though. Her tongue flicked, never touching his shaft, and she straightened laughing hysterically.

Casper said, "Let me up. Maybe just need to use the bathroom."

Sally hopped off and I leapt up to catch her from going over the coffee table backwards.

The empty pitchers rocked.

Tank said, "Let's finish this last pitcher off. Good way to steady yourself."

John said, "Right, just makes everything else wobbly."

Sally seemed fine.

I let go and collected the empties. Trying not to look too out of balance, I went into the kitchen and put them in the dishwasher.

I used the bathroom after Casper.

When I came out, they were settled again on the couch. Tank was on the end by the loveseat again. Casper was in the middle and John in the same spot.

Sally was trying to tease Casper to life, but when I peeked over the back of the couch, he was still floppy against her panties.

I moved around and sat in the recliner Casper had vacated; it was far more comfortable than the loveseat.

Tank indicated a glass. "That's yours."

"Thanks." I grabbed it up and sucked down a smooth draft of warmed liquid. Definitely better cold.

I considered the movie, but I had seen it before. There was a big-titted bimbo on the screen giving some huge-dicked guy a tit-job. Not my favorite part of the movie. She was moaning like she was going to cum and occasionally dipping her chin so she could lick the head of the guy's cock.

Yeah, all women get off on giving tit-jobs. Clit, right there between their breasts. I scratched at my chin thinking about the silliness of it and took another drink.

Sally caught my attention, reaching down between them. "I guess I just can't tease this one awake."

Casper said, "You did a fine job; I've just had too much to drink."

"But you sound okay."

Everybody was slurring. But she had a point: Casper wasn't any worse off than the others.

He shrugged. "Sure, but all the booze went to my dick. I can barely feel it."

"Aww..."

"My birthday is next Saturday. If I came by again next Friday, I'd love to have you tease me in this outfit again."

John said, "I'll buy the next round of rum next week."

"Well, I won't be drinking before I get a good tease."

My wife giggled.

Tank said, "Yeah, sure. We'll come again next Friday, too. How's that, Doug?"

I held up my glass. "I like it."

The big man waved Sally over. "Come over here and tease me. Mine isn't asleep."

She made a happy laugh sound in her throat and moved over.

John said, "This isn't fair." He was looking over, his hand on his cock.

She settled on his lap and began moving. She opened her blouse wider and let her boobs out. She wiggled them back and forth.

Tank's eyes went large with delight and followed them as they swung.

I laughed; it was a comical sight.

He said, "Goodness..." He pulled her to him, pressing those boobs against him. His hands slid lower until they were cupping her butt and helping her move.

Lose the panties and a slightly different angle... I imagined it in my mind and my dick leapt in my jeans, hardening so rapidly that I had to shift again.

As if my thoughts were broadcast to Tank's ears, he slid his hand down her panties at the back.

I approved. I had to: for one, he had already groped down her panties from the front; for two, my dick really liked seeing him enjoy her.

He moved her panties down, caressing her cheeks.

This is better than the movie.

A couple hours before, I had been fully embarrassed for my wife. Now I was

enjoying her confidence and teasing.

John grumbled, "How come he gets all the teasing?"

Sally hummed contentedly. She was probably teasing herself more than Tank. She leaned over Casper in the middle and grabbed John's erection. "How's that?"

His smile was tight and bright. "Oh, tease me, baby."

Her pigtail was hanging over much of it, but I saw her smile.

CHAPTER 5

I shifted in the recliner.

Tank said, "Getting a little hot in here."

A little? I really wanted to free my dick, but...

Sally played the little licking game – putting her tongue out but pulling back before there was any contact.

Tank leaned to his right a bit and peered at her raised ass. His hand was doing something I couldn't see at her panties. Twisted over as she was with her head towards me, I just knew he had to be toying with her pussy again.

She wriggled her butt at him and acted like she was going to take John in her mouth.

Both of them growled.

Casper said, "What a cock-tease."

Tank panted, "She needs a proper lesson."

John nodded with aggravation.

Sally laughed, humped her hips, and licked at John's cock. This time, her tongue touched it.

The reaction was immediate. He came up off the couch with a savage snarl. Tank caught whatever fever it was and began grabbing her around the waist.

The big man said, "Casper, grab a leg."

John was up, cock out and hard.

Sally squealed in mock fright, though the smile on her face was excited.

Her arms and legs were everywhere.

I moved the coffee table away from her flailing as the men lifted my struggling wife.

"Doug, get her other leg."

I didn't argue with Tank. I grabbed my wife's free leg as the others began manhandling her down to the couch.

Tank grated, "Teach this cock-tease a lesson."

Sally tried to yell, but broke down into uncontrollable laughter. Still, she struggled like a mad woman – her pigtails whipping around with her efforts.

None of the others looked like they were hurting her, so I piled in. "Naughty tease."

Tank transferred her down to the couch and the hand he controlled to John. "All right, let's get those panties off."

Sally struggled harder, lifting off the couch and bending so far that she was suspended in the air, twisting and turning to break free. She couldn't catch her breath to scream, but her features were playful, not scared.

Does my wife have some kind of control fantasy I don't know about?

Tank moved to her side and began yanking down her panties.

She let out a yell as her pussy came into view. "Don't touch it! Don't touch it!" There was an element of startled panic in her voice.

I said, "They already have."

Tank worked her panties past the grip Casper and I maintained on each leg.

She panted and said, "No, I know, but I need to go to the bathroom. Let me go to the bathroom. Put me down."

I knew she hadn't gone. "All right, put her down."

Instantly, she was gently lowered to the ground and helped to stand.

She blew out a breath. "Whew, thank you. I didn't realize how much I needed to go."

We watched her scurry down the hall to the bedroom.

John scowled. "She better not come back out wearing armor."

Tank laughed.

Casper said, "I wish my dick worked."

Everyone sat back down.

Tank said, "Got problems there, buddy?"

"No, well, yes. When I drink."

"No other times?"

Quiet Casper was glum. "If I was sober, I'd be rock hard."

John said, "Poor guy."

Tank poured the last of the drinks. Not a full glass, but we were already floating high and wide.

When Sally came back out, she had that playful look on her face. Her skirt was gone and her shirt now covered everything. Barely.

We all looked at her as some bimbo on the screen with enormous beach balls for tits came like a yapping Chihuahua.

She lifted the bottom of her shirt an inch – no more than that. Her pussy came into view. "Is this what you naughty boys were wanting to see?"

Murmurs and growls of appreciation rose from the men.

Casper got up and moved to the loveseat. He was pouting.

Sally plucked at her shirt and gave a lopsided smile to Tank and John. "Now, where were we with the teasing?"

Tank snapped his fingers. "You were on my lap."

John pointed. "And your head was over here."

Sally put her hands on her hips and shifted from one foot to the other.

Tank warned her, "That's gonna get you in trouble."

She giggled and moved to him. "This'll be fun." She climbed on facing him.

Tank sighed as if having a huge burden taken from him and was now resting in the shade. "Oh, you tease."

I could tell she was using her clit to rub his dick.

I liked it. Nothing better than a full-on naked pussy tease against a straining cock. Neither was I afraid of losing her. This was fun and games, not romantic dating. I was rather hoping Tank didn't find her unskilled or lacking. I wanted her to tease him so artfully that he couldn't take it anymore.

So masterfully that he had an accident and came – the perfect result of the best of teases.

John grumbled, "Hey..."

Sally giggled and leaned over. She gripped his cock in her hand and moved it around as her face came close. She opened her mouth but kept his cock outside of it. Instead, she rubbed the head onto her cheek, across her nose, and over her glasses.

John groaned with frustration.

She pulled away a little, his dick within an inch of her open lips, and breathed on him.

He closed his eyes and squeezed them shut.

Sally's eyes squeezed shut, too.

Tank was back there, looking and moving his cock around. Giving the tease back to her. He began twisting his hips up, a feverish look on his face.

My wife breathed in and out with her eyes closed and let out a tiny groan. It was the same sound she made when I played with her lips and clit.

I couldn't take it anymore. I slid my jeans off in a blushed surrender to my erection.

No one noticed or cared and I kicked myself for suffering the tight jeans for so long. I gripped my erection through my boxers and squeezed – happy for the freedom.

Tank shifted more and dropped his mouth open.

Sally did the same, emitting a groan that was breathy. Now that was a sound I hadn't expected to hear. It was the sound she made when I penetrated her.

My dick leapt in my boxers.

Casper, who was at that end, widened his eyes and glanced at me.

I knew what had happened. Do I overlook this? Was it just a chance accident?

Sally's eyes were closed and her lower lip quivered. She was floating on that cloud of bliss with not a care in the world. Her mouth dropped open even more.

Yes, she was being penetrated.

Tank was angled in the right position for it. His hips pushed towards hers and my wife let out a lingering moan.

She opened her eyes and began jacking John's shaft. A quick flick of her tongue hit the helmet. Then she licked again, slower, leaving a trail of wet that left John shuddering where he sat.

With a loud groan, he placed his hand on the back of her head and pushed.

It really didn't seem like there was any resistance.

Her head lowered easily, her mouth taking his cock inside. Her lips instantly

closed on him and her head began moving up and down.

John was in heaven. His head was leaned back and his hand helped her head move.

She sucked his shaft until she slowed and rested the side of her head against his abdomen. The helmet of his cock pressed up inside her mouth and out against her cheek.

I knew she couldn't help it; Tank was moving his hips with more energy.

She finally opened her eyes and looked around as if in a daze. When her glazed eyes found me, they cleared a bit. She took her mouth off John's cock and looked up at him. "I guess I shouldn't be blowing you..."

John grunted in disappointment.

I said, "Why not? You've tortured him enough."

As if my words cleared the rest of her head, her eyes widened as she looked back towards Tank.

His hips were meeting hers in small movements.

I got up and moved over to stand by Casper.

Tank's dick was stuffed into my wife's pussy. It was moving slow and as deep as he could keep it. Only about half his length was in there due to the position, but her lips formed around his shaft looked... beautiful.

Tank breathed, "She's awesome, Doug. I already can't wait for next Friday."

Seeing his cock in my wife did not set off any alarms like I might have expected. On the contrary, what I saw was so good that I wanted to compliment them.

My wife was a success; she could tease the best of them.

CHAPTER 6

I said to them, "You're all welcome back next Friday. Just bring the booze."

It felt like a new, fresh beginning on a journey filled with excitement.

John said, "Just don't tell my wife."

Casper pitched in. "Mine, neither."

It was an instant thing – something so fundamental that I did not have to question it. I wanted all of them to experience my wife. I wanted all of them to put their cocks into her pussy.

It was really that simple.

I wanted them to know what she was like and that we had shared something so beautiful together.

A secret between us.

Yes, I wanted to share that with them. It was mine to give and I gave it freely, here, to my best friends.

I don't know why I didn't feel jealousy. The booze? The slow build in intimacy? I had been alarmed that Tank had taken advantage of my wife with the panty-play, but with enough alcohol, anyone becomes flirty – loses their inhibitions.

I could not, under any circumstances, imagine a sober Tank putting his hand down my wife's panties. Or even a single woman. That just wasn't a sober Tank.

Or John or Casper, I don't think.

Casper, beside me, muttered, "I'm not drinking next Friday."

I chuckled. "That bad, huh?"

He pointed. "Look at it. This is ridiculous." It was half hard. It hadn't been any harder than that since he popped it out.

I shook my head. "Sorry."

"I'm the one that's sorry."

I felt good for his eagerness. Oh well.

John said, "Let me try."

Tank grunted sourly. "Don't hog her." He pulled out and sat down with relief. The angle had been awkward and he rubbed at his thigh.

Sally crawled over to John's lap. "Like this?"

His grin was ready. "Sure."

She straddled him and let him position his cock at her entrance.

I moved back over to the recliner side and stroked her hair.

She looked at me, eyes swimming and half-glazed. "Oh my gosh, this is so hot."

I kissed her, cupping her neck. Her mouth was hot and soft.

She emitted a breathy moan and her body shifted as her hips moved.

John's cock was pushing up into her pussy while I kissed her. It was such a deep and personal connection between all three of us that I decided right there I should be kissing her whenever one of them entered her.

Definitely.

I released my cock from my boxers as my wife moaned. I had never heard a sexier sound from her than that very moment.

I stroked myself until she took over.

I knew her sounds and was very familiar with them. Sure, she made pleased sounds when we made love. But this was different. These were sounds made as

another man pushed his cock up into her pussy.

And not just some guy. John was married and thrusting that married tool right up my wife's pussy. It seemed better that he was married. Tank was single and had seemed different.

I almost laughed as the thought flashed through my head that Tank wasn't licensed by marriage. John was; so he had a right to fuck my wife.

It felt better that it was John fucking her than Tank, but not by much. I was certain that Casper would have that better feel, too.

I almost wanted to take Tank aside and tell him he should get married.

John held her hips and she leaned back a little as she moved her hips.

I could see his thick shaft inside her and her pussy lips stretched all around his slick cock. It looked great.

And safe.

I wanted them to enjoy it.

She leaned forward after a few minutes and hung on him. Her pants and moans were like much of what I was used to, only having more effect inside me due to being delivered on another man.

I sat in the recliner, happy.

John looked at me a few times with question in his eyes, but he didn't ask anything.

I understood when he held down my wife's hips and growled his way through an orgasm. He was married; it was okay.

When she came off him, Tank wanted his turn again.

I was a little reluctant with him if only for the fact he was single. But I couldn't just up and say he couldn't do it. He'd already been in there. John had been in there. I would sound childish.

I watched him lay her out on the couch and slide in. Even if I was reluctant, it was exciting to see his erection bobbing and pointing between my wife's legs. But it disappeared pretty fast and all we saw were his hips moving on hers.

It didn't take more than three pumps from him before Sally gasped out, "Too hot..." She came underneath him, writhing hard and fast.

Almost smothering her, Tank kissed her as she thrashed beneath him. Air whistled through her nose as she tried to breathe through her excited state and maintain the kiss at the same time.

Casper pouted.

I motioned with my head. "Next Friday."

Tank broke the kiss and leaned up a bit so he could stare at my wife's boobs. "Maybe I could come over earlier?"

I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

John said, "Me, too?"

I felt better about him. I said, "I don't know... That's up to Sally, really."

She was still coming down from her orgasm, arching her back and heaving in breaths. She gasped, "Are you kidding? I'd love to."

It was right about then that I began to feel some furtive doubts.

CHAPTER 7

I came home Wednesday from work at my usual time. Nothing different in my routine.

The men at the plant had been perfect in every way. Other than some smiles and nods, it was as if nothing had happened. This assuaged some of my doubts.

But Wednesday, upon arriving home, I found a very sexually satisfied Sally lying naked in bed.

I asked, "What's going on here?"

She looked up at me with a smile that infuriated me, although she didn't catch my expression. She laid her head back down. "Tank was here." It was kind of obvious; cum was still leaking out of her.

"In here? In our bed?"

She looked up more in curious alarm now. "Yes, you said it was okay."

"I did not."

She frowned. "You did so."

"No, I remember leaving it up to you."

She held up some fingers as if to say, "What the fuck?" She said instead, "Uh, doesn't that mean it's up to me and you support my decision?"

I wiped at my forehead. "I don't like this."

"You sure sounded different all day Saturday."

She was right, I had been happy, despite the growing doubts, that things had happened.

But now I wasn't so sure.

I sighed deeply. "I just..."

She was squinting at me now, trying to figure me out. "Just what?"

"I don't know, I feel like maybe John is okay, but Tank is just taking advantage of you."

She scrunched up her face. "Why would you think that? He was very polite when he was here—"

"John is married. I don't know if that sounds weird, but it seems okay with him. Tank is single. It doesn't seem okay with him."

She made several faces. "Like because John is married he's not a threat?"

"Maybe." I leaned against the dresser, but I was agitated, not at ease. "Tank isn't married and you are. It just doesn't feel right. Like he doesn't have a license to be with you."

"And John does?"

I shrugged helplessly. "It's how I feel." Welling up inside was the doubt. "Maybe we shouldn't be doing this at all."

She sat up. Tank's cum started leaking out of her and it made me mad. "What changed..."

"Maybe I did. It seemed like fun when it happened, but maybe it's just a really bad idea."

"Because Tank is unmarried?"

"Yeah, what if he gets designs?"

She laughed. "As if I have no say in the matter?"

"What do you mean?"

Sally frowned at me. "You're assuming because he gets designs that I'm

automatically on his side?"

"Well..."

"It's just sex, Doug. It's what you encouraged last Friday. Telling Tank he could —"

"Actually, I never told him he could. He made it up."

She frowned deeper. "Are you sure? Because I heard him ask you—"

"Yeah, the second time. But that claim I said panty teasing was okay? I never did."

"But then you gave him permission."

"I guess so. It seemed like the thing to do. You were having fun and I didn't want to be some wet rag on everything."

She coughed. "All along I thought you wanted this. I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't encouraged me every step of the way."

"It... was fun, yes..."

"But?"

"But I have these doubts."

"Just about Tank, or all of it?"

I shook my head. "I don't know. What if everything that happened was just the booze talking? I've never known Tank to be deceptive like that. Was it just the rum?"

She looked to the side. "Maybe it was. I know for certain I would never have done anything like that if I hadn't been feeling so loose from the booze." She hung her head down and rubbed at her forehead. "Have I been made into some kind of joke now?"

"Not at all. They all act as if nothing happened."

"At least they're not talking about me."

"No, they wouldn't. Especially not John, and Casper rarely ever talks."

She laughed.

"What?"

Her smile was amused. "And here I thought if you objected to anyone, it would be John."

"I like John. I think I'm more comfortable with him than Tank. Well... I know I am. If we could drop Tank out of the picture—"

"That's what's funny."

"What?"

"John is bigger than Tank. I figured you'd be more jealous of John."

"I'm not jealous."

"I think you are, but maybe I meant envious."

I gave her a baleful look. "Like I'm threatened by John's size?"

She giggled. "You men are always about size."

"Well, not in my case."

She appeared satisfied. "Good. Because I'll have you know that I like John better."

"You do?" This was news – especially with Tank's cum pooling on the bedspread below her.

"Yes. Maybe it's like you said. Maybe because he's married it seems more comfortable."

"You don't feel like you're cheating Veronica out of something?"

"Maybe I am, but it does feel better with him, and not just because of his size. It's like he cares more."

"Appreciates."

Her eyes sparkled. "Yeah, appreciates."

I sighed.

She said, "If you want to exclude Tank—"

"I don't know how I go about doing that."

"Just tell him."

I indicated her on the bed. "The deed has been done."

She shrugged. "So? Tell him no more. He'll understand."

"But maybe none of them should be—"

She squinted at me again. "What is it you want, Doug?"

"I don't know. I want us to be happy..."

"I'm happy with you."

I tested her. "You don't need them?"

Her hands came up again. "I don't need any of them. I have you. I don't want any of them. It's not like there's this meaningful bond going on and elaborate eloping plans of marriage being made. It's. Just. Sex."

"But—"

"No buts. Do you believe two people could have sex and not be in love?"

"Of course."

"Then so can I, because I love you, not them. I just liked the fact they're nice, you seemed to like it, and it felt new and fun."

"New and fun?"

She shrugged. "Sexy. Nasty. Naughty. Like my costume."

And maybe I should be looking at it just like her.

CHAPTER 8

Thursday, John stopped me near the processing vat. "Hey, you got a minute?"

"Sure." I stuck my clipboard behind my back.

"I wanted to come by today, but I've gotten the feeling you are having second thoughts about all this?"

He and Casper and Tank got off an hour before I did. A supervisor's work extended an hour beyond punch-out time. I said, "Second thoughts?" Am I that obvious?

"Yeah, you know..." He looked around to make sure no ears were getting perky. "If it isn't all right with you, then I don't want to be in there."

My friendship with John and my estimation of him jumped up a sizable notch. "Thank you, John, really."

"So should we consider this all off?"

I recalled Sally's talk with me the previous evening. It's just sex. John has a license. He's also so damned considerate that I must admire him. "No, don't worry about it." I squeezed his shoulder. "Don't worry about it. You're a good guy, you know?"

He didn't say anything, but his eyes shone a little brighter and he looked pleased. "I still won't come by today. Just not a good time. But tomorrow? We're still on?"

I grinned. "Casper's birthday? It's on."

John thanked me for my time.

I thought that might be the end of it, but Friday was a strange day. A very strange day.

I was delayed an extra hour filling out an injury report – our first in over two

hundred and ninety-seven days. It was nothing major, a minor hatch injury involving a new hire and the idiot not following the rules. Lost a piece of a finger.

Today of all days.

Oh well.

I made my way home with as much haste as the speed limit and traffic allowed. There was no helping that I was late, but I had warned Sally of the issue.

She had texted she would try out some cheerleader moves on them.

I knew she didn't have any pom poms and the distraction increased my desire to be home. She was my wife, and I wanted to be there.

My dick wanted to be there.

I rushed into the house to the sounds of sex. They were in the bedroom and I went to the kitchen first. I poured myself a drink from the single pitcher they had made. I took a bite from the cupcake left for me and then headed to our bedroom.

They were all on the bed. I almost dropped the half-eaten birthday cupcake.

I saw a lot of man and not much of Sally.

It was John that saw me. He waved with a bright smile. "Thought you'd never get here."

The others looked, too.

Once I figured out what was what I saw that Sally was sort of doggie style. Casper was underneath her, cock up in her pussy. Tank was squatted over her, shaft in her ass. John was kneeling by her head getting sucked. Her mouth looked comical stretched around his shaft.

The entire bed was a moving, grunting, squeaking mess of flesh.

I was still blinking at the sight as I finished off the cupcake and washed it down

with some drink.

Tank panted, "We waited..."

Casper grunted, "And waited..."

John said, "Sorry. She was being a tease."

My wife took her mouth off him. "Join us."

I laughed. "I don't know if the bed will hold all of us."

She reached for me. Despite a delirious look on her face, she wanted me with her.

I went to the other side of the bed and undressed. I had a side view of the cocks sawing in and out of her pussy and ass.

We had never done anal, but I guess if she wanted them all at once, she only had three holes. Tank looked greased for it, too.

Thoughtful. At least it wasn't John.

I climbed on the bed, opposite John. My wife stopped sucking him and smiled up at me as best she could. She took my cock in hand and then turned away to suck John again.

I think she was overwhelmed; she stroked me with faltering moves a few times, but mostly just tried to sit still. The men were pretty much doing all the moving.

The look on her face had pretty much told me the story – dizzy, unfocused, and distracted. Too much was going on.

Which made me feel bad for her. I didn't want her to not enjoy sex. I didn't want it to be something that was a chore, or painful, or just a way for some guys to get off on her.

I needn't have worried. The arrangement only lasted a few minutes after my arrival.

Tank pulled out and excused himself to the bathroom to wash up.

Casper pounded up into her to a finish. As he did, she stopped sucking John and kissed the birthday boy as he came.

She crawled off of him slowly, as if sore or unsure.

John asked me, "May I?"

I gestured for him to go ahead.

He pulled her to the side and left her face down. He pulled up her hips and shoved his big cock into her pussy. He sighed with relief. "She's nice and juiced up in there."

Sally moaned and I stroked her head.

John pounded hard from behind, pulling her hips to him as he thrust. "She sure has a sweet pussy."

I knew that saying it meant he really thought so; John was not one to speak just to hear himself talk.

Sally's eyes were half closed and her moans became louder and louder. I don't think she was fully aware of everything going on.

John's moves were raw with animal lust. He was fucking her and enjoying every single thrust.

That my wife took it and was turned on by it made me proud.

Her hands reached out, gripping the bed cover and she began to shake. Her voice rose and rose, until she was crying out and quivering violently in orgasm.

John pulled out of her and gently flipped her over.

My wife jerked like a puppet, unable to move smoothly being that she was still cumming. She flopped down, her thighs trembling.

John crawled forward, his thick dick covered in juices. Where before he had gone hard, this time he went easier. He slid his big dick back inside her pussy and moved deep, push-up style. He smiled at me as he pumped.

Casper was still half-hard and playing with himself.

Tank came out of the bathroom smelling strongly of soap. He moved up to the other side of her head and tapped her. "Hey." He offered her his erection. "I washed. Thoroughly."

She nodded absently and sucked him in.

His big body flexed as he moved with her mouth and humped his hips.

The two men worked my wife like that for a couple of minutes.

Tank said, "Yeah, yeah, suck around the head, real hard." He tried to control his movements, but I could tell he was close and losing control. He pressed forward into her mouth and began gasping quietly. "Oh yeah, fuck yeah..." He dropped back, pulling his twitching cock from her mouth. A little spurt jumped out and landed on her chin.

I know it wasn't a bukakke, but the sight of cum on her face had a strange sexual effect on me: my cock throbbed to full erection.

John was puffing, sliding deep and smooth.

I wanted him to be done because I desperately wanted to make love to my wife – right now!

Fortunately, he was. His face scrunched up in orgasm and he jerked on her, cock buried as far as it would go. He started to lean down to kiss her, saw the cum, and thought better of it. He pulled off.

I took his place before anyone else could or my wife got up. She smiled at me in welcome as I slid into a very hot pussy.

I had never felt anything like it before.

Steaming hot, so slick with cum that I slid right in all the way. Her pussy was still clamping and her wet walls squeezed the cum onto my straining cock with each contraction.

I don't know if some other guy's cum is a topical aphrodisiac, but my cock

became so tense with the strain of excitement that I felt as if my shaft had never been thicker or more engorged.

Loud wet sounds accompanied my exertions and thrusting into her pussy as it was filled with other men's cum was nothing short of sensational.

Out of this world.

I loved it. I wanted more.

Casper was ready and offered her his cock. She took it in her mouth, sucking as I thrust.

If I thought I had loved being inside her with all that cum, seeing her suck cock while I fucked her was mind blowing. My erection felt like it was going to split apart. I don't think I have ever felt as hard.

Her lips worked his shaft back and forth. I could see her cheeks move as her tongue swirled on him as if in a kiss.

We both worked her.

His hand caressed her cheekbones and hair. He would pull up a pigtail and let it fall.

She was so beautiful.

He began panting. "Yeah, second load coming. The perfect birthday present, thank you."

I pushed deep and flexed.

She hummed contentedly and sucked Casper harder.

My beautiful wife was even more gorgeous with a cock in her mouth. It was amazing.

He groaned in tension and began jerking, trying to maintain his balance.

My wife sucked hard, her jaw and throat moving as she swallowed. Just inches from my face, she swallowed my friend's cum.

The sight was magnificent.

My orgasm was hot and fast. Where normally I had contractions and squirts a full second apart, this one was spurred by what was happening right in front of my face. I squeezed out a rapid three pulses per second, shooting my cum into her filled pussy.

I have never shot so rapidly and for so long.

She pulled off his cock, licking her lips. Then she reached up, grabbed my neck, and pulled me into a kiss.

I couldn't deny her.

I didn't want to.

It was the perfect end to my Friday.

CHAPTER 9

I answered the door Saturday.

It was John. "Hey, Doug."

"Hey yourself, come in."

He scratched his chin. "Could we talk outside?"

Sally was in the bedroom, reading.

"I guess so, gimme a sec." I took a few steps to the hall. "Sally."

Her voice drifted out, "Yes? Is it for me?"

"No. John's here. Wants to talk to me outside. So I'll be out there."

"Okay."

I went out and shut the door. We walked to the driveway of our duplex.

John looked bothered.

I knew him; I knew the look. "What's... going on?"

His smile was familiar, too: instant; genuine; friendly. "Am I that easy to read?"

"I've known you for six years now?"

He grunted. "Look, Doug, we've been talking."

I crossed my arms and nodded. "Okay...?"

"We can't do that anymore."

"Can't? What?"

He clapped my shoulder. "No offense to you or your wife, but we made a decision."

"Wait... what?"

He firmed his lips. "I can't keep doing that and keep it from Veronica."

"Just don't tell her—"

"And Casper doesn't want to keep secrets from Debbie, either."

I was speechless. They don't want my wife? I was worried they were going to take her but they're the ones pulling back? "You're kidding me..."

He shook his head in regret. "Nah, I wish I was. I meant what I said about her. Sally's a sweet thing. But Casper and I are married and we have obligations there. It happened twice. I'm going to keep it to myself and the same for Casper. But we can't go on and do this kind of thing behind our wives' backs."

I blinked, dropping my arms. "And Tank?"

John tugged at his tucked in shirt as if to jerk it down straight. "He's single. Says he has no business screwing some man's wife. He needs to find his own."

I chuckled in disbelief.

He looked at me, leaning to see my eyes. "Will Sally take it hard?"

"Well... I don't know."

"If you want, do you think I should talk to her?"

"Is it that you guys didn't like her?"

John grew immediately serious and sharp. "We all enjoyed what we had. Make no mistake on that. We all appreciated it."

We were both silent for a few seconds.

I said, "No, I'll talk to her, and she'll be all right. Probably just confused. She had a lot of fun last night, though she said she wouldn't want to do it every day."

He laughed, tight and neat. "I bet. Anyway, just wanted to let you know. We also didn't think it was a good idea to be screwing the supervisor's wife. But the other stuff was more important."

What could I say? I said nothing.

John stuck his hand out. "No hard feelings."

I shook my head and gripped his hand. "No, of course not. You're a good man, John."

I watched him return to his car. I went inside before he pulled away.

Sally was propped up on the bed, reading her tablet.

I spread out my hands in frustration. "Well, I just got a kick in the pants."

"Huh?" She slid her glasses down into place and focused on me.

"I don't know what to think."

"What's wrong?"

"John just told me the three of them decided they weren't going to be involved with you anymore."

She dropped her head down a little and forward. "Excuse me? What?"

I threw my arms out. "That's it. They don't want to hurt their wives and Tank says he needs to find his own woman."

"They didn't like me?"

I shook my head. "No, that's not it. They really did, but they don't want to keep secrets from their wives. All of them appreciated you."

She stuck out her lower lip comically. "I was just getting to like it."

"I'm sorry."

She didn't answer right away and I could see her mental gears turning through

several shifts in facial expression. "No, don't be... I guess. It was just... I was having fun."

I sat on the corner of the bed. "I was, too. I didn't think I would after that first night, but I did."

She shook her head. "Wow, I figured you or I would be the one ending it." She shook her head again and picked up her tablet.

"Are you okay?"

She raised her glasses up to rest on top of her head. She shrugged. "I guess so. Besides, I have you, and you can't go away."

EPILOGUE

My cock began the slow reversal from erection to flaccid. I cuddled her into my arm as my chest heaved with the exertion of moments before.

Her hand stroked my chest. "I kind of miss the guys."

"Man buns and all, huh?"

She slapped my chest lightly in admonition. "You know what I mean."

I grunted. No point in thinking about it.

Her fingers started walking up towards my neck. "Do you think we'll ever find anyone else?"

My eyebrows twitched. "Oh? Miss it?"

"The attention, yes. Is that bad?"

I frowned in thought. "No, I sort of miss it, too."

"Who would we find?"

My heart beat a little faster in excitement. "Find? I don't know. Someone married? It felt better."

She nodded against me. "I agree. I felt it, too. Tank was okay, but I really felt more at ease with Casper and John. So a married guy. And maybe his wife knows and agrees."

I sighed in loss. "Yeah..."

"So find us someone."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you're the man of the house. You do it."

"I don't know anyone. You do it. Surely you know someone."

She pouted – I could hear it in her voice. "I don't know anyone, either."

I was quiet, wondering how one found a couple who thought the same.

She twirled fingers in my chest hair. "Maybe we can both do it."

I squeezed her to me. It was really the only real answer. "It's a deal. You and me."

She kissed my cheek softly. "Forever."

"Forever," I agreed.

Thank you for reading Costume Play. All reviews are greatly appreciated – even 1-stars.

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