



CREATING A CUCKOLD

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Table of Contents

Copyright Page

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 1

Brad's Story

I have to admit that I'm addicted, if that's the right word, to pornography. But, not just any porn, I'm only interested in hotwife and cuckold stories and books. Sometimes, I'm able to find videos or movies that are said to show a hotwife being watched by her husband as she's fucked by another man.

I'm generally suspicious of these, but some are good enough to appeal to me, whether they're real or not. Usually, when I'm reading or watching a movie, I imagine that the woman is my wife, Isabella.

Nothing gets me harder, faster than picturing Isabella as a hotwife.

I'll be reading a well-crafted hotwife story, picturing the action as I read, with my wife as the woman. It's her face that I see, as well as her body, and most of all, it's her voice I hear.

When that happens, I'll become a gooner—taking myself as close to orgasm as I dare before stopping and waiting to do it all over again. If I finally allow myself to finish, it will be as I read and picture Isabella reaching an overwhelming orgasm with the other man.

Just to be clear, this isn't a substitute for sex with my wife. I love Isabella, and we have a wonderful love life. Isabella is beautiful and definitely out of my league in looks, brains, and personality. She's fun and fantastic with people. My wife is a smiling—happy person who is a joy to be around. She's caring and thoughtful, a well-liked member of our community.

Isabella works in the accounting department of a large car dealership. Due to her attractive appearance and engaging personality, the vice president of the sales division has been encouraging her to switch departments. Rather than being hidden back in accounting, he'd like her to be in the front of the house, greeting potential customers and selling cars.

He's right, of course, Isabella would be great at that and would probably make a lot more money. We've discussed it more than once, and Isabella feels that to sell a lot of cars, it's sometimes necessary to be less than completely honest. One example she gives is going to the sales manager to see about getting a better price for a customer, only to spend ten minutes gabbing with him about the local football team.

She's afraid of giving up a regular paycheck for a gamble on commissions, doing something she's uncomfortable doing. As often as Isabella has turned down the opportunity, it hasn't stopped Cliff, the sales vice president, from continuing to ask her to join his division.

I work construction, and the less said about that, the better. Together, we lead a comfortable life in a nice house in a desirable part of the city. We don't have children yet. Isabella and I decided to wait a few more years, but years have a way of slipping by, and we probably should revisit that decision. Secretly, I think Isabella has already revisited it and would kind of, sort of, like to get pregnant.

There have been a few times when Isabella has come home from work flustered because somebody, usually a customer, has made a pass at her. Is that still a thing? Making a pass? Last week, one of the new salesmen, Gary, a young, good-looking guy, according to Isabella, came into the supply room with her and tried to corner her. I pictured my beautiful, smiling wife holding him off as he put his arm around her. He'd held her ass with one hand and tried to kiss her.

As she described the scene to me, we were both sitting on our couch. I had been smoking a joint I'd rolled, and as she talked, I crossed my legs to hide my growing erection. Isabella had kicked off her shoes, so she could sit sideways on the sofa with her bare feet in my lap.

"Are you getting a hard-on?" she asked, reaching for my cock with her toes, as she finished off my joint.

"A little," I admitted. Weed always made us horny, as well as hungry.

"Is my story turning you on?" Isabella was already high.

"Nothing happened," I countered. "Why should I be turned on?"

"What if I told you he put his hand on my boob, and my nipple was hard?"

"Did he?" I asked, my cock reached full erection as my wife stroked it with her bare toes. I dreamed of Isabella becoming a hotwife, and I sensed that time was running out.

"Would you like it if he had?"

"Maybe, I don't know, it's confusing," I confessed, rolling another for the two of us.

"What if it excited me?" Isabella wanted to know. "What if it made my pussy wet?"

"Oh, god," I should never have edged before Isabella came home.

This sort of talk was not like Isabella; my wife enjoyed sex, but she wasn't usually the aggressor. I was almost always the one to initiate lovemaking, except when Isabella was ovulating. I'd noticed as we grew older that her hormones seemed more active. It was though

her body was demanding, "I want a baby! Time is running out, give me a baby!"

Isabella was smiling as she gathered herself and stood, and we looked at each other. Behind her smile, I thought I could hear those hormones whispering to her.

Then she looked at the erection outlined in my pants, and her smile faltered as her pink tongue peeked out and she licked her lips.

She took the joint from my hands, along with a book of matches, and walked toward the stairs to our bedroom.

~ ~ ~

"Something's wrong with me, Brad," my wife said as she lay on her back with the sheet pulled up to just below her breasts. I'd given her everything I had, but I'd been so turned on by all the edging I'd done that I let her down when I came too early. I knew she'd been into it when we started; her pussy had been very wet, and my cock was sending incredible messages to my brain. I could feel her pussy massaging me as I fucked her. True, I came before I was ready, but I hoped my orgasm had triggered hers.

"What could possibly be wrong with you?" It was usually a bad sign when Isabella used my first name.

"It's probably nothing," Isabella said, blowing me off as she got out of bed. "Just an age thing."

I followed her into the bathroom. "What kind of things?"

Isabella's Story

I didn't care for Brad following me into the bathroom. I've always thought of it as a private place and wasn't used to sharing it.

But there he was, standing in front of me as I sat on the toilet, his cock flaccid and dripping on the floor at my feet.

We'd just made love for a few minutes. I hadn't orgasmed, but Brad certainly had. He'd pumped an enormous amount of sperm in me, and it had felt terrific. I loved the feel of his cock throbbing inside me and hot cum flooding my pussy. I'd hoped that he might even set me off, but it hadn't.

But I'm not complaining. I love Brad, and if these were the only things wrong, then I'm a lucky woman. I'm uncomfortable discussing these topics, but here goes. In my entire life, I've only orgasmed a limited number of times, and I was usually taking care of myself when I did. I don't think I'm unusual; in fact, I think most women are more successful when they do things while they're alone.

Besides all this, sex is only one small part of a long, busy life.

There are more important ways to judge a happy marriage, I think.

Brad is a good man; he treats me like a princess, and I know he's deeply in love with me. What's more important than that?

Even without "earth-shattering orgasms," I love the closeness we have and the deep intimacy with another human. I think that's what life is all about.

On another topic, I don't know what to do about work at the dealership. I love my job, and I adore J.B. Bennet, the owner, but some of those horny young salesmen he hires are wearing me down. That story I told my husband was not only true, but much worse than I led him to believe. Charles, Mr. Bennet's son, went much further. He didn't caress my butt through my dress, like I told Brad. Charles put his hand under my dress and under my panties! I was

on the phone, so there was nothing I could do but stand there as he caressed my naked butt. Charles even went a little further and cupped my pussy with his hand, as I felt my knees grow weak, and more wetness coated his hand.

Lately, I've been uneasy and frustrated for at least a few weeks every month. I've never felt like this before, at least not regularly.

It's hard to describe, but it's like my entire vulva is on fire, and I only want a man to rip my clothes off me, like in a trashy novel, and take me with his big thing. I sound like a cheap whore, and this is not who I am.

These feelings only last for a week or two, but that's how I was feeling today when Charles caressed my pussy. Every time his hand came between my legs, I wanted to spread wide and let him have his way with me. I was dying inside, hoping he'd go for it and touch me there, but scared out of my wits that he'd do it, and find out how wet I was.

It was for the best when his father came in, and Charles had to quickly pull his hand out from under my dress. He's a complete ass, but Charles is so impossibly good-looking that he can have nearly any woman he wants. I don't understand why he's always gone after me!

That night, Brad and I watched TV together and talked about unimportant things until it was time for bed. Before turning off the lights, Brad, who always sleeps naked, hugged me. I was wearing a light pair of women's pajamas, and my fire was lit again when I felt my husband's penis press against me. He wasn't fully erect, and Brad doesn't seem large, not that I have a lot of experience, but he was large enough.

When I was sure Brad was asleep, I slipped my hand into my bottoms and pressed my finger against the little button that always feels so good. I was dripping wet, and once I touched myself, I

couldn't stop. I didn't want to wake my husband, but I knew sleep for me was out of the question, so I crept out of bed and into our bathroom.

I felt so guilty sitting on the toilet and playing with myself that I wasn't able to climax. I ended up slinking back into bed and lying restlessly until finally falling asleep just before the alarm clock went off.

Chapter 2

Isabella's Story

The next day, I was only scheduled to work the morning and planned to go home to sleep until Brad arrived. But by the time I drove into the garage, I'd caught my second wind and was awake.

Instead of sleeping, I went on the computer to look at dresses and jewelry I couldn't afford. When I woke the machine, the page that appeared showed what my loving husband had been looking at when he hadn't shut down properly the night before.

A picture of a naked young woman greeted me, her legs spread wide, along with a caption reading that her husband had always wanted to marry a "Hotwife." What was a hotwife, and why did this pretty woman with her near-perfect young body want to be one?

It was as if I'd opened a trap door into my husband's hidden desires, so I naturally read the opening paragraph of the short story under the picture of the woman with her legs spread. The story started innocently enough. It was told through the eyes of a man grilling hamburgers while his wife and the couple next door lounged around their swimming pool.

The more I read, the more the action intensified. Soon, the women were exposing their (large) breasts, and the men had exposed their (extra large) erections. As the story went on, the man was watching his wife as she had sex with the well-proportioned husband from next door. The scene was graphically described, as were the effects of watching on the wife's husband.

I was breathing hard as I slid my hand under my dress and touched myself—there. Was this what Brad had been doing when I came home? I reread the paragraph describing the wife's orgasm in

graphic detail as I rapidly stroked my now fully aroused clitoris. I felt myself nearing orgasm, so I moved my hand to rest on my leg and searched the computer's memory.

I told myself I was only trying to understand my husband better by finding out what turned him on. I wasn't expecting the immense stash of hotwife and cuckold erotica he had saved.

My next stop was a video labelled "extra good." I put Brad's ear-phones on and started the movie. A good-looking woman and her husband were surprised by a black contractor as the husband was licking his wife's private parts. Soon, she was kissing the black contractor, then he was naked, his penis huge as the wife made love to it. She sucked the head, kissed its length, and rubbed it on her face and breasts.

By the time she begged him to put it inside her, the husband was watching and stroking himself. As was I. I'd never seen anything like this, and the noises made by the actress playing the part of the wife sounded natural to me. When she climaxed, I did too, bent over, stroking myself as fast as my hand would move. I had the other hand held firmly over my mouth.

When my body began to calm down, I froze the video and sat back in the chair. But, I couldn't resist running my fingers through my pubic hair and between the folds of my labia, thinking again of the black man's enormous cock.

Even the words were exciting to me. I was touching my pussy, and I wanted a massive black cock pounding me, like the one in the video. As my muscles tightened, there was so much pleasure going on inside me. I knew something was going to happen when I began shaking and felt a hot wave wash over me. I wanted more, but it was scary and confusing. I tried to stop, but that would mean turning off the movie, and I couldn't do that. The feeling built inside

me until I crossed a line and exploded in another all-consuming orgasm.

I immediately wanted another, and from that moment on, the desire has never left me.

Eventually, I put the computer back the way I'd found it, and took a shower. The woman in the video had referred to her genitals as her pussy, and I decided to go with it. When I stepped into the shower, my pussy was so wet I was momentarily afraid I'd had an accident.

As I gently washed my pussy, I put a hand on the shower wall to hold myself up. The feelings inside me were so intense, they couldn't be believed. By the time I heard Brad pull into the garage, we were nearly out of hot water. I was putting lotion on when my husband walked into the bathroom.

Brad's Story

I called my wife's name, but there was no response until I was outside our bathroom door. Inside, in a room thick with humidity, my naked wife was rubbing lotion into her skin. She'd just reached her breasts, and a sudden erotic jolt traveled through my prick.

I took a moment to stop and appreciate the scene before asking Isabella what time we'd need to leave for the party we'd agreed to attend.

Isabella had an entirely new expression when she looked at me in the mirror. Her fingers never stopped moving on her nipples as she continued to work the lotion into her flesh. It was as though her face was lit from the inside; my wife glowed. Her eyes were bright and shiny, and even her teeth seemed whiter when she smiled. She was taking deep breaths, and her pussy looked swollen.

My wife seemed ready to fuck, and I asked if she was feeling okay. She told me everything was fine and that we were leaving as soon

as she finished dressing. I took a quick shower, and by the time I was ready, Isabella was holding a drink and waiting for me.

It was the summer picnic, so not a fancy party—only employees from the dealership where she worked, along with their spouses. It was held at Mr. Bennet's house, who was a wealthy man as the owner of several auto dealerships.

Isabella usually dresses rather conservatively, but not today.

Going with the picnic theme, my wife was wearing a pair of white shorts that were so short the loose leg holes left little to the imagination. It would be clear to everyone that Isabella wasn't wearing panties.

On top, my wife wore a white T-shirt with the dealership's logo in the upper left corner. She'd cut off the bottom of the shirt to reveal her flat stomach, and since she wasn't wearing a bra, every movement of her body sent the shirt jiggling, which I found eye-catching. Along with my wife's deep tan, the overall effect was hypnotic.

I was only wearing a pair of kakai pants and a yellow polo shirt.

Not at all fancy.

"You look incredible," I said. "You make me want to eat your pussy for the next hour."

"Well," Isabella said, smiling like a big cat about to devour a tasty mouse, as she pulled down her shorts, confirming her lack of panties. "Don't let me stop you."

I bent to lick her slick pussy, and was rewarded with Isabella's groan from deep in her throat. I would have continued if she hadn't reminded me that we couldn't be late.

My cock was still hard when I backed the car out of the garage.

As I drove, and we shared a joint, I asked my wife, "No panties, and no bra today?"

"Just me and my tiny shorts."

Up to that point, I hadn't been leaving Isabella frustrated on purpose, but I began to wonder what would happen if I kept getting her worked up without relief. Could she become my hotwife?

~ ~ ~

There's often a scene in an old western movie when the hero walks through the saloon's swinging doors, and all sound stops. People stop talking, and the piano falls silent as the customers all stare at the movie's star. It was like that as Isabella and I walked through the front door of Mr. Bennet's immense, granite-walled mansion.

For a moment, all conversation seemed to stop, and the music from the state-of-the-art sound system paused.

I didn't catch even half the names of the people I was introduced to, not that it mattered. Isabella was the center of attention, and I was directed to the bar for our drinks while my wife held court with the sales staff.

By the time I returned with a drink in each hand, the gaggle of salespeople were gone. But Isabella was still there, deep in conversation with Mr. Bennet's son, Charles. My wife didn't stop talking when I handed her a drink, and I noticed for the first time that her nipples were hard enough to be clearly visible through her shirt. It was apparent to me that Charles had noticed them, too.

I drifted a short distance away and watched as more men came by to talk to Isabella. The wives, if they came along, looked bored, and then one came over to talk to me.

"Hi, I'm Sam. You're new here, aren't you?"

"I'm Brad, and I'm just one of the husbands, here for the free liquor," I said. Sam was a pretty, petite blonde of about 25 years old.

I liked her; she laughed at my joke.

Looking back at all the people in Bennet's living room, Sam wondered which wife was mine.

"Isabella," I pointed with my glass, which now held only ice cubes.

Sam immediately turned her head to look at me. "You're married to her? Do you mind that every guy who works there wants to get in her pants?"

"Well," I managed to say. "I wasn't aware that every man ..."

"Even my husband." I could tell that Sam had been drinking, and the pot I'd smoked was making me wonder what she'd look like naked. "Come on," she slurred. "There are some things you need to know."

Taking my arm, Sam led me through an archway into another large room also filled with people. Along one wall was a built-in bar that would have done any regular establishment proud. Soon I had a new, filled glass, and Sam had a large martini, hold the vermouth.

I could smell the gin as she downed half in one swallow.

"There's a rumor going around about your lovely wife. Did you know that?" Sam said, studdering on the word "lovely."

"I did not." The noise was loud enough that I needed to bend to the level of Sam's lips to hear her.

Sam moved closer, her lips brushing my ear as she spoke. "Are you ready to hear it?"

I nodded yes, not moving away from her soft lips.

"The rumor is that your wife is available. Sexily available, I mean." I love the way her lips felt on my ear when she whispered the word, "Sexily."

I turned to look at her, but Sam hadn't moved, and our lips touched. Her lips were large and soft, and when I didn't move away, I felt her tongue briefly touch mine. "Say more," I whispered into her mouth.

"They say," she whispered, kissing me. "That she's the personal property of Mr. J.B. Bennet himself." Her kiss became hotter for a moment before she added, "And, J.B. has been known to lend her to good customers."

My cock had reached full erection and was pressed against Sam's hip. She moved against me as if trying to judge my size. "It seems," Sam moaned into my mouth as she pressed against my cock. "Isabella is getting plenty at home."

There was a polite smile on her face as she moved away from me, and Isabella suddenly appeared with Charles trailing her. Because Isabella has deep red hair, she blushes easily, but I would never have suspected Charles of having the same problem.

Isabella covered herself by saying something about the temperature inside the house, but her nipples looked aching hard.

Charles simply nodded his head as though he agreed with her.

"Honey, Charles and I are going for a walk to cool off." I shot a quick glance his way. Charles' face had become even redder.

Taking a sip of my drink, I asked, as if I didn't really care, "Where are you walking to?"

Charles answered as Isabella looked at him helplessly. "Maybe back by the pool, hopefully it'll be cooler there."

As Isabella and Charles walked off together, Sam moved closer to me and said, under her breath, "Let's follow them, unless you're afraid of what you might see?"

I hesitated only a minute until I saw Charles reaching for my wife's ass. Isabella was kissing him as they disappeared around a corner, and Charles' hand slipped under the top of my wife's shorts.

Sam and I followed them to the point where they'd walked around the corner of the guest cottage, and disappeared. We walked through the crowd looking for them, and several times, I thought we'd found them, only to realize I'd been following the wrong couple.

As we walked around, Sam stopped to greet many of the other guests. It appeared that she knew most of the people there, and they all wanted to talk to her, so I continued on my own.

After what seemed like a long time, and a couple of drinks, I was leaning on the wall of the small guest cottage when I thought I heard my wife's voice. There were two guest cottages; the large one had two bedrooms and was serving as a changing station for the swimming pool. The small cottage had only one bedroom and was situated some distance away.

As I leaned against the wall, I was sure I heard Sam's voice.

"Suck that big cock, slut."

What a strange thing for Sam to say. I had to have misheard. I was making my way to the back of the cabin when I heard Sam again, "You want that big cock in your cunt, don't you?"

About a third of the way down the rear of the log guest cabin was a window that opened and closed with a crank. Today, it was cranked all the way open.

I made my way down to the window, careful not to make noise walking in the leaves, and other clutter that had collected near the cabin wall. When I reached the open window, I rested for a few minutes to catch my breath. But when I heard Sam saying, "He's going to cum in your mouth, so get ready," I had to peek.

It was dark where I was, in the shadow of the guest house, but the bedroom lights were on, so I could look inside without worrying much about being seen. I only had to be quiet.

Inside the room, Charles and Sam were sitting on the rear of the bed, next to each other and facing to my right. Sam was wearing only her bra and panties, while Charles was naked and sporting a magnanimous, dark erection. His hands were buried in the hair of a woman on the floor in front of him. She was going crazy on his cock and moaning as she worked.

The woman could have easily been an equally naked Isabella.

I stepped away from the window for a moment, with one hand on my chest and the other covering my mouth as I thought about what I'd seen. My first reaction had been to shout, but I had to keep quiet. I pictured what I'd only glimpsed, the couple on the bed; perhaps my wife on the floor sucking and licking a large cock, and Mr.

Bennet leaning against the wall watching.

I hadn't registered Mr. Bennet when I'd looked, so I slowly and quietly moved back to the window to check my memory. The woman had Charles' cock in both hands as she stroked him. She was looking him in the eye and telling him, in my wife's voice, how much she

needed his cock inside her married pussy while Sam pulled Charles' lips to hers.

Against the wall, Mr. Bennet had developed an erection of his own. One that was straining the fabric of his old, loose, brown dress pants. I was mildly surprised to find that I was stroking my own cock, and that it was by far the smallest on display.

From the sound of her voice, I was becoming convinced that the woman was Isabella, and I wanted her urgently. I wanted to feel her tight, wet pussy around me, I wanted to fuck her as she moaned, and it would be fine if she wanted to give Charles nobbies while we fucked.

Then I ducked back just in time, as Sam stood and walked to the window. "Did you guys hear anything outside?" she said, her mouth inches from the open window. Nobody answered her, but the window slowly closed as she turned the crank. When I peeked again, the curtain had been closed too, cutting off my view and most of the sound.

I was concerned that one of them would come outside to check, so I quickly moved around the far corner of the small cabin. There were no windows or doors on this side.

I don't think I'd ever been so turned on. My cock was a rigid pole as I pulled it out of my pants and began to edge right there. Anybody could have seen me, but I didn't care because after all the hotwife clips I'd watched, I was sure I'd seen my wife on her knees giving head.

After what seemed like only minutes, but was actually a lot longer, I came to my senses. After squeezing my erection back in my pants and leaving my shirt-tail out to hide it, I made my way back to the house.

Chapter 3

Isabella's Story

It was getting dark, and everyone had eaten when I found my husband lying on the floor, partially hidden behind one of the many couches. He was lying on his back, and I could see the outline of his erection through his pants. My husband often grew hard as he slept, so after taking a moment to inspect the clear outline, I woke him and said we should go home.

"Did you have a good time?" Brad asked, as he gathered himself.

It seemed like a strange question to ask. I expected "where were you" or "who did you talk to?" But not, "did you have a good time?" It was as though he knew what I'd been doing, but how could he know? Naturally, if he had known my husband would not be the type to confront me. He'd probably keep it to himself.

"I had a good time," I replied. "I talked with Mr. Bennet, and of course, I spoke with Charles and some other people.

"That's good," Brad said as he stood and hugged me. His cock was still hard, and I felt it throb against me. A moment later, we ran into all the Bennets standing in a circle comparing notes about the party. Sam saw us first and stepped forward to hug me, whispering in my ear, "Does he know anything?"

"Nothing," I whispered back. I also hugged Mr. Bennet and shook Charles' hand as we said goodbye. We were among the last to leave, and as I slipped into the passenger seat of our car, I thought I could smell my pussy.

It was a car we could never have afforded if Mr. Bennet hadn't arranged for me to receive a special employee discount. Since I

handled the floor plan and wrote the check to the company in Germany, I knew he'd sold the car to us at his cost and that it was a top-of-the-line model.

I was glad for our car's luxury as I snuggled into the front seat. It was the first time I'd sat in a while, and I was enjoying the warm tingles coming from my pussy. I'd been worked up for most of the day, and I couldn't settle down. I smile at my husband, hoping he'd get the hint.

Brad's Story

I was still thinking about the small guest house and what was being done to my wife. As I stumbled back through the party and to the main room, I moved in a kind of fugue state. I didn't know a lot of people, so there wasn't anybody trying to talk to me.

I continued to replay what I'd seen, and with my cock rock hard, I ducked into a half-bath to edge again. I knew I had to stop, and I was beginning to feel guilty for being so turned on by the sight of a woman who looked like Isabella on her knees. Maybe I should have gone in and rescued my woman?

Except, with her perfect nude body on display, dark red hair swinging with every bob of her head, and the excited sounds she was making, I didn't think she wanted to be rescued. I wondered if they'd all fucked her after I left?

All I could think about as I pounded my hard-on was the excitement I felt seeing my fantasy come true. When I finally stopped, the doubt and guilt returned, and I could stuff my cock back in my pants. I went out to see if Isabella had returned.

Somewhere along the way, I picked up some food from one of the buffet tables because I remember eating something that had no taste. I was chewing whatever it was, and it had no flavor.

Eventually, I was sitting on one of the couches in the main room, watching with little interest as the guests paired up and disappeared.

I was getting tired, so I got up and went to sleep on the floor behind the couch. When my wife woke me to go home, I'd been dreaming that she was naked and begging the men to fuck her because her husband didn't know how.

But Isabella appeared to be unchanged from how she'd looked when we arrived. My jealousy and hurt had become so powerful that seeing my wife, looking and acting perfectly normal, was like a huge weight being lifted from my chest. I hugged her in relief, and she rubbed herself against my cock.

On our way out, Isabella had to say goodbye to Mr. Bennet and the others. I grew suspicious again, but I was relieved by their relaxed, friendly manner. I was unable to match the people we were saying our goodbyes to with the people who had been abusing my wife a few hours earlier.

Now they were dressed, smiling, and treating Isabella as a friend. Not as a woman they'd just fucked.

~ ~ ~

"I went looking for you at the party," I said, once we were in the car and on the highway.

"Oh, yeah?" she answered, distracted by something in her clutch.

"And, I could swear I saw you giving Charles a blow job. Funny, isn't it?"

"You thought you saw me blowing Charles?"

"I was positive it was you, and you were being cheered on."

Isabella laughed, "No, way."

I sat up in the driver's seat so I could lower my pants. My cock was strainingly erect and leaking pre-cum. "I've had a hard-on ever since I saw you."

Isabella moved her seat belt so she could more easily reach my cock. Her small, soft hand felt like an angel's touch. "You saw some women giving Charles Bennet a blow job, and you thought it was me. So, seeing me, or a woman you thought was me, with another man's cock in my mouth turned you on?"

Isabella jerked my cock faster, saying, "That's sexy, baby."

"Oh! God, you're going to make me cum."

"What if you'd seen Charles fuck me? Or, how about if they forced me to eat Sam's pussy?"

I hit the brakes and headed for the shoulder of the road as I came. Cum flew everywhere, some even hit my chin, and I remembered that I'd made no mention of Sam being in the room with her.

When we came to a stop, Isabella produced some tissues, and we cleaned my cum splatters. I ran my hand up my wife's thigh and asked if I could take care of her.

"Thank you, baby. But, I'm okay for now." Isabella was smiling as she finished mopping up what seemed like a gallon of cum. "I hope you saved enough for when we get home."

~ ~ ~

The next day, I arranged to have lunch with my best friend, Mike.

We went back to elementary school together, and we'd shared our secrets over the years. Mike had never married but was never

without at least two good-looking women on the line. In fact, he was one of those guys who seemed to never go home alone, and usually with the best-looking female around.

Mike had made a career for himself in the Navy and had done quite well. At least he was an officer working on shore. Still, his on-duty hours could be unpredictable.

I was waiting for my next job to start, so I had the day off. Isabella was working at the dealership, as Mike and I sat at a table with a view of the harbor.

After lunch, our table looked like a forest of beer bottles, and neither of us was feeling any pain. In fact, I was shit-faced drunk when I told him about Isabella.

"You've never met my wife," I slurred. "But, things have gotten weird."

Mike was making eye contact with a blonde woman in a booth, whose husband was ignoring her while he entertained a guy sitting across from them. "You going to fuck her?" I asked. "Do you know her?"

"Never saw her before, but to answer your first question: Maybe, the day's still young." Mike paused to look at me before continuing, "Tell me more about your wife. Isabella? Or something like that."

So I told him everything about the party, paying particular attention to what I'd seen through the guesthouse window. When I was through, Mike asked me what I wanted to do.

"I'm not sure," I was slurring my words, and my tongue felt thick, which made me think that I'd drunk a lot more beer than Mike had, and I shouldn't drink more if I was going to drive home.

"I just want to know if my wife's cheating on me, I guess."

The conversation went on for a while as we discussed my situation. Until, finally, Mike had to leave. "Here's my idea," he said as he stood and slapped some money down. "Tell her you're taking her out to dinner and your oldest friend is joining you. Once I meet her, I might have better ideas for you."

I thanked him and watched as he walked out the door, with the blonde wife following. It looked as though her husband hadn't even noticed her leave.

Chapter 4

Isabella's Story

Brad wasn't home when I arrived. It had been a challenging day at work; not only was there a lot of company business to take care of, but Charles wouldn't leave me alone.

He made every excuse possible to visit my department and talk to me. If it had been about business, I wouldn't have minded, but Charles was only interested in getting me to fuck him. He told jokes, he talked dirty, and he kept touching me in what the Human Resources manual calls: Inappropriate Ways.

The problem was that all of his "Inappropriate" touching was turning me on. I couldn't let Charles know, of course, but by the end of the day, my pussy was soggy.

Once home, I walked by our computer on my way to change, then turned around and walked back to the machine. I sat down and hit the space bar to wake it up. The page that popped up on the screen was a story my husband had been reading.

Apparently, an innocent, beautiful wife had been driving a lonely stretch of road when her car broke down. The story detoured to explain how upset this made her, and how sexually excited she was.

I didn't need some kid to explain how it feels to a woman to be turned on.

Anyway, back to the story. The only place around was a garage where they worked on cars. "Perfect," our beautiful wife thought, foolishly. It turned out to be a garage run by a gang of horny black guys.

I looked out at the driveway to check that Brad was still not home before pulling up my dress to expose my bare puss. She was very wet, and I ran my finger from my vagina to my clit, shivering at the intense sensations that swept through my body as I read how the black guys had stripped the young wife and taken turns fucking her, much to her delight.

It was impossible to put words to the pleasure my fingers were giving me. The thrills took over my entire body and mind. I don't know if I cried out, or moaned, or made any other noise. Brad could have come through the door and shaken me by my shoulders, and I don't think I would have noticed.

As the feelings faded and eventually passed, I sat in the chair, completely drained. That was when I heard my husband's car pull into the drive. I felt like a robot as I switched the computer back to sleep mode and pulled down my dress. Before the side door opened, I'd returned the chair and moved into the kitchen. By the time Brad came in, I had food on the counter and the stove heating. I was such a good little wife.

"Hey, honey. I'm home," Brad had an unerring grasp of the obvious. We kissed, and Brad sat on one of the counter chairs to tell me about his day.

"Do you remember my friend, Mike?" He asked.

"No, but you've mentioned him."

"Tomorrow you'll get to meet him. We're going to have dinner with him at that place by the harbor that you like so much." In one way, I was thrilled; Brad and I didn't go out nearly enough. In another way, I was anxious about meeting a friend Brad had had since elementary school.

"Didn't you say once that he was a real 'ladies' man?"

“That sounds about right.”

“Am I going to be molested by him?”

Brad laughed as he stood, saying, “Hope springs eternal.”

I had no idea what he meant as I picked up the phone and ordered a pizza, before putting everything away that I’d just set out.

Brad’s Story

There had been red blotches on Isabella’s cheekbones when I walked through the door from the garage. I’d spent the ride home wondering and fantasizing about what Mike planned to do on Friday night.

I knew he had a fabulous record when it came to sleeping with women he had his sights set on. There was a chance, perhaps even a good chance, he’d be successful with my wife.

As Isabella and I talked about Mike, the blotches on my wife’s face deepened and spread to her entire face, as well as the top of her chest. That had only happened when my wife was sexually aroused. My cock was already thick when Isabella came into the bedroom as I changed.

I was down to my boxers, thinking about taking a shower, when the door opened. As Isabella walked in, she had her arms crossed, each hand holding the hem of her dress, and she stopped to pull it over her head.

My cock grew harder when Isabella exposed her naked body.

She flung her dress toward a chair, missed, and walked toward me, smiling. Isabella was still smiling as she reached to stroke the outline of my growing erection through my boxers.

I thought, "Had my wife gone to work without wearing underwear?" The thought made me even harder as Isabella pulled my boxers out and down to expose my hard-on.

Isabella didn't say a word as she wrapped her hand around my cock. Once she had me lying on my back, my wife straddled my hips and lowered her very wet pussy to engulf my hard-on to the hilt.

Isabella's pussy had never felt so good as she planted her feet flat on the bed and began fucking me. My wife wasn't in the mood to linger; she fucked me as fast as she could move. Before I knew it, I was cumming even as I heard my wife moan, "Oh, no. Not yet."

I tried to keep going, but my cock softened quickly, and Isabella's motions became uncomfortable on my now sensitive organ. We were awkward toward each other after I fell out of her. Isabella acted like I'd cum too soon on purpose, and I was just embarrassed, not knowing what to say.

She didn't look at me as she walked quickly into the bathroom and closed the door. Again. I used some tissues to clean myself before moving to the bedroom door. I had opened my mouth to apologize when I heard Isabella crying.

I raised my hand to knock on the door, then I heard her whispering to herself. "I'm so fucking horny, damn him." Isabella paused for a moment before continuing, "How can he leave me hanging like this?" Her voice sounded ragged, and I could tell she wasn't done crying.

I quietly put on some clothes and slipped out the door. It felt like hours later when Isabella came out of our bedroom wearing a forced smile. We barely talked for the remainder of the evening, and when we did, it felt strained.

Throughout the evening, and even at breakfast the following morning, my wife wore only a robe, with nothing underneath. She'd

tied the belt loosely, and it kept coming undone. Sometimes she'd notice and retie the belt after making sure I'd seen whatever she was trying to exhibit. At other times, she pretended not to notice at all, and I'd be offered the sight of her marvelous boobs for a long time.

When I couldn't stand it any longer and tried to get her back in bed with me, Isabella pulled her robe shut and marched off to sit by herself. It was clear to me that she'd been playing a game.

Chapter 5

Brad's Story

We met Mike at a fabulous restaurant the following Friday night.

That morning, I'd checked my wife's panties in the laundry basket and found the crotch crusted with sweet-smelling pussy juices. Isabella was ovulating, which meant she was even hornier than usual. I wanted to keep that pair of pink panties so I could enjoy them whenever I wished, but I knew it was a dangerous idea, and I returned them to the basket.

Isabella wore a fashionable, mildly revealing outfit to our night out with Mike. It was nothing that advertised her availability, but it certainly let any man looking know she was an incredible beauty with a heart-stopping body.

The restaurant was packed with people when we arrived. The bar was a popular after-work hangout, and the small dancefloor was already crowded with couples. I joined the line for the Matra'd, but it was some time before it was my turn. While I waited, Isabella wandered off to watch the dancers, and by the time they were ready to show us to our table, my wife was deep in conversation with a good-looking young man.

When I interrupted to tell her that our table was ready and that Mike was already there, Isabella introduced me to Greg, a new salesman Mr. Bennet had just hired. They'd been talking about the things new employees aren't told during their hiring interviews.

Essential things, such as who's who? Who can you trust? How do things really work?

Walking up on them, as they stood at the bar, nearly pressed into each other by the crush of the crowd, I could see that Isabella's gestures were accompanied by the movement of her body against his.

Greg had his hand on my wife's shoulder, pulling her even closer as he leaned in as if he couldn't hear above the racket of the bar. Isabella's mouth was so close to his ear that I was sure he felt her breath, especially when I was close enough to make out how Isabella's movements were rubbing her tits against his chest. I knew he could feel her erect nipples as she moved. I wanted to stay where I was and watch, but we had a reservation to make.

The restaurant specialized in French cuisine, and when we arrived at our table in a side room. Mike stood, wineglass in hand, to hug my wife and pat me on the back. Mike and Isabella ended up sitting together on one side of the table with their backs to the wall, while I sat opposite them. The table was only big enough for three, and it didn't seem right to make Mike sit alone.

There was still a lot of noise, even this far from the bar, so after some small talk, we looked at the menus. I didn't know much about French food, and neither did Isabella. After a few moments, I looked over my menu to find Isabella and Mike hidden behind one of theirs. Mike, who apparently spoke French, was explaining each dish for my wife.

His explanations were helpful to me also, as I tried to follow along. Then I was distracted by Isabella's giggle and a laughing, "Stop that." Her comment made me look over, but in the limited light of the table's candle, I could only see that his menu hid Mike's face, and Isabella was giving me a smiling, half-guilty look.

I went back to pretending to read the menu while my mind worked on Isabella's guilty look. I continued to hold the menu up even when I heard them whispering to each other. Mike's whispers had a demanding edge; I didn't think he was translating any longer.

Isabella wasn't whispering at all; I thought I caught a very quiet moan. I confess that I couldn't make sense of any of it at the time.

When the waiter returned, Mike jumped in and ordered for all of us. The waiter, an older man who looked like he'd been working there since the place opened, complimented Mike on his choices and his excellent French.

Now it was Mike's turn to ask Isabella about us. He wanted to know how we met to start, and then his questions became progressively more personal. Through the small amount of light, I could see Isabella opening up. At first, she'd been hesitant to answer such intimate questions. But by the time the first course arrived, my wife was talking about our problems in the bedroom.

Isabella and Mike sat sideways in their chairs, clearly having a private conversation. I wasn't invited, but I could still hear most of what they said to each other. Mike was very concerned about our sexual difficulties and was sympathetic to Isabella.

I heard him say, "This must be very tough for you."

To which my wife replied, "You have no idea how tough it is."

"Is there anything I can do to help you?"

Isabella laughed and said, "Not unless you have a twelve-inch tongue and can breathe through your ears."

Mike let out an appreciative little laugh before saying, "Does the twelve inches have to be in the tongue?"

I could see when Isabella caught her breath. "Are you saying?"

She didn't finish the thought.

I was, for the most part, eating my meal and looking around the restaurant, giving them no reason to think I could hear what was being said above the racket.

Then I let my napkin drop to the floor so I could bend over to pick it up and peek under the table. At that level with the tablecloth raised, I could just make out that Isabella was running her hand over Mike's obvious erection through his pants.

When we'd drunk a lot of wine, I excused myself to visit the men's room. When I returned, I made it a point to stop several feet short of the table to watch my wife holding Mike's head as she kissed him ravishingly.

I thought the evening was over then. Mike had helped me confirm my suspicions that my wife was cheating on me; there was no reason to continue. I made some noise to warn Isabella that I was coming back to the table, and when I sat, I offered to pay for the meal. Isabella was as drunk as I was by this time, but she insisted on finishing our last bottle while Mike and I worked on splitting the bill.

Outside the restaurant, Isabella told me that we were going to have a nightcap at our place, and she was going to ride with Mike to show him the way. My wife was drunkenly slurring her words, and I was concerned about her riding with Mike. I'd already seen them kissing, and knowing my friend's reputation, I didn't trust him.

"Honey, I'd feel a lot better if we rode home together."

"We should be right behind you, baby. What are you worried about?" Isabella had her arm through the crook of Mike's elbow and was already moving away from me. People were going in and out of the restaurant, as well as the movie theater next door, and I didn't want to cause a scene on the sidewalk.

I tried to think of something to say that would make her change her mind, but by the time she was getting into Mike's sports car, I still hadn't come up with anything to say.

I turned and headed down the block to our car, but as I hurried along, I heard the roar of Mike's expensive red convertible as he accelerated away from me. I stood and watched as Mike turned the wrong way at the end of the block.

My heart was hammering, and I felt dizzy. I stood, gasping for breath, rerunning the conversation Mike and I had in the bar, when I'd told him about my performance problems with Isabella. At the time, he'd suggested we have dinner together, and he'd be able to give me better advice about her.

Those thoughts were pushed aside by remembered scenes from the meal we'd just had together, and the sight of Isabella hungrily kissing Mike as I made my way back from the restroom. Blood rushed from my head, and I had to hold on to the streetlamp. The blood rushing from my head must have been headed for my cock, as it grew fully erect in seconds.

'What would it be like to watch Mike fuck my wife?' My cock was not only hard, but twitching in my pants, and I wondered what was happening in Mike's sports car. Did he have his hand under my wife's skirt, playing with her pussy? Maybe Isabella had Mike's hard-on out of his pants and was blowing him, as she'd done to Charles in Mr. Bennet's guest cottage?

I had my hands in my pants pockets to disguise my erection, as I stumbled to our car. Since I had no idea where they'd gone, my only option was to drive home, watching for them as I drove.

Isabella's Story

Before we left the house to meet Brad's loser friend, Mike, I'd made several trips to the bathroom to wipe up the flow from my pussy. Each time, I found myself stroking my clitoris and stifling a moan. I was so horny that I even looked through the cabinets and under the sink for something with which to fuck myself. In the end, I had only my trusty fingers.

At the restaurant, I saw a table set for three, with one man waiting for guests. Even from a distance, I could see how good-looking he was and how fit he seemed. Silently, I prayed that he was Mike, and I took back all the thoughts I'd had that he would turn out to be a loser. This man was no loser.

When my husband introduced us, I made sure I was seated next to Mike and across from Brad. We sat, and immediately Mike placed his hand on my knee. As we made small talk, I gently removed his hand and returned it to his lap. Not a minute later, he put his hand on my leg again, this time pushing my short skirt up enough for him to touch my bare thigh. I stopped Mike the first time he fingered my pussy, but again, moments later, his finger was on my clit.

His touch felt magnificent, and I saw no hint that my husband knew what was happening right in front of him. The food might have also been superb, but I barely tasted it. Instead, I drank the wine Mike ordered after he'd gone through the whole ritual of inspecting the cork and holding the wineglass just so, before giving his approval.

Just like the food, I didn't know whether the wine was good. I wasn't tasting it, I was merely drinking to have something to do with my hand, the one that wasn't in Mike's lap. I wanted his cock in my mouth with my tongue sliding over the smooth glans and tasting his pre-cum.

I was confident that my husband had no idea what we were doing. He and Mike chatted like old friends, without waiting for me to contribute. Once in a while, when I was confident I could speak

without betraying myself, I'd ask Mike a question. In that way, I discovered that he'd never been married and did not have what could be described as a regular girlfriend. Although I was sure he had an entire stable of sweet young things who knew their way to his bed.

Mike's car was a bright red Corvette. There wasn't much room, but there was enough for me to squeeze behind the gearshift and lower his zipper. He wasn't wearing underwear, so it took only a moment for me to pull out the largest cock I'd ever seen. I would never have imagined a cock could be so long and so thick. Seeing it made my mouth and pussy, water.

After stroking his cock for a minute or two, awed by its size, I guided the swollen head to my mouth. Sitting on the passenger seat with the head of his cock in my mouth wasn't enough for me. I wanted to make love to it, I wanted to kiss the entire length of it. I wanted to suck his balls before he pushed the length of his giant penis into my horny pussy.

Horny was no longer the right word for what I was feeling. I was rubbing my thighs together, trying to get friction on my clitoris as I ached for an orgasm. I put my knees on the car seat and unbuttoned my blouse so I could rub his wet cock on my breasts. I had no control over my moans.

Chapter 6

Isabella's Story

When Mike and I arrived at the house, I kissed him while tasting his lips with my tongue. I told him how much I needed to be fucked.

Then we pulled ourselves together and walked up the drive to the front door.

When we walked in, Brad was in the kitchen filling the ice bucket and lining up our collection of liquor bottles. My husband turned to greet us, and I couldn't miss the lump in the front of his pants. As I poured for each of us, he and Mike walked into the living room and picked out a music channel to play as they talked.

Listening to them, it became clear to me that Mike was the dominant one, and he made no effort to hide it. Mike simply took charge, and Brad let him. When I walked in with a tray of glasses, my husband was sitting in a large chair, Mike was on the sofa with plenty of room beside him, and music was playing softly.

Brad looked up at me, then quickly away as if embarrassed.

Mike looked confident as he said, "Sit by me, Isabella, and we'll get to know each other better. I'm sure Brad won't mind."

I looked at my husband again, but Brad was staring at the carpet as if he'd never seen it before. After I'd made myself comfortable next to Mike, he put his arm around my shoulders and drew me closer. I ended up leaning against our guest, my hand resting on his thigh, my little finger touching his erection.

As we sipped our drinks and talked about how wonderful our dinner had been, I noticed that Brad's cock had grown. He was sneaking

glances at my hand, and his prick was growing harder by the minute.

Finally, after some time, Mike said, "Brad, old buddy, Isabella and I are going upstairs to use the bedroom. Why don't you make yourself comfortable down here on the couch?"

For a full minute, my husband looked shocked, but he didn't say anything as Mike took my hand and led me up the stairs. Once inside the bedroom, he firmly closed the door and took me in his arms. Our bedroom was so familiar to me, and yet it had changed.

The man holding me wasn't my husband; it was a handsome, dominating real man who was pressing the largest and hardest cock I'd ever seen against me.

As Mike slipped my dress off my shoulders, I could no longer help myself. "Please, fuck me, Mike. Use your big cock on me."

I was begging a man who wasn't my husband to fuck me.

Brad's Story

I didn't know what to do or say when Mike told me he was taking my wife upstairs to our bedroom. It was apparent that he meant to fuck her, and that I was not invited. I continued to sit on the chair and sip my drink until I heard my wife asking my best friend to fuck her. My cock had been erect for some time, but with those words, I felt it throb and send pre-cum into my boxers.

Conflicting emotions ran through me; my oldest friend was in bed with my wife. For a while, it was quiet, but my mind was going so fast I couldn't keep up with my thoughts. Did this mean I'd lost her? Was our marriage over?

Then I heard them, and my cock almost broke through my pants.

First, I heard Isabella moan, then a loud grunt from Mike. Then Isabella said breathlessly, "You're so big. Oh! God. You're filling me."

"You love it, don't you, Isabella? You love my big cock stretching your little pussy." Mike was gasping for air.

"Yes, god help me. Yes! Fuck me hard."

I was close to cumming as I heard the loud squeaking of our bed right above my head. I held my cock in my right hand and jacked it, imagining what was happening, until I nearly came. I'd stop then, until I heard this.

"Cum inside me, Mike. Give me what I need. Deep, I can feel you so deep inside me."

Then they were both yelling as they came. I don't know what sounds I made, if any, but my hand and my pants were soon covered in cum. I sat for a moment unable to move, until I heard what could only be two people kissing. I had to move then, and I made my way to the small downstairs half bath to clean myself. After which, I picked up a blanket from the linen closet and made myself comfortable on the couch.

After a while, I got up to make myself another drink before going back to the couch. I sat quietly drinking as I listened to the two murmuring to each other, and tried to make out the words. It quieted then, and I must have fallen asleep. I was awakened by the sound of my wife's loud groans and the renewed squeaking of the bed-springs.

I lay without moving, except to hold my renewed erection. Every groan hit me like a hammer blow; that was my wife with another man, making sounds I hadn't heard from her in several years.

Once again, I fell asleep, only this time I was trying to decide what I should do in the morning. I woke one more time in the night to the sound of quiet murmuring and the slow movement of the bed.

In the morning, I woke to the sound of the front door closing behind Mike. Several minutes later, I heard the deep rumble of his car as he drove away. The upstairs shower ran as I went to the kitchen and laid out what I'd need to make pancakes for two.

When Isabella came downstairs, her hair was still slightly damp, and she was completely dressed. She walked into the kitchen, eye-ing me wearily.

"I'm making pancakes," I announced with a smile. "How hungry are you?"

"Um ... very hungry, I guess," was her tentative answer.

"Four enough? How about bacon?"

"Um ... sure, whatever," she looked confused. I tried to see hints of her night on her face, but all I saw was some whisker-burn.

I urged her to sit as I finished fixing the food and setting the table. As I moved around the kitchen, I talked about the weather and the rain forecast. Isabella was quiet, even as I poured coffee for her.

As we ate, I prattled on about the latest news, anything but last night. After I cleared the table, Isabella sat back with her second cup of coffee and broached the subject.

"Brad," she began. "Are we okay?"

"What do you mean?" I looked innocent.

"I ... um, cheated on you. With Mike ... last night."

"Do you want us to be okay?" I asked, throwing the question back at her.

"Oh, Brad, of course I do. I love you."

I couldn't stop myself from asking. I needed to know, if only to feel the hurt. "Was it good for you?"

Isabella gave me a funny look and, smiling, cocked her head to the side. "Yeppers, it was pretty good. What could you hear?"

"Only the louder ... stuff, and the bed, of course."

Isabella sipped her coffee as she considered me, finally saying, "Yeah, we should get a new bed."

My wife stood and gave me a chaste kiss before going into the living room to read the paper. I watched her perfect heart-shaped ass as she walked out of the room, and wondered why I hadn't dragged her upstairs.

Instead, I cleaned the kitchen and went up to shower. The bedroom was a mess; it smelled like sex and Isabella's pussy. The sheets were half on the bed and half on the floor. My wife's clothes from last night were piled just inside the door.

Without thinking about the message I was sending, I retrieved fresh sheets to make the bed, picked up her clothes to put away, and opened a window for fresh air. As I was finishing, Isabella walked in and stood looking around at the freshly straightened room.

As I tidied the room, I wore only a towel wrapped around my waist. I was startled by a sound behind me and swung around, my towel falling off, to see Isabella in the doorway. Maybe it was my imagination, but I thought my wife surveyed my body, spending extra time on my cock, before saying, "Humph," and walking out.

I got the impression that she wasn't impressed with my member, but I was sure she thought what I was doing put her firmly in charge of our relationship.

From the hallway, I heard her say, "Mike's coming over tonight; you should find a more comfortable place to sleep."

Chapter 7

Brad's Story

It wasn't easy, but by 6:00 that evening, I had a new king-sized bed delivered and set up in the upstairs bedroom. Our old bed had been moved to the basement. Then I made up both beds, using new sheets upstairs.

While I was working, I rediscovered that our old house had a laundry shoot, a shaft from the master bedroom to the basement to be used for dropping dirty laundry directly to an area near the washing machine hook-up. I only had to adjust the hinges on the cover so it wouldn't close all the way, and I could hear everything in our bedroom as though I was there with them.

I was still in the basement when the doorbell rang, and I heard Isabella run down the stairs to answer the front door. As soon as Mike came in, the house grew quiet except for the sounds of heavy breathing and kissing. I hadn't realized how much noise kissing makes, or maybe I'd just ignored the sound being lost in the pleasure of lips touching.

I really wanted to see it, I wanted to witness everything, although I wasn't sure how I'd handle it. What they were doing was turning me on, but I still had deep feelings of jealousy, hurt, and betrayal. I was shaking as if I were cold when Mike asked where I was.

A minute later, I heard loud footsteps on the stairs leading down to the basement, leading to me. When Mike came into view, he was smiling broadly, and he greeted me as the old friend I was. We sat on the bed, and for a minute listened to the sounds of Isabella pacing above us.

"I just came down to make sure you were okay, and to let you in on what's happening," Mike began. "Because I know it's hard being in the same house when some other guy is ... well, doing your wife."

I told Mike I appreciated what he had to say, then waited for him to go on.

"Isabella is a very special lady, Brad. You're lucky to have her; any guy would be lucky to have a woman like her."

While he spoke, I thought, "But, right now, you have her. Where does that leave me?"

After checking for my reaction, Mike went on, "What would you do if you were me? I mean, if our roles were reversed and it was you upstairs and me in the basement, what would you do?"

I should have kept quiet, but the words slipped out before I could think of what to say, "I'd be upstairs fucking her brains out."

Mike looked at me in silence. I don't think he even blinked for a full minute. Then he slapped me on the knee and said, "Then that's what I'll do, and maybe we'll be extra loud so you'll be sure to hear everything, or maybe you'd rather watch?"

I froze at that; in my mind's eye I could see Isabella on her knees in that cabin. I could feel my erection inching down my jeans, and I hoped that Mike wouldn't notice.

Mike's hand went back to my knee, and it was like he could read my mind. "That sounds pretty good to you, doesn't it, Brad? You think you'd like to watch, or maybe you've watched Isabella before?"

Well, I'll see what I can do for you."

The slap on my knee was much harder this time around.

Once upstairs, I heard Isabella ask, "What did he say?"

"He said I should take you upstairs and fuck your brains out, and he told me to make sure you were really loud so he could hear everything, and jerk off."

"Did he really say those things?" Isabella sounded surprised, but not disappointed.

"Yeah, he did, so take off all your clothes and get on your knees to suck my cock. That'll start the night off right."

I heard the sounds of zippers, followed by the soft sound of my wife's clothing falling down the laundry shoot and landing at my feet. There was no question, Isabella was naked with another man, and she'd do whatever he told her to do.

Her knees made a thumping sound as she knelt before him, but I was bent almost in half, my arms wrapped around my legs and my head between my thighs, looking back at my straining hard-on. I wondered when I'd taken off my pants? The head of my cock seemed only inches from my face, and every new sound from upstairs made it throb.

The wet sucking sounds stopped when Isabella said, "I want you to fuck my married cunt. Please, Mike? Your cock is so big that my pussy misses it when it's gone."

Isabella had never used the word 'cunt' in my presence. My cock tingled with almost unbearable pleasure, and I knew if I touched myself, it would be all over—at least for me.

I could hear Isabella clearly. She was making no effort to be quiet. "I'm yours, Mike, you own me now. I don't think I could live without your cock."

I watched my cock drip as Mike gave my wife the fucking of her life. She'd marked the moment our marriage changed by giving herself to my oldest friend.

Later that same night, the three of us sat around our coffee table and ate pizza as the TV showed a football game none of us cared about. As he finished his second slice of the pepperoni pizza, Mike moved next to my wife, caressed her breasts, and said, "I think we should invite Brad up to watch us."

Isabella stopped chewing and stared at Mike, apparently not believing what he'd just said. "I don't ... " she began before studying my face. Mike had her t-shirt up and was sucking on an erect nipple as she sighed, "If you want, Mike. You know I'll do whatever you like."

Ignoring me, Mike continued, "Would you be more comfortable if your husband were tied to a chair while I fucked you?"

I was happy that my legs were stretched straight out and under the coffee table. I knew that my cock was at full erection, but they couldn't see it.

Isabella leaned back and pulled her t-shirt all the way up, exposing both breasts, as Mike eased his hand down to her pussy.

Again, Isabella's eyes flicked to mine, but hers were only half-open, as was her mouth. A line of saliva ran from the corner of her lips. I moved out from under the table, and Isabella's gaze shifted to my fully erect cock.

"Brad will be tied up?"

"Yes."

"But, I'll be able to see his cock?"

“If you want.”

I watched as Isabella kissed him feverishly, then Mike led me upstairs.

Brad's Story

I don't know where Mike kept the rope; perhaps it was in his overnight bag. But from the moment we entered the bedroom, he was clearly in command. He ordered me to strip and to sit on the big old wooden chair we'd had in the corner. When I was seated, Mike pulled my hands behind my back and tied them securely, then ran the rope around my chest and the chair to keep me in place. Finally, he tied my feet and calves to the chair legs before slipping a pillowcase over my head.

There was some laughter as Isabella and Mike made their way up the stairs and into the bedroom, and then, seeing me tied up, my wife quieted. Music came on from the old clock radio before Mike whispered in my ear, “Your wife has a fantastic body. She's naked now, dancing for me by the bed. Would you like to see?”

“Yes,” I said. “Please, let me watch.”

“Do you want to see your wife's cunt dripping from the thought of me fucking her?”

“Yes?” I answered, guessing that was the response he wanted.

A moment later, the pillowcase was raised just enough for me to see Isabella dancing naked as if she wanted nothing more than to be seen.

Isabella rubbed her bare tits and ass, in time to the music, until she got to Mike. She knelt and pulled off his shoes and socks, then

sucked each of his toes. I'd never had my toes sucked, but judging by the look on Mike's face, it must have been good.

Next, she tugged on Mike's pants until she could slide them down while she kissed and caressed his legs as the skin was exposed.

When Mike's cock popped up, hard, thick, and long, my wife made love to it. My wife's smiling eyes were fixed on me as she kissed and ran her tongue the length of his throbbing prick.

Mike lowered the pillowcase over my eyes again, and Isabella said she was holding his cock so it could touch her pussy. "I don't want you to see this, Brad, or you'll cum too soon."

Hearing them fuck while in the same room with me, but without being able to see, meant my imagination was working overtime. I gritted my teeth as my wife had repeated orgasms until she finally exclaimed, "You're all the way inside me. I took your big cock, do you like my tight married cunt?"

I'd never heard my wife talk like this. She'd lost all inhibitions as she continued to describe how wonderful his big cock felt rubbing against the walls of her vagina. She howled when Mike came, and then the pillowcase was suddenly pulled off my head by Isabella.

On the bed, Mike lay on his back as Isabella draped herself over him, and they kissed passionately. As my wife kissed my oldest friend, while still lying on top of him, her legs slowly parted, exposing her pussy to me. His cum dripped from her sex, and her bright red labia seemed swollen to at least twice their normal size. With her pubic hair gone and her pussy engorged, I could easily see her aroused clitoris.

Mike rolled my wife face up and held himself over her using just his toes and fists for support, as Isabella took his large, swollen cock in both hands and brought it to the mouth of her cunt. After rubbing the large rubbery head on her pussy, she urged him inside.

I thought my heart would break as I watched the woman I loved accept Mike's engorged prick one inch at a time. My wife moaned all the while, and when he was all the way inside, she held him still and caressed his back, telling him how much she loved him and what he did to her.

My wife told my friend that she loved him!

What remained of my heart had been shredded, even as more pre-cum escaped my hard cock. Isabella's words had excited me even more. I wasted no time thinking about what she meant or mourning our marriage. I was hanging on the edge of orgasm, and the feeling was incredible. I watched spellbound as Mike hammered away at my wife.

I lost track of her orgasms, but it was easy enough to keep track of Mike and me. We each came once, at nearly the same time, with Isabella howling along with us.

Things were awkward afterward. Mike helped Isabella into the bathroom, where they cleaned up. Then, after getting dressed behind me, I heard her make her way downstairs.

After he dressed himself, Mike closed the bedroom door and untied me. We talked as he worked, with Mike judging my mood even as I judged his. Neither of us wanted a fight. The experience had left me too drained to do anything more than clean myself and put on my clothes.

"I suppose you won her," I said as I slipped on my shoes. "Do you mind if I stay in the basement until I can find a place?"

"What the fuck you talking about?" Mike looked confused.

"Isabella said she loved you, so that means she's made her pick and I'm out."

“You’re a first-class idiot, Brad. Allow me to explain the facts for you before you do something so stupid I can’t fix it.”

“You’re Isabella’s husband, and she loves you. At the same time, she ‘loves’ my cock and the way I fuck her. These are not the same thing, not the same thing at all. After today, I expect your wife will want to experiment more, and I know she’s not done with me. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

I wasn’t sure I understood, and my puzzled look caused Mike to try again.

“Look, dude, I’m not the settle-down type of guy. I have no interest in winning Isabella because I have no interest in marriage or a live-in relationship. I don’t mind fucking your wife from time to time; she’s a great lay. But, I don’t want to ‘win’ her. Besides, sex aside, the woman loves you. Do you understand?”

Chapter 9

Brad's Story

Mike and I walked downstairs to find Isabella on the couch. She was crying, her face in her hands. I went to her to ask what was wrong.

"I made a horrible mistake, Brad. You must think I'm nothing but a whore, and you probably want me to leave."

"You're wrong, Isabella. I love you, I'm your husband, and I never want you to leave. Besides, I don't think you made a mistake."

"I let Mike use me in front of you!" Isabella sobbed some more before continuing, "And I came while you watched. I couldn't help myself, I had more orgasms than I can remember, and that's not the worst of it."

Isabella took a deep breath and looked at me. Her eyes were red-rimmed and swollen. "I told Mike I loved him."

I gathered Isabella in my arms as I heard Mike slip out the back door. "I know that was just your cunt talking."

Isabella sniffled and gave a tiny little laugh before saying, "My cunt?"

"I'm learning to like the word now that I've heard you use it. Besides, I think you'll probably want to fuck Mike again, and that's okay. Maybe some other guys, too. As long as you always come home to me."

"Are you saying that we're still okay, Brad? I'm not being a good wife to you, and I would understand if your feelings toward me had changed." Isabella looked worried; a slight frown line had formed between her eyebrows, and her eyes were searching mine.

"I love you, and I know you have needs I can't always satisfy.

Just don't leave me, I don't know what I'd do without you."

My wife was kissing me, and not in the distant way of the past few months, but like she really meant it. As our tongues met, I moaned deeply. When I stroked Isabella's large, soft breasts, my cock grew stiff again, and I felt my wife pulling my pants off as she climbed to her knees on the couch. Our lips didn't part until Isabella smiled, patted me on the cheek, and went upstairs to change.

~ ~ ~

Soon enough, Isabella was back at work, the vacation over, and Mike was a semipermanent part of our lives. When he came over, we'd all watch TV or play video games, but when he'd start up the steps to the bedroom, Isabella would eagerly follow him.

She and I hadn't had sex since the time I'd been allowed to watch, and I missed my wife dearly. It was difficult living with and being married to this incredible, sexy woman, without touching her.

It wasn't as though she were teasing me, but I couldn't help catching glimpses of her naked body as she showered or dressed in the morning. In all other ways, we were as we always had been. We talked about household issues and entertained the neighbors, as always. We just weren't having sex, at least, not with each other.

At a dealership party, I found myself in a group where no one knew who I was. Predictably, the conversation turned to dealership gossip about who was sleeping with whom. I kept my mouth shut as they went through the hook-up rumors.

The first couple on the list turned out to be Charles Bennet, the owner's son, and Isabella. Two of the women in the group claimed to have seen them at two different times, and all confirmed that they went for long lunches together most days.

In addition, if Charles weren't available for some reason, Isabella would go with Greg Young—a good-looking, athletic salesman who had been hired only six months earlier.

"I want to see Charles fuck you." We were in the car on the way home, and Isabella was driving since it was a dealership-owned car. She pulled over, turned off the engine, and turned to look at me.

"What makes you think I'm having sex with Bennet, Jr?"

"I heard a rumor. Are you telling me it's untrue?"

"No, it's true." Isabella's face had gone white. "I'm so ashamed, Brad. I'm a whore, and I can't control myself."

"You control yourself just fine around me." That was a low blow, and for a minute, Isabella was taken aback.

"I don't mean to hurt you, honey." Isabella was quiet for some time, her hands on the steering wheel, her knuckles white, and her eyes fixed on the car parked in front of us. "I try to control myself, I really do."

I could see tears forming on the edge of my wife's eyes. "I don't understand it, I mean, you're right there, and you're a good lover.

But, well—Mike controls me, I can't resist him. When he comes over, I know I'm going to sleep with him. All he has to do is snap his fingers."

Tears were beginning to run down her cheeks. "I don't know how Charles figured me out, or maybe he didn't. One day at lunch, he made a move on me. I was so horny I was shaking, and I tore my panties off to spread my legs for him. I'm sorry, Brad."

I put my arm around her and hugged her to me as Isabella's tears stained my shirt. "Babe?" I said as I stroked her hair. "I want you so

much.”

Isabella put her hand on the lump in my pants. “Which do you want more? To fuck me, or to watch someone else fuck me?”

I eased my hand under the back of her dress to feel her dripping pussy. “I want both,” was all I could say as I caressed her clit, and felt her squirm against me. My wife was moving like she was masturbating herself against my finger.

“I gave my cunt to Mike,” she gasped.

“You gave it to me first.”

“I love you, Brad, I really do. But I don’t know what to do. Right now, I want you to fuck me, I want you to fuck me hard.” Isabella had my erection out of my pants and was rubbing it on her face and her wet, pillowy lips. “You could cum in my mouth, if you wanted.

I’d swallow your cum.”

Isabella had never swallowed my cum, and she’d only rarely given me head. My cock jerked in her hand, causing her to smile at it, and then at me.

“It’s only fair,” she continued. “Considering what I’ve done.” I didn’t say anything, I merely guided her head to my cock and groaned as it slipped between her lips.

I’d never felt anything so good. I wanted to cum the moment I felt my wife’s tongue on me, so I concentrated on her freely flowing pussy instead. For a while, that worked, and then the dam broke.

My body went stiff, and I held Isabella’s head still as I filled her mouth and heard her swallowing as fast as she could. Then it was her turn; my cock was still in her mouth, but her lips were no longer holding me as she felt herself on the edge of orgasm.

I could tell by her disappointment that, again, it hadn't happened for her.

I had napkins in my back pocket, left over from a fast-food lunch the day before. We cleaned up as best we could, and I opened a Coke for her, but she refused it.

"I like the taste of you. It makes me feel powerful to get you so worked up."

I was taken by surprise. "I've never thought of it that way."

"You've never heard a woman say it."

"I don't have a lot of experience with blow jobs, but I've never experienced anything like that before. You are powerful."

Isabella laughed and put the car in gear. As we pulled out, a guy in the car next to us, whom I hadn't seen before, gave me a thumbs up.

Chapter 10

Brad's Story

Isabella's cell chirped as we walked in our front door. It had been a week of sleeping in the basement, and eating my heart out since my first complete Isabella blow job.

My wife was wearing a pair of running shorts that beautifully set off her long legs, a sports bra, and bare feet. I listened absent-mindedly as she answered the phone with a cheery hello. Then the conversation grew more intense, and I tuned into what she was saying.

"No, they can't. Can they? Just like that, without warning? Oh, Mike, what are we going to do?"

By the time she'd hung up the phone and joined me in the living room, my wife was openly crying. She threw herself into my arms and hugged me tight.

Finally, she was able to get it out. "Mike's being transferred."

That one word had been enough to get her started again.

"He'll be on some boat, apparently they need officers with his qualifications." I waited her out again. "They're going to cruise, isn't that an awful word for what they'll be doing? Anyway, he'll be gone for at least six months on his happy little cruise. Maybe more."

Isabella promptly pulled away from me and began pacing around the living room before making coffee and sitting at the kitchen table. "He couldn't even tell me where they're going."

She sounded angry, and I wisely decided to keep my mouth shut except to say I was sorry, which earned me a dirty look. Isabella put her elbows on the table and clasped her hands together in front of her face before looking at me again.

I was in an awkward spot. My wife was upset because her lover would be gone for six months. I knew that I couldn't make any comment regarding sex, not at that moment, so I merely asked, "What can I do?"

Isabella pulled her chair away from the table so she was facing me as she pulled off her running shorts. "Eat me," was all she said as she spread her legs.

It might have been humiliating, but I didn't care. It didn't take a full minute before I was kneeling at Isabella's feet, my tongue lapping at her pussy. After a while, I lay on my back and urged her to sit on my face. I really enjoy that position since I can reach everywhere from her ass to her clit, and if she cums, my wife will grind herself on my tongue.

If she's in the right mood, and that day she was, she'd reach back to play with my hard-on while I ate her from below. When Isabella came the final time, I joined her. It wasn't as good as a fuck, but I wasn't complaining.

"What are we going to do?" my wife asked me. "I just know I'll get too horny and then I'll get bitchy, and nothing will satisfy me except ... you know, a big cock. Six months! Holy shit, that's a long time without."

"I'll do what I can," I said, but Isabella just pinched my cheek.

I had a decent-sized construction project starting the next morning, and when I left the house, my wife was still in bed. We sent one or two short messages to each other during the day, and the last message from Isabella included a picture showing her moist pussy.

It looked like she'd taken it while she sat at her desk in the dealership.

"Did you like the picture I sent you?" I was toweling off after my shower, feeling the aches that came with a hard day's work after a layoff. Isabella was still wearing the skirt she'd worn to work when she took my towel from me and wiped my back.

"I loved it, it looked extra puffy and dripping in the picture."

"That's because Mr. Bennet took the shot."

"Charles's father? The owner of the dealership?" I looked at her in amazement. "How ... why ... what happened?" Isabella started laughing at me.

"Did you know he only goes by his initials? He's J.B. to the other top guys."

"I did not know that," I was still standing naked in front of my wife as she hung up the towel.

"Today he told me to call him J.B. because we were 'special friends.'"

"How did you become a special ... " I ran out of breath before the word 'friend.' I'd just figured everything out.

"If anyone's special, it's J.B." My wife was still laughing as she walked out of the bathroom. I chased her down the short hallway and stopped her with her back against the wall.

"You fucked him?" I was surprised and taken by a peculiar dread. Bennet was a widower, and barely fifty years old.

Isabella put a hand on my cheek and leaned in close. "Mike called me today, while I was at work. You'd never believe what he wanted

to do to me; it had me all worked up. I was probably a sitting duck for any man in the place.”

Isabella ducked under my arm and walked into the bedroom, flipping up the back of her dress, allowing me to see the smooth working of her ass. My cock was gaining strength.

From the bedroom closet, my wife pulled out a small overnight bag and turned with two dresses laid across her arm. “Whatza doing?” I asked, hoping to get her into bed.

“I’m going to a party as J.B.’s date tonight. It’s some big deal at the country club, and I’ll probably sleep at his place.” My cock had been hard before, but my wife’s words made me even harder.

“We’ve got some time,” I pleaded.

“No way, Jose. He’ll have a driver here for me any minute.” Isabella tapped the end of my erection before continuing with the overnight bag.

Isabella’s Story

I had been depressed after my brief conversation with Mike. My lover was going to be gone for at least six months, and then he wouldn’t be coming back. For a time, I simply no longer gave a shit what happened to me.

My cycles had now settled into a predictable schedule. For about two weeks, or maybe a little more, I’d be constantly horny, wet, and ready for sex. The remainder of the month, I’d still be oversexed and easily aroused.

Now, Mike was gone, and while I loved my husband and the closeness that came with marital sex, nobody had ever satisfied me

like Mike had. Then Mr. Bennet, my boss and the dealership's owner, started flirting with me.

J.B., as his friends called him, had always been courteous to me.

He'd even watched me giving blow jobs to the winners of a card game at his lake cottage during the company's summer outing. My husband had watched me, too. Although I didn't know it at the time.

"The association is sponsoring a dinner-dance this evening," J.B.

said after he closed the door to his office. I'd been summoned to his office, so I brought all the various spreadsheets he liked to review with me. Instead, he completed his comment about the dinner-dance, "I haven't anyone to take, and I hate to pass up an opportunity to show up the association assholes."

I assumed that the 'association' was the auto dealers' association, and the 'assholes' were the other owners or presidents. They were usually a cutthroat bunch, but once or twice a year, the group held a fundraiser to try to change their image. It never worked.

"How can I help?" I was horny enough to be raffled off for an all-night fuckfest.

"You can go as my date. I'll give you money to buy whatever you need by way of clothes, something that shows off your beauty. It wouldn't be fair to ask you to use your own money, since you'll be doing me a favor."

"You should check out now to have time for shopping and breaking the news to Brad. I'll pick you up at 7:00 tonight. While you shop, get yourself a coat or wrap, whatever you think you'll need."

For a minute, I stood frozen. J.B.'s invitation had been so unexpected that I didn't know how to respond. J.B. took no notice as he pulled out his wallet and handed me his Black Card.

"How revealing should I be?" I asked.

J.B. smiled broadly at me. "The more you have showing, the more jealous the assholes will be."

That afternoon was some of the most fun I've had during a workday. I went along our version of Rodeo Drive, and by the time I made it home, boxes and bags in hand, I had just enough time for a quick nap before getting dressed for the evening.

By the time Brad dragged in, I'd already bathed and shaved my pussy. My new clothes were laid out on the bed as I worked on my hair and make-up, wishing I'd had time to have my hair tended to by Mare.

"What's going on?" Brad asked from the bathroom doorway.

"I'm J.B.'s date tonight."

"Come again?"

"I certainly hope so," I said with a smile. "I'm J.B.'s date at the association's dinner-dance fundraiser," I clarified, shouting over the noise of the air blower.

"Can we afford these things?" he asked, pointing at the wardrobe laid out on the bed.

"J.B. paid for it all."

"Is that why you'll look nearly naked?"

"Yep," I answered, smiling.

The doorbell rang promptly at 7:00, and Brad answered, admitting a uniformed chauffeur. As I walked down the stairs, I saw the admiration in my husband's eyes, and surprisingly, the lust in my driver's eyes, too.

I didn't get nervous, but my pussy, which had been behaving herself all day, kicked into horny overdrive. I pulled Brad into our downstairs half-bath and peeled off my panties. Now, when I walked, the slit in my short skirt at the front would show how little I was wearing.

I gave my wet panties to Brad, who was still sniffing them when I left the house and got into the limo as the chauffeur held the door open. J.B. was waiting for me, and I saw his eyes going straight to the slit in my dress. I sat next to him on the rear seat to share a long, hot kiss.

J.B.'s hand had found its way to my bare left thigh through the dress's slit. When our kiss ended, I directed his gaze to my nearly exposed breasts.

"Do you think the asshole's will be jealous enough?" I made sure he could see my nipples as I asked the question.

J.B. slipped his hand further up my thigh, and I spread my legs to give him more room. He answered as I felt his beefy finger stroke my clitoris. "I think each of them will try their luck with you tonight."

I had to move my hips, which drove his finger deep into my pussy. I gasped, "How do you want me to handle them?"

"I want you to give them hope, but to always come back to me."

We pulled into the line of limos in front of a country club I'd only heard about, never expecting to be invited inside. It was said that the joining fee was in the seven-figure range, and the dues were equally astronomical. Eventually, we reached the head of the line, and a uniformed attendant opened the cardoor for us.

J.B. and I walked up the limestone steps, and the kick part of my dress opened with every stride. The door was held for us, and we entered a huge ballroom filled with the cream of society, and they were making a lot of noise. At least they were until we came in. I

felt hundreds of eyes on me, and the sound volume dropped, as their eyes stripped me naked. My pussy spasmed as I stood beside J.B., nearly totally exposed.

I took J.B.'s arm, and we walked into the crowd where my escort seemed to know everyone. Of course, the women checked me out and passed judgment on what I was wearing, while I did the same to them.

J.B. introduced me to the people he knew, and the men introduced us to their wives, or dates as the case may be. There were some gorgeous women, and the men were all rich, powerful, or both, so who cares what the men looked like?

We made small talk, and we found ourselves in an intimate circle of four or five couples. On one side of me was J.B., and on the other was a woman I took to be one of the wives.

May, standing to my right, eventually asked me in a quiet voice, "Are you a paid companion?"

"No," I whispered back. "I work for J.B., and he asked me if I would join him tonight."

"Are you married?" May asked, and I answered that I was. Then she shocked me by asking, "Are you a hotwife, or are you fucking J.B. for fun?"

I must have shown my surprise, because May followed up with, "Oh, don't be shocked. There's a very special little party tonight, you might call it a party in a party. Only these boys could pull it off.

Now, as I looked around, I could see that about a quarter of the 'dates' might have been paid companions and another third were possibly hotwives."

"That still leaves a few," I said.

May laughed and bumped me with her hip. "Those women are like you; they're married, but not to the man who brought them tonight."

May took a sip of her fruity drink before speaking again as she looked me over. "Do you think my husband is good-looking?"

I stole an appraising glance at May's husband, who was still in deep conversation with J.B. "Yes, he's good-looking. You're a lucky girl."

"I plan on getting laid tonight," May had a solemn look on her face. "How about if you help my husband enjoy watching me?"

"You want me to fuck him?"

"As long as his eyes are on me, you can do anything you like. You could fuck him, or give him a sloppy blow job. I don't really care."

"What about J.B.?" I asked.

May put her arm around me, crushing her breast and hard nipple against mine, saying, "I have every confidence that you'll think of something for J.B." Before she released me to talk to one of the serving girls.

Chapter 11

Brad's Story

It had been hours since I'd watched Isabella join J.B. in the limo, and I was going a little crazy. My wife had walked out the door wearing next to nothing, and I had a vision of J.B. with his hand on Isabella's pussy as soon as the long car pulled away from the curb in front of our house.

When the limo left, I happened to look at the large, three-story house directly across from ours. Wayne, our neighbor, had a huge smile on his face as he waved at me and started over. Wayne was dressed in his usual suburban weekend wear, shorts and a T-shirt.

"Howdy, Brad. Where's the wife off to? That's a pretty impressive ride; she must be going somewhere important."

Not that it was any of Wayne's business, but I had no time to think up a good lie. "It's some shindig connected to her work."

"Doesn't she work at one of the big auto dealers?" I admitted that Isabella was the head of accounting at Bennet Auto, and Wayne continued, looking at me strangely.

"Then she must be going to the automobile dealers' association dinner at the country club. I've heard about those dinners; you must have a lot of trust in Isabella to let her go to that get together."

"Of course I trust her, why? What have you heard?"

"I've heard that it turns into a big orgy after all the ... what's the right word here? After the squares have gone home. Who was that in the car with her?"

I wasn't prepared for Wayne's knowledge of the Association fundraiser, and I wasn't ready for his question. Without time to think of a different answer, I said, "J.B. Bennet."

"Well," Wayne said as he stared down the street at the departed limo. He was tapping his hands against his legs and looked deep in thought before he said, "I didn't know Isabella was a hotwife."

Wayne turned to look at me, and suddenly he didn't look quite so silly in his loud checked Bermuda shorts and Goofy tee-shirt. "Or that you were a cuckold. What's your plan for tonight? Are you just going to pace around and try to imagine what's happening to your wife?"

I think my mouth was hanging open. Wayne had figured everything out in minutes. "Wayne, let's keep this to ourselves."

"That depends on you, Brad. How would you and Isabella like to have dinner at our place Sunday night?" He wasn't asking a question; he was giving an order. Wayne was providing my wife with two days to recuperate, and then he'd want to fuck her.

Wayne may have been dressed like a goofball, but he wasn't one.

He'd gone to college on a football scholarship, and if it hadn't been for a knee injury, he would have been drafted by the pros. Wayne had stayed in good shape and wasn't bad-looking. His wife, while petite, was a former big-school cheerleader and still had the looks that once attracted television cameras seeking a 'honey shot.'

Back in the safety of our home, I lay facing the back of the couch, with a blanket covering me. My wife was at an orgy, and on Sunday, our neighbor expected to add his cum to Isabella's married pussy.

My breathing was fast, and I became lightheaded, thinking of the hotwife videos I'd seen. Now, in my mind, each one featured my wife. My cock had grown thick along with my resentment and fear as

I imagined other men fucking Isabella. In my head, I could hear her familiar voice wailing in orgasm and welcoming each new cock.

I thought about a time when we'd walked through a nearby mall, playing a game we called, 'Would you fuck him?' As we passed men, Isabella would tell me if they looked like a man she'd be interested in fucking. If she weren't married, of course.

Most of the men had been either 'no' or 'no way.' Then we'd seen one man standing with his back to us, leaning on a pillar in a way that emphasized his butt, and Isabella had said, for the only time, "Oh, yes. In a minute."

That was when Wayne had turned and waved to us.

I jerked off thinking about Sunday.

Isabella's Story

The party began to break up around 11:00, but not everyone left through the front door. I happened to be looking in the right direction to see a couple go through a side door, with the wife carrying her shoes, before heading up the back stairs to the second floor.

I felt J.B.'s arm snake around my back and his hand begin to caress my boob. It felt good, and felt even better when I saw May and her husband staring at my chest. My pussy had been tingling, but was now throbbing as I turned to J.B. and asked, "What's upstairs?"

"Bedrooms, mostly. In case any of the members need a place to stay, or a place to fuck."

I looked once more at the door before asking, "Are we going up there?"

As we walked up the stairs, I was assaulted by a wall of noise.

There was loud music playing, and laughter mixed with a lot of chatter. I thought it would be much quieter.

At the top of the stairs was a large, open area set up with couches and chairs, television sets, and bookcases loaded with books for the club's overnight guests. Some of the women had removed their tops, and all of the men had removed their suitcoats and ties. Several couples had paired off and were on the couches, not yet fucking, but certainly working up to it.

J.B. put an arm around me from the back so he could pull my dress's zipper down with his other hand. As my dress fell forward, exposing my breasts, he pulled my kick slit higher so my pussy was revealed. I thought about how much Brad would have loved to be here.

May had her blouse off and was rubbing herself against a dignified older gentleman, while her husband stood a few feet away, watching. His hand was in his pocket, obviously stroking an unimpressive erection.

Several men came toward us to check out the new girl, and as they neared, J.B. pushed my dress to the floor, leaving me entirely naked. I was so aroused, I started to feel too hot and out of breath.

My stomach contracted, and seeing the outline of an erection in the front of a man's pants made me feel desperate. I wanted the men to touch me everywhere on my naked body. I needed them so much that they could do anything they wanted with me.

When the man with the erection stepped between my legs, I immediately wanted more, another man. I wanted them to fuck me!

They had me in one of the rooms, on a bed, on my hands and knees with a beautiful, hard cock in my mouth. I concentrated on the cock

I was sucking, like velvet over steel, when I felt another cock poking at my pussy from behind.

The feel of a hard cock spreading my vagina open as it penetrated me was beyond belief. By the time his balls touched my clitoris, I was in continuous orgasm.

I had not been aware of how fast and hard I'd been masturbating as I sucked on the cock in my mouth. My orgasm was almost too intense, and then the cock exploded in my mouth and down my throat. When I tried to scream in pleasure, I swallowed what seemed like a gallon of sperm.

Once I started cumming, I couldn't stop. My orgasm ebbed and flowed, with each wave being more intense than the one before.

How intense it was depended on the quality of the fucking, and how long he could keep it up. At first, waves of pleasure rolled through my body. My pussy clenched and felt like it was trying to pull the cock in deeper, my abdominal muscles tightened, causing me to moan, and I may have squirted once or twice, especially with really large guys. My skin flushed pink, and my mouth grew dry.

All this started happening in the first five or so minutes, and my orgasms stayed like this, as I groaned. But as they continued to fuck me, my orgasms grew more intense, and my pussy spasmed and clenched. As an unknown guy kept thrusting hard deep in my pussy, through my squeezing, he pushed me to a whole other level of orgasm.

The waves of pleasure were coming every couple of seconds. My entire body was quivering and shaking. All my muscles convulsed, and I could no longer move on my own. Every breath was a guttural moan. Every cell of my body felt like it had been taken over by my pussy. My pussy was my body, and the cock was filling me from my toes to my fingertips and to the top of my head.

I couldn't speak, move, or even think; I was entirely at the mercy of the guys fucking me. I wanted this gangbang.

Then I was on my back being fucked hard, only now I could see that the man giving me so much pleasure was Charles Bennet. I wrapped my legs around the younger Bennet's waist and heard myself, from a distance, begging him to make me his whore.

When his cock swelled and blasted inside me, I peaked with him.

It was the most intense and most extended orgasm of my life. I hadn't finished cumming when his cock was pulled from my pussy, and May's face took its place. She sucked my clit deep into her mouth, where she slathered it with her tongue as I continued to cum. It was as though my entire being was sucked out through my clit.

Hours later, I was in J.B.'s limo, my pussy leaking cum from four or five different guys as I was driven home. Brad met me at the door and wrapped a blanket around my still naked body. Somehow, my husband had my dress, and I reached for it as he put me on the couch and sat next to me.

Brad's Story

I'd played with myself for hours before I heard the slam of the limo's door. My wife was leaning on the driver as I stood at the front door. The driver handed over Isabella's dress, along with Isabella, and I walked her to the couch.

My wife pulled the dress over herself and leaned into me. I heard her mumble into my arm, "I love you, Brad. Are we okay?"

I put my finger under my wife's chin and pushed her head up.

Working around the dried cum on her mouth, we kissed, and I told her how much I loved her, too.

Chapter 12

Isabella's Story

On Saturday morning, we slept late, although we hadn't been in bed nearly long enough. I finally got up as Brad slept and took a long, hot shower before crawling back into bed with him. He held me then and asked me about my night.

I found myself thinking about how much I wanted to keep him.

Regardless of how much it might embarrass me, I had to tell him the truth. I knew that by telling him everything, I might still lose him, but honest communication was essential if I hoped to keep him.

As I told him about the four or five guys who had taken turns on me, and the orgasm I'd had with May. Brad held me tighter as I talked, and his hard-on seemed larger than usual. A tiny drop of cum appeared at the tip, and needed to be licked off. I loved the feel of his cock in my mouth and on my tongue, and I wanted the power of making him cum.

But Brad had other ideas. As he spread my swollen pussy and pushed the head of his cock inside, he asked me to tell him more about my night. It was hard to talk; his cock fit so perfectly in my pussy that it made it difficult to switch my concentration back to the night before.

"Their cocks felt gigantic, and as they stretched my pussy I kept cumming." As I said this, Brad's cock seemed to swell inside me. He was hitting places he'd usually didn't reach.

"Fuck me hard, baby. Fuck me like they did," I was screaming in his ear. My legs were spread wide in the air as Brad changed his position

so he could pull his cock almost all the way out of me, before slamming back inside, making our bodies collide.

Our lips pressed together as my husband repeatedly told me how much he loved me. The hot splashing of Brad's cum failed to trigger my orgasm, but still, we hugged each other close as we rode out his climax.

Later, when we ate a light breakfast of muffins and coffee, Brad asked me how it had been with another woman. I told him how it was the best oral sex I'd ever had, which I felt was natural since she knew her way around a pussy. What with having one herself.

"Could you get hard again if I told you what she did?"

After seeming to think about it, and perhaps checking in with his penis, Brad replied, "I want to be inside you, I want you right now.

But, to be real, I think we should save that for later."

I understood, but I was still wildly horny. The incredible sex we'd had just a short time before might have reignited my fire. We moved on to talk about our Sunday dinner plans with Wayne and his wife, and I secretly slipped a finger between the buttons of my robe to lightly caress my swollen, stiff clitoris.

"I think Wayne wants to fuck you." Brad was playing with his coffee cup and not looking at me. He was using both hands to turn the cup first one way and then the other.

I watched him turn his cup for a minute before asking him, "Was Birdie around?"

"Who's Birdie?" Brad still hadn't looked up, and I hoped Wayne had kept our secret.

"Wayne's wife," I answered. I could already tell that Birdie hadn't been there. I decided to ask another question. "Did you get the impression that Birdie's a hotwife?"

Brad looked up at me, confused, his coffee cup forgotten. "Now that you mention it—I'd bet she is, or that Wayne wants her to be one. Maybe he sees us as a way to make it happen."

Smiling, I suggested, "What if I walked in and just kissed her?"

Brad was grinning back at me, "In that case, we might not be there long enough to eat. The only things I'm sure about are that Wayne wants to fuck you, and he thinks he has a powerful dick."

It seemed real to me already, and I felt my pussy tingle—I looked up to find Brad studying me. He wore a slight smile, but it wasn't one of amusement. The smile didn't reach his eyes, which seemed to burn into me.

"What?" The word popped out of my mouth without my help.

"Are you going to disappear with him tonight?" Brad's eyes didn't leave my face.

"Why, Brad," I said, in my best *Gone With The Wind* voice.

"Whatever do you mean?"

The silence between us grew until I said, "Perhaps we shouldn't go." I had given him a way out, but he didn't take it.

My husband reached across the table and took my hand. "Isabella, are you asking for permission?" Brad rarely used my full name, preferring to call me 'honey' or 'babe.' I remember thinking, 'He's serious.'

"I'll do whatever you want me to do." When he kept hold of my hand and continued to watch me, I added, "I'm serious, I'll do whatever you want me to do."

Finally, Brad released my hand and sat back in his chair.

"Maybe I misread him, and it's just an innocent dinner. But if I'm right, and Wayne or Birdie wants to start something, I'll follow your lead, and I'm okay with whatever we do."

"So it's all on me now?"

"Not at all," Brad answered, smiling for real. "First it's on them, then it's on you."

I didn't invest much time or effort getting ready for the dinner.

After all, they were our neighbors, so I didn't see any reason to dress up. I took a shower and shaved my pussy before putting on a respectable thin summer dress and shoes. I decided not to bother with a bra or panties. But I'd forgotten how snug the top of the dress was. Looking in a mirror, it was obvious that my tits were unbound.

My nipples made hard points in the material, and whenever I moved, my breasts wobbled.

Brad's Story

I took my dress signals from Isabella and wore only a pair of freshly pressed blue jeans, an untucked polo shirt, and slip-on shoes, no socks.

I couldn't remember ever seeing my wife in the dress she'd picked to wear. I'm sure I would have noticed how the male eye, at least my

eye, was naturally attracted to the way her boobs moved under the thin summer-weight material. It was almost as though she was wearing nothing above her trim waist.

Isabella had prepared a dessert to bring, and when we started across the street, the sun was still up. After greeting Birdie and Wayne, we made our way to their outside pool and sat under two large umbrellas to talk.

Birdie's name fit her. She was a petite woman, barely five feet tall, with small, almost not there breasts, an ass that looked hard enough to crush walnuts, and hair so blonde it was nearly white.

She was wearing a two-piece swimsuit when we arrived, and when she went to get our drinks and something to smoke, I was able to admire her ass.

Birdie's margaritas were excellent, and Wayne couldn't keep his eyes off my wife's chest. He made the first toast of the evening, something about 'to our neighbors.' After that, Birdie asked us if we wanted to swim, and we declined, so we just talked, smoked, and drank.

Dinner was a salad, not very filling, so we made up for it by switching from margaritas to harder drinks.

We moved around a bit first, so Wayne and I could talk baseball, while Birdie and Isabella put their heads together. After a while, Wayne was next to my wife when he said, loud enough for us all to hear.

"I have a big cock, and looking at your boobies is making it hard."

Isabella had had her chin resting in the palm of her upright hand, and she slowly turned her head toward our host. By this time, Wayne was sitting slumped in his chair, facing my wife, with his legs spread and his cock filling the crotch of his short pants.

Isabella looked Wayne up and down very slowly before saying, "Prove it."

Birdie's eyes were swimming in their sockets, seemingly unable to focus, when she slurred, "Yeah, do it, babe."

When Wayne stood, the crotch of his shorts was only a foot or so from my wife's face. At first, he had difficulty standing without swaying as he unbuttoned his shorts and pulled them down.

As soon as his uncircumcised cock appeared, resting on a pair of immense hairless balls, it slowly stood upright as it became hard.

His cock was so long that it touched my wife's cheek. Isabella made no move to get away; instead, she turned and took the mammoth head of Wayne's cock into her mouth.

I felt Birdie's tiny hand searching for my cock, and I moved closer to help her. For a few minutes she caressed my erection as we watched Isabella sucking and kissing Birdie's husband's shaft as she stroked and weighed his balls. Then, without looking at either of us, Isabella pulled up her flimsy dress, exposing her smooth pussy, and spread her legs wide in invitation.

"Take out your cock," Birdie hissed at me. I stood just enough to slide my jeans over my ass, and as soon as my hard-on appeared, Birdie wrapped her hand around it. I watched her take my cock in her mouth for long enough to get me wet before she went back to jacking it.

We were both riveted by my wife's cry as she helped Wayne, his hands on the back of her chair, push his cock in her pussy. Isabella bit her bottom lip as she pulled his cock further inside her. Finally, looking from where Wayne's cock disappeared in her pussy to his face.

I urged Birdie to stand, slip out of her swimsuit bottoms, and sit on my erection as we watched the show. When Birdie straddled my legs and sat on my cock, I got the surprise of my life. Her pussy was stretched so much that I couldn't feel her, all except for her fingers rapidly stroking her clit.

I was fondling Birdie's small tits when my wife moaned again. I looked back at her to see Wayne pulling his cock partway out of her pussy, shining wet, before pushing back inside as Isabella dropped her bottom lip and opened her mouth wide. She moaned loudly each time he pushed further inside her. My wife's pussy was stretched further than the width of my fist, and there was still more cock to go.

Isabella's eyes were fixed on Wayne's face as the final length of cock disappeared inside her pussy, and his shaved body joined hers. After a few minutes, he began to fuck my wife, pulling his cock halfway out before shoving it back in. Isabella wrapped her legs around him, her feet intertwined as she kissed him and groaned.

Birdie was off my lap and kneeling on the patio, encouraging her husband to make a whore of my wife. She begged Wayne to let her help.

"I want her pussy, babe. Please, Wayne."

I was sitting in my chair, my cock throbbing hard. I felt jealousy, but Wayne was giving my wife something I couldn't. He was fucking her stretched pussy as she moaned.

Wayne eased his weight back and let his cock drag out of Isabella's widely stretched and dripping pussy. My wife grabbed at him, leaving fingernail scratches on his shoulders, as she tried to keep him buried inside her. Then she was sitting backward on his lap, facing me, as Birdie guided his monstrous cock back inside her.

All my will deserted me. It was like someone had turned off my switch, and I could only watch as Wayne once again stretched my wife's pussy to the breaking point. Isabella was pumping her hips, trying to capture every inch of his cock as she howled.

When Birdie planted her mouth on my wife's clitoris, Isabella lost her mind. I'd never heard her like that as she went from one orgasm directly into the next. Wayne pulled out to lay his cock on her stomach, reaching nearly to her tits. My wife, her mouth hanging open, stared at his dick as she used both hands to hold it against her.

When Wayne came, his cum exploded up my wife's body, with most of it landing on her tits and some reaching her mouth and hair. Isabella's pink tongue gathered up what it could, and she smiled up at our neighbor, not bothering to look over at me. Then she kissed Birdie and licked her own juices off the other woman's chin, before kissing Wayne—an embrace they held for several minutes.

I pulled up my jeans and slipped on my shoes. My cock had withered without an orgasm, even though the sight of my wife had been the most erotic thing I'd ever seen. Despite that, I felt nothing but a quiet kind of despair, which was probably why I'd gone flaccid so quickly. I was realizing that our relationship had been profoundly changed.

I tried to tell my wife that it was time for us to go home, but it was as if she couldn't hear me. When she finally stood, the three of them walked into the house and poured another round for them-selves. Except for an occasional word or a laugh, I couldn't hear what they were saying.

I stood with my hands in my pockets, not knowing what to do.

After a time, Birdie stuck her head out the door and suggested I go home. She said Isabella had decided to stay the night. I wanted to talk with Isabella, but Birdie told me it was too late.

“Your wife is already up in our bedroom with Wayne. Good night, Brad.”

Chapter 13

Brad's Story

I was still sitting on our couch when Isabella came back mid-morning. I hadn't moved all night, thinking about what we'd done, and trying to anticipate the future. I figured things could go one of three ways.

The first was that last night was simply a one-off. Isabella had an incredible time, but we'd go back to the way things had been. After examining the previous night from every angle, I had no confidence that things could return to normal.

The second possibility was that Isabella would return, but she'd want to fuck Wayne as often as possible. I'd need to decide if that's what I wanted.

The third possibility was that Isabella would kick me out of the house and ask for a divorce. This possibility scared me the most.

I failed to predict what actually happened.

For the first week, it seemed that my second guess would come true. Isabella spent most nights with Wayne and Birdie and refused to tell me what they did, although I could guess.

Then we had our talk.

"Brad, I love you." We were sitting in the living room, with me on the couch and Isabella on the large chair. "I'll always love you, but I need something more."

"Do you want a divorce?" I could feel myself tearing up, and I fought it down. "Are you getting the 'more' you need from Wayne?"

"Do you want to know what we do?" Isabella said, looking down at her chipped fingernails.

"Whatever you want to tell me," my heart had already been beating too fast. Now, the feeling of anxiety was making me dizzy, and I couldn't catch my breath. But I desperately wanted to know what they did; my cock grew hard at the thought. This could be one of our last conversations, and I didn't want it to end without knowing.

"Wayne's cock has changed me. I don't know if it's changed me physically, but I know I could never be totally satisfied unless I were filled." Isabella's head was still down, but she peeked up at me as if judging how her statement had landed.

I'd just been gut-punched, and I struggled even harder to breathe. "I could tell if you've been physically changed," I offered.

Isabella smiled, "I'm sure you could."

She took a deep breath before continuing. "He fucks me every day, usually more than once," Isabella paused while she lit her pipe, took a deep drag, and held it.

"Wayne's even invited his friends over to fuck me." Now it was impossible to breathe, and I briefly thought of getting a gun and shooting the bastard. "He watched them take turns, and he knows that fucking multiple men is one of my fantasies."

I was struck dumb. I had no idea my wife fantasized about more than one man at a time. My mental picture wasn't complete until Isabella went on, "They're black, and I came so hard my stomach muscles ached. Afterward," she continued. "Birdie licked my pussy clean, and I returned the favor to her."

Isabella leaned back, looking me straight in the eye. "Are you shocked?"

"Yes," my voice was strained.

"Yet, your cock is hard. Do you want to fuck me?"

"Yes," I squeaked, using her pipe. "I love you, no matter what."

"Brad?" my wife leaned back, one arm on the back of the couch and the other in her lap. She looked me straight in the eye, confident and strong. "You have to face it, you're a cuckold."

In a blinding flash, I realized that there it was, and I should have seen it before. Isabella was right. It mattered that she was my wife and had made me a cuckold. Isabella smiled; she could see the realization on my face.

"I'm not leaving you," she continued. "And you're not leaving me. We're going to stay together, and I'm going to continue giving you the one thing you want more than anything else. An unfaithful wife."

I must have made a comical face, since Isabella put her hand over her mouth to smother a laugh. My cock had grown hard, and my wife pulled my head into her chest as she stroked my hair.

"By the way," Isabella said, the words making her chest vibrate against my ear. "I took a pregnancy test yesterday."

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