

HOTWIFE DATING



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By

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If you get hard when your wife confesses to fucking another man...

You're normal.

CHAPTER 1

DANI

I had escaped the nightmare.

Now I was remarried and feeling the familiar tingles of another.

Caine trailed his fingers along my hip. "Why won't you tell me about your past marriage?"

I bit back my revulsion and maintained my subdued vibe. "I've told you, it was bad."

"Aren't we supposed to be honest with each other?"

Ouch. You had to make it hurt, didn't you? I ground my teeth together, not wanting to rehash all that had passed, but... knowing that I was being unfair to my new husband.

Caine Ellis was a distinguished, caring man: handsome for being twelve years older, and carrying a sophisticated outlook that sometimes made me feel childish.

I yearned for that sense of stability and grounded reality that came from him. I took a small breath and tried to avoid diving emotionally into what had happened. But... could it be avoided? I said, "Have you ever heard of a hotwife?"

His eyes sparkled as they usually did. His teeth were gleaming pearl-white and inviting. I just wanted to kiss him and forget everything else.

He said, "A fun goal for the discerning couple."

Suddenly the cream-colored walls and beige carpet that contrasted with the subdued bold colors of furniture and wealth changed into something less comforting.

Much less comforting.

Instead, a familiar acquaintance came around, dragging its filthy luggage filled with revulsion and disgust. Would it ever leave me alone?

I twisted away on the bed.

The satin sheets no longer felt like silky comfort, but slimy film that... wouldn't... wash off.

"What's the matter, love?" His hand gently rested on my shoulder, providing warmth and the erasure of some of the discomfort.

This was the man I loved. I needed to endure this and get through it. I owed it to him.

To us.

Get beyond it.

Get it over with.

I took a slightly deeper breath, but it was still shallow and I felt the heady rush of too little oxygen. The suppressed desire to take a deeper breath grew more urgent. I ignored it. Instead, I allowed it to crack and break my voice as I forced the words. "My ex, Vegas, made me a hotwife."

He was silent a moment.

But I felt... Oh no.

I felt it against me.

His ardor. Not this!

Proof.

He murmured, "You must have had a bad experience?"

I exploded in my head. No! Worse! You can't understand. Not one, but all of it! The horror! I croaked, "More than one."

His fingers stroked my shoulder. "Hey."

I started to look over my shoulder at him and stopped. I... just couldn't.

"Tell me."

And his words and control and masculinity – damn him – all came forward to press away my objections.

I turned to him, tears welling in my eyes.

His gaze softened and his touch became firmer – gripping me back to reality.

I was not still married to Vegas. No, that horror was past.

He offered a crooked smile trying to alleviate what I was enduring. "Was his name Vegas Vegas?"

I exhaled a little of the pressure. "No, that was his last name and first name. Or nickname. People just called him Vegas."

"I see. So that's why you were Dani Vegas."

I said fast, "Not anymore." Too forceful. "I mean, I'm glad... you know."

"I'm sorry." His touch was radiating warmth and security. After a moment, "How did he make hotwife into a dirty word?"

I trembled.

He coaxed me. "Sharing is an unbelievably deep amount of trust and bond—"

"It's nothing of the sort!" My outburst was loud.

He sighed. "Oh, my Dani. What went wrong? Was it not fun?"

The catastrophe replayed in my memory. "It was horrible."

"The sex?"

I blinked away my indulgence in memories that were all varying shades of nightmares. "No. Yes."

He looked at me askance. "Sex is bad? You don't seem the frigid type. Tell me about it. I'm here to help. I'm your husband."

For two months, we had been married and life had blossomed like a hopeful flower. I gritted my teeth, then relaxed. He deserves to know. I said, "The sex... was good."

He quietly blew a dramatic breath. "Whew, I thought I was in trouble there for a moment."

I couldn't laugh at his jest. Maybe at another time on a different subject. "The sex was... sex. It was fine. At first."

I felt it.

The surging of his ardor.

And it made me want to weep.

He said, "I'm interested. Tell me about it."

But there was so much to tell. I shook my head, searching through all that had happened.

He mistook my gesture as rejection. "Please, let me in. Let me help you heal."

I touched my hand to his face, my heart melting at his sympathy and concern. "It was... fine, I guess—"

"It's in the past. I imagine sex was both good and bad at different times. You don't need to think you're sparing me some emotional hurt by telling me it was good. Just be honest with me; that will mean more than you can imagine."

Yes, some had been good. Some had been... not bad, but... just eh. Sex was sex.

Sometimes it was great. Had been great. I inhaled a little easier and swallowed – collecting my thoughts.

He coaxed me again. "Some of it was fun?"

I nodded, looking down. I had not wanted to come across that I was missing any of it.

He said, "Let's start easy. How did you become a hotwife? Was your first experience a good one, or...?"

It was as clear as polished crystal in my memory. I was talking before I could make sure the order was straight in my head and heart. "He had a friend who fancied me. Flirted with me all the time. He thought it would be fun if I flirted back. He encouraged Rich – that was his friend's name. I went along; it sounded fun."

"Was it?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

I asked him, uncertain, "You're not wanting to hear all the details... are you?"

"I want to know. I want to know how it started." His measured voice soothed me and assured me it was all okay.

Was it?

I sighed, resigned, wondering if this was all going to blow up in my face. But, it was the truth. "It was Rich's birthday. I... put on a show for him. A lapdance while he was blindfolded. He didn't know it was me at first, but he smelled my perfume. He... said my name."

Caine blinked into focus. "He said your name?"

"I mean, in a special way. I felt it. He said it with such wonder and respect. He was really pleased it was me. I... gave in that night. I slept with him."

My husband gave me an amused look. "I am not so old that I can't handle the details." He moved his hand down my side to my hip. He slid down from there, running a finger across my panties. "I imagine you didn't actually sleep with him, you fucked him."

Wanting to get past it, I blurted, "Yes." Tingles raced up my body from his touch. But my mind knew the looming horror around the corner.

He said, "And it was good?"

I couldn't answer; I only nodded.

His smile brightened. "See? That wasn't so hard."

"B-but it's what came later that—"

"Shh," he touched a finger to my lips, "let's get to that later. First things first because I want to understand how this all developed. It was good with Rich. Did you cum?"

I recalled how passionate my ex's friend had been. "Yes."

"That's great. It sounds perfectly fine. How many times did you get to have him?"

Somewhat relieved that my new husband wasn't entering a towering rage was comforting. Maybe he could handle the truth, after all? "I— That night? Or do you mean in total?"

Caine leaned his head back to the pillow and laughed. The twist brought his hips more horizontal than vertical facing me. The bulge in the sheet told me all I needed to know by just a glance.

He was not just growing in excitement, he was already there.

I stared dumbly at the poking tent of the sheet.

He saw me looking. Again, his touch sent a shiver through me. "My beautiful Dani, there is nothing sexier than a wife who is as sexy as a husband wants her. And right now you are everything I desire. Tell me about Rich."

"What do you want to know?"

"Was he handsome? Did he have a pleasing package? Was he respectful?"

Those were easy questions. "Yes. Yes, to all of it." But then Vegas had been pleasing, too, in the beginning.

My husband moved back to facing me, closer. His breath was a warm caress across my neck and shoulder. "Tell me, did he cum in you?"

I looked at him, slightly panicked that I might miss the visual clue I needed to either lie or equivocate. But all I saw was curiosity in his gaze. What was the right answer? What could I tell him not knowing which was the right answer? I turned away. "I don't remember."

He laughed. "Dani Ellis, that evasion needs to stop right now. I expect better from the woman I love. Trust me, and I'll trust you. But if you evade like this," his voice turned serious, "it isn't healthy for a marriage. I don't want a weak marriage with you."

I pressed my lips together to hold it all back inside, but I let it out anyway. "Yes, he came in me." I shot my eyes to his, looking for that telltale indication I had ruined something.

His smile returned. Got wider. He scooted forward and I felt him press that masculine hardness against me. It was a victory for me only in the respect that he wasn't so repulsed that he thought I was filthy laundry. On the other hand, this was a very slippery, dangerous path. I had the sick feeling I knew where all this was going: I had engaged Vegas with similar conversation and the results...

Do I want to go all down this ugly path again? Even if my wonderful husband wants it? Maybe he would only be satisfied with details and nothing further?

I could hope?

He was breathing heavy, excited. "Did you fuck him more than the once?"

"Five times, total."

He licked his lips.

CHAPTER 2

CAINE

I swallowed hard. Dani Ellis, formerly Dani Vegas, and before that Dani Wells, was more beautiful to me right now than when she had worn the flowing bridal gown at our wedding. I whispered, "You are beautiful..."

My wife was a delicate creature – or appeared to be. She was shy and timid around me and other men. Breaking the defensive shell around her heart had been a worthy effort but the goal was a priceless love that I cherished – and we were only two months in.

My Dani had a butterface. And that is not entirely fair and I hated the idea she might be classified as such without all the extenuating features. To say she was a butterface would be somewhat inaccurate. But technically...

She knew it, too. She had wondered how I had found her so attractive despite slightly uneven eyes and one crooked tooth. First, the uneven eyes were barely noticeable. Second, the slight angle of her left upper canine came across as incredibly sexy. Third, her nose was a touch large, but not to the point of cringe. Further, her other features were extremely attractive: her facial structure was just about perfect; her ears were delicate; her eyebrows were soft; her lips were just right; and her nose was otherwise straight. Her eyes were a soft brown that I sank into every time we looked at each other. The best part was the overall effect as her beautiful personality shone through both good and questionable features and made her a goddess.

I considered my wife to be one of the most beautiful women I had ever met, because I considered the entire package of components as beauty.

Dani looked away, half frowning and half pouting. She was troubled and it hurt me to see it. I wanted to help. I wanted her to heal. I wanted us to work together

in a perfect marriage.

She and I could do it.

Neither alone.

I repeated, "You're beautiful."

Her eyes came back to me. "Because we had sex and he came in me?" A trace of bitterness.

I was gentle. "Not that exactly, no. People have sex all the time. You're beautiful for who you are. You took another man willingly, fucked him, and gave him a gift. And he gave you one in return. That's beautiful."

She refused to budge any further.

I had to ask to keep her revealing her past. "Open up for me, Dani. It's all right. I'm not going to be mad. It's all in the past, right?"

She nodded.

"So... was Rich the only one? You said it all ended badly. How did it end badly?"

She was shaking her head. "It was good with Rich; he wasn't the problem. It was Vegas..."

"He blew up? Couldn't handle you having fun with Rich? Or, I bet it was that his friend came in you and it freaked him out?"

Again, she was shaking her head. "It turned him on. He wanted more. Other friends of his..."

Tense with interest, I asked what I very much needed to know, "How many men?"

Her eyes looked at me, haunted and sad.

I had triggered something deeper that she wanted to evade. I asked, "What's the matter?"

She pressed quivering lips together. "I did it for him."

"How many men?"

She looked away and mumbled.

"What?"

She said more forcibly, "Hundreds."

I wasn't grasping it. "You did it hundreds of times? That's a lot, but what's wrong —"

"No, hundreds of men."

My head swam in a dizzying circle. I was climbing over her before I could even think. I tore at her panties with a frenzy borne of lust. I had to sink my cock into her right now.

The panties shredded as I ripped them.

But...

Something stopped me.

Yes, that was it.

Dani was saying frantically, "No, Caine! Please!"

I sat back, mouth open in surprise. "What?"

"Please don't; that's what Vegas did—"

"Tearing your panties? I'm sorry."

"No, he wanted sex after hearing... I'm sorry; I just can't." She was trembling.

What a mess. What I most want to do I can't because some asshole treated her bad before me? I sighed and moved away from her a little. My erection was still standing straight up, moving in jerks to the rapid beat of my heart. "So..." I blew out a couple breaths and inhaled to calm myself. "So you did hundreds of men.

That was what made it all bad?"

"Sort of."

"So some was bad and some wasn't?"

"Not really..."

It was like brain surgery trying to get things out of a hurt woman. I tried to give her the time she needed. "Well, okay. Was any of it good? At all?"

The water in her eyes threatened, but went no further than welling up in her eyes. "It... None of it... The actual thing... I mean, some was just okay..." She looked at me for approval.

I nodded. "Go on. There is no wrong answer except for a lie."

She rushed, "It was all good in each individual way. Some was just sex, but it was at least satisfying. I... liked all of it."

My head swam again. "You had sex with hundreds of men and you liked all of it? Every time?"

"Yes."

I choked. My dick flexed mightily.

In a flash, Dani scooted to it and gripped it with both hands. The tears rolled freely down her face as she jacked my shaft. Her voice was bitter, "I loved fucking other men."

There was no stopping it.

The tingling rush was strong and immediate.

I ejaculated in an explosive rush.

CHAPTER 3

DANI

I held his spurting cock. It was a beautiful thing, really; one of the nicest I had ever held. But the memories came flooding back relentlessly reminding me that this was exactly how it all had went with Vegas. The hearing of my experiences led to the orgasm.

My husband's shaft flexed and jerked, sending streams of his satisfaction into the air.

And I wept.

Caine panted with exhaustion and settled next to me, concerned with my state. His shaking hand stroked me. "No, don't cry, Dani. I love you. Tell me what's wrong."

"I don't want to be that woman..."

"Why? What happened that turned what you said was fun into—"

I looked up at him, directly into his eyes. "I found out at the end..."

"The end?"

"When I found out, I ended everything. I fled. I found out he was selling me. The men weren't friends or associates by then, they were men who had paid. He... had made me a prostitute."

His face registered the realization. I saw his features go slack, then harden.

I knew then I had been right; Caine wasn't going to be able to accept me with

such a past. I surrendered, forlorn. "I... guess you want a divorce now."

His eyes shifted, widened, then dropped down even angrier. "Don't think me so shallow." His words were bitter and fierce. He sighed and slumped backwards. "That bastard."

I ventured the only burning question on my mind, "You... don't want to divorce me?" Hope and wishing and tooth faeries clashed in my head and heart.

His eyes blazed. "Of course not. I'm angry at your ex." He fumed, jaw tight. "I'd beat him to a pulp if he was in town. No, even if he was in our state." He locked eyes with me. "He's in California?"

I reached out. "Don't. Don't go. Don't... Please, just leave it all alone. I want to forget—"

He leaned up on his elbow towards me. "He turned something precious into something cheap. That's not your fault."

"I don't think I was precious." I surely didn't feel it. "I was a whore."

He exhaled in surrender from his ire. "Dani... you are precious, in every way. I was meaning though that he turned the hotwife thing into something cheap. You did what you did not knowing. He twisted that into prostitution. You were just a hotwife."

What? Can't you see? "But that's what led to—"

"No." His one word stopped me. Then he said, "If I wanted something like that, do you see me turning you into a prostitute?"

I shook my head in horror that he would think I would think that of him. Or want it. Or expect it. "No..."

"Then realize it wasn't the situation, it was the asshole behind it." He settled back again, jaw firming.

"You're mad at me again?"

"No, not at you. At him! He ruined something that should have been beautiful."

I wiped at my eyes. "So it's like I think: I'm ruined."

He closed his eyes in frustration. "You don't understand. You're beautiful. He didn't ruin you. Being a hotwife can be beautiful. He didn't ruin that, either. He ruined the situation using two beautiful things in life. That's his doing. His fault. He ruined it and turned it ugly. It didn't have to be."

"What is so beautiful about being a hotwife? It was just sex."

He twisted towards me. "You enjoyed it. It was good because you were a good person. It was good because you're a beautiful person. You became a beacon of welcome and warmth in a barren landscape of people who would kill each other in road rage at any moment."

I breathed, wondering if he was really right about it all.

He said, "You brought beauty and joy to life amidst the darkness of our society. That's not a bad deed; it is an accomplishment worthy of a saint. Nothing higher could be expressed of your femininity."

I swallowed. "You... think so?"

"Tell me I'm wrong. It was Vegas that took something so precious and perverted it."

"But I was part of his prostitution—"

"That doesn't make you one. He taped that sign to your back: it was his cruel insult to your gift, not your doing."

The floodgates opened entirely and I buried my face in the sheets.

His hand came down onto my shoulder and stroked. Through the knot of pain and agony of my memories, comfort and calm began to radiate. I said, "I'm not a b-bad person?"

The safe-haven of his hug brought me out of the storm. The man I had hoped would be a bulwark against my past indeed became the lighthouse of my safety. Drawn to the beacon of refuge, I finally sailed my battered boat out of the storm.

My life had been a hidden hell.

But here, now, the turmoil was receding.

There was no blame with Caine Ellis.

The man I had hoped for and trusted had come through.

Once again, as if embracing a relative unseen in years, I found that place in my soul that excluded the bitterness.

I rediscovered it in the arms of my second husband.

Serenity.

CHAPTER 4

CAINE

The whir of drills and the cough of compressors provided a familiar background. "Hey, Roddy."

The awkward man shuffled about. He peered up at me from under the rim of his company ballcap. Roddy had taken the extra step of having some shop embroider oak leaves on the brim. His face split in welcome. "Mister Ellis."

I growled, "Can it."

He chuckled, wheezing. A former smoker, his lungs still bore the effects of chain smoking.

I had been Mister Ellis to so many people here before, but I was officially retired. I still owned a substantial chunk of stock, though. I was as welcome through the door as the CEO, Roger Dorset – still a good friend. But I was here to see Roddy.

He said, "News?"

Normally he might have ribbed me for not being able to stay away. It was as if everyone thought I couldn't accept retirement as Executive Vice President of Human Resources. But Roddy knew I was trying to get my wife available for him. On his side, he wanted a dance partner – a date so he could cut loose on weekends. On my side... I was hoping I could meld my wife into a hotwife who dated and indulged in the pleasure of her whim.

Roddy shook his head and scratched at his grizzled stubble. He was six years my senior but looked ten years older or more. "Why not just ask her?" He knew what I was trying to do; we were close friends.

"Plant Director. Always practical."

"What the fuck you pay me for." His eyes darted out, checking distances, workers assembling parts, lighting...

I said, "I think I'm closer."

"I don't need closer; I just want to dance."

I flashed him a smile. "Certainly. The two goals are similar."

He shrugged. "Well... I suppose that's good news."

"Listen, you need to know – if she does end up agreeing – her former husband was a titanic asshole."

He grunted.

I lowered my voice. "Prostituted her out without her knowledge."

His eyes met mine, steely and grave now. "Shit." He was as good as Fort Knox: he would keep everything secret. Roddy Brand was tight and controlled. "Does she bear any lingering... health issues...?"

"Diseases? None. She was lucky. I was luckier. Such a beautiful woman to be brought down with something like that. No, she was very fortunate indeed. But her ex-husband wasn't bringing her people off the street. Most were people he knew and close friends they knew."

He grunted. "Well... that's good. Poor girlie."

I nodded in thought. "I wanted you to know because I think I'm close. Having uprooted the difficulty, perhaps now I can make progress."

"You're not going to force her to—"

I scowled at him.

He cackled. "No, not you, no. If you were Catholic, the Pope would have to give up his stupid hat to you."

"His hat isn't stupid; it is steeped in centuries of tradition—"

He rolled his eyes. "Gawd... I just wanna dance."

I pursed my lips in recognition and nodded. Roddy Brand had been pushed as a child – a talented ice skater - who had been destined for the Winter Olympics in Sarajevo when a skiing accident broke both his legs. Moving awkwardly, he was still able to dance and loved doing so. I had offered my wife provided I could get her to agree. But where Roddy just wanted a dancer, I was looking to take that a few steps further and unwrap a hotwife.

He made a directed, longer stare at several places around the plant floor. Then he leaned up against the wall by his floor desk and brought a foot stiffly up to rest on it. It looked uncomfortable as hell, but that was Roddy. He said, "The dating scene is hopeless and getting worse."

I had heard that before. "Worse?"

He growled, "They're up front about their money needs now. And health needs. 'Looking for a man financially secure to help care for blah blah.' "

I gave my thoughtful face of disapproval. Years of experience went into that expression. It rolled off Roddy; he had a similar one. But I didn't disapprove of him – rather the women.

He said, "If they're not sniffing after my money, they're too sick to dance."

I lifted my chin, looking out over the plant floor. I let the comforting whirs and whizzes of drills fill the silence. I knew what Roddy meant. I had found Dani through online dating. She hadn't asked about money; she hadn't cared. Some of the others hadn't asked at first, but sooner or later, the hints of questions about finances occurred.

That was probably not fair to those women. Perhaps at these later ages, it really did matter to them. Why hook up with a loser? A drifter? Who wanted to tie their lifeline to someone with gambling debt? Or excessive, uncontrolled credit card stupidity?

But Dani hadn't asked.

And I hadn't offered.

Love had grown behind the façade of my making: that I was just a guy of no better than middle class. Even after we had married, she seemed surprised when I told her I was a millionaire and she had no further need to work. Her response had been amusing: "What will I do?"

But that was my Dani. Still unconcerned with money, having almost none of her own, she had voiced the first question that came to mind – what would she do with all that time? But she was a smart woman. She had no debt, although I could tell at a glance why: her car was very old and used; she didn't have TVs in every room of her tiny apartment; she didn't have the latest fashion – or any fashion; she only had two pairs of shoes; she didn't wear hours of makeup; she didn't get her hair professionally done; she didn't eat gallons of pricey ice cream; she didn't possess more than a piece or three of any jewelry... No, Dani was not a materialistic girl.

She was genuine. She was a woman of deep love and mutual respect.

Dani was mine.

I squeezed Roddy's shoulder. "Hang in there, old man."

He growled at me, filled with gruff good nature and companionship.

I walked the floor on my way out, not really seeing the workers, although I did wave to the Shift Super, Al.

Roddy was my idea of a man for a hotwife: caring; no games; direct; energetic. If I could shape Dani that way, Roddy would be the man honored to receive that gift.

Roddy didn't want that, but he deserved it and I would offer it.

CHAPTER 5

DANI

I balanced our wedding picture by the upper corner to shift the reflection away from my eyes.

The picture was clear and unambiguous: we certainly had taken it in a union of life-purpose.

Caine Ellis had been secretive and dashing. The gray at his temples gave an aura both distinguished and comforting.

Had I married the wrong man?

Everything until now had seemed so... idyllic. Yet, hoping to avoid the mistakes of the past had maneuvered me right into another familiar cul-de-sac of doom.

Caine had been married before, too. She had been a wealthy socialite – a trophy wife – who had been frigid, according to Caine's version of events. She had sniffed after money and had an affair with a wealthier man. She had eventually left Caine for a man in his eighties who promised to leave much wealth upon his passing.

He had called her a bitch.

Caine Ellis was a very critical man.

Demanding.

Could I possibly refuse him?

It was at that moment of reflection that he caught me.

"What are you thinking about?"

I released the wedding picture in a panic and it toppled over with a loud clatter. I righted it instantly, fumbling like an idiot with it before feeling the flush of embarrassment burn across my cheeks.

He stood in the connecting doorway from the expansive kitchen to the elegant dining room.

The soft cushion of the deep carpet beneath my feet was no comfort at all.

I could not tell him the truth; I could only evade. "I was just thinking about our wedding and... marriage."

He accepted that with a pursed frown of thought. "There is a man I used to work with. I'd like you to meet him."

I backed away on feet that were suddenly numb.

He came to me with certain alacrity. "Not that way, Dani." He laid a calming hand on my shoulder. "Not that way. He's an older man who can't find a dance partner."

I studied him intently.

My husband cracked a smile. "No need for the dubious look: he needs someone who isn't out after his money and who can dance. His name is Roddy."

My teeth didn't want to separate and I spoke like a strangled mannequin. "This is about the hotwife thing."

He sighed and pulled me into a hug. "I won't lie to you. Yes and no. This is and isn't."

"What?" That didn't make sense. What was he thinking?

"Roddy isn't looking for that. But I'm hoping you relax enough that you have fun dancing."

I was silent.

He said, "If you eat a bad Filet Mignon at Tucker's grill, does it mean that the Filet Mignon at Red Velvet is bad, too?"

"No..."

His finger curled under my chin and lifted it so he could look me in the eyes. "Likewise, someone who ruins something beautiful only ruins the situation."

I had an unspoken truth being hidden from him that I felt visit me. The fit was like leather – but not new leather. This was the familiar comfort of leather that had been worn with extensive use: soft; supple; and inviting. I had enjoyed being a hotwife. It is true that Vegas had turned it bad. It is true that something fun had been soiled. Was my husband right? Was it something inviolable that had been stained by circumstance?

The truth was, I wanted to be a hotwife.

And at the same time, I didn't want to be burned again.

CHAPTER 6

CAINE

I could tell she was thinking.

Her eyes held that delicate look of intense consideration.

I pushed a little. "All men fantasize about sex, you know. We can't help it. Constantly, too. Most men fantasize about other women."

Her eyebrow arched upwards.

I said, "But some men fantasize about their wives having sex with other men. Tell me, Dani, which woman would you prefer dominated my fantasies? You? Or some other woman?"

She clutched at me suddenly, ferociously. "Me! But... I... I need you to know, I enjoyed being..."

"Go on."

She looked up into my eyes and her gaze burned with an intensity I had not seen in her before. "I found it incredibly exciting to... have a man inside me and know that my husband was waiting at home. It was so thrilling that it made me dizzy during sex."

I laughed with delight. "That sounds like fun!"

She blinked in disbelief. "You... think so?"

I stroked her hair back from the side of her head. "I want you to have fun. I want my beautiful wife to do sexy, fun things. I want you to date."

She was trembling and a wave of clammy heat came from her.

I held her close.

She whispered, "You really want me to date? Other men?"

"It would make me incredibly happy."

"You're not happy now?"

"I am. I could be so much more."

For a moment, she shuddered against me. Then she said, "I'll date for you, if you really want that. I'll do it. But I can't promise—"

"Shh. Let it go. Just breathe and let it be." I pulled my head back to look at her again. "I'll let Roddy know. He just wants to dance, anyway."

"He isn't expecting—"

"No! Although he knows I was aiming that way. No, he just wants a dance partner. He has an interesting story, but I'll let him tell that."

She stared up at me intently. "And you'll be okay with me dating—"

"Very." I touched her nose and then kissed it.

CHAPTER 7

DANI

Caine manipulated my folds and clitoris. Swirls of pleasure swept up and receded, coming and going with the enjoyable movement of his fingers.

He whispered to me, "I'm not Vegas."

Well, that was a huge comfort. But it was also totally obvious. I sighed, trying not to think too hard and rather just relax under his attention to my pussy.

He said, "I won't turn something beautiful into something ugly."

My eyes were closed.

Maybe it really served two functions: I could concentrate on what he was doing; and I could avoid the truth about my past.

Except that my past was within me and closing my eyes just made no difference at all. But still, it felt better.

Tension came and went, but this was a different tension. This was the good stuff. I breathed heavier, raggedly, as a coil of tightness twisted within me.

He sighed at me breathily, "I want you to have fun."

My fingers curled on his shoulder as his whisper vibrated in my ear. A deep twist inside me caused me to lift my hips. The yearning was a bottomless, demanding chasm and I began breathing faster.

He added to the mixture of my misery and sexual intoxication. "I want you to go out, have fun, and come home and tell me all about it."

I could feel the flexing of his erection against my hip. This fantasy of his made him excited and happy.

But the consequences... I turned my head away.

He shifted against me, more urgent as if trying to catch me before I got up and left. "Just fun. Nothing bad. I want you to date and tell me about how the man flirted with you. How he touched you—"

I lifted my hips again as the unavoidable approached. That coil inside me was tight and turning – reaching towards a blissful breaking point.

He wasn't aware of what he was doing to me other than playing with my clit. He said, "I want to hear how he kissed you."

The level of the bed shifted and I felt the rush of tension. Memories of kisses shared with Rich soothed my anxieties. Kissing him had been... wonderful.

Caine murmured, "I want to hear how excited he made you..."

I lifted my head and hips off the bed. My eyes popped open and I gripped his shoulder with fingers turned claws. I hissed involuntarily as the wave thrust me upwards, "I loved it."

"That's great—"

I went on in a rush not needing to hear him at this critical moment – at the apex. "It was so sexy having a man over me, filling me with his guttural grunts while my husband was at home knowing I was being fucked." I whimpered as the force of my passion drove me to admit my darkest secret. "I loved every minute of it." My entire body shook at the peak. I had no control: it was coming. I strained to get it all out before the big one hit. My voice quavered on the edge. "I wore my wedding ring while another man filled my pussy – and it was so good that it wasn't my husband. I loved... every second of it!"

Caine was over me.

I threw my legs open as my hips bucked up with a savage jerk.

His cock speared me in a rush, filling that aching void just as everything

clenched and exploded. He hammered down onto me as waves crushed my senses to sand. Up and down my hips bucked and my body bounced. I closed my eyes, remembering Rich and how good it had been.

It had been the best sex of my life.

The memory of it all called to me.

Strong.

Powerful.

And... unavoidable.

CHAPTER 8

CAINE

I watched Dani put on her makeup. She didn't need a speck of it, but the entire process ignited in me a fire that made my cock hard.

She was getting ready to go dancing with Roddy for the first time.

My hands jerked: wanting to grasp; touch; fondle...

She murmured without noticing my unrest, "What do you want, Caine? What exactly do you want?"

There was no stopping my tongue. The words came out, hesitant at first, but growing in rapidity until I was detailing point by point with certainty and confidence: "I... want you to date. I want men to want you. I want you to want men. I want you to have fun flirting and dating. I want you to get felt up. I want... a man to touch you and you to like it. I want you to touch him, and like it. I want you to want it. I want you panting with need as you undress for him. I want him hard for you and I want to hear your sigh of relief as he pushes his dick into you."

Her eyes had flicked to me in the mirror, all strange and alien from what I was used to seeing in my bride. Her stare was expressionless and neutral.

She was listening.

She was considering.

I pushed. "I want you to lose yourself being fucked while I watch."

She did not answer. She put down the blush brush with a soft click. She picked

up the lipstick and applied it to pursed lips. Her eyes were crossed – centered on her lips – but she flicked them over once at me. The lipstick went down with a slightly louder click. Then she turned to lean against the vanity. She folded her arms under her breasts and regarded me. "This will make you happy?"

"More than you can imagine."

Her eyes slid away and down to the side - evasive.

I went on, using all the persuasion I had learned and earned through years of experience as Executive of Human Resources, "I want to help make this beautiful for you."

Her shoulders slumped, then rose again – tightening. Her eyes were glazed and her expression was one of being lost in thought. Her face cleared. "I'm not making any promises..."

"You don't need to."

She heaved a silent sigh. "If I dance tonight with Roddy and that's all that happens—"

"I'll be happy."

Lightly, with some finality, "Okay..."

I gave her my executive smile.

She went to the closet and slid the mirrored doors open. She leaned in and her voice drifted to me, "I suppose you want to tell me what to wear?"

Of course I did, but I approached it a little more delicately, "Did Vegas ruin that for you?"

She pulled her head back to look at me. Her eyes held no bitterness. "No, though he did push for me to go without panties."

"And did you?"

Her eyes glazed over in memory and a slight smile flitted across her mouth.

"Yes..."

"Bad experience?"

Her look sharpened on me. "No, not at all. Do you want me to go without?" Her tone was neutral – as if a trap waiting to be sprung.

Sometimes I knew that was dangerous, but her shoulders and corners of her mouth lacked the danger-signal of tension. I said, "Did you like being bare underneath?"?

She laughed lightly and blushed. "Yes, it was fun."

"Then go without. Even if nothing happens, at least you can get back in the swing of feeling fun."

Her eyebrows twitched up in assent, surprised by my answer. "Okay."

I wanted to wipe my brow and let out a long breath over my successful navigation of her unknown memories. "Besides, if you liked it all and... you approach it that way again, then you want to put it all out there."

"Put what out there?"

"You know, show it all off. Wear something tight or sheer. Put it out there that you are sexy and—"

She waved me off and stuck her head back in the closet. "I get it. Make the guy want me."

"Exactly."

She pulled back and cast a dire look. "I'm not new at this, you know." Her lopsided smile took the edge off any misinterpretation.

I detected no animosity in her tone. I smiled in return and teased her, "Really?" I got up and closed in from behind. I wrapped her in a hug and pressed my hips forward – letting her feel my excitement.

She let me and did not stop shifting through her garments.

I slid my hands down and felt her through her panties. I whispered in her ear, "So, these need to come off." I was getting dizzy and close to losing control. Love and desire swept me up in a whirlwind of need for my wife. I slid her panties down.

She resisted briefly – but more a function of having something else on her mind at the moment and not a rejection of the removal. She stepped out of them.

I hugged her again, rubbing my fingers down over her clit and nestling into the warm folds of her pussy.

She coughed lightly. "If you keep that up, I'll end up staying home. I'll never be ready..."

I laughed, inflamed physically and mentally and emotionally with the beauty and sexual allure of my bride. I curled a finger up into her.

She shivered. "Caine..."

I murmured, "Don't you want to be wet and ready when you go out?"

She huffed.

I realized it wasn't a gust of rejection or disgust, but a figurative punch of excitement that drove the air out of her in a rush. She moved her hips. "Well... yes."

My heart began hammering. My whisper was broken and guttural. "That's what I want to hear."

She spread her feet for me, giving me access. She yanked a hanger and wriggled the fabric. "Yoga tights?"

I almost lost it. I spun her to the side and got down on my knees in front of her. I thrust my face into her crotch. My mouth came open and I devoured her clit and pussy.

Her moan was immediate. Her free hand gripped the back of my head, pulling me in. "Get me ready, husband. Get me ready."

I licked feverishly. "Are you going to dance with other men, too? Not just Roddy?"

"I hadn't thought about it..."

"Don't turn anyone down."

"I'm not going to dance with a jerk, or—"

"No, I didn't mean it that way. I meant don't turn down any nice guys."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Dance with all of them. Let them touch you."

She pulled my head in harder. Her moan quivered with need. "That sounds... like... a lot of fun."

CHAPTER 9

DANI

I squeezed Roddy's arm and answered, "Fantastic. I didn't think you'd dance so well. You put me to shame."

The older man stroked thoughtfully at his grizzled stubble. "Nah, you were a natural. So you'll go dancing with me again?"

We stood at the front door.

Caine opened for us; he must have seen us out the window. "Hey, guys."

I hugged Roddy's arm to me. "Yes, again. That was fun."

My husband waved us in. "Don't stand out there. Come on in, Roddy. Glass of wine time."

He grunted and nodded. "All right then."

I held his arm on the way in and accepted a kiss on the cheek from my husband. His eyes were filled with questions and curiosity. I would have to remember all the details for him later. Been there, done that: I knew what he wanted.

He asked, "So you had fun?"

I had thought it would be fun, but hadn't imagined I would have as much as I did. Past excitement had come rushing back in and fit like a smooth leather glove. I nodded with enthusiasm. "I'll tell you all about it later."

His hand slid down over my tights as we passed him. His fingers gripped and squeezed my butt.

Just the touch there reminded me of a couple of gropes I had gotten on the dance floor – and one press of fingers deeper between my legs...

To say I was in the mood was an understatement. I was flowing free, easy, and filled with energy. The weariness of dancing was banished by my exuberance.

I had rejected any notion of doing anything with Roddy before, but now...

Maybe.

Caine poured us some wine – I could tell he would do anything to see his fantasy come true.

Roddy sat at the dining room table and accepted a doily for his stemmed glass. He sniffed at the wine and picked up the bottle.

I sat, angled towards him and knees parted. If he had dropped something under the table and bent to pick it up, he might have seen the outline of my pussy.

Of course, he dropped nothing, but the daring of it was exciting. I opened my knees wider, hoping he would just happen to look under the table.

But it was all so ridiculous: there was no reason for him to do so.

Whatever my expression, Caine was studying me with a bemused consideration.

Roddy sipped at the wine after giving a slight raise to his glass. "She's a wonderful dancer," he paused thoughtfully, "and she didn't ask me about my money."

I giggled. There was so much more to life than money, but I thought I could understand his complaint.

My husband asked, "Is she, really? Be honest."

I narrowed my eyes in scrutiny of the former Olympic hopeful.

He shrugged. "She moves together – responds to my moves. Most women just sort of bounce in place without considering what their partner is doing. Dani watched and adapted. She's greased."

Amusement flickered over Caine's features. Likely he was envisioning something salacious about the comment. He said to me, "Have you ever given..." He faltered, uncertain.

Uncertain was one thing my husband was not. I said, "Given what?"

He shook his head. "Sorry, crazy thought."

"What?" I directed that with a little more effort coated in feminine silk.

He coughed. "A lapdance."

Roddy had been chuckling. He choked off into silence and took a sudden keen interest in studying the base of his wineglass.

Visions of men with money brutalized their way through my head.

Caine must have seen it and rushed softly, "Private... you know..."

Several things assaulted me all at once: the past; the pain of my discovery; the excitement of making a man hard; the focus of an excited man; my husband's desire and fantasy... I swallowed a jittery feeling crawling up my throat. "Well, yes."

Without a word, tension drained from Caine's face in a fast flush of relief.

I almost laughed – except for the lingering memories of what Vegas had done to me.

Roddy was silent – looking at neither of us, but breathing as if making a decision to get up and go.

I said, "I guess I was okay at it..."

My husband said hesitantly, "Maybe you would...?" He gestured at his friend.

Roddy pursed his lips, set down his glass, and stood up. "Maybe I should go." It was delivered gentle and quiet.

I stood with him and put a hand on his forearm. "Nonsense. There's no need to rush off. You haven't finished your wine."

"Well, I... Uh..."

Caine, for all his experience with his former occupation, missed all that and focused on me. "I bet he would really appreciate—"

I interrupted him, concerned he was missing the signals from his friend. "I'd give Roddy a lapdance... if I was sure it was just a lapdance... I suppose."

My husband's face cracked into a bright, hopeful smile.

Roddy cleared his throat. "Uh?"

I whispered loud enough for both to hear – not to keep things quiet, but because my throat was constricted with nervousness, "I don't know if I'm ready for anything else..."

Both men were instantly ready to assure me of their chivalry.

Roddy said, "I would never take advantage of—"

Caine blurted out, interrupting him, "I could hold onto it and make sure it doesn't go in."

As if a bomb of silence had burst on the room, I thought I might hear dust fall. Roddy looked at my husband askance. Caine clamped his jaws shut and fidgeted with the collar of his shirt.

I blinked.

Roddy finally said, "You'd fuckin' what?"

Caine cleared his throat and uttered in a dismissive tone, "I could hold it still and make sure it doesn't accidentally go in."

His friend's eyebrows rose. He pointed down. "You're talking about holding my..."

I giggled.

Roddy huffed dangerously.

Caine laughed. "Look, would it be worth it if it meant you got a lapdance?"

The man slumped back into his chair and looked away. Then he burst out in dry chuckles. He grabbed up his wine and drank. Wiping his mouth with his sleeve, he said, "Sheeeit."

I stood over him and put my hands on my hips. I lifted my eyebrows in question. Is he scoffing at me and my ability to provide a lapdance, or is he grumping at my husband?

Roddy looked up at me. His eyes softened and brightened. He spun the glass slowly and pushed it aside, then tugged absentmindedly at his shirt. "Well, I... guess that would be okay." Then to me, "I'd be blessed to have you..." He cleared his throat, embarrassed.

I laughed in delight. He was adorable.

Caine dusted off his hands and said, "Great. I'll safeguard the process and—"

I scowled. "This isn't a surgery." But I realized both men were posturing for the sake of their image. I ended up giggling. "Fine, let's do this."

Both men looked at me in surprise; they had obviously thought I wouldn't agree to it.

Well, surprise to both of you, huh? I can do this easily. I lifted my eyebrows and chin with a smile.

My husband rushed to Roddy's side.

CHAPTER 10

CAINE

I couldn't believe I had finally broken through her reluctance.

She said to Roddy, "Well, get your clothes off."

My friend looked at me with suspicion.

I held up my hands in defense. "I'm just here to make sure—"

"Don't tell my wife about this..."

I laughed. "You're not married."

He growled, "Good thing, too. You know what I mean."

I gave a solemn single nod and wink.

Dani looked very amused. She selected a CD from the entertainment center and inserted it into the stereo system. A hum vibrated out of the inset speakers around the house and I recognized the start of a techno-band that delivered wordless music. The thump and synthesizer music started – light and slow.

She swayed to it as a warmup, watching Roddy. "Well?"

I nudged him. "Get undressed if you want your lapdance."

My wife slowly turned, sinuous and carefree.

My friend removed his clothing and sat back down in the chair, naked. I studiously pretended not to notice and kept quiet to avoid making an issue out of his discomfort.

But he relaxed and brought me relief to my worries. His manhood sat huddled in his lap, hiding and hesitant.

Dani looked at it with curiosity but no judgment. She danced with a little more purpose, developing now into a sequence rather than a few preparatory moves.

I pressed my lips together. Way to be over-clinical, Caine. Your wife is doing exactly what you wanted and you're busy analyzing every little thing... I berated myself and tried to take a few deep breaths. My heart was thudding heavily at the very presence of a naked man in the same dining room as my wife.

The strangeness of it was submerged by the excitement I felt that my fantasy was being lived out right in front of me. I had hoped! I had prayed! I had yearned! Would this turn into everything I wanted?

Roddy's cock began to twitch.

My wife took it all in and danced closer – touching, sweeping her fingertips across his shoulders, brushing her knees against his. Then she began stripping. It was a slow, seductive series of moves that exposed little bits of skin at a time.

My heart beat faster. I took close note of Roddy's eyes drinking her in and occasionally glancing at me as if to check on my approval.

This is it! It's happening! I convinced myself so as not to be disappointed when all she gave him was a lapdance. It's progress. We can work with this.

Her touches lingered longer. The presses of her fingertips became caresses. Then she touched him. She took his dick in her dainty fingers and I thought my guts were going to choke off my throat.

I panted fast. My pulse tripped along too quick for comfort.

She pulled at his cock with light brushes of her fingertips.

He hardened. Fast. But his eyes were on my wife's bare pussy and breasts.

My Dani did not have big ones, but they were high and a good handful. Her nipples were usually pinkish-tan nubs, soft and squishy. Now, they were hard and poking – unusual for her unless we were at the height of our love-making.

She shook, too, just noticeable. As smooth as her moves were, there was a slight tremor to her fingers when she drew them away, or her legs as she lifted and turned.

She lifted her hands and clasped them over her head. She writhed above Roddy, swinging her slender hips in front of him. Her eyes locked to mine. "Hold him, now." It was not demanding in a dominating way; it was delivered as a delicate warning.

I reached over and Roddy flinched. He began to twist his hips away.

I stopped.

Dani said, "Hold him. Hold it still."

Roddy let out a disgusted breath of relent and settled back down.

I shrugged apologetically and gripped him. This was a first for me; I had never touched any dick other than my own. I was instantly struck with the strangeness of touching something soft, hot, and hard all at the same time. But after the brief flash of shock, I held onto him as if I was holding my own dick.

This isn't so bad...

My wife gyrated with more effort when she saw I had him in hand. She turned and lowered until she brushed her butt cheeks against the head of his dick in wide, side-to-side sways to the music.

Roddy chuckled breathlessly. Then he cleared his throat and said to me, "She's good..."

Dani made a dismissive noise but did not interrupt her dance. Flowing and sure, she teased her skin against his.

I was enrapt. I had a hot dick in my hand and my wife's pussy swished near it. I don't think I had a conscious thought of wanting to do it, but rather an instant decision that I was going to do it. I angled his dick forward so that it brushed between her legs.

She hesitated for only a half second – a hitch as it were – and adapted her dance.

She moved her hips now, teasing the head of his dick with the closed lips of her pussy. Back and forth, she moved her pussy along the head of his erection. A few circular gyrations followed by some back and forth swipes began opening up her lips.

I watched them swell and expand. I saw moisture. With no thought of control or desire for rigidity, I moved his dick – following her pussy.

For a moment, she looked back. She moved her hips as if continuing the dance, but pretty much held herself in place.

I took the opportunity and rubbed his dick at her opening. Around and around I moved his shaft until the head of his cock was covered in her juices.

She jerked, then quivered, then trembled. Her hips began moving back and forth as she squatted, hands on her bent knees. Shifting a bit, she moved back closer to him, pushing his dick up and away from her opening.

I was disappointed until she began moving again. She was closer and that meant... I angled his cock again and the head of his dick parted her pussy lips in a wide, wet move. I pressed forward, pushing the head against her opening.

She stopped. "Are you keeping him from going in?"

As if you can't feel it! "Yes."

She sighed quietly. "Okay, I guess I can do a little teasing. If you're making sure —"

"I've got a hold of him."

She moved again, the same as before. But now she added in a push back. When I angled Roddy's dick forward, it parted her lips. She pushed back then and the head pushed in a little. She repeated this move until her pussy was swallowing his head with each pass.

A surge of joy swept up my insides.

I was holding a stiff dick to my wife's pussy and was watching her tease the head. This wasn't just fun, it was easy! It felt natural and good and I was smiling

so hard that my cheeks hurt. I wanted to sing and shout and kiss my wife.

I was ecstatic.

Over and over, she pushed back against Roddy and took the head of his cock into her opening.

Somewhere along the way, I began stroking. Not sure when. As Dani settled back onto him, I jacked my friend's cock.

Roddy moaned with fevered delight. He lifted his hips when she pressed down – wanting to get more into my wife's pussy. I stroked him in place of feeling the rest of her.

She asked abruptly, "Are you playing with him?"

Defensively, I answered, "No! I mean... I... when you lower, I jack him a little."

She giggled. "That's okay. Was just asking."

I said, "Sorry."

"No, that's okay. It's sort of... exciting."

I didn't know what she and Vegas had done – only what she had revealed.

And that wasn't much.

I didn't want to bring up bad memories if I could avoid it.

She moved again.

I angled him but didn't stroke.

She jerked to a stop and looked down. Then she looked over her shoulder at me – eyes moved as far to the side towards me as she could. "Don't stop; jack him into me."

I almost passed out hearing those words. My hand lurched to life and Roddy moaned with lust.

Dani wriggled her pussy with the head in her opening.

I wanted more than anything to see her pussy slide down his shaft. I needed it. What more could a man ask than his beautiful wife use her pussy with his consent to please another man? At this point, it would've been more a gift to me than to Roddy.

My friend thrust his hips up – he had little control.

Dani let out a breath of patience and then...

And then it happened.

I stumbled back letting go of Roddy's cock. Her pussy was descending. She was leaning down onto him and taking his erection inside. An inch, then another inch, then... It was all disappearing. Her pussy did the most beautiful thing I had ever seen it do: it swallowed my friend's dick.

I wanted to jump up and kiss her. I wanted to make love to her mouth with my tongue while my friend's hard cock filled her pussy. Maybe Roddy wasn't as big as me, but he was close and I knew she was feeling him inside her right now.

Roddy gripped her hips and pulled, lifting himself and forcing more of his cock into my wife. Dani moaned and then they were joined. He writhed as best he could under her but he probably wasn't getting much movement with his dick: she was frozen motionless and letting him move beneath her.

I wanted to sing with joy. My face was bursting with sunshine and surprise. Yes, I definitely wanted to kiss her right now and express to her my undying love and

She was off him without word or warning.

Roddy's dick waved and jerked to his pulse. It was wet with her juices. He grunted a question.

Dani scooped up her clothes wordlessly.

I got up, mouth open, and drawing in breath. She flashed one look at us from under a couple of stray bangs and then she was gone.

CHAPTER 11

DANI

I threw my clothes into the laundry bin in the laundry room.

There was silence in the dining room.

I hurried to the bedroom and shut the door. Leaning back against it, I let the rush of emotions flow through me.

It was all there: fear; worry; excitement; concern; sexual tingles; and... satisfaction. Roddy had been great. He was nice, complimentary, easy to get along with, and didn't expect what I wasn't willing to give. He had danced like a dervish and I had fought to keep pace with him. No wonder he had trouble finding dance partners!

My husband had been like a nervous little boy getting his first peek at porn. He had been considerate and conscientious. He had been what Vegas was not.

And then there was me. It had all been simpler than I had thought. Much of my past had come back to me as easily as if three years hadn't passed – as easily if now three months of marriage on top of that had not dulled my sexual ability.

Even more important was the overriding feeling that dominated my desire to fulfill my husband's wishes: satisfaction.

I had expected to be scared.

Maybe adamant in my rejection.

Certainly uncertain.

I had not expected this.

I had not thought that I would find such strong satisfaction when I had given in and sat down on Roddy's cock. I had heard my husband's excited breathing. I had felt Roddy's erection throbbing in me. But more than all of that, I had felt a bottomless pit of pleasure and gratification for my inner self.

I had enjoyed every inch of Roddy. The culmination of his filling pressure inside me had made me almost pass out with elation.

I hugged my arms to myself in warmth as my pussy and clit tingled with need and longing. I regretted leaving the dining room. I probably had made a mess of things. But the emotions had been so strong that I had to find space to process them.

I stood straight and considered going back out there.

But no, I would look silly.

I sighed in defeat at the lost opportunity and went to get dressed.

Maybe Caine will provide some insight and tell me it's all okay.

CHAPTER 12

CAINE

I opened the door to the bedroom. "Dani, baby?"

"Yes?" Her voice drifted from the closet hall.

I detected no anger or anxiety. "Are you okay?"

She came out robed, red in the face, and looking ashamed. "Did I ruin everything?"

"What? No..."

"I'm sorry..."

I shook my head. Why are you apologizing? "There's nothing wrong. What happened? You rushed off like—" I wanted to ask it all at once: to know; to understand; to elicit from her the answers... I wanted. But she interrupted me.

Her mouth pressed into a stressed line. "I... It was all so much and... Is he still out there?"

"No, he just left."

Her shoulder slumped in defeat. "I'm sorry."

I took her into my arms in comfort. "Hey, what's wrong? Did I say something—"

"No, nothing. It was nothing either of you..."

"I thought maybe I had rubbed him too much on your—"

"No, that was fine."

I was shocked. "It was?"

She nodded, not looking me in the eyes. "I know I kind of ruined it, but were you having fun?" She looked up into my eyes. "Was it what you wanted?"

I put all my impression into one, soft word. "Yes."

She bit her lip and looked to the side.

I asked, "What?"

She didn't answer.

I prodded. "What is it? What was it? Was it awful?"

Again, her eyes found mine. "No. It... was good." She shuddered in my arms. "Maybe it was too good."

I laughed incredulously. "Not in a million years. Don't say things like that. I wanted you to enjoy it."

Her trembling hand reached down and gripped my slacks. I had been hard before but it had dwindled after her hasty exit from the dining room. She asked, "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

She rubbed with vigor, waking it up. "Because... I... wanted to go back out there."

"I wish you had."

She pulled at me and at my clothing toward the bed.

I went with it, very interested and aroused.

She removed her robe as I finished her fumbling attempt to undress me.

I allowed myself to be pushed back on the bed and my dick gripped in her

shaking hand. Her fingers gave me one hard squeeze.

"If I had done more, would you have been happier?"

"Yes."

She began stroking me, kissing the head of my dick and flicking out her tongue.
"And if I had done this to him?"

"Perfect."

Her eyebrows rose a little. "The perfect wife?" There was an ocean of question reflected in her eyes.

I said with more emphasis, "Yes."

She let out a long breath. "Then I will do it again."

"With Roddy?"

"Or someone else I meet."

My cock throbbed so hard that I lifted my hips at the tension.

A ghost of a seductive smile flitted across her lips.

I said, "Promise to bring them here. I want to be a part of—"

"No, husband. My terms."

What? I stiffened and scowled a question at her.

She kept stroking me. "I decide who. When. Where. It's up to me or none of this happens. I won't go down the Vegas road with you or anyone else ever again."

I bit my tongue, but understood. Slowly, I relaxed.

She pierced me with her stare. "Do we agree? I decide on the man. I decide who gets between my legs."

I fought with desperation a rising surge of lust. I lifted my hips holding my

breath.

Her mouth descended on my cock and sucked hard.

I exploded, sending bursts of love and endorsement into her mouth. "Yes, yes, I agree. Just... please... fuck someone."

I would not have imagined it would be another two months before my bride decided on a man.

And then, even more surprising... but perhaps a way of saving face, Roddy declined any further involvement.

CHAPTER 13

DANI

I nudged Wanda. "What do you think of that guy over there?"

My married friend snickered. "You're incorrigible."

I sighed; she was supposed to be my moral support, not my criticizing conscience. "Would you do him?"

"He's wearing a ring."

"So? Would you do him?"

"I'm married." Wanda was small and busty. She thought little of herself and felt herself lucky to be married to a nice guy.

I gave her a look of suffering. "Would you?"

She heaved a weary sigh and looked at him.

He was tall, with wavy hair, and not hiding a dad-bod under an overhanging, untucked shirt. He was neatly dressed and belted with a tucked shirt. Business-like.

Wanda sighed wistfully. "I don't know. I guess."

"Well, out of the guys here, who would you do?"

"My husband."

I suppressed a sigh but could not stop an eyeroll. "Wanda, he's not here. If you were looking for a date, out of the men here, who would you pick?"

"I—"

I cut her off. "Who appeals to you?"

Her legs were crossed and she began furiously kicking one foot in the air in frustration. Her lips were pressed firm. She looked up. She looked around. She looked over her shoulder. "I don't know, but maybe the guy in the leather jacket over there."

Over where? I looked around. I spotted a guy chatting with another man near the jukebox. "Him?"

"He's cute."

"He's also gay."

Wanda looked annoyed. "Why do you say that?"

"His eyes are sparkling for the other man."

"So maybe they're having a great conversation?"

I closed my eyes with utmost patience. "So far, I haven't noticed him looking around at any of the women."

My friend pouted and glared at me as if I was the reason the man was gay.

I said defensively, "Was it the jacket? Anyone can wear a leather jacket."

"He looked interesting, mysterious, and confident."

I didn't want to shatter her illusions, so I diverted her attention. "See the man in the gray slacks and shirt?"

"Yeah, dull, huh?"

"Not at all."

"Are you kidding? I can see his ring from here."

I explained. "He's not making eyes. He's quiet. He's married. He's minding his

own business."

"What's so great about that?"

"He's sure of himself and not playing games. He's not even trying. But notice he isn't sitting slumped: he's not depressed. He isn't wearing a sadface. His shoulders aren't drooping. He's shaven, so his mood is good enough to be responsible for whatever employment he has. His head moves a little as if listening to those around him without looking at them. His eyes are in the mirror but not admiring himself or primping."

"Well... so?"

"He isn't hiding his ring."

"Duh."

"Don't you see it? He's sitting there absorbing the atmosphere of people without trying to be intrusive. Without trying to pick up a woman to be a salve for his ego."

"Maybe he's just having a drink."

"He's been here since we walked in."

She looked at me, head tilted slightly in disbelief. "You noticed him back then?"

I nodded and licked my lips. "He's the strong one here."

She blurted out a noise of dismissal. "He's married."

"Look, dear," I said as gently as possible, "married men at a lounge like this are seeking without pushing. They want to participate but can't. His kind are the most eager to please a woman – to share instead of seize. It wouldn't just be about his pleasure, but... mine, too."

"Exactly how often have you done this before?"

I shrugged. I said truthfully, "Not so often that I was a regular anywhere." I omitted details of my other, more sordid past.

Her voice dropped to a croaking whisper, "I can't believe Caine wants you to date."

I looked her full in the face. Best to squash this now, then let it balloon in her mind to a blimp of beastly proportions. "People are all different. Would it be better if he wanted to play with a hooker?"

"No!" Her eyes were shocked.

"A lot of celebrities do that kind of thing."

"But, they're stars."

"So what? They're people. They use the bathroom just like everyone else."

She looked down and tossed her head. "What's your point?"

"Some people like to shove fruit up their ass."

She snickered. "Weird."

"Maybe, but it's their thing. Some people like to involve animals."

"Really weird."

"You get no argument from me there."

She looked at me with wide eyes. "Have you done things with animals?"

I put my glass down a little too hard.

People looked.

Then looked away.

I leaned forward, pushing a forceful whisper to her, "No. I'm telling you that people do all kinds of weird things. Weird to you and me. Is Caine's thing really any different?"

She blinked, softly. "Well... I suppose it's a lot less weird than animals..."

I laughed.

So did she.

I said, "It isn't weird at all: it's just sex. It's the excitement." I shrugged. "I mean, what do you and Jeff do? I can keep a secret."

Her eyes darted left and right over a bit lower lip. She pulled up her phone and tapped. Turning, she showed me a picture. Her eyes stared at me over the top of the phone.

The picture on the phone was a naked Wanda. She was on her knees, hands tied behind her back to the bedframe behind her. Across her upper chest were words written in lipstick: "fuck slut" and "cum dumpster." Her breasts looked bruised and the nipples red and angry. Cum was spattered across her face. She looked... very satisfied.

I carefully avoided making any facial expression, but could not stop a slight hitch in my eyebrows. I swallowed. "Is it fun?"

A relieved burst of giggle escaped Wanda's lips. She nodded fast enough that maybe anyone else in the lounge probably would've missed it.

I breathed deeply. It wouldn't have been... my thing, you know? But... I nodded solemnly. "Nothing wrong with that."

My friend's face drained and she closed her eyes as if weary from exhaustion. "Thank you." She opened them and looked only at me. "It feels... so much better knowing I'm not a freak or something."

I placed a hand on hers. "Maybe another woman would think so."

She stiffened.

I added for emphasis, "Maybe a woman who involved animals."

My friend laughed in delight, but the understanding was in her eyes as evident as the joy shining forth knowing I didn't disapprove of her kink. She nodded thoughtfully and settled into a more confident posture.

I said, "What if your husband wanted you to date?"

She sighed heavily. "Well, I don't know, but I'm glad he doesn't."

"I understand. Don't take offense but I'm glad Caine doesn't want to mark me up and that he'd rather have me date a guy..."

Fortunately, Wanda followed the contrast without prejudice. Again, she nodded. "It's your thing."

"Right. Everyone has one and they're pretty much going to be different than everyone else's."

She shook her head. "I don't think I could date; I'm not beautiful like you are."

"It's easy."

She laughed. "I doubt that. If it hadn't been for my brother's wedding and meeting Jeff... I would never have found a man."

I finished off my drink. Whenever I drank, I limited myself to one on my own. "Watch how easy it is." I got up. "Follow me, but stay back."

She picked up her purse. "Okay..."

A short walk later, I was standing beside the married businessman, looking at him through the mirror. I lifted my left hand to display my wedding ring in an obvious gesture – didn't want him thinking I was a hooker.

Definitely not.

I said, "Which one of us should buy the other a drink?"

His eyes slid from the mirror and he turned his head to me. Calm, questioning eyes flickered over my ring and then up to my face. A smile spread across his lips.

CHAPTER 14

CAINE

The knot in my stomach felt like a rocky pit of acid. She had been gone for an hour and a half.

What was she doing? Was she only talking to her friend? Had she met a guy? Had she struck out? Had something happened to her?

I had been forced to accede to her wishes not to be texted during her excursion: she wanted to get reacquainted and comfortable. She had made no promises that she would bring anyone home.

The uncertainty had formed in my stomach after she had left with Wanda.

I had not wanted it or expected it.

I fretted and paced, after trying to relax myself by reading.

Reading hadn't worked.

The questions interrupted any train of thought.

The pain of the acid-knot pulsed in my gut like a tumor of doom.

Maybe I had wanted the wrong thing? Maybe I had wanted the right thing, but her insistence on the man being one of her own choosing was not what I wanted? I wouldn't know him: the comfort of the other man being a friend was gone.

Could I allow an intruder into my house? Into my bedroom? Could I fathom another man between my wife's legs on our bed? My bed?

I hardened, as I had done for the past half hour when my thoughts came back to this. But, at the same time, the pain intensified beneath my beltline. I had trouble breathing.

I heard car doors.

I suddenly found that I could not breathe at all.

I sat frozen in the chair as the click of her heels up the walkway to the door were accompanied by the sound of a different step.

I swallowed convulsively. Again. My throat wouldn't work.

My hands clawed the arms of the chair and I struggled – forcing myself up. Whatever hardness I had was gone – fled in an instant of auditory input. I heard them murmur, casually.

Carefree.

Had she told him I'd be waiting?

Women often changed their minds as fast as they changed clothing. Had she warned him? Had she even told him she was married? Had my Dani denied our marriage to him, claiming some marital issues as the cause of her need?

Would the man look down on me?

That would be a first in my adult life.

Not since my father had told me I would amount to nothing when I left the house at sixteen.

I had proven him wrong.

Why was I thinking that my father's words were coming back to taunt me at this very moment in my life? I was a successful man...

The front door opened.

The man's eyes sought me out.

Dani allowed him to step around her as he carefully made straight for me.

I stood tall, back straight, chin lifted.

His eyes measured mine and he stuck his hand out. His voice was not soft, but it was gentle. "I'm John. John Esko."

I gripped his hand with relief in the comfortable formality of greeting. "Caine Ellis." I flashed a glance at Dani.

She was beaming behind a suppressed smile – satisfied with my reaction.

I muttered half joking and half serious, "Be good to my wife."

His smile was instant. "I plan to. I hope I'm..." He left off the rest.

And then I knew he would be fine.

The acid-knot disappeared.

I was able to breathe.

But now I was dizzy with relief and from what was coming.

Lightheaded.

My wife took John's hand and pulled. She said to me, "No need for drinks or chat..."

I had held her hand during our wedding ceremony. Seeing hers in his was breathtaking. A blanket of warmth covered me and I pulled at my collar. Her take-control attitude was what my uncertainty required.

She led him to our bedroom.

The butterflies began battling in my belly.

Into our sanctuary of marriage, she led a stranger for the purposes of having sex.

My dizziness got worse so that I had to brace myself on the doorframe to our bedroom.

She was already plucking at his jacket and shirt.

They were undressing.

My Dani was confident, cool, and calm. Gone were the shakes and flutters of nervousness she had shown with Roddy. She looked as natural as an actress in a well-directed movie.

John kissed her.

She pulled at his belt and kissed him back.

I was worried for a moment on seeing his wedding ring.

Why had she picked a married man?

Wasn't that asking for trouble?

But those thoughts were wiped away with the swipe of his hand down my wife's shoulder and to her breast.

As easy as that. A man's hand was on her.

Touching. Teasing. Testing.

Her hand won a minor struggle and his slacks slid down.

In the shadows and gloom of the room, I saw his manhood dangle out and into her hand.

I moved then, making my way unsteadily to the lampstand while they kissed. I turned on the light.

Dani said, "Remove your clothing, Caine. I want you naked so I can see."

That was another catching point to which I had reluctantly agreed.

I undressed and sat in the chair.

Already, John had moved her to the bed and was kneeling down, his face between her legs. His head moved.

My wife's eyes were closed and she breathed deeply. Her hand stroked his hair and ear. Sighs and barely audible gasps escaped her into the silence of the room.

My dick was limp and senseless. I feared nothing would wake it. Had I made a mistake?

Then she said to him in a murmur, "Come up here and get inside."

The open invitation in our bedroom, on our bed, and into my wife's pussy was a blow like none I had ever felt before. All the air left me and I struggled to draw breath.

The naked man was attractive in a manly way. Not muscled, but not flabby. He had the body of an executive who sat for long periods. Fit, but not worked to an athletic tone. He lifted up and climbed on the bed between her legs.

I knew those legs. I knew her flesh. I knew her pussy. I knew what it felt like. I knew the texture of our bed cover. I knew how she sank into the mattress. I knew all these things.

Seeing John experience them was an invasion.

Seeing another man enjoy them was an infringement.

Seeing my wife welcome this stranger between her thighs was a marital impurity.

I was breathless.

I wanted to watch and see, but it happened too fast.

Before I could do more than think that I should get up for a better look, he was already in her.

His butt squeezed forward carefully.

Her hips lifted up beneath him.

And they were joined.

My heart thumped madly for a few beats and then...

He moved.

She moved.

His hips humped and flexed.

Her thighs strained and relaxed.

Again and again.

And all of my tension was gone – carried away in the speed of mere seconds as I went from wild anticipation to the normality of sex.

Yes, his dick was in her.

It was... nothing special. By itself.

They were doing what men and women had done for thousands of years.

I was almost breathless with relief that it wasn't something that was going to stop my heart. I slumped in the chair wondering if this was the sum total of my desires.

Dani gestured to me with her hand. "Pull your chair over here."

John did not stop.

Dutifully, I moved the chair to the foot of the bed at her side. They were lying across it sideways.

John looked at me once, then turned his head away. Embarrassed? Or disgusted with me? His movements became deeper and slower. It was a pace I used when I wanted to enjoy as much of the sensation of her pussy as I could – like a massage of my own cock using her pussy.

I settled into the chair quietly, not wanting to disturb them.

Dani flashed a smile at me and then closed her eyes. Her fingers gripped John's shoulders.

I watched them for a few minutes, then the man moved out and pulled her up.

They switched positions so that she was riding him.

With a deft move of her hips and her guiding hand, she sank down on him without struggle.

He wasn't a small man, nor very large. But she eased onto him as if she had ridden him every day for a year.

Practiced.

My dick began to stir.

Watching her move sinuously on his waist was intoxicating – a sight so beautiful that I wanted to kiss her.

Despite the beauty of her on him, I remained only half-hard.

I looked away, wondering if this is what I really wanted. So far, other than a few flashes of surprising intensity, I had not experienced what I had expected. It was, after all, just sex, and it wasn't much different than the tease I had received with her on Roddy for that bare, few seconds.

Another man was fucking my wife and I...

Liked it, sure.

Was disappointed somewhat, yes...

They changed positions again amidst whispers and smiles.

She was very comfortable with him and I was pleased she wasn't a bundle of nerves and uncertainty as she had been with Roddy.

He mounted her again.

Just seeing him lift up on his arms and push his cock into my wife's pussy was exciting enough. But still, my dick only moved sluggishly.

John began fucking her harder. His pants became forceful. My wife's moans became breathy and lofted high in the air. The audible sounds of their sex – the wet squishy sounds and the smacking of his pelvis into hers – was enough to

make me fidget and twitch.

I liked it.

But were they ever going to finish? I looked away at the clock.

"Caine..."

The sound of my wife's voice, drawn out and weak, was a laser shot to my dick. Hearing her call to me, seeing her eyes, watching her left arm encircle his neck and the glint of her wedding ring catch my eye, was electric.

My wife had called to me while another man was shoving his thick cock into her pussy – in and out of the most precious promise she had given to me.

With three beats of my heart, my cock was fully erect. It bobbed in the air, straining with need. I had no choice but to grip it and squeeze. It was so filled with blood that the erection hurt.

John saw it all and pumped harder. Deeper he pounded her. The sounds of their flesh slapping echoed in the room. His quiet grunts of strain and her responsive gasps of pleasure filled my head with only the best.

Yes, I liked it.

I loved it.

John drove his cock into my wife's pussy and my erection leaked joy.

Our bed creaked and the warmth coming from them I could feel sitting in the chair.

In our house, in my bedroom, on my bed – a man stabbed his cock into the heart of our marriage, defiling and debauching it in such a delicious way that I could not stop my hand from stroking.

John leaned up so he could look down between them.

I saw, too.

His cock was a thick, hard shaft – moving in and out with speed and force. Sure

and straight, he fucked his erection into my wife's pussy.

Dani's nipples were hard and pointed – larger than I had ever seen them. She panted feverishly, looking up at John with all of her attention.

I was struck with the gnawing desire that I was never going to want to forget this. I was definitely going to want more.

John's face was contorted with effort.

Dani whispered, "Do it. Cum in me."

He whispered back, harshly, "I... should pull out."

"No, inside. Please. Let me feel it."

That she was begging another man to blow his load in her in our bed was a jolt to my dick I could not contain. I jacked faster, lifting my hips off the chair.

He looked over, seeing me do it. His mouth hung open with his panting and he blinked. He looked down at my wife and made a noise in his throat. Then he groaned, "Oh, fuck..." He pushed hard with his feet, shoving his hips as far as he could between my wife's legs.

She lifted her knees up and back, wide.

Inviting.

Giving the ultimate permission.

He grunted and strained, driving his erection as deep as it would go into her pussy. Then he jerked with a shout that sounded too loud in our bedroom.

I panted in time with him, stroking as fast as I could.

John's head arched back and his body jerked in rigid spasms. He unleashed a flood of cum into the farthest depths of my bride's pussy.

CHAPTER 15

DANI

I admit I felt a little jittery stroking John's dick in front of my new husband. But the motion was inviting and his flesh comfortably hot to the touch.

He kissed me and my fears fled.

He licked me and my uncertainties followed the fear.

Away with you!

My husband was quiet. What was he thinking? His eyes were large and focused. Was he okay seeing me naked and another man licking my pussy? It felt good, but what did he think? Was he regretting it? Was he enjoying it? Why wasn't he touching himself?

I said to John, "Come up here and get inside." One part of me wanted to get it all over with so I could talk to Caine. I wanted to know what my husband thought and felt. Was he hurt? Was he supportive? Was I doing what he wanted? The other part of me was ready and wanting cock. Even though I got more than enough from my husband, the prospect of feeling another man inside me while Caine watched was too alluring to avoid.

And then it was happening – a touch of John's erection against my opening. A slight adjustment, then pressure. I felt my lips press inward. I felt my hole begin to spread – allowing the entrance of this man's cock. The head went in. I took the rest of his shaft deep inside me as naturally as I took my husband's.

Except this left electric tingles teasing along my labia. I looked up at the ceiling, pinned underneath this sexy, married man, and pressed my hips and pussy up at him. The rush of feeling and emotion was a tidal surge within me. In one move –

in one thrust of John's cock – my reluctance was swept away. I moved with him, letting him fuck my pussy and working passionately with him to break the promise I had made to Caine on our wedding day.

It felt fantastic.

At the same time, it was just sex. I did this for Caine and my physical lust, but another part of me was going to want more. I didn't want to be a whore again. I didn't want to just have sex with strangers or acquaintances. This time, it was going to be on my terms. What I wanted. For the moment, though, this was as much a test of me as it was of my husband.

Could my husband handle it? If so, good. But could I handle it? There was no denying the pleasure I was feeling – that comfortable old sublime feeling of control and jubilation at receiving pleasure from another man while my husband watched. It was a euphoric high that strummed the chords of my marriage to Caine like a fine instrument. The vibrations of satisfaction in my soul could not be denied. Yes, the sex was fine, but this time around, I was going to forge the debauchery my way.

The erection slid in and out of my pussy. I gripped the man, hugging him to me. The press of his masculine weight was a completion of our union. Right in front of my husband, I enjoyed my first extramarital cock in over three years.

I didn't count the tease with Roddy. It was a slip of uncertainty, only.

I closed my eyes – surprised at what I had missed. I had denied myself in the interests of my husband and the desire to turn my back on what Vegas had done. But all the while, I had denied the beauty of having a man's cock in me that didn't belong to my husband.

It was something above stellar.

The feeling wasn't just because of John's cock – that was only part of it. What was such a turn-on was that I was also enjoying it with my husband's knowledge and to his pleasure.

And that deeper, stranger sense in me that I so desperately needed another man inside me, even though I was married and very definitely happy with Caine. I didn't want to experience this to hurt him, no. I wanted him happy and erect

while he watched me fuck. I wanted him to see and crave every thrust of cock into my pussy. I wanted him as happy with the invasion into my depths as I was. Only then was it good.

And as much as I rejoiced at the return of these old feelings – all comfortable like a soft blanket – I knew that it was only temporary.

I was going to need more out of this than just letting my husband see dick inside me.

No; more. I wanted something special. I was no cheap slut to be used and forgotten.

I whispered up to John, "Do it. Cum in me." I wanted him to share his passion and lust directly with me in front of my husband. I wanted Caine to witness me taking all of John and accepting his gift of cum. I didn't dare want him pulling out and shooting his stuff on me. What was I? A convenient fire hydrant for which dogs lifted their legs? No, I was a woman; I was special. I wanted to be treated with respect and dignity.

I wanted the coupling to be complete – as if John and I were married, not using each other for a passing thrill.

But he hesitated.

I said, "No, inside. Please. Let me feel it."

As much as I wanted it, I knew it would be the icing on the debauchery of my marriage to Caine. I wanted my husband to feel that delicious stain as well. It had to be inside or all this was pointless.

I had to show my husband the cum of another man leaking out of my hole.

I thrilled to the vision and lifted my legs. I brought my knees up and tilted so that the head of John's cock probed just short of my womb. Over and over, he pounded down into me, invading the sacred fleshy chapel of my marriage to Caine.

John's squirts were preceded by the telltale swelling of his shaft and by the added frenzy of his pumping. I willed my pussy open to accept the perfect defilement.

I felt it.

The pulsing of his shaft was followed by a hot sensation deep inside, and then the awareness of wetness. His shaft became super-slick and his cum began leaking out and coating my labia.

CHAPTER 16

CAINE

I couldn't wait for the door to shut. After seeing John out, I raced back to the bedroom.

Dani was lying on her side, on leg bent. Her hand was toying with her clit. She was waiting for me. With a wink, she beckoned. "Come do me."

My cock was still hard and bobbing in the air. I had never felt it so stiff before. It seemed like every new adventure with Dani was going to test the limits of my erections.

Would it someday just burst open?

I almost laughed at the thought.

But it was pure relief to climb over my wife and stab my dick into her wet pussy.

My eyes popped open.

She giggled up at me, watching.

I breathed, beginning to pump, "His cum feels so good in you." I kissed her.

Her hips moved with me perfectly, milking my cock as I thrust slowly. "Good," she murmured after we stopped kissing. "I want you to get used to feeling this."

I was overjoyed. "That means you'll do it again?"

She nodded, watching me.

I couldn't contain the victorious expression from my face. "Yes! Do it. I want

you to have all the cock you want. Whenever you want. I want cock in you all the time. I'll help you find men—"

"No." She interrupted my babbling enthusiasm.

I froze. "What?"

"On my terms, remember?"

I frowned at her.

She said, "I find the men. Maybe even only one man. Maybe John. Maybe someone else. But I'm not going to be a revolving door for a progression of men who don't care. Let them go pay a hooker for that: I won't be giving it for free or for money."

I nodded carefully.

"Do you feel his cum in there?"

I said, "You know I do."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes."

"So do I. But I want it to mean something. I want your cock coated in other men's cum every time you slide it in me."

I gasped, "I love the sound of that."

She arched her eyebrows, smiling wickedly. "You do? Then how's this sound? You can't fuck me until another man has first."

I saw explosions of lights as my cock burst. I wheezed close to passing out, "I love you so much..."

Her hand stroked my head. "That's what I wanted to hear, my love."

After we were spent, I rested with my arm over my face as the entirety of my body tingled with sparkles of satisfaction.

She was leaning on one arm, looking at me. "What part did you like best? The wait?"

I bent my head up to look at her, considering. "I... The part where you begged him to cum in you."

A ghost of a smile flitted across her face.

I asked, "Are you okay with everything?"

She nodded.

"What part did you like?"

"All of it. Hooking him, bringing him home, undressing him in front of you, getting licked, taking his cock inside me, the climax. It was all good."

"Not great?"

She laughed. "No, but it was still good. I'm happy to have helped you – and us – with your kink. I can live with it."

"What would've made it better?"

She looked up at the ceiling and a slight frown twisted her mouth. "He's gone."

"He's married." I let my voice carry all the sarcasm of warning and told-you-so with it.

"Sure, but I mean that he left saying he had fun doing this once. He stressed that."

"So? Find another man."

She turned fully to me, placing a hand on my chest. "I'm happy with you, Caine. I don't want to do this just for your excitement, but mine, too."

"And what would make it exciting for you?" I had thought she enjoyed what had happened.

"Don't get me wrong; it was fun. But it wasn't exactly what I'm hoping for."

I waited with all the practice of the Human Resources Executive I had been.

She said, "I want a connection. I want something tangible. I don't want to be an afterthought."

I showed her I was listening. "All right."

"I'd rather the man be just one man and not many."

"I can understand that."

"And I want there to be something about it other than just his relief."

"Like emotional attachment?"

She nodded, studying me.

I petted her. "You have my full support." Asking anything else of her would likely be too close to what she had suffered under her ex-husband, Vegas.

"Whatever you want."

CHAPTER 17

DANI

I held the cellphone to my ear.

Caine said, "Please tell me you found someone. It's been a week and I want to make love to my wife."

I glanced at Wanda. She was looking at a guy sitting nearby.

My husband sighed on the phone. "I'll be patient..."

I said, "No, I think... Well, anyway, remember John?"

"The first guy?"

"Yes." Five weeks had passed since John had left our house. Three men had followed him and left. "He's here and says he can't get me off his mind."

"He was married, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"How's that going to work?" He sounded frustrated.

"Maybe it will..."

Caine sounded desperate. "Bring him home, then."

I studied John as he studied me – from across the lounge. He was at the bar, I was sitting with Wanda at our usual table. I said to my husband, "Well..."

"What?"

"He has a motel room and wants to take me there."

"Good grief."

"I can come home right after?"

Another, deeper sigh. "Fine. If that's what it takes."

A bubble of pleasure rose up my chest. "I won't disappoint you."

After I ended the call, Wanda said, "Just like that?"

I nodded, considering her.

She pouted. "Must be nice to get permission so easily..." Her eyes darted over to the guy she had been checking out while I was on the phone.

I gave him the once-over. "You're getting better."

She looked back at me, surprised, then blushed. "Oh... you noticed?"

I giggled. "It's okay." I let my gaze linger on the man. "Would you do him?"

Wanda straightened, shifted her shoulders and looked down – a prim purse to her lips. "I'm marr—"

"Oh stop it. It's just a question. I'm not asking you to get naked with him; I'm just asking if he's the kind you'd do?"

Her eyes got bright and she bit her lower lip. Her hissed answer was a release of pressure. "Yes!"

I smiled with reassurance. "Good. And he doesn't look gay."

Wanda rolled her eyes.

"Listen, I'll be getting a ride from John..."

Her look of shock was comical. "If you think I'm going home with—"

"No, I wasn't thinking that. Just letting you know I don't need any rides."

Her shoulders slumped, almost as if she was disappointed I didn't think so naughtily of her. "Oh, okay."

I squeezed her shoulder and made my way to the bar. I leaned over John's shoulder and whispered hotly in his ear. "It's all set."

His look of happiness was immediate.

I said, "I missed you, John Esko. Are you going to fuck this needy married woman?"

His responding groan was colored with pure lust. He twisted to me, putting his hand on my bare shoulder. He slid his fingers down until he reached the fabric of my dress. "Your husband gave his permission?"

I winked.

"I really like him."

"He wants us to do it at our house."

A cloud passed over his face. "It was a little uncomfortable."

I shrugged.

"I mean, it was exciting fucking you in front of him, but I... was hoping for something a little more personal. Between us."

I touched his cheek. "You're sweet."

"Let's go."

CHAPTER 18

CAINE

I paced, out of control.

A single text: "Don't wait up."

I was worried sick.

At my wit's end.

And then I heard the car door.

Rushing to the window, I thought for a moment my wife was in dire straits. She hobbled up the walk, dress torn, hair a mess, and makeup smeared.

Then I realized it was a walk of exhaustion and sex.

I scanned the neighborhood for onlookers. She was very obviously coming home to her husband after having a night of hard, soul-shattering sex.

My dick swelled instantly, pressing hard against my sleep shorts. Pain flared as the head smashed forcefully against a seam. I was trying to get to the door, but it felt like something was going to cut my skin if I didn't adjust it.

There was no hope for it. I released it from my shorts and answered the door. My cock stood straight out.

People were outside. Neighbors. A brother and sister from down the street on their bicycles. I was seen to be fully sexually excited at the sight of my devastatingly fucked wife.

I pulled her in and slammed the door.

A weak, exhausted hand touched my pole.

I hustled her to the bedroom. "What happened? I expected you home last night."

"Sorry. We... kept going and going."

I gasped with excitement, glad she was home and safe. "Was it good? All night? Really?"

She slumped in my arms. "It was wonderful. He wants to see me again."

I kissed her fiercely with a burst of exultation. I was so glad for her that I didn't have words.

She dropped to the bed and spread her legs. Her panties were gone. Cum crusted her pussy and wetness still leaked out. Her labia were swollen and bruised.

My head swam in dizziness.

She asked, "Do you want to lick me clean?"

I blinked. "No..."

"That's okay. I just wondered. Some guys like that."

I entered her savagely. I fucked my wife's used pussy. "All night? How many times did you..."

"It's hard to count. I mean... we did it all night. But there are four loads in my pussy if that's what you mean."

I cried out, slamming my cock back and forth through John's cum.

Energy entered her voice. "Do it, husband. Add your cum to his. Push his deeper inside me." Her face contorted, then her eyes squeezed shut. She cried out, bucking, "Oh Caine! Oh, John!"

Her canal was hot and squishy. I shoved deep and released hot blasts of night-long frustration deep into her.

She gasped breathlessly, "Do you like fucking your wife like this?"

I groaned at the end of my orgasm, "Yes..."

"Do you love feeling his cum in me?"

"Yes."

Her voice dropped into a satisfied pant. "Do you like it all over your dick?"

"Yes..."

Her chest rose and fell as she fought to catch her breath. She lifted her head and looked around the bedroom and the bed on which she was lying. "Same position as John had used with me... On purpose?"

I laughed with delight. "Yep."

She closed her eyes and snuggled into my arm. "No more Eric or Mark. Just John."

"What about Andrew?"

"Andy was cute. But, no. None of them," her voice dropped, "wanted more than to just get off."

"So John's the one?"

Her head moved in confirmation.

"I liked him."

"He likes you, too. Send him a Christmas card."

I laughed, happy. "So he wants to see you again?"

"He called me his pretend-bride, then he just called me his bride."

I lifted my eyebrows. "That sounds..."

She opened her eyes and squinted at me, freezing. "Don't you dare disapprove."

"What? Me? No, I was going to say something along the lines of that sounds great."

All of her muscles relaxed.

"Bride, huh?"

"He's fascinated with the idea of me playing his bride and enjoying fucking and that you are another man."

I laughed, astonished. "Really?"

She nodded.

I hummed in thought. "Maybe I can help that along a bit."

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe like dressing you up for him in wedding lingerie or something."

She looked thoughtful. "You don't think that was all just talk?"

"It had to mean something for him to mention it, don't you think?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Hmm."

"Something wrong?"

"No, nothing. Maybe that's all part of what made me attractive to him. He wants to set up something permanent and wants your permission."

"I really like this guy."

She laughed. "Did you two get together on this?"

"No... Great minds think alike?"

She gripped my semi-flaccid dick and began pulling. "He wants me to see him again tonight. He has the motel room again."

"That's going to be dangerous if he's keeping this from his wife."

"He is..."

I shook my head. "Motel room receipts are a sure-fire way to get caught."

She pouted with worry. "He doesn't want to hurt her."

I shrugged. "I don't care about her or him; I care about you. If he can get in trouble and that ends up causing you pain, then I don't like it."

"I'll tell him."

"Maybe he should just come back here like the first time."

She stroked my length. I was getting hard again. She said, "He wanted alone-time with me. Something special."

That made me fully hard. "Did you have fun?"

"Yes."

"Was he rough?"

"No."

"Oh..."

"You wanted him to be rough?"

"No, it's just you looked like you had been in a train wreck—"

She shrugged, interrupting me. "It's not like I had planned to be there all night. I didn't even have a hairbrush. And sex can be... hard on the appearance."

"Don't get me wrong; I liked it."

Her smile was joyous. "The look on your face when I told you I had four loads in me..."

I jerked back, shocked. "That wasn't a fib, was it?"

"No. I was just confirming that your look said you liked it. I had four loads, for

sure. But his dick was constantly leaking. I don't know where he got all that fluid. It was running out of me all night."

I sighed at the perfection of the morning. "Tell him to come here. For his visits."

"Okay, but he has the motel for one more night and he wants me to be with him again. Is that okay?" Her fingers trailed electric sparkles up my erection.

I groaned in lust. "Yes, fine."

She leaned over and sucked my cock into her mouth. After a couple of seconds, she leaned up and kissed me, deep. After the kiss, she said, "I sucked him, too."

I blew my load all over her hand.

CHAPTER 19

DANI

I held up the wedding lingerie. The bottom piece was just an inverted triangle of crotchless lace held by a couple strings. The top piece was a skimpy lace bra. The matching white fishnets promised to rip just getting them on. The garters were delicate and sexy.

I dropped them and leapt into Caine's embrace. "Thank you; he'll love them."

"Tell me, do you wear your wedding ring with him?"

I looked away quickly. "Yes, of course."

"What is it?"

"What?"

"You looked away. I know that look; you're hiding something."

I felt the heat rise up my neck and color my cheeks.

"And you're blushing. What is it?"

I laughed weakly, blushing harder. "He, uh..."

"Go on."

"He's made a point of rubbing his dick all over my ring."

My husband sighed raggedly. "Nasty."

"I thought so, too. You're not mad?"

The flash of his teeth were evidence enough. "No. That's pretty hot. I like it."

"He took my wedding ring off and rubbed it all over his shaft that last night at the motel." That was three days ago. "He rubbed his leakage all over it and then slid it back on my finger like he was my groom."

"I love it."

"I didn't wash it off, either."

"If you don't shut up, I'm going to force you to have sex with me."

I held up my finger. "Nah ah... No sex until he's had me, remember?" I looked down at my freshly shaved pussy. "This is for him tonight."

"Can I finger it, at least?"

"No. I don't want it all sore. I want to feel every inch of his dick slide into me." I gripped his shorts and rubbed. I whispered into his ear, "You want me to feel his dick go in me, right?"

"Yes." His package twitched.

"You want me to love the feel of his shaft sliding in, right?"

"Yes, fuck."

"You want me to cum on his cock, yes?"

He groaned, thrusting his hips.

"Then I need to keep this pussy perfect for him. I want him to feel like he's really entering his bride. You get the sloppy seconds."

He frowned. "Not even because it's my birthday?"

I placed a finger on his lips. "Especially because it's your birthday. He makes love to me first, then you get to fuck his cum deeper into me."

He sighed. "I love you, Dani Ellis."

I kissed him – a quick peck. "I love you, too."

He poked at the pile of lingerie. "Put these on."

"Later tonight, for him."

"No, now. You'll wear it to go meet him at the lounge."

"I can't go out in these."

He stepped into the closet and pulled out his raincoat. "With this over them, you can."

"Wanda will wonder."

"Let her. Or show her."

I giggled. "She's been eyeballing guys."

"Does Jeff know?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Naughty girl."

I said gaily, "I hope to think I can shake her foundations and open her to experiences she cannot fathom from behind fortress walls of tradition."

He laughed. "Is that what you think of John?"

"No, but his wife sure could use it."

"What about her?" He sat down on the bed.

"Leigh is her name. She's nice like apple pie. Would never do anything nasty. Would never think of another dick in her life. Refuses to roleplay with John. Wants to believe she's a virgin and is rescued by her prince for her whole life. White picket fence. So faithful; she's dull."

"Poor woman."

"John sees me as the only outlet for his interests; she refuses to entertain them. But they love each other and... here we are."

"So that's why all the bride stuff."

I nodded. "He wants to be exclusive with me. And me with him. Except for you, of course."

He fingered the garments again. "Put these on; I think I made the perfect choice."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Even if you're coming back here with him; I want you to be his perfect bride."

I kissed him again. "I love you so much, Caine. You're wonderful."

He laughed in delight. "And you are the perfect wife. Absolutely perfect."

CHAPTER 20

CAINE

I watched from the shadows as John Esko kissed his bride – my wife. She wore the garments I had chosen: white wedding lingerie. White to show her purity to him. Lingerie to lead him into the ultimate consummation: marriage sex.

I was ecstatic that my wife was developing real feelings for John: it proved she was moving beyond the entire Vegas trauma of her life. If I could help her with John, then I was proving to myself and her that our marriage bond was stronger than she could ever imagine.

By helping her accept his dick, both of us were showing John the perfection in his marriage he was lacking. We made up for his wife's weakness. Together, the three of us rang that clarion bell of commitment.

The violation was perfect. He violated my marriage with his dick, and my wife violated his marriage with her pussy. Except that it was exclusive. The vow had been made.

By agreement, today was going to be their wedding night, as it were. I would record it for the three of us. The only regret was not that it was my birthday today, but that my anniversary with Dani was so far off that we couldn't wait to align the dates so that he "married" her on our anniversary. Knowing that she was celebrating her anniversary with John on our wedding anniversary would've been so much hotter, but it was not to be.

In a perfect world...

I did not start recording right away. They kissed for a long time while she fondled his dick.

He gripped her left hand and brought it up to his mouth. He sucked her finger in and licked the wedding ring I had put on her finger. "My beautiful slut-bride."

My wife hummed happily.

"Does your husband know you're with me?"

It was play, of course; I was sitting right there with them.

Dani's voice was husky and breathy. "Yes, he wants you to fuck me."

"Does he know I'm going to fuck you without a condom?"

Yes, I knew.

"Yes, he knows."

He pulled on his dick and lowered her hand to it. He squeezed and stroked, milking a large glob of ooze from the tip. He smeared it all over her wedding ring.

Dani murmured, "Ooo, I like that."

I knew she was sincere, too. She loved her wedding ring being coated with another man's cum. It gave her a sense of control and victory. Perhaps all over Vegas, but what did I care? She had certainly enjoyed, according to her testimony, her tryst with Rich – the first man she had done when married to Vegas. She had developed feelings for him.

Maybe that's what she was aiming for: the recovery of something she missed and lost.

I would help her.

As if by committing the greatest of violations she affirmed the strength of her love and commitment to me.

Right or wrong, I supported that.

And was it wrong to be happy?

Was it wrong for John?

He reached to her panties and moved his fingers.

She whispered, "My husband wanted to do that before you got here. I told him no."

He tilted his head. "Why?"

"Because I wanted to save my pussy for you."

His smile was pleased beyond measure. "You nasty bride."

My wife disengaged and slid down to her knees. "Let me..."

He leaned back a little, thrusting his hips forward. He whispered, "Yeah, suck me."

I got up and started recording.

He didn't acknowledge me but moved perfectly to allow me to record it. My wife's mouth and lips slid wetly on his dick and I captured it all. For a few minutes, there were just wet mouth sounds and his sighs.

He took hold of her head and pumped his hips – fucking his shaft into my wife's mouth. It was gentle, but lewd. His legs quivered with the strain and Dani took as much as he gave.

He lifted her and put her on the bed. Guiding her legs open, he moved his face in and inserted fingers into her hole. "Does your husband do this?"

"Yes... but I need your tongue and dick."

"Do you like me licking you?"

"Yes."

"Your husband isn't enough?"

"No. I need you, too. I need your cock."

I lifted my eyebrows in surprise. Maybe she was playing. Maybe she wasn't. If she wasn't, I didn't mind. My dick began swelling.

She whimpered, holding his head while he fingered and licked her, "I'm almost complete. I need you to complete me."

I stroked, listening and recording. I knew they had been talking since that very first date – and had continued even when he had cut off the physical part of their relationship. I had not asked much about the topics of their conversation and Dani offered little. Had they talked about all this?

John murmured, "You need my cock, huh?"

"Yes! I need it. I need you to fuck me so I can make love to my husband. Without you, it won't be right."

John moved up and mounted my wife. His cock stood straight out and he jacked it over her for a few seconds. "You're married and I'm going to fuck you."

She responded with enthusiasm. "Yes."

"Without a condom."

"Please..."

I moved to them and angled the phone.

Now John addressed me directly. "Caine..."

"Hmm?" I was busy focusing the phone.

"I'm going to fuck your wife."

"Please do."

He waved his long erection at the phone. "No, listen. This is it. I'm going to make this the night she becomes my bride."

"Yeah... we sorta talked about this." I zoomed in as his cock hovered near Dani's open pussy.

He explained, "Once it goes in, she's as good as married to me as to you."

I considered that for a moment. Maybe he was being a little audacious, but it was my wife I was thinking about. She wanted this. If her words to him were true...

He touched the head of his cock to my wife's pussy. "Are you sure, Caine?"

Dani whispered shakily, "Please make love to me... I... love you, John."

I said resolutely, "Fuck her. And do it right. If you ever mistreat my wife, I'll come after you."

He sighed with a smile. "I knew I liked you. We're on the same page, you and I."

Dani begged, "Please."

I could tell she was as moved by my words as his. Her hips lifted and her pussy was inflamed and open.

John looked at her and pressed the head of his dick to her lips. He moved it up and down, parting them. Then he pulled back abruptly. He beckoned me. "Let's make you a part of this. Can you hold the phone with one hand?"

"Yeah?"

"Hold your wife's lips open for me and I'll slide it in. Use your left hand. Show your support."

Dani was worked up. She looked at me, pleading. "Help him, husband. Please, my love. Hurry; I can't wait any longer!"

I sat by her side and spread her wet pussy lips open.

John said, "Wider." He was stroking his cock over my wife.

I repositioned my fingers and opened her up as best I could.

He breathed his satisfaction. When his dick came down, it rubbed over my wedding ring. Then it angled over and pushed into her folds. "Hold it open, now."

I was too fascinated to say anything. I was already holding her open.

Slowly, he eased the head of his dick forward. He made certain to touch my fingers during the slide with his dick.

I felt the skin of his erection sliding across my fingers and into her pussy. The head popped in and disappeared and it kept going. The shaft slid in, brushing my fingers all the way, until he had every inch inside Dani's pussy.

While I kept recording, I realized just how blessed I was to have felt him giving her the bridal fuck.

My wife whimpered happily as he thrust and pulled, over and over.

I jacked my dick with my left hand – the memory of his shaft sliding across it imprinted on my mind. Fuck my bride, John. Fuck her so good she begs for more.

I knew this hadn't been exactly my fantasy when I had married her, but her desires had altered mine. Something better and stronger had come out of it. I watched John's butt move and flex as he shoved every inch of his love in and out of my wife.

Dani moaned and whimpered, eyes closed, smeared wedding ring rubbing along John's back.

CHAPTER 21

DANI

Every invasive thrust of John's cock into my pussy was pure ecstasy. I was impaled on his erection and filled with perfection in my marriage to Caine and my symbolic marriage to John.

I would be what his wife couldn't be. It would be quiet. It would be beautiful. He would be happy going back to her and I would be happy with my husband. And John would come again to renew the circle of our love.

John systematically drove his violation of my marriage into me. I spread my legs wantonly, allowing him to fuck what I had promised to Caine. I lifted my hips, offering to this married man everything that he needed – that I needed – that my husband needed.

I gave him my pussy, fucking him with gladness in my heart. It completed me with Caine. It perfected the love. By our act of violation and agreement, we sanctified the defilement.

I said without any reluctance, "Please keep fucking me, John. Don't ever stop."

His shaft impaled me with a rhythm that pushed me to the edge. From tip to balls, his erection entered and left me, over and over, filling me with completion.

He gasped, kissing me as fast as he could, "I love you. I will be yours forever."

I drifted to the side, eyes closed, then spun the other way. Fire and heat burned in my pussy, burning hotter. The tense coil of need twisted inside me savagely, until it quivered on the edge of breaking. I panted, as if high on a cliff and the fall great. I bucked my hips up. "Unh... fuck my married pussy!"

A noise drew my attention.

My husband was recording it all as we agreed. His was stroking himself in pure delight. His hand was slow but his breathing was fast. He was gasping. On the edge like I was.

I turned my attention back to John – my new husband. "Do it... John. Fuck me. Fill... me... in front of my husband. I want... him to see... your cock in me. Filling me. Fuck me, John!" My voice trailed off as the fucking became more intense. Swirls of light raced across my vision and tingles lanced up my labia. My nipples felt like diamond and I wasn't sure I was breathing. "Please... complete... all of us..."

John called out to my husband, "Come here! Hurry. Kiss your wife; I'm about to cum!"

A second later, the familiar feel of my husband's mouth descended on mine. His tongue explored my mouth and I did my best to respond.

However, it was all too much. Caine was the tipping point. My loving husband's mouth was kissing me while my pussy was being brutally fucked and violated.

Over and over, John's thick cock speared me full. He made love to me with a passion that achieved total fulfillment. I bucked under him and moaned desperately into my husband's mouth.

I widened my legs further and thrust my hips high. I was liplocked with my husband.

John drove in, fast and hard and deep. My pussy had never felt the kind of passion I was feeling now. I gave him everything.

I was shocked by an explosion that occurred at the precise moment I was experiencing the loving massage of Caine's tongue in my mouth. Scalding blasts squirted inside of me, deep. John's cock flexed and pulsed, sending his love deep into my soul. My husband kissing me while John shot his cum deep into my pussy sent me over the edge. With a bursting release, fire spread from my pussy in tidal waves of sensation and heat.

I latched onto my husband's head and kept his face on mine – kissing him back

with a frenzy driven upwards from my pussy.

John grunted and squirted in pulses and thrusts. Each deep thrust of his was another scalding splash against my womb.

I lost awareness, mostly. I spun and tumbled, jerking and thrusting my hips at John's driving cock. Without conscious thought, I did my best to milk every last drop of his love from him.

Wetness was all over my face.

I realized I was crying.

I pulled Caine's head closer and whispered with all my heart's might, "Thank you, husband; I love you so much."

"I love you, too."

"Thank you. Let me have time with... my new husband now..."

CHAPTER 22

CAINE

I retreated back to the chair, but kept recording. My cock strained immensely.

John was still over her, still, his cock only half in her. Every few seconds, the shaft pulsed, sending a late spurt into my wife. Those eventually stopped.

But what a sight! His thick shaft spreading my Dani's lips open was visual perfection. I knew I would never be satisfied making love to my wife without also experiencing the sight of her pussy filled with John's erection. It completed her. It completed me.

I let them whisper to each other as they professed their love. His cock was still thick and hard when he pulled out. He pulled her up and said, "Let's shower."

I stopped recording.

The water ran and they left the door open. Moments later, my wife gasped. Then again.

I realized the shower was perfunctory and a prelude to more sex.

The sounds of his gasps and my wife's moans echoed out of the tiled bathroom and throughout the house. Soon, slapping sounds accompanied it all.

I got up with the phone, dick in hand, and went to see.

John had my Dani pinned up against the tile wall as the water ran over them. He was driving up as hard as he could, stabbing his love up into my wife's pussy.

He was practically a machine.

Her moans made me jack my cock.

She cried out louder and louder, "Fuck me! Oh John!"

I could see the outline of her legs, muscles taut and flexing as she moved to his obscene thrusts. She loved every push. Every violation.

So did I.

That was the woman I loved in there. The woman I had married. I had put a ring on her finger. I had taken her promise and given her mine. I had loved her and made love to her. Life had been... grand? And then I had pushed – trying to expand her horizons.

So I had thought.

She had expanded mine.

She was pinned against the wall, giving her pussy to another man. She had promised that pussy to me. But she was giving it joyously and energetically to John.

And I loved it.

After all, this was sort of what I wanted. Just a little different. Better.

John violated my home, my bride, and my marriage.

I gave up and let go. Cum erupted out of my cock in hot squirts of total satisfaction.

In the bathroom, John drove his cock up my wife's pussy. In and out, filling her over and over.

It was beautiful and I loved every grunt, thrust, and squirt.

They came out later, smiling and panting. But they weren't done and were soon fucking like lovers on our bed.

Never had my wife been more beautiful than now. Her pussy all stretched open for John's cock was heavenly.

This was their night, and I left them alone. I was glad to have witnessed something so special.

Thank you for reading DANI! I hope you enjoyed the story. As with my other stories, elements contained within are true. I'll let the reader decide and imagine which.

Moral of the story: In a strong, loving marriage, it is indeed possible to find additional happiness and loads of fun (pun intended) on another man's dick. Caution, care, communication, etc.

For similar titles, check out these books by Laran Mithras:

Defile Her – wife is taken rudely in front of her husband by an opportunist

Single Daddies – she meets two handsome fathers and she's married

Dress Day – she dresses as a schoolgirl and her boss falls for her, hard

Hunting for Love – two divorced people engage their kink together

Flirty – a wife is encouraged by her husband to flirt and begins to like it

Bimbo Becky – he shares his bimbo wife with his best buddy who just got dumped