

CAREER ADVANCEMENT

A Femdom Slutwife Story of Extreme Cuckold Humiliation by Ken Jarry



CAREER ADVANCEMENT

A Femdom Slutwife Story of Extreme Cuckold Humiliation

By Ken Jarry

Series Editor: N.T. Morley

First Edition -- Published 09 23 2014

Published by Deception Press

For more hot erotic fiction written or edited by N.T. Morley, visit DeceptionPress.com.

"Career Advancement" was first published by Deception Press in 2014. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

This edition is Copyright © 2014 by N.T. Morley.

Career Advancement is an explicit 7,100-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female cuckold domination, male erotic domination, male cuckold submission, female erotic submission, erotic humiliation, sexual denial, infidelity, and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

Cover and interior layout by Aisha Trance. Photo: Fotolia.

Book Description for Career Advancement: A Femdom Slutwife Story of Extreme Cuckold Humiliation

Ken's new boss, Ethan, made it clear what he wants in return for Ken's next promotion.... he wants Ken's hot, slutty wife, Naomi. It seems Ethan spotted Naomi on an "interracial swinger's" website -- she's featured on several -- and took note of the fact that she checked not only the "Total Femdom Cuckold" category, but the "Sissy Husband" box, as well. He knows Ken can't say no if Naomi says yes... and the gorgeous slutwife is more than up to Ethan's proposal.

After all, it's Ken's obsession with gorgeous black men fucking his wife that got Naomi into swinging and into black men in the first place... and into perversion in general. It's Ken's submissive nature that made Naomi seek out "real men" with big cocks to fuck her properly, often in front of her husband.

Ethan's a virile, handsome and dominant black man... and most important of all, he's *hung*. Ken assures his wife of this after a racquetball game that sees Ethan undressing in front of his far less endowed employee.

Knowing just what her sissy husband needs, Naomi makes Ken pick out the slutty dress, sexy stockings, very heels, flashy earrings and extremely skimpy panties she'll wear for his boss. She lets him cook dinner for them, wearing her dirty panties. She lets Ken light candles, choose sensual music, set the mood, pour the champagne, serve Ethan and Naomi dinner... and even prepare the bed where Ken's boss will be fucking her brains out.

Most importantly, Naomi lets Ken watch as his boss "seduces" the eager wife... who yields to temptation like just the slut she is, dropping to her knees for Ken's boss before the humiliated cuckold can serve dessert!

Career Advancement is an explicit 7,100-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female domination, male submission,

female submission, erotic humiliation, sexual denial, infidelity, and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

Career Advancement by Ken Jarry

My wife made me choose the outfit she'd wear to meet my boss.

I'd gone through this ritual with her a hundred times before, but this time it was different. Whenever Naomi and I go to parties -- or on the rare occasions when Naomi goes alone -- she makes me choose what she wears... and I know what she wants. She wants me to choose something sluttier than she would choose for herself. That was easy when we started this game, and my wife was somewhat reluctant, a little shy, not quite as eager to show off her body as some of the other girls at the parties we'd go to.

But in the years since we started to "swing," Naomi's become a bigger slut than I ever could have dreamed. My wife's behavior has met and exceeded my wildest fantasies. It's gotten harder and harder for me to pick outfits that are even more daring, revealing, and provocative than Naomi would choose for herself. She can outdo me every time.

Lucky for me, she takes me shopping with her. So I've seen my wife picking out dresses; I've watched as she tried them on, knowing she would wear them to fuck other men.

So I know what Naomi feels sexy in. I know what she thinks makes her look good, and I almost always agree... my wife looks good from any angle. More importantly, I know what kind of outfits make my wife feel slutty. I knew that's what she needed tonight, so I picked out a dress that was nearly obscene.

The dress I selected was white, for a few reasons. First, my wife looks fucking incredible in white. Her creamy, deep-tan skin, exotic features and dark hair are lovely when offset by a white dress.

This particular dress is so tight and its fabric so thin that her "features" show right through. The dress plunges so deep in front between Naomi's

ample tits that there's no way she could wear a bra. In back, it's the same. The back of the dress is open right down to her ass-crack.

The skimpy little dress barely stays on her... it defies gravity.

But then, that's not hard, because it's so damned tight. The hem is so short that Naomi can barely bend over without flashing whoever's behind her.

It's the perfect "fuck-me dress." It says "fuck me" loud and clear.

This wasn't the kind of dress that a woman wears to a "normal" party. She wears it to a party where she will get fucked. Naomi had worn it three times, to three swing parties... and each time she'd gotten *immediate* attention, and plenty of action that night.

"Very good choice, baby. I like that it's white." She uttered a laugh that was halfway between a playful giggle and a sensuous purr. "Are you dreaming that it's our wedding night?" She reminisced: "Back then, I had no idea you were such a disgusting perv. I had no idea you'd turn me into such a horny little slut. Is that what you're thinking? That tonight I'm a virgin?"

"Maybe," I admitted. "Maybe a little."

"I am kind of a virgin, tonight. I mean, I've fucked a whole lot of guys... but I've never done *this*." She laughed again. "Fucking my husband's boss for a promotion. That is slutty, darling, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mistress," I whimpered. "It's pretty slutty."

"But I don't know if it's sluttier than some of the things I've done at parties, baby. I mean, I've done some *really* dirty things, right? *How* many guys have I fucked at one time? Or in one night, or whatever?"

Naomi pretended not to care, but she was turned on by the numbers. I guess you could say my wife is an over-achiever. She was even more aroused -- and her ego gratified -- by the fact that I knew those numbers by heart. I knew exactly how many men she had fucked; I knew everything she

had done. I replay her adventures in my mind on the rare occasions when she gives me permission to jerk off.

I said breathlessly, "Five men at once. But... more than that in one night. That one time... on your birthday, Mistress.... it was twelve. You fucked and sucked twelve men in a night."

"Really?" she laughed. "Wow. I'm a bigger whore than I thought."

"You're *popular*, Mistress," I said wryly.

"Bullshit," she teased me. "Don't give me some kind of euphemism for it. I *like* being a whore. I'm *proud* of being a whore." Then she beamed at me happily. "You *made* me a whore, you little pervert. Remember how you had to beg me to fuck another man for you? Remember how you had to beg me to go to my first swing party?"

"Yes, Mistress," I murmured. "I had to beg. I really had to... grovel. I had to... talk you into it."

She laughed happily: "I think I did it as a favor to you!"

"Yes, you did," I said. "I didn't know that... you'd like it so much, Mistress."

"That's what I'm doing now," she purred. "I'm fucking your boss, for *your* benefit. You're whoring me out to your boss for that fucking promotion you want so badly. But I think you can guess that I'm probably going to like it."

I nodded, even though what she'd just said was an understatement to a huge degree. *Probably*? It was more than *probable* that my wife was going to enjoy fucking my handsome, charming, hot, hunk, and extremely well-hung boss. I'd seen him in the locker room when we played racquetball together. I'd seen his cock, half-hard in triumph after wiping the court with me. I knew how big it was. I'd described it to her in intimate detail. I'd also described how tall, fit, and masculine Ethan was in every other respect. I'd

told her how dominant he seemed in the office, how aggressively he'd taken control of the branch when he became regional manager. There was no question in my mind that my wife wouldn't just *like* fucking Ethan. She'd *love* it.

Naomi continued, enjoying herself immensely as she teased me. "Fucking a bunch of hot black strangers at an interracial swing party is one thing... but fucking my husband's boss for a promotion is a whole new level of promiscuity." She was breathing hard, her nipples erect from the sensual excitement of how dirty she was being.

She leaned in close against me, her tits and hard nips grinding up against my chest.

She said: "It actually makes me a... *prostitute*. Kind of. Doesn't it?"

I shivered all over to hear her say that.

I said, "Yes, Mistress. I think it does... kind of."

Naomi moaned: "But I like it, baby. I like being a prostitute for my husband. I'm going to be a total fucking whore for you. I'll do anything Ethan wants. I'll let your boss fuck me any disgusting way he feels like, baby. There's no revolting, repulsive, filthy, perverted pleasure I'll deny him if he asks for it. That's what you want from me, isn't it, baby?"

My head swam. I didn't even know anymore... I just knew that she *would* do anything Ethan wanted, because Naomi wanted it more than Ethan possibly could. And I knew once Ethan got his hands on her, there was no perversion he would deny himself.

I said, "Yes, Mistress... yes, baby. That's what I want."

Naomi purred: "And when you get that raise, I'll make sure I spend every dollar of it to pamper myself... to pay myself back for what I'm about to do for you. Every cent I spend on myself will feel that much dirtier because I *earned* it." She nuzzled my ear. "And I'll love every second of it."

Standing naked and fresh from the shower, she kissed me on the neck and ran her hand up the front of my slacks. I was erect, of course. She was wet, too, as I found out when she took hold of my wrist and guided my hand between her legs, pushing my fingers into her pussy.

I also discovered, then, that she had shaved herself clean... no surprise, there. Naomi started out "trimming" before every party... but she soon found out how much more men like it when a woman's completely bare down there. Ever since then, a swing party always meant that Naomi went down to her silky-smooth skin.

And that's what I felt when she pushed my fingers up into her slit... along with the fact that my wife was incredibly wet.

No surprise there, either. She couldn't *wait* to get her legs wrapped around Ethan's hard black body.

I'd also picked out my wife's stockings and heels. The dress was to skimpy to wear with a garter belt, so I'd selected a pair of white seamed-back stay-ups, with lacy top-bands that rested several inches below the hem of her tight white dress. Her shoes were the sexiest white heels she had, a pair of elegant strap pumps with nearly six-inch stiletto heels.

I had also selected her underwear... a skimpy white thong with a front of see-through mesh dressed in lace.

But Naomi didn't usually wear underwear when she went out to parties or on "dates." She looked at even this skimpy thong with disdain.

"Are you sure, baby?" she asked. "Are you sure I should wear underwear? He's probably just going to rip it off of me five minutes after he walks in the door. Do you really want me to bother with them?"

I couldn't answer; my voice stuck, tight, in my throat. She was right, and I knew it, but I still wanted *something* between her smooth-shaved, perfect, wet, tight cunt and my boss's groping fingers. It was silly of me, I know.

How many men had I seen my wife fuck at the parties I'd taken her to over the years? How many times had I begged her to cheat on me before she finally agreed to do it? Why was this step such a bigger one? I didn't know. But both of us felt it. We both knew that fucking my boss was a whole new thing. It wasn't like having sex with men at swing parties while I watched. It was categorically different.

I would never be able to put this genie back in the bottle. That much seemed obvious.

And I already knew I didn't want to.

I said, "I think it's sexy, Mistress. When he takes them off of you... or when you take them off for him... then everyone will know it's *time*."

She sighed. "All right, darling. But you need to meet me halfway."

I stared at her blankly.

She smirked.

I got it.

"And not one of *your* pairs," she sighed. "Wear one of mine." Her smirk turned into a grin, her sigh into a laugh. "Dirty ones. Fresh from the hamper." Maybe the ones I wore all day?"

I said: "Yes, of course, Mistress," already thinking with some excitement of the sexy pink pair of panties Naomi had worn under her long T-shirt while she lounged about the house all day, never bothering to get all the way dressed. They were very pretty, a kind of hot-pink color with lacy trim and a thong back that crawled up her crack and had showed off her perfect, pretty butt cheeks all day to me whenever she bent over. I knew it would up *my* crack as well, tormenting me while I served a romantic and sumptuous dinner to my wife and my boss.

I asked her nervously: "You'll... you'll let me... I can wear pants, though... right?"

Naomi pursed her lips, thinking about it. She was toying with me, and I knew it. But my heart started to race, anyway. What if she made me serve her and her boss dinner dressed in nothing *but* panties? What if she ordered me to wear stockings and a wig, lipstick and eyeliner, to make myself up like a slut for him? She'd done that before, for some parties, for certain "themed" nights where the white husbands were *supposed* to be dressed up as sissies. But if she made me do that tonight, I didn't think I could handle the humiliation...

Lucky for me, Naomi had mercy. She saw the distress in my face, and gave me permission to dress like a man for the night.

Except for wearing her dirty panties under my slacks... and one other thing.

She said, "Wear that pink shirt of yours. The preppy one. It's very *flattering*." She considered her next words carefully. "Grey slacks, I think. Tight ones. Your thirty-two's, okay?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said. The order to wear a pink shirt was a little bit humiliating, too, but after all... it wasn't a women's shirt. Pink might be out of fashion in the business world, but it was still basically considered men's wear.

So that's what I wore, and I thanked her for it.

As she had commanded, I wore her Saturday panties under my grey slacks. They were dirty and smelly, because Naomi hadn't bothered to shower until she got ready for her date.

I got a few good whiffs before I climbed into them. They were still a little bit damp. The moisture of my wife's wet pussy clung to my balls, while my cock stretched the thin, lacy fabric in front.

#

I'd spent all Saturday cooking, making rack of lamb with Herbs de Provence and baby tomatoes, with an exquisite red wine, an Enculé Soumis '08 that I knew would go wonderfully with the lamb. I even picked out a sweet champagne as appetizer, as well as a dessert wine to pair with the cherry-dressed chocolate mousse I'd made.

I was really going over the top. I really wanted that promotion... and I really wanted to fill the role Naomi had for me in our life together.

I had never failed her before. I wanted this night to be special for her. I knew that the more I worked to make it perfect for her, the happier she would be with me. This was my role in our marriage.

And yes, I'll admit... I wanted it to be special for Ethan, too. I know that's perverted, but... I couldn't help myself. They were *both* in the mix. And they'd both have a great time... while I got the benefit I'd always wanted. Standing outside the action, watching... if I was lucky...

#

Once dinner was on its way to completion, I set the scene for them. I readied the house for seduction... the bedroom for sex.

The house was warm from the long day I'd spent cooking, so I turned down the lights and opened the windows. I lit candles. My wife grows honeysuckle vines on *a wooden trellis outside the windows, so the sweet honeysuckle sent blew in deliciously. The candles flickered in the soft summer breeze.

The dining room table was set for two, of course, with our best silver and linens. It's a four-person table... perfect for intimate dinners between two couples. I could easily have set a third place for me, if I'd wanted to.

But why would I?

This was about Naomi and Ethan. Naomi wouldn't want me around, I suspected. She'd be happier knowing I was there, watching but not having to pretend to be a part of the interaction.

Besides, once she saw Ethan in the flesh, I knew she'd be all about "getting to know him." I figured he'd have his hands in her panties before dessert.

To that end, I loaded up a four-hour playlist I'd downloaded of soft trip-hop/smooth jazz hybrids called "Erotic Evening." It started out soft, slow and trippy, gradually built through the course of an hour or so, grew more energetic over the next hour... then turned to a hard-pumping beat that left little doubt about what was intended to be happening by then. The volume built, too, over the course of the four-hour cycle. The speakers in our house are wired so that one click on the computer at our entertainment center can pump music into any room, or out onto the deck. I suggested to Naomi that when Ethan got here, they might want to enjoy their first taste -- champagne -- on the deck.

Naomi thought that was great.

In the bedroom, of course, I first made the bed putting fresh sheets on them... 1,200 thread count, of a deep, sensuous red color. I set the lights low and made sure the music's volume was slightly louder in there... it was where they'd want to be guided by its steadily increasing rhythm as the night progressed and their interaction grew more... *intimate*.

Everything would be perfect for them.

#

When the doorbell rang, I jumped. Ethan was right on time. I looked down miserably at the bulge in my slacks. Why try to hide it? He already knew what kind of man I was. He'd seen me getting rock-hard in the locker room showers, just from having him talk about fucking my wife.

So I answered the door with a bulge in my pants.

Ethan was dressed in an exquisite suit, not at all like what one would wear to an employee's house for a dinner won in racquetball. But then, Naomi was wearing something no wife would *ever* wear for a casual dinner with her husband's boss.

This dinner was far from casual.

From the second they saw each other, the two of them only had eyes for each other.

"You look even more beautiful than your picture," said Ethan.

My wife put her arms up and posed, arching her back and thrusting her tits out so her very hard nipples showed through the thin fabric of the dress.

"Thank you," she said. "The dress helps, I think."

"Yes it does," said Ethan.

My wife glanced at me proudly. "Ken picked it out."

"Did he?" said Ethan, not even looking at me. "I should have known a guy like him would know how to dress his wife."

"Oh, he does," said Naomi provocatively. "Shall we start with a drink on the deck?"

"That would be lovely," said Ethan, taking my wife's hand.

"Um... I'll get the champagne," I murmured.

"Champagne," said Naomi. "How elegant."

Ethan, on the other hand, ignored me. Of *course* I would get the wine.

I went to the computer, started the playlist and turned up the volume on the deck. Then I went to the kitchen and got the champagne, my cock throbbing in my panties the whole time.

I shouldn't have been that surprised when I came out with the bottle of champagne to find them sitting close together on the patio bench. Ethan's hand was already on my wife's knee. Her legs were casually crossed, her calf rubbing up against his knee.

Things had already started. I set down the two champagne flutes, popped the champagne open, and filled the flutes. Neither Naomi nor Ethan even looked at me while I did. They just looked into each other's eyes, talking softly and -- it seemed like -- intimately.

When I pouring the champagne, Naomi said: "Thank you, dear. We'll call you if we need you."

Ethan said: "This is one gorgeous woman you've got here," he said. "You're a very lucky man."

"Thank you, Sir." I blushed even deeper to hear myself calling Ethan "Sir." But that, too, was silly of me. I suspected I'd find myself calling him "Master" before he was done with my wife.

I lurked at the edge of the deck, between sliding door and kitchen, pretending to finish with dinner -- but in reality, it was already done. I overheard them talking more casually... words floated over to me now and then.

I caught bits and pieces of their conversation. It was not the kind a "normal" man might have expected to hear his wife having with his boss. I overheard the name "Nina" several times, on Naomi's lips and Ethan's. "Nina" is the name that Naomi uses on the swing circuit... which meant she was telling him stories about things she'd done at parties. Of course, Ethan already knew Naomi was a swinger, and he knew she went by "Nina," because that's where he'd found her... on the website of Opal Villa, one of

the clubs we go to. That's why he'd known he would get what he wanted when he told me he'd let me have the promotion... if I let him fuck my wife.

He'd also known I would not have any real choice in the matter. Having read the profile for "Nina and Kendra" on the Opal Villa site, he knew that my wife had checked "Total Femdom Wife" and "Sissy Cuckold Husband" and "Fluff as Desired," so Ethan knew more about my role in the relationship than most men who hooked up with my wife at parties.

But then I overheard more. My wife *was* telling my boss a few locker-room stories about her life as "Nina," maybe hoping to spur him on to more sexual aggression when they made their way into the bedroom. She wanted him to know that she was a slut. She wanted him to know that while she might play innocent -- just for fun -- she could handle a big cock like his, and do it with style.

My wife didn't want my boss to back down from whatever perverted pleasures he wanted from her. She wanted him to go all the way. My wife wanted Ethan to make him her whore.

I heard Naomi say dirty things like, "Five guys," and the same phrase returned in a laugh from Ethan. She was bragging about the five men who'd gangbanged her at Opal Villa.

Then, I heard "Twelve guys!" in a giggle from her, as she told him the story of what she'd done on her birthday at Opal Villa.

Ethan grinned; he seemed impressed, even dumbfounded -- but he was just playing along. "Twelve guys! That's really impressive. I can't possibly measure up to twelve..."

"I don't know," I heard Naomi purring, and then what she said next was lost as she lowered her voice and leaned closer to Ethan.

Ethan teased her and flirted with her, hinting at a bedroom personality as dominant as Naomi was submissive... except, of course, with me. With me, Naomi's another woman.

With other men, she plays the flirt, the virgin, even while she brags about what a huge slut she is.

I saw my wife's soft, rich tan skin turning pink as she played the coquette even while she told the story of how she'd fucked twelve guys to mark her twenty-fourth birthday. She pretended to be embarrassed at Ethan's repetition of "Nina's" indiscretions... but I knew she loved it.

My wife flirted with my boss like an expert. She acted like a whore... but a whore who really loves her profession. She was more of a slut for my boss than she'd ever been at any of the many dozens of swing parties we'd gone to.

"Well, I do love men," I heard my wife giggling, after she'd glanced over and noticed that I was listening. "I guess it's obvious someone like Ken doesn't fully satisfy me... isn't that right, darling?" She raised her voice slightly to make sure I knew she knew I was listening... and that she was teasing me for my own benefit.

I said, "Yes, darling," as my cock stiffened.

"I don't even let you try anymore, do I?"

"No, baby," I said, my breath tight in my chest.

"Why would I?" laughed Naomi. "He's no good in bed... except with his mouth. He gives *amazing* head." She put her hand on Ethan's knee. "You should try him sometime."

Ethan chuckled. "Not my scene." He'd been grinning the whole time, obviously loving the ritual of my wife heaping humiliation on me before she fucked another man in front of me.

Naomi argued: "But he's *so good*. Aren't you, dear?"

"At, um... eating pussy, Mistress?"

Naomi shot me a playfully frustrated, pursed-lipped look. She would have loved nothing more than to see me give head to my boss. But she didn't want to push too hard. After all, it was their first date.

"Yes, darling. Don't all my girlfriends say you eat *magnificent* snatch? Just like a lesbian."

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

I blushed myself to realize I'd just called Naomi "Mistress" in front of my boss.

Then I realized how ridiculous that was to be embarrassed by such a thing, given how thoroughly my wife had already humiliated me in front of him. Besides, it was obvious the two were one dinner and a few glasses of wine away from fucking in our bed.

The conversation became lower in tone, and the two of them snuggled closer after I refilled their champagne glasses again... then again. They were whispering. They seemed to be talking about what they were going to do, rather than merely discussing my wife's exploits in the abstract. I had seen this ritual many times in the lounge area at Opal Villa and other parties... when it was a foregone conclusion that my wife would go downstairs or upstairs to one of the "play rooms" with one or more of the men she was flirting with.

But this was so different. It was even more fascinating... even more humiliating... even more erotic.

My cock stood like a flagpole, stretching my wife's wet, dirty panties... stretching my slacks.

Somewhere, in the midst of their whispered conversation, Ethan started talking about *his* predilections... and his capabilities. From the little I overheard, they were impressive. Almost as impressive as the cock I'd seen in the locker room when we undressed to play racquetball.

I heard Ethan say something like:

"I would say three or four times in a night is just for starters, for me."

To which Naomi said brightly, flirtatiously, provocatively: "Three or four times! For starters? Yum! You sound like my dream date!"

Then their voices got quieter again, and I was no longer privy to the details they discussed.

But I didn't need a transcript to know what they were talking about doing three or four times in a night.

Just from what I overheard... they were moving even faster than I'd expected. But why should that surprise me? This was my wife, after all. She's not exactly known for being a shrinking violet.

And I wouldn't want her to be one.

I want her just like this.

As intensely humiliating as this was... I craved this. I needed it.

I'd *always* needed it. Even before I met Naomi. Even before I confessed my desires to her. I'd always wanted this.

Besides... *that promotion!*

Don't get me wrong... the promotion was not what this night was about. But it made it that much hotter to know that I'd pimped my wife for a new, even dirtier reason than usual. That is to say, Naomi wasn't letting herself be seduced in front of me for the usual reason -- because she was a slut and I was a pervert cuckold -- not even for the far more perverted reason I'd pimped her back when we'd first started -- because she was a slut *for me* and I was a pervert cuckold who'd *begged her* to fuck other men!

I felt dizzy. I had never been more turned on in my life. And I don't think Naomi had, either. As for Ethan, he seemed cool and collected, but very much in-control. When he said dirty things, sometimes Naomi giggled. Everything she did was about flirting with Ethan, but she never went too far. She let him take the lead. This was a mutual seduction, but Ethan was the dominant party.

I felt deeply perverse to enjoy it so much seeing my wife play the sweet coquette to the nth degree. By flirting like crazy but pretending some slight degree of shyness, she seemed to be trying to act like this whole thing wasn't about 40% her idea. At least, she's the one who jumped at the opportunity.

But then again, I was the one who'd related it to her, rather than burying it in my perverted memory. And Ethan was the one who made the original overture... and wasn't too subtle about it.

So I guess it takes three to tango.

Besides, I couldn't blame my wife for playing it a little bit virginal. She loves aggressive and dominant men. She loves being seduced.

And I was the one who'd picked out a white dress. She was playing the virgin because it aroused me. Whatever you might think of her, my wife does love me. She does this for me... at least partially.

#

My boss and my wife shared their first kiss before I refilled their champagne flutes for the fourth time. It was tender, affectionate, exploratory.

They had their second kiss while I was pouring.

It was a deeper one, more passionate than before, with Ethan proving more aggressive... his hand creeping up my wife's thigh, then up onto her belly, inches from her ample bosom.

"Dinner's ready," I said meekly as the bubbly settled down. "Any time you're ready."

They both ignored me. Ethan's hands both migrated onto my wife's breasts. He started thumbing her nipples as they kissed. I stood there and watched them for a long, agonizing minute, but I couldn't stand it. Not because I was upset, but because it was simply too hot. If I stood there and watched them... I thought I might cum in my pants.

So I returned to the kitchen and puttered around, breathing deep and trying to lose my hard-on.

I wasn't successful. I was still hard about ten minutes later, when Naomi and Ethan came in from the deck. My wife's hair was ruffled. Her dress was askew. Ethan's pants looked a little bit off, too. Most importantly, Naomi's lipstick was messy.

They'd been doing more than kissing out there.

I thought I would erupt in my pants when I saw that.

Ethan took a seat, Naomi bent over and kissed him, making sure I was behind her so when she bent over, I got a yummy shot right up the short dress I'd picked out for her.

"I'll be right back," she said. "I'm going to freshen up."

Ethan and I were alone in the kitchen for a time. I looked sheepishly at him.

"That's one hot wife you've got there," he said. "I appreciate this, Ken. You know I won't forget it."

"Thank you, Sir," I heard myself saying. Calling him "Sir" seemed so absurd -- Lewis-Finch just wasn't like that. But on this occasion, it seemed right.

"I mean it. I'll always remember which employee let me... *have* something of value."

"Yes, Sir," I said submissively. Ethan had to know that it was Naomi's decision, not mine... and he had to know that she was as horny for him as he was for her. But I guess maybe it turned him to treat it like a transaction -- a monetary trade, my promotion for sex with my wife. Maybe it turned him on almost as much as it turned Naomi on.

But I doubt it. Naomi was so turned on by that I think she would have fucked *any* boss I aimed her at. The fact that Ethan was big, black and gorgeous was... gravy, I guess.

Naomi came back with her lipstick and hair fixed. She took her seat. I poured the wine, and their dinner began.

But both of them were already thinking about "dessert."

#

Over dinner, their conversation was less intimate, more casual. As the wine flowed and Naomi complimented the food -- I guess I blushed a little at that -- they became more casual. At one point, I discovered Naomi had slipped off her shoe and let her foot travel up into my boss's crotch.

He liked that. His hands worked gently over her calf and her foot, giving her a suggestive and sensual foot massage. Their conversation had taken a turn toward the more intimate.

As the dinner progressed, the playlist I'd chosen for them was moving through its "speed-up" phase. It was getting more sensual, more erotic, far more provocative. My wife and my boss didn't need it, obviously... they provided plenty of inspiration of their own. But the suggestion was not lost on them, as the pumping rhythms began, suggesting the pumping of hot, sweaty, drunken bodies.

Both of them had had several glasses of wine on top of the champagne, by then. My wife can really put it away, and Ethan's a big man... I felt sure he could handle his liquor. But there was no question that my wife was loosened up, "uninhibited." She was ready to go, and the sensual grind of the music encouraged her as it rose in volume.

If there's one thing I know how to do, it's get my wife laid.

After I served the entrée, I told them there'd be a brief wait for dessert. It was a chocolate mousse dressed with cherries in cherry syrup, and I still had to pour.

But when I came back out of the kitchen, I found they'd already moved on to their own kind of "dessert," far sweeter than any I had for them.

#

Somehow, Ethan had grabbed my wife and lifted her bodily from her chair. He'd planted her ass on the table, heedless of the fact that they'd knocked their wine glasses over. That was okay, though... they were both empty. They'd put away plenty between them, which shouldn't have surprised me. Obviously, my wife knows how to party. Ethan did, too, that much was clear.

Naomi's hot, tanned, stocking-clad legs were wrapped around Ethan, her dress up, one hand on the back of his neck and the other pressed to his crotch. As I watched in excited surprise, I saw her working his zipper down, reaching in, pulling his cock out... and then, oh, fuck, oh, fuck, I got my first look at his cock in full flight.

It was *enormous*. As big as I'd made it seem after seeing it soft and then half-hard in the locker room, Naomi must have thought I had underplayed it. The thing was gigantic.

Naomi wasn't intimidated. After the wide array of men she's been with, why would she be? My boss certainly ranked as one of the most impressive...

but Naomi knew how to handle him. If there's one thing my wife knows, it's how to handle big black cocks.

She slid off the table, got on her knees, and took Ethan's cock in her mouth. Three or four wet strokes, and she made her first go at deep-throating. She could not take it all; she made gagging and choking sounds, then came up with slurping noises, took a breath, and began to worship my boss's cock even more eagerly.

Now, Naomi has swallowed a whole lot of cocks. My wife prides herself on her ability to handle the big ones... that is, to deep-throat them. So I guess I was slightly surprised that it took her another try... more gagging, choking, a gulping sound... then some more slurping, then again, then again, then again... before finally, her red lips descended the magnificent tower of Ethan's dark cock, and her throat distended with the bulk of it. She took my boss's cock all the way down... and slipped her hand into his pants to caress his balls while she savored the feeling of having it all the way down her throat.

By then, the top of her dress was pulled open and Naomi's tits were hanging out; the hem was up close to her waist and her beautiful ass and sweet, hairless pussy was there for the taking. But Naomi just kept on sucking, deliciously, wetly, slurping her way up and down the enormous shaft.

While she did, I saw Ethan look over at me with a wry smile. He seemed to be savoring a taste of his own... the taste of my absolute submission. Don't get me wrong... my boss is obviously the kind of guy who can appreciate a good blowjob, and my wife gives the best. But the pleasure was all that much sweeter, it seemed, because she was *mine*.

And he was *taking* her.

Naomi simply lost herself in the task of worshipping my boss's cock. She kept pumping aggressively, past the point where I realized she wanted to make Ethan cum in her mouth.

So she did something she's very good at. It's my favorite of her many oral techniques... which is to say, I like seeing her do it to other men more than almost anything in the world.

I'd seen her do this hundreds of times at parties. She was a well-practiced expert at it. Her lips glided wetly up and down on the top part of his shaft, while her hands worked the bottom part, squeezing and pumping. While she does that, Naomi makes eye contact with the man standing above her, so he can see how completely focused on him she is. Her luscious brown eyes sparkle with submissive excitement; she gives him all her emotional energy while she pumps and sucks, pumps and sucks, faster and faster as he closes in on completion.

No man can hold back from that. Ethan didn't even try.

But he did something I didn't expect. He watched my wife do what she did for a long time, enjoying the sight of her pretty face all smeared with lipstick and pre-cum and spit. He ran his fingers through her hair, lightly. He didn't pull her hair, or try to take control. He let her take the lead, since she obviously knew what she was doing.

But then, he did something that really surprised me. Just as he reached that hot, wet, perfect point of no return, my boss looked away from Naomi, breaking eye contact.

And he looked at me.

I'd been watching them the whole time, of course, still holding their dessert. I wanted very badly to put it down, take my cock out, and jerk off. My dick throbbed in my slacks, and I'm sure Ethan could have seen it if he'd bothered to look down.

But he was more interested in making eye contact. He froze me with his gaze, and made sure I was looking into his eyes as he let out a long, low groan of pleasure.

As he did, my wife made a mewling sound of warm, wet pleasure. I knew what that meant.

My boss was cumming in Naomi's mouth.

He stared at me the whole time, locking my eyes in his, as he emptied himself into Naomi's mouth. She was already messy from spit, lipstick, pre-cum, and the drizzling black mascara tears that came from having her gag reflex repeatedly struggled with and then finally overcome.

But she didn't waste his cum. She swallowed every drop.

After she finished sucking my boss off, Naomi buttoned his pants, rose to her feet, and hugged him.

"Darling," she said. "I think we'll close the bedroom door at first." She glanced back at me, briefly, then *she* made eye contact, which almost melted me.

"You can jerk off if you like, Kendra," my wife said.

I shivered to hear her call me by that name in front of my wife.

But why should I be embarrassed? I had begged for this... I had made it happen.

And I wanted it. I needed it. I had made it happen.

Naomi sneered playfully at me. "If you do, just clean up after yourself."

I just stared as my wife took my boss's hand and led him down the hallway toward our bedroom.

The door slammed. I heard it lock.

It must have only taken maybe ten seconds, maybe fifteen... before I heard my wife's moans. Louder... louder... much louder... still louder.

I sat at the dining room table and ate their dessert myself... with my hands. I drizzled cherry syrup and candied cherries all over myself, licking my fingers while I listened to the rising moans of my boss fucking my wife.

Through it all, I stared with melancholy intensity at the parting gift Naomi had left on the table

She'd left her my panties... the white ones I'd picked out for her -- mesh, skimpy, thong-backed, lace-trimmed, see-through.

And very, very wet.

As the music quickened its pace, I pushed my wife's panties to my face.

As my wife's moans began in earnest, I inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of my wife's pussy.

The pussy my boss was even now entering, from the sound of Naomi's rising pleasure...

My wife has always been a "screamer." I've listened to her at so many parties, watched her get fucked by so many other men, that I know exactly how each moan and squeal and purr and mewling cry maps to the invited violation of her supple body. As her moans rose and fell in time with the music, I knew my boss was inside her.

Soon, she was howling. I inhaled her scent and listened to the hard-pumping rhythm as it quickened along with the creaking of the bed... then, when they really got going, with the slamming of the bedframe against the wall.

My cock throbbed. I couldn't resist any longer. Holding my wife's wet panties to my face, I unzipped my slack and pulled down my own panties, equally second-hand, equally wet... with my wife's juices, and with my copious pre-cum.

I huffed the delectable scent of my wife's pussy as I jerked my own cock, leaning back in the chair where my wife had sat until a short time ago... where she'd readied herself for the screaming fuck that my boss was giving her...

When my wife came with a familiar cry, I could no longer hold back. I shot my load on the kitchen floor, streams of glistening cum blasting out into the warm honeysuckle-scented air... glistening in the candlelight.

I would get that promotion... but this wouldn't be the last time I made dinner for my wife and my boss. It wouldn't be the last time they went to bed together.

But it would be the last time they closed the bedroom door.