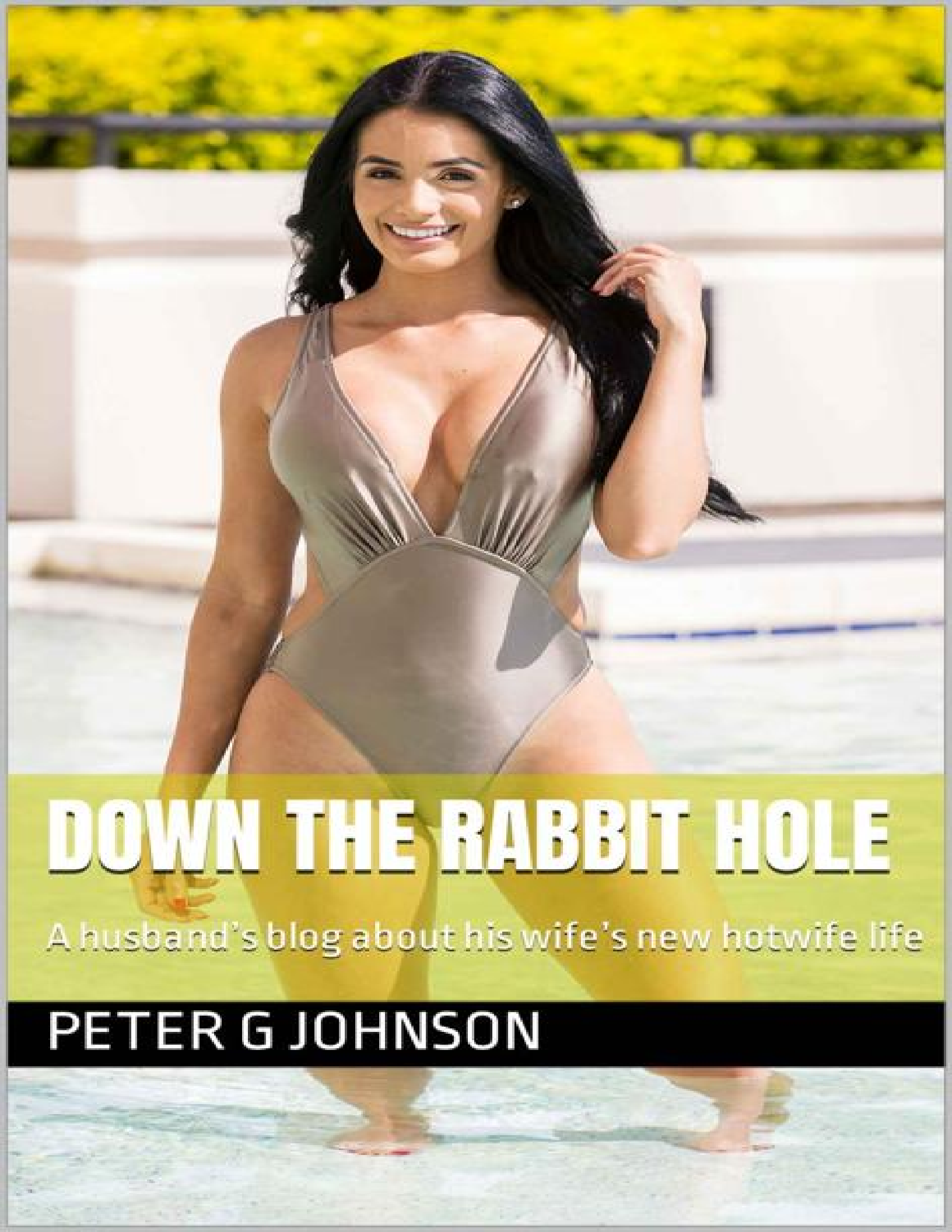


A woman with long dark hair, smiling, wearing a metallic, form-fitting, one-piece swimsuit with a deep V-neckline and a large, dark, abstract graphic on the lower half. She is standing in shallow water, likely a swimming pool, with a white fence and green foliage in the background.

DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

A husband's blog about his wife's new hotwife life

PETER G JOHNSON

Down the Rabbit Hole

A husband's blog about his wife's new hotwife life

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Synopsis

Back in 2019 Kate and I decided to try the Hotwife lifestyle. Told through the sharing of entries we posted on a well-known lifestyle forum, we're not sure whether our story should act as inspiration or warning to other couples considering the same path. Maybe a little bit of both seems about right.

We toyed with various titles for our story before finally plumping for 'Down the Rabbit Hole'. When Kate and I were bringing up our two college-aged daughters, one of their favorite stories was Lewis Carroll's classic story of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

This timeless classic gave us the phrase 'Down the Rabbit Hole', meaning *entering a strange and absurd alternate universe, which many believe was supposed to represent a psychedelic experience*.

Kate and I couldn't think of a more apt description of what we went through as we entered the world of Hotwifing. We hope you'll enjoy our story and learn from it. But we have to warn you, our story and a life like this are not for the faint-hearted.

Mon 22 April 2019 22:05 pm

I can't believe we're finally doing it. After all these years fantasizing and talking, we're finally doing it. Over the last few weeks, as Kate has looked at ads and set the wheels rolling, I've often been on this site, reading stories and following real and not so real (maybe) tales of couples entering the Hotwife (hotwife) lifestyle.

So, as I wait for Kate to return from her first, baby steps hotwife date, it feels only natural that I share my thoughts. I've no idea if this is going to be a one-time thing. That Kate's hotwife date will be a crash and burn type experience with this being a solitary post.

Who knows?

From what she said, I expect Kate back sometime between 10 and 11 p.m., so I have some time to share some background.

Kate and I are a 40-something couple who until a few months ago had lived all our married life in Providence, Rhode Island. That's where Kate grew up and where I met her. I'm Philip (49, 5ft7 with a senior finance position in a major US company) and Kate is 43, 5ft4 and a stay-at-home mom to our two college age daughters. A relative rarity in Rhode Island, Kate is of part Hispanic stock, blessed with long black hair, a bubble butt and a pair of boobs which in my humble opinion are the perfect size and shape for a woman of Kate's short height. Just a little more than a handful in size, they're still firm and soft to the touch even after two children and passing her 40th birthday.

Over the years we've managed to keep things fresh in the bedroom with a mix of things: sexy clothes and costumes, toys and sometimes watching porn, roleplay and reading erotica and sharing fantasies – they all played a part.

Kate had a very strict and religious upbringing (with only very brief experience with two other guys before we met), but she blossomed sexually, the two of us learning to give each other pleasure and really embrace the joys of sex.

The two most relevant things, linked to where we're at today, are that my favorite fantasy was always about Kate going with another guy (or guys!) – with these guys always being more virile and 'manly' than me, blessed with bigger cocks, and often in my mind black or Latino.

The first time I mentioned my fantasies to Kate, many years ago, she was shocked and surprised. But as we talked about it and she realized it didn't mean I loved her less or wanted to sleep with other women, she accepted my fantasy. Understanding that it was a fairly common male fantasy and was linked to my insecurities about being 'small down there' and not the most handsome or manly guy on the block.

Anyway, Kate showed no interest in making my fantasy a reality, both of us recognizing that fantasies are normally best left in the bedroom. But as the year's past we'd often include it in our bedroom talk and fantasy play. Sometimes using toys to represent the other man that we roleplayed Kate was with.

So, after years and years of nothing more than safe and harmless fantasies and reading wife sharing erotic with my wife, how did Kate and I end up here?

Short answer is the collision of a couple of major changes in our life.

Change one was that our girls left home to go to college – both of them heading to the University of Alabama in Birmingham to study for medical degrees.

Change two, and not unrelated, was that I was headhunted for and took a job in Atlanta – uprooting Kate from her well-trodden and familiar world of Rhode Island to set up home and a new life in the very different world of Atlanta.

We moved down at the start of January, around 3 ½ months ago and Kate was both excited and a little scared at the new vistas and possibilities that awaited her. She soon started making new circles of friends. One group the local wives in the suburbs we moved to 30 minutes North of downtown Atlanta. One group, overlapping, at the local country club-cum-gym that we joined. One group at the local community college, where Kate had started taking a couple of

courses. (Unlike many of her high school friends, Kate's parents hadn't been able to afford for her to go to college, so she felt like she was playing catch up, giving herself a little of what she'd missed out on earlier in life.)

Well, as you can imagine, I was wrapped up in my new job. Building new relationships, understanding a new business, fully engrossed 24-7 in what was a major new role and a major increase in responsibility for me.

And so, it came as a total shock to me in bed one evening when Kate, snuggled close to me in that post-coital special time of closeness and dropped the bombshell.

"Honey, now that we're away from home, and now that the girls aren't around all the time, do you ever think of making your fantasy come true? You know, like for real?"

Wow!

Just, wow!

I won't bore you with all the hours of conversations that followed in the next couple of weeks. We must have picked it up, turned it over, looked at it from every which way.

The bones of it were a number of intersecting changes that meant that Kate now wanted us to seriously look as a couple at making my fantasy come true – to think about her, with my full approval and encouragement, going with another guy.

The changes in our lives and in Kate's mind were all interlocking. Causing her to think about and wonder about an idea we'd both always rejected as too risky.

The first change was that we were now such a long way from what we still considered 'home' in Rhode Island, where there were lots of prying eyes and people we knew. Plus, the ever present and puritanical influence of Kate's parents, now in their late 70s and still living just a few miles from us outside Providence. This meant that here in Atlanta, in Kate's mind, it was easier to cut-free and try new, unconventional things – easier both in a practical and in a psychological sense.

The second change, again with both practical and psychological implications, was that Kate and I were now empty nesters. In a practical sense this meant we didn't need to factor in the limitations of having other people in the house if we were to 'play' in any way. Talking to Kate it was clear the other impact was that Kate was asking questions about her role in life and the ageing process. In plain language, she was feeling a little empty and unanchored, now that her 'mother role' which had been core for her was now much reduced. And in terms of ageing, the girls leaving home for college made her feel much older than she'd felt just a few months previous, when our younger girl was still at home. Linked to this, for Kate at least but less so for me, was almost a sense of 'if not now, then when', in terms of opening up our sexual boundaries to new and different experiences. (For me, out at work all day and often now travelling, our girls being away at college was less of a day-to-day and more of a psychological change.)

The third change was more social, linked both to the general vibe in Atlanta versus small town New England and also to the different social circles Kate was now moving in. (Again, for me the change was much smaller. I was still a Finance Controller, same as in Rhode Island, just a different company and set of colleagues.) Our old world in Providence was more buttoned-down and strait-laced. Atlanta seemed to have a more laid back and socially / sexually freer vibe. (Always a numbers guy at heart, I even looked up the stats to see if what we felt as a different vibe was backed up by the facts. Answer, unequivocally 'yes'. For example, divorce rates in Georgia are nearly double the level back in RI.)

Talking to Kate, she said she felt this difference in her new friendship circles. There were more divorced women, and more of the conversations were about sexual topics. Not to say that Kate and her girlfriends back in RI didn't talk about husbands, sex and the bedroom! Who are we kidding? But the point was, according to Kate, that the conversations with her new friends were more bawdy and more sexual than 'back home'.

Kate told me that three of her new friends were self-admitted 'swingers', telling Kate that they and their husbands really enjoyed it

and it freshened up and strengthened their marriages. In fact, Kate's new best friend in Atlanta, a woman about Kate's age called Jenny, was one of these three, and Kate admitted that her conversations with Jenny were a big reason why she wanted us to think about opening up our marriage.

So far, I've talked mainly about the changes in Kate's world, and what it meant she was thinking and feeling.

But what about my thoughts and feelings?

In a word, confused!

Part ridiculously excited, and part nervous as hell and worried that we were about to start something that might be erotic and exciting, but that might also in time cause problems for our marriage.

As I said earlier, I've always felt insecure about a number of things – my looks, my physical stature, my cock size. My logical brain told me none of these really mattered, after all I had a beautiful wife who loved me with all her heart, and we had a satisfying and happy love life.

But since when have fears and insecurities followed the contours of the rational mind. Fears and insecurities are most often rooted in childhood memories and slights. In snide comments in the locker room or from rejections from girls.

For me, and I guess a lot of other guys on this site, these insecurities are the proverbial doubled edged sword. They are the fears and worries that drive us to be interested in the whole hotwife / cuckold scene. They're also the things that make us shit scared that if we live the dream, then some more handsome or more virile guy will steal our girl away.

So, like a coward, I was firmly sat on the fence as Kate and I started to discuss the topic of opening up our marriage.

Although to be fair, I wasn't by myself on that fence – Kate was sat up there with me!

But while we were both stubbornly sat on the fence, from the way she looked more than from her words, I could tell that Kate had undergone a sea change. With the expectations on women and

wives being what they are, she was reticent to spell it out. But I could see she had an inquisitiveness to try this new thing that my instincts told me would be difficult to quench unless we tried it for real.

We had a couple of weeks of 'would we, wouldn't we' type conversations, and then as Kate's quiet, understated enthusiasm became clearer and clearer to me, I gently nudged us into the direction of talking about the 'what and how' of this thing.

We talked about joining a swingers group – after all this was logical as Kate already had new Atlanta friends in some of these groups. But we decided against this for several reasons. Point one, I was insecure, unable to think of anything worse than Kate hooking up with a guy when I was left like a wallflower with no woman wanting to share her time with me. Point two, I had no (or very little) interest in sleeping with other women. Of course, like any man I'd enjoy a new body and a new person to get to know as a lover, but that wasn't really my thing. My thing was really the thought of my wife with some buff and well-endowed lover, acting as my surrogate, giving her some of the things I felt I couldn't. Point three, and most important, although she knew she was being a hypocrite, Kate said there was no way she wanted me sleeping with another woman. Something which sounded deeply unfair, but which gave me a huge boost and sense of reassurance as it told me how much she loved me and didn't want to share. I felt a sense of puffed-up pride as I saw the look in her eye – that I was her favorite toy, and that no other little girl was to be allowed to get her hands in the toy box, come hell or high water.

Having struck that option off, that left us with broadly three other options.

Option 1, for Kate and me to head out to a bar or a club and for me to give her some room and let some guy she liked pick her up. (I've not really described Kate, but she's a very attractive brunette, with a pretty face, a warm smile and a sexy body that would do a woman ten years younger proud. So, I was sure this route would work, if we tried it.)

Option 2, for Kate to try and be flirty at her gym or community college and see if she could find some guy there who'd respond. She even teased me that maybe she'd find herself a toy boy and it would be fun to see if she could keep up with his youthful vigor. (I have to admit that when my newly provocative wife teased me about this my cock hardened at the thought. Kate with a much younger guy had also been one of our favorite bedtime make-believes.)

Option 3, that we use one of the many, many dating sites that were available on the internet.

I'm embarrassed to admit it, but it was me who drove us to Option 3, because such a big part of my fantasy was for Kate to experience and enjoy a guy with a bigger cock than me. I'm between 5 and 5 ½ inches and slightly less thick than average, so I'm not 'small, small', just 'small' side of average. But all of my fantasies had Kate going with a guy whose cock was significantly longer and thicker than me, giving Kate the kind of experiences I couldn't – however happy she said she was with my size.

The kind of big cocks that I always imagined pleasuring Kate are not, in truth, that common – so Options 1 and 2 would quite likely lead to Kate ending up with a guy either the same size as me or only a little larger. Whereas with Option 3, for many sites guys would provide undraped photos to show their size, meaning we had a better chance of getting a guy that matched my fantasy.

Kate was a little disappointed, teasing me that there were plenty of cute guys at her gym and college, but she agreed with my suggestion.

So, about a month ago Kate created a profile for herself, and I wasn't remotely surprised at how many replies she received. She was definitely one of the sexiest and most beautiful women on the 4 sites where she placed a profile.

It took Kate some time to sort through all the replies. Obviously, there was the normal share of crazies and crude 'I want to fuck you til you cry' type replies that didn't take much time for Kate to review and reject.

But as she went through the rest, some of the time we did this together, and some of the time she did it when I was away at work or watching TV.

The phrase that sticks in my mind is 'kid in a candy shop'. After more than twenty years just with me, although she sometimes tried to hide it, I could see her excitement as she looked through all the different buff guys and fat cocks that were offering to meet her and make her life better! (Of course, there were also plenty of guys with guts and little cocks – but funnily Kate spent less time looking at these, however sparkling their personalities might be!)

Cutting to the chase, Kate ended up going on first 'getting to know you' dates with four different guys – one white, two Latino and one black. In the end she felt she connected better with one of the two Latino guys, although of course she teased me that she'd maybe save the black guy (Trevon) for another day. Fully aware that my number one fantasy was for her to go with a well-hung black guy. (Part of me was disappointed she'd not chosen Trevon, but I knew this had to be Kate's choice and if it was going to be a good experience for both of us, then she had to pick the guy she felt she best connected with.)

The guy Kate selected was called Carlos, at 46 halfway between her age and my age. I'd not met him yet, but his profile photos showed a handsome guy with tanned and weathered skin, his hair cut short and a neatly trimmed beard. His bare-chested photos showed he obviously worked out, his 6ft frame with well-defined muscles and a large mural of a tattoo covering his upper right arm, pecs and chest area.

In some of the photos he looked warm and welcoming, in other photos he looked intimidating.

Kate had been out on three dates with him before tonight and she told me that he owned an auto shop in one of the tougher neighborhoods in Atlanta and that he'd had a tough upbringing, including some years in gangs, before marriage (now divorced) and fatherhood had gotten him out of the life and into working hard to build his business.

I'd not been present at any of the three meetings between Kate and Carlos, Kate gently but firmly telling me she'd be nervous enough without having me sitting there watching, and having to worry about my feelings and reactions.

And like all the guys on this site who've gone there before me, on each of their previous three meetings I'd been in a 'have my cake and eat it' situation, torn between heaven and hell. Desperately wanting to be there watching, a fly on the wall observing my wife flirting and at the start of a new relationship. But equally aware that not being given a choice and forced to stay at home and wait added a terrible but intensely erotic bittersweet taste to the whole experience.

Their first meeting had been a 'getting to you know' meet up at a very public place – a Starbucks sufficiently far enough from our home and social circles that Kate wouldn't be seen with a man not her husband by any of our friends.

This first meeting had been a couple of weeks ago, back in early April. (Monday the 8th of April for those who care about these things.) Carlos was the first of the four guys Kate had selected to meet in person and she had already spent a few hours on the phone with him before their first meeting.

But despite all this time talking to Carlos before they met, Kate was as nervous as a kitten leading up to that Monday.

Kate had reckoned they'd only be an hour or so together, meaning two hours away including travel. But her forecast had been way wide of the mark, leaving our suburban home at 6 pm and not back home gone 10 pm, her guess of an hour chatting to Carlos stretching to more than three times that long.

And if Kate had been as nervous as a kitten as she drove to meet Carlos, I must have been the second, even more nervous member of the litter. Hardly able to believe what was happening, but knowing that nothing physical was likely to happen tonight – but knowing that this was like some choreographed first steps in a mating ritual. Maybe only coffee, laughs and gentle flirting tonight – but all three of us clear on what the end game was if all went well.

My body was physically shaking as I closed my eyes and imagined Kate and Carlos together. Kate's soft and womanly body lying squashed and accepting underneath Carlos's larger heavily tattooed and well-muscled body. My wife's big boobs, nipples hard with desire, squashed flat by her new lover, her lips moaning and sobbing at the pleasure his big cock gave her. Kissing the new man in her life.

Part of me excited beyond belief – part of me wondering what on earth we were doing.

That Monday I was working from Corporate HQ in downtown Atlanta (not travelling as I often did in the middle of the week) so I was home at 7 pm, and boy did the next three hours drag while I waited for Kate's return. Sat all alone on our family home on a paradoxical high of pain and pleasure – loving and hating every moment of Kate's absence and the vivid pictures my mind created of what Kate and Carlos would look like if I could see them. What they'd look like sat across from each other flirting in Starbucks. What they'd look like in the future as flirting gave way to the next steps in their relationship.

If Kate had been a nervous kitten that Monday evening when she left home, she was a totally different creature when she returned. The nerves replaced by a glowing energy and excitement, an extra bounce in her step and a twinkle in her eye.

As she related her evening with Carlos, she was positively gushing about him. Her voice was full of excitement, she sounded like an excited high schooler who'd just been out on a date with her quarterback crush. Telling me all about Carlos and his life, all about his business, the hard life he'd had and about his kids that lived with his ex-wife.

Sitting and listening to your wife of twenty-plus years talk in such an admiring and excited way about another man has to count as one of the weirdest experiences of my life. That was probably the first real seminal moment when a deep and profound thought sank home with me. This was no longer just a two-dimensional fantasy in the safety of our matrimonial bedroom, with a two-dimensional facsimile of my

lovely Kate as the cardboard cut-out centerpiece in my fantasy. Something far more far-reaching, far more frightening and erotic was happening here.

The person sat opposite me, gushing about the manliness, intelligence and charisma of another man wasn't a cartoon version of my wife – it was the real, flesh and blood version of my wife. A woman who had her own needs and wants. Who loved me dearly, but who I sometimes argued with when we couldn't agree on something. A woman who very much had her own mind and who, going forward, might want different things than I wanted in this new hotwife lifestyle we were tiptoeing towards.

Looking at Kate's face, my mind was almost numbed by this thought, hardly hearing the words Kate was saying.

The thought that we might well not always be on the same page in the coming weeks and months frightened me – but in some strange way I didn't understand it also equally excited me. Making me shake with a delicious fear and anticipation.

I think this was the first moment I really understood my need for risk and danger in this new game we were playing.

Mon 22 April 2019 23:55 pm

Well, it's now nearly midnight. A full hour after the latest time Kate gave me as her estimated time to be back home.

The fact she's still out with Carlos excites me and gnaws away at my stomach lining in equal measure. Truth is I'd be totally flat and disappointed if my wife's time with Carlos tonight was a bust and she returned early.

But at the same time every extra minute she spends with him adds extra fuel to the fire that is all my worries and doubts about how she might fall for him and end up thinking less of me, relegating me to a lesser role in her life.

Mr. rational Philip brain says 'don't be so stupid. For heaven's sake, this is their first night together. You and Kate have twenty years of love and commitment to fall back on. How can you be such a sad sack, lacking in trust and confidence in your wife and marriage?'

Mr. irrational Philip brain whispers serpent like into my heart. 'Doesn't every mighty oak start with just a little acorn? A little acorn of one great night of sex with a new man. A man a similar age as you, a smart, handsome guy, but one able to give Kate things you can't. And we all know how the roots of a mighty oak can damage foundations, however solid you think the foundations are.'

While I wait for Kate's return, I may as well complete the story of the couple of weeks that led up to tonight.

Back on Monday 8th April when Kate had finished gushing over her date with Carlos, I asked her if she was going to see him again.

"Probably," she smiled with a teasing smile on her lips. "But I've got to meet the other guys first. A girl shouldn't be too quick to jump into bed with the first available man ..."

Her words trailing off as she enjoyed the shocked look on my face. She outlined her schedule. 'Getting to know you' dates on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday that week – her smile and the news she'd given me bringing a lump to my throat.

“No time for your poor old husband this week?” trying my best to sound relaxed and see the funny side.

More seriously than making the point, “So I’m not going to see much of you this week?” Unable to hide a slightly hurt look on my face.

Seeing my expression, Kate immediately switched from teasing to loving spouse mode.

“Sorry, honey, I thought you’d be okay with it. And I promise you it’s only for this time, while I try and make some decisions.”

She stroked the side of my face with her soft fingers, looking lovingly into my eyes. “I can cancel or push back if you want, honey.”

My innards were a mixed-up blancmange of adrenaline and stomach falling through the floor, but my cock was hard and a guilty and embarrassed little voice in my head told me that I liked the feeling of being put second by Kate, behind these other guys.

I gulped to remove the lump in my throat. “It’s okay, honey. I’ll miss you, but it’s okay. I want you to have fun. Anyway, there’s always the weekend.”

Kate looked at me with an even more loving look as she kissed me softly. “Thanks, baby, I love you.”

So that was the week before last. Carlos emerging as the winner, his prize being two more dates with Kate the week before this one. This time not just meet-ups at Starbucks, proper dates. Dates with Kate dolling herself up to the nines. Dinner and dancing on both occasions. A chance for them to get to know each other while enjoying good food, and then a chance to get a little more intimate and physical at a speed and in a way that Kate was comfortable with.

After each date I tried to get the balance right. I didn’t want to appear disinterested in Kate’s evening and her developing relationship with Carlos. But at the same time, I didn’t want to appear like some nock-kneed prurient schoolboy – some kind of emotional peeping tom who wanted all the salacious details.

Each night, sitting holding Kate’s hand and asking her about her evening, it was all in the way that I asked. ‘How was your evening?’

– then gently teasing out of her what had happened, how she felt about things. Showing respect and that I wasn't treating her life like some peep show or home-made porno.

The best summary, using Kate's own word, is that both nights they 'made out'. A strangely sweet and innocent word for a 43-year-old mother of two to use about an illicit date with a man who wasn't her husband. (I chuckled to myself, the innocence of the word in direct contrast to the carnal direction of where Kate and Carlos intended to take things when Kate was ready.)

My gentle questioning slowly confirmed that 'making out' included lots of kissing and fondling, after her second date Kate being open to tell me that she was glad they'd gone a little slow. But that she was now ready to 'go the whole way' with Carlos – something which I knew was a big deal for a woman who'd only been intimate with me for the last twenty years. And before that just two fumbling high school experiences.

When Kate made this admission, she looked deep into my eyes, checking for a last time, "Phil, honey, are you okay with that. With me and Carlos become lovers?"

'Lovers' – the word itself sent shockwaves through my heart and mind. If she'd have said 'Are you okay if Carlos and I fuck', then it would have been easier. 'Lovers' sounded so much more long-term and significant. Not just sex – but sex as part of something much more significant.

Kate had asked me a similar question – 'was I okay' – before her first dinner and dancing date with Carlos. I had to give her credit for that. I knew she was excited, but she was still concerned to make sure I was still okay with our plans. With what she planned to do with Carlos.

But earlier tonight, before she'd headed off to 'go the whole way' with Carlos it had been a different kind of conversation. I was back from work a little earlier than normal at around 6 pm, and Kate was already waiting for me in the lounge. Done up in full war paint, looking both sexier and more beautiful than I'd seen her in a long time.

The conversation was subtly different this time, as she held my hand and looked into my eyes. "Philip, honey, I really want to do this, to be with Carlos. I know you've fantasized about this for a long time, and I hope you're still okay with this, because I'm honestly not sure I can stop this thing now. We've gone too far. I want it too much."

She paused, looked deep, deep into my soul.

"Honey, unless you stop me, telling me you really can't do it, I'm going off to be with Carlos. Is that okay?"

That moment was now 6 hours ago. It's midnight and Kate's still not back. All kind of alarm bells are ringing in my mind. Have I delivered her into the arms of a sadist or a murderer? Has the sex with Carlos been so eye-openingly amazing that she's not coming back tonight, maybe not coming back at all? Has something terrible happened to her?

Sorry, I'm done with typing for tonight. I'll update you later.

Tue 23 April 2019 02:45 am

Back again. After my last post at midnight, it's been a difficult couple of hours. I expected Kate back no later than 11 pm. That's what she told me.

I've just got a few minutes before she arrives home. All evening I'd resisted the burning urge to reach out to Kate by call or text. She'd not said anything, but I sensed she wanted this special evening for her to be one that wasn't interrupted by a nervous and nosey husband spoiling the moment and the mood. So, I've tried to respect her unstated wishes.

But as the hours passed, with 11 pm becoming midnight, and midnight becoming 1 pm becoming 2 pm. My heart was breaking, and my mind was worrying itself to death. I was angry and frustrated that she'd not reached out and made contact.

But 45 minutes ago, I received the following text.

*'So Sorry baby, C & I got kinda carried away, lost track of time.
Hope you understand. Thanks so much for letting me do this.
Leaving in 10, Love u always K xxx'*

Signing off now, will update you all after Kate tells me all about her evening with Carlos.

Tue 23 April 2019 23:27 pm

What a day! It's now about 19 hours since Kate arrived home from her date with Carlos.

Kate's lying next to me sleeping like a baby. Totally zonked and in need of rest after her love session with her Latino lover Carlos, and then her 'make-up and reclaim' time with hubby.

All my instincts tell me the last 24 hours mark a major watershed for Kate and me. All our years together we've always done the 'safe' thing. Chosen the safe and sure, low risk option. Well, we've sure thrown out that way of living these last few hours, and I have to report it's both exhilarating and more than a bit scary. I guess that's the nature of risk taking.

While Kate sleeps next to me, I'll share the details. But safe to say, from what she told me, and from the look of her body, Kate's experienced a sexual epiphany these last few hours.

When Kate got home, nearly four hours later than planned, she looked exhausted. But as well as looking tired she had a glow of contentment and satisfaction. That 'well fucked' look. The expression that leaped into my head was 'ridden hard and put away wet.'

When she came through the door and saw me sitting there in the lounge, she gave me a weak smile. "Sorry I'm so late, honey. We got kinda carried away."

The worried, nervous look on her face told me she needed a big hug of reassurance from me. I held her in my arms, the feel of her soft body next to mine almost making me cry. After all the worry and ups and downs it felt like my soul physically lifted as I felt the comforting presence of her body next to mine. Even if the feeling was both slightly soured and supercharged by the smell of another man on her. The smell of Carlos in her hair and on her body.

Clinging tight to each other Kate actually started to sob quietly.

It didn't last long, and it didn't feel like tears of sadness – more tears from the sheer emotional intensity of the moment.

As we continued clinging tight, I heard Kate's soft voice.

"I'm so tired, honey."

Kate knew I wanted to hear all about her night, and I knew what she meant.

"It's okay, sweetheart. We can talk in the morning. Let's go to bed. You look like you could do with a rest."

I led her by the hand up the stairs, sat her down on the bed and it felt like I was serving my queen, as I lovingly undid the straps on her heels and pulled her little black dress up and over her head, not stopping as I pulled down her sodden little black panties.

I pulled the bedding to the side and helped her under the sheets, quickly stripping so I could pull her back to me and feel our two naked bodies next to each other.

I was hard as nails, my erection standing straight up like a horny teenager and pressing hard against Kate's tummy.

My nose was in her hair, each of us lost in our thoughts, too soon to speak, Kate too tired to speak. We just clung hungrily, each getting the different type of reassurance we needed.

I felt Kate's hand gently burrowing between us, searching until she found me and grasped me in her hand.

I felt her gently squeeze me twice, as if saying 'Hello old friend, I've missed you.'

Neither of us were thinking, just going on instinct, no template or guide for a moment like this.

"Wank me, wank me off," I quietly demanded. Part of me revolted my own crudeness with the woman I loved so deeply part of me feeling it was totally right for the new lifestyle we were trying.

Lowering my shoulders and back onto the bed, Kate's hand didn't let go of me as she pivoted to lean over me, her beautiful big boobs hanging tantalizingly close.

One hand slowly worked me up and down, the other stroked my hair as she looked down to me, a slightly sad and distant look in her eyes, but one mixed with love and familiarity.

I hesitated, wanting to speak, but nervous not to sully the moment.

Instinct told me not to speak, but temptation was too strong after all these years of fantasy. I knew it was better asked tomorrow, at the right time and in the right way, but the pull was too strong.

“Was he ... was he bigger than me?” I just about managed to get out, my voice shaky and hesitant.

Kate knew better than anyone my insecurities and hang-ups about my cock size. For a moment her face suggested she was thinking of some nuanced answer or clever word play. But then it was like a switch was flicked.

“Honey, I’m real tired. We can talk about all of this tomorrow. But yes, he was big, bigger than you, much bigger than you, honey. And yes, he fucked me really good. Much better than I ever been fucked before.”

Our eyes were locked together, her hand still slowly milking me. There was something almost challenging in the way Kate looked at me, and as much as I loved the feel of her hand on my cock, I suddenly felt an overwhelming need to change the dynamic. To be less the passive receiver and more the man in this new and intoxicating situation. A situation Kate and I had no roadmap for, no path to safety.

I gently pushed her back to the bed, lowering my lips to hers and kissing her with the slow softness of a first kiss. A kiss for first love, a kiss capturing years of love and sharing.

“I love you, baby. I’ll always love you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, with you and our girls, and with our grandkids.”

Kate’s eyes became watery and soft, just staying this side of tears.

“We’ll talk in the morning, honey. But I just want to say, sweetheart, that although everything’s changed, for me nothing’s changed. I still love you with all my heart, and I know you feel the same.”

I kissed her again, kissed her with a gossamer thin delicacy, then moved my head down to start showing my love by action.

Kissing her neck, rewarded by her soft ‘mmmmm’, kissing lower until I found the beautiful curves of her breasts. Part ignoring and part

thrilled by the marks Kate had allowed Carlos to leave there. Taking her reddened nipples between my lips, sucking and nibbling like our girls had done all those years ago. My journey continuing further south, my lips rubbing and kissing on her ribs and over the soft pastures of her belly. Kate's breathing now faster and deeper as she fully realized where my head was going.

"No ... no baby ... I'm not clean."

We may be playing a new game, but there was still a lot of prudish New England girl in my Kate. Still, plenty of the shy girl Mr. and Mrs. Cooper had raised.

Too soon, maybe damaging and creating a problem, I backed off, instead using my lips to kiss my love back to my best friend.

"Love you, honey."

"Love you, babe," she smiled.

"Happy we did this?"

She just smiled, no words necessary.

"Tomorrow," I lovingly insisted.

Her tired and happy smile agreed.

Tue 23 April 2019 23:57 pm

Kate's still sleeping, she'd hate me for saying it, but gently snoring as she recovers her energies from the way Carlos fucked her and then the way her husband added his own. Let me continue to describe what happened when Kate woke up on Tuesday morning.

Kate had got home just before 3 am and it must have been around 3:15 am when she finally slept. She went straight to sleep, out like a night, not surprising after her night of passionate sex with Carlos. She'd been with him for just shy of 8 hours, so god only knows how many times they'd had sex. (More of that later.)

Kate might have gone straight out, but it took me another hour plus to get to sleep. It was late and I was hugely tired after the emotional upheavals of our first full night of playing the game. But my passions were burning bright and my cock was still hard, as I'd sensed it was wrong to continue with Kate wanking me off. My physical high just amplified ten times over by all the thoughts going through my head. So, I think it was maybe 4:30 am or so before I slept.

I woke up at 7 am when my work alarm went off. Kate was still out of it, so I quietly left for coffee and breakfast, deciding to take the day as personal leave, as I wanted and needed to be with Kate for the next few hours.

Kate rarely sleeps past 8 am, but today it was just before noon when I checked and finally saw she was awake.

I jumped under the sheets, and we shared long minutes of nothing more than soft and tender kisses and whispered promises of love. Finally ended my me, "Breakfast, then we can talk."

I heard the shower going as I made breakfast – partly sad that Kate was washing away the guilty evidence from last night, a big part happy as I guessed this was something she needed to do.

After we ate, we reconnected as a couple. We picked up from earlier as we kissed and promised our undying love, and then I felt Kate's soft touch on my ass, touching me to tell me she needed to feel me inside her.

When I entered her, Kate did feel distinctly more open and looser than normal, something that thrilled the pervert part of my brain. Deviant central telling me this must be due to Carlos's size – although more likely it was the number of times they'd fucked.

"Go slow, honey, I'm a little sore down there," she cooed.

We made beautiful, gentle, emotional love – the slowness feeling right and helping me last, both of us moaning contentedly as I made the final push and gave Kate my seed. (I know what you're thinking. Vasectomy 15 years ago, and Kate had recently started back on the pill for reasons I don't need to explain 💎💎)

We must have lain there just happy to quietly cuddle for some time before Kate moved things forward. She was facing away from me as she spoke, her magnificent mane of brown hair spread out and carpeting my chest as she spoke with a quiet nervousness.

"I love you, babe. Thanks for last night, and I know you're dying to ask, so fire away, what do you want to know?"

I can't recall all of the words we shared – we talked so long, but I can give you the outline, starting from the top with the things most strongly burned into my mind.

Carlos's size? Yes, he was bigger than me. (She already told me that last night.)

How much bigger? Much bigger, sorry honey, delivered with a smile as she knew me well enough to know this was what I wanted to hear.

How did it feel? At first a little uncomfortable, as she had to adjust to something that big inside her for the first time ever. But then, when she'd stretched out and gotten used to his size, she told me it was just amazing. She loved the feeling of being so full, the feeling of her pussy walls stretched tight around his cock. The way she felt his cock much deeper in her body than she'd ever experienced before.

How many times did she cum? A nervous smile, blushing cheeks. She'd lost count. At first, she told me she came maybe two or three times each time Carlos fucked her. She giggled at the memory, apparently Carlos had taken 'a little blue helper' and he seemed to go on forever and would always be hard and always want more of

her. Later Kate had been too tired and she'd cum less often, but still loved having him inside her.

Did she blow him? Did she swallow? What other exciting things did they do? Again, Kate's cheeks blushed red. We were comfortable talking about bedroom stuff between the two of us, but my sweet, New England wife was nervously new to the topic when the other man wasn't me. Yes, she'd blown him, and with her cheeks red, she forced herself to tell me that his cock was so manly and beautiful, and he'd given her such pleasure that she wanted to do it for him. To suck and tease his sensitive cock head, to bob her head up and down as best she could on a cock so big. Enjoying servicing and worshipping his cock in this way and even happy as he firmly held her head between his tattooed hands and let him fuck her mouth for a while.

Did she swallow, I gently asked, knowing she doesn't normally like or do this. Being both jealous and excited when with guilt in her voice she told me she did – that it had seemed the right thing to do.

What else? Kate's embarrassment was now broken, as she giggled and raced on to tell me that Carlos had been very bossy and dominant. The first time, he'd shouted out like a wounded animal and cum deep in her pussy while they came together. But the second time, he wanted something different, not asking, but telling her, that he was going to cum all over her boobs and, that next time they met up, he was going to cum all over her face, marking and branding her as his.

As Kate told me all of this, she could see my cock was super hard, smiling and teasing me that Carlos was a real heavy cummer, that he'd splattered his stuff all over her tits and tummy and that it had taken her ages to clean up afterwards.

I've summarized everything Kate described in a very transactional and matter-of-fact way, but I don't want you to think that's how our conversations went, as we cuddled in bed today, like I was acting as her inquisitor and treating her like my own personal little pornstar, that's not how it went down. When we started talking, I was very aware that this had been a huge deal for Kate. That after so many

years of giving herself emotionally and physically only to me, going all the way and giving herself to another man last night was a huge deal for her. So, I knew I had to be sensitive as we talked and my first, and most important, question being how she felt.

She paused before answering, maybe from tiredness, maybe to find the right words. "Happy ... happy, but a little strange," she smiled.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, I'd hate it if it wasn't good for you, if we made a mistake," kissing her softly and adding the reassurance I sensed she needed. "I love you, honey, nothing last night changes that and nothing will ever change that." Just a smile in return, her eyes looking deep into mine, telling me she'd needed these words. "But strange? How was it strange?"

Again, she paused before answering, her eyes distant as she went deep within herself to find the words. "Honey, all these years, it's always been me and you. Me and you, a team together, dating, making love, making a home, raising our girls. That's all still there, including our wonderful love life. But last night, we did something totally different ... we added another man into our lives ... you might say, it's only sex ... but for me, for most women ... it's intensely personal ... taking another man into your body ... giving yourself to him, so he's actually deep inside you ... so personal, so vulnerable ... we tell ourselves it's just sex, and in a way, it is ... but it's also much more than that ... and that's why it's strange, honey ..."

I looked deep into Kate's eyes, knowing that she'd just shared something that she was struggling with, something deeply personal to her. I just took her into my arms and held her tight, telling her over and over again how I loved her. It was only after this, that we moved on to talking about 'the mechanics' of what she and Carlos had done, when Kate was mentally in a better place and happy to answer my gently probing questions.

Our conversation wasn't one long spiel, a couple of times we had to break off to make love. Our excitement or emotional need to reconnect driving us away from talking to something more physical! Our love making a mix of slow and deeply personal and fast, furious

and light-headed – in my mind trying to recreate and match the lusty events she'd shared with Carlos the night before.

When I was making love to Kate, there was something different about it. It was at once both familiar and comforting (how many times had we made love over the last twenty years?), but also somehow different. Now that she'd been with another man, something deep in my psyche told me things had changed. There was a shadow hanging over our love making now, the shadow of another man, a man I was in competition with.

I thought about this a lot afterwards, and I guess the whole shadow, change thing, makes perfect sense. Kate had been physically and emotionally mine for as long as I could remember and now that was changed. Sometimes I almost chuckled to myself, I knew it was only me that she loved, but in evolutionary and Darwinian terms I had a competitor for her now. That oldest and most deep-rooted male need had kicked in – the need to claim a female and reproduce was no longer a done deal.

Sometimes I felt silly thinking like this, for heaven's sake, we're in suburban Atlanta, not the jungles of Africa. But a voice deep in my head told me not to mock these deeper truths – that all male-female relationships are built on these basic evolutionary building blocks.

Anyway, I think that's enough psycho-babble for one day. I need to get some sleep and I don't know when I'll next send an update, since Kate and I didn't get around to talking about what next.

Watch this space.

Wed 24 April 2019 18:04 pm

Sorry, this is my first chance to send an update. I ended up taking another personal day today. I really felt a burning need to spend time with Kate, to reconnect more with her, less at the physical level, more at the emotional level. We spent most of the day just doing the kind of things we'd love to do as a couple before the kids came along.

I made us breakfast in bed and then afterwards we made love – long, slow and languid, reclaiming my woman again. Kate was teasing me that if this was my response to her date with Carlos, she wished we'd done this many years ago! LOL, funny woman 💎💎

Then we went for a long walk in Sims Lake Park, holding hands and talking. Before lunch we mostly just talked about normal family stuff, the girls, my new job, how Kate was finding Atlanta and being so far from all her friends and family back in RI.

We headed to our favorite Japanese restaurant for a late lunch, and then headed back to the park, to walk off the Sushi and rice. For a time, we walked comfortable enough not to speak, just enjoying the sounds of nature and the feeling of just the two of us together, but I found my mind increasingly turning back to Carlos. To Carlos and what he and my wife had done together for several hours on Monday night.

I'd not met the guy, but his bare-chested profile photo kept jumping to the front of my mind. The confident, challenging look on his face, a come on to the women who'd read the profile and a challenge to the husbands of those women, all part of the game. Not so subtle, subliminal messages, delivered through the bad boy Inca tattoo that covered his arm and half of his chest, solid gold chains completed the macho look. He was only three years younger than me, but the way he looked, shouted out that he was a totally different type of man than me with different upbringing, different behaviors, different needs and wants.

Untypically for a finance guy, I've always been prone to spontaneous, sometimes rashly thought through actions, and as we

walked hand-in-hand, my mind was occupied by the image of Carlos's challenging smile, and I suddenly felt I needed to meet the guy. To look him in the eye, man-to-man, to size him up and show him that I wasn't cowed by the guy who'd just bedded my wife and shown her such a good time.

I brought our stroll to a halt, gently pivoted Kate towards me, "Honey, let's invite Carlos over to our place, for dinner."

Kate looked shocked and when she'd recovered, I could see the cogs going around in her head. There was a quiet confidence in her expression.

"Could you really handle that, honey?" Before I could think or answer adding, "I know it's too soon for me to let you watch, I know that."

We just held hands, staring into each other's eyes, each lost in our own thoughts. Kate was the first to speak, her voice shaking, "How would it work, anyway? You know, after we'd eaten? Would you just stay downstairs, you know, just listening to him and me?"

I was surfing a wave of excitement, my veins awash with adrenaline, the floor of my stomach suddenly dropped and made me feel light-headed. "I guess, if you're comfortable with that, then it could work."

There was another long pause in the conversation, before Kate finally asked, "Are you sure, honey?"

I nodded my head, trying to look surer than I actually felt.

"Okay then, I'll call him later."

We carried on walking and, now that we were back on the topic of Carlos and Monday night, I asked Kate if she minded if I asked her a couple of questions, that I'd meant to ask Tuesday, but which had slipped my mind. God, it sounded so clinical, so weird, but Kate just smiled, a slightly resigned look on her face, knowing that as her husband I had a need to know and understand all the details.

When she'd answered my questions ('what did they talk about between sex? All sorts', 'how many times did he cum? As far as she could remember, he'd cum five times) Kate then started talking off her own bat, telling me that one of the things they'd talked about

was attitudes towards sex. Carlos being very persuasive as he described his philosophy about sex being more for pleasure than for emotional attachments. Saying that sure, partly it was there to express love between two people, but that he thought that more these days, people were comfortable just doing it because it was fun and pleasurable. That old attitudes and ways were rapidly burning away, that anything was pretty much okay, as long as all parties were consenting and no one got hurt.

The suspicious part of my brain wondered why he'd say this on a first hook-up. Wondering whether he was subtly laying the groundwork for asking Kate to do more way-out stuff later. But before I had a chance to say this to Kate, she spoke, saying that what he'd said had made sense to her, and had helped her deal with any residual guilt she might feel for having sex with a man other than her husband. Seeing the look on her face, I thought best not to talk about Carlos' possible motives.

Wed 24 April 2019 23:38 pm

Kate's busy on FB with her friends back home, so I have a few minutes for an update.

Earlier tonight I spoke to Carlos for the first time. Kate had rung him to discuss my suggestion that we invite him over to our house. She was in her crafts room when she called him, and I heard some giggling and quite a long conversation, and the next thing I knew Kate was standing next to me handing me the phone.

Carlos had a deep, authoritative voice, "Hi Phil, nice to finally speak to you, man. You're a lucky guy, married to Kate."

We talked casually for a while, both of us feeling the other out, both of us avoiding the elephant in the room. Then Carlos moved the conversation on to the real business we needed to discuss.

He said, "I'm glad that Kate and you had enjoyed the Monday night session, and that it was our call, but that as someone who'd, 'been in the lifestyle', quite a while, I think it is maybe a bit too soon to get together, like you or proposing."

Before I'd had much of a chance to speak or even think, he made a counter-suggestion, "It would be good for you and me to meet and grab a beer, maybe sometime tomorrow. If that is all okay, then I'd like to suggest a second date between Kate and myself. Understandably, Kate was still a little shy and nervous about you being in the same room or watching, but that depending on how their date was going, it might be possible to use Facetime, or a call, so that you could maybe see or listen in."

It was a strange, strange thing – having another man tell me what my wife did or didn't like. (Last time that had probably happened was with Kate's dad, Old Man Cooper, and that was way back when, in the early years of our marriage.)

"Look, man, I don't need an answer now, just think it over. If you really think Kate is comfortable with it, and you can handle seeing me and her together right in front of you, then I'll come over. But, like I say, just think it over, talk to Kate, and then let me know. Either

way, Phil, why don't you and me just meet up for a beer. You've got my number, have a look at your diary, from what Kate says I know you're a really busy guy, so have a look and then just let me know a good time and place. I can come to you, my guys will be happy not to have me looking over their shoulders for a couple of hours! Let me know man! It was great to talk and I'm looking forward to me buying you that beer." He finished with, "If that's okay, Phil, can you hand me back to Kate?"

And with that, Kate smiled and headed back to her craft room, her conversation with Carlos going on for another hour or so – me left in the lounge to think about what Carlos had said.

Fri 26 April 2019 23:45 pm

No need to worry about waking Kate up with this update as she's not lying next to me sleeping (Tuesday's update). Or in bed, on FB, with her friends back home in RI (Wednesday's update.)

Tonight, she's over at Carlos' place – no doubt having her brains fucked out by her new lover. Does that sound bitter and angry, and full of a shovel-load of self-pity?

Well maybe not surprising, I'm in a strange place mentally. A place that I suspect may become quite a common place for me to be in, if Kate and I continue with this lifestyle. I know I agreed to all of this, but sitting here stewing in my loneliness and self-pity, I feel like I've been played by Carlos. I met up with him for a couple of beers on Thursday and it all went okay. After a few minutes, as we talked about work and business and other stuff, I'd almost forgotten that this guy was my wife's lover, but then, of course, the conversation came back to the next meet-up.

On Wednesday, after I'd spoken to Carlos, Kate and I talked some more and she said that she agreed with Carlos, that maybe it was a bit too soon to all meet up together. When we'd been walking in the park, she'd already told me she'd be too nervous to have me in the room with them and now she told me that, like Carlos, she was worried that it might be a bit too much for me to see her together with Carlos, that maybe this needed a bit more time.

My male pride felt hurt, hearing this. I didn't need two other people telling me what I could and couldn't cope with and it felt emasculating being treated in this way. With my temper up, for a moment I thought about telling Kate, 'No', that I demanded that we invite Carlos round to our place. But thankfully Kate had to take a call from our younger daughter Alison, and by the time their call was ended, my temper had cooled and I recognized I'd be wise not to force Kate to go against her wishes. Because, if anything bad did happen (and in truth I began to realize I might well react badly seeing them in front of me), then I'd be in a weak position.

So reluctantly I agreed to put on hold the plan for Carlos to come round to our place – telling him this when we met up for beers. Having agreed to this, looking down and toying with his beer, Carlos asked me, “So, if that’s agreed then, for now, when would you be comfortable with Kate and me getting together again? I know you like it, man, and I know Kate likes it, but I don’t want to be too pushy, so, when is good for you, Phil?”

How the hell do you answer a question like that? Damned if you do, and damned if you don’t. The bastard may not have had my Ivy League education, or a Harvard MBA, but he’d forced me into a corner. It came back to me, what he’d said about having ‘quite a bit’ of experience in this lifestyle. He’d dealt with guys like me before – he knew our weaknesses and what buttons to press.

Oh fuck! I was totally torn. I wanted it to be tonight – I wanted it to be never! I wanted nothing more than to go blow work off, go home and ravish Kate. Never letting her out of my sight again, but I also wanted the bittersweet, sexually charged, yet deeply masochistic, pleasure of waiting at home, knowing she was being pleased by a man like Carlos. A man who Kate had told me had a longer, thicker cock. A man who could go all night and who she’d told me was a heavy cummer, a heavy cummer who’d threatened to blow his load all over her face the next time they met up.

He had me trapped and the bastard knew it. He looked up from twirling his beer glass, “Sorry, Phil, I didn’t mean to be mean, it’s just sometimes, well Phil, how’s about this, why don’t you go home and discuss it with Kate. If you guys are interested, I’m open tonight, that would be fine.”

I knew there was a ‘but’ coming – it was in his intonation and in his look. “But what might be more fun is tomorrow night, Friday. Friday nights are always more chilled and relaxed, with none of us having to work the next day. And if it’s Friday, if you’re cool with it, you could let Kate know that if it’s getting late, and she thinks it’s a bit late to get home, then you’re okay with that.”

He fixed me with his dark brown eyes as he slipped this last stiletto blade between my ribs. He was in the lifestyle, Kate and me might

be less than a week into our new, open marriage, but he knew what buttons to press. He knew, the idea of Kate sleeping over, tormented me and excited me in equal measure. And that's how I came to be sitting here alone at home, nursing my third double Scotch, waiting for the phone to buzz with a text message from Kate about whether or not she's coming home tonight.

Sat 27 April 2019 17:34 pm

Well, I fucked up big time last night. Kate's finally back home, but she's not talking to me. I've learned one big new lesson, if you're wife's out with another guy, don't drink or get drunk. You're likely to end up in a whirl of conflicting emotions and say something that you regret.

It all went down like this. A text from Kate had finally arrived just after 2 am in the morning, about the same time she'd texted a few days ago at the end of her first time with Carlos.

The text said:

'Just leaving now, home soon. Love u lots, K xxx'

I looked at the message again, re-reading it a second and a third time. The trouble is I'd been drinking for maybe six or seven hours now, my mind a horrible mix of self-pity and arousal, at the thought of what Kate and Carlos were doing together. Looking at the message, aside from the self-pity, my dominant feeling was a sense of disappointment. In the various wife sharing stories we'd read, and the fantasies we'd shared, I'd always got off on the masochistic thrill when the wife preferred to stay overnight with her big-cocked lover, rather than returning to her faithful and loving husband.

And although, I desperately wanted to see Kate's lovely smile, and feel her soft body next to mine, the bigger part of me felt disappointment at being denied what I'd assumed was about to happen. As the time had gotten later and later, in my head it seemed more and more likely that Kate would be staying overnight with Carlos, giving me, my last little piece of masochistic pleasure for the evening. Then, just in a few short characters in a text, my anticipated thrill was snatched away from me.

Somewhere in the back of my head my sub-conscious told me I was dumb to think it, let alone to send it. But I just couldn't stop myself.

'Are you sure, honey? It's late already, are you sure you wouldn't rather stay with Carlos and come home in the morning? P xxxx'

I pressed send and less than a minute later my phone pinged with a reply.

‘Do you want me to stay over? C says you want me to stay, that it excites you?’

What had been a dull, thumping warning at the back of my drink-soaked brain was now fully clanging alarm bells, but the drink had addled my brain too much to be able to respond to the alarm.

‘It’s what you want that matters, honey. Do you want to stay the night there?’

This time Kate’s response was even quicker.

‘Wrong!! This isn’t all about what I want! Don’t put this all on me Philip! I wanted to come home to my husband, but I’m not so sure now! Seems like my husband prefers me to be in the bed of another man, rather than back with him. Not even honest enough to tell me. Pretending it’s all for me.’

And I’m afraid this is where the drink kicked in yet again. To my drunken brain it felt like Kate was putting all the blame on me. A little voice was kicking in, reminding me this might have started as my fantasy, but when we’d got to Atlanta, she’d been the one who’d raised the idea of finally bringing the fantasy out of the bedroom and into the real world.

These thoughts were angrily whirring around my whiskey brain, as I typed and hit send.

‘All on me? Don’t think I was the one who pushed for this when we got here? Don’t think I was the one who put the profile up or chose Carlos? Don’t think I was the one who forced you to see Carlos five times? Or am I mistaken? What do you think, angel cakes?’

My phone rang barely seconds later, and I was looking at Kate’s face, a mix of tears and anger, and between the sobs just a few words were intelligible. “You bastard ... don’t throw this ... in my face ... hate you ... not your little pornstar your wife ... staying with someone who wants me ...”

And then she cut the call, the last word I heard being her calling me a ‘bastard’ again. I’ve never been good at dealing with an angry Kate, which to be fair isn’t a mood she’s often in. The strength of her reaction causing my own drunken anger to be overtaken by regret, mixed with fear. Alcohol-fueled paranoia making me wonder if somehow Carlos had engineered this fight. After all, wasn’t he the one who’d first put the idea of Kate maybe staying over into my head when we’d met for beers?

I can’t really remember much of the next couple of hours. I think I just sat there stewing in my thoughts. One thought I do remember was looking at my empty whiskey glass and deciding that enough was enough. A decision that was maybe only four or five hours too late!

The next thing I remember was hearing a car engine outside, opening the curtain to see Kate getting out of an unfamiliar car, waving at the driver as he backed out. I remember looking at the clock – it was just about 4:30 am. My heart leapt as I heard Kate come through the front door.

“Honey,” I called out hopefully, but she just stormed straight past the doorway to the lounge and stamped up the stairs, ignoring me, as if I wasn’t there.

Sun 28 April 2019 23:30 pm

Long parts of this weekend have been really difficult, probably some of the worst times we've known since we got married, but we've gotten through, talked lots and lots and are in a much better place now.

And strangely enough, Carlos (the guy who in my drunken paranoia I thought might have planned all the shit) has proven a big help. At the end of the last update, I explained how Kate and I had a big fight and that she hadn't talked to me for much of Saturday. Well about an hour or so after I posted the last update on Saturday, Kate finally started talking to me. She was still holed up in the guest room on her social media, the tears finally stopped, but she was still angry at me, and the rest of the world.

I'd written her a long letter, apologizing for some stuff, telling her how much I loved her and that I was sorry I'd not communicated better. I'd also cooked her favorite meal, and along with the letter, a single red rose and the meal, I delivered a tray to her in the bedroom – having heard her finally unlock the door. A sign I recognized from her few previous big arguments as meaning she wanted to talk, but that she wanted me to make the first move.

About fifteen minutes after I delivered the tray, I heard the door opening and seconds later Kate was nearly strangling me as she clung to me and sobbed her heart out, apologizing, for what she'd said and how she'd behaved. I won't take you through all the ins and outs of our conversations through Saturday evening and Sunday. We both apologized to each other and talked through what we needed to learn from the last few hours.

As I said, it turns out Carlos's input was a big help. After Kate slammed the phone down on me after our argument, he'd held Kate as she cried and carried on saying what a bad person I was and how badly I'd behaved. But once the storm had blown out, he slowly and calmly talked to Kate, telling her that she shouldn't be so hard on me and I shouldn't be so hard on her, and that we were both newbies in

what was a complicated lifestyle, strewn with landmines and other booby traps.

He insisted on driving Kate home, saying the worst thing we could do as a couple was to let this thing fester, and that we needed to talk it through as soon as we felt ready. His last piece of advice to us, as he drove Kate back, being that we needed to be totally honest with each other about all of the things we liked, didn't like or found easy or hard. And that if we decided that we were going to carry on, then we needed to carry on making sure we kept communicating. He gave Kate a chaste kiss on the cheek and smiled, reminding her the mantra in this lifestyle was simple, communicate, communicate, communicate!

And that's pretty much what we did for the rest of Saturday evening and Sunday. I promised to try and do a better job of letting Kate know what worked for me and what didn't, saying that a lot of stuff that I'd fantasized about, I honestly wouldn't know how I'd feel about it until we actually got there.

Kate promised to do likewise – to communicate better and said as a joke (but also with serious intent) I promised to limit myself to one whiskey on any night Kate was away on a date.

We ended up making love three times today, closing the day by agreeing that we were going to take a break from our new open lifestyle, for one or two weeks. Both of us feeling this was the right thing to do, so we could focus on each other, on our relationship and on our new life in Atlanta.

Thu 16 May, 2019 23:42 pm

Hi everyone, thanks for all of the comments and thoughts, all the best wishes you all shared for Kate and me after our first major bump in the road.

Hindsight and perspective are wonderful things. Carlos's comment sticks in my mind – did we really expect it all to be plain sailing, making such a big change in our marriage after so many years?

Kate and I have found ourselves laughing and chuckling at our naivety many times over the last few weeks. Truth is, we went into this thing without a great deal of thought or planning. I think we were lucky to find a guy like Carlos for our first playmate. He might look a little scary and intimidating, but he has acted as a gentleman and as a friend, when others might have exploited it as an opportunity to drive a wedge between husband and wife for their own selfish ends.

Anyway, as it's nearly three weeks since I wrote an update, I guess I better get to the juicy stuff that I know Kate and my hotwife friends are all dying to hear. Well, these last three weeks have been pretty damned good, pretty damned good indeed.

After the big row between Kate and me, after we'd kissed and made up, we agreed on a one-to-two-week furlough, where we'd pause our hotwifing activities and focus just on each other and it was a wonderful time.

Luckily, I was quiet at work and so I was home every night and Kate and I had plenty of time to be with each other. With the girls away at college, we spent time as a couple exploring Atlanta, delighting in trying new restaurants, going to the theater, and generally acting more like honeymooners or newlyweds rather than the fortysomething couple we were.

We'd promised ourselves a one-to-two-week hiatus, but towards the end of the first week Kate approached me, prefacing her words with the statement, 'We promised to be more open and honest', and then going on to say, "I've loved the last week, but I'd love it if you would agree for her to be able to meet Carlos next week."

Matching Kate's honesty, which I could see had been difficult for her to admit to, I admitted to Kate, "I have mixed feelings as that part of me was a little hurt and jealous that you can't go even two full weeks without your lover's big cock. But the bigger thing I am feeling, which is strangely linked to my hurt and jealousy, is an overwhelming sense of excitement at the thought of you being with Carlos again and that you are so keen for it, that you couldn't even go without for the two weeks."

Kate looked confused, and I just shrugged my shoulders, "Two sides of the same coin, no pain without gain, no rush without risk, no one ever said it made sense."

I think that conversation was the Saturday exactly one week after Kate and I had our big fight and the Monday afterwards Kate and I were downtown shopping for sexy new clothes and lingerie, for her to wear on her date with Carlos, later that day. Kate was happy for me to sit and chat to her as she prepared for her date, another shared experience we'd not managed during those first few days, dabbling in our new lifestyle. She even let me drive her over to Carlos's place and collect her in the small hours of the morning, when the two of them were all fucked out.

The following Friday and Monday followed a similar pattern – hell, this woman was going to bankrupt me from the cost of new clothes and lingerie – but I didn't begrudge her a dollar.

Tonight's Thursday and Kate's scheduled to go round to Carlos's again tomorrow night and she's promised me something special – but try as I might she refuses to tell me anything more about what it is she's planned. I keep telling her, 'Communicate, communicate, communicate', but she just grins like a Sphinx cat and makes the 'zipped lips' sign with her finger. If this woman didn't kill me with a mountain of debt, she's definitely going to kill me by a heart attack, from nervous exhaustion, from trying to guess what she's got planned for tomorrow night.

Sat 18 May, 2019 23:25 pm

Well, what an eye-opener! You're in for a long update tonight. The last 48 hours have opened my eyes in many, many ways. And forgive the hyperbole, but I think these last few hours have marked a watershed moment between Kate and me, in our love and marriage and life going forward. It's remarkable to think we've reached this watershed moment less than 6 weeks after starting this new lifestyle.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Forgive me if I wonder and maybe take too long to describe the events of the last 48 hours, but so much has happened, and if I'm honest I'm still quite shellshocked by much of it.

Let's come back to Friday. All day Friday at work it was incredibly difficult to concentrate, knowing that Kate had planned something special involving Carlos, but not having the first clue what they'd planned together. My mind conjured all kinds of images and ideas before, at around 4 pm, I got my first clue, a text from Kate.

"Hi honey, meet me at Carlos's place at 7 pm."

In itself, this short and simple message set my pulse racing. For Kate's last few dates with Carlos, I'd gotten used to dropping her off at his place and then collecting her several hours later, when she texted me that they were done, and she needed a ride home. 'Too well fucked and too fucked out to drive', as her texts often teased me.

But until this last weekend, I'd never been invited inside their little love nest. I managed to blow off my last couple of meetings at work and headed home to shower and change, hoping I'd be early enough to catch Kate. No such luck, she was ahead of me. No sign of her or her car, just a little note on our bed, 'See you at C's, K xx'

A fresh wave of adrenaline washed through my body, just the tiniest of things, but I was so on edge that I was easily affected by the smallest thing.

Carlos' place is about a thirty-minute drive from us, a low-rise apartment just north of downtown Atlanta, occupancy low enough,

that I didn't have a problem finding a visitor's parking spot. I passed a couple of people as I walked to his place, wondering what they made of the nervous looking guy trying his best to control his shaking limbs. My nerves and adrenaline were at an all-time high as I pressed the buzzer.

It was only a small 2-bedroom ground level condo, so I could clearly hear the voices from inside. "I'll get it, hun," the light, high-pitched female voice called out, instantly causing my throat to clam up. Kate was now answering the door at Carlos's place.

"Hi, Phil, isn't it?" She looked stunning, perfectly applied make up and a sexy figure hugging green minidress. I didn't know which to focus on first, the way she looked, the fact she was here answering the door, or the strange way she'd greeted me.

She turned her face away, shouting into the dark interior, "Carlos, baby, Phil's here," then turning back and beaming at me with a smile that could win awards.

"Phil, so nice to meet you, won't you come in," ushering me in, walking in front of me. "Phil's told me all about you, how you met through his wife, how it would be lovely to have you over for dinner with us, as you're a bit down, what with your wife playing away from home, cheating on you."

When I'd been walking to the door, I'd thought I couldn't get more keyed up, but this! This game, I closed my eyes, each nerve, each muscle in my body, suddenly felt fired up and on edge. I felt a light touch on my arm, opening my eyes I saw Kate's beautiful face full of concern as she looked up at me.

"Are you okay, Phil? Sorry, it was wrong of me to mention your wife, I'm a bit stupid like that sometimes. Carlos is always telling me off, telling me to be more careful with what I say. Why don't you come through, the food won't be long," she cooed, showing me to a single place laid out on the front side of a small dining table.

"Hey Phil, good to see you, man," Carlos said, giving me a hearty slap on the shoulder as he came through from the kitchen. "Really glad you could make it, as I really wanted my little lady to finally meet you. I just know the two of you will hit it off, you've got so much in

common.” With that he punched me on the shoulder and put a big muscular arm around Kate, marking his territory in a way that shouted possessiveness.

“Honey, why don’t you run along and finish off dinner?” – his arm leaving her shoulder so he could squeeze my wife’s ass before he lightly slapped it, by way of dismissal.

Kate just giggled, smiling up at Carlos’s weathered face and pulling him down for the lightest and briefest of kisses.

As she tottered off on her 5-inch heels, my eyes couldn’t help but follow her tight little ass, feeling a large hand on my shoulder as my eyes walked with her.

“Isn’t she something, Phil? Didn’t I tell you what a little hottie she is? A real firecracker, no? And look at that tight little body, you’d never guess she’s got two kids in college. Aren’t I the lucky one, her pencil-dicked husband lets her run around all over town.”

Kate had now disappeared into the kitchen, with no tight little ass for us to watch, he turned to me with an evil and conspiratorial leer, “And we’re all guys together, right? So, you won’t mind me telling you, coz her husband ain’t very big down there, well let’s just say, she’s tighter than an Irish man on St. Patrick’s ... and a real howler as well, if you know what I mean, she just can’t get enough. Hell, half the time, I think she’s going to put me in an early box, she wants to fuck so much.”

My head was spinning as I tried to take in everything, first Kate, and now Carlos were throwing at me. I felt light-headed and had to clutch the dining chair. Thankfully things settled down a little as Kate brought the food through, and at least I could sit down, something I think was a medical requirement the way they were playing me.

As Kate brought the last stuff through, she sat down – next to Carlos, of course, leaving me as the singleton on the other side of the table. As we ate, the two of them made the running with the conversation – not for a moment dropping the façade of their game.

I’m not sure if they’d planned it this way, but somehow the game seemed to distract me from the reality – the reality, that for the first

time I was seeing my wife with another man. For now, with a man as dining companion, but all of us knowing where things were headed later.

Carlos asked me, “What do you think of Kate’s cooking?” When I’d answered he grinned and took the game to the next level, “Phil, I hope you don’t mind me asking, but how do you feel about your girl running around on you? I know some guys hate it, breaks their heart, but for some guys, they’re actually happy, pleased their wives are getting a bit of fun, maybe getting a bit of what they can’t get at home. Tell me to mind my own business, man, but I was just wondering.”

And there it was, fight or flight. Go along with it, become an active co-conspirator in the game they were playing on me, or call them out – ‘all very funny, guys, but enough’s, enough.’

I started speaking, my first syllables coming out before I had any idea what the next ones would be. “Well ... I guess ... I guess I have mixed feelings ... I mean, sometimes it’s like ... like really hard ... other times, well other times, it’s okay, or even really good ... does that make sense?”

It had been easier to go along with their game. Easier, the path of least resistance, and also least risky. I hardly dare address it, but lurking in the dark rooms at the back of my mind, was my desperate desire to finally see Kate and Carlos together. They’d been fucking for more than a month now, but still Kate was stringing me along. ‘Not yet, honey ... I’m not quite ready yet, baby ... maybe in a couple of weeks, maybe.’

And here we were, the three of us together in Carlos’s condo on a Friday night, my mind thinking that unless something went seriously sideways, tonight would be the night. The night I finally got to see Kate having sex with another man. Something I’d dreamed and fantasized about for nearly all my adult life. And bursting the bubble, they’d so elaborately created, could well count as one thing which might send things sideways – so the needy pervert in me whispered to my conscious brain, ‘play along Phil, play along, think of them together, think of what it will look like.’

When the meal was finally over, Carlos invited me to take a seat in the lounge (basically the area twelve foot in front of where we'd eaten) and asked me what my poison was. He handed me my beer., as Kate, who was walking past to sit down, but Carlos grabbed her around the waist and pulled her into his body, wrapping both arms possessively around her waist. Kate giggled, her smile showing she didn't mind one jot, snuggling her body back into his.

It was the first time I'd ever seen the two of them standing and next to each other, and I was struck by their huge difference in size. Carlos was a good eight or nine inches taller than my cute little Kate, his body looking nearly twice as broad, the breadth of his muscular shoulders and chest contrasting sharply with Kate's slight one hundred twenty lb. frame. The contrast between them, his male power so different from Kate's petite femininity, acted as a corrosive eroticism. Dripping delightfully exciting, yet painful acid into my brain. My pulse, dulled by our game of make-believe, going straight from second to fifth, revving fast as I struggled to breathe.

Kate had said she was still shy at letting me watch her and Carlos together, but there was no sign of this shyness, as she pushed back happily into his body, as the big man moved one hand up to squeeze and caress one of her breasts.

"Is this what you wanted to see, Phil? Kate and me together? Kate letting me play with her sweet little body, before I put my big Mexican cock inside her? Is that what you've been dying to see all these weeks, Phil, is it?"

Kate's eyes were closed shut, and maybe that, plus the dinnertime alcohol, had muted her embarrassment. Her quiet moans of contentment reminding me of the way a cat purrs. Her arms now thrown up, reaching behind Carlos's neck, to signal her availability for whatever he wanted to do. Carlos didn't wait for any answer, he just scooped up my little Kate, literally, as if she was weightless, grinning at me as he kissed her with an animalistic hunger and need, with almost a sneer on his face, as he looked back at me.

"Kate tells me you've always wanted to see what she looks like being fucked by a big guy, with a big cock. Well now you're about to find

out, Phil, as all of your birthdays have come at once, Phil, coz I ain't stopping with your little Kate until she's got a pussy full of my muck and she can hardly walk, comprendo?"

With that he turned and carried Kate the short distance from the lounge to the bedroom, throwing her down onto his bed as he impatiently pulled his top up and over in a single action, unbuckling his pants and slipping his remaining clothing to the floor so he was now naked.

He caught sight of me, standing in the doorway, he grasped his big thick cock by the root and wagged it at me threateningly.

"I was happy to bring her home the other night when you two guys fought, as I didn't want any part of that, man. But tonight, she's mine, Phil. Your wife's mine tonight, Phil", he said stroking himself, to show me just how large and engorged his cock was.

"She loves it, man, can't get enough of it. She wails like a banshee when I stick it to her and she begs me to never stop. Begs me to shoot my jizz straight into her tight little pussy," each syllable a staccato bullet to demonstrate his dominance. His hand still working himself, the skin of his uncut cock pulled back, to show a fearsome purple cock head.

"Watch and learn, man, watch and learn," the anger and aggression in his voice finally trailing off a little, as he started focusing more on Kate and less on me. Pulling her to sit upright as he pulled her pale green mini dress over her head and threw it casually into the corner.

One large hand firmly pushed her body back horizontal as he impatiently removed her panties to leave my little wife wearing nothing more than her sexy five-inch heels. Her legs were now unencumbered and ready to be pulled wide as his head honed in on her damp and sodden pussy. The room was brightly lit (so much for Kate's supposed shyness) and I could see the glistening moistness of her pussy, her love lips just a little less closed and snug, than they'd been when we left New England.

The room filled with Kate's squeal – the butch, dominant man had stuck out his obscenely over-sized tongue as far as it would go and licked Kate's pussy up and down with a rough and rasping action.

The squeal erupting when his weaponized tongue assaulted Kate's clit, her loud shout telling me where he was, as his head was blocking my line of sight.

Three or four more rough licks, treating Kate's tender pussy like some exotic ice cream and three or four more squeals of delighted shock from my wife. Her hips pumped up each time to meet her attacker, maximizing the contact and signaling who she belonged to and what she wanted.

Carlos turned to grin at me, shuffling on his knees between Kate's spread legs, nudging them wider still, as he took up position. He pulled her ass a little higher off the bed, tilting it to the perfect angle, beating down with his bloated shaft on her sensitive lady parts.

Kate couldn't make up her mind if she loved it or hated it, crying out and wincing from the different feelings he was causing her. I'd seen this in porn, but never done it too Kate, never treating her this roughly or feeling I had a cock that warranted such wanton behavior.

When he judged she was sufficiently in heat, he changed tack. No longer beating her pussy for a reaction, now slowly and teasingly rubbing his plum-sized cockhead up and down Kate's entrance, always giving an extra flourish, twirling it around as he got to the top of her lips, happy with the extra moans and sobs, this also caused to Kate.

Not bothering to turn his head, he pointed at the chair to the left of the bed, "Have a seat, Phil, enjoy the show. Enjoy seeing your wife give herself to her bull, see how a horny woman, like Kate, needs to be treated, needs to be fucked by a proper bull, a proper cock, just like you dreamed all of this time."

He was talking to me but looking at Kate, "Tell him, tell hubby what you want, what you need. Go on, he needs to hear it, he wants to hear it." All the time rubbing that frightening cockhead up and down to get Kate's sex ready for him and make her even more horny.

"Go on Kate ... go on honey ... you'll get my big fat cock in your sopping minge when you tell him ... tell him what he wants to hear ..."

“Sorry baby ... so sorry ... I need it ... I need him.”

“Not to me, to him,” he demanded, gesturing for Kate to look at me and tell me directly.

That was truly the moment I realized our marriage had changed and realized how far it had changed. As Kate looked across at me, her face suffused by a mixture of lust and embarrassment. The mother of my children in bed with another man, a man camped between her slut spread thighs, begging him to give her the cock she craved.

“He’s right, honey ... I love you baby ... I love you with all my heart ... but I need this ... I need him ... please forgive me, baby ... please ...”

Hearing Kate’s honest and heartfelt confession, I realized just how far our respective roles in our fantasy game had changed. Changed out of all recognition. Started by my insecurities and my fantasies of a guy with a big cock for Kate.

But now living in a new city, a new world, the fantasy had been picked up and made real by my formerly sweet little wife, Kate, until these last weeks, my loving and tender life partner. But today a schizoid partner – part still my sweet partner, but part also a lust crazed woman who needed her new secret life. Her secret life, where she was no longer Kate, the country club mother of two, she was Kate, the hotwife. Kate the hotwife, who loved giving herself to her swarthy and muscled Bull, loved doing whatever he asked, loved giving him her body, loved the reward of his over-sized cock ploughing her and pummeling her until she took her bull’s full load of cum.

Life and confession are the strangest of things, hearing Kate’s honest and embarrassed confession of her needs, my heart went out to her. I sensed she was worried I’d be disgusted or reject her, but I loved her too much, I recognized my own part in bringing us to today. Rising from my chair I stepped across, stroked her sweaty brow and kissed her moist and quivering lips.

“It’s okay, baby, it’s okay. It’s what we both wanted, it’s what I wanted.”

It nearly broke my heart, seeing the look of relief and love that swept over my wife's beautiful face. She'd been a woman torn between two loves, two needs, her love for me, and her newly found love and need for Carlos's big cock, and with just a few words, I'd smashed her torment, smashed it like an axe smashes the chained gates. Kate was now free to have it all, the man and family she loved, and the man and the sex her body craved like a drug.

I kissed her a second and last time, our eyes locked together in a beautiful smile. So beautiful, I needed to kiss her a third time before turning away and addressing Carlos. "Okay, bull man, would you do me the honor, do me the honor of showing me exactly what you and my wife have been doing every Monday and Friday night."

Carlos grinned.

"Fuck her, Carlos. We both know my beautiful, loving little slut of a wife needs it. Why don't you give her slutty little pussy the fucking it needs? Give her little pussy the big cock it needs."

Carlos turned back to Kate and with a look of pure possession, nudged his ugly looking cockhead past Kate's love lips and into her love canal, sinking the rest of his long fat cock deep into her body, in a single smooth stroked.

Kate grimaced with surprise as the cockhead entered and stretched her, but as the rest of the snake followed and penetrated, she gave a single long moan of contentment.

"Uuh ... that's good ... so fucking good."

I wasn't used to Kate being so vocal or so crude. Carlos obviously brought out different things in her than I ever did. Encouraged, he pulled his muscled ass back fully and repeated the motion, his fat rod now glistening with Kate's juices as it smoothly pistoned back in.

"Uuh ... what are you doing to me, baby?" Kate's breath now noticeably shallower and higher pitched.

Carlos repeated the motion, each time a little faster, adding a final deep thrust at the end of each stroke. Winning the same, 'uuh', sound from Kate each time.

Kate's little hands were now locked around Carlos's neck, her eyes looking deep into his, the two of them physically and emotionally locked together in the most intimate act two people can share. Their playing and involvement of me now ended, only aware of each other.

Kate smiled as Carlos took a moment to lift her legs up, so they were now rested on his shoulders. The slight grimace on Kate's face telling me his strokes were now able to go an extra inch or two deeper.

Jigsaw pieces now where he wanted, Carlos set into a steady and accelerating rhythm. Each downward thrust driving fresh moans from my wife, each end stop making a resounding slapping sound as his hips hit Kate's flesh.

My own breathing was ragged and rushed. Hearing Kate describe her sex with Carlos had been intense enough, but actually watching their two bodies and souls united together in this most raw and personal of unions, was infinitely more painful and erotic. Watching the woman, I loved locked in union with another man, thrilled and destroyed me in equal measure. It was like life and fate were smiling at me at the exact same moment, it kicked me in the nuts.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any more intense, Kate's eyes opened and she pulled at her lover's neck, needing to feel his lips on hers, offering him her open mouth in a lewd mimic of what was happening between their hips. Allowing his tongue to thrust repeatedly in and out of her mouth just as his big fat cock was doing down below.

I was surreptitiously stroking and squeezing through the front of my pants. Maybe he saw this in the corner of his eye, maybe he'd just played this game too many times before. Either way, without breaking stride or looking at me, Carlos gruffly commanded me to disrobe.

"Get 'em off, Phil, don't see why me and your pretty little wife should be the only ones in the buff. Come on man, show us what ya got, show your little wifey what she's missing."

The mockery couldn't have been clearer, but somehow, I didn't mind. All part of the game, and anyway, he was eight or nine inches

deep in my wife, so what could one extra coating of humiliation matter?

The room was warm, but now naked, still I shivered. Shivered at the emotional nakedness and vulnerability, painfully aware that my body was much less macho and manly than Carlos's. Even more painfully aware that his cock was maybe twice as fat as my own, and an extra three or four inches longer. I felt myself blushing and I felt my chest tightening with these thoughts, but somehow deep down, I knew this was what I wanted.

"Come over here, man. Come over here and hold Kate's hand and look into her eyes, while I fuck her to heaven and back. Fuck her and take her from you."

A sane man, a man in his right mind, would have told him to fuck off, would have hit him in the face. But right there, right then, this wasn't a sane world. It was an 'Alice in Wonderland' crazy world, a world inverted and turned upside down. One man pulling at his cock, while another man made love to the woman, he loved. Her, the Queen of Hearts, at the center of this high-octane game. Her, the Queen of Hearts, who'd chosen the thuggish and big-cocked Knave, over her heart-broken King. No longer even aware of the presence of the King, her only concern, the Knave, and how his big cock felt deep within her, made her feel so good, made her feel things her husband couldn't.

Moving to the edge of their bed, I sat there and stroked Kate's sweat-soaked brow. I couldn't hold her hand, her hands were still locked around her lover's thick neck, so I had to make do with touching her brow and comforting her. My touch made her look across from Carlos to me, her expression watery and her face one of distant glassy eyes. It was like she was looking right through me, as if she saw a body next to hers but didn't recognize me or realize why I was there.

My paranoia was wrong, "Thanks, thanks, baby," she somehow managed, despite the way Carlos's deep thrusts were pummeling her lower body and sucking all her attention to what he was doing to

her. "Thanks, honey, Thanks for letting me do this, for letting Carlos have me."

Because that's what it was, in the crudest, most honest language, that's exactly what it was. My wife was 'had', had and taken, by another man. Physically occupied, by his cock, occupied and possessed in a way her husband couldn't. Emotionally occupied and possessed, an inevitable consequence as feeling follows physical. The act of taking a cock into her body, deep into her body, linking physical and emotional in a near unbreakable bond.

And that was it, the last for a while, as what Carlos was doing to her took her back, took her away from me. I'd had my fleeting moment of contact, and now I returned to role of third-party observer.

Kate's head turned away from me, a weak and wan smile on her lips as she looked from me and back to the man who was slipping his big cock in and out of her womanhood, with a slick and fulfilling rhythm. Their eyes locked together just about long enough to be respectable, before Kate again pulled at his neck, so they could devour each other in the hungriest and most intimate of kisses.

And that was it. For the next hour or so, Kate was lost to me. The truth of Carlos's question, that he'd asked several days ago, now clear to me. When he'd asked, 'are you ready for this', ready to see the two of them together in the flesh, together right in front of me.

Hearing Kate describe what they did, describe how he made her feel, was one thing. Seeing it, seeing the look on her face, hearing the sounds she made, well that was a whole different ball game. A whole different level of intensity – a whole different level of pleasure and pain, like comparing a strummed acoustic ballad to sticking your head in the bins at a Heavy Metal concert.

For the next hour I sat alone, a man in shock, a man entranced and bemused, loving it and hating it as I watched two become one. The pain and eroticism of my wife becoming one with a man not me, giving herself over to me without reserve or thought. Giving me a commentary, sometimes soft and emotional moans and sighs, sometimes soul-curdling shrieks and sobs, as Carlos smashed another short or long orgasm from her.

Kate's tight little body was a sweaty, marked and blotchy mess, by the end of the next hour. I lost track of how many times she came as Carlos pounded her into submission. There was nothing tender or loving in the way he fucked her, content to fuck her in position after position. Each change punctuated by Kate's cries and sobs of pleasure, as she came again. Carlos, seemingly taking each climax as a period mark, telling him to flip my wife's little body into a new position so his big cock could do slightly different brush strokes in her pussy, stretch and stimulate her in a slightly different way.

And to me, the selfish and voyeuristic observer, each new position he used, gave me slightly new and different perverse pleasures. Their doggy style fucking, crude and animalistic, the slapping together of their flesh, a shouted denial of all the thoughts I ever had of my wife, as a lady or genteel mother. When Kate rode him, the driver in control, doing all the work, a different set of mental messages. Kate as an eager participant, no longer passive and taken, an equal and eager co-conspirator in my cuckolding. When he picked her up and strode around the room bouncing her up and down on his big dick, a sense of inadequacy and shame. Shame that I didn't have the body or strength to treat my woman to the same thrilling fuck.

Most intense of all, when they finally finished off, back in missionary, Carlos's cock maybe not as deep in this position, but allowing them to lock their bodies and hearts together in ways that thrilled and taunted me, in ways that left me literally breathless with shock. The way Kate's legs were locked together around his back mocking me, reminding me that I was normally the one there, today replaced by a larger and better cocked man. The way they kissed, one minute tender, the next hungry and urgent, even more painful than their physical union.

I was sweating nearly as much as my sexed-up wife, but even a sexual athlete like Carlos couldn't go on forever, and when we'd won maybe a fifth or a sixth climax from my beautiful wife, the movements of his ass started slowly accelerating. The change in pace clearer and clearer, the way he held Kate tighter and tighter leaving me in no doubt.

And then he grabbed Kate to him, crushing her head in a vice like grip and bellowing like a wounded animal. Thrusting as deep as physically possible, he just held her still, a bull inseminating his target. My mind only able to imagine that plum ugly cockhead deep in Kate's pussy, opening and closing, shooting and shooting, spurt after spurt, of his sticky white seed, deep into her pussy. Some of it stuck on her stretched walls, some of it firing straight into her womb. Hunting and seeking eggs, which thankfully, were made chemically absent by the wonders of science. The most erotic moment yet, but not one we wanted to remember in nine months' time.

And then a total change of gear, my own fingers, I realized, now sticky with my own discharge. A painful ache and depression in my heart at the unavoidable thought. My seed sticky and on my fingers, on the carpet waiting for cleaning, alone and lonely.

His seed deep in a warm and welcoming female, my female, my wife. His seed starting a journey, productive and manly. My seed a spent force, sad and pointless, wriggling around aimlessly with no target within possible reach.

I'd masturbated enough over the years to know this moment was coming, to know it would be a problem, but knowing, didn't make it easier to deal with. The moment itself and the chemical changes in my brain made worse by what my eyes saw and my ears heard. The sight of Kate and Carlos cuddling, cuddling and smiling, whispering lovers' words and messages, so quiet and tender, the cuckolded husband knew but couldn't hear.

My last act being to put the best mask on that I could manage, telling Kate I loved her (I don't think she heard) and quietly excusing myself. The passion gone, now feeling like three should be two. The two, being the two who were physically and emotionally together.

That's my memory of Friday night – the first time I got to see Kate and Carlos together. Even remembering all of this has been a rollercoaster of pain and eroticism.

Sorry if the description has gone on in places – but I really wanted to share what it both looked like and felt like, emotionally.

I'll break here and pick up, maybe tomorrow, to describe what happened next, after their coupling. Because, from memory, this must have been only around 9 or 9:30 pm on Friday.

Sun 19 May, 2019 13:35 pm

Things are quiet here at home. I've had a chance to sleep and rest since my last update on Saturday night, to physically and emotionally recover and gather my thoughts.

My last update ended sometime after 9 pm on Friday night, when I'd watched my wife, Kate, together with Carlos for the first time. (They'd already been 'dating' for five weeks by this point, and lovers for four of those five weeks. But Kate had always claimed to be too shy and nervous to let me watch and Carlos had backed this up by counselling that, in his experience, we all needed to make sure that I was emotionally ready to watch.) Over the course of an hour or so, Carlos had fucked Kate to five or six orgasms and then the two of them had kissed passionately, as he pushed deep and shot his load into my wife's sweet little body. I'd cum into my own hand, and with the inevitable slight depression that normally happened afterwards, I'd made my excuses and left the two of them to it.

As I left, I didn't fully shut the door, so as I sat, maybe fifteen or twenty feet away, in the small apartment's lounge, I could hear the two of them talking, but I couldn't make out what they were saying.

I'm never good with boredom, especially at an emotionally taut moment like this, so I picked up my phone and tried to distract myself that way. But the delights of news, social media and various hobby videos weren't equal to the task. Now that I'd cum and the eroticism of Kate and Carlos's coupling was in the past, I felt a sense of empty sadness and loneliness.

As the minutes passed the sounds of their low and intimate voices from the bedroom just seemed a drip-drip of further pain onto my already melancholy mood. Thankfully, after ten or fifteen minutes, I heard sounds of movement in the bedroom, moments later I saw Kate's sexy little body padding bare foot from the bedroom into the lounge. Although I'd come only minutes ago, my cock swelled a little at the sight of her body. The fact her nipples were still swollen and proud was particularly erotic, with the red love bites and markings

from her bull coming a close second, in starting to fire up my arousal again.

Kate had a concerned, nervous look on her face, “Are you okay, honey?” Her body looked so cute and sexy as she nervously walked towards me.

I didn’t answer since I didn’t have the right words to hand out. I just opened my eyes to gesture and she carried on walking until she sat on my naked lap, arms wrapped lovingly around my neck, sexy butt squashing my cock. She just looked at me, her eyes burrowing into me for an answer to her question, her brow a little more furrowed with worry, ever extra second, I didn’t answer.

“I guess,” I just about managed to force out. Hardly a ringing endorsement, her look of concern hardly easing.

“It’s just sex, honey,” she offered. “It doesn’t really mean anything, just one bit of flesh going into another bit of flesh.”

“I guess,” I repeated, only slowly finding the words to express my thoughts. “I mean, it was exciting, erotic. It was just like you’ve told me it was, but still ... seeing and hearing ... seeing the way he makes you cum ... hearing how he makes you scream with pleasure ... it’s exciting, don’t get me wrong ... but it’s kinda intense, kinda hard ... makes me wonder why I can’t make you cum like that ...”

And there it was – my soul laid bare, laid on a plate for Kate to dissect. To pull and prod, leaving me totally vulnerable. There’s no one else in the world I trust in the same way. This woman is my soul mate, my best friend. The woman who makes me laugh, who bore my children, with whom I plan to grow old.

She kissed me softly, her breath sweet and humid in my mouth. A second kiss, then looking deep into my eyes, “It’s only you that I love, honey, only you. If you want, we can go home right now, if that’s what you need, what you want. That,” she said, gesturing to the bedroom, “doesn’t matter a damn.” Her deep brown eyes locked onto mine, “You and me, our beautiful girls, that’s all that matters, honey, that’s all that will always matter.” Choosing this intimate moment to rub her little nose on mine, Eskimo style. Lightening the

moment, taking my mind back to all the times she'd done this before, through our many years of togetherness.

I loved this woman with all my heart. She is the Yin to my Yang – always knowing just what I need. My fears and worries in remission, and the warmth and weight of Kate's little body still on top of me, my cock was starting to harden. Kate's look of worry and seriousness now finally gone, replaced by a playful coquettishness. Kissing me softly, as she raised her butt and reached down to grab me.

"Mmm, someone's happy to see me," she grinned, "I want my husband inside me." Her words timed perfectly to match to the feeling of her slick wetness enveloping me. "Yes, I am a bit looser, a bit stretched out," her words like a speech bubble for what she knew I was thinking. "Isn't that what you wanted, honey? Your sweet little wife stretched out by Carlos's big thick cock?"

"Yes," my voice barely audible, my voice box tight with emotion.

Kate smiled, "Come on, hubby, take your little wife into Carlos's guest room. Get your own back by mussing up his bed, reclaiming your little wife from her big-cocked Mexican bull."

My heart was pounding, my mind set now, one of optimism and excitement. We'd played the game, we'd had our jollies, and Kate was still with me. My mood was now as playful as Kate, and so with five inches still inside my sweet bride, I stood, heartily, glad Kate only weighed around one hundred twenty. She giggled and I laughed, as I walked as best I could, Kate wrapping her legs around me, making my gait and balance slightly less comical.

"Come on, stud man, you can do it, only ten feet to go," her smile of happiness making me feel all was well in the world. Temporarily pushing from my mind, the sights and sounds of her and Carlos together.

As we made out, our loving all full of kisses, touches and eyes which never wanted to leave each other, I knew there was something different about our love making. At the time I knew it was different, but I couldn't put my finger on it. It was only later that night, that I worked out what it was that was different. It was the scary, yet somehow a liberating fact, that our lovemaking was no longer Kate's

only outlet for sex and physical pleasure. Sure, that was still part of our love making, but now she had another man for that. A man with a bigger cock, a man whose hobby was fucking married women and making them squeal and sob until they couldn't cum anymore. And somehow, knowing Kate had this alternative sexual outlet, was strangely freeing. Strangely bringing us closer together – allowing our lovemaking to be about just that, about expressing our love for each other. Something where Kate and I had no other outlet accept each other.

As Kate and I kissed, touched and made love, I looked into her eyes, happy. Happy, that she'd had such great sex with Carlos, happy, that although she was no longer sexually monogamous and exclusive with me, I knew we were more in love and more emotionally monogamous than at any time in all our years together.

As we lay side by side, looking deep into each other's eyes, recovering, as my juices bubbled away inside Kate, alongside Carlos's earlier deposit, Kate smiled. "What do you want to do now, honey?"

I was sexually satisfied and content since I'd cum twice, in the last thirty minutes. I was in a good place emotionally, happy with my wife's love and having physically reclaimed her. While my energy levels were low, the playful smile on her lips, and the twinkle in her eye, told me Kate wasn't done. And the more I looked at her and dwelt on these twin signals, the more I felt my cuckold demon stretch his shackles.

"What would I like to do now? What would I like ..."? I teased her, fingers rubbing my chin like a particularly lame and indecisive shopper in a department store. "What I think I'd like, for now, is I'd like to be able to lie here knowing that my lovely wife is getting the fucking that she needs ... lying here hearing the bed singing as she lets her bull fuck her nine ways to sundown ... hearing her sob and moan and squeal ... hearing her cum over and over again until she can't cum anymore ... and then when her bull's ready to pump her full of his muck, I might deign to come through and add my jizz to his, covering your pretty little tits with my jizz. Yes ... I think that's

what I'd like," I smiled, understated, as if I was asking her to pass the sugar or asking her to give me a backrub.

Kate has always loved dirty talk, always telling me that the brain, not the cock, is the biggest sex organ, and the way she grinned at my request told me she'd not changed her opinion.

Sun 19 May 2019 15:21 pm

I guess you all want to know how the rest of the night panned out. Well, it was just before 10 pm when I gave Kate her marching orders and watched somewhat reluctantly (why couldn't she be in two places at once) as her cute little tushy waltzed out of my bedroom and back into her bull's bedroom.

I remember thinking at the time, when I'd told her what I wanted, for the first time I used the word 'bull'. Until that night, I'd never used the word or even thought of the concept, but that was what Carlos had called himself – 'Kate's bull'. And now, without consciously thinking about it, I'd aped his language, used the word he'd used to describe the relationship between him and Kate. My wife had a bull! Five weeks ago, she'd only ever really known me – and now we were just weeks later and she had a bull! A bigger, better blessed, more dominant guy, to see to her carnal needs.

I shook my head as her little tushy disappeared, wondering how on earth we'd ended up here. Twenty plus years of marriage in sedate New England and we were the picture of understated suburban marital normalcy. Yet, less than six months into our new life in Atlanta, and my wife had a bull! A guy, who was bedding her regularly, Mondays and Fridays, like some big-cocked bus service. Calling at all points, from kissing and cumming, running several times each night, until the passengers had to get off to get themselves some rest.

For the next four hours I saw little of Kate. Saw little of her, but heard plenty of her as both bedroom doors were open, so even if I'd wanted to (and I didn't) I couldn't have avoided listened to her sobs and moans of pleasure as Carlos took her time and time again.

When I did go back into the room (just once, to shoot my jizz on Kate as I'd threatened) I saw that Carlos had now slipped a cock ring onto the base of his cock and, aided by this little wonder, he seemed to fuck for most of these next four hours.

There were certainly times when the bed wasn't singing, when all I heard was the quiet tones of conversation, rather than the slap-slap of flesh on flesh from their lovers coupling and fucking. But I distinctly heard Kate give it up another five or six times, when her moans and sighs of pleasure, accelerated and transformed into a full-on banshee wail. And, although I'm not familiar with these devices, I'm guessing Carlos must have removed his ring at least three times, because I certainly heard the now familiar bellowing sound as he came deep within my wife's pussy.

It was just after 2 am, when I next heard Kate's little footsteps, as she came through the bedroom still totally naked, but now holding a small travel case that had me flummoxed. Seeing the hour and knowing how many times she had cum on the end of Carlos's big cock, I jumped to a natural conclusion.

"Are you done, baby, ready to go home?"

She smiled at me – a slightly unnerving and confusing smile that was as enigmatic as any Da Vinci ever painted.

"Phil, honey."

Always words that troubled me, my nerves were now on edge. Why had she felt the need to use my name, it was only me and her in the room.

"Honey, do you remember how we argued, when you wouldn't be straight with me about what you wanted?"

I nodded my head, wondering where this was going, still more than a little unnerved. Kate lifted up the little case, so that it was directly between us.

"What is that?" I finally found the courage to ask, my voice shakier than I'd have liked. "Is it what I think it is, is it an overnight case?"

Kate blushed, holding my eyes with the directness and firmness of her own gaze. She didn't speak, she just put the thing down next to me on the bed and flicked open both latches. Now looking down into the case, she started emptying the case. Ever methodical, she put different articles of clothing into different piles, counting out one, then two, then three, lacy push-up bras for her sweet little A-cup boobs.

One, then two, then three, little matching thong panties – each so brief it was hardly worth wearing them. The clothes show going on as she laid out sexy tops and sexy skirts.

Only when the case was empty did she look up, her eyes now back locked on my own. Her own voice was now shaking just like mine had been, “Last time, honey, you weren’t honest with me, weren’t honest with yourself. So, this time, I’m going to help you, baby.” She paused to judge my reaction, and maybe a little to strengthen her own resolve. “Honey, I think it’s time Carlos’s friend Phil left. Went home to bed, where his skank wife should be, where she would be, if she wasn’t running around all over town. I think Phil should go home, think that’s for the best,” she repeated, not a question, definitely a statement.

“But, before you go, you should help Phil’s wife decide how long she should stay and play. How many panties do you think she should pack in her overnight bag? Does Phil want her to pack zero – to be a good girl, to be Phil’s dutiful, sweet wife, there to make him pancakes and waffles in the morning? Or should she maybe pack just one pair of panties – somewhat of a slut, but still a good girl at heart? Or does Phil really want his sweet wife to play dirty? To really let herself be bulled, bulled good and hard, bulled over and over again, bulled all weekend long, until her bull has to go and earn some money for her on Monday?”

Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

It was like Kate was looking right into my soul and seeing every sick fantasy I’d ever dreamt or dared dream. I suppose I shouldn’t have been surprised, after all, she’d been my wife all these years, she’d shared the same bed with me, listened to my love talk and bedroom fantasies. Aside from her own desires, which were pretty clear having listened to the last four hours, she was perfectly positioned to play Mata Hari to her needy, kinky minded cuckold husband. The way she smiled at me, she already knew the answer before my shaking fingers touched a single article of her clothing.

So, to all my friends on this forum, that’s exactly why the house is so damned quiet, and why I have time on my hands to write this update

for you all.

Sat 29 Jun 2019 1:04 am

Well, sorry everyone about how long it's been since the last update. It's been just over a month now since my last update. The update I wrote after Kate had arranged the 'special' Friday night for me. The night when she finally let me watch her and her bull, Carlos, together, live and in the flesh. Although there were times which I found painful (an inherent part of our new open marriage), overall, it was an amazingly erotic and enjoyable evening. The pair of them put on an Oscar-level display of acting, Kate pretending she didn't know me and that I was just a buddy of Carlos, who had invited me over for dinner. Making out like they were the couple and peppering their conversation with references to how sorry they were that my/Philip's wife, was such a cheating skank.

Their drama masterclass then seamlessly turning into a six-hour long fuck fest, Carlos making my sweet little wife cum a dozen times, as I either watched or listened in from the guest bedroom. The last kicker to my kinky wife's game being her teasingly presenting me with a choice as she suggested I return home. Did I want her to go with me, or would it make me more excited if she stayed overnight and for some, or all, of the weekend.

At the end of the last update, she'd presented me the choice, and I was still pondering it. Pervert that I was that night, none of you will be surprised to learn now which option it was that I chose. Of the three thong panties Kate had packed in her overnight bag, I picked up all three, putting them back in Kate's overnight bag. One for Friday, one for Saturday, and one for Sunday – just for good measure. 'That's what Carlos and I thought', had been Kate's tart answer, as she gave me a farewell kiss, telling me she'd see me Monday evening.

It was only Monday evening that Kate and I were reunited again. Kate and I did share a few calls and some saucy texts and pictures, but by and large I was alone while she spent the whole weekend and much of Monday with Carlos.

At heart, I'm a bit of an introvert, enjoying the company of others but also happy by myself. So, although I missed my best friend, I took the opportunity to do some of the things best done without Kate around. Dinner both nights was takeout, Indian food (Kate's not a fan) and I stayed up late enjoying some very expensive malt whiskey and Cuban cigars, which would have earned me a dirty look and severe disapproval, had Kate been home.

When Kate returned the two of us enjoyed a blissful week together. I'm hard pressed to fully explain it (I tried a little in the last update), but I actually felt closer to Kate than ever, and she said that she felt the same. Part of it's like that old idiom – about giving a bird their freedom, and then being overjoyed and knowing how much they love you when they return home, rather than flying away to pastures new and greener.

Forgive my mixed metaphors, but I think you know what I'm trying to say. I'd given Kate her freedom, and she loved the amazing sex she was getting from Carlos, but at the same time, when she came home, it gave her a new and richer perspective on the depth of our love for each other. Aside from the many times she thanked me for giving her this selfless gift of being able to be with Carlos, it was also written in her face. Written in the loving way she looked at me, reminding me of the way she looked at me, all those years ago, when we started dating, when we were young, foolish and in love, as only youngsters can be. (I was already in my late 20s when we met, so maybe I'm stretching a point!)

Kate was pretty exhausted from her weekend of sex with Carlos, so we were happy just to chill and relax around the house. Kate was too tired and sore for us to make love on Monday evening, but she was happy to wank me off, asking me if I wanted to cum in her mouth, or on her perky little boobs, or on her face. Kate knew this would shock me – she's never liked swallowing, she'd been okay with her boobs and chest as a target, but her face had always been off limits.

Smiling at me as she explained, "Carlos makes me swallow, and you know what, I quite like it now, don't know why I said no all these years, and he says a woman should always let her bull cum on her

face ... that a pretty married face covered with a bull's cum reminds the wife, and husband, what's what ..."

There was no embarrassment in her voice, her smile one of teasing honesty, enjoying the look of shock and surprise on my face. Giggling to me as she told me a white lie, "Sorry, honey, I didn't mean to shock you. I guess Carlos is making a few changes in your sweet little wife."

She'd been telling me all about her naked weekend, where her and Carlos barely left his bed from Saturday through Monday lunch time. This, combined with the slow and sensual strokes of her right hand, had me ready to blow my stack, kissing Kate as I whispered where I wanted to cum, seconds later her face looked lovelier than ever with a light covering of my jizz. Some of it lying sticky against her skin, some of it dripping down from her eyebrow and nose and some had even flown into her eye, with Kate doing her best to extract it, as she giggled and tried to return to binocular vision.

The next few days were wonderful. Kate and I were able to make love, although she told me I needed to go easy, as she was still a little sore from the Carlos's big cock and the number of times he'd fucked her, just what a husband wants to hear, as he makes love to the love of his wife!

As I said earlier, the two of us felt strangely close. I'd given Kate her freedom (well, a little bit of freedom) and she'd soared into the sky, enjoyed the amazing experience, and then swooped to fly back home and snuggle down with her best friend and life partner. Excited, and happy, to be able to tell me all about her experience, never growing tired of thanking me.

As we cuddled together on Thursday night, it was Kate who raised the question of Friday night. No longer a tiny bit shy about voicing her needs, she smiled at me, "Do you want to watch again tomorrow night? Or are you okay if it's just me and Carlos?"

The inference in her second question stung a little – the suggestion that she preferred it if it was just her and her bull together.

"What would you prefer?" Slightly challenging her, but still a little cowardly.

Kate picked up on my tone, looking at me with a mix of honesty and tender concern. “Honestly, I like a bit of both. It’s nice sometimes just the two of us, him and me, but other times it’s really hot and exciting to see you sitting there, wanking and watching, while Carlos and I get it on. Does that shock you, honey?”

I smiled at this wonderful woman. “A month ago, that would have shocked me, sweetheart, but now, not so much?”

In that single moment, I don’t think we’d ever felt closer. We were still Kate and Phil, the couple who’d fallen in love all those years ago. We were still Mum and Dad, to our two beautiful daughters, two women with their lives ahead of them, the two people who made Kate and me, and our family, whole. But we were also Kate, the wannabe slut (unfair, she was just making up for lost time, doing things her friends had done years ago before they settled down) and Phil, the voyeur/cuck (how I hate that word, but if the cap fits ...) happy to help and enable.

I took a deep breath and prepared to say out loud, something I’d barely just realized and come to terms with myself, “I’m okay with just the two of you. I hope you don’t think me weird, honey, but sometimes it’s kinda hot when the two of you shut me out. I guess this whole thing’s full of masochistic pleasures for the hubby, in the mix.”

Kate smiled, a teasing, loving, smile that told me she loved this kinky part of our new lifestyle.

“But hey, if I call, I expect you to pick up ... pick up and let me have a little watch for a while, understood?” I mock shouted, my voice’s best imitation of a schoolmaster.

Her voice, sweetness personified, as she cooed back, “Of course, honey, but don’t be shocked if I can’t talk, coz my mouth’s full of Carlos’s big cock. Or because I’m lying on my back while he pounds me and stretches me out, ‘forcing’ me to tell him how much bigger and better he is, than my sweet little guy back home.”

Bitch! But a bitch who I loved and who loved me with all her heart. A bitch who could play the role to perfection and who knew exactly which buttons to press.

Looking in my diary, that must have been around the 20th of May. The next few weeks continued with a similar pattern that Kate and Carlos had (with my agreement) already established. Monday and Friday were Kate's, 'getting fucked by Carlos, nights.

With my level of salary and seniority, Kate was lucky enough not to have to work, and so it was no problem if her Monday nights with Carlos ended in the small hours of Tuesday morning. She normally left Carlos's bed around 2 am and rolled up in our marital bed around half an hour later. It was just the two poor guys in her life who had to get up in the morning to work, who struggled for sleep!

Friday night's she always stayed over with Carlos. Ever since my confession that I quite enjoyed the sometimes exclusion they laid on me, Kate used this Friday absence as another finger to stimulate my cuck gland. Each Friday, fully dolled up and sexy as hell, she'd blow me a kiss and leave me with the same words, "Love you, honey, don't wait up, I'm sleeping with Carlos tonight. See you sometime Saturday ... maybe." The last word delivered with a facial version of a smiling emoji. How had she got so damned good at pressing my buttons so damned quickly?

Kate and I were both getting adjusted to, and with, a better understanding of what we liked and didn't like, in this new marital set-up for us. With Kate, I could see that she was really blooming with this newfound sexual freedom and the sheer amount of great sex she was getting. Carlos was still fucking her nine ways to kingdom come, on Monday and Friday, meaning that Tuesdays and Saturdays were largely recovery days. We'd kiss and cuddle, talk about what she and her lover had gotten up to and she'd give me either hand or oral relief. One strange thing being that, maybe abnormally for a guy, I normally preferred hand relief.

I love the feel of Kate's warm and wet mouth on my cock, but I love even more the visual high of seeing her hand tease and lovingly run up and down my shaft, while she tells me how damned good Carlos was. Loving her words about how he stretches her and goes so

deep, making her cry out with pleasure and cum much better than the man she loves ever did. The perfect finale being to see my jizz shoot out in the air and land on some part of Kate's sweet little body or face, the perfect expression of lovers joined together and me marking my territory.

Wednesday and Thursday we'd often go out on dates, ending up making hot and sweaty love in bed after our dates. Behaving more like a couple of besotted and in love teenagers, rather than two mature forty-something parents of college-aged kids. This pattern played out perfectly from the time between Kate's 'special night' for me, in mid-May until around mid-June.

Sat 29 Jun 2019 2:04 am

At the time, I thought little of it, but the first sign of trouble came around a month after the 'special night' (more like weekend) that Kate had organized so I could finally watch her and Carlos together.

Kate and Carlos had settled into their Monday and Friday routine which had been going on for around six weeks now, ever since we'd resumed things after Kate and I had our first argument linked to Carlos. Now that Kate had spent her first night sleeping over at Carlos and she knew I was okay with it, she'd normally overnighted at Carlos's place. They made a point of involving me through FaceTime calls, which allowed me to get my rocks off, by seeing Kate being royally fucked by Carlos, in whatever part of his condo took his fancy. Every time I watched, I could clearly see how Kate was loving the sex. Carlos was always rough and dominant, each time bringing Kate to a series of shrieking and blood curdling climaxes and she seemed to really get off on the way Carlos treated her. I was really happy for her, but at the same time felt a little inadequate, and jealous, that I couldn't make her cum or respond to me in the same way.

Kate and I sometimes talked about this – she was always keen to check that I was still okay with things – and these talks did help. Kate told me that it was one thing for her to let her bull treat her like ('her fantasy world' as she called it), but that in her 'real world', she'd never want her husband and best friend to treat her like that, telling me the two were very different, and that the loving and gentle way we made love would always be far more special and precious to her than what she did with her big-cocked Mexican bull.

As the weeks passed, when I did watch, I started to notice not just how strongly and often Kate came (I could hardly miss that!), but also how she seemed to be getting more and more into playing the slut, becoming more and more comfortable with some of the things Carlos liked to do to her or have her do to him.

From what I saw myself and from Kate told me, Carlos enjoyed having Kate nearly naked from when she arrived to when it was time

for her to leave. With Kate's boobs being so perky and little, when they weren't in bed having sex, he'd get Kate to wonder around his apartment in just tiny panties and heels. As Kate told me, Carlos loved seeing her little boobs jiggling up and down and loved to see how hard and swollen her nipples were. He joked that he saw her little nubs as a sexual thermometer of how aroused and ready for action my previously sweet wife was. Kate always giggled when she told me how, if ever he spotted her nipples weren't hard, he'd make a point of sucking them and playing with them until they were back on full beam.

When Kate reported back, I was always keen to know what she and Carlos talked about when they weren't having sex. According to Kate they talked about all sorts of things, they talked about the real world, of their respective families (Carlos was divorced, also with two daughters like us), about his business and about all other kinds of random, everyday shit. Inevitably the conversation often was about sex and the 'lifestyle', as he called the world of open marriages, hotwives and bulls, and Kate asked him what he got out of it and what he enjoyed the most.

At first Carlos just joked and batted the question away, "What do I get out of it? You mean aside from the great sex with lots of different sexy women?"

But then as Kate pushed it, he shared what really excited him – aside from the great sex! I'd thought he might be guarded and careful about what he told Kate, in case he frightened or upset her, but if anything, it was the opposite. He used what he told Kate as some kind of aphrodisiac, telling her that if she, or any other woman, stayed in a relationship with him, bit by bit he'd extend her sexual boundaries, exposing her to new sexual practices until she'd finally reached her limit and told him stop!

Kate asked him what happened when the women he was with (or their husbands!) did finally tell him to stop. The night Kate had asked, he just turned to her and said, 'plenty more fish in the sea.' The message clear – play the game as Carlos wanted, or lose the game altogether.

Carlos had explained that he loved the thrill of slowly making ‘a good girl go bad’ (as he put it), especially when the woman in question was married and had never done any of these kind of things with her husband. Carlos was unabashed, explaining to Kate how it was a real power trip for him, bending a wife and husband to his will. Knowing that not only was he giving the wife better sex than the husband could, but that he was also getting the wife to do things that she’d never been prepared to do with the husband.

Whenever Kate asked about any of this stuff, Carlos seemed to take great pleasure in explaining it to her. Kate and I agreed that he seemed to like communicating the implied threat – that he had the power, and that he’d not hesitate to terminate his affair with Kate as, and when, he got bored with her. To him it was just a game – taking the latest innocent little housewife that had offered herself to him and doing his thing, turning my good girl Kate into a sluttier woman, who craved a wider range of sexual activities.

Kate was a little shy to admit it, but I think the story that Carlos told excited her. Kate had always been frustrated at her strict upbringing, and she’d gone straight from that into marriage. Now, totally by chance, she’d selected a lover who would help her undo all this and experience all the different sexual things the world had to offer.

Strangely enough, the more I understood of Carlos’s agenda, the happier I was. It reassured me that he wasn’t after some emotional involvement with Kate, wanting her for his second wife, which I’d worried about when I found out he was divorced and the whole thing with the sexual exploration excited me. Maybe I should have been a bit more cautious, but my reasoning was that Kate was a smart, mature woman and I trusted her to call a stop to anything she didn’t like or thought too dangerous.

Throughout May and June, I saw plenty of evidence of the way Carlos was working on expanding Kate’s sexual boundaries. Aside from the ‘nearly always naked’ thing, he worked to widen Kate’s boundaries in a number of other ways, and like any good teacher, there were practicals and theory. Carlos was smart enough to avoid being a ‘wham, bam, thank you’ guy, recognizing that most sex starts and ends in the head, with only the middle bit being physical.

According to Kate he spent lots of time talking to her about a whole host of different things. I never ceased to get hard as Kate would give me the edited highlights from these conversations.

The topics were really wide ranging, from narrow subjects, like the importance of oral sex and how it was a way for a woman to show how she felt about a guy, to show appreciation for the pleasure his dick gave her and to demonstrate sexually submissiveness as a woman, 'knelt for her man and worshipped', his cock.

Kate had bridled at this, always a proud and strong woman, but Carlos had just smiled – telling Kate, 'You'll learn', that so much of sex was about power and submission, surprising Kate with references to Freud and Jung, and how they got it.

Carlos's thesis on how women should be more socially and sexually liberated, and how the two were interconnected, were more to the liking of Kate – fitting neatly with her own frustrations about the negative impacts of her conservative parents. Carlos told her how men and society had sold a lie, that it was men who were naturally more sexually promiscuous. He pointed out that women, like Kate, were at their sexual peak, whereas men in their forties were sexually 'well passed it'. (Thanks buddy!) He pointed out how women were naturally multi-orgasmic and could 'go all night', if enough sexual partners were available, compared to guys who were often 'one and done'. How it was basic evolutionary logic for the woman to desire seed from the 'biggest and badest male partner, and to encourage competition between the males to clearly establish whose seed she should carry.

Maybe some of this wouldn't pass muster in an Ivy League lecture hall, but it was woven with enough logic and evidence to have more than a little impact on Kate – especially as many of the things Carlos was saying were things Kate wanted to hear.

Aside from these conversations, Carlos was also working on the practical side of expanding Kate's sexual experiences. He taught her new techniques for oral sex. He was being petite, Kate doesn't have a huge mouth, but he slowly and patiently taught Kate how to angle her head, and position her body, so that she could deep throat

his long thick cock. At first Kate found it difficult to deep throat him due to his size and her small mouth, but gradually she learned and came to really enjoy being able to do this for Carlos. (She brought it home to me, which I enjoyed, although I also felt it was slightly humiliating that Kate could take me deep without any of the struggle or effort needed for Carlos's much larger cock.) Many is the time in May and June I saw Kate kneeling at Carlos's feet worshipping his big cock, taking it deep into her little mouth and sucking away to get him ready to fuck her again. Sometimes Carlos would watch and enjoy the spectacle of my little wife kneeling submissively in front of him, with his fat cock in her throat and other times he chose to watch the game on TV, sending a none too subtle message about who had the power.

Sometimes these cock worshipping sessions would end up with Carlos face fucking my wife. If he was in a relaxed frame of mind, he'd just grasp Kate's head between both hands and bang away at her mouth as she knelt there. Other times, if he was feeling more demanding, he'd lead her to the bed and get her to lie there with her head hanging upside down over the edge, so that he could fuck all of his inches into her head and throat, often choosing to shoot his jizz directly into Kate's gullet, bypassing her mouth altogether.

Carlos had two other favorite methods of demonstrating his power over Kate. The first, was cumming all over her pretty face. He was always a heavy cummer, his jizz always shooting out with great force. He loved seeing it dripping off Kate's face or matted in her long black hair. At first Kate was a little churlish and reluctant, but she soon grew to love it, almost as much as Carlos.

The sight of Kate smiling up at Carlos with a good portion of her face covered with his muck, will be one of my abiding memories of the last couple of months. They both knew Kate performing this most submissive of acts, letting her bull shoot his load on the part of her body that defines who she is, said a lot about their relationship. Kate was happy to offer him this service, his seed splashed and covering the part of her body that is instantly recognizable to others and that expresses emotion, as a psychological marking of her, signifying Carlos's ownership of her.

Carlos's other way of showing his power, was through nipple play and love bites. The love bites and hickeys on Kate's little boobs, chest and neck came first. But I was more than a little surprised a couple of weeks later when Kate Face Timed with me to show her working on Carlos's big cock with two nipple clamps attached on her very swollen nipples and a thin gold chain hanging down between them. To me this all looked very painful, but Kate's nipples looked bigger and more swollen than I'd ever seen before, and there was no doubt she was enjoying herself.

Through all of these developments and changes, I had mixed feelings. I was happy for Kate, as she seemed to be enjoying the way Carlos was pushing her boundaries, and there were certainly benefits at home for me and I can't deny that purely at the voyeuristic level, it was hot as hell to see this. It would have been hot if it was with some random woman – but the fact I was watching these video calls, and that the woman was my beautiful little wife, made it a hundred-times hotter.

But I'd have been a fool not to worry about where all of this might be headed. I knew that Carlos was re-making Kate into a person for whom sex and love were now longer intertwined, and into a woman for whom sexual gratification, outside of love, was becoming more and more important. All the time he was slowly, but surely, introducing her to a wider range of sexual practices, and doing it in a way that she learned to enjoy each new trick.

Kate and I often talked about this, and she reassured me that it was all fine, that she and I were just playing catch up, since Carlos was teaching her to do things that many other married couples had been doing from the early years of their relationships. I still had a nagging worry at the back of my mind, but I had to admit she had a point. And the fact that Carlos, unlike some guys, Kate might have chosen, seemed to have no emotional agenda that might damage our marriage, was a big positive. Kate often teased me, asking who I'd prefer for her lover, a Romeo who wanted to steal her heart and steal her away, or a kinky bastard, like Carlos, who just wanted to re-make her as his obedient little sex-toy. She had a point, and seeing that Kate and my relationship (both inside and outside of the bedroom)

had never been stronger, I began to relax, recognizing, that everything in life carries risks, that I couldn't wrap Kate in cotton wool and that change was inevitable, given the new phase of life we were in.

The catalyst for the first sign of trouble was that we'd found a major problem at work – whereby various of our financial systems and processes were open to abuse. In my role as newly appointed financial controller, it was on me to create a fix and make sure it was properly implemented across all of our major sites. It didn't take too long to come up with a fix, the real challenge was making sure that each office understood the new set-up and were diligent in putting it in place and were then watchful against any backsliding or intentional manipulation.

Talking to my boss, the CFO, we agreed that we could do quite a lot through monitoring records and transactions centrally, but given the seriousness of the issue, I'd need to undertake a whistle-stop national tour to explain and help implement the changes. With a follow up series of unannounced spot checks to keep people on their toes and make sure they hadn't found loopholes taking us all the way back to square one.

We'd created the fix back in late May, and early June, and now the real hard slog was ready to start. I was scheduled to be travelling Tuesday through Thursday for the next few weeks, leading a team of three from HQ to start the roll-out. We'd decided to do the roll-out west to east, starting with the most distant sites, while our energy levels were highest.

It was a Wednesday night and I'd just said goodnight to my two colleagues, after a fairly bland hotel dinner. I'd left Rick (an early-thirties highflyer, who was acting as my deputy) and Jill (the third member of our team, an Ivy League recent graduate hire) having a quiet drink in the hotel bar and was looking forward to Face Timing Kate.

When the call started it was great to see Kate's smiling face, and we chatted about this and that. A little about my day, but mostly about how the girls were doing, as both were on the run to their end of year

exams. Always close to their mother, they each had a routine of a late afternoon call with their mum to help them deal with the stress and to let them know that we were always there for them.

But as Kate updated me on how they were and what was happening in their lives, I could see a slight nervousness appear on her face. With Kate I knew if I asked her what it was, it would only make her more nervous, so, as hard as it was, I bided my time. It was only right at the end of the call, right at the 'love you, love you, speak to you tomorrow', stage that Kate revealed what it was. "Oh, honey, I almost forgot to ask. As I'm just home alone and your away, Carlos invited me over tonight. I know you like it when we're together, but I just wanted to double check that you're fine with it, so, is that ok?"

Kate had caught me totally off guard and I felt disoriented and off balance. I was not helped by the happy, sweet and innocent look on her face. There were all kinds of feelings starting to slowly form and bubble up inside me, but I was still trying to work out what I thought and felt. I guess this must be how a rabbit feels when there in the car headlights, and I just found myself saying, "Sure, fine."

I didn't really mean it but Kate hadn't given me any time to think, and I had to say something, and saying 'no', after all we'd been doing with Carlos the last few weeks, would have felt odd. The call ended soon after, Kate no doubt keen to hurry across town to the pleasures awaiting her in the warm bed of her big Mexican bull. Me, I was left with a swirling head of conflicting thoughts and emotions. Part excited, at what I knew was going on back home and part upset and aggrieved, feeling I'd been bounced into giving my agreement, by the way Kate had presented things, leaving me little choice but to say yes.

I tried not to dwell on it too much, and luckily or unluckily, I had plenty of work I still needed to do, to prepare for the following day's meetings. My sense of confusion and angst died down a lot on Thursday when Kate and I shared a long, loving call that must have lasted a good ninety minutes or so. But things spiked back up again when I arrived home Friday evening, after a long flight. I'd been away much of the week, and as Kate had already had Monday and Wednesday sessions with Carlos, I'd persuaded myself that she'd be

waiting at home for me. The loving wife, waiting with a drink and the smell of a home-cooked meal, ready for a re-energizing and intimate night between husband and wife. But when I opened the front door and called out, there was no answer. The lights were all off and there wasn't any food left for me. Turning the lights on I saw a short note in Kate's cursive and precise handwriting.

'Thought you'd be tired and just want a quiet night in. Gone to play with you know who ♡♡ Give me a call if you'd like to watch. Don't wait up, see you in the morning. Love you always baby, K xxx'

For the first time since April, I was back in the bad place, worrying about the wisdom of our new lifestyle as the evidence I couldn't ignore, that Kate had prioritized time in bed with Carlos over time with me, when she knew I'd be tired and that we'd had little time together as a couple all week. But at the same time, I'd be a liar if I didn't admit to the feeling of excitement I still felt, as I thought about what Kate and Carlos would be doing to each other. As that strange masochistic pleasure kicked in, driven by the painful, but intoxicating, thought that Kate was so in love with her new freedom and the sexual pleasures it offered, that she'd persuaded herself that I'd enjoy a quiet night at home – leaving her guilt-free to go out and play.

When Kate came home (not Saturday morning as her note had said, but nearer to Saturday dinner time) we didn't have a major blow out as I'd learned to control my feelings better, since our first fight in April. So, I calmly explained how I felt a little unloved and unappreciated, and how I'd have thought she'd at least talk to me and offer me the choice before heading off to Carlos. To her credit, Kate was really apologetic, and I could see on her face how she was genuinely upset about how she'd hurt me. Seeing this reaction went along way to making me feel better and happier about the situation.

Saturday evening and Sunday were really good, with Kate going out of her way to let me know I was her priority and let me know just how much she loved me. We spent time together seeing an old movie favorite of ours, that was playing at a local movie house, and then Kate cooked me my favorite meal. Sunday night she texted Carlos

to tell him she couldn't do Monday, as she wanted to be with me before I flew out Tuesday.

All was rosy in the garden again, and I remember smiling to myself at how much better we'd, together as a couple, dealt with this bump in the road. We'd had a problem, talked about our feelings in an open and honest way, and the car was back on the road, all wheels intact and heading in the right direction.

That's how I was feeling on the Monday morning when I left for work, but by Wednesday night, I was back in a much darker mood. I couldn't blame Kate for what happened on Monday, but halfway through the morning my PA advised me that the airline had just called, and due to weather problems expected early Tuesday, our flights to Alaska had been moved up from Tuesday at 6 am to Monday at 8 pm. As I dashed home, mid-afternoon, to pack and grab my travel bag, I saw an unfamiliar car in the drive. Kate introduced me to Jenny (one of those three swinger friends who'd influenced her towards a more open marriage) and as I rushed around packing, Kate carried on chatting with her friend. Given Jenny was a self-confessed swinger, and her previous conversations with Kate, I couldn't help but wonder how much she knew about the role Carlos now played in our marriage. The thought of these talks between them were leaving me feeling queasy, with a mix of angst and excitement, but asking Kate about this was one for another day – not one for a day when I was rushing around with only five minutes to chat.

As I told Jenny it was nice to meet her and kissed Kate goodbye, I could see the unasked question on her face. 'Now that I'd be in the air all Friday evening, was she free to reinstate her normal Monday evening playdate with Carlos?' I could see the conflict and indecision on her face – how could she ask me in front of her friend Jenny without embarrassing me? It was the first time I'd met Jenny, but what happened next showed me she wasn't someone who I'd naturally like. She looked at Kate and me, still standing together after our goodbye kiss, and with no thought to my embarrassment put it out there, "Hell, girl ... what you waiting for ... Phil doesn't

mind, he's a smart guy, he knows that girlfriends always talk about this kinda stuff ... don't mind me, just ask him!"

Kate looked as shocked as I was, stunned by the, unasked-for, intervention of her friend. But as Kate flapped around like a fish out of water, trying to work out what to do or say, Jenny took the decision for her, "Phil, baby ... what your sweet wife is trying to say is ... is it okay if now that your travel plans have changed ... are you okay if she goes back to Plan A and gets herself a king-sized portion of big Mexican dick tonight? As you're otherwise engaged, unable to do your husbandly duty, would you be okay if she gets a bit of strange from her new Mexican fuckbuddy?"

Kate was blushing bright red and I wasn't far behind as any illusions I'd had, that Kate and Carlos's relationship was something discreet and known only to the three of us, were blown away at that embarrassing moment.

"Sorry," Kate whispered, hoping Jenny wouldn't hear, genuinely looking horrified at her friend's behavior. I was feeling a real mix of things – certainly embarrassed, but also feeling a little sorry for Kate, as she was looking quite upset, and I could hardly blame her for Jenny's behavior. (Although if she'd kept our secret none of this could have happened.) I've always hated seeing Kate upset, so whatever my own embarrassment, 20 years of love and marriage made me kiss Kate and reassure her, that I felt what I needed to do, but what I didn't need to do was say what I said next, "Ignore her, honey, it's your call, I trust you, sweetheart."

I won't bore you with all of the details of the rest of the week, but needless to say, when I finally arrived at our hotel in Anchorage in the early hours of the morning, when I opened my 'Find Phone' app I saw that Kate's phone showed up at a location 30 minutes from where we lived, just north of downtown Atlanta, just off the I-85 at Carlos's place. If I'm honest, I'd been expecting this – but still it excited and hurt me in equal measure.

Kate and I spoke on Tuesday, and I was just about to call her on Wednesday when a thought occurred to me – wondering if she'd taken my agreement to her meeting Carlos last Wednesday as a

general blanket approval to meet up any Wednesday when the fancy took her, so using the Find Phone app again, I felt nauseous, but with a racing pulse as my suspicions were confirmed – Kate's phone was back close to the downtown I-85 location and I paused wondering how to approach my nightly call with Kate. It was only 7 pm for me, but it was already 11 pm back home in Atlanta. In the end I just decided, 'Fuck it', no smart strategy had come to me, so I just hit speed dial for Kate as normal – smiling to myself that the ball was in her court, wondering how she'd handle it.

Sat 29 Jun 2019 3:15 am

Kate's normally a stickler for answering promptly, two or three rings is her norm, but this time the phone rang through to voicemail, almost unheard of for Kate. It was a couple of minutes later that a breathless Kate rang back. Normally she used FaceTime, but this time it was notable that she was calling just on Voice only.

"Hi, honey," she greeted me, her voice falsely jolly, her taut and shallow breaths trying to hide the fact she was breathless.

"Hi to you," my voice neutral because of my suspicions. I asked Kate how her day had been, then moved on to how she was occupying her evening with me 4000 miles away.

"Oh, not much, a bit of this, bit of that," she answered evasively.

The conversation meandered on for a while, Kate's full and detailed description of what she'd done during the day contrasting markedly with her sketchy and evasive description of her evening.

"It's late here honey, and I know you've got a long day ahead tomorrow. What time do you want to talk tomorrow? Same time?" Her words a gentle way of trying to draw the conversation to an end and get rid of me.

I felt my simmering anger start to slowly boil, "Same time tomorrow, I guess," I offered, "Sleep well honey ... oh, and by the way, say hi to Carlos for me."

The phone slammed down, as much as you can slam down something so light and flimsy. I just looked at the phone getting angrier by the moment, ignoring all of the incoming calls from Kate that started arriving about a minute after I'd called her out on her dishonesty. She switched tack to text.

'Sorry honey, should have mentioned I was round at Carlos's. Is that okay with you? Are you mad at me?'

'Yes, I'm mad at you, you being at Carlos isn't the issue. You lying to me is the issue.'

'I didn't lie to you. Besides, last week I was here Wednesday and you were fine with it.'

'Is that what it's come to, Kate. Splitting hairs. You KNOW lying and lack of honesty are the same, or are we conducting our marriage by legal standards? Gave you every opportunity to tell me where you were. But you avoided it, frightened it might get in the way of your night with your fuck buddy.'

'Fuck you Phil. It was fine with you last week. You are the one who started this with your sick fantasy. I just had the courage to make it come true. You were fine with this last week. Am I meant to be a fucking mind reader now? Good night, talk when you're home.'

Although she was the one in the wrong, Kate's seething Latin temper had taken over and I wasn't far behind, just sat staring at the last message. Angry as shit at the paucity of her apology, and how she'd switched even that small sign of contrition into telling me it was all my fault and that she was the one acting properly. My temper slowly simmered down, it was still early for me, with several hours of work ahead, so I went for a walk around the block, deliberately leaving my phone to put some mental distance between me and Kate.

When I got back, I fired up my laptop and started prepping for tomorrow. Strong, and resisting temptation, for a good ninety minutes, I finally caved in around 9 pm Anchorage, 1 am Atlanta. Kate's phone was still blinking 30 miles southeast of where it should have been.

There was a final message from Kate.

'Sorry, honey. I screwed up, should have asked you. Forgive me please. This is all new to me, like it is for you. Let's talk tomorrow. Hope tomorrow goes okay. Love you always, Pokey xxx'

I was still pissed at her, but at least her apology seemed genuine and without the self-justification that had riled me so much. I didn't like to admit it, but she made a good point, this thing was still new to

both of us. As Carlos had warned us early on, there were bound to be missteps and mistakes as this lifestyle had a learning curve like everything else in life.

I went to bed feeling a lot happier about things that night and when Kate and I did speak on Thursday, things were a lot better, I guess we'd both vented and were ready to move on.

Friday was our last full day in Alaska, and dead on 1 pm local time (when she knew my normal habit was to eat at my desk and reply to the morning's emails) I got a text from Kate, asking if she could send me a photo attachment. The mere fact she'd needed to ask hinted strongly at the content, and I wasn't wrong seconds later when a headless selfie arrived, showing Kate dressed in a very short micro mini skirt and near see through blouse, neither of which I recognized. The heels were new as well, the whole outfit slutty and showing her legs and lovely little tits to perfection. The way her nipples and aurelia showed through the blouse, being especially sexy, causing me to stroke myself under the desk.

The series of short texts that followed were pure new Kate, still enough of old Kate there, but temporarily pushed into the background by the new needs and energies we'd unshackled.

'As my loving husband isn't home tonight, can the naughty Miss Pokey come out to play?'

'Of course, if hubby wants me to stay home and be a good girl, do the housework or stuff like that, I'll stay home and be a good girl ...'

Fuck! Kate really knew how to play me. Was it really only three months that we'd been playing this game? Part of me was angry, so angry that despite our two bumps in the road in less than five days, however cute the wrapping she put on it, Kate was pushing for another play date with Carlos and she was smart and needy enough to weaponize my own kinky desires and turn the barrel back towards me, despite our angry exchanges being fresh in the memory for both of us.

And I was angry at myself, angry with a dose of self-loathing thrown in, because as I surreptitiously stroked myself under the desk, I knew

I'd agree to Kate's request.

'Okay, Miss Pokey. Go and play. Say hi to lover boy, but make sure you're home by 10 am tomorrow when I get home. Deal? P xxx'

'Deal  Your naughty Miss P xxx'

Sat 29 Jun 2019 4:20 am

Shit. With everything going on with Kate, I'm really struggling to sleep at the moment, bad for me, good for you. If I can't sleep, I may as well work out my frustrations through these updates. I'm not sure how much good they do, but they help a little and it's a damned sight cheaper than a therapist!

It was maybe only a minor thing, but despite my condition for agreeing to her play date including that she'd be home by 10 am to greet me, at best she was 'half home'. I was five minutes from home when I got a text.

'Sorry honey, lost track of time. On way now, with you for 10:20 / 10:30. Lots of naughty details to share while we make love, Naughty P xxx'

Not a great start to the weekend, but as I say, just a small thing compared to some of the other things. But what her message did do was fire up that little demon of anger and indignation that was now so often with me when I thought about Kate and Carlos, though about her need for his big cock and the raw power of the way he sexed her and I knew exactly what I'd do to her when she finally did arrive at home.

That first recoupling was rough, hot and sweaty – in that order. I tore of Kate's blouse – never mind the destroyed buttons, lover boy Carlos could buy Kate a new one – only stopping to admire the tired, reddened state of her nipples, probably not erect for the first time in several hours. Reddened and marked like much of the skin around them by her latest session with Carlos and probably still carrying the marks from her Monday and Wednesday trips to her bull's bedroom.

Moving the gusset of her panties the bare minimum of distance, I thrust my fingers into her loosened pussy, Kate winced. I didn't mean to cause her pain, but neither was I overly concerned about her comfort or feelings right now. I think I'd earned the right to a little selfishness by the generosity I'd shown her and Carlos these last few days.

“Lost track of time, did you?” My voice slightly mocking, throwing her own words back at her. “More likely you wanted him to give you one last fuck before you had to come home! Probably got him to fuck you in the shower to make best use of time!”

Kate’s blushing cheeks telling me I’d hit gold, the way my mind’s eye imagined it being exactly as my predictable wife had made it. Wanting as much time, as much fucking, as possible before having to return to the real world of our family home.

Satisfied that my three fingers thrusting in and out had gotten her ready enough, I jammed my cock all the way into her. The fact she was loose, sodden and stretched making my cock and brain throb with arousal – not that I told Kate that. I’d beaten off twice in the hotel before boarding the overnight flight back to Atlanta, and so now I was good and ready for a nice long fuck. Maybe not a Carlos length fuck, but still long enough to make a statement and reconnect Kate and me.

As I pummeled away, at first Kate and I just stared at each other, like some juvenile game of who can stare longest, Kate being the first to break, still with that pretended mask of seriousness, finally speaking, “Fuck me, honey, fuck me hard, take me back, pay me back for being such a bitch, such a naughty wife all week. Fuck me like you imagined Carlos did to me all week, make me yours again.”

If that’s how the bitch wanted it (oh how I loved this woman, both new and old Kate) then I’d damned well give it to her. Bending her legs all the way back until her knees were up next to her ears, thumping into her with as much speed and power as my fitness levels would allow.

“Come on, baby, do it like you mean it, honey. Do me like you mean it, like Carlos did,” she taunted, her eyes playful with laughter as she urged me on.

I was pounding as fast as I could, my strokes as long as nature allowed. Never quite able to fully let go, always aware I needed to concentrate to avoid the embarrassing and mood-killing, ‘five-inch dick slips out moment’, something that bastard Carlos and guys like him never had to worry about.

Kate was enjoying the way I was treating her, the way my cock was feeling inside her. A mixture of moans and sighs and still trying to keep the poker face that was part of the game, making me smile as I saw it gradually start to slip. I may not be mister super-dick, Carlos, with his over-sized appendage and well-practiced bull techniques, but I could still fuck Kate well enough to make her lose control. A weird way to think of our loving partnership, but one my psyche needed as I was now in competition with another man for her physical charms.

Needing a bit of a break, I flipped Kate over and positioned her ass-up over the end of the three-seater in the lounge, letting my rough fingers do the work for a while, my lungs had soon recovered enough that my cock could take over again. Kate now facing away from me, having to communicate with me by wiggling her ass, as she waited impatiently for my cock to replace the fingers. Going rough and fast was much easier in this position (mental note to self), Kate's ass the perfect height and my own standing posture meaning I was only having to expend energy to pound Kate with my cock and hips. Smiling as I realized it was great for squeezing and tweaking Kate's little boobs and nipples, milking her sensitive mammaries and milk ducts to finally move her up into top gear, her moans and sobs building as she writhed and pushed back against me.

I knew neither of us would be long now, "Fuck you, Kate. Is this what you wanted? Is this what you need these days?"

"Hhh ... hhh ... hhh ... yes, yes ... yes, baby ... fuck me like that ... so good baby ... so good ... mmm ... mmm."

I knew she was close now and I could feel my own balls starting to boil, the tube in my shaft starting to tingle as I swelled even more, feeling that magical extra sensitivity at the top. "Here it comes ... take it wife ... take it all ... back home now ... mine not his ..."

Then we both screamed, screamed at the top of our lungs, happy that the neighbors were a good distance away. God, that had been intense and just what the doctor ordered. I remember feeling how naughty it felt, both of us just smiling as we did our best to rearrange our clothing before heading upstairs. Once upstairs, only reversing

the process, stripping naked, so we could snuggle and enjoy the feel of naked flesh upon naked flesh.

To her credit, it was Kate who opened the conversation we both knew we needed, "I'm sorry baby," her face showing her genuine sorrow at the memory of how she'd screwed up and hurt me.

"Me too, sorry I lost my temper, sorry I didn't communicate more clearly."

We kissed and just smiled at each other, more in love than ever, but knowing we needed to talk and maybe change some stuff.

Sat 29 Jun, 2019 4:52 am

The events I described in my last update happened about a month ago, towards the end of June. I asked Kate how she was feeling about things since we been playing now for nearly three months and now seemed a good time to take stock. Things seemed fine now, but the last few days marked only the second time Kate and I had argued about anything to do with our new open marriage. (Maybe that's not the right description – only one of us had the benefits of openness! Not that I was complaining.)

Kate's expression was a mix, part blush and part repressed smile, "It's strange to say it, after so many years of normal, and I hope you feel the same way, honey, but I'm loving it." Kate's eyes were locked onto mine, needing to fathom how I was about everything and about what she was saying.

"I hate it when we argue, really hate it, but apart from that, I love it. I love the way we're hungrier for each other than I can ever remember and I love the way we feel closer. I don't understand it, but I really love it and I really love the great sex with Carlos. The way he makes me feel, the way he makes me cum. The way he makes me feel so small and vulnerable, totally dominates me, I wouldn't want it all the time – what you and me have is different, more stable, more real. But as a make believe, fantasy world, it's intoxicating, so hot, so wicked and I love that I can share it with you, share it with the man I love, with my best friend."

I was almost in tears when Kate had finished her stream of consciousness. I kissed her tenderly, finding as soon as my lips had left hers, I wanted it again, wanted the closeness and being together again. I'd been planning to return the compliment, telling her how I felt, but I was so emotional from what she'd said – so open and so complete in capturing what I felt too – that my needs changed.

I pulled Kate to me, I knew it was too soon for Fido to get hard again, but I didn't give a shit. I just wanted to kiss and be as close to my woman as I could, hands stroking faces, eyes looking deep and searching, two hearts beating strong and steady. If our first time had

been rough and teasing, this was our proper welcome home to each other, slow and tender, like sipping the finest and most expensive of wines. Each aware how precious and valuable the thing we were tasting was, each using every God-given sense we had, touching and kissing, nibbling and stroking, licking and thrusting. Head thrust into Kate's beautiful mane of long black hair, smelling her scent, at the same time a tiny part of my brain trying to locate the scent of 'the other', if the scent of Carlos was still there.

This wonderful tender and lovin re-coupling only ending when, surprising myself, I was equal to the task and came a fourth time in the last 12 hours. (Twice in my hand, twice in my beautiful Kate.) As we snuggled and cuddled, again Kate was the first to speak.

"Honey, with you being away most of the week, Carlos had an idea. An idea for how we might change things up a little and make things sexier, but also give us more time together."

My senses all went from relaxed and dopey, that blissful post-sex state us guys all love, to DEFCON 4, as if by the flick of a switch. "Go on," I cagily answered, wondering what Kate's bull had planned for us.

Kate was at her best, 'beating around the bush' mode, "Well, if you think about it, our Monday and Friday routine, was fine for us when you were at home, but now that you're always away Tuesday to Thursday, our schedule makes no sense. It can lead to problems like this week, and it means that two of the nights you are able to be home, I'm out with Carlos."

I wondered where this evasive and expectation-managing preamble was heading – my heart already tearing a little, but my cock rock hard with pervy anticipation.

"Carlos was thinking that, while you're travelling like this, maybe we should just flip the days all around. Instead of Monday and Friday, and maybe Wednesday – why don't him and me just get together the days you're away, Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday."

Fuck! Kate was trying not to grin. She knew that one of my hottest of buttons in the fantasies and stories we'd shared, was when a wife was so into her new guy that she spent a good chunk of her time

preferring to be with her new, big-cocked lover, rather than with her loving, but less physically capable, husband.

Kate new I found the idea hot. Never in a million years, as we'd read these stories or roleplayed in the bedroom, did we ever think we'd do anything like this, but that hadn't stopped us discussing how dumb couples must be to do this in real life. How big the dangers must be and how much in love with the adventure a couple must be, to take such a big risk with their marriage.

And here we were, two people proud of how mature and smart we were, two people with smart, high-flying college-aged daughters, and we were considering the self-same thing we'd always called out as dumb, when others did it. I looked at Kate, she was chewing her lower lip in nervous anticipation of my answer.

"Honey, that's a big step. We always thought others were dumb if ever they did anything like this, playing with fire like this." I let my words sink in and saw the look of disappointment on her face, her acting skills unable to hide how she felt.

"Kate, sweetheart, I need to think about it, I can't say 'yes' or 'no' just like that, it's too big a deal, too big a decision. Can you give me some time to think about it?"

Kate's face switched, masked disappointment subtly changing to masked excitement. "Of course, honey, we can take as long as you want, we've got all of tonight and all of Sunday to talk about it." Her face suddenly going serious, "And, sweetheart, I understand you might have some reservations, I'm happy to talk it all through and give you whatever reassurances you need."

Shit, this was going to be hard. A tough decision that was already stressing me and weighing on my mind. Looking at Kate's expectant and excited face, I knew she already reckoned she'd get me to agree. I loved this woman with all my heart, and all through our married life she'd known I hated to be unable to give her what she wanted, but as I saw the hunger and desire in her face, I knew we were both loving this new open lifestyle, but I had a terrible feeling of dread that giving in to Kate, to give her what she wanted, could

backfire spectacularly on us. Maybe even causing irreparable damage to our love and marriage.

I knew both me, as a husband, and Kate and I, as a couple, had a helluva lot of thinking and soul searching to do over the next few days.

Sat 29 Jun2019 7:00 am

As Kate and I discussed Carlos' suggestion, I could tell there was something else that was weighing on Kate's mind. It was written on her face, something she knew but wasn't saying, "Out with it, honey, what is it?"

She was nervous at first, but she hesitantly and slowly explained that Carlos had said something else, aside from his 'Tuesday to Thursday' suggestion. "Honey, Carlos says it's time to move things up in our whole three-way relationship."

My heart filled with dread at hearing these words. My fears must have been clear to Kate from the way I looked. "Carlos says we shouldn't be frightened or nervous, and that the last thing he wants to do is to cause problems between us. But now that he's been my bull for three months, with all his other girls, he's always made a change about now, to keep it fresh and exciting for everyone."

I waited, feeling ten-times worse than I'd felt before Kate's last words. When anyone in life tells you not to worry, it always makes you worry all the more. Any assurances offered only inviting the question, 'why do they feel the need to reassure me, what are they hiding?'

"Carlos wants us to agree to two things, first, to sign a harmless piece of paper, he calls it, 'our bull contract'," she giggled. "Totally unenforceable, just a bit of fun really. And secondly, he says he thinks I'm so hungry for new cock, that as my bull he might occasionally bring another man into the bedroom to help him satisfy me."

I guess with hindsight I shouldn't have been surprised. Over the last few weeks Carlos had made it clear that he wanted to keep on expanding Kate's sexual boundaries, and bringing in another cock seemed the next logical step. Aside from anal, he'd done pretty much everything he could do with Kate in the bedroom, so adding another guy to the mix was a logical next step.

The thing about the contract hit me at various different levels. At one level, it troubled me – I'm sure Carlos was right, it wouldn't be

enforceable in any of court of law, but that wasn't the point, as I'm sure he knew. As a psychological tool, it was hugely significant – representing both a formalizing of his role in our marriage, and also a shift in power and status. Until now there was only one piece of paper, and that was a marriage certificate issued many years ago – with only two names on it.

It also struck me as deeply humiliating – a husband signing a piece of paper, which near as, damn it, said he couldn't satisfy his wife in bed, and that he was therefore, 'contracting' a bull to do what he couldn't. What could be more humiliating than that? But what I wasn't prepared to admit, to either myself or Kate, just yet, was the kinky pervert living in the cold, dank recesses of my brain – the bit of me I was often ashamed of and wanted to pretend didn't exist – was thrilled by the humiliation of what Carlos was proposing. Whereas what Carlos was proposing was an update, formally adding a third name and a third role into what was, until now, a two-person gig.

As I struggled to order my own thoughts, I could see the excitement on Kate's face, just behind the nerves, at having to raise this question, and her nerves, about what my response would be.

"What do you think, honey?" I asked, playing for time, but also genuinely needing to know what Kate thought and felt.

"Phil, honey, please don't be hurt or upset, this is nothing to do with us, with you and me. This is all just part of the game we're playing and it's nothing more than writing a few kinky, naughty, words about what we're doing already."

I begged to differ, but thought better of contradicting Kate – she was totally ignoring the psychological significance, that a guy as experienced as Carlos, knew was at the core of what he was proposing.

"Do you want to read, it?" Kate suggested, leaving me a little taken aback at how her nerves had given way to a keen and happy proactiveness. Kate clip-clopped over to her handbag (on her new shiny 4-inch heels, a gift from Carlos), clip-clopped back and handed me a single sheet of paper.

‘We, the three people undersigned, being Kate (Wife), Philip (Husband) and Carlos (Bull), do hereby agree to the following points.

1. That for the agreed number and timing of days per week, the Bull shall be the main sexual partner of the Wife, and for any such other days as agreed upon or requested by the Wife.
2. During these days, whatever sexual activities the Wife chooses to, or chooses not to, engage in shall be entirely decided by the Wife. The Bull shall have no requirement to request permission from the Husband – the decision shall lie entirely with the Wife.
3. For the avoidance of doubt, the Bull expects to, on occasion, introduce the Wife to other men he knows, for the purpose of increasing the Wife’s range of sexual experience and pleasure – with any agreement to be intimate with these or other men being entirely at the Wife’s discretion
4. If the Wife and Husband are both in agreement, this contract shall be instantly terminated.
5. Should the Husband make known that he wishes to watch or participate in any of the activities, then the Wife and Bull shall use all reasonable endeavors to enable this, provided that the Husband doesn’t in any way interfere in the said activities. If he does interfere, his right to participate and/or watch will be withdrawn.

We the undersigned do solemnly agree to the above points,

..... Kate Claire Anderson
(née Cooper) – Wife

..... Philip James Anderson –
Husband

..... Carlos Juan Mendez –
Bull’

There was nothing in the agreement that really surprised me, no demands for outrageous sexual practices, no concealed trap doors that would ensnare us. In many ways it was just as Carlos had described it – but a bit of fun to add to the game, and it certainly was not enforceable.

One thing that I noticed was the strong way it kept emphasizing that Kate was pretty much the only one who had the right to say yes or no to anything Carlos wanted her to do. At one level this made sense, it was her body after all, but what I found troubling (and if I'm honest also found exciting) was the way it gently nudged me into the background. During the days of the week the agreement would apply, I could influence Kate or let her know what I did or didn't like, that is, if she told me what they were doing. But even though I was her husband, I was giving up any right to tell her, 'No'.

In one way I had little doubt, that if I kicked up a fuss, she'd listen and stop whatever it was. But if I signed this thing, I was subtly agreeing to a redrawing of the boundaries. It would make it more difficult for me to protest or complain about stuff I didn't like, as Kate could point to the contract. She could point and go, 'Philip, you agreed to me being the one to choose.' Or, 'Philip, you knew Carlos planned to bring his friends into the bedroom sometimes, what's your problem?'

I knew Kate loved me and that I was her whole life – but this piece of paper definitely redrew boundaries and expectations, and Carlos was smart and experienced enough to know this was the whole reason for the document.

All that Sunday I was like a man cast adrift on a stormy sea. For every fear and worry I had, I also felt the pull of an equally strong shiver of excitement. I was literally sat atop a sharp and high fence, looking at crashing rocks, on one side, and at green pastures and milk and honey, on the other, and I had no idea which way to go.

In the end what won out was that, although she tried to hide it, I could see Kate's quiet excitement and see how much she wanted to do this thing. So, we decided to sign the piece of paper and as we signed, Kate seemed the calmer of the two of us. (And why shouldn't she, she had all the power according to the peace of paper.) Me, I was awash with adrenaline and nerves, my stomach was doing nervous summersaults and my mind loving and hating the anticipation of what was to come.

Sat 6 Jul 2019 23:15 pm

First things first, happy Independence Day weekend everyone! Hope you all have a great celebration.

For much of the last week I've been in New York, but now I'm back home, so I can update you on how the first week of our new arrangements have gone.

Mixed up is probably the best summary. Kate is back home and we're having a great holiday weekend with our daughters driving over from Birmingham. The girls have gone out with school friends, and Kate and I have had a wonderful evening making love and talking about what's happened this last week.

I'll describe all the details in a minute, but as Kate excitedly talks me through her first week, with our new arrangements with Carlos, I was filled with a mix of true and deep happiness for her and a feeling of fear for where this might leave me in the end. The two words that spring to mind to describe this week are, 'blossoming' and 'liberated'. Kate's relationship with Carlos, the first man other than me for more than twenty years, started way back in April. But with the new arrangements she seems to be really blossoming sexually and throwing out a vibe that she's now a truly liberated woman.

The greater independence we've all agreed to, where Kate doesn't feel the need to always refer back to me to see if I'm comfortable with something, seems to have been working for her and increasing her sense of adventurousness. It's not like she's ignoring me or what I might think, but now it seems she's more confident and approaches me for my views in more of an advisory capacity, about something she definitely wants to know, and which will have a big impact on what decisions she takes – but only one input into a decision that will ultimately be hers.

Before, if I'm honest, the key dynamic seemed to be between Carlos and me. My fantasies and Carlos's wishes, about what he wanted to do to Kate each time they met up. But over the last week that's changed in a subtle but undeniable way – the central axis is now about what Carlos wants Kate to try and what she thinks about it.

How do I know all of this? How am I so certain about the changed dynamic? Because over the last week Kate has slowly started exploring anal sex with Carlos, until on Thursday night, she finally made a big step forward.

Of course, at the start of the week I had no idea that this was going to happen, but let me tell you day by day the week I've just been through

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For once Kate and I were on the same time zone this week. I Face Timed with her just before leaving the office, guessing that if I left it too late, she'd already be on her way over to Carlos's place. I caught her just in time and she was wearing a very sexy blue mini dress that she told me she'd bought earlier that day. She looked like a picture, and I was jealous as hell that I was stuck several thousand miles away and that it would be another man who would be enjoying Kate's sexy get-up and be lying in bed with her tonight. The only thing that kept me the right side of sanity, was that I truly believed what both Kate and Carlos were telling me – that their relationship might be intense, but it was only a physical relationship. That sex was the be all and end all, of the time they shared together.

Later that evening, back in the hotel, I tried to text Kate. 'Is it convenient to Face Time, honey?'

I remember thinking how weird to be texting my wife who was with another man to ask, 'is it convenient?' How screwed up is that?

I never got an answer from Kate, but instead, I received a message sent from her phone.

*'Phil, how' NY man? Kate asked me to look after phone while she's out on the dancefloor. Hang on, I'll show you.'*

A second later the phone's screen burst into life. The picture showed a dark room, and I heard the rhythms of Latino dance music, the intermittent flashes of light just about allowing me to see someone was holding the phone, about ten feet from where Kate was dancing. She was wearing the sexy blue mini dress I'd seen earlier, and she had her hands high in the air, seemingly lost in the

music. She was sandwiched between two guys, the three of them seemingly moving as one. The guy behind her had his hand on her hips and it looked like his own hips were hard against Kate's. The guy in front of Kate was just as close, his hands cradling Kate's face as the three of them writhed and swayed to the music. My heart was in my throat as I watched Kate dancing so sexually with these two other guys.

Another message arrived.

*'Relax Phil, just a bit of dirty dancing, that's all. Kate loves it, making her all hot and horny for when I take her home and fuck her.'*

The Face Time call continued for another few minutes, with both guys were now grinding on Kate, the guy behind her had his hands under her skirt and his fingers were inside her panties and the guy in front was playing with my wife's sexy little boobs, through the thin fabric of her dress. There were no complaints from Kate, as most of the time she had her eyes closed, happy to accept deep and hot kisses, from whichever of the guys was horny to thrust his tongue down her throat. Just occasionally she'd open her eyes, looking over at Carlos, a smile of happy contentment on her face.

Just before the picture died, a final text arrived.

*'Taking Kate home now, now my buddies Miguel and Antonio have got her all hot and horny for me. Haha, who knows, maybe in a few weeks she'll let them fuck her. Sleep well Phil. Haha, Kate won't be doing much sleeping tonight.'*

I struggled to concentrate on my work for the rest of the evening or to sleep afterwards. What I'd seen was hot as hell, but it also brought home to me what I'd agreed to these new arrangements. As Kate had undoubtedly been enjoying her dirty dancing with these buddies of Carlos, I could tell what I felt, but other than that I was pretty powerless.

I texted a couple of times later, but got no reply, guessing that Carlos probably still had Kate's phone. But at about two in the morning, I got a text from Kate's phone.

*'Phil, thought you might like to see this. Sleep well, YWB.'*

The abbreviation I immediately recognized as Carlos's favored handle – 'Your Wife's Bull.' A way of signing off that was none too subtle and which I knew from Kate he got off on. Just another example of a mind fuck from this experienced player.

The attachment showed Kate tied face down on the bed in the classic spread-eagled 'X' position, with two pillows stuffed under her petite trunk and her limbs attached by ropes to the four corners. Kate and I had occasionally dabbled in similar games, so seeing this from Carlos didn't unduly freak me out. Nor did the fact that he was using a magic wand on Kate's clit to make her writhe and moan with pleasure. No, what freaked me out, was that Carlos was slowly, but surely, working a thin glass toy in and out of Kate's ass. Kate had told me that he'd sometimes put one or two fingers in her ass while they fucked, but this was definitely moving things up several levels.

Kate and I had only tried anal sex a couple of times, both finding it okay but too much trouble to make part of our regular bedtime sessions. But seeing the way Kate was moaning and giving herself to this new experience, I was beginning to think we'd missed a trick. Kate actually had a blindfold on, so she couldn't see that Carlos was filming, or see when Carlos put his big ugly face in front of the camera to give me a thumbs-up sign, to signify his victory in this game. Then turning away towards Kate, only as an afterthought, turning back to turn his thumbs up hand signal into the more insulting index and little finger, raised to me in the unmistakable, 'horns', pose. Bastard! He may as well have gone to a novelty shop and gotten some reindeer horns and slammed them on my head.

Her bull, otherwise engaged, my restrained little wife, just wiggled her ass, her soft and persistent moans like a mating signal, calling her lover back to the bed. The signal from her ass wiggle clear, 'lover come back, I need more, this is new and I love it.' Carlos went back to Kate and stroked her ass, a soothing effect on Kate as she wriggled and fought the restraints less. Feeling his touch, his hand

only an inch or so from the handle of the glass toy and believing the game would continue, that she was about to get more candy. But instead of more candy, Kate's moans and cries picked up several decibels as Carlos gave her a few seconds of long fast strokes, and then in one swift and painful-looking stroke he pulled the thing right out of her butt.

"Ahhhh," Kate wailed, all four limbs simultaneously pulling at the cords which held her in position. "Fuck," she called, her voice no longer loud, instead as high pitched as I think I'd ever heard. Seeing what Carlos was holding in his hand, I instantly knew why Kate had shrieked when he'd removed the toy. The thing he held in his hand looked like it was perfectly formed to administer unwavering anal pleasure when in, but to hurt like hell if pulled out in a hurry, allowing Carlos to administer a disorienting mix of carrot and stick to my sexy little wife.

The thing looked like a wand and was seven or eight inches long in total, looking like clear glass, although I suspect in reality it was some more robust form of toughened plastic, less prone to breakage and ruinous law suits. The first part, the kind of corkscrew handle that allows for a really tight grip and plenty of force. This gave way to a transparent shaft that looked a little longer than my own cock, so maybe six or so inches. The shaft consisting of a series of beads, each one bonded to its neighbor, each one slightly larger than the last. All told, there must have been seven or eight beads, the one at the tip less than half an inch across, designed for easy insertion, like being penetrated by a pinky or other digit. The stage-by-stage expansion and enlargement allowing for the last bead to be altogether more challenging – equivalent to the fatness of a normal male cock. Carlos just stood above her, in a position of psychological dominance and victory, still rubbing at Kate's ass and enjoying the semi-gaped view of the darkness that led up into Kate's tummy.

With a final look to the camera, he winked and repeated his two-pronged finger gesture and then slowly started giving Kate what she wanted. She was writhing and wriggling, seeking for more of the toy, but he wanted to give her something more meaty and more

personal. As he knelt between Kate's tied legs and lowered his hips into position, my heart started screaming, 'no', he'd tear her apart. That wand thing had been custom designed to allow a woman's ass to be expanded and stretched in stages – slowly increasing the penetration in a sane and sensible way to maximize her chance of pleasure. The size of the thing matching to a woman's anatomy, the size of a normal cock and so challenging but doable for an inexperienced woman like Kate. But Carlos's cock was something else again, twice the fatness of the glass toy, at least two or three inches longer and with the opposite of a smooth and gentle gradation. His ugly brute of a cock starting with the fattest part, his plum-sized cockhead, significantly wider than the rest of his already too fat shaft.

'No, fuck no,' my heart screamed. He'll tear her in two, she'll be in hospital if the bastard does what he's planning. It was as if he could read my mind, as once again he turned and winked at me, moving his hips to mask the detail of what he was doing, and then slowly pushing forward, the angle of his arm suggesting his hand was on Kate's body, holding open whatever needed to be held open. I held my breath, expecting a long, drawn-out wail of pain and surrender from Kate. My chest was tight with the tense expectation, my mind downcast that I was powerless to stop this assault on my wife's little body.

But as the moments passed, and the screams that I was braced for never came, my mind started to get confused. Confusion only slowly passing, as the sounds reaching my ears were discernible not as pain, but rather as the mews and moans of pleasure. The sounds a cat makes when they get their cream or their strokes. "Ohh ... oh that's good," Kate's smiling little voice declared.

The bastard had played me, too smart to cause pain to his newly acquired sex kitten. Enjoying taunting her addicted husband, proudly showing the iron fist to the camera, all the time slipping the long, thick velvet glove into the happy kitty. The kitty's pussy wiggling happily as it took stroke after stroke. Each backward move of Carlos's strokes, showing me the engorged and taut elastic love lips of my sweet wife. The pink lips of her entrance stretched as tight

as I'd ever seen them around the meaty shaft that was giving her exactly what she wanted.

Kate was loving it now, the long deep strokes of Carlos's cock making her groan and sigh with pleasure. "Oh baby, so good, so good Carlos," she meowed. "You make me feel so good, baby, don't stop, yesss, yesss ... mmm ... right there." Carlos was obviously touching places that Kate was loving, the mix of his extra inches and fat girth providing Kate the perfect fuck toy. I loved to see her like this, getting so much pleasure and the fact it was not from me, but from another man thrilling me and kicking me in the balls at the same moment. I had Kate's heart, but I'd known for many years I could give her pleasure, but not this kind of pleasure.

So just for those erotic moments, I pushed my doubts and fears about our new arrangements to the back of my mind, and concentrated on sharing my wife's pleasure while I perved with my hard cock, for my wife's personal porn show. It was a true picture of physical and sexual contentment. Carlos's cock glistening with Kate's pleasure juices, his expression telling me how much he was loving the tight glove my wife's pussy was providing for him. Kate facing away from me, only the gentle pushes backwards of her ass and her constant words of encouragement, mixed with a babbling brook of eddy moans and sighs, telling me how much she loved this.

After the earlier heart-stopping scenes of Kate dirty-dancing with Carlos's buddies, and the number he'd done on her ass with the lewd beaded toy, this seemed almost to be the muted pleasures of an old married couple. Move-on, move-on, nothing kinky to see here, just a handsome big-bodied Mexican man giving it to a tight-bodied little woman, of about the same age. Nothing to see here, except for an observer like me, who knew the rings the woman wore didn't belong to the man who was eight or nine inches deep, in her sweet little love box. The depravity, not obvious like the earlier scenes, the depravity, being the far subtler one, of a wife, fucking her bull while her husband was thousands of miles away, working hard for his family.

The thought dripped pure, neat, corrosive acid slowly down from my brain into my heart. My heart and mind confused, remind me again why we're playing this game, why I'd given Kate this freedom. Only my tungsten hard cock preventing me from probing deeper into why, reminding me exactly why, I'd given my confused agreement to the new arrangement proposed by Carlos and Kate.

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Wednesday, followed a similar pattern to Tuesday, just with a few small differences. Because my meetings in New York overran, by the time I called Kate I didn't get anything more than her voicemail. I'd hoped to catch her at home before she headed out for her evening with Carlos – having to catch myself and correct, that Tuesday she'd been at home heading to Carlos, when we spoke.

Today was Wednesday, she'd not be at home heading out. When we'd spoken last weekend about arrangements, she'd not rubbed my nose in it, but had gently made it clear there was little point in her going home after each night with Carlos, she may as well just pack a bag that would be good for Tuesday through Thursday. My flights back normally so late that even had she been home on Thursday night, we'd have little chance of quality time together.

Carlos seemed intent to keep up my remote, phone-enabled torment, as again, he called me to show me a scene for a new, but similar club. Kate was still dancing with his two buddies I recognized from the previous night, but this time the dancing was even more dirty, even more lewd. Miguel and Antonio alternated as to who ground into her from behind and who rubbed his hard-on against her, from the front. This time though, with Kate more comfortable and knowing them better, she was happy to let them take even more liberties with her. The place was poorly lit, but it was still a public club, so seeing Kate letting them openly finger her, pull her top down to expose her boobs and generally do whatever the hell they liked was a stunning development to me.

My heart was pounding in my chest as a second Face Time call came through, showing one of the guys (I didn't know who was who)

leading Kate outside into the parking lot, camera toting Carlos and the other guy following just a few feet behind. It says a lot about how depraved our marriage had become, in just a few months in Atlanta, that I actually felt a wave of relief when Kate followed the guy into a darkened corner and got down on her knees. I'd thought he was leading her outside to fuck her, but apparently it was just for a quick blowjob, so that was all okay then!

She blew buddy one first, letting him pull off her top, so she was half naked, holding her by her long black hair, as at first, he enjoyed her noisy sucking, before wanting something a little more active with my wife's mouth and throat, fucking her face with vim and vigor, as Carlos and the other buddy egged him on.

Their only nod off the head to decency, being to allow Kate a little bit of a breather to recover before she had another dick thrust deep into her mouth, by the other buddy and another sunray of sanity breaking through into my mind. Why the fuck was I disappointed that both guys were only normal size? What level of sickness had my own mind sunk to, that I'd have preferred if they were both super-hung like Carlos was?

The closing shot from Carlos, the budding porno director gave me, was his camera phone thrust barely inches from Kate's face. My wife smiling at the little image of me on the screen as she opened her mouth to reveal a mouthful of sticky white cum. Carlos's little sex kitten was showing me her supper of cream before she licked and slurped it all the way down into her belly.

After the screen went blank, I got up and went to the bathroom in my hotel suite, running the taps until the water was optimal coldness and then making a compress of the standard hotel flannel – pressing the icy cold material to my face, a drowning man's desperate attempt to shock myself back to sanity.

Experience had taught me that alcohol was not wise in this angst-ridden situation, the hot coffee instead helping me to put some thin veneer of sanity on the last couple of days. Our last few months with Carlos had already moved our lives into a whole new plain. Gone was my sexually inexperienced wife, a woman who loved sex, but

only within the safe and officially approved bounds of marriage. Instead replaced by a woman who still loved me and shared my heart, but who now supplemented her diet of husbandly cock with regular sessions with her demanding and big-dicked Mexican bull of a lover. Gone was the husband who hugged and cuddled his wife and shared saucy nights of toys and bedroom fantasies and in his stead a sweaty, tormented man. Senior executive and corporate strongman by day, but by night a shaking wreck, one minute on a sexual high, enjoying all his fantasy Christmases made flesh at once, enjoying each new and exciting high, but worried how large the bill would be when it came due.

I drank my coffee and told myself that all was, and would continue to be, okay. That Kate and I were separately and individually just enjoying the kind of games that many people got out of their system in their college or younger years. Telling myself that if Kate had attended college, there was every chance that she might have pulled a double blow job at some drunken frat party, or other. Telling myself that many other couples, all over Atlanta, played similar games to those we now enjoyed, and that their marriages survived and thrived. I'd just about managed to put this tourniquet of half-true and half-ever-the-optimist salve on the two warring sides in my brain when, with pitch perfect timing, Carlos called again.

My chest was once again tense with muscle cramps, my throat tight with tension, as the screen burst to life and showed Kate in a near identical spread-eagled and restrained position, as she'd been trussed up in on Monday. Only this time, the multi-beaded glass wand was lying next to Kate, and a new and different toy was Carlos's chosen weapon of sexual exploration, for my little wife, tonight. This time Carlos wasn't thrusting some multi-thickness, designed for a newbie, toy in and out of Kate's pillow-propped up ass. This time he was giving it to her with long, deep strokes of a heavily veined and rather thick dildo, which was made out of a truly garish purple plastic.

The magic wand was also working its magic on Kate's clit and vulva, and she was so aroused by the treatment she was getting, that he'd had to put a small towel beneath Kate to soak up the juices flowing

out of her pussy. Carlos seemed less interested in teasing me tonight – no winks or two-horned cuck hand signals. All his attention was on Kate, letting me watch her scream her way through two huge climaxes, as he fucked her ass with the purple plastic toy. Only then releasing her, different to last night, gently turning her over and kissing her gently as he worked his big cock into her pussy.

As they started fucking, he whispered something in Kate's ear and when she blushed and nodded, he rolled her over so that she was laying on top of him and then slowly started working the thinner glass wand into Kate's still slightly gaping ass. I had to force myself to breathe as I watched this spectacle, with all of it coming together like a giant punch in the face. The way they were kissing, a seductive mix of feeling and sexual hunger, the way Kate responded to Carlos's big fat cock, as it is glistened in and out of her sodden pussy. The kinky dessert of those glass beads, disappearing and reappearing as Carlos reamed Kate, making her cum twice more as she faced sensory overload, from the way he was treating her ass and pussy, while his lips made love to her mind.

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If I'd thought Tuesday and Wednesday were intense introductions to Kate's new way of life, Thursday made me think again, as Carlos showed me just how far he planned to offer Kate new and exciting sexual experiences, now that he was officially her bull.

Knowing that the agreement I'd made with her and Carlos meant Kate wouldn't be home Thursday night, I thought there was no point in rushing home to an empty house. Besides, if I was in the air or sat in a departure lounge, I could hardly sit and stroke my cock, if Carlos repeated his habit of taunting me with edited highlights of his games with Kate. So, I had a relaxed meal and a couple of glasses of good red with my dinner, as I started my latest Lee Child novel on my kindle. Making sure to order room service as I didn't want to be sat in a busy dining area if, and when, Carlos made his normal Face Time call.

Strangely enough, I needn't have worried because when the call did arrive, it showed a perfectly normal domestic scene. Kate was

serving steak and fries to Carlos and one of his buddies (later identified as Miguel) in a room I recognized as the small dining area in Carlos's apartment. I was totally taken aback at the domesticity and unsexual nature of the scene, the only thing slightly risqué was the low-cut front and short hemline of the top and mini skirt Kate was wearing. From the angle of the camera, and the way she and Miguel were behaving, it appeared to me that it was only Carlos who knew the camera was on. From what I remembered of the apartment's layout, I think he'd hidden the camera behind a couple of nearly dead houseplants, a slightly blurred green shape near the lens backing up my hypothesis.

The conversation, best described as 'everyday' and homely, just layered on even more bizarre normalcy to the call. Despite their being not one thing to really provoke me, I felt my chest was going to explode. It felt like one of those movie scenes with the jangling music and other visual and sound queues, that tell you something horrible and dangerous is about to happen. My mind, going back to all those times Kate had told me that the mind is the biggest sex organ, wondering whether she'd worked with Carlos to create this jarring scene of homeliness, to make what surely would happen later seem all the more warped and depraved.

All through dinner I expected Carlos or Miguel to reach across, rip Kate's clothes off like some fourth-rate porno, throw her down amongst the plates and cups and have their way with her. But instead, the conversation just stayed polite and civilized, mostly between Kate and Miguel. They'd dirty danced together at least two nights that I knew about, but with the decibels so high they'd probably not had a chance to talk properly, so normal dating rules were reversed, getting to know each other only happening when Miguel had already rutted her on the dancefloor and received a blow job from my wife.

As Kate and Miguel talked about families, jobs and places to visit in Atlanta, I had to close my eyes and pinch myself, was this really happening? Was it for real? Was I really watching my wife of twenty-odd years chatting about our daughters' education to a man she barely knew, just minutes before she would probably lay down

on a bed with him and let him stick his Latino cock deep into her special places? No doubt moaning and whimpering, as she wrapped her arms and legs around him, accepting his thrusting tongue into the mouth that I'd always thought of as mine, and let him pummel her body until he was ready to pump a big load into her.

What kind of strange parallel universe were we living in that this was remotely possible? How could we have come so far in the three short months we'd lived here in Atlanta? Had we, by accident, moved to some Southern version of Salem? Or America's own version of Sodom twinned with Gomorrah? How had a loving and monogamous couple, of so many years standing, sunk so low, so quickly?

Of course, I knew the answer, but the answer frightened and embarrassed me. Embarrassed me, because I couldn't deny my part in our fall – my own weird fantasies, the seed of our situation, my own weird fantasies, the reason I was a thousand miles away from my beloved and watching on my phone, with a rock-hard cock and a sick desire for the action to begin. Frightened, because, if we'd fallen this far in three months, how much further was it possible we'd fall, if we carried on progressing at this same rate of change?

My soul-searching, and sense of regretted decisions, was interrupted as Kate returned from moving the dirties into the kitchen and put a hand on Carlos's shoulder, in an understated act of familiarity. A jolt of electrical energy running through my body, seeing her hand on him, somehow this easy familiarity making my heart ache more, than if they'd have fucked there and then on the tabletop. I guess over the last few months I'd gotten somewhat inured against the shock of seeing Kate taking Carlos's big cock, so this no longer troubled and tormented me as it originally had. 'It was in the price', as they say on Wall Street, something I'd already accepted and allowed for, no longer having the same shock value to me. Instead, I've moved on, the thing most likely to cause me twisted guts and sleepless nights, was the thought that Kate and Carlos's affair would move from sexual, to sexual with emotional involvement. After all, until now, Kate's life had only known one model, sex as an offshoot of love. It was asking something quite substantial and problematic, to overnight

reprogram Kate's sexual-emotional mapping, for her to suddenly unlearn what it had taken her so many years to learn, in the conservative home that had been her proving ground.

So that tiny, insignificant touch did more to me than I can describe. I was always on the lookout for signs of feelings or other emotional linkages, and so that tiny, and insignificant touch, was like a fist reaching into my gut and squeezing with every ounce of its power. My face physically winced as Kate's hand remained on his shoulder, their two faces locking together with a deep connection. Carlos just nodded his head, a signal they both understood, but which was lost on me, lost on me for a second or two. Kate's actions soon telling me retrospectively what Carlos had meant.

Miguel was sat opposite them, and Kate left her lover to stand by his friend, pivoting his dining chair away from the table, so Kate could stand between his legs. Miguel looked to be a little shorter than Carlos, and all through dinner had seemed a little in awe of the older man. I guessed Miguel to be a good twenty years younger than Carlos, and from the conversation earlier I knew he was also of Mexican descent and worked for Carlos in his auto shop. He was undeniably handsome, with one of those cute, almost pretty boys, baby faces, that so many women go for. During dinner, he'd told Kate of his Mexican roots, but looking at the curliness of his hair and his skin tone, I reckoned he had more than a little African American in his blood line somewhere.

Either way, whatever his heritage, Kate didn't seem to care, she just pushed his legs aside and stood between them, smiling down at him, as she was standing while he still sat. She took his handsome young face between her hands and gazed meaningfully into his eyes, it was a look that said so much. I knew for a fact, that Kate had already performed oral sex on him, that she'd sucked his seed from his cock and swallowed it down. But the way she looked at him, told my intuition that they weren't lovers yet, not in the full sense of the word, that he'd not had the opportunity to put his cock all the way into my wife yet.

But the way they looked at each other told me this moment wouldn't be long coming. The deep and emotional contact between their

eyes, extending and becoming deeper, as Kate slowly bent at the hips and offered her lips to his. Their kiss, surprisingly gentle and soft, given what I'd seen them do before on the dancefloor, and in the parking lot, when Kate had gone onto her knees for him. Their lips touched and shared two, maybe three times, Kate then pulling back and smiling, in a way that was coy and shy, letting the moment last before she took Miguel's hand and pulled him to his feet, leading him by the hand, out from the dining area to the guest bedroom, where I'd stayed on the 'Special night' Kate had arranged, the first time she'd been comfortable for me to watch her and Carlos.

Seeing the two of them disappear into that room ('my room' in my warped mind) sent another lightning bolt into my head, a bolt, making me think how so much had changed so fast. The 'special night' had been about my wife and best friend finally being comfortable enough for me to watch her with another man. 'Special night 2', the name I'd just invented for tonight, being the night Kate was comfortable enough to give herself to one of her bull's friends fully. One thing to dirty dance or blow a guy and quite another, as Kate would have told me, to allow a man to sink, his life-giving stick of prime beef, deep into your womanly parts. The most intimate and sacred of acts for most women, and certainly one brought up as conservatively as Kate was.

The rest of that Thursday night passed in a blur of erotic, exciting and fear-provoking sounds and images. All the time my mind was writing little subtitles beneath each scene or soundtrack, how come? So soon? How far? For keeps? My place? Her heart?

At first Carlos continued as cameraman, careful and cunning enough, to film Kate and Miguel through a slight crack between door and frame. Whispering to me over the music, one of them had started, so that Kate didn't know I was watching. "That way she can be more natural more the real Kate, that I've helped make. Less of the New England stiff neck, more of the Latina Chica, she'd love to be."

And he wasn't wrong, watching the way they were making love, my beautiful forty-three-year-old wife and the handsome twenty-something Mexican, who she'd spread her legs for and making love

was the right description. Whereas with most times I'd seen her together with Carlos, it was a bulling kind of sex, consistent with how Carlos liked Kate and me to think of him, this was different, more tender, more intimate. More like how Romeo might have made love to Juliet, all kisses and sighs, hands in hair, hands touching flanks and butts. The movement of Miguel's tight and muscular young ass, languid and slow, as if he was enjoying every second and the feel of every inch slipping in and out of Kate's tight and soft pussy.

Even the orgasms they shared were quiet and appropriate to the mood. Kate's moans and cries building up slowly, slowly, slowly each time, until each time the flood burst, like a gentle flood of a small un-damned brook. Their lips locked together each time, their hands always caressing cheeks and hair, at these moments of maximum closeness, until finally, Miguel's ass started shunting and shoving with a little more urgency and speed, his breathing more ragged and needy, until Kate pulled him close and they kissed like star-crossed lovers until the shakes had stopped. The young employee of Carlos, teased and only partially successful with Kate the last two nights, now with a happy, dopey smile on his face, now that he'd sown his seed in my sexy wife.

If that scene, between Kate and her handsome young lover, was more love story than porno story, the next scene moved things back towards what I was more used to from the Cinema Carlos Theater club. After plenty of nibbling, tender smiles and looks that broke my heart, Miguel was showing the benefits of youth and was again hard and deep within Kate. When he'd first cum in her, and then finally slipped out, I'd seen that he was, if anything, a little larger than Carlos in the pants department.

*("Only the best for my Kate," he'd whispered at the side of the phone. "My young amigo has got maybe an extra inch on me, and looks like Kate loved his extra girth as well." Bastard, he was playing my Kate's dictum, that sex is mostly in the mind, twisting and tormenting me like a hanged man swinging in the breeze in some clichéd spaghetti western, 'High Plains Drifter', the cuckold, sado version starring, Philip the CPA, as the man with the horn on,*

*starring Carlos and Miguel, as the guys from across the border, who give his wife what he can't.)*

And at Carlos's prompting, they'd positioned themselves so that Kate was lying front forward on top of Miguel, letting him do the work as she kissed him softly and just allowed herself to enjoy the sensations, he was giving her pussy. It was only, as they twisted into this new position, that I saw that Kate had something lodged in her ass.

By now Carlos had put the phone down, somewhere hidden from Kate's line of sight, and was taking up position on the bed, kneeling next to the loving couple as they continued their slow coital movement, he reached down and slowly pulled at the small black thing protruding from Kate's ass, causing Kate's lips to momentarily leaving Miguel's, as she moaned, as a large bulbous butt plug emerged, leaving a small gaping aperture and a small dark cavern.

Looking back later, what was truly shocking and eye-opening to me, was the casual, almost matter of fact way Kate accepted what came next. She didn't even twist her head backwards to see what Carlos was doing. He'd fucked her ass with a six-inch beaded wand on Tuesday, fucked her again there with a thicker and longer veined purple dildo Wednesday and today was Thursday, so surely it was the most natural thing in the world, for my wife to expect another gift, deep within her ass. The only thing that was different was that her front passage was already stretched nice and tight, and very full around a different, younger, Mexican cock.

Less of the irony for a minute, I struggled for breath, as if it was me who was the one who was being stretched taut around two big cocks. Human psychology, the id, the brain – whatever you call it, it's a weird thing and never more so than at that moment. I remember how I'd held Kate's hand and experienced my own version of sympathetic childbirth, when Kate had brought our two girls into the world and in the strangest and weirdest of ways, I felt the same way at the moment.

Looking at Kate's face, I could see how she was struggling to take a second big cock into her body, taking a cock as large as Carlos's into

her butt would have been challenging enough at any time – even after the stretching and teaching moments Carlos had been kind enough to give her, the last two days. But with one large cock already in her front canal, accepting her bull's long and thick cock, was causing my wife to hyperventilate and a thousand miles away, in my chain hotel room, I felt myself overcome with the same hyperventilation, I found myself reaching out to grasp Kate's hand, before I remembered the thousand miles between us.

Instead, I grimaced, calling her on with a silent unspoken, 'come on babe, come on, you can do it.' It wasn't that I wanted this to happen (a sick part did, for the most part I didn't) but this thing was going to be done to Kate, no matter what I said or thought. So, all I could do was hope it would be as comfortable and pleasurable for her as possible, and feeling strangely grateful for the preparation Carlos had made the last two nights.

Slowly, slowly, all of Carlos's big fat cock sank all the way in, until his groin was flush to the soft skin of Kate's butt. He rested there for a while, still, while only Miguel's hips injected any motion into the erotic tableau. I know the slang for black-white-black is Oreo, a sick part of my brain wondering what the same nickname might be for the brown-white-brown sandwich they'd gifted my wife. My formerly sweet little Kate seemingly happy to be the ham in the middle of their cock sandwich.

If Carlos's action to turn Romeo and Juliet into the porno equivalent of the same, had seem to come about with an almost slow-motion style pace, the rest of the scene was soon played out at warp speed two. Once he was sure Kate was adjusted, Carlos withdrew his fat cock and with a signal to his young employee the two big cocks started working in and out of her with a steady but not-to-be-denied speed.

This looked to me like it wasn't their first rodeo, that Carlos had roped in his handsome young employee to run this game on other girls before Kate. The coordination and power of their big cocks soon converting Kate, from a woman who'd been slowly and tenderly kissing Miguel, to a totally different being, now transformed into a

quivering, quaking mess, happy to allow these two men to plunder her sweet married body.

The two-pronged assault on her pussy and ass seemed to have Kate permanently on the brink, permanently either building up towards or rolling down the other side of a climax. The two big cocks perpetually keeping her on the boil, like some sexual equivalent of a pot on simmering heat.

That was my Kate, moaning and sighing all the time, often her noises more urgent and needy as she went over the top yet again. When she'd come for maybe the fourth or fifth time, which was by my count, when Carlos and his young helper had switched ass to pussy or pussy to ass for around four rounds, Carlos decided Kate needed a break.

I could see his point, by now she was breathing heavily, and it was noticeable how her responses and involvement had become more muted for the last few minutes, as if she was finally losing steam, the stream of orgasms the two men had dragged out of her, finally taking their toll.

As the three of them lay there on the bed together, a new different kind of sandwich, with the men caressing and softly kissing Kate, I saw Carlos whisper something in her ear, something that, however tired she was, instantly grabbed Kate's attention. Her eyes immediately looked towards the phone that was my only link to their game room, Kate's expression for a moment unfathomable as she looked at the little device. I don't know how she does that, but it felt like she was looking straight into my soul – trick of geometry I'll never fathom, how she achieved such soul-searching intensity, when she was eight or nine feet from the lens, and the lens and screen were themselves tiny and weak instruments.

The enigmatic, unreadable look slowly turned to one I could read, a blend of apology mixed in with a quiet assertiveness and sense of self. "I hope you're okay with all of this, honey, I didn't know about this, but maybe it was for the best that you got to see, got to see how things are now."

Then her voice changed down a gear, something gentler and more compassionate, "I love you, honey, and you and our family will always be the centre of my life. Never doubt that, always know it, but ever since we started playing, well ... you can see ... ever since we started, I've been discovering new things about myself., like tonight."

She paused for a moment of introspection, gathering her thoughts and the right words. Only then her eyes returning to the camera, "Phil, baby, I hope you've enjoyed tonight as much as I have. But honey, if you want to stop it, don't like what you've seen, just tell me, I meant what I said, I don't want to give this up, don't want to stop, but it's just a game, you and the girls are my real life and I'd never do anything to put that at risk."

Kate's words stopped., she'd said what she wanted to say. She'd delivered a mixed message, of how important we were to her, but how the newly adventurous Kate didn't want to stop playing any time soon. She pulled Carlos's head towards her own and whispered something into his ear. Kate's voice telling me how she loved me and would see me Friday, the camera view of her blocked out by her lover's body as he walked across to shut down the picture.

The screen went black and I sighed and prepared to somehow try and concentrate on the fifty unread emails waiting for me. But as I reached for my laptop and fired it up, I saw the receding sight of Carlos's broad and heavily tattooed back, realizing he'd pulled the same trick as before, leaving the link open so that Kate wouldn't realize she was being watched. The bull, who'd played such a big part in our lives, getting yet another kick, from yet another round of manipulation. No doubt salivating in his own mind at what Kate might do or say as they continued to play, whilst she was unaware, that the man who loved her was still watching her now, as she took her first, faltering steps in the world of MFM hotwife swinging, as she discovered first-hand, the joys and challenges of being just one woman sandwiched between two horny male bulls.

The weight of Carlos bowed the bed as he lay back on Kate's right, "I think you got it just right, baby," an arrow of pain going through my chest at hearing another male talking about what Kate may or may

not say to me. His simple statement leaving me on the outside looking in, the third wheel. “Best that Phil understands how it is now, so tell him it’s not about love, but it’s different now, my baby girl gone done and spread her wings, learned to fly,” his words almost poetic. “Learned to fly to more dicks ... bigger dicks ... dicks that’ll love you time after time,” a wicked grin on his lips, as he chuckled to himself and any sense of poetry destroyed by his crude words.

Kate was just giggling and blushing in response, “Maybe you’re right,” she sighed, her body almost visibly deflating at the difficulty of what she’d had to say. “It’s just so complicated, I love what we’re doing, Phil loves what we’re doing, but sometimes it’s just so complicated, that it makes me look back to when things were simpler, when it was just me and Phil.”

Kate had pivoted around, away from Miguel, now looking at Carlos and there appeared to be genuine caring and empathy in his eyes. The night so far may have been about fucking and playing games with a distant husband, but those eyes told me he wasn’t without kindness or concern. He reached out to stroke Kate’s face, kissing her lips with the merest hint of contact, before pulling back to stare deep.

“You did the right thing, Chica. I wish my ex had been as open with me. Kate, baby, let me give you a word of advice. I’ve played the game, and what I know is, ‘communicate, communicate, communicate.’ You can’t change how you feel, nor can Phil, all you can do is talk to each other and take it from there.”

“I guess you’re right,” she agreed, another sigh, another deflation in her tired body.

Carlos looked at her a moment longer, kissing her once more and sweeping away a strand of matted hair, that had attached to her forehead. “I’ll tell you what, turn over and lay flat, Miguel and me will get some oil and give you a four-handed massage and make you feel better, re-energized, ready for some more Mexican cock.”

Kate smiled, an uptick evident in her voice, “For a moment you had me there, making me think there was a different, less selfish, less sex-starved side, of Carlos, making me feel good for me.” Giggling

as she continued, “but I guess a leopard doesn’t change his spots, making me feel good so I’m ready for some more cock.” Just a smile and a twinkle in the eye with no hint of anger or disapproval.

I’d thought there were no gears left to engage in the sex-filled video show they were streaming, but although I’d already watched them DP my wife, (What a crude phrase, but somehow fitting, the sound of the word matching the baseness of the act.) I’d thought there was nowhere else to go, but somehow watching their four well-oiled hands sliding all over Kate’s body, had me struggling for breath and feeling back on edge, more than I’d have ever imagined. It was an erotic cocktail of different sounds and sights. The sight of Kate’s little body lying prone and vulnerable, eyes closed and submissive, as four strong hands, hands calloused and rough from manual labor, worked her body, knowing just where to stroke and rub, where to squeeze or tweak. Playing her body like they were concert standard violinists, with a priceless Stradivarius.

The sights backed up and doubled by the soft and then not so soft moans from my wife. It didn’t matter which part of the garden they were playing in, these two experienced players knew just how to touch to get maximum effect. Kate had looked so tired, after their earlier pummeling of both her holes, and the stream of near continuous orgasms, they’d pulled from her body, but within fifteen or twenty minutes she was showing signs of full recovery.

Her little butt seemingly with a life of its own, lifting and moving whenever a hand was near, trying to maximize contact and get a hand or a digit or two close to, or on her pussy. Her legs easing wider, whenever any of the four hands were close enough to her womanhood, that she wanted to signal a discrete, ‘yes please, open for business.’

Kate was face down so couldn’t see Carlos and Miguel grinning and smirking, enjoying the power they held over my previously tired wife, sharing a look between them, about what they planned to do to Kate for the rest of the night. As Carlos helped her turn, we all saw that Kate’s face no longer had the slightest hint of fatigue, it was flushed

and enthused for sexual stimulation. The oils and stroking hands had done their work, Kate was primed and hungry, ready to let Carlos and his young employee do whatever they wanted to her body again.

“You want more cock, Katy girl?” Carlos asked in a very matter of fact style.

“Yes please,” she answered, her voice shaking with desire and barely audible.

“Want some more of your tight little pussy, Chica,” he chuckled, rolling Kate off her back and facing towards him. Stroking himself a couple of times, placing his over-sized head at the target and then slipping himself back deep inside my wife.

The look of contentment she gave as their eyes locked together tore me in two. How had I done this? Allowed it to happen? Given my wife, body and soul, to another man? To other men? However much I may have felt regret at that moment, the front of my pants answered the question for me. My cock only hardened still more as Miguel joined in the fun and games, adding a second cock as he slipped all the way into Kate’s ass with remarkable ease.

This seemed somehow different than the first time they’d filled her with their two large cocks. Before it had seemed hurried, almost impatient, lest Kate change her mind and deny them access to both holes. But this time they knew she’d give them what they wanted, so they took their time and enjoyed the moment, more satisfying for them, more satisfying for Kate. The way she was smiling at Carlos, telling me and him she was loving how full and stretched she felt.

The ever-recurring thought thrusting back into my mind, was this the same woman I’d known so long? My sexually inexperienced but energetic Kate? The mother of our daughters, happy with me and no other for so long? Now lying on a bed in a small, low-end apartment, one big cock in her pussy and one big cock in her ass. The three of them were happy to just enjoy the moment for a while and just a few soft kisses were shared, a few strokes and squeezes of Kate’s flesh. Otherwise, the three of them, just happy to be joined this way, with Kate loving the fullness, and the men’s smiles telling

me they were savoring their moment of victory. Like occupying forces in some conflict, in possession of Kate's body, theirs' to do with as they liked.

But then Carlos slowly started working himself in and out of Kate's pussy, her eyes soon closing as her tongue flicked at her lips, allowing herself to get more and more lost in the feelings he was giving her pussy. Miguel soon taking his cue from his boss, like a second piston firing up, as they see-sawed in and out, in a way that reminded me Kate wasn't the first girl to receive this treatment.

The strange thing about sex, or at least this type of voyeuristic sex, is that it's just like steak or ice-cream or fine wine, it's samey, incredibly erotic and intense, sucking all your attention in as you're unable to tear your eyes away. But as the love games continued between the three of them, I found myself getting a little bored., mentally switching the picture on my phone into background mode and looking at my watch, thinking I still had work to do – emails to answer.

When I finally went to bed, two or three hours later, the camera feed from Atlanta finally killed by a dead battery, I had a rye thought in my head. How I'd never have believed it, if you'd told me three months ago that I'd be bored watching Kate having sex with two men, that like good porn, it was all-consuming for a while, but then slowly joined the list of the daily humdrum.

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It was Saturday before Kate and I got a proper chance to re-connect and to be together. When I reached home on Friday evening, I could see how tired Kate was, and I was embarrassed to ask how long they'd fucked her, that question could wait for another day.

I normally wake before Kate, a habit inherited from my father, and decided to make her breakfast in bed, the most practical way I could think of to show Kate how much I loved her, and wasn't offended or upset by the events of the last few days, to help us ease into the weekend and talk about the things we needed to discuss.

Kate's smile was loving and appreciative as I kissed her awake and her nostrils inhaled the aroma of the coffee. "Mmm, I love you,

honey,” her arms feeling wonderful and comforting around my neck. “Now I remember why I married you.”

I smiled right back, kissed her again, “And there was me thinking it was because of my big cock ... oh, no ... wait ... that’s Enrico ... or José ... or ... well one of them, anyway ...”

I’d not meant to get into it this soon, but sometimes my mouth speaks and my brain follows twenty paces behind. Luckily Kate could hear the humor in my voice and responded in kind, giggling as she reached to squeeze my cock, “Mmm ... there he is, my little man ... I’m gonna keep him busy all weekend ... so don’t get any ideas about working or shopping or ... or even eating, okay, mister?”

“Yes, Jefe,” I grinned, using one of my few words of Spanish. Kate seemingly happy with me for temporarily making her head of the family.

Kate was as good as her word, and it was an hour later before we paused for breath, snuggled close and started dissecting and discussing the events of the week. At first Kate was facing away from me, as if the act of not having to look into my eyes made it easier for her to say what she felt she had to share. “Honey, I hope you’re still okay with what you saw, with what I did, with what I let them do with me. Phil, darling, please don’t think worse of me, but I loved every minute of it. He might look rough and mean, but Carlos was sweet and patient, with how he got me into it, used to it all. And Miguel and Antonio are really sweet guys.”

I wasn’t angry, but I was glad Kate wasn’t looking at my face, because it would have given away the fact, I hardly thought of her three Mexican lovers as ‘sweet and patient’. Show the scenes I’d seen from the club, the parking lot and the condo to a hundred people, and I guarantee the words won’t come back with are ‘sweet and patient.’ The image of Kate kneeling in the parking lot, sucking and swallowing, the image of Kate being fingered and exposed in the club and the image of her with one fat cock in her pussy and another deep in her ass – hardly visual cues for ‘sweet and patient’.

Maybe Kate sensed something, maybe she was ready for that stage, but either way she quickly turned and looked deep into my eyes.

“Are we okay, honey? Tell me truthfully, are you okay with what I did this week? With what I let Carlos do to me?”

I looked straight back, deep into those pools of dark brown, trying to find the perfect words. “Kate, baby, I love you and I’ll love you always.” Kate was looking worried, as if there was a ‘but’ coming, so I hurried it along, “Kate, honey, I’m fine with what you did this week, with what ‘we’ did, because we’re in this together. We both agreed, we both enjoy it and get our different pleasures from it. So that’s all good, it’s just that sometimes I find myself thinking that we really need to stay careful. Thinking about how far we’ve come, wondering where all this ends up.”

Kate looked a little confused and a little worried, so I tried to explain.

“Think of it this way, baby. Think of a relationship and with a relationship there’s a natural course of events. It’s kinda all mapped out, and it’s all good, all healthy. You date, then if that’s good, you maybe move in or get engaged. If that’s fine, you marry, have kids, raise the kids, then the kids have kids. It’s all good, it’s natural, it’s all healthy.”

Kate still looked a little hazy, although the light was beginning to dawn on her.

“What I’m trying to say, honey, is that I’m happy with last week, but sometimes I think we just have to remind ourselves to be watchful where this thing goes. What’s the end game? The end point? All things progress, just like a relationship, and with sex people are always looking for something bigger, better, more exciting, new and different. And what I’m trying to say, Kate, baby, is we just need to make sure we never go too far, too far passed what you and I are happy with. That’s all I’m trying to say.”

Kate’s eyes started watering, dabbing away with a bit of a sniffle that she was also trying to mask, her eyes still locked on mine as I tried to understand her reaction. Only when she stroked my cheek, and gave the faintest of smiles, did I feel a little more relaxed.

“I’m so lucky, honey, lucky to have you looking out for us, for our marriage and family. If ever we go too far honey, if ever I go too far, please tell me. I love you baby, I love our life and what we have, our

wonderful girls and I love what we're doing now. It makes me feel young and adventurous, it makes me feel good that we don't have to be boring or staid, that we're brave enough to live a little and explore together. But, honey, if ever that goes too far, I'd stop it in a flash. It's great, it's fun, but it's just sex, when all's said and done."

Kate might have told me how lucky she was to be married to someone like me, but at that moment, as I listened to her words, I was convinced I was the lucky one. As we cuddled and continued to talk, we were both happy. Happy at the fun we'd had, and happy that we were both so attuned and on the same page about the future.

But what neither of us knew was how, even when a couple have the best of intentions, other people, or other events, can through you off-beam quicker than you ever imagine. And how things can rapidly spiral out of control.

Wed 10 Jul 2019 22:58 pm

When I last updated you all, I was a happy camper. Kate and I were happy that we had the right balance, really enjoying the new games, we were playing, but also on the same page that, when all was said and done, it was just sex. Not something we'd ever want to put in front of the priorities of our real life.

Well, looking back four days later, I'm feeling a lot more uneasy about things. Kate is downstairs chatting to her friend Jenny, while I vent my feelings through this online sharing with fellow spirits, who have some kind of understanding of what I'm going through. Thanks everyone! I can hardly go the local bar, or ring up my aged mum, to discuss it!

Maybe I should have been less naïve, after all, Carlos had already flagged that he was hardcore into this lifestyle, but Kate and I are new to this and so didn't really stop to consider what his motives and agenda might be.

Well, over the last day or so, we've started understanding Carlos and his world a lot better. It all started yesterday night (Tuesday) when I raced back to my hotel in Chicago to try and catch Kate before she headed out to meet up with Carlos. I managed to get her just before she left the house, my FaceTime call leaving me both excited and jealous.

Just like the week before she was dolled up to the nines. Last week's mini skirt and low-cut blouse replaced by something which Kate laughed about, telling me Carlos had ordered it for her and it was a knock off of the hooker dress Julia Roberts had worn in *Pretty Woman*. The outfit was a two-tine mini dress, made up of some kind of stretchy fabric, which left little to the imagination. The top was a low-cut, peach colored, U-shaped crop top. The low cut of the fabric and thin straps showing plenty of flesh and would let everyone see the tops of Kate's little boobs. The bottom of the crop top was just below her boobs and was joined to the middle of the blue mini skirt by a large metal ring.

Kate looked as sexy as hell, but I thought not something entirely appropriate for a married mother of two, who was just short of her 40th birthday. Correcting myself, that as today was a Tuesday, then maybe the dress was appropriate. As from now til Thursday she wasn't Kate, the loving wife and mum, she was Kate, the willing sexual plaything of her Mexican bull.

I asked Kate if they were going out clubbing again, a logical conclusion from the dress, but she just smiled and told me that wasn't the plan. That there was some big Mexican soccer match on and so they were staying in. Explaining that she was dressed like that as Miguel and Antonio, who'd both be there to watch the match, had seen the dress in the movie and had bought a replica on eBay for Kate to wear.

Apparently, she was going to be the drinks and snacks girl, serving the beers and other Mexican snacks, as Carlos and his buddies cheered on their team. Kate chatted for a bit before saying she had to leave, as she needed to pick some stuff up from the Kroger near where Carlos lived. As she blew me a kiss, and I got a last look at her sexy little hooker dress, I felt my stomach start cramping up, sure that snacks and beers weren't the only thing Kate would be serving that night.

My suspicions were well placed, as about an hour and a half after Kate had ended our call, I got a text from Carlos.

'Hey P. Big game tonight. Guadalajara vs. those putos from Club America. Guess who's gonna be the half-time entertainment. Hint – her pussy used to be yours. Kate's phone is off – don't want her fucking up the game. Text me if you want to want the Pay per View. Let me know if you want the PPV of the match or your little slut wife ...'

Fuck, I had a terrible sinking feeling, what kind of stupid bastard had I been to agree to this new arrangement, to leave my wife at the mercy of Carlos and his games. But my sense of guilt was matched by an even larger sense of shame, realizing I was actually hard at the thought of what might go down tonight. My small, but diminishing, sense of self-respect told me not to text to that bastard

Carlos. Not to give him the satisfaction of knowing that I was as hooked on this game as Kate seemingly was. But who was I kidding, I lasted less than 10 minutes before sending the text telling him what he wanted to hear.

Throughout the first few minutes, whenever she wasn't providing drinks or food, one of the guys would pull her onto their laps, hardly ever taking their eyes from the game, but happy to enjoy the match-time entertainment, playing with Kate's compliant body, just like they'd done at the club the week before. Her little boobs were out in the open air within two minutes of kick-off, and the skirt might as well not have been there, as it was soon ruffled up around Kate's hips to give the guys easy access to her pussy.

It didn't maybe have the intensity of the first time they'd double-teamed Kate the previous week, but in its own way it was more debauched. There was something about the contrast between the everydayness of the game and the sexual games they were foisting on Kate. Miguel, busy swearing at the screen and the referee, as his fingers rubbed at Kate's juicy pussy. Seconds later when the game stopped for an injury, lifting Kate up and slotting her down onto his thick cock as if she was just some kind of human cock warmer, putting her 'on', just as you might put mittens or gloves on during a cold snap.

The injury over, all of them howling that the Club America player was a cheat, Miguel and the others returned their attentions to the more important matters on the pitch, the only sop to Kate being a quick aside from Miguel.

"Be a good girl, baby, ride me, ride me good, give my cock a special treat, squeeze and milk it with that tight little coño of yours."

The match between their team and their arch rivals went into overtime, finally only being settled by penalties. Even more than the fatigued players, poor Kate was the one who paid the price. The game had run two and a half hours end-to-end and Kate, with only short breaks, was in demand for nearly all the time. The playing with her tits and pussy had lasted only as long as the first quarter of the match, because as soon as Miguel had lifted Kate onto his cock,

Antonio got the same idea, and she was passed from one to the other like a family remote. Antonio seemed especially keen, by far the least attractive of the trio, maybe just shy of 40, his hair unkempt, his face jowly, with a pudgy and quite short body, I guessed he didn't get to fuck women as beautiful as Kate very often.

Just before half-time a fourth guy arrived. His face was covered by tattoos, more ink than skin visible, a wave of terror and panic sweeping over me. What little I did know about the culture amongst Mexico's young males, I'd picked up on CNN or PBS, and maybe I was totally wide of the mark, but seeing tattoos like that meant only one thing to me – gangs. Gangs, prison markings and quite likely Mexican mafia.

"Carlos," the newcomer called out, the way that Kate's bull looked at him was very different from the way he looked at the other two guys, who were clearly his employees. The power dynamic between Carlos and the newcomer was totally different. He was maybe two decades younger than Carlos, probably four or five inches shorter and his frame was wiry compared to Carlos's stocky build. But despite all of this, Carlos seemed wary and respectful of the younger, smaller guy.

"Arturo," Carlos greeted him, having to do the beer duties himself, as Kate was otherwise occupied. Arturo clinked the beer against Carlos's bottle, and Kate's bull seemed to relax a little as Arturo's serious face started smiling, as he saw Kate riding up and down on Antonio.

"So, this is your girl that you told me all about, C?" His face once again becoming serious, as he took in the sight of Kate's little boobs jiggling up and down as she rode her second cock of the evening. The look on his face similar to the way a tiger looks at a particularly tasty gazelle. "Mexican-Indian mix, you say, and a real MILF, a real party girl."

"Yeah. Yeah man, got two teenage daughters in college. Been fucking her for three months now, she can't get enough. Loves my big dick, and hubby loves to watch, real sweet, man, real sweet," Carlos confirmed. His tone nervy, almost that of a salesman

frightened a prospective customer might find fault with a car he desperately needed to sell.

Arturo said nothing, but squeezed a tit and pinched a nipple, as he walked by to sit down and watch the game. As the game continued Kate was alternated between Miguel and Antonio. Carlos and Arturo seemingly at some higher status that they wouldn't fuck Kate in the same way as the other two men, not that baby-faced Miguel or Antonio seemed to mind. They seemed to be simpler men, happy with the warm, snug fit of Kate on their cocks, happy a little later, to change the game from cock in pussy to cock in mouth, Kate being thrown a threadbare cushion on which to kneel, as she alternated between fellating the two men.

About halfway through the second period, Arturo looked at his watch and seemed to grow restless, not speaking to anyone in particular as he stood and hauled Kate up off her knees. "Gonna take the MILF for a test drive, test the merchandise."

My chest was seizing up, both at the crude and insulting way he referred to Kate, and more seriously, at the prospect of my sweet wife going with this thuggish and dangerous-looking man. I felt totally emasculated, helpless to keep Kate safe from any impending danger. My only hope being that, beneath his fear of this guy, Carlos was a decent guy who wouldn't let any harm come to Kate.

At that watershed moment it suddenly dawned on me how stupid and careless Kate and I had been. We didn't know Carlos and this group of guys from Adam. Growing up and living amongst largely well-behaved and morally upright people, we'd implicitly assumed Carlos and his buddies had the same values as we did. The threatening appearance and prison tattoos of Arturo had well, and truly, burst that balloon, who was now leading Kate by the hand into Carlos's bedroom to take her for a 'test drive.' Last week Miguel had to use the guestroom, but Carlos showed no signs of complaining about Arturo's use of the master bedroom.

As he kicked open the door, he called back into the lounge, "Pretty boy, get your sweet ass in here, C tells me this little Chica's sweet on

you. So, you can warm her up for me, while the Molly starts to work.”

Miguel got up and started moving, that piece of the jigsaw clear, my already worried brain screaming a loud, ‘NO!!!’ as Arturo’s other words sank in. ‘Molly’. I wasn’t much up on drugs or street slang, but I wasn’t so square that I didn’t know. Kate and I had smoked a little hash a long time back, but that was two decades ago. Drugs of any type were no part of our lives, not even something we ever even contemplated. And yet this bastard, as cool as you like, had just strolled into our lives and was nonchalantly assuming he’d be starting feeding Kate ecstasy, just to give his own sex life a bit of a boost.

Only Carlos and the overweight Antonio were visible on camera, just watching the game as I heard Kate’s voice. “No ... no, I don’t want that ... I’m okay to fuck, happy to fuck ... but not that.”

Then a chuckle, presumably Arturo, “Don’t be so old, you never tried it, did you? You’ll love it ... make you cum more ... cum harder ... have more energy for me and the boys ... be a good girl, open up ...”

“Please ... please Arturo, no ... I don’t want to,” her voice pleading, trying to evoke sympathy in the newly arrived top dog.

“Kate ... nothing to be worried about ... you’ll love it ... come on, open up.” And then there was silence. My heart sinking terribly, knowing in my bones what this likely meant. The silence continuing a few moments more before quiet noises came from the room.

“See ... wasn’t so bad was it, baby. Nothing to worry about ... in a few minutes you’ll be on top of the world ... wishing you partied with old Arturo years ago ... full of beans and wanting as much cock as we can give you. Hell, from what C. tells me about how you love to party, I reckon you’ll even be asking old Arturo for a re-up before round one’s over ...”

I closed my eyes, ashamed at where I’d brought us, my wife alone and helpless, drugs soon about to start coursing through her veins, to make her the perfect fuck toy for Carlos, Arturo and their two buddies. I tried to tell myself that plenty of people took drugs, plenty

of people partied, but it didn't work. I felt thoroughly ashamed, that I'd let down Kate and my family by not having more foresight and wisdom, then all of this could have been avoided.

My thoughts were dragged back to Atlanta as the unseen commentary continued, Arturo still clearly in control, "Okay babyface, give the little lady her reward, get her nice and warm for old Arturo here ..."

I can't tell you as fact what happened next since the phone's camera was still focused on where they'd been playing in the lounge. I can only guess at what transpired in the bedroom for the next few minutes, the words and sounds I heard my only guide, incomplete, but telling me enough to get the gist.

Sounds of kissing coming next, Arturo's words of crude encouragement suggesting it was Miguel, rather than him, kissing Kate. As top dog, Arturo happy to act as Master of Ceremonies, directing the baby-faced Miguel to make out with Kate while he waited for the active ingredients in the MDMA to take effect.

After barely a few moments of kissy-kissy sounds, I heard a moan and sharp intake of breath from Kate. My heart racing as I instantly recognized the sounds she always makes when she's penetrated and takes a cock into her body. The loudness and excitement of her moans taking me back me back five days to when she'd first taken Miguel's cock, and how Carlos had taunted me that the youngster's cock was both longer, and thicker, than his own.

The camera was still showing me the soccer, but the sounds of the headboard banging against the wall and the feet of the bed moving back and forth, told me a different type of game was playing out on the other side of the condo. Kate's moans no longer the single solitary moan from penetration, but now a series of sighs of contentment as young Miguel gave it to her. I couldn't see it, but the soundtrack, and Kate's increasing loudness, told me he was giving it to her good.

"You like it? Like big Mexican cock, little Katy? Better than your husband's little limp dick?"

Kate didn't reply, just a quiet and persistent, 'mmm ... mmm', sound coming from her mouth.

"Don't forget me, lover," Arturo taunted again, just moments before his now shirtless body appeared back in the lounge, his face suddenly appearing just inches in front of the lens. "Hey hubby," he either didn't know my name or just didn't care, "C tells me that your little Ruca loves her some Mexican cock. He tells me you're safely tucked away up there in the Windy City for the next three days, so plenty of time for us to play, plenty of time for us to party with her little coño, stretch it out and then DP or stick her in the ass when her little coño's too sore. Hell, man ... three whole days to play ... can you imagine that ... little Katy ain't gonna be able to walk, time we're done with her ..."

His face looked ugly and brutish, like he was really getting off on his taunts and the way he must have seen the color draining from my face. "And if she gets a little tired, well ... let's just say a few tabs of E will perk her up ... give her a whole new outlook on life ... hell, she'll still be high as a kite when we dump her back on your doorstep come Friday morning ... hell, who knows ... she'll maybe like it so much ... love the tabs so much, she won't even want to come home at all ... move her shit in here so she can get herself some Mexican cock 24/7 ... Haha ... Haha ... imagine that hubby, imagine that ..."

The bastard really had me going now. The combination of the drugs, my own powerlessness and the kind of guy Arturo seemed to be, making me really scared now.

"Come on, hubby, let's take a walk while we get this party started ...", he taunted yet again, handing the phone to Carlos and directing him to come and film the bedroom. The lens followed Arturo's back as he made the short walk to the room where Miguel was fucking Kate. His back and arms were as heavily inked as his face was, and he may have been short and wiry, but his body had that lean fat-free muscle, of a boxer or some other martial arts athlete.

Re-entering the bedroom, he closed the door to leave just a slight gap, allowing Carlos to film in a way that meant Kate wouldn't know she was being recorded. Slipping off his pants and boxers in a

single motion as he moved to stand by the bed. For the first time I saw what was actually happening in the bedroom. It was pretty much as I'd imagined it when I'd only had the sounds to go on. Kate was on her back, legs spread wide and Miguel was slowly but methodically pumping his big cock in and out of her pussy. The two of them were kissing, their kisses almost tender and romantic, not raw and hungry, as Kate's kisses with Carlos usually were.

Arturo grabbed Miguel's scalp, the youngster looking instantly panicked as Arturo pulled his head backwards, exposing his neck as the younger man looked to him in fear, worried he'd maybe offended him in some way. Arturo playfully gave him a couple of slaps on the cheek, "It's okay, ... just got me another plan for little Katy's lips." Releasing the scalp, so his hand could return to stroke his cock to hardness, for the first time I noticed his size. He may have been short and wiry, but his cock was anything but, his hand casually stroking up and down something that looked like it belonged in a porno. It looked significantly longer and fatter than either Miguel or Carlos – maybe getting up towards the mythical 10 inches of urban myth – but what made my heart stop was the piercings. A row of eight or ten little steel balls along the underside of his shaft, this looked positively normal next to the stainless-steel ring and matching beads that pierced his slit and cockhead.

My fears for Kate and the situation, were temporarily put on hold as I winced, just looking at it made me queasy, wondering what on earth would make a guy go through the pain of such a piercing. Machismo and some pseudo sexual statement to the women he bedded, I guess. Look at me ... pain's nothing to me ... imagine how that's gonna feel inside you ... imagine how these balls and ring are gonna make you feel ... like nothing you ever felt before.

I wasn't the only one staring, even on the small screen I could see Kate couldn't take her eyes off that ugly piece of flesh and its other worldly pieces of metal. "You like, Chica?" he mocked, seeing from Kate's expression she was worried at what the metal might do to the nerve-rich membranes of her pussy.

"I ca ... ca ... can't ... please, Arturo, please, no," she pleaded, looking at the huge and hideous looking piece of meat that was now

just inches from her face

.

“Katy, Chica, no need to be scared ... you’ll love it ... all my girls love it ... you’ll be cumming like crazy ... you’ll fall in love with it ... beg for more of my dick ...,” his staccato words somehow taking the edge of Kate’s fear. Human psychology is the strangest thing. Until now, whenever I’d caught Kate looking at Arturo (and much of the time she’d consciously avoided eye contact) I’d seen nothing but fear in her face. But in the last few moments something had changed.

Whether it was the monstrous appearance of that deformed cock, whether it was the way he was trying to allay her fears, his first show of empathy to her. Or whether it was because she was a female, responding to the primal reality that he was the apex predator in the group. Whichever it was, something had caused a change in the chemistry between them.

Arturo was smart enough to also pick up on the change, his tone softer and more reasonable as he stroked Kate’s long black hair. “There’s a good girl ... open up for Arturo ... give me a little suck, get me nice and wet for when the Molly starts to work, and Miguel stands aside so you can have a real man’s cock.”

Kate’s look went back to maximum fear, but as Arturo gently pressed his pierced cockhead to her lips, they slowly parted. “That’s good, Chica, that’s good. Try a little more now, see how much you can take.”

Kate’s eyes looked up at the young gangster, what she was feeling not clear to me. Fear certainly, but also mixed with a desire to please and for some kind of connection. Her mouth mirroring her emotions, slowly opening wider and allowing the young gangster to slip more and more inches into her mouth. I’d seen Kate take all of Carlos’s eight or nine inches down her throat, but that was when she was laying with her head thrown back and her throat fully available, in this position there was no way she could do that. Miguel was still fucking her missionary style, so all Kate could do was twist her head to the right and open as wide as her jaw allowed.

Arturo's extra thickness and the metal jewelry in his glans made it extra difficult for Kate, and she did remarkably well to get even three or four inches of Arturo's obscene cock passed her lips and into the moist warmth that must have felt so good to Arturo.

I closed my eyes again, looking across at the little digital clock on the hotel desk and I couldn't believe it was less than an hour since I'd first laid eyes on Arturo. He loomed so large in my mind that it felt like he'd been there a lot longer. In less than an hour he'd made me feel so frightened and afraid for what might happen to Kate, that I now found some kind of solace in the physical connection to Kate. With someone who looks like him, I'd been really scared for Kate's physical well-being, but seeing him smile and enjoy the sight of Kate's head bobbing up and down, as she orally serviced his cock, I began to feel a little calmer. Surely, he wouldn't hurt or harm a woman who was giving him so much pleasure, making him feel so good.

As she continued to work his cock, inevitably Kate relaxed more and more. Her face was more at ease, now adjusted to the sight and feeling of Arturo's strangely pierced cock. Arturo must have sensed the change as well, summarily dismissing Miguel, telling him to put the phone on the sideboard before telling him to shut the door.

Arturo stroked his hand across Kate's cheek, from her eyes down to her chin, kissing her with a surprising softness, the bed then sagging under his weight as he lay next to Kate. As he continued to shower kisses onto Kate's face, his huge metal-encrusted cock lay next to Kate's thigh, and without being asked, Kate's hand grasped him just below his glans and began squeezing up and down.

Arturo whispered something I couldn't hear to Kate. She looked him in the eye, smiled slightly and then nodded her head before she turned to look at the camera. "Phil, honey, I want you to know this is all okay ... I'm okay ... please don't worry ... Arturo says he's looking forward to meeting you and that he promises nothing bad's going to happen to me ... that C owes him a favor or two and that tonight's a down payment on that ... and that he promises I'll have fun and that he hopes you'll enjoy watching ..." Kate's smile widened a little and there was a new softness and emotion in her eyes, meant for me I'm

sure, thinking of me and how I must be worried. “Love you, baby,” her final words before she turned to look back at Arturo.

Arturo carried on kissing Kate, enjoying the feel of her soft hand working up and down his entire length, not even bothering to turn and look at me as he picked up where Kate had left off. “Well, hubby, Katy tells me you guys wanted to explore, try new stuff,” his voice almost a chuckle. “Well, hubby, I can promise you we’re gonna explore the hell of your little Katy tonight. But hey, no harm, no foul, she’s gonna have a great time. The molly will help her let go ... be her real, sexual self ... enjoy the sex we’re gonna give her, like she never loved it before ...”

I’d hoped Kate might say something after Arturo’s little speech, might say something to throw a lifeline to me, to contradict his words or show she was just a little with me, rather than with him, but she remained silent, her eyes focused and intense, locked onto his. My mind wondering if the drug was finally starting to take effect. Her pupils were dilated, and her stare was more intense than I’d ever seen before. Arturo stroking her hair a final time and giving her one last kiss before he took the position between her legs that Miguel had so recently occupied.

His eyes were locked on Kate’s, the expression on her face convincing me that for the first time in her life she was feeling the euphoric and mind-altering sensations of ecstasy. Wide-eyed, she couldn’t stop looking at his face – or at least that part of his face she could see through the tattoos. Arturo just returned her stare, now with no emotion of kindness or anything else on his face. Content just to beat the thick shaft of his cock against Kate’s clit, he was getting her ready to take the biggest cock she’d ever known. My mind just about relaxed enough after Kate’s earlier reassurances, to think the strangely whimsical and out of place thought, how my wife was journeying on an accelerating Russian-doll style journey of sexual exploration, each new roll of the dice experiencing a new and bigger cock. Carlos, the innermost doll, then a brief dalliance with the mid-range, baby-faced, Miguel. Now, finally arriving at the real thing, the outer doll, Arturo, the head of the pack. The guy who was

macho enough to have a cock touching ten inches, macho enough to have the most sensitive part of his body pierced multiple times.

The fidgeting of Kate's body interrupted my strange Alice-in-Wonderland thought, but not before I'd reflected about what kind of weird husband thinks this when he's a thousand miles away from a wife in such peril. As she wiggled her hips to get lower and took hold of Arturo's obscene cock, her cheeks were flushed and there was a sheen of sweat on her brow.

"Arturo, baby, I need this," she moaned, grasping him and moving his cock an inch or so lower so it was lined up for entry. "I need to feel your beautiful cock inside me, lover." This must have been the drug talking – no one in their right mind could describe that heavily veined, throbbing and scarred cock as beautiful. She scrunched down a little more, moaning with contentment as the mouth of her pussy captured its target.

"Oh, Arturo, you feel so good baby, you're giving me the cock I need, a real man's cock ... oh baby, I love how you feel, you stretch me so good ... go deeper, baby ... go deeper."

I was glad that Kate had already experienced the big cocks of Carlos and Miguel, because honestly, without this preparation, I'd have been scared for how she'd have coped with the size of Arturo's meat. But, after three months with Carlos as her lover and bull, she was as prepared as she could be. The smooth stroke he gave to sink his monster in an inch at a time, causing Kate to screw her eyes shut and coo out loud at the sensations she was receiving. I could only imagine what it felt like to her, every nerve ending in her pussy firing on full power, stimulated by a girth which was stretching her wider than she'd ever been before, stimulated by those two rows of small steel balls running along the bottom of Arturo's cock. These sensations finally joined, by the feeling of the extra length he could give her, touching parts of her pussy that had never been touched before and not just touched in an ordinary way, feeling the unique signature scraping and rubbing of that steel ring and its two matching beads against the very entrance to her womb.

With all ten fat inches now deep within her, the lovers just looked at each other, a message indecipherable to an outsider passing between them. Finally followed by a message beyond misunderstanding, Kate's little hand gently rubbing his big balls as she smiled, "Come on, Arturo, fuck me, fuck me like you mean it. Make me yours, make this mama see what she's been missing all these years." A final squeeze of his balls, like some old-style carriage return, signaling the foreplay was over and that Kate wanted to get what Arturo had promised her, a fucking to end all fuckings. A fucking to her make her see stars and to take her to heaven and back, swinging her round and round the moon until she returned collapsed and spent, slumped back to earth.

And that's exactly what her new man did for the next couple of hours. Over the last few months Kate had received some epic fuckings from Carlos, but that was like a boy's actions, compared to the pyrotechnics Kate received from Arturo. At first, he slowly slid all ten inches in and out, at a steady and almost boring pace. Relying purely on his length and girth, and the stimulation from his piercings, to take Kate's excitement up the gears. Her eyes were mostly shut, as if she couldn't believe the feelings her pussy was sending to her brain. I found my mind trying to imagine a cross-section of my wife's pussy, imagining those little steel balls and ring rubbing up and down with each stroke. My own breathing tight and panicked just at the thought – what the hell must it feel like for Kate. Not the person imagining – the person feeling the physical reality with every nine or ten inches of thrusting meat.

As if to answer my question, I jumped in my chair, as with little warning, Kate shrieked and wailed as her first orgasm overtook her. Even with all the times with Carlos, I'd never once heard her cum with even half that volume. The volume and the notes of her screams truly scary, her body shaking uncontrollably, spasm after spasm, wracking her body as a clear liquid squirted round the sides of Arturo's fat cock to coat his hips and the bed.

Arturo slowed his strokes, his sex engine just ticking over, waiting for Kate's eyes to open and signal her recovery and readiness for round two. Her eyes looking wide and disoriented as she finally returned to

earth. Her face telling me it had taken her a couple of seconds to remember where she was and who the man was, who was deep within her body.

Finally, she gave Arturo a weak smile, winning a victorious grin in return. "You never cum like that before? Never cum so hard you squirted, right?"

Kate was too embarrassed to answer, even a nod of the head was too much for her, her silence enough to tell Arturo he was right. "Good girl ... promise you by the time I'm done with you, you'll be coming like that all the time ... we'll be spending a fortune on the laundry service ..." his grinning humor just making Kate blush a deep red. MDMA or no MDMA, she was embarrassed by the way her body betrayed the newness of the way she had just cum.

Arturo kissed her softly, maybe a moment of kindness to his embarrassed conquest. The moment soon passing as he lifted Kate's legs up and over his shoulders, and let his weight drop down to force Kate's legs back until they touched her ears.

Kate was recovering her earlier confidence, the confidence that had meant she was the one who pulled Arturo's obscene cock into her pussy. Giggling as her legs covered her ears, "Good job, I love the gym."

Arturo grinned, I think warming to Kate's playful personality. I guess most people he met were intimidated by him – maybe it felt good to be with someone who treated him differently. "Well, let's see if we can help you burn a few more calories, coz we don't plan on letting you get to the gym for the next few days."

Kate reached up and touched his cheek, "Mmm, sounds good to me, never did like all those cross-trainers and elliptical bikes. Much better to exercise as nature intended," pulling him down into a kiss, as if to emphasize her earlier fear of Arturo was long gone. Arturo seemed to enjoy the change in Kate's behavior, allowing himself to enjoy several long tongue-swapping kisses, just letting his cock be still and luxuriate in the comforting squeeze of my wife's tight pussy, for long moments, before finally deciding he needed to give Kate the fucking he'd promised her.

He lifted his hips high in the air, leaving only his cockhead and it's strange piercing hidden inside Kate, holding the posture as he enjoyed the look in Kate's eyes, before finally slamming back down, driving the air from Kate's body and making her emit a breathless squeal. I'm sure if she'd had air in her lungs, she'd have deafened me and half the hotel in Chicago, but deprived of air the scream was strangely neutered.

Arturo repeated the maneuver time after time, getting into a real rhythm as he power-fucked Kate, her lungs now recovered, at least she knew what was coming, her cries now of pleasure not shock. Kate's body slammed deep into the mattress on each downward pounding, the mechanics of the bed then bouncing her little body back up to accompany Arturo, on the first part of his rearward move. This twin-movement added to by a third, as Kate stared up at her new man and waited for the next delicious and fulfilling thrust. Kate was soon loving this intense and crude way of fucking, mixing smiles and open-mouthed kisses as rewards, for the man pleasuring her so well. This heavy piledriving bringing her to another shattering orgasm, just a few minutes after the first. Again, her body wracked by spasms and moans, this time looking less startled as the fluids squirted onto her lover's thighs. Some naturally emitted lubricant so she could keep receiving his powerful strokes.

It would take too long to call out all of the things I saw, and heard, before I finally managed to get some sleep that night. Arturo kept Kate to himself for the best part of two hours. The door remained shut, none of the others brave or stupid enough to interrupt, while he marked the new girl in Carlos's bed as his own. I was the only one allowed into their little two-person world, although in truth I was hardly part of what was going on. From the way she reacted to Arturo, from the way they kissed and shared whispered conversations between sessions, I was pretty sure that I was far from Kate's mind. The little speech of reassurance she gave me, was the last time we connected, and after that, I'm pretty sure Arturo had taken her to a place where she'd forgotten she had a husband and two daughters.

Arturo came in her four or five times, and I don't know how many times my sweaty and excited wife came herself, before Arturo had enjoyed his fill and opened the doors up so that the other three men in the condo could get them a taste of what they'd been hearing for the last two hours. I'm pretty sure Arturo had planned the whole evening out, maybe some kind of initiation or testing ritual. For me, the tell all was the way he looked at the clock and about thirty minutes before finishing with Kate he reached into the bedside table and produced another pill of E. This time there were no protests from Kate as she took the pill from Arturo and swallowed.

I only saw the first hour, after Arturo helped Kate out of the bed and lead her back into the lounge, I was shocked to see that a fifth man had now arrived. Shocked at his arrival and shocked at the nonchalant way Kate didn't seem to mind, happy to follow Arturo's instructions.

"Go and give Juan a welcome kiss and a feel of your sweet little body," he told her casually.

For the next hour Kate was at the center of a writhing mass of bodies. The four other guys had been waiting a long time, no doubt their horniness multiplied many times over by having to listen to the mating calls Kate was making, as the Alpha dog enjoyed his leadership privileges.

Carlos seemed strangely muted and slow, maybe not happy at having his leadership role usurped. The other three guys had no such issues, happy that Kate's sexy little body was finally available to them. They were soon sticking their big dicks into one hole or other, their hunger for release being such that five minutes after she'd left Arturo's bed, she was pleasuring all three guys at once, with only Arturo and Carlos looking on from the sidelines, as Kate took three cocks at once.

Whereas, earlier in the night, she might have been nervous and passive, the effects of the E were clear, she was as active and keen, as her three male sex partners worked their cocks in and out of her tight holes. Kate's eagerness causing me to have another of those soul-searching and reflective moments. Was this really what we'd

allowed our lives to become? We'd never intended anything remotely like this, but I couldn't deny the sights and sounds playing out before me.

I'd loved to have closed my eyes and opened them to find this was all just some kind of weird dream. Wouldn't that have been so much simpler? But the reality was, this was the new reality we'd allowed other people to create for us. We'd started with what we'd thought was one harmless dating profile and here we were, three months later, experiencing things that felt like they were from a world of fantasy and fiction. My introspection and wishful thinking were interrupted by Arturo's drawling voice.

"Hey puta, thanks for the loan of Katy, you got yourself a fine, grade A piece of ass there. Me and the boys gonna have us some fun while you're away, but don't worry, and don't be dumb and do anything like call the cops, unless, that is, you want our little games to be all over the internet."

"So, here's the deal, man, Katy's loving this, we'll take good care of her, drop her back to you some time Friday, and then you and me can have a talk, mano-a-mano, about where we go from here."

Mon 15 Jul 2019

This has been my first chance to put pen to paper to explain what happened in the days after the shocking events of last Tuesday night. As I'm sure you can understand that my mind and priorities have been elsewhere these last few days.

Tuesday night/Wednesday morning, after Arturo closed the call, telling me they were going to take care of Kate and only give her back to me Friday, I managed barely any sleep. Wednesday morning, I had to ring in to my team and tell them there was a 'personal matter' I needed to attend to. Luckily Rick and Jill, the two other members of my travelling compliance team, are really solid, so they stepped up and were smart enough to read across from my vague wording, that I didn't want to go into it.

Wednesday's 'personal matter', was initially nothing more than finally grabbing enough hours of uninterrupted sleep to function. I'd called to Rick just after 7 am and didn't wake until noon, a late room service brunch and three cups of coffee, just about having me back to semi-functioning. At heart, I'm a strange mix of complacent optimist, but with a subconscious that's never far from thinking, 'what if' thoughts about worst case scenarios.

Fed, caffeinated and showered, I could no longer put off mentally addressing the events of last night. At first the blasé optimist in me was in the driving seat, telling myself that what had happened was just a natural extension of what had happened the previous Thursday.

Thursday, she'd slept with Carlos and the baby-faced Miguel, including one in her pussy while the other enjoyed her ass. Carlos's careful games with her ass the previous days meant she was okay with being the centre of a Mexican cock sandwich and, from what she told me and from what I'd seen, she'd enjoyed the experience.

My optimistic side told me that what had happened last night was like last week, which I'd enjoyed watching – only with just a few more cocks added into the mix. This mental bandage lasted about ten

minutes, as slowly, other more troubling parts of last night, seeped around the edges of the dressing.

Kate's use of drugs – at first reluctantly, but later without protest, was a big red line and worry for me. Apart from the tiniest use of marijuana many years ago, Kate and I were both strongly anti-drugs. Bringing up two teenage girls, we'd been open with them (no point, a head, in the sand mentality) – talking about pros and cons, as a family ending up very much in the 'anti camp'. The health, addiction and psychological dangers, were something we'd talked about as a family, ad nauseum, all of this turned on its head in two careless hours of our new lifestyle!

My main worry wasn't the single Tuesday night event, but rather what would happen if we stayed in this lifestyle, stayed in Carlos's world for the next few months. Would Kate end up being encouraged to take drugs every time they partied? Would she not even need encouragement, seeking repeats of the euphoria and other highs? Would she become addicted, maybe even progressing on to harder, and even more dangerous, substances? All of these fears were whizzing around my head, such a far cry from the replete and safe middle-class life we'd left behind in Rhode Island.

And then there was the question of Arturo. From the first moment I'd seen his heavily tattooed face and saw the way the other guys looked at him with fear, alarm bells had been ringing in my head. Clearly the Alpha Dog in that part of Carlos's life, we'd so far glimpsed that his intentions towards Kate weren't clear. The way he'd dragged her away from the other pack animals and fucked her in private for two hours, could be nothing more than the leader exerting his rights of 'prima noctua' – confirming his status, by having the best fruits before opening the feast to his underlings. But every time I took this optimistic interpretation, I remembered his words about Carlos owing him, and that Tuesday night was just, a 'down payment' on that debt. Maybe careless use of language, but maybe not, his words suggesting continued, on-going, access to Kate – follow up payments in the language of my professional world.

And then there was the way Arturo looked at Kate, there seemed to be a genuine spark, a chemistry between them. Maybe I was

imagining it, but my gut told me different as I shivered with fear whenever my mind came back to this. A gangbang and Carlos were one thing (how strange to think even that), but a life involving a guy like Arturo and the world he inhabited was a much, much scarier prospect.

About mid-afternoon Wednesday I called and texted to Kate, but there was no answer. Instead, I received a terse reply, and worryingly it wasn't from Carlos, it was from Arturo.

'Told you she's okay, that you can have her back Friday. She loved last night. Howled like a banshee. Couldn't stop coming on all those cocks. Bit tired and sore, nothing a few more tabs of E won't fix when it's time to party again. Now take the hint, leave your little lady alone so she can have some fun – Mexico style. A-man'

His reply was better than no reply at all – but only just. The rest of Wednesday my head was full of thoughts of what Kate and the gang of Mexican men might be getting up to. Each hour or so I'd pick up the phone and think about trying to call, but each time my instincts told me this would just make things worse, maybe making Arturo angry enough that he'd do something bad to Kate.

Of course, the thought of ringing the Police went through my mind, but what would I tell them? My wife's a swinger, she went there willingly but then things got a bit crazy. 'Sir, did she seem in any trouble, was she resisting?' 'No officer, she was enjoying it ...' Not exactly a crime report to make it their number one priority – leaving aside the huge embarrassment of any such conversation. And then there was Arturo's chilling threat that if I did anything dumb, he'd put the video of the gangbang all over the internet.

I was well and truly boxed in. The rest of Wednesday was spent moping around the hotel room, feeling sorry for myself and trying to distract myself in any way I could. Crosswords! Who the fuck does crosswords anymore? Old spinster ladies and me! I must have done five or six as I desperately tried to avoid thinking of what was likely happening back in Atlanta. The evening time being the worst,

reasoning that they'd all have recovered by now and would be ready to party again with the hot little married Chica.

I told myself that maybe they'd call me during their games, if for no other reason than to taunt me, but nothing came. A sorry state of affairs, that I was disappointed when no call came, even a mocking, and painful to watch call, would have been better than the continued white out and sense of not knowing.

Thursday, I was together enough to rejoin Rick and Jill for the meetings in our main Chicago site. Back in the hotel after dinner, finally deciding that a carefully worded text would likely do no harm and might at least win me some small crumbs of comfort.

'Hey A-man, how you all doing? Wish I was there to watch. Hope Kate's having fun. Send me something, man. Throw the dog a bone!'

I struggled and fussed over that two-line text for nearly an hour, trying to get exactly the right tone. Any thoughts of pride, or self-respect, had long since been jettisoned. The first baggage overboard as I tried to strike the right balance between submissiveness, confidence and friendly-mateyness. As I pressed send, I felt my heart lift with a sense of hope, but as the minutes dragged on, and there was no reply, I felt myself falling into a fit of depression, all of my earlier fears about Kate's safety rushing back to the front of my brain.

'Ping'

I don't think I've ever been happier to receive a single text.

'Kate's having fun. We're having fun with Kate. See for yourself. Might decide to keep her for a few more days.'

My heart was breaking from those last, terrifying words, when my phone pinged again, this time attachments not text. The first picture showed Kate fully dressed in a sexy new set of clothes I didn't recognize. Super tight lycra hooker hotpants, in a garish turquoise color, a ridiculously transparent and low-cut blouse, through which her little boobs and nipples were totally obvious, and CFM platform heels that added six or seven inches to her height.

She looked like sex on legs, a broad smile on her face, as the other guys crowded around her. Arturo in the front, his arm possessively around Kate's shoulder, the other four behind her, in a scrum of testosterone. The caption simply said, 'Showing my little married friend what life's all about.'

The other two photos had no caption. The first, showed Kate dancing provocatively with Arturo on some unknown, and barely lit, dancefloor. The final image, showed Kate's face just a couple of feet from the lens as she smiled, her mouth open and a single yellow smiley-faced tablet held by a brown hand, poised to drop onto her tongue, accompanied by a mocking message, *'More fun and games. Your sweet wifey can't get enough.'*

Fuck! Why had they even bothered to text them? I was back to square one or worse, unable to stop myself re-reading the words, re-examining every pixel of those damned photos, my feelings confused and in turmoil. I must have stared at those messages for ages. Sometimes, my mind numb, just looking, because it was easier than looking away. At other times, looking, because my mind and soul were laser-locked, sucked into the world they showed, a word, a thousand miles away and out of reach. Out of reach except for the linkage of less than a hundred words and less than three MB of image files.

As the minutes passed, the initial pain and shock dulled as my brain became aware of new and different feelings, some okay and happy, others feelings I didn't want to admit to. The sense of relief, Kate was okay, at least in the physical sense, although who knew what the long-term price and condition might be when I returned. That was an okay feeling, but the serpentine, shameful sense of excitement that slithered along the floor of my brain – that was an emotion I didn't want to look in the eye and admit. What kind of a man, what kind of a husband, could look at photos like that and get a hard on?

I should have been outraged and feeling sick, full of thoughts of revenge and retribution. But instead, I was staring at every pixel of

those photos, past the point where I was seeking comfort about Kate's welfare, instead galloping on, to imagining myself there, imagining what was happening beyond what the photo showed. My mind playing the music I couldn't hear, conjuring the sounds of Kate's laughter, picking up her giggling and slapping away playful hands, slapping hard, but not too hard, all part of the game. Hard to get, but not too hard, resisting just enough to make the pursuit interesting, to make the prize worthwhile. All inhibitions long since shed and in truth, not gone, hours ago on Tuesday night, but gone, months ago, the first time Kate posted her profile, the first time the barriers started coming down.

Her inhibitions not shed because of chemical help from her little smiley-faced helper, but because secure in our love, I'd given her permission to finally shed the last of the shackles her strict parents had locked around her. Inhibitions finally, just before her fortieth birthday, shed so she could play, catch up and enjoy what her friends had enjoyed decades ago. Enjoy what they'd had – and then some, their experiences added together and squared.

(Written on Saturday just gone)

I'm sitting at home, finally back from Chicago, waiting for Kate's return.

That Thursday evening, those texts and images I received drove a kind of epiphany for me. From the early days of our relationship, as she escaped the mental shackles her upbringing has imposed, Kate and I had always loved sex. Growing together as a couple, always managing to find the time to play, however busy and tired we might be from family life. Now thrown into the new world in Atlanta, that enjoyment of sex had been turbocharged, finding release in the games we'd been playing with Carlos these last three months.

Seeing those photos on Thursday, seeing the happiness and excitement in Kate's face, on top of what I'd seen before – well, let's just say it drove me to look at things in a whole new light. It drove me to feel less guilty about my own voyeuristic enjoyment of this week's shocking developments, it drove me to make my number one thought about Kate's sexual pleasure. As long as it never put our

'real world' of family and marriage at risk, I realized I'd be comfortable and supportive about any games Kate wanted to play. Because that was the final piece of the jigsaw for me, seeing those images, on top of everything else, made me realize how far Kate had come. She was like a young bird, at first stretching her wings and experimenting, learning to fly, learning what worked, what didn't. But what the last week had taught me, was that Kate had reached a point where she was ready to soar and fly higher, than either of us had ever imagined.

And I faced a stark choice – letting fears and old attitudes drive me, making me fight what had happened and what she'd discovered about herself, using her love for me, as a ball and chain, to keep her close a little longer. Or, recognize the reality of what had happened, of the end point we'd reached after three months of change, however frightened I might be about losing all or part of her, to support her and take the rough with the smooth, walking with her on where these next few months would take us. However frightened parts of me were, that was the path I knew I had to take. Knowing full well the other path only offered temporary salvation.

I'd done a lot of this thinking and realization the day before. My employer had days when they got their pound of flesh, two or three or five times over. Yesterday, they'd drawn a blank, my mind trying to fathom and understand matters far weightier than balance sheets and compliance rules and loopholes.

I've just looked at my watch again. Arturo's 'promise' to return Kate on Friday is long since blown, although, in a hopeful sign, he did actually text me to tell me Friday had become Saturday morning. Full disclosure, I had to text him first, when Friday evening was nearly done and there was no sign of Kate, but at least he did reply to the text – and this time no mocking or taunting. Who knows, maybe he's grown to like me these last few days?

Still a little nagging voice tells me I should be mad at him, really mad, thinking of ways to get even, to extract Kate from his clutches and use all my contacts, and the force of law, to make him scream for mercy. After all, he's fed my wife on a diet of E for the best part of a

week and used her as his personal sex toy – if that doesn't deserve payback, I don't know what does.

At least that's what the voice tells me, but then I come right back to that epiphany – that if it hadn't been Arturo, it probably would have been someone else. If not this past week, then probably just a month or two further down the road.

The clock tells me, it's just after one in the afternoon and I can hear a car pulling up in our driveway, so I'd better sign off. I hope and pray this is Kate. I may have had an epiphany, I might be in a better place than I was two days ago, but I don't know how much more of this my poor old heart can take!

(Written on Sunday just gone)

Finally, time to write, sharing hopefully, some kind of therapy and chance to assemble my thoughts. Well, I'm sure the first thing you all want to know is whether or not Kate is safely home, to which the answer is an unequivocal, yes.

In fact, I'm sat here tapping away on my laptop looking right at her. Poor baby, she's dead to the world, totally exhausted from the last few days events. She's been sleeping solid since three pm Saturday and it's now just shy of eleven am Sunday. That gives you some idea of how totally wrecked and zonked these last few days have made her. I'm no expert, but I guess the diet of ecstasy they fed her, kept her energized and going beyond what would normally be possible, and now she's paying the price. Her drained mind and body playing catch up, as her system seeks to rebalance the energy deficit that all of the sex and all of the drugs, have inflicted this last week.

I guess you want to know what happened in those two hours, between when I last wrote and when Kate crawled into bed, for the sleep to end of sleeps. As I said at the end of my last update, Kate wasn't returned to me on Friday, but rather at one pm on Saturday. Arturo, being the man who climbed out of the driver's seat and put an arm around Kate's shoulder, as he walked her to the front door, like some sick Prom Date gone horribly wrong. Not four or five hours to celebrate the end of school, four or five days of drugs and hard

sex to celebrate the end of I don't think I'm going to finish that sentence.

Anyway, the other part of the scene I should describe is Carlos. The guy I'd grown used to seeing so strong and dominant – Kate's self-declared bull, the man who'd fucked her so powerfully these last few months and opened up her sexual horizons more in three months than I'd achieved in twenty years. Just like I'd seen him during the videos, he seemed downcast, as if he really didn't want to be here, but had no choice. He'd been sat in the back of the car like some child, while Arturo and Kate were the adults sat up front and now as Arturo led my wife back to the house, Carlos was trailing in their wake, like some subservient semi—slave walking five paces behind his master.

I tried to control my breath, sensing this was a really important moment, a really important meeting. With some people, it's all about friendship and shared interests and experience, but with Arturo, every synapse in my brain, every nerve in my body, was shouting that he'd be sizing me up from the first moment he met me. From when I opened the door, he'd be working out whether I was someone he needed to be wary of and should give some semblance of respect to, or whether I was some worthless piece of shit over whom he could willfully trample, taking whatever, he wanted from Kate and from our marriage, without thought or consideration.

For some strange reason I'd been anticipating the buzz of our doorbell, but the sound I heard was a key in the lock and before I'd had a chance to mentally adjust, I was face-to-face with the frightening mask of tattoos that was Arturo's face, two deep brown eyes staring into my very soul through the heavily inked camouflage. The fact he was about the same height as me, just an inch or two taller, making the shock effect even starker. Eye-to-eye wasn't just a figure of speech, it was a real and very frightening physical reality.

"Hello hubby," his voice dripping with acid, dripping with menace. 'Hubby' normally such a term of loving endearment, in his mouth a hissed and mocking threat. "Thought we better bring your little lady home."

So far so good.

“You and her got loads of talking to do.”

Far from good, the hairs on my neck straight up.

“Lots of talking to do about the future, about how things gonna be in future. That is, assuming you and her still have a future, after all the fun we showed her the last few days.”

Very not so good, my brain screaming that I wanted this bastard to leave, so that I could talk to Kate, to kill my fears and wrap them in the bandages I was sure my wife’s reassurances would give me.

All four of us were still standing, Arturo turning to Kate, “Tell him, baby.”

The floor of my gut tumbling to the floor as I heard these words, less than a second before Kate started speaking, but even that short delay was enough to imagine the worst, twenty years of love, family and marriage wrecked in five days of sexual euphoria, trying not to cry as I prepared for the worst.

“Phil, honey,” never a good start, “Sweetheart, you’re the only one I love. You’re the love of my life, and that’ll never change. But these last few days ... I’ve experienced things Arturo’s shown me things ... shown me sex and a life I could never even have imagined ...”

She must have seen how her words were torturing me, how her dragging it out was just making it a million times worse, please, put me out of my misery. If you’re leaving me, just do it, just say it, no more of this. Please!

“Honey, you agreed for Carlos to be my bull, we both did. Well Carlos owes Arturo a lot of money. And well ... it’s like this ... if you’re okay with it, I’d like Arturo to be my new bull ... for him to be the one who fucks me and bulls me.”

She waited a moment to let her words sink in, the nervousness on her own face easing a little as she saw my fears ebb the slightest distance.

“It’ll help Carlos, cover the interest on his debt ... and I’m okay with it,” blushing at this last confession, the smile she was trying to hide telling me she was more than okay with it, like a frequent flyer upgraded from Business to First or Super First.

Then she stopped, just like that. Abrupt and stark, her eyes locked on mine, looking deep, trying to fathom my thoughts, to read and see if we had a problem. I was lost for words, unable to speak. Part of me, still loving the woman in front of me and wanting to give her an answer that would take away her anxiety and fears, part of me, still smarting and hurting from the last few days, from the last few minutes, the way I felt humiliated and boxed into a corner by Kate and her new lover. That part of me wanting to hit back and deny her a single ounce of comfort.

Our eyes stayed locked together for what seemed a true eternity, until finally I felt the rusted gears in my brain start to slowly move and the feelings in my chest and heart slowly changing to a place, I could share my thoughts.

“It’s been hard for me, Kate, these last few days.” Intentionally no ‘honey’ or ‘sweetheart’ to soften my words, she had to understand how I was feeling, what it had felt like in my seat. “I hear what you’re saying, and I’m not so stupid as to not see the situation.” A masked reference to the kind of guy Arturo was, a man to be handled with care, like a snake handler milks a cobra. “But I can’t give you an answer here and now, I won’t give you an answer here and now. We’ve got a lot to talk about before then.”

I don’t know what Kate had expected to hear, but her serious expression told me she’d not heard what she’d wanted to hear. Her eyes were still locked on mine, searching for some extra meaning, something I felt or thought but hadn’t said. My own mind determined not to give an inch, to meet her stare for stare.

Who knows, we might have stayed like for ages, a battle of wills like we’d never before known in all of our years together. I knew Kate could be stubborn, and I could be her equal when she drove me that way.

But Arturo was made of different stuff, less patient and long game, more short game and combat. Moving to stand behind Kate, roughly squeezing at her little tits I could clearly see through the almost see-through blouse her lover had gotten her to wear.

“You and Katy, you go ahead, go ahead, have your talk. But one thing I know, Phil, you’re a cuck, a cuck who loves watching your pretty little Katy getting her rocks off with guys with big dicks. So, coz for some crazy reason I like you, I’m gonna give you a freebie, a little taster of what you can watch every week.” His face and voice a half sneer and a half friendly salesman.

And with that he took Kate by the hand and led her towards the stairs. His arrogance and presumption shocking me in a way maybe it shouldn’t have. He’d hardly been in my house two minutes and said five words and he was leading my wife upstairs to fuck her. Little doubt in my mind as to which bedroom he’d head for – his choice making another statement.

“You come up and join us when you’re ready, Phil. I know you want to watch, know it makes you harder than nails and I know Katy loves for you to see her in action. Hell, she’s said that often enough this last week. And me, I’m okay with it. I’d like you to see her take my meat, see how she cums on it, how all my metalwork makes her cum over and over and over again.”

Bastard! No, Fucking bastard!

He’d taken my wife away for the best part of a week, doped her up on Ecstasy, fucked the hell out of her, shared her round and now he had the gall to come into my house and take her upstairs to fuck her in our marriage bed? Inviting me to watch while he gave me an encore performance. I could have called the police, maybe I should have done that, but in the back of my mind was the threats he’d made earlier about videos on the internet. Not to mention the fact that Kate was a willing party – how would that look to the attending patrolman.

But what made me really angry was that the bastard had me read. He knew I’d resist and delay, but knew that in the end I’d be unable

to resist, that I'd climb the stairs, salivate and watch while he fucked Kate in a way I never could.

I lasted no more than one or two minutes, the sound of Kate being penetrated, being the siren call I was powerless to resist. I felt like some sad and sick fanboy, who'd only ever heard the band on vinyl, now given the opportunity for a live gig and a backstage tour. I'd watched the young gangster fuck Kate to heaven and back on the six-inch screen of my iPhone, but now I was powerless to resist the need to see it for real and in the flesh.

"There you are Phil," his voice surprisingly lacking in bile as he spotted me in the mirror behind our headboard, temporarily taking his attention off the pounding he was giving Kate. "Nothing to be shy about, we all watch porn, how's this different? Only different, better, right? Not some skanky little druggie doing it for the dollars, instead your beautiful, sexy little wife doing it coz she's finally discovered how great sex is. You man enough to let her play, let her have her fun. That's cool, man. Respect!"

I didn't know if he meant it, or it was just some part of his salesman's shtick. Either way, I came into the room, following Kate's imploring eyes and beckoning hand to go and be close to her, sensing the earlier strangers dance we'd done, needed to come to an end. That she needed my anger and hurt to dissipate, that she needed to know we were still together on this, that we were still on the same page in this journey of games, we'd started three months back.

Her eyes broke me down, it was as if in those two dark pools I could see, played back images of all we'd shared, all the kisses and courting, all the family moments, tender and tough. I knew I couldn't hurt her anymore, couldn't deny her what her eyes told me she needed right here, right now, the love and approval of the man a million times more important to her than the man between her legs right now. The man who was her Lover with a capital L, rather than her lover with a small l – although that thought gave me a strange sense of irony, however true.

I held her hand, kissed her, soft and short at first, then long and soft, finally giving way to a hard and long kiss, which matched the passion

Arturo's cock was creating for both of us. I soothed her brow, kissed her some more, words forming on my lips that told me I was finally letting go, finally accepting my own ying, perfect match to the yang Kate had accepted within herself, these last few days.

"Let yourself go baby ... we're fine ... I want to see it ... I want to see you cum like crazy on his big, ugly cock ... I want to see what those crazy, obscene piercings do to you."

In all our years together, I don't think I've ever seen Kate give me such a look of love as she gave me at the moment. These last five days she'd been on a journey of sexual exploration and discovery, loving every moment, an experience made all the more intense by the narcotic high they'd created and that she'd never known before. But I knew in my heart, that each moment of euphoria and ecstasy was balanced by the moments when the sex had stopped, when the guys weren't toying with her and making her feel like the queen of all she surveyed. When the doubts and heartbreak would crowd in, crushing her soul at the price she might have to pay for her five days of heaven. The price an angry husband might demand, the price of love withdrawn and the addition of the word 'ex' in front of the title wife. No longer a term of love and commitment, a term of sorrow and regret, a term applied to a woman who flew too close to the sun.

But as she took in my words, all of these fears and terrors melted in the air. No longer solid and real, just a fine mesh of droplets that would soon no longer be there. That's what her smile told me, the smile of a woman who had her best friend and cradle-to-grave partner back in her camp, back at her side enjoying the journey with her.

She pulled me down for a kiss, the warmth and dampness in her breath reminding me this wasn't some sterile, 2D porn scene. This was my flesh-and-blood wife who was moaning and sighing as Arturo slowly worked with that weapon of a cock. His male flesh weaponized first by nature, and then by the addition of metaled armor. As if his size wasn't enough to give him any woman he wanted, the additional accessories designed to leave them knowing no other man would ever make them feel that way.

Normally I'd have moved back and watched, but this was different. Instinctively I stayed close, wanting to share the experience with Kate, wanting her to know that desire as well. Arturo and Kate had arrived back at one and Kate slept from three, meaning it was two full hours of fucking that I bore witness to.

Aside from the day we married and the days we added our two girls to our family, it must have been the most intense and significant moment for us as a couple. As it happened, I knew just how significant it was.

Standing right there in the room, holding her hand as Arturo fucked Kate in a way that was rearranging the planets in her world, I'd seen it on the small screen, but this was different. Sights and sounds merging together into a sexual experience order of magnitude greater than anything I'd seen before. The sight of something that big slamming in and out of Kate, the way her pussy lips stretched so obscenely tight around his meat, looking like they might snap at any moment, the way she hollered and shrieked, cumming again and again, the way her body spasmed and shook every time he casually flipped the switch and took her over the top, the way her eyes cut through that ugly mask of ink on his face to connect with the man beneath, the way she kissed him with hunger and need, the last sign of the significance of what I was witnessing.

It all came together to leave me realizing our love and marriage were entering a Part 2. A second act which would have three, not two, significant players.

Tue 16 Jul 2019

Well, I guess you want at least an outline of the talk between Kate and I, when she finally woke up on Sunday. Her body and mind finally sufficiently recovered that she didn't need more sleep and was just about sentient enough to talk. The conversations were shorter and less painful than I'd expected.

When Arturo had first confronted me that Saturday morning, I'd expected a lot of soul-searching and shouting matches between Kate and I, but the way he played me, sucking me into the world of watching him and Kate, making me realize not only how much Kate needed this, but how much I wanted it. Well, as I'd stood and held Kate's hand as this monstrous guy gave Kate the fucking to end all fuckings, it just made me realize the die was already cast. It made me accept what had slowly been building these last three months and it made me accept the truth, that Kate and he already knew – that Kate had a new bull.

As Kate and I talked, although I accepted Arturo's new role in our life, I wouldn't say all was easy. I held plenty of angst and fear in my chest, he was just that kind of guy, but I knew that for good or bad, he would be the cornerstone of our new lifestyle for the foreseeable future.

Epilogue Fri 15th Nov

“Are you sure you’re going to be okay, honey?” She asked me for the umpteenth time. She looked as sexy as hell in her skin-sucking tight black dress, with every contour of her petite, yet womanly, body visible to any onlooker from the tight stretch of the fabric.

“Yes, dear,” my tone playful but making it clear I was a little frustrated at her fussing over me like I was some child. I was her husband, soon to be fifty-years-old, and I didn’t need patronizing, however much I loved her, she needed to know that.

“Okay, sweetheart, message received and understood.”

She had a final check of her case, happy with its contents she closed it in the same slow and careful way she always did, the way she’d closed family suitcases when she, me and the girls vacationed. A strange comparative reference point considering what was in her case and where she was headed, or more to the point, to whom she was headed.

“I don’t know when I’ll be back, honey. You know how Arturo can be sometimes. Like a selfish child with a toy, not wanting to share, not wanting to give back to the others.” She wasn’t wrong.

We were now well into winter and her relationship with Arturo, way back in the summer, was showing no signs of flagging. I know my wife is beautiful, and I know she has a personality that many men find intensely alluring and attractive, but she’s just turned forty-four, and part of me had hoped that after more than four months as Kate’s bull, he might be tiring of her, might be ready to trade her in for a younger, lithier and firmer model.

In truth, like much else in my life here in Atlanta, I was totally conflicted about the thought of Arturo tiring of Kate and turning her in for a younger model and cutting her loose. On the plus side, it would be good to have all of Kate’s time and attention all to myself. (Who am I kidding, there’s no way on earth we’re going back to that lifestyle. While I might just about be able to handle it, I know I’d have a very frustrated and sexually dissatisfied wife, if I was to try and pull up that particular drawbridge. If Arturo went the way of Carlos, I’m

sure there'd be another guy along before too long to fill the bull-shaped hole in Kate's life, and in her pussy.)

I'm sure I wouldn't miss the angst and sense of humiliation that so often goes hand-in-hand with Kate's sometimes short and sometimes long absences from our marital home. But therein lies the rub, because truth be told I would miss the angst and the humiliation. I don't enjoy these things in any other part of my life, but when it comes to the sexual games we've learned to play since we came to Atlanta, this pain and humiliation are part and parcel of what I love. I love to see Kate being pleased so thoroughly, I love to see the way she is when Arturo works her over with that huge and obscenely decorated cock of his, I love to see my wife fucked until she can't walk, when Arturo decides to share her with his troops and friends.

I know we're playing with fire, and after some negotiation with Kate and Arturo, I've managed to get some kind of sensible limits on the amount of MDMA they feed Kate when they party hard. But other than that, there are no real rules – Arturo's not really that kind of guy.

Luckily for me, while he likes to play with Kate, he's also a guy who enjoys variety. Sometimes he'll go through a phase where he might want to see Kate two or three nights in a week, or maybe even keep her to himself, and his pals, for a week. Other times it might be three or four weeks before calls – depending on how the mood takes him.

When he doesn't call for that long, Kate gets antsy – that being the politest label I can apply. When he's hot for Kate, or keeps her for several days at a time, then I'm the one who's 'antsy' – although it doesn't cover a fraction of what I feel.

The sound of a car pulling up in the drive, and Kate opening the front door, snaps me out of my daydreaming.

"Honey, did you hear me?" her voice, full of love and caring, reminds me, "I said, I don't know when I'll be back, I'll text you when I have a better idea, so don't wait up," her lips touching mine as she smiled and left. The excitement in her face no longer something either of us bothered to mask or want to hide. The door closed with a thudding finality, and I settled in for a quiet night in, a quiet night alone.

Quiet at least for the first part, at least until the call arrived from Arturo's phone, Kate's phone would have long since been palmed into Arturo's pocket, 'You know the rules, you're mine until I say so,' one of his favorite dictum's whenever Kate was with him. The taking of her phone, the breaking of contact with her husband, just part of the game he loved to play.

But I knew he'd call – it would just be a question of when and for how many nights in a row he'd call, until finally, I saw his car arrive back in our drive, when the two of them had temporarily satisfied their desire for each other, and the third man in this weird Atlanta lifestyle, was allowed a look-in and some time with the woman who wore his ring.

Thanks and contact

I'd like to give big thanks to my two friends Chris Garner and Cbears who give many hours to kindly edit and improve my stories. Thanks guys.

If there's anything you'd like to discuss, I'm very happy to correspond at:

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I have a twitter page – currently live but content poor :(.... Follow me at:

<https://twitter.com/PeterGJohnson4>

As time allows, I will share more content and thoughts.

Also by Peter G Johnson

Like what you read? Try these other books from Peter G Johnson.

‘So Damned Wrong’ Series

How the hell did we land up here? Two years ago our lives were so damned simple. So damned perfect. Philippa and I had just celebrated ten wonderful years of marriage. Two great kids, a lovely home, living the American dream.

And then a chance party invite, such a small and innocuous thing changed everything. I thought I was doing the right thing by inviting my sister’s newly arrived co-worker to our party so he’d make new friends.

But what do they say? From every little acorn ... things were soon developing and spiraling out of control in ways Pip and I could never have imagined.

It’s all just so damned wrong, for both Pip and I, stirring up feelings we never knew we’d feel.

[So Damned Wrong – Book 1](#)

[So Damned Wrong – Book 2](#)

[So Damned Wrong – Book 3](#)

[So Damned Wrong – Book 4](#)

[So Damned Wrong – Book 5](#)

‘Sharing Claire’ A Couple Explores the Hotwife Lifestyle

How the hell did we land up

Married and in our forties, younger daughter off to college, my teacher wife Claire and I were a walking cliché. Empty nesters writ large.

We'd always had a very happy but somewhat vanilla and conventional love-life, I guess in keeping with the conservative upbringing both Claire and I had received.

To spice things up in the bedroom, Claire and I had taken to looking at on-line adult websites, including those with 'adult' movies and erotic stories.

As we explored, Claire was wide-eyed at the size of some of the guy's cocks that were shown, and she developed a particular fascination for some of the well-hung young studs who were shown on these websites.

It's fair to say that it was Claire who had the first and the stronger interest in this whole well-endowed, interracial sex theme. I did find the movies and pictures of some pretty woman taking a huge black cock arousing, but Claire's interest was definitely stronger.

I began to whisper in Claire's ear erotic stories made up about the kinds of scenes we'd watched.

"Neil honey ... you know when you make up those stories in bed ... well ... I was just wondering ... Do you ever really think of what it would be like watching me going with another guy"

And what was said, couldn't be unsaid.

Claire's question took us down a path that was to lead to Ecstasy and Agony, and which would both enrich and test our marriage in ways neither of us could ever have imagined.