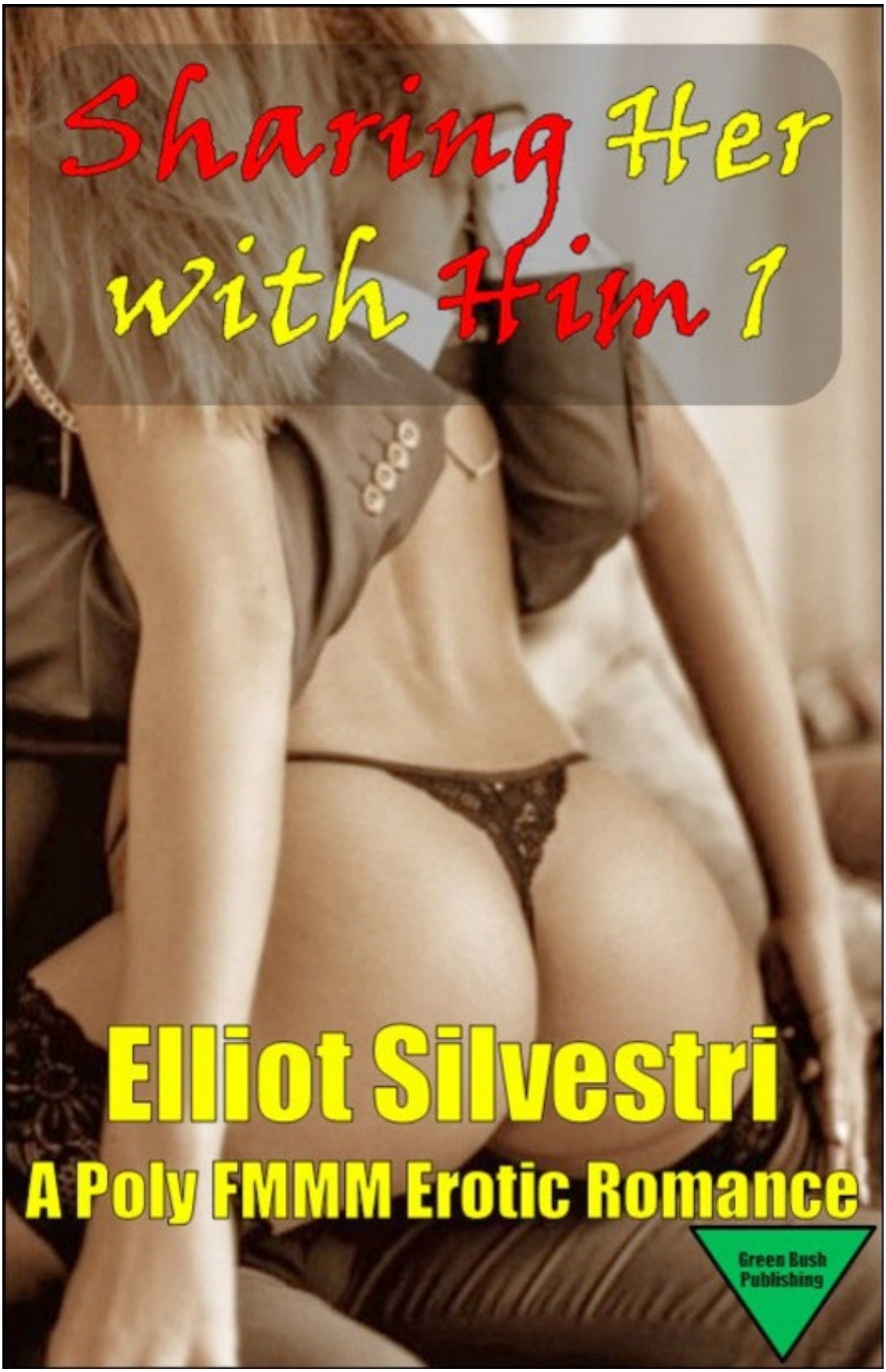
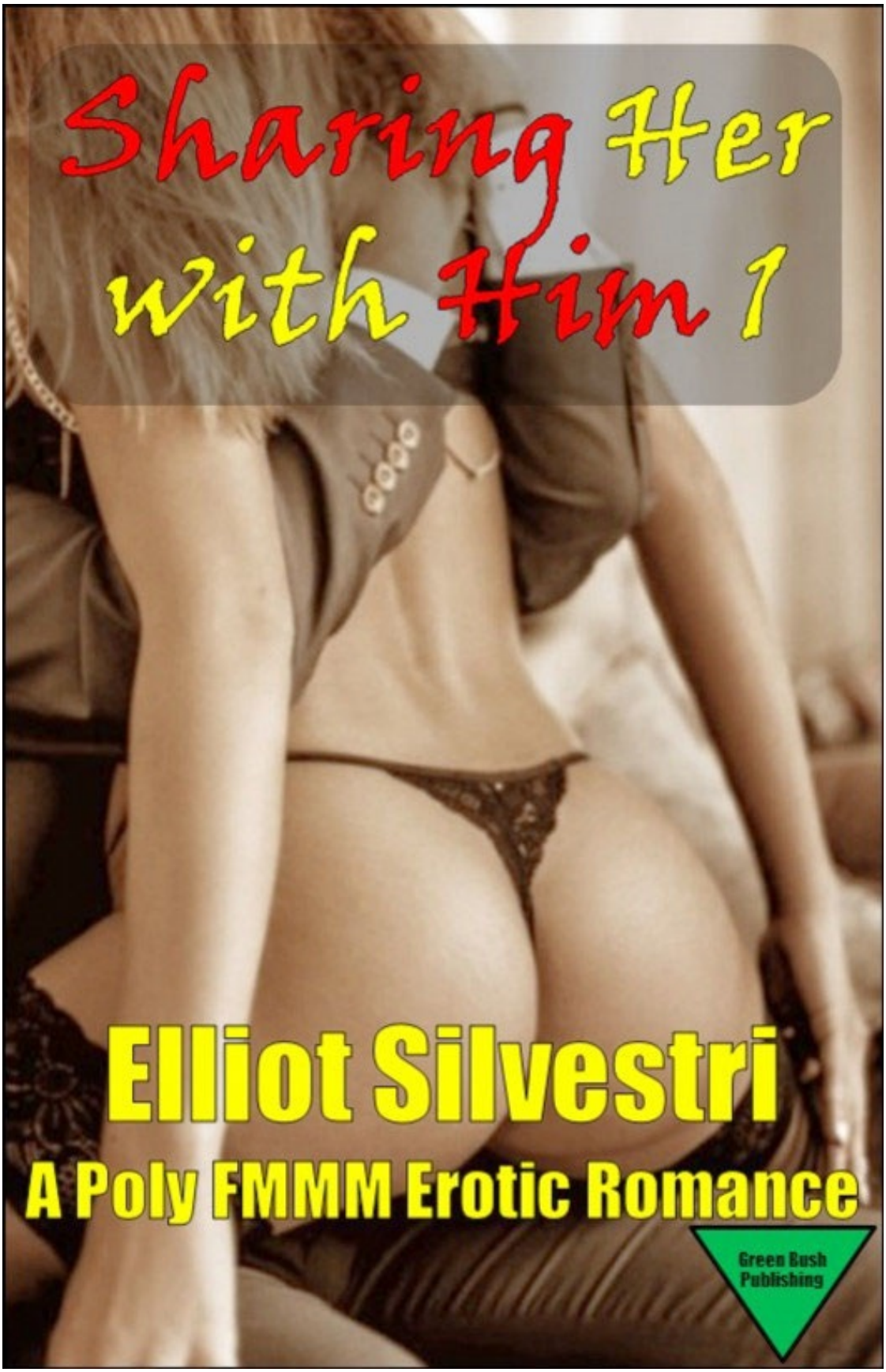

Sharing Her with Him 1
Elliot Silvestri
A Poly FMMM Erotic Romance
Green Bush Publishing


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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Sharing Her with Him 1

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Chapter One

Sharon’s legs were up against Jimmy’s chest, letting him penetrate her deeply. She liked being folded in half and fucked hard. Unlike most women as she approached orgasm, she didn’t start moaning and whining; she started running her mouth.

“I want to fuck another guy,” she blurted out. Jimmy didn’t pause in fucking his wife. He was used to her saying the filthiest things during sex.

“Sounds good,” he huffed as he came.

She loved the flood of him filling her. It was a nice little punctuation to the end of their session. Since she had already cum twice, there was no need for her to cum again, though it would have been nice. Jimmy smoothly pushed himself off her and easily lowered himself to the mattress. Sharon reached out and rested her hand on his muscular chest. Maybe he spent a little too much time working out in the basement of their house or running miles around the neighborhood, but it did a lot for their sex life—and her viewing pleasure.

“I wasn’t kidding,” she said.

“Huh?” asked Jimmy, basking in the afterglow of good sex. “Kidding about what?”

“Fucking another guy.”

Jimmy looked over at her, confused. The light in their bedroom was dim, just whatever was seeping in through the blinds, but he could see the smile on her face. It wasn’t a smile of a woman teasing, but one of eager anticipation. “You want to fuck someone else?” He was hurt and confused, but he did his best to hide those emotions.

“Yeah. Of course I do. I’ve only been fucking you for the past five years. I don’t think I can go the rest of my life just fucking you. I need variety.”

“This is…this is a change,” Jimmy said evenly.

“I’m not going to go out and fuck a rando tomorrow,” Sharon told him with a laugh. “But I’ve been thinking about it. And I want you to be involved in it.”

He looked at her blankly. “You want me to be involved?”

She gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Of course I do. I want you to approve of the next guy I’m going to take to bed.”

“This is a weird conversation to be having,” he said.

“Would you rather I just sneak around and fuck other men behind your back?” Sharon asked.

“No…”

“And I’m willing to be fair,” she offered. “You can fuck other women too, if you want.”

“Oh.”

Sharon knew that was a safe offer. She was confident that Jimmy didn’t have any interest in fucking other women.

Though he was loath to admit it to himself, or his wife, or anyone for that matter, Jimmy found the idea of his wife fucking another man an incredible turnon. However, the problem with the idea was that he wanted to be there watching and participating when she was with someone else. The thought of her going off by herself, fucking a stranger, and coming back home to pretend that it never happened was a boner-killer for him.

It was very generous—or at least fair—of her to extend the offer of him going out and finding his own little piece on the side. But Sharon was canny; she knew he wouldn’t take her up on the offer.

The one course of action where he had some control over the direction of their marriage was where he made the decision of who would fuck his wife. The obvious choice was Gil.

Jimmy knew Gil from the gym they both frequented. Gil was one of those men a little too obsessed with his own body. While he wasn’t the sort of guy to use steroids or other artificial means to keep in perfect shape, he was more than

willing to do all the necessary time in exercise to maintain his perfectly toned body. He was neither too muscular nor too lean, just the right amount of muscle to catch more than a few admiring glances but not so much he looked like an artificial creature or video game character.

Gil was also the sort of guy to walk around the locker room completely naked and completely at ease. Jimmy was more than familiar enough with the other man's body that he could easily envision Gil fucking his wife. He had caught Gil staring at Sharon more than once and he had commented about how lucky Jimmy was to have a wife with a body that was appealing to any man.

The difficult part for Jimmy was how to approach a man who wasn't exactly his friend and ask him if he wanted to fuck his wife.

He decided the direct approach in a semi-private setting was the best option. Turning, "Hey, would you like to fuck my wife?" into a joke would be fairly easy. Or so he hoped.

It was easiest to approach Gil not in the gym itself, and certainly not in the locker room, but in the health bar that operated inside the gym. Mostly it was overpriced water and energy drinks, but he spotted Gil sucking down a huge container of something, and seeing his chance, Jimmy took it. What choice did he have? Otherwise, he was convinced, he'd wind up having a wife he picked up a stranger in a bar or on Tinder, and he didn't want that.

"Hey," Jimmy said as he sat down two stools away from Gil.

The other man nodded acknowledgement at him as he continued drinking. "What's up? What's new? How's it going?"

Jimmy smiled. "Three questions? It's a little early in the morning for that."

"Fair enough," Gil said. "Just one question. How's it going?"

"How's it going?" Jimmy said thoughtfully as if he was truly considering the question. "Well, my wife wants to fuck other men. That's how it's going."

Gil grinned and shook his head. "Sounds like you have the problem of half the men in the world. Doesn't want to fuck you, huh?"

“Oh, she fucks me too. But she says she wants to fuck other men in addition to me.”

Shaking his head, Gil said, “Well, it could be worse then. Unless she has fucked other men. Then that would be bad. How’d you find out?”

“She told me.” Jimmy nodded at the barista who brought him his order.

“At least you didn’t walk in on her.”

Jimmy nodded in agreement.

“So she just out and tells you this?” Gil asked.

“Sort of. It was in the middle of sex.”

“Oh. Maybe it was just one of those things you say during sex. Dirty talk and the like.”

Jimmy started shaking his head. “No. Definitely not. We talked about it afterwards.”

After a moment’s pause Gil said, “Yeah, that sounds pretty definitive. I don’t have any good advice for you, bud. Glad I’m not married.”

“Maybe you can help me out anyway.”

Gil chuckled. “Yeah. How could I possibly help you?”

Jimmy inhaled deeply, finding his courage, “Would you like to fuck my wife?”

“You have got to be fucking kidding me,” Sharon said as she finished drying the plates and put them away. Jimmy figured telling her while washing the dishes was a good idea because she wouldn’t want to get overly upset and smash the overly expensive plates they had that were handed down to her from her grandmother.

“You brought up the topic,” Jimmy pointed out as he watched the water go down the drain. Using the sprayer he blasted the last bits of food and soap suds into the

drain as well.

“But I didn’t expect you to go out looking for someone. I just told you yesterday.”

“I’m a man of action.”

“Right. Sure you are.”

Jimmy ignored the sarcasm in her voice. “You’ve met Gil. He’s a nice guy. He’s even said you’re, and I quote here, ‘Way above my pay grade.’”

She rolled her eyes. “That’s great. He knows how to compliment a woman.”

“I was thinking Friday night.”

She blinked at him then. “That’s awfully quick and I don’t remember asking you to find someone for me. I can do it on my own.”

“Yeah, but I’ve got someone who I approve of and would be happy to fuck you.”

Sharon smirked at him. “Just about every man out there would be happy to fuck me.”

“So you think.”

“So I know.”

“Besides, I want to see him fuck you,” Jimmy said, pivoting the conversation.

The revelation surprised Sharon. “You want to see him fuck me? Why?”

Jimmy took the dishtowel from her and dried off his hands. “Why not? I like watching your face when we have sex and watching you cum. This is just that… only from a different angle.”

Sharon put her hands over her face. “I can’t believe we’re talking about this?”

“Would you rather just fuck a stranger?”

“Sort of. I wasn’t even considering having sex with you there. I was going to do

it like a normal cheating wife.” She shuddered and started walking away.

He looped the towel over her neck and pulled her back to him. “I want to be there and keep you safe,” he said, pulling her close. “You started this and I want to help.” Before she could say anything he bent down and kissed her. Sharon pressed against him, taking reassurance in his kiss.

“Okay, you really want to do this, don’t you?” she asked him.

“Yeah I do.”

“I can tell. You don’t get this hard just from kissing me.” She cupped her hand against his crotch feeling his hard cock through his pants.

“Uh…sorry.” Jimmy had the ability to still blush even though he was much to mature for that.

“Don’t be sorry,” she said as she pulled on his belt, “unless you’ve forgotten how to use that thing.”

“I haven’t,” he assured her as she went down on her knees. He had expected her to drag him to the bedroom, but getting a blowjob in the kitchen wasn’t bad either.

Chapter Two

“Gil, you remember Sharon,” Jimmy said as he welcomed his friend into the house.

Sharon was taken aback at how much bigger Gil was compared to Jimmy. He wasn’t huge, but he gave that impression. He was only a few inches taller that Jimmy, but much broader in the shoulders and when he politely took her hand, it felt like her fingers disappeared inside of his. She had to look up at him, and she was an average sized woman. In heels at least.

“Hi,” she said and tried not to think of what he would look like with his clothes off, but that was silly because they were going to take their clothes off very shortly. “Can I get you something?” she asked, trying to think of what to say. Gil had a nice body from what she could tell through his tight-fitting shirt and pants, but his face was…it was average. He cut his hair very short and his face wasn’t exactly symmetrical, but it wasn’t like she was choosing to marry him. This was just…an experiment.

“Like what?” he asked.

“Something to drink.”

Jimmy suppressed a chuckle. “Water. Coffee. Tea…”

Sharon didn’t let him finish. “I was thinking beer or other alcohol.”

Gil slowly shook his head. The kitchen light reflected off his forehead. “I don’t drink much alcohol,” he said. “Certainly not before…” he trailed off and glanced nervously at Jimmy who had a big grin on his face.

“Not before having sex,” Jimmy helpfully supplied.

Gil chortled once. “Yeah. That.”

“I was trying to get him relaxed,” Sharon said.

With his lop-sided grin, Jimmy said, “You don’t want him relaxed. You want him good and worked up.”

She felt slightly intimidated by the two men in her kitchen. The only thing to do

was to go to where she felt safe and in control. “Okay, enough of this pointless conversation. Shall we go to the bedroom?”

Sharon didn’t wait for answer from the men. She turned and left the kitchen.

“After you,” said Jimmy. “You’re the guest.”

By the time they got to the bedroom, Sharon had already kicked off her shoes and was in the process of turning around with her fingers grabbing the bottom of her shirt when the men entered. “Oh!” she said, as if their appearance was unexpected. “I was…I was going to get naked before you got here.”

“Go ahead,” Jimmy said. “We’ll wait and watch.”

Shyness suddenly took her. “No. You first,” she said to Gil. “I want to see what I’m getting.”

If she had been hoping to intimidate Gil, it didn’t work. He rolled his shoulder a little shrugged. “Sure.” He pulled his shirt up over his head, revealing his muscular torso. Sharon went a little weak in the knees and her pussy warmed and moistened.

“Okay, this is a good idea,” she said, nodding.

Grinning, Gil stepped out of his shoes and pulled down his pants and underwear in the same motion.

While she didn’t know exactly what she had been expecting, Sharon was slightly disappointed at the big reveal. Gil’s chest was hairless and smooth, which she had dismissed as being either genetic or his choice because he was a bodybuilder. But he was apparently almost completely hairless everywhere else as well. There was no obvious hair on his legs or around his cock. Judging from his skin tone, he was probably a blonde before he was bald, but seeing a completely hairless man in her bedroom was a new experience.

The disappointing part was that his cock was no larger than Jimmy’s. It was semi-hard in anticipation of their copulation to come, and maybe it was because he was so large, but she realized she had been hoping to have something huge in comparison to her husband. Still, she smiled in approval and nodded. “Okay, we can do this.”

Gil and Jimmy watched as she pulled off her shirt and dropped it on the floor. Her capris were next and she showed that she was wearing a matching set of yellow-flowered bra and panties. As she slowly removed her bra to show off her small tits, Sharon kept her eyes on Gil's dick. When her tits came into view, his cock became harder but not bigger.

"You like what you see?" she asked, flirting with Gil and ignoring her husband.

"Oh yeah."

"Good," she said and crawled onto the bed being careful to let them get a good view of her ass.

Gil started moving toward the bed, but gave it a second thought and looked to Jimmy for guidance. "Are you okay with this?" he asked.

The answer could have been given solely by the huge grin on Jimmy's face. "Yeah. I'm good. It's perfect. Go ahead and fuck her."

When he said the words, Sharon knew she should have been angry with her husband, but instead they gave her a thrill beyond the fact that she was getting the opportunity to fuck her first new man in over five years. He didn't own her or have a right to tell her who she could or couldn't fuck, but just speaking the permission, knowing they were breaking their wedding vows, traditions, and mores…and somehow that made it better.

When he approached Sharon where she was posing on the edge of the bed, her back slightly arched and her pussy starting to soak through her panties, he said, "Are you ready for this?"

"Uh-huh."

That was all the permission that Gil needed. He yanked her panties down to her knees and laid his hard cock on the crease between her buttock. "Last chance," he said.

In response, she reached down, untangled her panties from one knee, leaving them dangling on the other knee, and spread her legs wider, inviting him in, arching her back further. Gil looked back hesitantly at Jimmy who by now had opened his jeans and was stroking his hard cock, watching the ongoing scene of

infidelity in front of him. It was another sign of being given permission, but Gil didn't immediately shove his cock inside Sharon. He watched Jimmy for a second longer, but that was too long for Sharon.

She reached back between her legs and grabbed his cock. There wasn't much difference that she could feel between his cock and Jimmy's, but she was worried about that at the moment, she just needed his cock, or any cock, inside her immediately.

"Whoa!" Gil exclaimed as she pulled the head between her wet lips.

Looking over her shoulder at him, she asked, "Something the matter?" She was too excited and worked up to care about anything else; she needed cock and she needed to cum.

"No, didn't realize you were so fucking eager."

"You're taking too fucking long," she complained and pushed back onto his cock. It filled her up and then filled her further as Gil grabbed her hips and pulled their bodies together until he was fully seated in her pussy.

"Oh fuck yeah," Gil said as he inhaled deeply, savoring the sensation of experiencing a new pussy for the first time.

"You like that?" Sharon asked. "I like it too. Now fuck me. Fuck me hard."

"Can do."

When Sharon moved to adjust her spot on the bed, she realized she couldn't. Gil was gripping her hips so strongly that she was effectively immobilized. There was a second of fear before he started fucking her hard and strong. While Sharon was by no means fat or out of shape, the power with which he rammed his cock into her was stronger than anything her husband had ever done. It was stronger than anything ever done to her by any man she had ever fucked.

"Oh god. Of fuck," she cursed but loved every second of what Gil was doing to her.

The sound of flesh slapping on flesh wasn't just the normal impact of regular sex, it sounded definitely violent but it wasn't enough for Sharon to make him

stop. Jimmy certainly didn't want it stopped, and Gil was doing exactly as he liked.

Normally Sharon liked a little clit stimulation during sex which Jimmy accomplished easily enough if he was on top. If they were going doggy, she would just reach down between her legs and rub in time with his thrusts. That wasn't necessary with Gil. His thrusts were so hard he was sending shockwaves through her body strong enough to stimulate her clit. Or maybe it was because she was fucking another man in front of her husband. Either way, it didn't matter, because she was getting exactly what she wanted.

The orgasm she had was so strong that she couldn't compare it to any she ever had before. She started making some sound of pleasure, but it caught in her throat and turned into a whine as she rode out climax. As she started to come down from her orgasmic high, she was starting to believe they'd keep going and Gil would fuck her and keep fucking her, making her cum again and again until she was exhausted. Reality wasn't what she wanted it to be. He slammed into her a few more times and then came, finishing hard inside her pussy, grunting deeply as he thrusted one last time.

"Oh…oh," she moaned as he eased her down to the surface of the bed. They hadn't even had time to pull back the covers, she realized before he slapped her smartly on her taut ass.

"It gives me great pleasure to report that your wife is a great fuck," Gil said to Jimmy.

"Thanks," Jimmy said with some uncertainty.

"This was great," said Gil as he looked around the room and spotted his clothes on the floor, "but I know what's expected of me."

"You do?" asked Jimmy.

"Fuck her and leave her," Gil said with a grin. "I've done this before." He stepped into his pants and underwear, pulling them up and into place. "I don't mind." He grabbed his shirt and pulled it on before stepping into his shoes. "It was more than worth my time. Look forward to hearing from you." With a jaunty salute he exited the room.

Sharon had rolled to her side to watch Gil leave and now she looked to Jimmy who was still leaning against the wall with his cock out and in hand, still hard, but he hadn't yet cum.

"What the fuck?" Sharon said, not knowing how else to react to the strange resolution of their encounter.

"That was—" Before Jimmy could finish they heard the door slam downstairs, indicating that Gil had left the house. "That was fucking odd."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

They looked at each other.

"Was it good?" Jimmy finally asked.

Sharon's eyes went wide and she couldn't help smiling. "Yeah. It was really good."

"He came in you."

"Yeah. You okay with that?"

"Uh-huh." He absently moved his hand up and down his cock in the silence that ensued.

"What do we do now?" she asked, unsure of how to proceed from where they were.

"Can I…can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"Would it be okay…that is…shit…" He glanced down at his hard cock. It wasn't exactly turning purple with need, but there was a dark redness to his situation. "Would it be okay if I fucked you right now?"

Sharon licked her lips and nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah. You don't mind that I'm…that I'm full of his cum still?"

Jimmy shook his head and quickly got out of his clothes. “No. That’s the best part.”

He joined her on the bed, rolling her over to her back and getting between her legs. Normally it took a little more foreplay for Jimmy to get hard enough to penetrate her, but Jimmy had just witnessed the best foreplay of his life and Sharon was still floating on her mild orgasmic high. She still wanted more and luckily she had Jimmy to help her out with that.

As he took his cock in hand and introduced it between her lips, Sharon’s hand also went to his cock to help guide him in. It was an unnecessary gesture, but somehow essential at the same time. Somewhere in the back of her mind Sharon remembered an old adage that a slut was someone who slept with more than one guy every twenty-four hours. There had to be at least one rising and setting of the sun between men. As it was barely twenty-four seconds had passed between Gil and Jimmy and she didn’t regret it in the least. If she was a slut, she was embracing her sluttiness.

“Christ you’re fucking hot,” Jimmy exclaimed as he sunk his cock all the way into her pussy.

She moaned lightly as she was filled up again, savoring the return on her husband’s cock to her pussy. “It’s been a while since you told me that,” she said. “Maybe I’m getting that old where I’m not hot any longer?” she teased him.

Jimmy looked at her face, momentarily confused. Shaking his head and giving her a kiss on the forehead, he said, “Honey, you’re still beautiful, but I was actually talking about how hot and wet your pussy is.”

His answer surprised her and made her giggle. “Oh. Sorry. The hotness is all me, but a lot of the wetness is Gil.” Realizing what she had said made her quickly add, “Is that okay that I’m full of him right now?”

Jimmy slammed his cock into her several times in rapid succession. It took her breath away. “Does that answer your question?”

“God yes, fuck me harder.”

He did. There was a pleasant familiarity of fucking his wife…even if she was full of another man’s cum.

“Harder,” she begged.

“I’m not going to last.” Between seeing his wife thoroughly fucked by Gil and beating off while he watched, Jimmy was already on edge.

“Cum,” she pleaded. “Cum in me.”

He did. It was strong and hard enough to make her cum again as well. When he came, Jimmy suddenly felt like he was a teenager again, cumming for the first time, the pain and tightness he experienced in his bedroom. Cumming in his wife after another man had used her was a life-altering situation, so much so that he felt like every ounce of spunk he had every stored in his body all rushed out and he collapsed on top of her.

“Holy shit, I can feel it leaking out of me,” Sharon breathed in his ear. “Did you shoot like ten loads into me?” Jimmy rolled off her and she put her hand to her pussy, wiping away what was leaking out of her, and holding her fingers up to display that they were covered in his spunk. “It looks like ten loads,” she said, contemplating her fingers. “I don’t think I’ve ever been so full of cum.”

“Do you…do you like it?” Jimmy asked her.

Sharon put one finger into her mouth and sucked off the cum as she slowly extracted it from between her lips. “I think I love it. Did you like watching me get fucked by Gil?”

“I think I loved that.”

“Does this make me a slut?” she pondered aloud, making it seem like she was wondering to herself, but she was secretly hoping he would answer.

“I don’t think so, unless you want to be,” Jimmy answered.

“Maybe I want to be,” she said boldly and then sucked another finger.

“Would you fuck him again?” Jimmy asked, his heart pounding in his chest.

Sharon didn’t hesitate because she wasn’t sure of her answer; she hesitated because she wanted to be sure that her answer was in synch with her husband’s desires. “Yes. Do you want me to fuck him again?”

“Yes.”

“Can you make it happen?”

Jimmy smiled. “I’ll make sure to make it happen,” he promised.

Chapter Three

“She’s wants to do it again?” asked Gil.

“Yeah. You sound surprised.”

Gil shrugged. “Sort of. Like I said, I’ve done this before. Lots of women just want the one performance and that’s it.”

Jimmy’s brow furrowed. “You’ve never been asked back?”

“Uhh…no. Not really.” He rolled his shoulders like he was trying to work out a knot or some stiffness after too much exercise. They were at the smart bar in the gym so his actions weren’t unusual. What Jimmy didn’t understand was why Gil hadn’t been invited back. After all, he had done exactly what Sharon and he wanted when they brought him into their bedroom; he had been polite, respectful, fun, and, if anything, had left too quickly. Maybe Gil had fucked up a few times with other couples, but if so he had certainly learned his lesson.

“Why?”

“You’d have to ask them, not me.”

Jimmy grinned. “Well, since you’re here and they aren’t, I’m inviting you back to our place. We’d like to have you as a…as a guest star again.”

Gil nodded, his face smiling. “That would be great.”

“Would you mind if we made a few suggestions?”

“Sure. Go ahead.”

The second time that Gil came to their home, Sharon didn’t have half the nervousness she did the first time and her excitement level was nearly uncontained. This time she insisted on everyone having a drink before they went to the bedroom because she wanted to be a good hostess and she insisted that Gil not leave this time until she said she was done with him. He didn’t have to run out and leave them alone.

“And what I really want,” she said as she toyed with her mostly empty glass, her tongue loosened up by the generous amount of alcohol that it had contained, “is one of you in my mouth and the other in my pussy.”

Gil nodded. He was easily twice her size and weight. If the alcohol was affecting him, it didn’t show; this time he was drinking because he knew it was expected of him. “Spit roasted.”

“Is that what it’s called?” she laughed. “Weird.”

“Unless you want one of us in your ass and one in your pussy,” said Gil. “That’s just called DP. Double penetration.”

“Got it. No thanks. I’m not into that.”

Gil didn’t push it. Anal wasn’t for everyone and even for those who loved it, rarely was it a second date activity. Glancing over at Jimmy he asked, “Are you okay with this, dude?”

“It sounds great to me.”

“Which of us goes into her mouth and which in her pussy?” he asked so he was clear on what he needed to plan for.

“You can have her pussy first,” Jimmy said. “Then we’ll switch.”

“Hey, I should get a say in this!” Sharon protested with a giggle.

Jimmy rubbed her thigh. “Honey, this is all for you. But tell us what you want.”

Giggling a little more—the alcohol was hitting her more than she realized—she said, “I want Gil in my pussy first and then you.”

Shaking his head in amusement, Jimmy said, “Sure. Sounds like a great plan. Wish I’d thought of it.”

They made some more plans, which eased Gil’s anxiety level because now he could plan ahead and know how many times he would have to cum and be expected to cum. Eventually they went to the bedroom. As soon as she walked through the door, Sharon quickly stripped off all her clothes save her bright

purple and yellow striped silken panties. She felt festive wearing them.

“Well?” she asked. The two men were watching as she undressed, as was only natural to their gender. “You two certainly can’t fuck me if you’re wearing your clothes.”

That was enough to get them motivated. They didn’t hurry, but both Gil and Jimmy stripped, glancing occasionally at the other to make sure he wasn’t going too fast or too slow. Jimmy was glad to see that Gil was fully erect when he pulled down his underwear, showing his firm, if not impressively sized, cock. Jimmy wasn’t nearly as hard as he wanted to be, but was certain that would shortly change once things truly started.

Sharon sat down on the edge of the bed and reached out, holding both their cocks at the same time. Absently she began pulling on them both, running her fingers up and down their firm shafts, making sure they were more than ready to fuck her. “I’ve never held two cocks at the same time before,” she mused. “Does that make me a slut now?”

“You’re not a slut until you have two cocks in you,” commented Gil. With his bigger physique he subtly tried to edge Jimmy out of the way, but Sharon wasn’t having that.

“It’s good to know I’m just moments away from turning into a slut,” said Sharon with some satisfaction. “But I’ve had a little change of heart,” she said while looking directly at Gil’s cock. “I don’t like the term ‘spit-roast’. It’s a little too degrading, but I still want both of your cocks.”

“Okay,” Gil readily agreed. “What do you want?”

Sharon bounced up off the bed and yanked down her panties revealing that she had prepared for their play time by artfully shaving her patch of pubic hair into a simple yet elegant strip that hid nothing and revealed everything. “You lie down on the bed, put your feet on the floor. I’m going to ride you reverse cowgirl while I suck my husband’s cock.”

The two men exchanged a quick glance and gave each other nods of affirmation. Doing as she asked, Gil got into position and Sharon climbed on top of him, carefully balancing herself on the edge of the mattress. It was a more athletic position than she normally liked, but she figured it was more than worth the

effort. Gil held her hips, steadying her while she perched with her legs spread wide so he could enter her. However, between balancing and holding, they found they were short one hand to actually get Gil's cock into her pussy.

"Hon? Would you mind?" she asked Jimmy, nodding once down to where Gil's cock and her pussy were just out of alignment with each other.

"Sure," he agreed, maybe a little too quickly, but when he knelt down between their entangled legs he licked the length of his wife's pussy, tasting her musk, making sure she was already well-lubricated with anticipation, while he held Gil's cock. The other man's erection throbbed faintly under his fingers. It was the first time Jimmy had touched another man and it excited him more than he would have guessed.

"Oh," Sharon moaned slightly, though it was impossible to tell if her noise was caused by Jimmy's lick or the sight of her husband handling another man's tool.

By Sharon lifting her hips, Jimmy was able to guide Gil's cock into his wife. He settled back on his heels to watch as they began moving together. The sigh of his wife impaled on another man did wonders for his erection.

"Honey?" Sharon said softly. He looked up at her to see her eyes were unfocused. "Honey? I want to suck your cock."

Jimmy stood up and presented his cock to his wife. She grabbed and directed it to her mouth, but paused before parting her lips. "Don't cum in my mouth," she told him. "I want you to cum in my pussy… after Gil does."

The positioning of the three participants was a little awkward. Sharon found she couldn't move much because if she did, it was easy for Gil's cock to slip out of her and it made it almost impossible for her to give Jimmy a decent blowjob. The men stepped up to assist her. Gil held her hips and thrusted upward with his cock while Jimmy made sure it was easy for her to reach his cock and kept the angle easy for Sharon.

This went on for a few minutes before Sharon abruptly pulled back from Jimmy. "He's gonna cum," she panted.

"How do you know?"

Her eyes were unfocused. It was clear that Sharon was about to cum as well. “A girl knows,” she breathed.

Jimmy looked over his wife’s shoulder at Gil who was concentrating, either on cumming or not, he couldn’t tell. “Are you?” he asked.

“Oh yeah. Is she ready for me?”

“Go ahead,” Jimmy told him, more than a little chuffed at suddenly being in charge of their little affair.

Gil’s fingers tightened on Sharon’s hips and he thrusted three times in rapid succession before letting out a deep groan of relief. Jimmy dropped to his knees to closely watch Gil’s cock in his wife’s pussy. Her lips were a deep red and swollen and Gil’s cock was pulsing with each spurt of cum he shot into his partner. Sharon clearly enjoyed being the center of attention and just as clearly loved what Gil was doing. Her thighs were shaking and the noise she made was familiar to Jimmy’s ears; he had heard her cum many times before.

It was the perfect show to his lust-addled eyes and Jimmy felt no regrets as Gil’s orgasm faded and his cock began to slip out of Sharon. “Can’t keep holding her up,” he said as he lowered his hips. Jimmy watched, fascinated, as Gil’s shriveling cock came free and his wife’s pussy was momentarily open wide of its own accord. He was overcome with two desires at once: to put Gil’s cock in his mouth and to lick and suck his wife’s pussy. The choice was impossible to make.

“Do you like what you see?” Sharon asked him, floating down from her orgasm but seeing her husband’s desire as well.

To answer her, he leaned forward and placed his mouth on his wife’s sex. He savored her familiar flavor that was spiked with the unusual tang of semen. Jimmy had taste his own semen before, on his wife’s lips, on her pussy, and occasionally on his own fingers, but this was different. It wasn’t unpleasant; it was invigorating.

“You don’t have to do that, baby,” Sharon said softly.

He looked up at her with shameless eyes before breaking the seal between mouth and cunt. “I want to,” he breathed.

She smiled down at him and hooked her fingers under his jaw in an attempt to pull him up to her face for a kiss, but Jimmy resisted. Emboldened by his success he turned his head from under her fingers, and scooted down lower. Gil was almost fully soft now, but retained a little of his erection. Jimmy didn't care about that. He took the other man's cock in hand and brought it to his mouth. Putting the shaft between his lips he tasted his wife's pussy and Gil's cum again. As soon as he started sucking, Gil's cock twitched and started to recover.

Sharon looked down at her husband in surprise. She wasn't upset. She just wasn't expecting it. That was the best part. That and seeing how at ease with giving another man head Jimmy was. It turned her on more than she would have guessed.

"Do you like doing that?" she asked him.

He looked up at her and continued to suck for a few seconds before taking a quick break and nodding his head. "Yeah."

"Keep going," she encouraged him. "I want to watch."

Her permission was what he needed to continue. Sucking cock was completely different from eating pussy. It was more difficult because he had a stiff piece of flesh in his mouth, but it was just as enjoyable. Gil appreciated his efforts and Sharon was delighted at this new aspect of her husband's sexuality.

When he had cleaned Gil's cock and it was almost back to a full erection, Jimmy pulled back and gasped to Sharon, "I need to fuck you."

"Okay," she nodded and started to move off Gil, but Jimmy moved too quickly, jumping up and pushing her down onto Gil, letting her use him as a mattress. It was easy to slip his cock into her; she was open and ready to be fucked again. While he couldn't rest all his weight on her and Gil, it was surprisingly easy to fuck her in that position.

"It feels like he's trying to fuck me in the ass," Sharon said to Jimmy. Gil's cock was between her buttocks but was nowhere near penetrating her. It was a wild ride. "Oh fuck this feels good."

"You like this?" Jimmy asked.

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you want me to fuck you in the ass?” Gil asked her with a note of eagerness.

The question scared her. “No, no, I like it like this,” she said, but the corrected herself. “No. Wait. I want Gil in my mouth now.”

It took a minute for them to rearrange, but eventually Sharon wound up on hands and knees, Jimmy mounting her from behind, and Gil shoving his cock into her mouth. Maybe it was humiliating for some women, but Sharon found it empowering that she could please two men at once.

“Don’t cum in my mouth,” she told Gil after they had been at it for a while. She could tell that Jimmy was nearly ready to finish in her and she wanted that, but she had other plans for Gil’s second orgasm.

“Okay,” he agreed. “Want me to cum on your face?” He grinned down at her eagerly.

She just shook her head and put him back in her mouth with the intention of keeping him hard but not letting him cum.

Jimmy was thrilled to be back inside his wife after she had been filled by Gil. Her pussy was hot and incredibly wet and he knew he was lucky to last more than a minute. Grabbing her hips in almost the exact same way that Gil had, he slammed into her as hard as he could before he finished, hard and fast, exactly as she wanted.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” Sharon cursed as he suddenly and unexpectedly came inside her. Even though it was unexpected, she still managed to have a little climax. “More,” she moaned.

“Want me to fuck you again?” Gil gallantly offered.

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “I want Jimmy to suck you off.”

The dazed expression on Jimmy’s face told her that he wasn’t ready for his wife’s request. “You want me to suck his cock?” he asked.

“I want to watch you make him cum,” she said, rolling out of the way and

grabbing her husband's arm to pull him forward to Gil's cock.

Jimmy was already experiencing the release and relaxation from his lustful needs. While in the middle of a sexual frenzy, it was easy to think about and actually suck off another man, to do it after he had cum was another matter entirely and Jimmy had serious reservations about resuming fellating Gil, but both his wife and Gil looked expectantly at him.

To his shame, he actually had to steel himself to grasp Gil's cock and open his mouth. It was still slightly moist from Sharon's saliva, but that didn't bother him. What he was doing was now a conscious decision rather than the action of a man in desperate need of a sexual display. Not wanting to disappoint his wife, he pushed himself forward.

Giving head for her wasn't bad at all.

Giving head to make Gil happy wasn't exactly torture either.

Giving head for his own satisfaction…well, he didn't want to admit that yet.

Gil's cock was hard, but there was a pleasing yield to it as well. Some softness that was malleable but at the same time would bounce back once pressure was released. His balls were soft and smooth, unlike the rest of his body, and fit perfectly in Jimmy's hand as he cupped them to help steady Gil's erection.

Sharon was watching closely as her husband enthusiastically sucked on Gil. It was nothing she ever would have expected to see, but was thrilled with the result. "Keep going, you need to make him cum."

The encouragement wasn't needed. Jimmy kept going because he wanted to. He had the desire and curiosity. When Gil reached his peak, Jimmy kept going. The flood of semen in his mouth wasn't unexpected, but it was a new experience. The flavor was a mixture of salty and vaguely ammonia-like with a hint of spiciness. It wasn't unpleasant, but he quickly understood why some people, especially women, took some getting used to the flavor.

Not wanting to disappoint, Jimmy swallowed the jism. "Fuck yeah!" Gil shouted enthusiastically. "Keep sucking!"

Jimmy did so, doing to Gil what he always wished that women would do to him.

“You really know how to suck cock,” Gil complimented him.

“Better than me?” Sharon asked, a little disappointed in how eager and sincere Gil was with his compliment to Jimmy.

The muscular, bald man looked down at her, “Uh…yeah. I’ve always thought that men give better blowjobs than women. No offense.”

“Oh.” Sharon was disappointed. She had always thought that she gave great head regardless of the circumstances. This was a revelation no one had ever spoken to her before. “So…do women eat pussy better than men?”

Gil shrugged as Jimmy sat back and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. “How would I know? I’m not a woman.”

“Yeah, but I’ve never had sex with a woman,” Sharon pointed out.

“Maybe you should give it a try,” Jimmy suggested.

She looked nervously over at her husband. They exchanged a look. Both wanted to discuss what had just happened, but neither wanted to do it in front of Gil.

Either Gil was aware of their reluctance, or he wanted to fill the silence that had settled over the little group. “I’m thirsty as hell,” he said. “I’d love some water. Or anything to drink.”

Sharon popped up from her position on the bed. “I’ll get drinks,” she said brightly and practically ran from the room. Jimmy couldn’t keep his eyes off his wife and noticed the slickness on the insides of her thighs where his cum, combined with Gil’s, was slowly leaking out of her.

“You okay with this, man?” Gil asked Jimmy when Sharon was sufficiently on her way to the kitchen.

“With what?” Jimmy asked, not wanting to make a foolish mistake about whatever it was that Gil wanted to talk about.

“Me fucking your wife. I know you already said yes, but I thought I’d check again. And, this is the more important question, and with you being fine sucking my dick.”

Jimmy swallowed. The taste of Gil's cum was still on his tongue and he was wishing for a drink of water which made him want Sharon to return right away, but at the same time he wanted her to stay away for another minute so he could finish the conversation with Gil. "Yeah, why wouldn't I be fine with that?"

"You never mentioned it before."

"I didn't know how to bring it up," Jimmy said, chuckling a little at the small pun he made.

"I've fucked guys before," said Gil.

"I…I suppose that's good to know."

"Is that going to be okay with your wife?"

"Is what going to be okay with me?" asked Sharon as she walked back into the bedroom, still naked, and carrying three bottles of water.

Jimmy couldn't find his voice. Gil answered for him. "Is it going to be okay if your husband sucks my dick?" he said with a self-satisfied and smug grin.

Sharon paused and leaned on the wall, a dreamy smile on her face. "I thought it was hot and I'd like to see it again."

"You would?" asked Jimmy, clearly surprised and somewhat pleased.

"You would?" Gil echoed, trying to keep his delight understated.

"Yeah, of course," Sharon replied. "Who wouldn't?" She fixed her husband with a knowing gaze. "Clearly we need to talk more about this."

Chapter Four

“Well? Are we sharing him or are you trying to keep him for yourself?” Sharon demanded of her husband.

“I could ask the same question of you,” Jimmy snapped back.

Sharon caught herself before she said something she regretted. Calming herself with a deep inward breath, she said, “This is supposed to be fun, not work.”

Jimmy shook he head and glumly considered the glass in front of him. Gil was gone for the night. The married couple had decided to sit down and plot out the next phase of their sex life. It was proving more difficult than either had anticipated. “I should have had a second and a third thought before convincing him to…to…”

“To fuck me?” Sharon suggested.

“Yeah. That.”

“Judging by what happened upstairs earlier tonight, you were just as eager to fuck him as I was.”

Jimmy opened his mouth to say something, but found that words failed him. The silence that fell between them was incredibly uncomfortable but Jimmy didn’t want to speak and break the silence and possibly make things worse.

“How long have you known you’re bi?” Sharon asked him.

Once more he opened his mouth. To lie? To tell the truth? He didn’t know.

“Or…maybe you’re not bi?” she suggested. “Maybe it was something you just wanted to try?”

His voice was barely above a whisper. “I don’t know.”

“Chris, Jim. Give me something to work with here.”

“It’s hard,” he said.

Sharon couldn’t help herself. “Like Gil was hard in my pussy tonight?”

“Jesus, Sharon!”

She giggled. “Sorry. You can’t just feed me a line like that and not expect me to take advantage.”

“This isn’t the time!”

She nodded in agreement. “Right. You’re right. But I really don’t care if you’re bi or not.”

Jimmy looked at her. It had been easier to glare at his drink rather than to look his wife in the eye. Her question was valid and to the point, but he didn’t know the answer. He had been actively avoiding facing his own sexuality. The honest truth was that he didn’t know what he was, he didn’t know how to consider himself, he didn’t know what he wanted to do with the rest of his sexual life except for the fact that he did love his wife, loved to see her fuck Gil, but at the same time the other man’s cock—or any man’s cock—called to him.

“You don’t?” He was puzzled, confused, and a little drunk.

“It’s not like jealous completely straight men offer to find another man for their wife to fuck.”

“Yeah well…”

“So, either you’re bi or kinky enough to want to watch your wife fuck another man,” Sharon analyzed for him.

Jimmy slowly shook his head. “Or maybe both?”

Sharon shrugged. “You said it. Not me.”

“Do you still want to fuck Gil?”

“Yes. Did you see his body?” she said enthusiastically. “I mean, his cock was merely okay, but the muscles…oh la la.”

Jimmy nodded and smiled. “I saw his body.”

“Nice, huh.”

“Yeah. Nice.” Jimmy took a sip from his glass. “He had just an okay cock?”

Sharon’s smile increased in brightness. “I’ve had more than just yours and his,” she reminded her husband. “His was nice, but I’ve had bigger. And better. He was a pretty good fuck, but that wasn’t the best part.”

“What was the best part?”

“Fucking him with you,” she said leaning across the table for a kiss.

After they kissed he asked her, “Do you want to go back upstairs for one more round?”

“My heart says yes, but my pussy is tired.”

Back at his apartment, Gil let himself in and stepped into the darkness. The place was silent. That was a good sign. He was late, but not that late.

Sneaking into the bedroom he was caught. Adam was in bed with the lights off, but was wide awake, reading from his tablet. “You’re late,” Adam said. There wasn’t any anger or sarcasm in his voice, but Adam was an excellent actor.

“I didn’t think you’d still be up,” Gil said, avoiding getting involved in an argument.

“And you didn’t think I’d notice you weren’t home before I fell asleep?” Adam asked archly. He put down the tablet and switched on the bedside lamp. “Where have you been?”

“Would you accept ‘out’ as an answer?”

“What are you trying to avoid?” Adam asked.

“A fight with you,” Gil said smoothly as he began undressing. He considered a quick dash to the bathroom for a shower and wondered how obvious that would be.

“Why? What are you going to tell me that I don’t want to hear?” The covers

were down to Adam's waist showing off his lithe and naked chest.

"I'm not going to tell you and I'm not going to upset you," Gil said as he removed his pants but kept on his underwear as if trying to hide some shameful act he had committed.

"Who did you fuck and was he more beautiful than me?" Adam asked. Gil paused and looked at his boyfriend. Adam was a few years younger than he and was certainly much better looking. Yes, Gil was both muscular and in every way masculine; at first glance no one would figure he preferred men both sexually and romantically, but Adam was borderline beautiful. If he had the urge he could have been deadly on the drag circuit, just feminine enough to be pretty and masculine enough to unsettle those who weren't at ease with their sexuality.

"No one is more beautiful than you, dear," Gil said, covering his anxiety to keep his activities of the evening secret from his boyfriend.

"Oh don't give me that shit," Adam said with a roll of his eyes. "We aren't exclusive and we said we'd be honest with each other." He paused. "Hold on. You didn't fuck that asshole Reed, did you?"

The mere mention of Gil's ex was enough to suck the air out of the room. The fact that both Gil and Adam had fucked Reed at different times didn't make it any easier.

Not wanting to cause a fight or a bigger problem than was already brewing Gil quickly set his boyfriend straight. "No. Of course not. I didn't fuck fucking Reed. How could you even ask that?"

"Because you're hiding something and I know you have a thing for him."

While it was true that Reed was one of those gays who were promiscuous, selfish, confident, and had a right to be because he was packing a cock that was truly beautiful, large without being huge, and he knew how to use it. Both men knew he knew how to use it; that was the worst part.

"Like you don't have a thing for his thing either?" Gil shot back.

"You were the last one to fuck him," Adam pointed out.

“We are not going to have this argument again,” Gil said. “It’s pointless.”

“So just tell me who you fucked and we’ll be done with it. Christ on a bike! You’re making it worse. It’s not like we don’t have an open relationship.”

Gil cleared his throat and squared his shoulders. “Jimmy. His name was Jimmy.”

“Was he a good fuck?” Adam would want details. He always wanted details. Usually Gil was happy to share details because that would often lead to sex and occasionally a three-way.

“Yes. He was great.”

“Hmm. You’re lying.”

“What? How could you say I’m lying?” Gil was trying to stand causally at the foot of the bed with its heavy wooden posters that occasionally were part of their lovemaking.

“You always square your shoulders to me and stand with your back straight when you lie, as if being boldfaced would make me believe it any better. Plus, you kept your underwear on and you don’t have a hardon. Whenever you talk about your conquests you always get hard.” He groaned in annoyance and slipped out of the bed, showing he was naked, his large cock swinging heavily between his legs. Gil couldn’t help but stare. He loved his boyfriend and his boyfriend’s cock. It was even bigger than Reed’s. While Gil didn’t need a huge cock on his partner to be happy, it was a point of pride that his boyfriend was better endowed than his ex.

“Tell me. Out with it. Out with it all.”

Maybe Adam was shorter and not nearly as muscular as Gil, but when he was naked with his cock out, Gil felt weak in front of him. Adam was definitely a top and while Gil was a switch, he loved bottoming for his boyfriend.

“There’s not really much to tell,” Gil said as Adam went down on his knees in front of him.

“Tell me everything,” Adam said as he pulled down Gil’s underwear and put his cock into his mouth.

Gil had wanted to take a shower before getting into bed with his boyfriend. Having Adam suck his cock was definitely not his plan. Adam was definitely tasting his Gil's cum and probably Sharon's pussy as well. Adam would definitely be confused by that. He was a gold star gay; he had never slept with a woman. He was different from Gil. Gil was bi although he wasn't exactly out about that particular fact to his boyfriend.

"You're not going to like it," Gil promised.

Adam took his cock out of his mouth. Even though Gil had already cum twice that evening, he was still getting hard. "Honey, I know you like to fuck women. I've always known. Am I tasting cunt right now?"

"Yes," Gil confessed.

"Gross," he said and started to put his mouth back on Gil's cock, but hesitated. "Was she a good fuck?"

"Very good."

"It's been a while since you've had a woman," said Adam and went back to sucking.

"Yeah," Gil agreed, looking down at his rising cock that was hidden inside Adam's mouth, his cheeks hollowed by the suction he was generating. "She was a good fuck. But you know what was even better?"

Adam didn't answer. He was spending all his energy getting Gil hard. He couldn't stand not to be the last one who had handled his boyfriend's cock.

"What was better was her husband sucked my balls while I fucked her. And I came in his mouth. I got everything I wanted from the two of them." He knew he was making Adam jealous; that was the whole point of the exercise.

Since Gil was now good and hard, Adam stood up and showed he was hard as well. Though he was a few inches shorter than his boyfriend when he stood up with a full erection, his cock was taller. He rubbed his shaft against Gil's. "Wanna fuck, big boy?"

"Why do you do this to me?" Gil groaned.

“All fucked out?” Adam asked. “Well, you don’t need to do anything but lay there, baby.”

Gil couldn’t resist. How could he say no to his beautiful boyfriend? He led Adam to the bed and they crawled on it together. While he got on his kneed, Adam reached under the bed for the basket that kept their toys. He smeared a generous portion of lube along his shaft before he got into position behind Gil.

“You know I love fucking you, don’t you?” Adam asked as his boyfriend relaxed. It was a necessary step before easy penetration could happen.

“I know.”

“I want you to bring your new lover over,” Adam said as he pushed into Gil’s tight hole. Gil groaned. “Not the girl. The boy. I’ll show him what it really means to be fucked properly.”

Gil could only nod in acknowledgement. He wanted it as much as Adam.

End Part One

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is a freeform, floating set of neuroses that somehow took human shape. To understand the human condition, the act of physical writing was required so that this mass of carbon-based matter could pass for human.

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