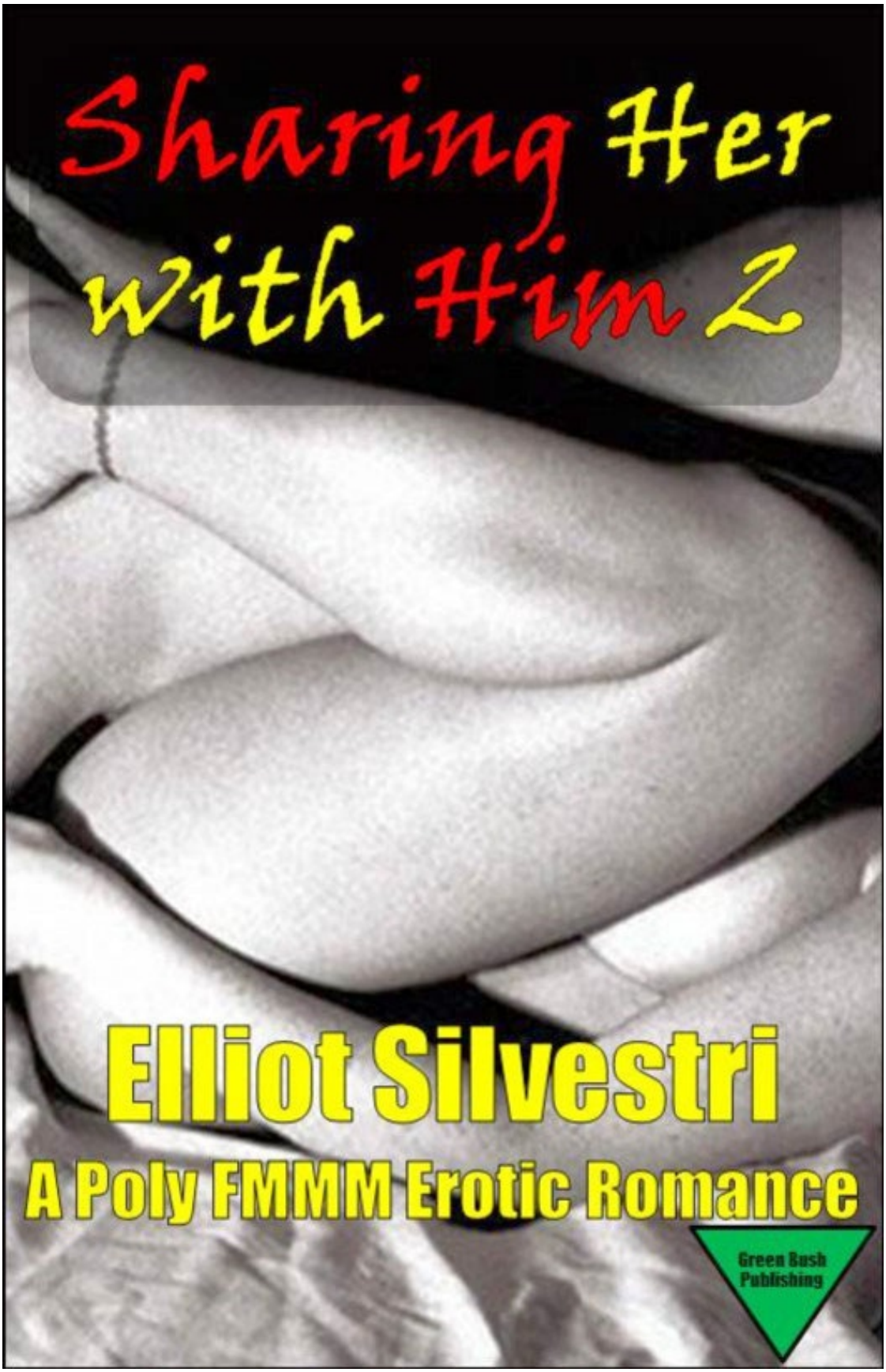
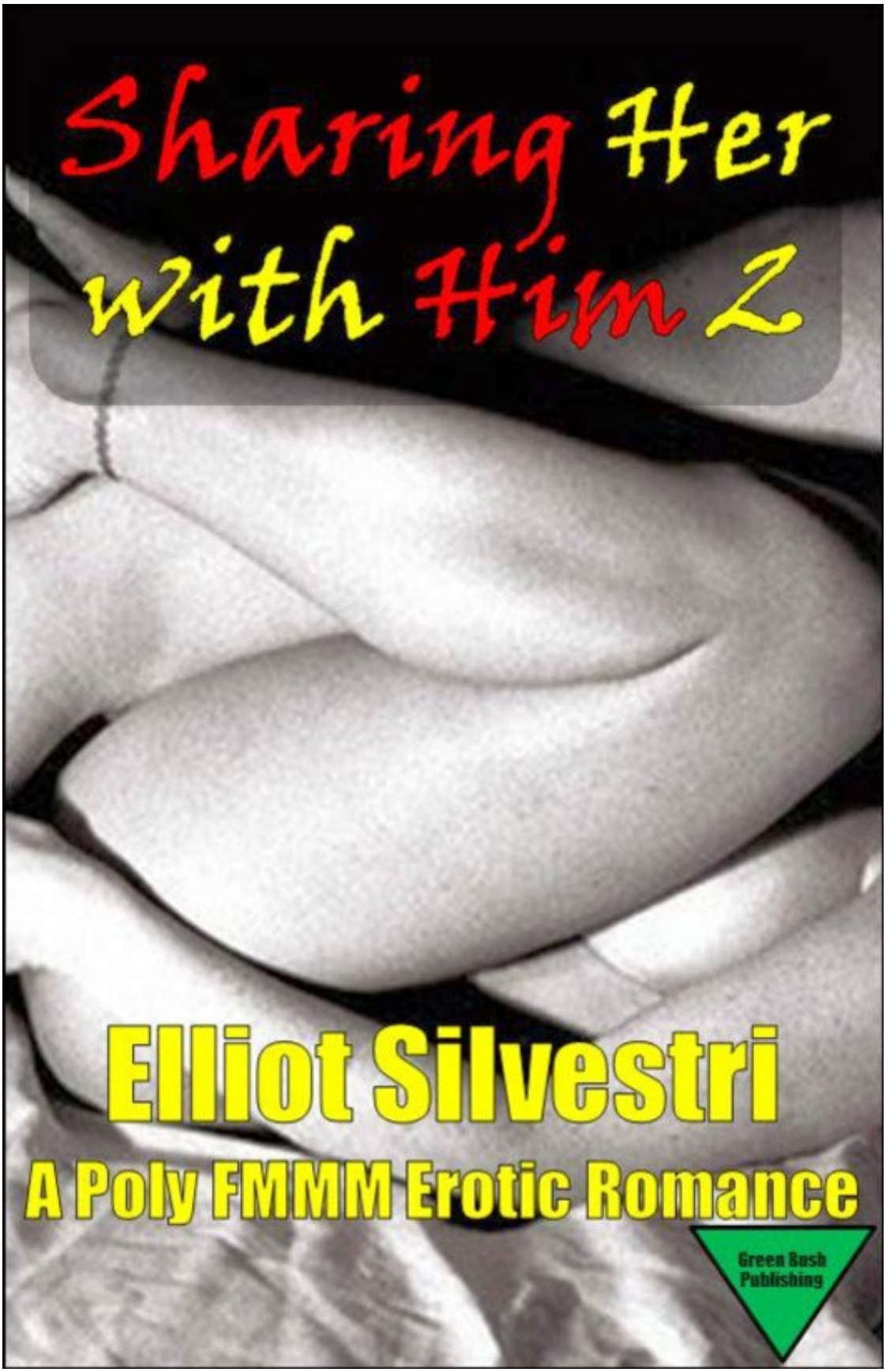

Sharing Her with Him 2
Elliot Silvestri
A Poly FMMM Erotic Romance
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Smashwords Edition

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Sharing Her with Him 2

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Chapter Five

It was easier to text Gil than to try to meet him at the right time at the gym. And texting was easier than calling because he could avoid an uncomfortable conversation that Jimmy was desperate to dodge. It was one thing to invite another man into the bedroom to fuck his wife. It was another thing to suck that man's cock during the course of their three-way tryst. But it was almost going too far to actually have to have a conversation over the telephone to arrange a sex date.

That's what texting was invented for: avoiding direct contact but still having human interaction.

My wife wants you to fuck her again. Do you want to do it again? Jimmy figured direct and to the point was the best way.

It took a while for Gil to reply. Apparently he had other things to do than sit staring at his phone hoping that Jimmy, or even someone else, would text him asking for a fuck.

The reply, when it came, was short and to the point. Sure. When?

Friday? Though he had a fairly busy job, Jimmy was able to keep his phone on his desk during working hours and could reply to a text or alert immediately if needed. This was a need.

Gil's response only took a few minutes. Friday doesn't work for me. It's date night.

That gave Jimmy pause. He had always figured that Gil was single. But it wasn't his place to question what Gil was doing screwing around on his significant other. I understand. Would Saturday work better? Or would you want to bring your SO to our bedroom? Jimmy didn't know why he included the off the cuff invite. While it seemed fun and spontaneous, maybe he was being obnoxious and overly forward. He was glad he didn't know the emoticon for a sexual leer.

Right after pressing the send button, Jimmy regretted making the suggestion.

Every second that passed was an eternity for him. He was certain that Gil was going to tell him that was impossible and never to contact him again. The answer he got wasn't what he was expecting.

I don't think that Adam would be interested in swapping with you and Sharon. He's only into men.

Jimmy stared at his phone for a long time. He had other, actual business to attend to, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from Gil's words. This was why in the employee handbook the company specifically mentioned texting as an activity to be avoided entirely.

I didn't realize you were in a gay relationship. Jimmy looked at his words and decided to press onward. He couldn't make things much worse. Or am I reading that wrong?

The answer came quickly, but it didn't stop the pounding of Jimmy's heart in his chest. Adam's gay, I'm bi. He knows that. We have an agreement.

The pounding in his chest was making his cock get hard. Or maybe it was what was implied by Gil's message. So he knows you have sex with women?

Yes.

Does he know you have sex with men as well? Jimmy wasn't sure if what he and Gil had done together qualified as sex, but he was willing to push it to make his point.

We've had a couple of all guy threesomes.

Gil's answer didn't tell him everything. But then Jimmy gave it too much thought. He wondered if Gil was propositioning him.

And that thought only made his cock get harder. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair. Fantasies started swirling in his head. Would Gil want to do what he wanted to do? Was he risking too much.

Sharon wants to watch while we have sex. He pecked out the message on his phone, but didn't send it right away. He stared at it for a while. Sharon had actually never spoken those words to him, but it felt like the truth. She certainly wasn't upset that her husband had come out as bi to her and she was pleased that he was getting along well with the man he had chosen to fuck her, though it certainly would have been her right to question if Jimmy's intention from the start was to have sex with a man. It was all a little too much for Jimmy to

process. Yes, he had known about his desires for years but had pushed them out of his mind and simply allowed them to be ignored. He loved his wife. He loved having sex with her. He loved having sex with other women in the past. Gil had been the first man he had ever done anything sexually with. Ever. It was a big leap, to admit it to himself along with his wife.

It was dishonest to place some of his desires onto his wife. Maybe Sharon had enjoyed it, but if she hadn't said the words, he couldn't misrepresent her.

He deleted the message and instead sent a tamer version of the truth. Do you want to get together with us again?

The answer came back quickly. Yes. Just need to find the right time.

Thursday night?

Sounds good.

Are you going to tell your boyfriend (is that the right word)? Jimmy didn't know how else to ask the uncomfortable question.

Gil's answer calmed him down. Usually we use boyfriend when we want attach a romantic element. Yes I'm going to tell him.

His answer both relaxed and thrilled Jimmy. Okay. Sounds good.

Thursday night then.

Jimmy didn't know how to address the issue with his wife so he brought it up when he was cooking dinner. "I didn't know this until today but I found out something about Gil."

"He secretly has a huge cock and is only going to bring out the big gun when he thinks I'm ready for it?" she winked at him and put a couple of plates on the table. Sharon had been more than honest with Jimmy about the fact that Gil's cock, while adequate and well-used, didn't measure up to Jimmy's. He knew she was a bit of a size queen and liked large proportions on men; that explained why she always preferred to buy larger vibrators.

“Ah. No. That would be your fantasy come true.”

“Well then?” she asked as she added glasses to the table. “Gil has a…significant other.”

“Huh. Well. That’s no surprise. He hides his cheating from her, doesn’t he?”

“Um. No. His boyfriend knows all about him having sex with other people.”

Sharon looked blankly at him for a moment. “Boyfriend?”

“Yes.”

“He’s gay?”

“Uh, no. Bi, actually.”

“Huh. So sort of a dream come true for you then,” she said.

“I wouldn’t say that,” Jimmy said cautiously.

“I would,” she said and stepped around the table to the kitchen cabinet where they kept most of their liquor. She poured herself a hearty dose of vodka and downed it all in one swallow. Jimmy’s eyes bulged out but he smoothly recovered and started portioning the chicken and sausage combination he had created onto their plates before adding rice and sitting down.

By the time he was seated, Sharon was holding the back of the chair with one hand, steadying herself, while her face slowly turned red.

“Are you embarrassed or upset?” he asked her mildly. “Or did the vodka all go straight to your head?”

“A little of each,” she admitted. “Fuck!” Her curse filled the air as she sat down and considered the dinner her husband had made for the both of them. “You found me a great guy that we can both bang, and he turns out to be gay.”

“Bi,” Jimmy corrected her.

“Why couldn’t he just be straight and cheating on his girlfriend or wife but happy to fuck me too and have you suck his dick while I watch. Is that so much

to ask?”

“Apparently, yes,” said Jimmy.

“Instead I get a partially queer guy who isn’t cheating on his boyfriend, but is still happy to have you suck his dick.”

“He’s not partially queer,” said Jimmy, calmly as he started eating. “He’s bi.”

“Right. Right. I agree. Bi. Not partially queer. Too much vodka.” She picked up her fork and started eating as well, but after the first bite, she just started tracing patterns through her rice. “Did you like sucking his dick?” she asked for the hundredth time.

“Yeah. I didn’t think I would, but I did.” Jimmy was willing to say anything to keep the conversation moving.

“I liked watching it. Will you do it again for me?”

“Sure.”

Emboldened by the vodka and her comfort with her newly revealed to be bi husband, she asked, “Would you straight up fuck him while I watched?”

Jimmy paused with his fork halfway to his mouth. Why hadn’t she asked that question yesterday?

“I don’t think you should say ‘straight up fuck’ in context of two men…or two women.”

She rolled her eyes. The vodka had really kicked in and she felt light-headed. “Would you fuck him while I watched?”

“Sure,” he agreed happily. “He’ll be over on Thursday to do just that.”

“Great,” she agreed. “And after dinner I’ll take you upstairs to fuck you.”

The problem with their little trio, Sharon reflected as they got on the bed together, was that Gil probably wanted to fuck her because he didn’t have a

woman in his own bed every night. And Jimmy wanted to fuck Gil because he didn't have a man in his own bed every night. And Sharon was happy to have either or both of them, but what she really wanted was an incredibly strong man with a big dick. Both the men in her bed were strong, but neither had a huge dick.

She kissed first Gil and then her husband, making sure both of their faces were close enough to make them uncomfortably cozy. After a long semi-drunken discussion with Jimmy, he knew exactly what she wanted and said he was willing to go along with it. The next kiss was between Gil and Jimmy. To Sharon's eyes it was incredibly sexy; none of the usual soft kisses and gentle licks she would expect, but was hard and fierce. It helped that they were naked. Or mostly naked. She had left on her thong and stockings while Gil was in underwear so tight it left nothing to the imagination. Only Jimmy was truly naked and his cock was resting on Gil's bulge, slowly dribbling out precum. She thought about the vibrators and dildos in her bottom dresser drawer and considered which would be the best to use while the men went at it.

Gil wasn't at all intimidated to be on his back and have Jimmy on top of him. Sharon reached out and grabbed her husband's cock while pushing her fingers into Gil's tight underwear, seeking out his cock as well.

"I'm not used to a woman jerking me off while I make out with a guy," Gil said, breaking the kiss.

"Just making sure you're good and hard," she said as his cock came into view. It was already good and hard which was enjoyable for her. "I want to make sure you love it when Jimmy fucks you."

"Is that what he's going to do?" Gil asked, running his fingers up and down Jimmy's muscular chest. He liked the fact that Jimmy had chest and body hair. He was nearly hairless by choice as a body builder, and Adam was young and so blond that for all practical purposed, he was hairless. "Fuck me?"

"Uh-huh," Sharon said happily. "Why else would I go out and buy all these condoms and lube?" She let go of their cocks and rolled off the bed, scooping up the little package of party favors. Both men watched as she eagerly opened up the box of condoms. "I want to see you on your back, Gil, while Jimmy rails you. I need to see your cock hard on your belly."

“Sometimes I go soft when getting fucked in the ass,” Gil confessed.

“What? How does that happen?” Sharon was clearly disappointed.

Gil shrugged. “I don’t know. I still like it. The other guy cums and then I get hard again.”

“As long as you get hard again,” she said with a nod, ripping open a condom packet and reaching for Jimmy’s cock. Both men watched in mild amusement as the woman in their midst did everything she could to facilitate them fucking. Either she was disinterested in sex with men, or she was overly fascinated in watching men have sex. It didn’t matter to Gil or Jimmy.

She actually rolled the condom onto Jimmy’s cock and then got out the lube to grease not only her husband’s cock, but Gil’s ass as well. She didn’t know exactly what she was doing in regard to the later, but she figured if she slathered on enough lube it would do the trick.

“You’ve never done anal before, have you?” Gil asked her. It was odd to be carrying on a conversation with him naked on his back and his legs drawn up to his chest so she could get to his ass, but the whole affair was unusual so the question hardly registered as a blip in the strangeness.

“Does it show?” she asked, half laughing.

“A little,” he said taking the lube from her, squirting a small pile of the viscous liquid into his hand and then he proceeded to apply it not just to the entrance to his ass, but inside it as well.

“Oh,” was her reaction to the display. It was oddly visceral and at the same time, it was sexy as hell, at least to her eyes. She tore her gaze away from Gil’s exposed bottom to see her husband slowly masturbating to keep his cock hard. “Jimmy hasn’t done anal either,” she revealed with a wicked smile. “At least not with me.”

“Hey!” he protested but her words didn’t stop him from pulling on his cock.

“Well, have you?” she asked sharply.

“No,” Jimmy admitted.

“It’s very nice that you’re sharing this wonderful moment with me,” Sharon said, somehow managing not to sound sarcastic in the process. “Go ahead and fuck him. I want to see it.”

Jimmy nodded and tore his focus away from his wife and toward the handsome, bald man that was laying on the bed in front of him. What he was about to do was crazy, but the moment was right and Jimmy had an undying need to see what it was like. Maybe it was wrong, but the two people in the bed with him were telling him that it was very, very right.

Gil being experienced at this sort of thing made the whole process easier. He was relaxed enough and greased up enough that Jimmy sinking his cock into his ass was easier than he would have imagined.

“Tight,” Jimmy blurted out, surprised at the difference between fucking an ass and fucking a pussy.

“That’s so fucking sexy,” Sharon breathed. Without thinking about it, her hand had wandered into her panties and found her pussy dripping with desire. As she watched, she jilled along to the beautiful scene in front of her.

Gil was grinning, happily relaxed as he kept one hand on his cock, pumping it in time with Jimmy’s slow, steady thrusts into his bottom. He knew he wouldn’t shoot off his load right away, even though with new lovers Gil had a tendency to pop off too quickly. For his part, Jimmy was focused on trying to do everything right, regardless of what was going on around him.

Although she had spent some time watching gay porn before, Sharon couldn’t believe how masculine it was to see her husband fucking another man. Maybe it would be described as gay, and it certainly was, but it was an overload of testosterone. Strong muscles and straining bodies moving together was incredibly erotic. The fact that two cocks were involved made it better than just a cock and a pussy. She hated to admit it, but Sharon realized while watching her husband fuck Gil, that she would be incredibly jealous if he were fucking another woman, but fucking another man was just sexy and erotic beyond her comprehension. She wanted him to fuck more men and be fucked by other men, but only if she could watch it.

They seemed to forget that she was there. Jimmy was propping himself up on his hands, locking his elbows to stay above Gil’s body while his muscular

companion was bent nearly in half with his legs up to his chest, letting Jimmy fuck him hard while Gil kept a hand on his cock. It might not have been a loving tableau, but it was erotic and sexy. She looked at Jimmy's face and realized how close he was to cumming. Her pussy was hot as she plunged her fingers in and out of her opening, rubbing her clit at the same time, but she knew she wasn't going to cum as quickly as Jimmy.

"Gonna cum," he grunted to Gil.

"Don't pull out," Gil replied, not nearly taken with the moment as Jimmy. "Cum inside me."

It was hardly the same thing as when a woman spoke those words. Sharon remembered the first time she said them to Jimmy, but it was more than enough to make him cum then and it worked the same now. Jimmy thrusted two more times and then he let out the weird noise that let her know he was cumming. Normally that sound was accompanied by a hot flood of semen inside her pussy, but that didn't happen today. Jimmy grunted and strained; Gil continued to pump his cock, but it just stayed hard; he didn't cum.

"Oh fuck!" Jimmy gasped as finished. His elbows trembled as he threatened to lose his balance. "That hurt, but it felt good too."

Gil could feel his lover's cock start shrinking. He had felt the little tremble in his body as Jimmy came, but the condom contained things. He adjusted his legs and let Jimmy ease himself down to the bed, his hand never leaving his cock.

"That was totally fucking hot," Sharon said, her eyes wild with excitement. She wanted to make herself cum, but at the same time, she reached out for Gil's cock. His head was almost purplish with excited blood flow. He didn't resist when she pushed aside his hand to stroke his cock. "Can I fuck you?" she asked him.

Gil glanced at Jimmy who was barely watching them. He nodded once to his wife and she took that agreement to climb on top of Gil. She didn't bother to remove her panties. She just pulled aside the material to guide his cock into her body. His hands went to her hips and thighs, steadying her as she rode on top of him. She tossed back her hair and decided she was in it for her enjoyment, if he got off, great, otherwise he was just a prop for her pleasure.

As she moved on top of him, she found her brain and mouth working too fast. “Do you prefer fucking men or women?” she asked him.

“What?” It was a simple question, but all his blood was flowing to his cock, not his brain.

“Do you prefer fucking men or women?” she repeated as she bounced on him. “You’ve had sex with me and Jimmy, but you live with a boyfriend. Why?”

Gil hadn’t been expecting a conversation about his sexuality. “I could never give up sex with women,” he said, lifting his hands from her hips to cup her breasts, to feel her nipples contract under his fingers.

“But you live with a man.”

“Men are less complicated than women,” he countered.

Jimmy reached out and ran his finger along the edge of Sharon’s panties where it cut into her flesh, making a sexy crease. “Men are kinkier than women,” he asserted. “We’ll try anything once, just to try it. Women have to be convinced to try something new or unusual.”

She turned and looked at him. “I was the one who wanted you to find me someone else to fuck. And you’re the kinkier one?”

He slapped her ass. “Shut up and fuck my friend.”

Sharon licked her lips. “That I can do.” She enthusiastically rocked her hips on top of Gil while he thrusted up into her. If Jimmy was a lesser man, he would have been upset; instead he found his cock stirring and wondered if he’d have enough in him to fuck a second time, and he didn’t care if it was either Sharon or Gil.

She rode happily on top of Gil for a minute, and then turned her stunned face back to her husband. “I’m gonna cum,” she panted. “He’s gonna cum in me… and then you’re gonna go down on me.”

Jimmy nodded as he pulled the condom off his cock. He didn’t want it to be in place when he got hard again.

The two of them came together like they were old lovers, familiar with each other's bodies and needs. But Sharon wasn't satisfied. She came, but rolled off Gil, her legs wide, his cum dripping from her pussy. "You aren't hard," she told Jimmy. "And I need to cum again."

Nodding, knowing what she wanted, Jimmy crawled across Gil and buried his face into her pussy. "Oh yes," she moaned as she flopped her head back against the pillow. "And you say men are the kinky ones."

Chapter Six

Adam wants to meet you.

Jimmy frowned at the message and then nudged his wife next to him in their bed. “What do you think of this?”

She sighed and looked up from the book she was reading. “So go meet him. Have fun. Have a guys’ night.”

“Do you think he actually just wants to meet me or do you think he wants to… you know.”

Now Sharon rolled her eyes at Jimmy. “I know what?” She was faintly amused at her husband’s sudden demure and reserved language. “What do you think he wants to do?”

It was amusing to see Jimmy flush slightly red and say, “Have sex.” His voice almost cracked.

That was the reaction that Sharon was looking for. “Maybe. You know how those gay guys are. Always looking for a blowjob or to get drilled in the ass. Anyway, I thought you liked that now. Tell me when he wants to meet you and I’ll try to set up a date for myself with some stranger. I feel my inner slut coming out.”

Sharon wasn’t a hundred percent sure she what she thought of her husband’s newfound sexuality. It was exciting to realize that he enjoyed sex with men—it was something they had in common because she liked sex with men—but it was also something she couldn’t directly provide for him. It was scary to consider that by the both of them exploring their sexuality, they might grow apart.

“You’d actually go out and find some other guy to have sex with just because I’m meeting Gil’s boyfriend?” Jimmy asked, slightly angry and very confused.

She looked at him with a bored expression on her face. “Yes. Yes, I would. Do you expect me to stay home pining for you? Hell no, I’m getting laid. I know what you men are like. You see an opportunity for sex, and you’ll take it.”

“You think I’m going to meet Adam and have sex with him just because he’s gay and I’m bi and that’s that?”

“Yup,” she replied picking up her book and putting it in front of her face. “I do. I’m going to find a guy and bang him while you’re meeting Adam. And I bet it’s the three of you having sex, not just you and Adam. Gil won’t sit off to the side just watching.”

“You’re going to have sex with a stranger because Gil wants me to meet his boyfriend.”

“Yup.”

“Do you think I’m led around by my cock?”

“Yup. It’s the first that enters the room when you walk in.”

He glared at her, his eyes boring holes in the book.

Sharon glanced up at him. “Don’t worry, hon. This will be fun. You’ll get laid. I’ll get laid. We’ll come home and compare notes.”

Frowning, Jimmy looked back at his phone and picked out a message. Sure. When and where?

Jimmy was a little surprised when he met Adam. He had expected Gil’s boyfriend to be another athletic weightlifter and bodybuilder type. He wasn’t. While Adam was certainly in shape, he was nearly a head shorter than Gil and had a much leaner body; no fat, but very little muscle mass. Even Jimmy seemed to tower over the much smaller man.

They had met at the guys’ apartment because it was convenient. Beers were offered and drunk. A stilted, uncomfortable conversation accompanied the beer. It was mostly Adam asking Jimmy questions with Gil running interference. Inevitably the conversation turned to sex. Jimmy knew that was going to happen and he had hoped to have a clear head when it did. He figured the mild buzz he had wouldn’t cause him too many problems.

“How old were you when you first had sex?” Adam asked. He was very demanding and curious about everything.

“Um…sixteen. Sixteen if we’re talking actual sex,” Jimmy said. “She was the one girlfriend I had in high school.”

Adam rolled his eyes. “No. Real sex. With a man.” His eyes were shining eagerly. He liked to hear stories about someone’s first time.

Gil chortled a bit. “Adam’s kink is only having sex with virgins,” he joked.

Jimmy wasn’t entirely sure that Gil was kidding.

He blanched a bit but decided to answer Adam’s question. He didn’t want to seem like he was uptight. “Eighteen. Summer before college. Met him at my summer job. We got drunk and did it a few times.” It was something he had forced himself to forget. Sharon didn’t know about that part of his history.

“Sounds hot,” Adam said, finishing his beer. He didn’t look the least little bit drunk as he stood up, in contrast to the steady buzz that filled Jimmy’s head. “Let’s fuck.”

“Christ, Adam,” Gil cursed, shaking his head.

The smaller man looked at his boyfriend. “Did you think I wanted to invite him over for drinks and conversation?”

“I’m up for a blowjob,” Jimmy said, getting unsteadily to his feet.

“Great!” said Adam with far too much enthusiasm. He reached for the belt around his jeans and smoothly opened it and dropped his pants. Jimmy wasn’t sure if the other man was even wearing underwear. All he saw was Adam’s huge cock. It wasn’t erect, but it was incredibly large. Certainly the largest that Jimmy had ever seen in person.

“Holy shit!” he exclaimed. “You’re huge.”

Adam proudly grabbed his cock and rubbed his hand along the length. He could have used both hands at the same time. “Why do you think Gil loves me?”

“For your sparkling personality,” Gil said sarcastically.

“He loves to suck my cock,” Adam grinned. “Lots of guys do.”

“I only suck his cock because there’s no way I’m taking that in my ass.” Gil was still seated on the couch, vaguely amused at the situation.

“Well, it’s not going to suck itself,” Adam said, gesturing with his cock at Jimmy.

It was at that point Jimmy realized he had been confused or had mistaken Adam’s request and intention. Adam wasn’t offering Jimmy a blowjob; he wanted a blowjob from Jimmy. Gil was happy to watch.

“Oh,” he said.

It wasn’t like he didn’t know what to do. It wasn’t like he hadn’t sucked cock before. It wasn’t like he hadn’t sucked cock in front of an audience of one before. But it had been a while since he had done it just for the benefit of someone else. When he had done it with Ned years ago, it was because he was young and horny. When he had done it for Gil, it was because he wanted to impress his wife. Now…now he was just supposed to suck another man’s cock because it was expected of him.

Jimmy couldn’t say no. He went to his knees in front of Adam and took the small man’s large cock in his hand. It was still growing. How Adam didn’t pass out from having all his blood rush to his cock instead of his head, Jimmy couldn’t comprehend. It was big, almost too big to get his mouth around and it certainly didn’t fit very deeply into his mouth.

“Don’t choke on it,” Gil advised him.

“Lesser men than you have,” Adam said as his big cock got bigger and bigger, harder and harder.

The only way to properly give Adam head was for Jimmy to wrap his hand around the base of his shaft and just focus on the head. Jimmy sucked and stroked with enthusiasm. Having a man’s cock in his mouth wasn’t bad at all. He half wanted Adam to fuck him in the ass and half wanted Adam to cum in his mouth. He wanted the other man to cum but he couldn’t decide which would be a better conclusion.

“Let’s go to the bed,” said Gil. Jimmy glanced over and saw that his friend had his cock out of his pants and was jerking it. This was something new to Jimmy.

Always before it had only been him and one other guy, now it was a threesome. Even when Sharon had been involved, it wasn't really a threesome. There was no turning back now.

"But he really knows how to suck a cock," Adam all but whined. "Just wait a minute."

"Get your dick out of my friend's mouth and when we're on the bed I'll fuck you while he sucks you, okay?"

That was all the encouragement that Adam needed to change his mind. He placed the heel of his hand on Jimmy's forehead, forcing the other man to relinquish the cock he had been sucking on. "Well, I can work with that," he said smartly. In one fluid movement, he shed his shirt and easily stepped out of his jeans that had bunched around his ankles. Without a backward look, he headed down the hall to the bedroom, sauntering with all of the self-absorbed swagger he could muster. Jimmy watched the other man's slim, firm ass slowly retreat.

Jimmy looked to Gil as he rose to his feet. "Yeah. I know. He's full of himself. He has good reason to be."

"That cock," Jimmy breathed.

"Yeah…" Gil agreed as he tucked his cock back into his pants, stood up, and headed to the bedroom. "Coming?" he asked with a twisted grin on his face. "Or cumming?"

The smart thing to do would have been to grab his things and leave. Instead he followed the other two into the bedroom.

"Took you long enough," Adam complained. He was on his back and his cock still hard. How he managed to stay hard for so long with such a huge cock and no extra stimulation boggled Jimmy's mind. Gil had stripped and he was slipping a metal cock ring around the base of his cock while Adam was busy with a large pump bottle of lube. Slowly Jimmy undressed while Adam greased up his cock and applied a good amount to his bottom. This was something that the two of them had done before, done together.

Adam passed the lube to his partner and Gil slathered it on his cock, which was now hard, having responded to the rush of blood in anticipation of sex in a new

configuration which was the addition of Jimmy to the mix. Jimmy wasn't sure why Adam had lubed up his cock since supposedly Jimmy was just going to continue the blowjob he had been giving, but he didn't question it.

"C'mon, are you going to fuck me or what?" Adam demanded, reaching out for his partner's slippery cock and guiding it to his ass. Jimmy watched in fascination as the two of them moved together. Because Gil was averaged sized it was easy for him to fuck Adam; Jimmy couldn't help but wonder if Adam had ever had the opportunity to fuck any man with his massive cock. Surely he had because he had the attitude of a man who knew how to use a cock, but it must take massive amounts of time and lube for it to work.

Jimmy resolved not to let Adam fuck him. He'd rather give him a hundred blowjobs than have to endure Adam's massive member. Remembering what he was there for, Jimmy went down on his knees next to the bed to take hold of Adam's cock.

"Oh yes," Adam all but purred, putting on the stereotypical air of a gay man, "one in my ass and one on my cock. I just need another to suck on right now."

"Shut up," Gil said as he began steadily pounding into Adam, shaking his body with each impact. It made the blowjob that Jimmy was giving Adam difficult, but not impossible. Adam reached out and ran his hand through Jimmy's hair.

"So nice to have a man with hair, not a baldie," Adam commented, teasing his boyfriend. Jimmy couldn't say anything; his mouth was full of cock, but he thought that it was insulting to Gil who obviously spent a lot of time removing his body hair and Adam also spent a lot of time doing bodyscaping of his fine, blond hair.

"Shut. The. Fuck. Up!" Gil grunted, pausing slightly after each thrust, letting each word sink in. Adam moaned with each thrust of Gil's cock into his ass.

"Yeah, hurt me, baby," Adam cooed. It was a strange relationship between the two and Jimmy wasn't sure if he should get involved with them, but since he already had a mouthful of Adam's cock, there wasn't much to discuss. "Come all over me. Do it! I need it!"

Not knowing exactly what to expect, Jimmy never would have guessed that his first three-way encounter with Gil and Adam would go so quickly. Right after

Adam called for Gil to cum, the big muscular man pulled his cock out of Adam's ass, pumped his cock a few times with his hand, and shot his load.

If Jimmy hadn't been there, Gil's spunk would have landed on Adam's chest, stomach, and cock. As it was, the majority of the thick, white ropes wound up on the side of Jimmy's face and Adam's cock.

In reaction to Gil's sudden orgasm, Adam grabbed Jimmy's face and gave him a quick kiss before licking the side of his face, lapping up the cum that Gil had deposited. "Can't let it go to waste," he said before pushing Jimmy back down to his cock.

Being used in this way wasn't what Jimmy had expected. It wasn't terrible, but it wasn't something he had dreamed up. Adam's cock, however, was something that he had dreamed of many times. The sudden introduction of Gil's cum into the blowjob that Jimmy was given was strange. It was like Adam had cum, but hadn't gone soft.

"I want to ram it down his throat," Adam said, placing his hands on the back of Jimmy's head.

"Don't!" Gil cautioned him.

Jimmy couldn't imagine trying to take all of Adam's length down his throat. He was certain it would cause him to gag and vomit. Instead he concentrated on massaging Adam's balls while sucking and bobbing up and down on his cock. He didn't know what was going to happen next, but he was certain that if he could make Adam cum, he wouldn't have to find out what getting face fucked by Adam would be like.

"Just relax," Gil said as he knelt behind Jimmy. The action confused Jimmy because he knew that Gil had just cum. He felt the man's cock pressing between his buttocks. How could he still be hard? He was slick with both lube and the remains of his cum, which made no sense. And then Jimmy realized that Gil was wearing the metal cock ring and that had prevented him from going soft.

It wasn't what he was expecting. With that thought, Adam came in his mouth. Jimmy was delighted at the amount of cum that filled his mouth and forced himself to quickly swallow the first spurt that was both slick and sour and had faint chemical tones.

“Swallow it!” Adam commanded. “That’s right. Take it all.”

Jimmy found himself eager to please Adam, doing exactly as he asked for even as Gil eased his cock into his waiting ass.

“Are you fucking him?” Adam demanded of Gil.

“Uh-huh,” said the muscular man. Jimmy arched his back a bit, letting him in deeper.

“Did I tell you to?”

“I wanted to,” Gil snapped back as he reached around Jimmy’s body, grabbing his cock that wasn’t fully erect, but was well on its way. “I’m going to fuck him and make him cum. If you want to suck him off, go ahead.”

Adam was both frustrated at his boyfriend’s boldness but also turned on by it. With an annoyed grunt, he rolled off the bed and got his mouth on Jimmy’s cock as Gil continued to fuck him. Jimmy felt used.

He loved the feeling.

Gil held his balls and fucked him while Adam gave him head. Cumming that way was the best sex he ever had.

He couldn’t tell Sharon about it.

Chapter Seven

“So how was your night?” Sharon asked when she got home. Jimmy was certain that he was going to arrive home hours after his wife. Instead he waited up past midnight before she arrived home.

“Um…good.” Jimmy had waited on the couch watching the television without really seeing what was happening on the screen. His thoughts had been swinging wildly back and forth between what he had done with Adam and Gil and speculating what his wife was doing. He could have called or texted her, but they had agreed no communication until they had returned home unless it was an extreme emergency.

She laughed at his avoidant answer which gave him a minute to study her. Sharon looked tired, but it was past midnight. It was her hair and eyes that gave her away. Never one for overly complicated and difficult fashion, Sharon kept her hair a reasonable length, but he could tell it had definitely been mused up during the course of the night. She was wearing sex-hair. While she looked and moved like she was tired, her eyes glittered with satisfaction. She had been well fucked; Jimmy had seen that look on her face before almost always after he had fucked her, and once after Gil had fucked her.

Who was her new bed paramour?

“That’s hardly an answer,” she told him.

“How much do you want to know?” he asked her.

“How much do you want me to tell you?” he countered and then quickly followed up with his own question. “What was the name of the guy you fucked tonight?”

Sharon actually seemed a bit embarrassed that he somehow knew she had fucked someone else. They had left the house with the agreement that they were only going to meet people. The silent understanding was they were going to have sex.

“Lou,” she said warily, a bit ashamed that she had fucked someone else outside of her marriage…at least without Jimmy there and watching and participating. In the moment it had been fantastic, in retrospect, she had some guilt. “Louis. He goes by Lou.”

“Was he good?” Jimmy asked as he stood up from the couch and went to his wife. “Did you suck his cock? Did he go down on you? You obviously fucked him. Did you kiss him?”

“Shut up and kiss me,” she said. When Jimmy kissed her, there was a slightly different taste to her lips, but that quickly disappeared. To his surprise, his cock got hard while kissing her and instead of grabbing her ass or tits, he cupped his hand against her pussy, feeling the heat of her sex through her tight pants.

“You’re hot,” he said.

“Flatterer,” she replied, pushing him away, but he held onto her upper arms, not letting her escape. “What makes you think I’m going to have sex with you tonight?”

“Who says I want to have sex with you?”

“Your cock told me.”

“So tell me about fucking Lou,” he said, circling the conversation back to the person who had inadvertently gotten Jimmy’s cock hard.

“I don’t want to,” she said, pulling away. This time he let her go. “It makes me feel…sleazy.”

“Maybe I like that in my wife.”

“I said sleazy, not slutty,” she said, sadly smiling at the situation she had created for herself.

“Do you want to hear about what I did tonight?”

She now knew more about her husband’s sexual appetites than she ever had before. It fascinated her. On a certain level, she was proud of Jimmy for admitted to her his desires. If she were a braver person, she’d brag to her friends that her husband likes to fuck both men and women. It was an odd bit of pride and one she couldn’t easily translate to make sense.

“Yes,” she told him. “Tell me everything.”

Just to see what her reaction would be, just to see how far he could push her, and just to see if she was getting just as much enjoyment out of their new life as he was, he told her everything, not leaving out any details.

They sat next to each other on the couch while he talked. Sharon remained largely silent during his spiel. At the end, she had a single question.

“Exactly how big was Adam?”

“You mean his cock?”

She blushed a bit. “Yes.”

He held his hands almost a foot apart. “Probably about a thick as a soda can.”

“Bullshit!”

“I’m not lying.”

“Maybe,” she conceded. “But I want to see it with my own eyes.”

“Yeah, he’s gay. Has no interest in women.”

“Hmm…”

“Don’t get ideas,” he warned her with a smile.

“Who? Me?”

“Tell me about fucking Lou,” he said, not willing to let her avoid his goal in their conversation.

Rolling her eyes, Sharon said, “You don’t really want to hear about what I did tonight.”

Jimmy grabbed her hand and pressed it to his crotch, forcing her to feel the bulge of his cock. “Fuck yes I do.”

“This is…wrong .Weird.”

“Kinky,” he corrected her. “That’s the word you’re looking for.”

She shook her head. “Just promise me you won’t judge.”

Jimmy half laughed. “I just told you I fucked two guys tonight. Who am I to judge?”

Carefully focusing her gaze on the wall so she didn’t have to look at her husband, Sharon launched into her tale.

“So we met for drinks at the Riviera,” she said. It was a bar that had converted the space of an old small movie theatre. “I had no intention of doing anything with him tonight other than drinks.”

Jimmy had to clamp his jaws shut to force himself not to comment on what he thought of his wife’s lack of self-control when it came to sex lately.

“He was charming and funny and I knew he was trying to seduce me.”

“Sounds like every guy ever,” Jimmy commented.

“Anyway, we talked for a long while.”

“About what?”

“Him. Me. Our jobs. The weather.”

“Did you tell him you’re married?”

“I didn’t take off my wedding rings,” she replied, waving her left hand at her husband. “But I figured that was okay because he didn’t take his off either.”

Jimmy wanted to say Two cheaters out on the prowl, but he didn’t. He was smarter than that. “Interesting…”

“And then he asked me if I was interested in going home with him.”

“Were you?”

“I figured he was bluffing. I followed him to his place. But I don’t think it was his place. Most likely it was a corporate apartment or something like that. It barely looked lived in.”

“And then…?”

She looked uncomfortable telling her husband the secret she shouldn’t be telling anyone, but she followed their agreement. “And then we took off our clothes and had sex,” she quickly concluded.

“Oh come on!” Jimmy complained.

“What?”

“Details, I need details.”

“Why?” she asked innocently, almost teasingly.

“I gave you details!”

“Because you wanted to. Some things a lady keeps private.”

“You’re no lady,” he pointed out. “Did you kiss him?” he demanded.

It was odd that question made her blush. “Y-yes,” she stammered. That made her realize that the kisses she shared with Lou were somehow more intimate and more of a trespass on her marriage than actually having sex with him.

Jimmy missed her slight stutter. “Did you suck his cock?”

“Yes.”

“Was it big?” he asked, his heart in his throat.

“No bigger than yours.” She didn’t lie to him.

“Did he cum in your mouth?”

“No. But he made a lot of precum. It was really slippery. That made it fun.”

“Did he go down on you?”

Sharon’s face was red, but not with embarrassment. She was reliving what Lou had done to and with her and the memories were getting her excited. Her pussy was already sore and well-used, but her desire wouldn’t go away and she felt

herself getting wetter. “Yes.”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes.”

“Did he make you cum that way?”

Sharon cleared her throat. “Yes.”

“Just once?”

“A…a couple of times,” she admitted. “But he had to put his fingers in me to make me cum.”

“Did you like that?”

“Yes.”

Jimmy had done the exact same thing with Sharon to make her cum while eating her out. He wanted to know more. He wanted to know what made his rival try that strategy. “Did you ask him to do that?”

“Sort of?”

“Sort of?”

Sharon’s breath was coming shallow now. She pressed her thighs together. “I brought his hand to my pussy. He got the idea.”

“So you got to cum first?”

“Yes.”

“Did you scream when you came?”

“No. You know I don’t do that.”

“How loud were you?”

“When he was going down on me? Not very loud. I didn’t cum very hard.”

“What position did you use when you first had sex?”

“Missionary,” she answered clearly. “Very boring.”

“Did you like him on top of you?”

“Very much. I like my partner to be on top and in control.”

“Feet on the bed or legs wrapped around his waist?”

“Both. Eventually he put my feet up on his shoulders so he could go deep into me.”

“Did that make you cum?”

“No.”

“How’d he make you cum?”

“He turned me over and fucked me doggy, but he had to use his fingers on my clit.”

“That made you cum?”

“Uh-huh. Twice.”

“You came four times before he did?”

She smiled proudly. “Yes.”

“Did you use a condom?”

Sharon was glad she wasn’t looking at her husband. Besides the kissing, this was the second most shameful part of her encounter that night. Her resolve to be honest was slowly eroding, but she answered truthfully. “No.”

Jimmy didn’t seem disturbed by her answer. “Did he cum in you?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like that?”

“Yes.” More shame.

“Did that make you cum?”

“Yes. You know it did.”

“And was that it?”

“No. We rested a while.”

“And then what?”

“He rubbed my back and legs and butt for a while as we talked.”

“Did he fuck you again?”

“Yes.” She cleared her throat again and found herself wishing for a sip of water, or something stronger. “He asked if he could fuck my ass.”

Jimmy’s cock was throbbing. “What did you tell him?” He knew his wife wasn’t into ass play, but that was with him. This was with Lou.

“I told him that wasn’t a first date activity.”

“But did you want him to fuck you in the ass?”

Honesty was important. “If he had asked again, I would have said yes.”

As much as he wanted to linger on the subject, Jimmy moved on. “But you just straight fucked again?”

“Yes. I rode on top of him. He played with my tits.”

“Did that make you cum?”

“Yes…like five more times.”

“Did he cum again?”

“Yes.”

“Inside of you?”

“Yes.”

“Is he still in you?”

“Yes.”

“Right now?”

“I’m dripping and it’s not just me,” she admitted.

“Stand up,” he told her.

Sharon did so. She didn’t resist when he reached for her waist, opened her tight pants, and pulled them down along with her panties. They briefly clung to her labia but then pulled free. He reached between her legs and found she was telling the truth. She was soaking wet.

With his help, she stepped out of her shoes and pants. He turned her around and placed her on the couch, legs spread. He had gone down on her hundreds of times before, but this time she was suddenly shy and put a hand in front of her pussy. Jimmy grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand away before pressing his face into her sex.

She smelled like herself, like she always did when she desired sex, but contaminated by something else: another man’s spunk. Jimmy licked and sucked on her clit, then plunged his tongue into her hole. He tasted Lou’s cum. He drank down the combined juices of his wife and her lover.

“You don’t have to,” she moaned, still somewhat embarrassed at her behavior and her admission of her behavior, but at the same time she loved getting head from her husband.

Lifting his head from her pussy, he said, “I want to.” Instead of going back down on her, he instead unzipped his pants, pulled out his throbbing cock, and thrusted it hard into her.

He slipped easily into her slickened hole. Sharon gasped not of the rejoining of their bodies, but mostly because she was already sore and it was almost too

much to take, but she welcomed her husband back into her body and happily accepting his quick, hard thrusts.

Neither lasted long. It was impossible to say who came first, but both were abruptly satisfied.

The shame was gone for both of them.

Chapter Eight

“I’m still not sure this is a good idea,” Jimmy repeated for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“You’ve already said that. We’ve already made our decision. Besides, Gil and Adam are on their way. You don’t want to ruin their night, do you?” Sharon smiled winningly at him while Jimmy anxiously moved around the kitchen. Under normal circumstances if they were inviting friends over for the evening, they would have laid out drinks and snacks, or gone all the way and cooked a nice dinner. While they had some drinks out on the island, liquids and snacks were secondary—at best—to what was in store for the evening.

Jimmy reflected for a moment that they were hardly in the usual circumstances of what could be considered normal for a married couple. Nothing about their lives was normal any longer.

He thought to what was waiting in the bedroom: a huge bottle of lube and a box of condoms. Those were the true party favors for the night.

“Something is going to go wrong,” Jimmy ominously predicted. “This is not normal.

“Something is only going to go wrong if you let it,” she told him. “I want to see my husband fuck two men at the same time. What’s not normal about that?” Sharon smiled at him and gave him a kiss. It was obvious that she was more excited by the evening’s events than he was. He was just nervous and that made his start to think his cock wouldn’t work when he needed it most and that made him start to worry about everything.

It was a vicious cycle.

He wanted to start drinking and be drunk by the time Adam and Gil arrived, that way he wouldn’t have to think about what he was doing. But if he got too drunk, he knew his dick wouldn’t work and that would be even worse.

When the other couple finally arrived—late—Sharon was the ever so polite hostess. Drinks were offered and accepted. Conversation flowed in fits and starts before it was Sharon, the most eager of the group who was going to witness something she had been more than eagerly looking forward to.

“Before we get too drunk, why don’t we go to the bedroom? It’s easier to fuck there.”

Adam looked at Jimmy with amusement. “Your wife is awfully eager. How much gay porn does she watch?”

Jimmy didn’t like Adam’s smug attitude or the way he spoke to his wife, but Sharon could more than handle herself.

“Plenty,” she tossed back at Adam. “I think I recognized you from your work. Don’t you always play the twink who gets his ass pounded and cries like a little baby but loves it anyway?”

“I might be the twink, but I’ve got a bigger cock than you’ve ever seen,” Adam said, full of braggadocio.

Sharon sniffed. “I doubt it.” She walked up to him and sized him up. She was wearing heels, nothing outrageous, but it gave her a two inch lift, putting her a good inch above the top of Adam’s head.

“Oh, you think so?” he said, still full of himself.

“Yes,” Sharon said with absolute confidence.

Gil was amused at the little exchanged. “Just show her and be done with it, Adam.”

The smallest member of the quartet, the smile never leaving his face, opened up his pants and whipped out his cock. It wasn’t hard, but it was large.

Sharon tried to not let the surprise show on her face. It wasn’t the biggest cock she had ever seen because there were plenty of freaks of nature in porn and she had watched more than her fair share, but Adam’s cock was easily the biggest she had ever seen in person. Even it if was soft.

“Does it ever get hard?” she asked poking at the bit of proffered flesh that Adam was displaying. Her finger touched his flesh and made it jiggle slightly, but it didn’t grow.

“Not for you,” Adam replied. “Not for any woman. But I’d love to have Jimmy

sucking on it again. I think he's the only one here who can get me hard." He smirked at Gil, his boyfriend and lover, but then he quickly switched his gaze over at Jimmy. It wasn't that he had an intense desire to fuck Sharon's husband, but he loved the opportunity to do it in front of her and his boyfriend. He was nothing if not a smug, cocky bastard.

If he had meant to upset or disturb Sharon with his attitude or his words, he was sadly mistaken about her. Looking at her husband, Sharon said, "Well get to it. I want to see how big that cock gets."

Glancing at the hard tile floor Gil said, "Maybe the carpet on the bedroom floor would be easier."

Adam tucked himself back into his underwear but left his pants open. "Excellent idea. Which way?"

Sharon walked out of the kitchen, her heels clicking on the tile. She knew she was there just as a spectator, but that was fine. She had fingers and her vibrator waited in the bedroom as well.

The men followed, but not for her. For their own pleasure. Adam was first in the room and walked in next to the bed and turned around expectantly, pulling his cock out again and pushing down his pants. "Well?" he asked expectantly when Jimmy walked in. "It ain't gonna suck itself."

After a quick look at his wife and a nod from her, Jimmy pulled off his shirt and went down on his knees. Adam was always eager for sex and showing off in front of an audience was perfect for him. He finished undressing as Jimmy took hold of his cock. It was a marvelous thing: large, filling his hand, hot, slowly growing, already drooling precum, throbbing, and ready to be worshipped.

Jimmy opened his mouth and took the thick head between his lips, sucking the dripping precum, swallowing it down.

"Beautiful," Sharon breathed as she pulled up her dress and settled against the little bench in front of her makeup table.

Gil didn't mind seeing someone else sucking his boyfriend's cock. He'd seen it before, but it was strange seeing it with a woman in the room. All the group sex that he and Adam had shared was strictly all male. Sharon had agreed to just

watch, but he would have been happy to fuck her while Jimmy and Adam were otherwise occupied. But that would upset Adam. He liked to brag about how he was a gold-star gay.

Sharon was amazed at how large Adam's cock grew. It was impossible for her to say, but her estimate was easily twice the size of her husband's manhood. She licked her lips, hiked her dress over her hips, eased her panties off, and found the little silver vibrator she had left on the makeup table for just this moment.

"Sit down on the bed," Gil said to Adam as he undressed.

"Why?"

"Because I want you to suck me while he sucks you."

Adam bobbed his head. "Fair enough." He repositioned himself as Gil had asked, and reached out for his boyfriend's cock. Like so many things when it came to sex, Adam was good at it. Fucking or sucking or just having a large cock. Gil shuddered a little as Adam sucked better than he was receiving.

The sight of the three men in a tryst together had Sharon soaking the thin cushion on top of the bench. She lifted one leg, balanced her heel on the bench's edge, and slipped the humming vibrator into her pussy. "Keep going," she encouraged the men.

They didn't hear her.

"I want you to fuck him," Gil said to Jimmy.

The other man's words were unexpected. Jimmy practically choked when he removed Adam's cock from his mouth. "What?"

"Or did you want him to put his big cock in your ass?" Gil asked.

"Maybe I want to fuck his cute little ass," Adam commented, backing off Gil's cock.

Gil pulled him back. "Shut up and do what I say," he grunted. Adam happily went along.

They moved entirely on the bed. Adam was on all fours, Gil kneeling in front of him, his cock still in the younger man's mouth. Jimmy was kneeling behind Adam, not quite certain what to do. He had the box of condoms in one hand and the lube in the other.

"Protection first, then grease him up," Gil instructed.

When Jimmy still didn't move, Sharon took matters in hand. She grabbed the box out of his hand, opened a packet, and started rolling in onto her husband's cock. "Make sure to use plenty of lube," she unnecessarily advised him.

Jimmy nodded and added more lube to Adam's ass then covered his own cock.

Sharon gave him a kiss before sitting back down on the bench. "Now put on a good show for me."

It was the second time in just a few weeks that Jimmy would be fucking another man for his wife's amusement—and for his own. He had to admit that to himself as well. It was strange, but they were now officially a strange couple.

"Do you need any help?" Sharon asking, seeing her husband hadn't proceeded. Her vibrator was buzzing happily against her clit.

"No," he insisted. "It's just…I'm not comfortable doing it this way." Gil looked at him. "I just want him in a different position," he explained.

"Fuckin' hell," Adam complained. "Just fuckin' stick it in me or move me around. I'm getting fuckin' bored with this."

"Shut up," Gil said. Together he and Jimmy repositioned Adam on the bed, this time on his back with his body slightly twisted so he could continue to suck Gil's cock while giving Jimmy the opportunity to fuck him.

Doing it a second time, even with a different man, was easier. Jimmy quickly figured out that Adam must have done this many times before, probably both with and without Gil, because the smaller man reached down to guide Jimmy's cock into his ass.

"God yes," Sharon exclaimed, though Jimmy was unsure if she was talking about him fucking Adam or if she had a little orgasm of her own.

“Good, huh?” Gil said to him as Jimmy started earnestly fucking Adam whose mouth was now full of Gil’s cock.

“Yeah,” he grunted.

Sharon made several noises from her perch on the bench. Jimmy knew she had just cum, but Gil looked over questioning what had happened.

“He’s got a beautiful cock,” Sharon said boldly as she stood up and pulled her dress up over her body. Jimmy paused and looked at his wife. She left on her bra and stockings, but her panties were gone. The humming of her vibrator was faintly audible but Jimmy didn’t see it. After a second he realized she must have slipped the little device well up into her pussy. “I’m sorry, but I can’t resist.” They were near enough the edge of the bed that Sharon could kneel on the floor and bend forward to get Adam’s cock in her mouth.

It was the most intimate act that had ever been performed on him by a woman. At first Adam didn’t fully realize what was going on. He was too preoccupied with Jimmy’s cock in his ass and Gil’s in his mouth.

Sharon had trouble wrapping her mouth around Adam’s large manhood, but she managed. He was still drooling precum and the flavor danced on her tongue. He was good and hard now. She judged from the throbbing that he was close to cumming, which only made sense. What man could resist two cocks and her talented attention?

Adam pulled Gil’s cock out of his mouth. “What the fuck? She’s blowing me?”

“Lay back and enjoy it,” Gil chuckled. “It looks like she knows what she’s doing.”

Glaring at his boyfriend, Adam decided that an objection at this point was wasted breath. He was nearly at the peak anyway. As he sucked on Gil, an evil smile formed on his lips. He was determined to cum and enjoy every bit of it. He started pumping his hips in time with Jimmy’s thrusts, all but shoving his cock down Sharon’s throat.

She managed to pull herself off his cock before he erupted. It was an eruption. She had never seen so much cum go flying out of a man’s cock. It was spurt after spurt, arcing up into the air and splashing down on Adam’s taut belly.

“Beautiful,” she breathed as she squeezed her thighs together, enjoying the thrum of the vibrator in her pussy.

Jimmy pulled his cock out of Adam’s ass, stripped off the condom, pumped himself a few times, and then shot his load onto Adam as well, combining their semen.

“Okay, I can’t not,” Sharon said, leaning forward and licking the thick, white droplets from Adam’s hairless skin. As she did that, Gil pulled his cock out of Adam’s mouth and finished on him as well with some of his load landing on Sharon’s face.

She dipped her fingers into the puddles on Adam and offered them to her husband. Jimmy sucked away the strange mélange of flavors and then kissed his wife on the cheek, tasting only Gil’s cum.

“I wouldn’t have this any other way.”

End

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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