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


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A Polyamorous FMMM Erotic Romance

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Smashwords Edition

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Sharing Her with Him

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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

Part Two

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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