

Expanding Our Marriage to Three



A Hotwife Romance



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By

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Life without sex might be safer but it would be unbearably dull. It is the sex instinct which makes women seem beautiful, which they are once in a blue moon, and men seem wise and brave, which they never are at all. Throttle it, denaturalize it, take it away, and human existence would be reduced to the prosaic, laborious, boresome, imbecile level of life in an anthill.

-Henry Louis Mencken

CHAPTER 1

I poured the fateful glass of rum that would change my life. I passed it to our friend Zack and began sliding on a slippery slope with no thought to the catastrophic cliff ahead. I just never saw it coming and when I realized it, I had happily participated.

Zachary Davis was a handsome guy, bearded with wavy hair. We had met him at the Faith Freedom Christian Fellowship a year and a half before. My wife Shelly was the real Christian between us, I went along with her but considered myself agnostic: I knew there was a Creator, but I didn't really want to get all into it.

I refilled Shelly's glass and slid it over.

We were playing Go Fish - a silly card game to pass the time while we relaxed. Living around the block, Zack walked home Sunday evenings to an empty house; his wife had divorced him three years before after claiming he would never make anything of himself. But the man had opened his dream store after she had left and now he sold mountain bikes. He lived well.

We were very tipsy. I was pleased Shelly's church wasn't the kind that endlessly shook its finger at the congregation telling them all the things they couldn't do. It was a charismatic church and stressed faith over works, dismissing all works as dirty rags in the eyes of God.

I grasped the notion and thanked my lucky stars she didn't go to a Baptist church or something. That would've been too much for me: no drinking, no dancing, no sex, no laughing – only stern, judgmental disapproval of everything.

My wife is beautiful to me, even if her features are plain. A little spray of freckles across her nose and upper cheeks that she hated having endeared me to her beyond her belief. Married eight years, we were as happy as we could be.

Or so I thought.

Zack sipped at his drink and chuckled. He was a laughy jokester kind of guy.

Shelly said, "What's so funny?" She was trying to focus on her cards.

"This rum is getting me excited."

Huh? I tried to determine some level of change in his expression from happy-sloshed to something else.

My wife moved a card and slid it into place in her hand. She looked at me. "Got any twos, Clay?" She looked over at Zack. "And excited over what?" Her words were slurred.

I tossed down a pair of twos.

He looked down into his lap and held out his hands. "Excited, you know."

I snorted and wiped my nose, chuckling. "From rum?" I was the commanding leader type. Usually.

He sounded totally bewildered. "Yeah, weird. Normally our whiskey doesn't do this."

We had decided to try some Captain Morgan's.

Shelly giggled. "Are you serious?"

Zack looked like a deer caught in headlights. "It's not my fault." He squirmed in his chair.

I couldn't help but begin laughing harder – it didn't seem to want to stop.

My wife leaned over and tried to look in his lap. "Lemme see."

I cackled and leaned back, trying to catch my breath.

Zack was laughing, too. He half rose to stand and showed her. He pointed at his pants as if a police officer pointing out a clue to another policeman. "See?"

Shelly covered her mouth and nose, laughing. "I don't see...anything."

Oh gawd... I wheezed with laughter.

His mouth dropped open in feigned outrage and he stood straight. He gripped his bulge and outlined it. "That's nothing?"

I started coughing.

Shelly thrust her nose in the air, trying to keep a straight face and failing horribly. "That's just a wrinkle in your pants."

He let out an outraged cry and stood open-mouthed and looking all butt-hurt. "Don't make me pull it out and show you."

"You wouldn't dare."

I hooted before breaking back into laughter.

Zack undid his belt. "I'll show you..." He unbuttoned and gripped his zipper, but stopped.

Shelly was leaning away from him, eyes wide and mouth pursed to contain her laughter.

I saw he was faking her out. "Do it, show her! She'll run screaming."

That blew through Zack like a wind, bringing up a bubble of hilarity from deep in his chest.

Shelly gawked at me and coughed. "What? I'm not afraid."

Zack started to say, "Oh," but it turned into laughter. He ended up sounding like Santa Claus. He thrust his hips at my wife. "You scared?"

She began giggling. "No."

I was grinning, knowing my wife was on the spot. "Whip it out, Zack. Watch her head spin around like Linda Blair."

She hung her mouth open at me and blinked blearily. "No way, not me."

Zack undid the rest of his pants and slid them down enough to expose his cock.

My eyes went wide and my heart thumped a few times in my chest. Stunned, but

still amused, I waved my hands in the air towards her in warning. I said to her, "Don't look! Don't look! You'll explode."

She turned and squawked; his length was pointing at her face. She leaned back, her eyes crossing to look at it. "Oh my god, put that away."

He waved his hips, wagging his cock at her. "Woo!" He was trashed.

She started laughing, turning very red in the face. She waved her hand at his wagging cock as if at a fly. "Get it away."

I felt a jolt as her fingers slapped his shaft. A tingle ran up my legs and sent shivers into my arms. I half-laughed. Between the rum, the fun, and the stun of seeing his nakedness, I felt only a little awkward. I said, "I think she's about to blow."

She looked at me, head a little unsteady. "Blow?"

"Blow up."

She slapped a hand to her mouth and her eyes went wide again. "Oh, oops..."

Zack was waving it at her. "Oh, were you offering? Woo."

She turned back to him, swaying in her chair. "What? No." Her eyes and head tried to follow his wagging cock.

I was laughing, feeling good. "Give her a show. Shake that stuff."

He grabbed the top of her head and mimicked thrusting, but he was standing back far enough to be safe. He said, "Oh yeah, honey."

My wife was in a fit of hysterical giggles. Her blush was bright and she looked over at me. "I can't believe this." She stuck out her tongue, playing along, then grinned at me with embarrassment.

I said, "Hey Mikey, I think she likes it."

She laughed again. "Oh, uh huh." She stuck her tongue out, pulling her mouth open with her fingers while looking at me with bright eyes. She wasn't looking

at him.

Zack still had a grip on her head and pulled. He thrust his hips forward and his cock went into her mouth.

Several things happened simultaneously.

An unseen force swept up my body causing all kinds of strange tingles and sensations. I felt fear and fascination. Did I really just see what I saw?

My wife was so shocked she tried to close her mouth, biting down on his shaft, then her lips closed on it.

Zack cried out, pulling back fast – a look of pain plastered on his face. He started hopping around, holding his hard dick.

Shelly's eyes were huge and she was covering her mouth. She put a hand out. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry."

I lost it again as a wash of chills fell down my back. I leaned over and put my head down on the table. The clutching spasms of laughter had me gasping for breath. A sense of relief that whatever had just happened was over fought with the feeling of sexy amusement. "You bit his dick off."

Zack bellowed quietly in mock outrage. "Change my name to Zena; I think I'm a girl now."

I leaned back, trying to clutch the spasms in my stomach. My words were broken up with convulsions. "Spit the rest of it out, dear. Maybe he can sew it back on."

She fought bursts of giggles. "Are you all right? I'm so sorry. I didn't think you were going to do that..."

Zack said, "Man, that hurt." He looked at me. "She's vicious."

My wife was incensed. "I am not."

He pointed at it. "There's marks."

She coughed, still blushing. "I'm sorry." She started to reach as if to pet it, but

snatched her hand back.

He looked at her with suspicious eyes and hid his erection. "You aren't abusing it again—"

"I wasn't going to hurt it. I was... I mean..."

Zack grinned. "Oh, were you wanting to kiss it to make it better?"

I laughed again, wiping my eyes. "She's too scared of it." The relieved feeling won out, but left me shaking.

Her tone was filled with effrontery. "I am not, I just didn't expect to have his dick in my mouth."

A warmth thrilled through me. "Then kiss it and make it better." I was amazed at myself and my words. How had we gone in a matter of seconds from playing cards to his dick in her mouth?

She thrust her chin at me unsteadily. "You want me to kiss it, Clay?"

"Well, you hurt him." I didn't think a kiss was going to be worse than seeing her mouth stuffed with his cock.

Zack feigned anger. "Yeah."

She let out a single giggle, covering her mouth. "You must be kidding."

I flicked a few fingers at her. "You already blew him and bit him, I think you owe him a kiss to make it better." Will she do it?

Her hand was over her mouth and she was shaking her head dramatically. She shook with silent laughter.

Zack said, "I'm gonna cry."

She rolled her eyes and turned to him. "Oh fine. Come here and I'll kiss it."

His eyes lit up and he moved closer.

Her words vibrated through me, familiar and filled with sex, but directed to

someone else in front of me. I was unsure how to handle this; it was out of my normal realm of control.

She was giggling drunkenly. "I can't believe I'm doing this." She gently took his shaft and moved her head to the side. She lightly kissed it.

Zack acted put out. "Aw, what was that? I barely felt it. And there's gnaw marks all over it."

I felt no bolt from heaven striking me down when I saw her kiss it. I guess that wasn't so bad. Sort of easy, really. I said mock seriously, "Better do it right, dear. Kiss it where it's hurt."

She looked at me incredulously, still fighting giggles, with his cock still in her hand. "Are you serious?"

Seeing her hold him seemed so easy and normal and at the same time so thrilling and new. I found nothing necessarily threatening over which to object. My wife was resisting and we were having an amusing time. I said, "You can do a better job of making him feel better. You did bite him, after all." I felt authoritative saying it, but felt as if I had no control at all.

She coughed, shaking her head and turned to him, shifting sideways in her chair. "It was an accident."

He said, "You want me to point out where it's hurt?"

She laughed. "Sorry." She put her mouth to the side and began kissing slowly.

I couldn't see with her head blocking, but Zack was smiling. He said, "Ooh, that's better."

She let out a little laugh and then moved her head to the other side.

I saw her eyes crossed, trying to look at it. She was kissing the side of his shaft and holding him gently with her left hand.

Seeing her wedding ring up and on his cock, I felt a wave of nausea wash through my stomach. At the same time, I felt myself beginning to stiffen. All at once, it seemed so forbidden and yet so fun. I knew my wife could be sexy and I

felt so proud, despite whatever weird set of circumstances had brought us to this. Zack was getting to see what I saw in her and it made me feel good, even if the butterflies were rampaging through my stomach.

Her eyes began to glaze over and she whispered, "See? I'm not afraid." She pulled straight and began kissing the helmet. Her tongue flicked out and licked.

Zack shivered and his shaft swelled.

Then she took the head of his cock into her mouth.

I watched my wife's lips slide along his shaft as she took more into her mouth. I was breathless and boiling inside with a mixture of jealousy and captivation. I was quaking in my chair, feeling both nervous and joyous. While expecting myself to blow up, I found rather that we were doing something secret – the three of us. I was sharing with him something only I ever saw since we were married. Is she doing it right? Does he like it? Does she? Are we drunk and dumb? Or fearless and free?

My wife gripped his hips and began moving her head back and forth, giving him head the right way. It looked so hot that I began to pant. She pulled off after a few seconds and used her right hand to stroke him. She looked up into his eyes and then over to me. "Wow, this is making me horny."

Zack sighed. "That felt so nice."

She murmured a giggle and began licking his cock with long strokes. "You like that?"

"Yeah."

She sure does look good doing that – my sexy wife. I smiled proudly at her as she looked at me, but I felt as if I were going to pass out – all light headed and dizzy.

Her lips and tongue caressed his shaft and then she took him back inside her mouth again.

He groaned happily and I could see him shaking on his feet. He gently gripped her head again, smiling down at her. "Beautiful."

She pulled off and laughed. "Nuh uh."

"Yeah, huh." He sighed as she took him back in. Her sucking sounds got louder. He looked over at me, searching my face. "She's fantastic, Clay."

I nodded, raising my glass to hide my precarious predicament. Neither could see the amazing bulge that had grown in my pants. Nor could they see the cyclone of emotions tearing me one way and then the other inside.

She pulled off, jacking his shaft rapidly. "Mmm, this is making me hot." She squirmed in her chair.

Zack said, "I could return the favor."

"What?"

"You know, lick you?" He sounded hopeful.

She looked stunned. "What? Are you kidding?"

Maybe that would be better than her blowing him. I said, "Well, you did say you were turned on?" I winked at her nervously and my mouth felt wooden.

She looked up at Zack, her hand still stroking him. "You just want to get in my pants."

Nothing like this had ever been spoken between any of us. No fantasies, what ifs, repeated dreams – nothing.

Zack shrugged, looking looped. "Well... Heh... Yeah... Uh..."

"You'd really want to lick me?"

"Yeah, sure. Why not? I'd positively love to."

She looked at me. "Well, I'm married."

Zack said, "I know that..."

"But my husband and I have...sex..." She blushed. Her hand moved back and forth on his hard shaft without pausing.

"So?"

She giggled and looked up at him. "That doesn't bother you?"

He shook his head.

She looked over at me, hope in her face. "Can he?"

Half of me wanted to say, "No, never, nada." The other half was confusingly comfortable with the idea since it involved her not blowing him in front of me. "Well..."

Zack was looking at me while my wife stroked him. "I'm good at it; I'll do a good job."

She laughed.

I took a shaky breath, trying to sound as if I were confident. "As long as there's no sex." There, it's out and understood now. Whatever goofiness had developed would have limits.

Zack looked shocked. "Oh, no, I wasn't thinking of actually..."

I furrowed my brows. "A favor for a favor. She licked you, you return the favor."

He was holding up his hands. "You bet."

And that was when he pulled her up and moved to the couch. With his movement came within me the uncertainty. I might have been sort of okay with her unexpected blowjob, but did I want her pussy exposed?

CHAPTER 2

Zack began undoing her shorts.

She slapped his hands away. "I can do it."

I felt let down; I wanted to see him undress her for some reason. If he was the one to do it, it would be taking control from her and absolving my expectations that she not engage in any extra-marital activity. But now the issue was one of her willingly undressing in front of him.

Instead, I watched her slide off her shorts and hesitate at her panties. We were all still safe. It was a joke, it was over.

Zack swayed a little, still hard – his shorts kicked off. "You don't want me slobbering on your panties, do you?"

She blushed again, pursing her lips shut in embarrassment. My beautiful wife.

I wondered if Zack would find her pussy pleasing or repulsive. I felt protective of my wife as she slid down her panties along with my hopes. Her familiar nakedness bent over and then straightened. Her hips and little butt were facing me.

Zack was looking down at her pussy and he wore a smile.

I felt relieved and intrigued. Would she like it? Would he? Or would it all blow up if one of them said something wrong? I was tense, waiting, feeling at a total loss for what to say or do. Never had I imagined anything like this happening.

He gripped her shoulders and moved her around to the couch. She stumbled, looking very unsteady, and giggled.

I felt some comfort as she laid back on the couch. I knew her: her form; her curves; the scent of her skin; her movements while naked. I was okay. She was okay. So why did I feel like this was not just a beginning, but a dangerous end?

He climbed between her legs and put his face down. I couldn't see anything.

I heard her gasp that very familiar breathy sound whenever I licked her. And with a suddenness that left me stumped, the fear melted away. Her familiar sounds eased my worries and I listened intently to the noises she was making. Yes, I know those. It's all right. Nothing new, just pleasure.

Her hands came to his head and gripped it.

He said, "You like that?"

She laughed, bending her head back. "Yes..."

"You taste good."

She looked down her body at him. "I do?"

I moved over to the recliner near her head and sat.

He was nodding, then licking.

I said, "Is he doing a good job?" I wanted to be involved and to show I was still in control.

Shelly nodded, trying to focus on my face. "I'm sort of surprised you wanted this."

Well, I didn't, really... I grinned at her sheepishly. "Yes, surprising."

Her eyes lost focus and she moaned happily. Then she gasped and went rigid, trembling.

I saw his hand up, fingers where they weren't supposed to be. "Uh, Zack."

He lifted his head, licking his lips. "Hmm?"

"No penetration." I pointed. I felt tense with indignation.

"Oh, sorry." He removed his hand. "I'm so used to doing it as part of licking..."

"Well, let's keep things clean..."

"Oh yeah, sure. Sorry about that."

I calmed the rapid beating of my heart by taking deep, quiet breaths. I watched him lick her for another few minutes, my wife squirming on the couch we had bought at The Furniture Outlet. She was alternating between gripping his head and running her hands over her blouse.

He looked up at me, smiling. "Hey, um, can I lick her breasts?"

What're boobs compared to pussy? Not so bad, I guess. I shrugged. "Sure, if she wants."

My wife mumbled something in a daze.

Zack unbuttoned her blouse and helped her out of it. His cock was still hard and pointing.

I saw nothing wrong with them working her out of her blouse. He appeared respectful and gentle, and she seemed normal. I found I had nothing to complain about. Will he like her breasts? They were on the small side, like the rest of her.

He smiled as she unhooked her bra and tossed it over the back of the couch. His grin was wide and hungry. "Beautiful."

Shelly laughed. "They're so small."

"They are not. Nice handfuls you got there."

She giggled as he pushed her back down.

He moved up her body, kissing until he put his mouth over her right breast and began licking and nibbling.

My wife's body writhed under his attention, and my cock still throbbed painfully in my pants.

I shifted, allowing my erection a little freedom. I guess this isn't so bad. She's having fun and he's being nice...

Shelly moaned happily and looked over at me. "This is such a tease."

Zack didn't catch it. "What?"

"You're such a tease." She squirmed underneath him, even though he wasn't doing anything to her at the moment.

He feigned shock. "You want tease? I'll show you tease." He went back to nibbling her nipples and flicking his tongue over them.

She gasped, arching her back, her nipples hardened and engorged.

I smiled, realizing he was good at giving her a good tease. Not everyone likes the same thing or technique. What he was doing was something that fit her tastes – very similar to the things I did with her. I wanted at that moment to move over to her and help him lick her breasts.

So I did. "Hey, take the other. I want this one." It also demonstrated my ownership of her.

Shelly looked at us with amusement, her hands limp near her shoulders.

Zack gave me his winning smile. "Oh, yeah, sure thing."

We attacked her breasts, licking and sucking. Her familiar trembles and sounds mixed with the taste of her skin made everything feel perfect.

The jealousy faded and became a memory - the fear and tension replaced by fun and titillation.

My wife moaned happily to our attention and began squirming harder. "Teases, both of you."

Zack laughed. "I'll tease you." He lifted and scooted up, gripping his erection.

She looked down her body in uncertainty.

I cleared my throat. "Um, no." That iron feeling of danger returned.

He looked perplexed. "I wasn't—"

I said firmly, "No sex."

He was shaking his head. "I wasn't going to; I was just going to tease her, really."

I felt bad for a second – the look on his face was mortified. "Oh, well, sure then." I chuckled, relieved.

He nodded, winked and moved forward.

I sat back a little wondering what he was going to do.

He brought his cock to her pubic bone and began rubbing it around, teasing her clit, and causing her to gasp and shiver.

She whispered, "Oh, you're naughty."

He laughed, momentarily overcome. He knelt there, cock in hand and chuckled. "Surrender if it's too much." He went back to rubbing his helmet over her clit.

My wife's mouth was open, her face and chest flushed, her breaths coming in small gasps.

I grinned. "Uh oh, I think it's too much for her."

She barked a single, shaky laugh. "I can take it..."

He pulled back and leaned down, giving her pussy several good licks. Then he brought his cock back to it and rubbed.

Shelly closed her eyes and arched her back.

I said, "Is that good?"

Her head flopped to the side towards me. She opened her eyes and nodded, but her eyes were closing again already.

Yep, you're having a lot of fun. I grabbed her hand and squeezed. She squeezed back three times – our "I love you" squeeze.

Zack was careful and moved slow, making sure everything stayed clean. He began sawing his shaft back and forth on her clit.

My wife's eyes rolled up in her head and she groaned deep. She lifted her legs,

rotating her hips up to him and clamped her ankles on his waist. Her pussy tilted up and came into full contact with his shaft.

He moved as if fucking her, back and forth, but his cock stayed safely outside. The underside of it rubbed through her pussy lips with wet sounds that made my cock harder. I could see his helmet moving in and out of view, rubbing over her clit like a living vibrator.

Shelly was quivering, her gasps coming faster.

Damn, I think she's going to have an orgasm! I squeezed my bulge, trying to relieve the aching pressure in my pants.

Zack leaned down and kissed her, his mouth finding hers and their tongues melding.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and hung on. Her hips moved sinuously, her pussy teasing his cock as much as his shaft teased her. She rotated her hips farther up, moving her ankles higher.

A cold feeling splashed down my back and a numbness came over me. While Zack had promised to tease, it looked like my wife was moving in such a way that begged penetration. His cock pushed through her lips with each pass, parting them and sliding up and over her clit. His moves were becoming shaky.

One pass had his helmet almost disappearing from sight, but I knew the angle was wrong. My wife whimpered, her body quivering underneath him.

She wants him inside, I know it. This has to stop. "Maybe..."

Zack gasped and pushed hard. His shaft was pointing up and out of her with his balls pressed firmly against her pussy.

She whimpered louder and thrust her hips up at him furiously.

He gasped louder and then groaned. Cum shot out of his cock, spraying out with gushes that landed on my wife's flat belly and breasts.

My wife looked down with surprise and then satisfaction, laughing lightly. "I guess I'm the better tease."

It was over and I blew out a sigh. "I'll grab a towel."

Zack was rubbing his face and laughing. "I guess you are."

The image of his cum on her never left my thoughts.

CHAPTER 3

The days that followed were filled with duress. Had my wife really done what I thought she did? Did she deliberately skate along the edge of sex despite knowing I wouldn't approve?

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday – all filled with thoughts of anger. She had tried to betray me, right in front of me. Had she wanted to? Had she been wanting to? Had she already? Was I to be a cuckold? Was I supposed to listen at the door while they laughed about me?

I became more infuriated and filled with cold calculation as the hours went by.

Wednesday night was not a pretty sight.

I shook off her suggestions for dinner. "We need to talk."

She made a face. "I thought something was bugging you."

"It's about Sunday."

She sighed, shaking her head. "I can't believe I actually did all that."

"Were you wanting him to fuck you?"

She sat up straighter. "No—"

There was barely contained heat in my voice. "Sure looked like it at the end."

She coughed. "You're the one that said go ahead. Urged me to do it. Crap, I was drunk."

"Have you been calling him?" The jealousy tore at me with fangs of fear.

She folded her arms and sighed out her nose. "No."

I put my forehead down onto my hand. "But you sure liked it. You were moaning

and carrying on—"

Her face took on a look of fury. "And you wouldn't if you were teased like that? I couldn't help it."

I sighed, knowing she was right, but still angry. "It looked like you wanted him to."

She shook her head, looking around. "Excuse me for actually having some fun —"

I reached out and took her wrist. "All right, look, I'm sorry."

She quieted, but glared at me.

"When I saw you trying to get your pussy lined up with his dick, it just ate at me."

She let out a sigh. "I was drunk. I don't think I remember half of what I did. Maybe we shouldn't have him over anymore."

I deflated. "No, no, that's not necessary. He's a good friend. We can't take this out on him just because I'm feeling jealous."

She came over to me and knelt by me, taking my head in her arms. "I love you, Clay Ambrose. I want to be your wife forever, okay?" She leaned back a little and looked up into my eyes. I could see she meant it.

I snorted and shook my head. Three days of working myself into aggravation...

She shook me. "What?"

I firmed my lips. "I've been ate up with thoughts of you under him."

Her voice was wary. "I've been worried who he might tell."

I chuckled. "Zack? I don't think you have to worry."

"We all go to the same church together..."

"He won't tell anyone."

She squinted at me. "How do you know?"

I took a deep breath. "Because I know him."

~ ~ ~

Friday night, I came to bed early - exhausted from a week working in the heavy equipment yard. I was asleep, dreaming of easily forgotten things when my dreams turned nasty.

My wife was pulling Zack down on top of her and he wasn't resisting. Then they were fucking. It was a fast dream and I found myself waking from it with an erection that was throbbing.

I realized Shelly was in bed with me in the blackness. I could hear her breathing erratically. Then I felt the movement. Small moves followed by gasps. She was diddling herself and trying to be quiet about it.

Did you just dream something, wife? Something like I did? Or are you playing because I was too tired to do anything tonight? Need some relief? Thinking of him? Or me? Or someone else?

The bed quivered slightly and she stifled her breathing. Then she let her breath out through her nose quietly in a series of rushes.

I reached down very slowly and grabbed my aching cock. I squeezed it and moved my hand slowly and in tiny strokes.

My wife breathed heavily next to me, relaxing.

What had she been thinking of as she came? The idea that it was Zack made me want to cum. Are you having nasty thoughts, dear?

~ ~ ~

Sunday service was just plain weird.

Zack sat with us as he almost always did. He sat on the other side of Shelly and I felt as if every head in the congregation was looking at us – knowing that I had let my wife's pussy be tongued by another man.

But no one looked.

I fretted I'd look over and see them cuddling and holding hands. My limbs jittered with jealousy and nervousness. But they sat normally, not touching or talking other than normal.

We sang the hymns and I could not sense her leaning away from me and more towards him.

By the end of the sermon, I was exhausted, but relieved. Again, I had worried over nothing. I said to Zack, "I need a drink." We always drank on Sunday.

He smiled. "Want me to bring something this time?"

"Nah. I got some Scotch."

He raised an eyebrow. "Single malt?"

I laughed. We were in the parking lot. "Nah, but a good blend."

He nodded. "I'm up for it."

Shelly gave us both a dry look. "I think I'm going to limit my drinking today."

Zack looked hurt. "Aw, why do that?"

I waved. "Catch you at our place."

He thrust his chin up in a nod.

~ ~ ~

Shelly giggled. "Fine, one more."

I was relaxed and having fun. Sometimes Monopoly was dull, but this game had us going. I poured her another drink. "Drink, baby."

She slapped at my arm.

Zack said, "Yeah, drink up. This stuff isn't making me excited."

My wife almost spit her sip out with a laugh. "What, no erection to display?" It was the first mention of anything from the previous Sunday.

"Nah, not from the drink. But if you sit on my lap and give me a kiss, I know something will come up."

She laughed, blushing. "What, just from a kiss?"

He shrugged, grinning lopsided. "Well, a beautiful woman to bounce on my knee and kiss?"

I chuckled. "She does that to me, too."

She made a scoffing sound. "You two... Like all you think about is teasing me."

Zack said, "Hey, you teased just as much last weekend."

"You didn't like it."

He looked perturbed. "Are you kidding? I came all over you."

I began to harden at the memory.

She said slyly, "Want me to bite your dick off again?"

He clutched his pants dramatically. "Like, uh, no. But you can kiss it again if you want."

Nothing in me decided to be dumb. I felt at ease and carefree. My erection was coming along nicely.

Shelly shook her head. "I don't think Clay wants—"

Feeling better about things, I took a courageous step. I said, "You can, if you want."

"But—"

I leaned forward and motioned to him with my glass. "If you want. I'm not pressuring you."

Zack clapped his hands. "I'll take a kiss, first."

She laughed and rolled her eyes, but then paused, considering him and then me. "Well, okay then."

My heart began beating faster. Did she just assent to a kiss or to kiss his dick again? Why do I want to see both? Why do I feel so proud of her that I want to see something that almost made me mad with anger and jealousy?

She got up and moved over to him, sitting down in his lap. "Pucker up, Roy."

Zack looked miffed. "Who's Roy?"

"It's a joke. Nevermind." She bent in and put her lips to his.

Their kiss developed slow and exploratory. My cock hardened as I watched their tongues and lips move on each other. I knew those kisses very well and I saw the kiss for being a kiss: nice; sensual; with nothing more than I knew when she kissed me. No extra urgency hinted that I should be trying to catch the plane before it took off with my fears and jealousy.

Nope, I was at ease and very comfortable seeing them kiss. I smiled and sipped my Scotch.

CHAPTER 4

"Go for it," I said.

Shelly looked inebriated, but she tried to steady herself and give me a serious look. "Are you sure?"

I felt no threat. I felt no hesitation. "Do it."

Zack undid his pants with a smile. "Wow, awesome. I wondered if maybe last Sunday went a little too far..."

I sat in the recliner as he sat on the couch. I said, "Me too. Got a little upset the first part of the week thinking about it all—"

He looked concerned. "Upset? Is everything okay?"

I nodded dismissively, shutting my eyes. "Yeah, fine. No problems. She and I talked it out."

He frowned. "Are you sure?"

It was that moment I realized I really liked Zack. Considerate and caring about our feelings, he thought nothing of himself before thinking of us. All doubts about what I had told her were firmly banished. I smiled at my wife. "Do it."

She was smiling that embarrassed smile but her eyes were bright. "If you say so." She shook her head and leaned down over his cock.

For the second time in eight days, I watched my wife's lips slide down Zack's shaft. Her mouth opened and took him in as her head went down. Seeing it again was so easy I almost laughed. What was I all worried about? This is fun.

Her head bobbed up and down and then she moved her head down as far as she could.

Zack let out a long groan and laid his head back.

My cock flexed wildly in my pants.

She pulled her mouth off and took several breaths, stroking him with her left hand.

I watched her wedding ring sliding up and down his shaft and I felt connected to him through that piece of precious metal. That was my wife's hand, as proven by the ring, and doing something only after she had insured my complete approval. I felt such a surge of love for her that a lump formed in my throat.

She leaned down, planting kisses along the back of his shaft. She locked eyes with mine as her tongue worked up and over the helmet of his cock. She moved her head up more and gave me a bright smile filled with joy and pleasure. Her hand kept stroking him and I was mesmerized by her glinting wedding ring gliding up and down his erection.

I knew then all was well. I squeezed at my bulge to relieve some pressure, but it just made my ache worse.

She began sucking him again, her mouth working and moving.

Zack dropped a hand into her hair, drawing his fingers languidly over her scalp – scratching and petting.

Yes, it was right. I breathed a lot easier. In the privacy of my own home, if I wanted to share with him the joys of my wife, then why not? Maybe I would get raised eyebrows at church, but still, I don't think anyone there would be overly concerned with wagging fingers.

She pulled off, breathing and stroking. She smiled at me again and then turned to kiss Zack. It was perfect and I loved it. Seeing my wife jacking Zack while they kissed was so comforting that I was stunned by the simplicity. How did I ever get all worked up over this?

His hand worked over her blouse and he broke the kiss. "Why don't you take this off?"

She gave him a sly smile. "Oh? More teasing?"

He chuckled. "Yeah, if you don't mind being licked again."

I gave Zack a thumbs up and nodded reassuringly. "Go for it."

Just like that, they were shrugging out of clothing – grinning like school kids.

I felt happy for him that he found my wife pleasing. I felt happy for her that she was having fun. I couldn't object and that made me just slightly nervous. What had been so different last week? What had caused me so much fear and jealousy? Was it that I had never expected her to have fun with anyone but me? Or was it that I was shocked seeing her doing with another man what I took for granted? Was I suffering selfishness? Lack of self-confidence?

What was different now? I had seen it? The shock was gone? Why so easy with it now?

He pulled her naked body to him and she straddled his lap. He pulled his cock up and she pressed forward against it. Then they kissed again. My wife moved her hips, grinding her pussy forward against his shaft.

I watched her back and hips moving gracefully. Is that what she looks like on me? So beautiful?

They broke the kiss and both groaned. It sounded so sexual that it speared right through my heart and into my soul. My cock oozed in my pants.

Zack pulled her off and laid her down on the couch. He moved down and began licking her. His hand came up after a moment and I held my tongue. My wife shuddered and gasped as his fingers entered her.

I didn't see it as a big violation and if anything, seeing it made me feel even closer to them both.

He stopped licking after a few minutes and moved up, stopping to kiss and lick her breasts.

My wife moved as she had the week before, obviously turned on and teased tight with sexual tension.

He sat up and grabbed his cock. "Want some more teasing?"

She laughed. "Yes, please."

He slapped his erection down onto her clit. "You like that?"

She was gasping. "More, please."

His grin was wide and nasty. "More teasing?"

Her voice was shaky. "More teasing."

He dipped his cock down and began rubbing it in wide circles around her pussy lips.

My heart thumped several times hard and my cock throbbed painfully in my pants. Fuck yes, tease her...

Shelly moved her hips, trying to follow his cock. "Oh...you're nasty."

"You like nasty?"

"Yes, it's fun." Her breath caught as the helmet of his cock brushed across her pussy lips. Then she whimpered something filled with ache and anxiety.

He lowered himself onto her, his cock up over her clit. She raised her legs smoothly with him and hooked her ankles onto his waist. Her pussy tilted up and his shaft nestled neatly into her folds.

They began kissing and moving, rubbing their sexes together with maddening moves of lust. Shaking and quivering beneath a panting Zack, my wife rotated her pussy as far as she could. The head of his cock slid through her lips right over her hole.

I found myself panting, knowing the angle wasn't right, but hoping she could move just a little more...

Zack knew where his cock was; he could obviously feel it. He closed his eyes and went still, only slowly moving his hips. The head of his cock massaged her opening, back and forth.

We all hung there, in some strange cosmic balance of uncertainty.

I knew I had to do something, but I took the coward's way out. I rose and

adjusted my pants. "Be back in a couple minutes. Need to use the bathroom."

Shelly was panting, shaking underneath Zack.

He said breathily, "Yeah, sure."

I left them, wondering what would happen. I walked into the hall to the bedroom and felt a conflicting storm of questions and feelings. Are they going to do it while I'm in the bathroom? Will they? I dropped out of my pants in the bedroom and grabbed my aching cock. I began pumping it madly with a shaking hand. Do it, my love. Let him.

I thought I heard a gasp, I wasn't sure. I moved into the hall slowly, trying to hold my breath. What would I be able to hear? What did I want to hear? Would it matter? I listened.

I heard my wife gasping, though I wasn't sure it was any different from his teasing of her.

I went back into the bedroom and used the bathroom to wash my face. I stroked at my cock some more, but realized I was just driving myself insane with desire; I had to get back out there.

There, I gave them an opportunity. Now what? I walked back out without my pants.

Zack looked at me and so did my wife.

I shrugged. "Couldn't get my pants back on."

My wife giggled a little but stopped.

Zack's cock was at her hole, but still the wrong angle.

Shelly looked at me seriously then up at Zack. "Maybe we should stop..."

He looked disappointed.

She glanced over at me than back to him. "Maybe we should stop. I think we've teased enough."

I raised my eyebrows in surprise. "What?"

She was pushing him off. "Done for tonight."

He moved off her with respectful speed. The head of his cock was all shiny with juices. "All right. No worries. Sorry."

She made a noise and gathered up her clothes. She almost fled the room.

Zack looked at me dumbfounded. "Did I say something wrong?"

I shrugged dramatically, not knowing what was going on, either.

~ ~ ~

His leaving a little early afforded me an opportunity to be with my wife. I thrust deep into her juicy pussy and gazed down at her beauty. "What went wrong out there? Tonight?"

She blinked. "Wrong? Nothing."

"You seemed bothered. You practically ran from the room."

She looked away to the lamp on the nightstand. "When I saw you excited, I felt selfish, I guess. I felt like I should be with you, not with him."

I laughed, feeling relieved. "You didn't want me sitting alone?"

She looked at me with teary eyes, even though I was mirthful. "No, I didn't. I felt I was neglecting you."

"You weren't. I had that erection because you looked so sexy getting teased."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded. "I was wondering back here..." My breathing became erratic.

"What?"

"I was wondering if he was going to put it in you."

She shook her head. "No, he didn't. But I felt it there..."

I panted above her, my voice unable to do more than whisper in desperation.

"Did it feel good?"

She gasped, her eyes losing focus, then refocusing. "Yes."

"Did you want to feel him inside you?" I moved faster and deeper.

Her eyebrows were furrowed together, loving what I was doing and hearing what I was saying. "Would you be mad if I said I did?"

I groaned, barely containing myself. I was frozen, mid-stroke. I gasped out, "No."

"Are you sure?"

"I want you to feel it."

She started gasping, faster, higher. "Inside?" Her body thrust at me with a burst of need.

It was too much. I rammed in deep. "Yes, inside. I want you to feel him inside."

She cried out beneath me, her body convulsing with shaking spasms. Her fingers clawed at me, pulling, as her hips bucked feverishly against mine.

I let loose my pent-up torrent of cum and grunted with the force of the orgasm. I felt her pussy on my cock, quivering and clenching and I knew I wanted Zack to feel that - to feel how wonderful she was.

We collapsed on the bed, muscles gone to jelly in the aftermath.

CHAPTER 5

I felt devious. From the time I had gotten out of the chair to give them an opportunity that went untaken, I felt a burning need to arrange sharing my wife with Zack. If just only once.

Plans swirled in my head. I knew I could control things. I decided on several plans and discarded all of them, not sure how Zack would react. The only thing I decided to do was to tease Shelly all week long. I toyed with her – not meanly, but teasingly. I kissed her, I rubbed her pussy. I cuddled at night, my nakedness pressed against hers. But I refrained from having any more sex with her. I wanted her desperate and needy. I wanted her in a frenzy to fuck.

But I did talk to her. She wanted reassurances that I really did want to see him in her. When she asked, I told her to hold my cock for an answer; it wouldn't lie to her.

It was Wednesday, just a bare week since I had felt as if things were out of control. The change in me was dizzying. She was in bed with me and grabbed my cock.

She licked my ear. "So you really do want to see things happen?"

"Yes." My cock immediately swelled to attention.

She breathed in my ear for a few strokes. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to suck him."

"Do you like seeing me blow him?"

"Yes." My cock flexed.

"You don't mind kissing me after I've licked him?"

"No."

She licked my ear again. "I'm not tainted?"

"No."

"What else do you want me to do?"

My voice was a growling whisper. "I want you to fuck him."

Her answering whisper was delivered a moment later, delicate. "What if I like it?"

Gushes of cum erupted from my cock in an explosion of ecstasy.

~ ~ ~

Sunday service was tense, but this time far different than the previous week. Zack seemed a little hesitant around Shelly, but he sat next to her as he had the previous week. I looked around at the other members of the congregation, feeling pity for them that they would go home and do dull things.

We sang our hymns and listened to the sermon. Shelly and Zack thought it was good. Me? I was neutral, as always. Maybe I would find God in my own time. Maybe I needed a push.

~ ~ ~

Shelly took a large gulp of rum. "No more for me."

Zack looked crestfallen. "That was your first one."

"I don't want to get toasted this week."

He made a face. "I'm sensing something bad because of last week. I'm sorry—"

She laughed. "Nonsense. I just want a clearer head for when I tease you."

He blinked, looking dumbly at her. "I thought maybe you—"

I chuckled. "Women think differently. Don't try to out-think her."

He laughed and tossed up his hands. He said to her, "Well, all right then. I usually have a good read on my biking customers but you totally throw me."

Her giggle was intimate. "Is that good?"

"I guess so. What game are we playing?"

This was Shelly's cue to forge ahead with our plan. She sat primly, arms stretched and hands on knees. "We're not. I think I want to move right into some teasing."

He smiled, surprised. "Oh?" He seemed to relax, but he looked at me quickly.

I grinned at him.

She gave him a seductive look from under her bangs. "Strip down, Zack, and sit in the chair."

His eyes sparkled with amusement. "Sure..." He got up to remove his clothes, but Shelly was there helping him.

She didn't really help him that I could see. She was practically tearing at his pants and not getting much of anywhere fast. Yep, she's very ready. I worked her up all week.

She yanked his pants down and sank with them, pulling on his cock and placing it in her mouth. She looked over at me as she sucked. The loving look in her eyes for me as she mouth-fucked another man had me hard in an instant.

I watched her, wondering if she had been totally truthful with me over the last week. Had he put it in her the previous Sunday? Was she desperate to fuck him?

Was I fooled by my wife and was about to lose it all? But my limbs shook with excitement. I knew what was coming if Zack didn't. And I had her more than ready for it.

He groaned happily as my wife sucked her mouth and lips back and forth on his cock. "Ahh...I sure like this. Maybe I can come over more often."

She laughed on his dick and pulled off. "Sit."

He did so and watched her.

She stripped slowly but I could see her fingers shaking nervously. When she was completely naked, she leaned over him. "I'm going to tease you, but you can't move."

He was ready for anything. "All right."

She looked back at me and then him. "Turn your chair that way a little."

"Sure." He twisted.

"Perfect." She stood in front of him, her back to me. "Like what you see?"

Zack looked past her to me. "Is she serious?"

I laughed. "Very."

Zack focused on her, a very deep look on his face. "Yes I like what I see. You're beautiful."

I saw my wife jerk and then move forward. She shook a finger at him. "Don't move."

"Okay, okay."

She gripped his cock, pulling upwards, making sure he was fully erect. Then she squatted, scooting forward on his lap, and pressing his cock up between them. They kissed for a few minutes while her hand worked between them.

Are you going to go through with it?

But just as I asked myself, she raised up. "Don't move."

Zack smirked. "I got that part." Then he gasped.

She swirled his helmet around her opening, zeroing in. She maintained her position, her legs shaking with effort. Her hand was down stroking his cock as the head rested at her hole.

Zack breathed, "Oh, you're dirty."

I had a great view of her beautiful ass quivering with effort as she held herself up, her pussy resting on top of his shaft. She stroked a little more, her hand movements becoming erratic. Then she swirled his head around her pussy lips and zeroed in again.

Zack groaned with a quaver in his voice. I could see his cock swell and strain.

Shelly's left knee buckled and straightened. Then it buckled again. She let her legs go and dropped down, her pussy engulfing his cock.

Zack jerked.

"Don't move," she hissed.

He shot a frantic look at me.

I gave a slow smile.

My wife lowered herself until her ass met his lap. She let out a long sigh and ground her hips down on him in little circles.

Zack said, "Oh, fuck."

She said, "Shh." Then she began moving.

I grabbed my aching cock, wanting to free it, but restraining myself. My wife is actually fucking him! His cock is up in her... I loved it.

She moved on him, rocking slowly back and forth as she draped her arms over his shoulders.

Zack looked past her to me. "Is this...?"

I nodded. "It's all right."

He was dumbstruck. "Oh my god, thank you. You don't know how long I've dreamed of this."

I was amused and strangely satisfied. "Enjoy it."

Shelly began moving up and down, using her legs. I had a spectacular view of my wife's pussy perfectly stretched open around his shaft, rising and falling.

I squeezed my bulge. Oh, fuck yes, this is good.

Zack finally said, "Can I move?"

She giggled. "Yes."

He growled, pulling her in. His hands roamed her back as they kissed and fucked. After a moment, he stood, lifting her with him, but he slipped out of her. He put her on the couch and she spread her legs for him.

I was overcome by that simple act. I had seen her do it when he had licked her, but this was specifically for the purpose of getting fucked. She knew his dick was coming and she opened for it. I loved her so much.

Zack got over her and maneuvered his cock to her pussy, then he sank down and in.

My wife let out a very satisfied sigh. "Oh... Yes..."

Just like that, Zack was moving on her, his hips thrusting against my wife's. She writhed under him, her body moving to his thrusts with a hunger I had stoked. She wanted to be fucked. She needed it - and Zack was giving it to her.

I listened to their pants and gasps, wrapped in the familiarity and feeling connected to it all through my eyes and ears and deep into my soul. What I was seeing was not what I expected, even if I wanted it. I might have expected guilt or shame, or jealousy or fear. Instead, I felt a great bond of love to my wife and an appreciation of her beauty that I had grown used to. Dare I say, taken for

granted.

Zack fucked Shelly for not much more than ten minutes. He looked delirious, panting and gasping as if having run a mile. "I'm going..." He started to pull out.

She gripped him tight, pulling him back in.

I got up and went to the table to pour drinks. I felt a celebratory drink was in order.

Zack looked back at me.

Shelly said, "It's all right. You can cum."

He said to me, "Should I pull out?"

I held my glass, swirling the rum. His question was certainly legitimate, but the situation felt different. Pulling out wouldn't feel right – more incomplete than proper. I shook my head.

He blinked and groaned, thrusting his straining cock deep and fast into my Shelly. I had a nice view from the table of his shaft sliding in and out of her hole. He pressed in and I saw his balls draw up tight. Then his shaft was flexing as he cried out and pumped his cum deep into my wife's pussy.

Shelly was a madwoman beneath him, her hips working hard and fast on his spurting cock.

My own erection swelled and flexed dramatically in my pants, aching for release and relief. Fuck her deep, Zack. Give it to her. Pump her pussy full with your cum.

He shook, his butt quivering as he strained to hold his cock in her as deep as he could. He gasped loudly, groaning with effort as his balls shot deep spurts into my wife's pussy.

And then it was done. It felt over too fast, as if I hadn't had time to capture every detail. But the deed was done and everything felt complete. I knew my wife hadn't finished; she had been close. I would finish her later, and gladly; I couldn't wait to get into her pussy.

CHAPTER 6

Zack came over the next day. Mondays are always stressful for me, but I was already winding down and reminiscing about the nasty fun we had all had the night before. "Hey, Zack." I let him in.

He looked around. "Shelly here?"

"Not yet."

He nodded. "Good, I wanted to talk to you."

Pleased, I indicated the couch where he had fucked her in front of me.

He sat, already speaking before fully seated. "I wanted you to know, I'm not out to take your wife."

I chuckled, showing him indifference when I really felt a hidden relief. "Oh yeah?"

He seemed earnest. "Shelly's great, but she's yours; I respect that."

"All right." I sat in the recliner.

"I really enjoyed last night..."

"So did she."

He looked confused. "So you're okay with everything? This wasn't her idea and she surprised you?"

I was shaking my head. "It was our idea, really, and yes, I'm okay with it. Had a little trouble at first, but getting past that initial bit was the hard part."

"Which part?"

"The licking..." I made a face. "I was really bothered by it after the fact."

"Ah, I'm sorry, man."

"Nah, don't worry about it."

"So was last night like a pity-thing because I'm divorced?"

I laughed. "Um, no."

"Oh..."

I gave him a straight look. "I'm fine with it happening again." I felt my cock stir in my pants.

He looked hopeful and stunned. "Are you serious?"

I nodded. "As often as you want."

His face broke into a stupefied smile. "Wow... That's quite a gift."

His words were right on the money with me. I nodded gratefully. "I'm glad you think so."

~ ~ ~

I laid with Shelly later in bed. "Zack came by earlier."

"Oh? You two get into a fight or something?"

I laughed. "No. He wanted to make sure everything was okay and that I was sure he wasn't trying to steal you."

"Oh?"

I grunted my assent.

"Was that all?" She rolled towards me, toying with my chest hair.

"He thought last night might have been a pity-fuck."

She coughed. "You're kidding."

"Nope. But I told him he could have you again."

She smiled, her voice bright. "Really?"

"As often as he wanted."

She bounced in bed and planted a kiss on my lips. "Wow, awesome."

"Just don't forget about me."

She pouted. "That doesn't sound like the confident Clay I married."

I shrugged. "I don't want to lose you."

She settled back a little. "Lose me? Lose laundry services? Lose cooking and cleaning services?"

"Hey, I help out and I didn't mean that. I don't want to lose the woman I love."

She slowly shook her head. "That's not something you ever have to worry about."

"Are you sure?" I meant it. On the cusp of opening our relationship to include Zack, I felt unsure.

"Zack is nice; he's a great friend. But he's not you. He's not the man I married."

I hugged her to me tightly, wondering if I was making a mistake. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

"Looking forward to having him again?"

She drew down her eyebrows at me. "Are you trying to trick me into saying something you won't like?"

"No, I'd really like to know."

"Yes, I look forward to it."

"Why?"

She raised an eyebrow at me. "Remember that you pushed this."

"I know."

"I guess I like all the attention. He has a passion to take me that is so domineering that I melt in his hands."

"I'm not passionate?"

"Of course you are. Don't put words in my mouth."

"I didn't. Just asking."

She sighed. "Yes, you're passionate, but it's different. It's a married, comfortable passion that fits and clicks right."

I nodded; that is about how I felt about it.

She waited a minute, studying my face. "So..."

"Hmm?"

"What kind of limits are there?"

"Limits? Like what?"

She twisted her head as if to relieve a crick. "Like, you know, too many times a week? Can't cum in my mouth?"

I started to get hard and chuckled. "Have fun."

"So he can come over here every night if he wanted?"

Does he have that kind of appetite? Would I be able to handle that? "Every night?"

"Every night."

I shrugged. "Seems like a lot—"

"Every night."

"I guess as long as you saved some for me..."

She giggled. "All right. I don't think I could handle every night, anyway."

That made me feel better; for a moment I had thought she was wanting him every night.

She said, "What if he wants to use our bed?"

I hardened fully. "Nothing wrong with that."

"And what if he wants me to come over his place?"

That sounded fine, though I felt a little disappointed. "If that's what you want..."

"Clay."

"What?"

"I know you; that's not an answer."

I chuckled and tried to shift my erection under the sheet.

She saw it and reached for it. Her soft hand began stroking me. "So? What if he wants me to come over?"

Delirious with spinning lusts in my head, I said, "Okay."

"And what if someday he wants me to spend the night?"

I sighed. "I don't know. Why can't he come and stay in our guest bedroom? It's all made up."

"Answer me."

"I don't know, Shelly. I'm being honest. Maybe I'd agree, maybe not. Why don't we take this a step at a time instead of trying to figure out a bunch of rules before we even know if it's going to work?"

She nodded. "I suppose you're right. I just wanted to know these things because I don't want to do something that makes you mad or hurt."

I hugged her to me and squeezed.

Her hand squeezed my erection. I thrilled at the strange sensations surging through me at discussing how she was going to have a fuck relationship with Zack.

CHAPTER 7

We settled into a routine – a good one filled with salacious and satisfying sex.

Every Sunday after service, Zack followed us home and fucked Shelly. I watched most of the times, but sometimes they used our bed and I gave them privacy.

He also came over Friday nights, after learning I was so exhausted that poor Shelly wouldn't be getting any from me on those nights.

These were good times. Zack was genuinely open with us, happier than we usually saw him. He complimented me about my wife and thanked me almost every time he came over.

It was on the Friday before New Year's that I was sitting in my recliner, watching them fuck on the couch. He was on his side and so was she, spooning. Her leg was up, exposing his gliding cock as it moved in and out of her pussy.

I said, "Got a little party next week. Just a few friends."

He nodded. "New Year's party?"

"Yeah, nothing big. Rob and Tara, Jake and his girlfriend. Tammy and a couple others. Drinks and watch the ball drop on TV. Nothing special."

"Oh, right. That's next Friday."

I nodded. "You're invited; just don't maul Shelly in front of everyone."

He laughed. "No problem, the secret is safe."

Shelly said, "Maybe you could come over the night before?"

"Maybe."

~ ~ ~

All of my fears had vanished before the first month had passed. Over the succeeding months and up towards the end of the year, I felt elated – as if we had developed something special no one else could understand.

It was Sunday, just two days after I had invited Zack to our New Year's party. We were getting ready for church.

Shelly was in a slim white dress that she reserved for the odd once or twice a year we went to a dance club.

I said, "Not your usual church attire." I noticed she wasn't wearing a bra. She didn't need one since her boobs were rather small. But her nipples poked out and were obvious on the dress.

She twisted, looking in the mirror. "Hmm."

"You're not really wearing that, are you?"

She blushed at me. "Yes."

"Why?"

"Zack wanted me to."

"Oh..."

"Do I look all right?" She was showing a lot of leg and her nipples were sharpened points of attraction.

"Sure, if you're trying to attract attention."

"Hmm." She was frowning.

"Are you?"

"No, like I said, Zack wanted me to. It's sort of a challenge."

"A challenge?"

"He wanted me to wear my slinkiest dress to church. Said it would be fun."

I laughed. "Uh, well..."

"What?"

"Did he tell you to go braless?"

"Yes, that was the big part of it. He said he wanted to see how many men drooled over my breasts."

"He what?"

She pouted at me. "He said I was sexy and that it turned him on thinking of all those married men gawking at me."

"I'm not sure I want all those married men—"

"What, are you ashamed of me?"

"What? Hell no."

She spread her hands as if to display herself.

Actually, his idea sounded amusing. "Well, go like that then. Maybe it would be fun to see how many men look at you."

She smiled, bouncing a little. "He said he thought you'd like that."

I chuckled. The man knows me pretty well; I just never thought church would be the place. I took a closer look. "You're not wearing panties, are you?"

Her smile widened in a deepening blush. "Um, no."

"Something he suggested?"

She nodded.

I shook my head.

She pouted. "What?"

"If I had suggested it, you wouldn't have done it."

She paused, considering. "Probably not."

"So why now?"

She giggled. "I guess he excites a little bit of adventure in me. I know you think I'm beautiful, but coming from another man ignites something in me. Like a sense of daring."

I nodded, understanding. "Well... Are you ready to go?"

She took a deep breath. "I guess so." She leaned up and kissed my lips. "Am I going to be the hottest lady there today?"

"You always are."

~ ~ ~

I have never seen so many heads turn and men smile at my wife. Neither had I seen so many considering looks or outright scowls from women towards her before.

I'll admit, I felt on top of the world.

Nice-looking men to whom we'd never been introduced came up to us, shaking hands, smiling at Shelly. All of them could not contain a look down to her poking nipples.

My wife beamed, all smiles and teeth and bright beauty.

Two men even gave her a hug. That made me feel very special and excited down in my pants. The wives of those men hugged me, and I took advantage of the return hugs and enjoyed them. However, both appeared to only be hugging me to show up their husbands.

Zack took off his jacket and placed it between him and Shelly. We were sitting at the far left end of the church, the last in the pews with people in front of us and behind.

Several times, Zack leaned to Shelly and whispered something. He moved the jacket around and twisted a little.

On one exchange between them, my wife began slowly inching up her dress. She shifted a little and kept going.

I began watching, then looked around quickly. The people to our right were looking towards the right, away from us and towards the platform. In front and behind, Shelly could not be seen inching up her dress.

Her pussy came into view and my heart began pumping hard.

After several minutes, Zack whispered to her. He then slowly moved his coat until it covered her exposure. His hand worked under the coat and I heard my wife gasp lightly.

Is he really fingering her right here in church? I began to harden.

My wife shivered against me and began panting quietly. The jacket moved rhythmically in her lap.

I developed a full-blown hard-on and I crossed a leg to hide it. That also helped shield my wife's lap from the view of the people to our right – but they weren't looking anyway.

After a few minutes, she pushed his hand and jacket away, and straightened her dress. She squirmed on the bench and leaned against me.

It was a Sunday I'll forever treasure.

~ ~ ~

New Year's brought the end of a year and the end of my happiness.

CHAPTER 8

I had bottles of Scotch, rum, whiskey and vodka. I used real tumblers, since there were only ten of us.

I sat with Dean for the most part, talking about heavy equipment. He operated his own backhoe business and we found common ground right away – even though this was the first time we had met. His wife, Monica, was Shelly's friend.

Rob and Tara sat together, talking to my friend Jake and his girlfriend Sue. Tammy talked with Shelly and Zack.

It was a fairly quiet gathering, though Zack had Tammy laughing several times.

I watched Shelly's reaction and found it amusing. Tammy was sitting with them and she was single. Zack was single. What she didn't know was that Zack and my wife had a thing going. Shelly's face sometimes went stony.

I grinned behind my Scotch. Share, dear. She's your friend.

Dean was speaking, "I love when some customer contracts me out, but I have to wait around for the Gas Company to show up. Then they get all mad when I charge them for the time."

I shrugged, not knowing. I handled renting out the equipment and scheduling our mechanics. "Some people don't have any common sense."

Monica was giving me the appraising eye. She was a nice-looking, plump brunette with heavy eyebrows. Obviously, she didn't believe in plucking them. But they gave her a savagely sexual look I found appealing. I smiled several times at her and her face would light each time with interest.

However, I didn't plan to go there.

It was an hour before the big ta-da when I noticed Tammy joining us. Zack and Shelly were not in the living room or kitchen.

I said, "Where's Shelly?"

Tammy tilted her head. "Bathroom. Lots to drink, ya know?" She waved her tumbler.

I liked Tammy. She was a dry and sarcastic, feisty woman with a shapely set of boobs. She never looked at me with any interest. "Can I get you more?"

She leaned over to me, revealing cleavage. "You trying to get me drunk, mister? Take advantage of me?"

I laughed. "Like you'd ever let that happen."

She giggled, unaware of Monica's frown. "I guess you know me, huh?"

I noticed the others had gone quiet, except for the noise of the TV. And...

Oh my god, no.

Faint gasps and moans drifted from down the hall leading to the bedrooms. Shelly and Zack had snuck away for a New Year's fuck.

I cleared my throat, hoping to cover their sounds and hoping they would get quiet.

The sounds became louder and all of us could hear the headboard begin to faintly bang against the wall.

Heads swiveled to me.

I was pursing my lips, hoping no one else was hearing this.

Tammy raised her glass and sipped, raising her eyebrows at the same time.

Monica's eyes were locked on me and so was Dean's.

Fuck. I gotta do something and then everyone's going to know I'm aware. I rose. "Excuse me." It sounded lame in my ears.

I heard from down the hall Shelly's voice. "Oh fuck yes, deeper."

I quickened my pace, leaving a deafening silence behind me even though some dim blonde happily burred on the TV.

I opened the door to the bedroom just as my wife let out a loud groan. Zack was between her widespread legs, his naked butt heaving hard and fast. The headboard was waving to his thrusts, sometimes hitting the wall.

The scene wasn't what froze me. I had seen this many times and was comfortable with it. And not just comfortable – I was happy with it. Zack was grateful, Shelly was happy, and I was proud. My sexy wife finally had found in her the confidence to be as sexy as she was. It was a great revelation in our lives that reached deep and bonded us closer than ever.

No, that wasn't what froze me. Seeing them clasped passionately on the bed wasn't what ended my happiness.

Zack was thrusting hard, his breathing coming in quick gasps.

It was his grunting words, spoken quietly enough that I was certain no one outside the room could hear.

He said, "I love you, Shelly."

My wife's eyes were closed, her head moving back and forth with delirium. Her words were slurred, but I could hear the emotion in her voice. "I love you, too."

I stood there, washed cold with fear and the clammy certainty that I was on the losing end of this relationship.

Zack grunted in response, driving his cock into her over and over.

Shelly threw out her legs more and said with urgency, "Keep fucking me. Don't stop. Don't stop. Don't stop."

I realized I was standing there, mouth hanging slightly open and her words had been loud enough that everyone in the house could hear – the door behind me was still open.

I shut it quickly, my arms quivering with the urgency of secrecy.

Zack noticed and looked over. "Oh...hey."

I took the few steps towards the bed with anxiety. "Fuck, you two, keep it down. Everyone can hear you."

He looked surprised and blinked. He was sloshed. "Oh, sorry."

Shelly was peering up at me, trying to focus. "They can hear?"

I spread my hands, pleading. "Yes, please be quiet."

Zack was thrusting slower. "Yeah, sorry, Clay. We'll be silent."

I sighed deeply, knowing this wasn't the time to blow up and let out the sudden surge of jealousy and anxiety that was building inside my soul like lava in a caldera. Where is my life headed? I've lost my wife. I've lost my life. I've lost everything that mattered: my wife; our love; my dignity; my security.

I turned, wanting to stay and let all the worry bubble out. I wanted to plead for my wife back. I wanted to erase the last several months of what had appeared to be a relationship that had felt as if it strengthened the bond between me and my wife.

But now she loved him and he loved her. It had all been a deception, a scam, and I had fallen for it.

I did turn, wanting to open my mouth and begin letting it out. But I didn't know how to start.

Shelly smiled at me, but Zack was propped up on his arms, looking down at her. His cock moved smoothly in and out of her and her movements matched his perfectly.

I knew it then: his cock belonged there. This wasn't a union of lust between them, it was familiar and comfortable. They looked so perfect, Zack's cock displaying his command of my wife's willing pussy, that I knew saying anything would be useless.

My wife's eyes were already closing in pleasure as his shaft satisfied her and shredded my marriage right in front of me.

It was not something that could be undone by me yanking him off her. No, they had fucked like this for months. Maybe a hundred times already. Her pussy was used to his cock now, craving it and needing it. Tearing them apart when they had so fully merged soul-to-soul would be like ripping my own arm off.

It was impossible.

I turned back away as the mattress creaked slightly and his quieted grunts reminded me that I had lost my wife to him and had accepted it all so easily. Her gasps were stabs to my heart, reinforcing that she had replaced me with him.

I left the room, shutting the door quietly. I stood there breathing heavily, wanting it all to go away. They were quiet enough, I thought. I could hear their gasps and grunts through the door but the guests probably couldn't.

What do I do? I never wanted that damned ball to drop so fast as I did now. Maybe a half hour for it to drop where I would have to sit with all the friends and them knowing I had confronted what could only be my cheating wife.

I squared my shoulders and went back out.

But as I entered the living room, the sounds from the bedroom grew again – following me like an audio reminder that everything was over.

My wife's groan was audible faintly over the idiot blonde on the TV. Her words were muffled, but plain enough: "Yes...fuck me harder. Harder."

My eyes felt as if they were jittery with electricity. I scanned stunned faces without trying to linger on them. It was a nervous flutter of sight that ended on the remote for the TV. I grabbed it with an embarrassed hand and turned up the volume.

Behind me, the headboard began thumping again.

I sat nervously, wanting to go back in there and shut them up, and also wanting to hide my head from all the stares in the room. I turned the volume up more.

We could still hear them and they all knew.

I pursed my lips in a grimace, wanting the night to be over, but I was stuck.

We all listened as my friend boned the living daylights out of my wife.

The guys were looking back and forth at me and the hall. I didn't know what they were thinking, but it couldn't be good.

The solace that allowed me to spend the next half hour listening to my wife fuck Zack with everyone hearing it was Monica and Tammy.

Dean didn't notice, but his wife was staring at me with a look of interest and design. Her eyes locked with mine and tried to impart something I couldn't decipher.

It was Tammy who surprised me in a way that brought more confusion to my cauldron of a thousand thoughts. She leaned over to me, as she had before – suggestively, showing cleavage – and quirked one eyebrow up while sucking in and wetting her lips.

I didn't understand what she might be trying to say without words: Tammy was not flirty with me except in a joking, dismissive way.

I was a decent-looking man – sexy-handsome as my wife put it. That I wasn't an ugly slob must have confused the others as to how my wife could be happily in the bedroom with another man between her legs.

When the ball dropped, they were still in there going at it. For the last half hour, I felt relieved when they would quiet – believing they were done. But then they would start up again, maybe after changing positions. Sometimes the headboard would bang, sometimes we would only hear the moans.

I ignored it on the surface to the guests. They finally had begun talking over the noise.

But as much as we had all come to overlook what was obviously happening in my very own bed – the utter violation of my wife's pussy by our friend – the guests didn't seem all too put out when I mentioned we should all call it a night right after the ball dropped.

While they didn't leave in a rush, they seemed willing to go when I suggested it.

It looked like Monica wanted to say something. The plump and sexy woman

looked back and forth between me and her husband, but ended up looking down and pursing her lips firmly shut. Her shoulders slumped a little as I let them out.

Tammy was the last to go and stood close, looking into my eyes. "Maybe I should stay?"

The idea that I would have to endure company, while they were still back there making noise, felt like the worst ordeal I could suffer. I shook my head.

She looked disappointed, too, as she left.

What, do you want all the juicy details from Shelly? Get out.

I shut the front door to silence.

Are they finally done?

The sounds picked up again.

Zack fucked my wife for another two hours.

CHAPTER 9

I was asleep on the couch when I heard something. I opened my eyes to see my wife leaning over me. She was wearing Zack's shirt.

She gave me a smile from a tired face. "Hey, sleepy. I'm going to make coffee." She blinked a few times, then straightened and moved to the kitchen.

I got up and went to the bedroom, wondering if Zack had stayed or gone. He was sprawled on the bed in my spot. Of course, she was wearing his shirt.

I used the bathroom and showered, knowing my own home had been usurped and claimed. My place in bed has been taken. Am I supposed to sleep on the floor from now on? This is shit.

Fury in me grew, flashing through me in tighter swirls of determination.

I looked at the stony expression in the mirror and gritted my teeth. Enough was enough.

I came out of the bathroom.

Shelly was smiling at me, bright-eyed and holding Zack's hand. She planted a kiss to my lips. "We're going to christen the New Year with a shower." She pulled him past me. He winked with a devilish grin.

The door shut and I went into motion – I pulled out my suitcase and began packing. Sounds of water and murmurs followed me as I quickly grabbed what I thought I would need.

Zippering up the suitcase was followed with sounds of their sex in the shower. Gasps and moans followed me out of the room.

I wrote a simple note and left it on the coffee table with my wedding ring: "Fuck off."

~ ~ ~

I blocked her number on my cell phone, and Zack's number, too. I didn't want to talk to either of them. I figured the best approach was to just break clean and forget it all. I told Cindy in the office to claim I was not at work to anyone who called for me.

I made an appointment for Thursday with an attorney.

Monday at work was filled with a strange freedom that felt invigorating and at the same time exhausting. I was staying in a motel.

It was Tuesday evening when my cell rang and showed Tammy's ID. What does she want? Salacious details of my wife cheating on me?

I answered. "Hello."

Her voice was wary. "Hey, Clay."

I sighed. "What's up?"

"Are you all right?"

My words were fast and clipped, my lips tense with anxiety. "Never better, why?"

I heard her sigh on the other end. Her voice sounded strained. "You left Shelly? Why?"

I laughed derisively. "Uh, I think that should be obvious."

"But—"

"She loves someone else."

"She loves you."

I coughed. "How can you say that after Friday night?"

"Look, maybe I don't understand everything but—"

"I've been replaced."

Tammy breathed for a few seconds. "I think you need to talk to her."

"About what? Just to humiliate me more and put me in my place? I'm done. I've got an appointment day after tomorrow to get the divorce going. She can have the man she loves."

"You're making a big mistake, I think—"

"Mistake? Tell me, Tammy, would you marry a man and then think it was a mistake to leave him if he fucked another woman in your bed? Told her he loved her? Kicked you out of bed for her?"

There was a shuffling on the other end.

Shelly's weeping voice came through, loud. "Don't do this. I love you."

So I had been set up. Tammy, you cunt. "What do you want?"

"Why did you leave? Why are you trying to destroy us?"

Aggravation at the unfair accusation flared in me. I held my arm up in the air though she couldn't see it. "Me? Me? I'm destroying us? What about you kicking me out of bed for him?"

"I never did that—"

"What about you expressing your undying love for each other?"

"I love you, Clay."

"I heard you tell each other. Don't start lying to me now."

"I'm not lying. You're my love, my life—" She was weeping freely.

"I heard you tell him—"

"Yes, I did. I do in a way. But it's different. It's totally fucking different—"

"I don't believe this—"

"It's true! I love you with all my heart—"

"How can you?" I was at a loss. How do you talk sense to a senseless woman?

"All I know is I love you. You're my life. I love Zack in a different way."

I shook my head. "You're saying you love both of us? How can that be?"

"I never stopped loving you." She sniffed - wet sounds coming loud through the phone. "I never stopped wanting you. Come home, my love. Please." Her last word was filled with desperation.

Her anguish ripped my heart open though I tried to maintain my anger. My hand trembled uncontrollably holding the cell phone. Water blurred my vision and a lump formed so hard in my throat that I couldn't breathe.

"Please, Clay. I love you."

I heard it in her words and they wrapped firmly around my soul. I tried one final attempt at resisting. "I wish it were true."

"Dammit, Clay, it is!" Her words got quiet. "You make me..." Her last word was broken and stuttering. "Whole."

I had never heard her this way before – never so sad and lonely. Am I being stupid? Did I overreact due to them being drunk? Hadn't I been happy? Is she telling the truth about her love for us being different?

She whispered, "Please. I don't want to live if you're gone. I just want to die."

The water at my eyes began dripping, running down my cheeks. Hearing the woman I loved so distraught was more than I could bear. "I'll come...to talk."

She wept freely, unable to say anything.

~ ~ ~

I didn't know what to think and I didn't have any plan. My normal confidence and assertive control was strangely absent, and I felt as if I were a leaf twisting in the wind.

I knocked on my own front door. Somehow, it just didn't feel right walking back in like I owned the place.

Tammy answered, looking drawn and worried. She sighed. "Get in here."

I stepped in and was assaulted by a bundle of teary kisses and clutches from a gasping Shelly.

She was shaking so bad her words were jittery and stuttering. "My love. I love you. You came home, thank you."

I felt a return of the stoniness. "Is Zack here?"

She shook her head violently, tears flinging in little droplets. Her nose was running down her lip. "No, not since you left."

I sighed, some tension draining away.

Tammy pursed her lips and pointed over her shoulder. "Look, I'll just go hide in the bathroom for a while and take selfies or something." She twisted and left the living room.

I stood there as my wife gripped me, but everything felt alien, as if in leaving I had severed my connection to all familiar – except for Shelly.

She pulled me to the couch, her fists gripping my shirt in a death-vise. "Sit."

I did, wavering on the edge of something I couldn't identify.

She was searching my face. "Why did you leave?"

I found a measure of calm and stoic security. My words came out simple and succinct. "Because you love him and I was being replaced."

She shook me, still gripping my sleeve. "That's not true. I can never replace you."

"What am I supposed to do? Sit in the corner like a puppy while you develop your love with this man?"

Her tears came hotter. "No!"

"Where am I in all this? I'm getting pushed out."

She was shaking her head. She touched her chest. "You're right here; you've always been here."

"I don't see how I can with your love for him—"

She shook her head more violently and her words came with some force and heat. "You've always been here." She was pounding her heart. "This last year has me thanking God more than ever for you. I feel so lucky to have you—"

"But you have him now."

"That's not fair. You pushed this and I don't love him like I love you, anyway."

I went silent, considering her words.

She shook me again. "You're always in my thoughts."

"Even when you're doing him?"

She half-wept, half-laughed, and said, "Always. I'm always wondering what you're doing, how you feel, how happy you are. You didn't seem bothered before..."

"No, not before I heard the undying love exchange and all our friends heard you getting banged like a slut."

She put her face in her hands. "I'm so sorry. I had too much to drink."

"I had to keep turning up the TV—"

"I'm sorry, really. I'm just as embarrassed as you. What are we going to do, get all new friends? This is insane."

Her sensibility and familiar feminine practicality softened my defenses. "I can't help thinking we strayed into adultery and this is the kind of curse—"

She was shaking her head. "It's adultery if he steals me from you without your permission. It's not if you share me with him."

I looked at her critically. "Where do you get that? We go to church—"

"Women were considered property of their husbands. Another man taking her was considered theft. One, I'm not property; I'm a person. Times have changed. Second, Zack understood all along he was being allowed a portion of me – that you were sharing me."

"Is a husband supposed to share his wife?"

She shrugged. "There's nothing in the Bible that says you can't."

I frowned. "What about the marriage being between one man and one woman?"

She poked me. "You haven't been listening. Early last year when the marriage thing was big in the news, Pastor Rand had a sermon on it."

I vaguely remembered. "I don't remember what—"

She leaned toward me. "A man and a woman leave their parents and become one – it's a reference to their sexual union, but it does not specifically limit anything to one. Don't you remember the parable of the virgins and lamps? The bridegroom came and took five women with him into the marriage chamber?"

It rang a bell. "I think I remember."

"Pastor Rand was talking about how our traditions have grown to obscure what God really said about marriage and sex."

I remembered that part. "Yes..."

"We weren't sinning. Any of us. And if we were, it's been forgiven."

"That sounds like a lot of freedom..."

She laughed, wiping away her tears. "Because, it is. 'Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.' "

"I recall that being said. Bondage?" I felt interested; maybe hearing it from my wife meant more than some guy in a pulpit.

"Bondage to sin. Bondage to the constant struggle not to sin. Christ set us free from that. The just shall live by faith."

"And how does that apply here?"

She wiped her mouth. "If you're beating yourself up thinking that we're sinning then you are binding yourself to sin. We all fell into this willingly and with happiness."

I looked down to her knees. I had been happy. I had been at peace. Perhaps I had felt that what we were doing was something secret, but was a secret sin? Some things are private, but that doesn't make them sins, do they? I think I knew the answer and I felt a loss at not having listened closer to the sermons.

I leaned back, feeling drained. I shook my head, not believing things had gotten so bad so fast. "How did Zack act over all this?" Mentioning him didn't make me angry now.

"He was horrified and scared, I think."

"Scared?"

She shrugged with tension. "I don't know if that's the right word. He seemed crushed."

That sounded like the Zack I knew: fun; jokester; but very sensitive to other people. I rubbed my forehead.

She gripped my arm and shook it. "Don't tear us apart."

"I felt so left out and embarrassed when everyone heard you two—"

"I said I was sorry. And I never meant to leave you out. I always feel when I'm with him that I'm with you, too, and your absence is a hole in my soul."

I studied her face and could tell she meant it. "You really feel me when you're with him?"

She nodded and clutched her blouse over her heart. "Deep in here. I never forgot you."

I pursed my lips to keep them from quivering. I had made a fool of myself, assuming things based on my own observations uncolored by my wife's. It had been a one-sided journey into jealousy and a fallacious fall into self-imposed rejection. I hung my head. "I'm sorry."

A sob broke her mouth and she hugged me tightly. After a moment of clutching each other, she reached into her pocket and pulled out my ring. She put it in my palm and curled my fingers over it hard.

CHAPTER 10

I looked at the ring on my finger and felt the return of sanity and security.

Tammy followed Shelly out from the hall. Her friend looked afraid.

I stood. "We should go over and see Zack."

Tammy fidgeted. "Maybe I should go? I got a zillion selfies of myself with my tongue hanging out I can post on Facebook."

Shelly gripped her arm. "No, don't. Not yet. Come with us."

Tammy looked at me. "Are you sure you want me coming...?"

"I still feel so shaky." She laughed nervously. "I could use you there."

She was still looking at me. "If you say so."

I nodded. "It's all right. It's not like you don't know..." I tossed up my hands.

We walked out and around the block, taking in the chill air. I didn't feel put out that Tammy was coming along; I was more worried about Zack. What was he thinking? Feeling? Was he regretting our friendship?

I rang his doorbell while Shelly clutched Tammy behind me.

The dim light through the peephole went dark, then the door jerked open.

His handsome face was lined with worry and weariness.

I said, "Maybe we can talk?"

He stepped back immediately to let us in. He swallowed hard and stayed quiet.

His place was smaller than ours, just a small condo he was renting while he built up finances to buy a home. But it was his home. His decorations were religious:

Celtic crosses on the walls; angel statues and figurines everywhere; and an enormous 1611 King James Bible open to John 1:1 on a wooden stand.

I focused on him and he looked down, pursing his lips. He said, "I'm really sorry about New Year's. What a disaster."

I opened my mouth to say I was sorry, also, but nothing came out. I was struck by his humility – so very different than my image of a strutting man boasting of taking my wife. I let out the breath I was holding in a monosyllabic utterance of sudden uncertainty.

He looked at me, only glancing at Shelly, and searched my eyes.

I said, "I've been unfair in my assumptions. I want to say I'm sorry, too."

His burst of movement made me flinch. I was wrapped in a bearhug that caused me to stumble. But my arms came up and squeezed him back.

His voice sounded broken. "I didn't want to ruin our friendship."

"You didn't."

"You forgive me?"

I chuckled, feeling suddenly as if all the anxious weight on my shoulders had wilted away. "I think I'm more concerned with you forgiving me."

He laughed against me. "Done, brother."

I relaxed, hugging him back with the same sincerity I felt coming from him.

Tammy whispered. "Oh my god, are they going to kiss?"

Shelly sharply said, "Shh."

We broke apart, laughing and embarrassed.

But he wasn't done. "I want to make things right. Where do we go from here?"

Tammy said, "If you two start grabbing dicks, I want pics."

I snorted and wiped my nose. "Hush, woman."

Zack stood expectantly.

I said, "I think we just need to talk things through and make sure we all understand each other."

A smile turned his pensive look to pleasure. "I'm ready when you are."

Tammy said drily, "Hey, can I get a little dick-grabbing to make it worth my while?"

Shelly was trying to shush her.

I shook a finger. "Keep that up and all you'll get is a spanking."

Her eyes flared with interest and she licked her lips. "Is that a promise?"

Shelly sighed in exasperation. "Let's leave them alone for a bit?"

Zack looked at Tammy curiously and grinned at her. "Yeah, let us men talk."

Shelly was herding her out of the living room, but she said over her shoulder, "Great, a bunch of caveman grunts and growls."

I laughed, shaking my head. "Sorry about Tammy; Shelly thought she needed a little support."

He shook his head. Then he indicated the couch.

~ ~ ~

The relief I felt wrenched at my soul in ways I cannot adequately explain. Something in me curled and twisted, showing itself in ways heretofore unknown. I felt alive and anxious, but not in a bad way. I felt close to something wonderful

as if something in me was begging to come out. The pressure built like a bubbling pot, bringing a jittery sense of surprise at what was coming.

The feeling persisted at work and when I closed out my motel room. It hung on me, driving me and beckoning like the weight and gleam of my gold wedding ring.

Shelly saw me this way and knew something was going on. It was Saturday night, late. "Something's bugging you."

I was pacing and scratching at my neck. "I feel so anxious."

"About what?"

"Something new – something different. I don't know how to explain it. A freedom or fear of it, I don't know."

She watched me, considering.

I said, "I feel as if I'm about to burst."

A small smile shaped her lips.

"What are you smiling at?"

"You're hungering for freedom?"

It sounded right. "Yes, but more."

"Your answer is within you."

"Huh?"

"Your answer is the sacrifice Jesus made. For me. For you. For all of us."

A tremor in me rose up, constricting my throat. Is it that easy? A certainty unknown in all my life flooded my insides with the truth. "How...?"

Her smile became as the sun in all its shining glory.

~ ~ ~

The Sunday service seemed so alive to me. How had I missed the experience before? How had I went along and not been effected? Or had I? Had I been so stubborn I missed the obvious?

I felt as if I couldn't get the smile off my face no matter how hard I tried. It even got bigger when the other husbands hugged my wife in her slinky dress. Three of them, when they were releasing her from the hugs, slid their hands down her back and let go after sliding down over the top of her butt-cheeks. I'm sure all three were checking for a panty-line and detected none. I met their eyes with a smile and a wink when they looked. They seemed relieved and relaxed when they saw my look.

The wives didn't seem overly bothered – most of them – and I took my hugs without being so forward as to surreptitiously feel them up. Maybe their husbands weren't into that. Who knows?

I leaned to Zack. "So you urged her to wear that?"

He chuckled. "She's so sexy, it's a big turn on to me to see other men go all gawky over someone I've had...intimacy with."

I laughed quietly. "Makes me proud."

"You should be."

"Follow us back to our place."

He turned serious. "You sure?" He had been the model of gentility sitting next to her during the service.

I nodded. "I think we need to be doing this right. Together."

"Together?"

I motioned with my head. "I think Raymond is about to throw her down on the floor right here in church and ram his hard-on into her."

"Sounds hot."

I chuckled. "We need to reclaim her. Make sure she knows she's ours."

CHAPTER 11

All three of us entered the bedroom at home. I kissed my wife and began sliding that dress down her. Zack helped from behind.

She was all smiles and sensuality. "What do you two have in mind?"

I gave her a smirk. "Something we should've done long ago."

"Oh?" She blinked and batted her eyelashes. "And what's that?"

"Make sure you know who owns you."

"Um, it's Tammy that wants to be spanked—"

"No, not spanking." I began undressing and so did Zack.

Her smile broadened. "Good. She might be into it, but I'm not." She leaned her head back onto Zack's shoulder when he hugged her from behind. I held her hips and licked up the other side of her neck from him. She shivered in our grasp.

I said to Zack, "Lay down." Then I maneuvered Shelly to lie back on him. I positioned her so that her legs were on the outside of his, her pussy open and in contact with his hard shaft.

She was lying on her back on his chest. She smiled curiously. "What are we doing?"

"I'm going to get you ready for him." I grabbed his dick, moving it away; I did not want to be licking it. I planted my tongue on her pussy and began running up and down, wetting her slit and teasing her clit.

She moaned happily, squirming on top of him.

I kept at it for only a minute or two, licking and making sure she was hot and lubed. My left hand still held his dick. I moved it to her pussy and began pressing. I felt him flex in my hand, his shaft swelling with eagerness. I pushed

the helmet of his cock into my wife's lips and he did the rest. Zack's erection slid up into my wife.

So far so good. This is definitely right.

Zack began moving, his cock sliding in and out of her from beneath.

I climbed over them.

Shelly's eyes went wide. "Oh my god..."

I said, "Shh." Maneuvering carefully the tangle of their legs, I dipped my cock down and pressed it onto Zack's hot shaft. I rubbed mine along his back and forth a little, getting mine lubed. Then I pressed down harder and pushed forward.

Shelly gasped as my helmet pushed against her stretched hole. She looked so beautiful with her reddish hair and spray of freckles. Her white teeth hinted sexually from her open-mouthed expression.

Zack stopped moving and I kept up the pressure both ways: down and in.

Her hole began to stretch and I felt the tip become hot with her heat. She started crying out with louder and louder sounds. "Ah... Ah... Ah!" Her body trembled and her face screwed up with effort, her mouth wide open.

I felt my head slip in. Zack's cock was a hard rod beneath mine and the pressure of her pussy on top of my shaft was tight and tense. I paused and just let it sit there. My balls rested against his as we both penetrated her married pussy. "This is fun."

He said, "No kidding."

Slowly, her face relaxed, though her breathing stayed rapid.

Zack said, "You in there enough, bud?"

"Just letting her relax a bit." I pushed a little and felt the rewarding slide deeper into her already stuffed pussy.

She moaned uncontrollably and quivered, her pussy clenching on us softly.

I grinned down at her with all the heat and lust I felt. "Now we're both going to show you who you belong to."

She whimpered with need and moved her hips in small circles. "Show me."

I began thrusting. I had never done anything like this before and the feel of Zack's cock pressed to mine inside her wet hole was incredible.

Zack sighed loudly. "Fuck, this is hot."

I laughed. "Most definitely."

"I don't think I'm going to last."

"Well, try." I pushed and pulled, but not very much – only about half of both our cocks were in her. Our cocks slid wetly against each other's in counter-thrusts while firmly wrapped tight in her pussy.

Shelly hadn't stopped breathing fast and she began panting quicker, her body trembling faster and tighter. "Oh...fuck!" she convulsed and cried out, her hips gyrating hard pressed between ours. Both of us went still, just trying to hang on and keep our cocks in her.

Things broke down from there. Or culminated in a comical way.

She gave a huge groan and arched her head all the way back past Zack's.

His eyes were large and bugged out. "Uh oh..."

I felt his cock swell as he tried to push it up and into her as far as he could. I felt his balls draw up and his shaft flex. I had the unique and wonderful privilege of feeling through my cock another man's cock cumming in my wife. His shaft pulsed strongly and fast, several times against mine inside her. That was followed by an almost scalding hot wetness that coated my own shaft. He slid it back and forth rubbing his cum all over our cocks inside my wife.

I pulled her head up and looked at her panting mouth. "I love you, Shelly."

She gasped. "I love you, too, my husband."

I kissed her long and hard as Zack's cock sent his streams of cum into my wife's pussy and all over my shaft. Oh yes, this is perfect. But it was all too much for me. I gasped at the sensation of feeling firsthand another man shooting his sperm into my Shelly and I lost my own control. I thrust in desperately, deep into the wet evidence of Zack's pleasure. I strained, holding my cock deep in her as my eruptions added my cum to his.

Shelly was panting, sweating, and moaning incomprehensibly.

I began laughing; none of us had lasted more than five minutes.

Zack laughed, too. His cock plopped out and slid across my balls, leaving a wet trail of cum.

I pushed in and out a few more times before drawing out.

Her pussy gaped open, a stream of cum running down her and onto Zack's abdomen. She breathed, "Wow, you two."

We rested for a while and then took turns making love to her once more: Zack first, and then me. We whispered our love and lust, and completed our commitment.

EPILOGUE

My wife, Shelly, became even more beautiful to me. She became even sexier.

Our church visits scored deeply in me in two ways: the sermons meant a lot more now; and the little game we had of her hugging the husbands became my obsession also.

Our lives settled into a routine much like it had before, but this time with no misunderstandings. Zack came on Fridays and made love to her. Saturday was my day. Sundays after service, we both took turns.

It was the last Sunday in February when Shelly pouted at us. "When are we going to do the big thing again?"

I was relaxed on the sofa. Her head was in my lap while Zack massaged her feet. I said, "What big thing?"

"You know, the two of you in me."

I laughed. "The last time didn't last long."

"So?"

Zack shrugged. "I'll do it again; it was fun."

She giggled.

I said, "Well, next Sunday, then, if you can pry yourself off of Raymond."

She laughed louder. "Isn't he a masher? Right there in front of his wife."

Raymond's hugs had been getting longer and the squeezes tighter - full body presses that we all knew left nothing to his cock's imagination. I made a face. "Maybe his wife likes it."

"Not with those scowls she shoots me."

"Maybe if she dressed sexier..."

Shelly bit her lip. "So, like, I have a favor to ask."

"Hmm?"

"When we do the big thing?"

"Yeah? What?"

"Tammy said she wants to watch."

"Tammy?"

Zack chuckled.

Shelly looked up at me. "You know, Tammy, my friend?"

I sighed. "Yes, of course. I just mean, she wants to see it?"

"She practically begged."

Zack snorted. "She needs a spanking."

Shelly looked at me hopefully. "Please? For me?"

"Well, all right, if it means that much to you..."

She squinted up at me. "But what?"

I laughed. "Don't know how I'll do with an audience."

Zack was nodding. "Yeah, total limp-noids, you know?"

She giggled. "Oh, I'm sure I can wake you two up."

I shrugged.

She reached and squeezed my forearm. "Thank you."

I stroked her hair. "Anything for my love."

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With the proper communication, our three lives became so much more than they were. A bond developed tighter between me and Zack. And a far deeper bond strengthened between me and my wife.

The difficulties and duress were a thing of the past. Ahead was a future filled with sexual satisfaction and emotional ecstasy. Sharing my wife was the easiest thing in the world, also the most difficult, and ultimately the most rewarding. I was never to regret doing so.

Thank you for reading Expanding Our Marriage to Three. As you can see, I don't have the cliché "street team" running around giving me a dozen 5-star reviews the hour of release. All reviews are greatly appreciated.