

FILTHY
Sluts



LARAN MITHRAS

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By
Laran Mithras

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**“If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”
~ John 8:36**

CHAPTER 1

The man pointed at his erection. “Cock. Mouth. Now.”

The phone trembled in my shaking hands. “Gwen, are you—”

My friend looked up at me, the man’s cock in her grip. “Just hit the record button, okay?” Her wedding ring sparkled with accusation from where it rested on the man’s sexual shaft.

Panic, fear, and guilt wracked me.

This is wrong.

Gwen was my friend and she was married to a great guy. Chris was a lawyer, too. When he found out, he’d sue everybody. I didn’t even know this guy’s name and I was standing in the presence of his nakedness.

Then Gwen shocked me so much I almost dropped her phone. “Just record, okay? Chris will want to see this.” Then her mouth touched the tip of the man’s erection. But she pulled off. “Are you recording this?”

My thumb hit the button three times before I got it right and the red light came on. “Okay, okay.” My lips were numb, though, and I was in a daze. “Fine, go.”

I watched in horror as her lips opened and moved over the head of the man’s cock. Of course, I had done such things before to my husband, but the shock of it all was my Christian friend doing it to the friend of a friend and practically a stranger. Gwen and her husband Chris were members of our church, Trinity Christian Fellowship.

This was so... un-Christian.

I felt sick to my stomach.

How could she throw her marriage away? And she was going to show her husband? Why? To start a divorce?

Dizziness swept my head away from rational thought. I was on my first social outing with Gwenifer Redenbaugh, cute, spunky, 32, and frizzy blonde – filled with sparkles and enthusiasm... She had sung hymns next to me in church a few weeks past where we had become acquainted. Her effort at Blow the Trumpet in Zion rang in my memory as being filled with fervor and faith. She had an inner energy that dwarfed mine and drew me to her as sure as a magnet sucked in metal.

And... I stood here watching her mouth move back and forth on this guy’s dick. I didn’t even know his name.

Did she?

The man sure liked it. He leaned his head back and moaned. His hand caressed her hair and head.

Guilt raged within me, convicting me as surely as if my own lips were... doing the act. I needed a shower, a baptism, and fasting to ever hope of forgetting what was happening here.

I felt worse when she paused in looking up at him and looked over at me. Was she looking at me or the phone? Which was worse? It was bad enough I was forced to see it, but the sounds of her lips on his shaft – the wet sliding, the quiet smacks, his moans – made me feel as if I were participating in filthy porn.

Sin.

Big sin.

Bad sin.

Gwen was married. Committing adultery or worse... or something. This wasn't just backsliding; she had been eager to suck this guy's cock.

She pulled her mouth off his shaft and pumped it with her fist. "So... what's your name again?"

"Branden. You're... Gwynn?"

"Gwen."

"A friend of Joel's?"

"Yep."

"Keep sucking."

Gwen sucked his shaft back into her mouth with a giggle.

He said, "Did you meet him at Trinity?"

"Mm hmm."

I felt shocked and nauseated. Trinity Christian Fellowship was a good church, filled with the spirit, and above such associations. But I was in for more rude insinuations.

He said, "I... uh... stopped going about a year back." He shrugged as if trying to remove a burden. "I don't know. Got busy. I should go back."

I almost dropped the phone again. This man was a Christian? Had gone to Trinity? I felt the stain of sin sink into my skin. I wanted to be anywhere but here.

Gwen had said something. "Andrea? Are you getting this?" Her hand was pumping rapidly. Her lips were wet. She was looking up at me and the phone. "Andrea?"

I snapped, "What? Yes."

“Good.” She focused on his cock again, pumping it with effort and causing the man to gasp.

I looked around, but doubted anyone would see us between the cars – although the fear remained.

Morbidly, I watched her jack Branden’s dick. Even just holding the phone like this surely was considered participation? How could I ever tell my husband? Would any amount of prayer wipe this away?

Gwen swirled her tongue around the helmet and looked up at him.

Branden groaned and jerked. Cum erupted from his cock in a stream, coating Gwen’s forehead and cheek. Another splattered her nose. More spurts, but weaker, added to the mess on her face. Some dripped down and darkened her blouse.

I gulped in horror.

Gwen smiled up at Branden, then at her phone I held. She ran a finger through some of the mess and then licked it off in a show for the phone. “Nothing like a good facial...”

Disgusted and fed up, I handed the phone to her and walked quickly away. I had done her the favor she had asked; I had recorded it for her for whatever sick purposes she had.

I had to get away.

Surely God would see I had turned my back on it.

Footsteps ran up behind me. “Hey.”

I turned to her. “How could you do such a thing?” My question was a mixture of anxiety, accusation, angst, and anger.

She shrugged. “It’s just a thing. It was fun.”

“Why did you have me record it?”

She giggled, cum still on her face. “Because Chris challenged me to do it.”

I stood there in the parking lot of the Sky Lounge and dropped my mouth open. “He what?”

She took my arm. “He challenged me to do it.” She led me towards the door.

“Yeah, I heard that part. What does that mean?”

Gwen sniffed. “It’s a game we play. Tonight’s challenge was to have a friend record me blowing some guy.”

“Chris asked you to do this?” I pulled her to a stop. “We can’t go in there; your face is a mess.”

She sighed and dug in her purse for some tissue. She began wiping.
I said, "That's not going to get it all."

"I'll dip into the bathroom and get the rest. Then we'll have a little chat."

I wasn't sure I wanted to be involved in any chat, but there were many questions unanswered.

We went inside and I blushed as she ducked into the bathroom.
Had anyone seen?

CHAPTER 2

Gwen came out a moment later, looking cleaner. However, her blouse was still darkened with cum spatters.

I pointed. “Your blouse is stained. Everyone’s going to notice.”

She rolled her eyes and grabbed my arm. She pulled me towards the bar. “No one cares, Andrea. No one.”

I blurted out, “God does.”

My friend sighed with exasperation. She ordered us two daiquiris at the bar. When the bartender moved away, she leaned in close to me. “No, God does not.”

“How can you say that? You committed adultery a few minutes ago—”

“I did no such thing.”

“You had sex with another man. That’s adultery in my book.”

“Adultery is when a man steals another man’s wife. Chris knows all about this and gave his permission; therefore, it can’t be adultery.”

Although it felt wrong, technically, she was right. “But—”

“There are no buts in this.”

I folded my hands together primly and tried to sit as if we were just waiting for someone. I looked down at my hands and not at her. While she had drawn me into a fast friendship with her, what had happened tonight was beyond me.

She laid a hand on my arm. “Andrea...”

I stayed quiet.

“Look, I’m sorry. Maybe I should’ve asked...”

“Should have? Why would you even do something like this? Chris likes this kind of thing?”

“It’s just sex. It’s fun. What’s the harm in it?”

“Marriage is between one man and one woman—”

She sniffed. “I didn’t marry the guy; I blew him.”

“That’s sin.”

She made a dismissive noise with her mouth. “Like hell it is. God didn’t make sexy parts to be wrong or not be used.”

“Sex is only supposed to be between husband and wife.”

“That’s not exactly true.”

“It sure is in the Bible.”

Gwen leaned back and accepted the drinks. She slid one to me. After the bartender moved away again, she said, “God didn’t have any problem with the patriarchs using prostitutes or men having concubines or husbands having more than one wife.”

I couldn’t argue that. I sipped through the straw and rested my forehead on my palm. “But you’re a good Christian—”

“I hope so...”

“How... Why...” I couldn’t form any coherent question.

She bent her head down, stretching her neck to relieve tension. “I work in a morgue, Andrea...”

“I know.”

“Do you know how numb I’ve gotten seeing dead people every day? Being up in their dead, lifeless faces combing their hair and applying make-up?” She took a vicious pull on her straw. The daiquiri in the glass sank an inch. “Their flesh is so cold - colder than room temperature. I crave heat. I love the feel of excitement: my beating heart; the hot pulse of a man’s cock in my hand—”

“Gwen!” I looked around, horrified.

“Don’t be such a prude, Andrea.” She toyed with her glass. “Anyway, at the end of the week, sometimes I just want to collapse and let a hot guy bang me all night into utter exhaustion.”

I struggled to reconcile how I was making allotments for her job. “Can’t Chris do that? Is there some kind of problem—”

“No, there’s no problem. Chris loves me. He’s happy when I’m happy. He’s... proud of me, I guess. Or so he says. He likes to show me off and wants me to have fun.”

“Including that atrocity we committed in the parking lot?”

Branden suddenly poked between us and kissed Gwen’s cheek. “By the way, that was fun. Thanks.”

I yelped and leaned backwards.

Gwen smiled hopefully at him.

He shrugged and asked, “You two busy or expecting someone? We could go back to my place and party a little.”

My friend actually looked happy. But then she looked at me and her face fell.

I caught it, knowing I was the anchor slowing her down. It made me feel useless and dumb.

Gwen murmured, “Raincheck?”

Branden said, “Sure. Trade numbers?”

“Yeah, that’d be great.”

They tapped and exchanged phones, then handed them back after trading entries.

She said to him with a twist of her mouth, “Girl talk...”

Branden lifted his chin in acknowledgment. “Gotcha. You two have a nice night. I’ll text ya.”

She winked at him.

I remained silent, feeling as if my cleanliness was at risk just sitting so near all the sin.

Gwen sniffed.

I said, “You sniff a lot.” It was the only accusation I could throw at her that she couldn’t defend. It instantly made me feel better – and petty at the same time.

Except that she defended it easily. “Sorry... the chemicals at the morgue... ugh. All the formaldehyde and—”

“Sorry.”

“I think it ruined my sense of smell.”

“Why don’t you get other work?” *So you don’t have to have wild sex for relief?*

“It pays very well. How many out of work beauticians do you see?”

“I don’t know—”

“A lot. They spend the five grand to get their certificate from the beauty academy and they think they’re going to make a million dollars. Except the city is flooded with them. No way am I giving up my job.”

“Would you really have gone off with Branden back to his place?”

“Yeah...” She sucked down more of her drink. “Some other time.”

“What about Chris?”

“My husband would tell me to have fun.”

I asked with all the uncertainty I felt, “Are you serious?”

She laid a hand on my arm again now that there was no man between us. “Quite.”

“But what if the guy wanted to have sex?”

“My husband would be perfectly okay with that and he’d most definitely relish all the details when I got home later.”

I drank my daiquiri. I had heard some of the churches in town had strange sexual shenanigans going on. “Are you one of those swappers?”

Gwen’s face froze. “What’s wrong with swapping? If everyone agrees...?”

“It’s sinful.”

“It is not. Nothing in the Bible says ‘thou shalt not swap wives.’ It isn’t in there.”

“But everybody knows—”

Her hand tightened on my arm. “You haven’t been listening to Pastor Truscott, have you?”

“Of course I have.”

“You’re picking your sin.”

“What?” I didn’t know what she was talking about.

“You’ve chosen sex to dwell on—”

“I’m not dwelling on it; I’m just conscious of it to avoid it.”

She plucked at my sweater. “Poly cotton?”

I shifted on the barstool. “I think. Sure.”

“Sin.”

“What?”

Gwen sniffed and then shook her head. “You really haven’t been listening to his sermons, have you?”

I blushed.

She shook her head. “Diverse fibers are a sin to God. Leviticus nineteen. While you’re busy sucking a lemon over my sex – which isn’t specifically forbidden by God – you’re directly committing sin by wearing mixed fibers.”

I sat back stunned, though a tickle of memory told me I had heard Pastor Truscott mention it before. Whatever the truth, I knew I didn’t have firm ground here to argue with her. In addition, an inkling of interest formed inside me that pushed away the horror. Maybe, just maybe, if she was right...

Of course, I would hold final judgment until I could confirm things. In the meantime, I let my curiosity burn a little brighter. “So... your husband approves of all this?”

She studied me for a moment with her sparkling blue eyes from under her frizzy bangs. Her expression softened a little. “Yes, very much so. He says the naughtier I am, the more he loves me. And you know what?”

“What?”

She gave me a playful look. “I want to find out just how much I can make him love me.”

I laughed, relieved that maybe – just maybe – I was wrong and she might be right. If she was, color me intrigued. “And here I thought you were an innocent little girl.”

Gwen huffed in mock indignation. “I’m not that much younger than you.” She was 32 to my 36. “Anyway... innocent? Sure, in a Christian way. But sexually? Very naughty. My husband and I are just good at hiding it from others. People like you.”

I didn’t want to be excluded like that, but the feeling of stain still held a little sway over me. I wasn’t sure whether I should jump over the fence and agree with her or maintain a sense of stern disapproval for the sin she had committed.

But if it wasn’t sin?

I pondered it while I finished my drink. I couldn’t argue with her specifics, but it still just felt wrong. I said so.

“Because you’ve been told over and over it was without any scriptural backing. But how many times have you heard about mixed fibers?”

“Only a few times...”

“There’s the issue. Hear something often enough, you begin to believe it. Meanwhile, the truth gets buried.”

She was upsetting my sense of equilibrium because I could not for the life of me put up any kind of argument against the specifics of what she was saying. “I had heard... there were some people at Trinity who...” I didn’t want to say “did bad things” knowing that I had no firm ground on which to stand. I would have to remedy that later – and I would. I’d ask the pastors at Trinity.

Gwen lifted her chin and peered at me. “There are many at Trinity who think like I do. Not all. Maybe not the majority. But everyone has their kinks.”

I don’t. All I had was guilt. “Tommy would never...”

“I’m sure you haven’t asked him.”

I could not imagine my husband being approving of sex like Chris. She said, “My husband calls me a hotwife.”

“What’s that?”

“A married woman who enjoys sex with other men.”

A tingle tickled me and I tried to ignore it. “But that’s ... No, wait, forget it. Forget I was about to say sin.”

Gwen sniffed and smiled at me knowingly. “I love God with all my heart.”

She stumped me into silence. There was a truth there I wasn’t seeing – an easy connection I was missing.

I was definitely going to talk to the pastors over this.

CHAPTER 3

“How was your night out?” Tommy grinned at me.

I was defensive from being immediately put on the spot over what had happened. I didn’t want to admit to him that my very first outing with Gwen had involved her blowing some guy who had gone to our church. I snapped, “Fine, why?”

He became subdued instantly, but his expression was tense. “Sorry, was just asking. I was rather hoping you two would get along and have fun.”

I went to him and gripped his bicep. “I’m sorry. It’s just...” I knew I couldn’t hold completely back. “It’s just that she has some strange ideas about having fun.”

“Strange?” He reached up and scratched at his thinning hair.

I was allowing myself to be maneuvered onto dangerous ground. “Well, I mean, she’s sort of wild.”

“She’s not snorting lines of coke, is she?” He asked doubtfully.

“No, heavens no!” I patted my sweater.

“Well, who cares? You could use a little fun. I know I don’t get out of the house all that often...” He repaired appliances and just loved to sit home after work.

“I don’t know if you want me being wild.”

“What do you mean by wild?”

“Well, we went and had some drinks.”

He slapped his head and said, “We’ll need a priest to exorcise that sin from you.”

“I’m being serious.”

“And so am I. You’re way too serious about things, Andrea. Lighten up a little. Have some fun with her.”

“Tommy... she likes to... I don’t know. Drink with other guys. Dance and—”

“Well I’m sure she keeps it under control.”

The image of her wedding ring sparkling on Branden’s cock and her mouth moving back and forth on his erection filled my head. Tingles spread up my pussy and I knew I would do my part in keeping her secret. I said with relish, “Yes, she does.”

“Then take her lead and have fun. That’s why I pushed you to go.”

“Hmm.”

“What?”

“You didn’t seem so free and easy when I told you about Dan at work.”

“Dan?”

“One of my coworkers. He’s always flirting with me.”

“You never told me he always flirted with you.”

“I told you.”

Tommy leaned back in the easy chair. “I distinctly remember you telling me once that he asked you to lunch. And that you shut him down.”

“Well, he makes insinuations.”

My husband laughed. “Yeah, who doesn’t? Anyway, I’m sure you got a handle on that. If you don’t, I’ll kick his ass for you.”

I sighed. My husband was not an easy man to get along with. He was hard and unyielding on a lot of things. “I don’t think beating him up is going to make things better.” I sat down on the couch near him. “Do you really think I need to loosen up?”

He said drily, “A lot.”

I frowned. “Gwen said Chris likes her being naughty. Are you wanting me to be naughty?”

He matched my frown and studied me like a circuit board. “Naughty like how?”

Again, I was allowing myself to be cornered. I firmed my lips, determined not to spill her secret. “I don’t know; she drinks and dresses... looser.”

He muttered, “It might be good for you.”

I tilted my head in consternation. “Do you think something’s wrong with me?”

“Wrong? No. But you’re very uptight.”

Yeah, no kidding. I have to watch what I say and do around you! But I didn’t want to argue about his hard emotions and personality.

He said, “If Gwen can teach you how not to act and look like a matronly grandma—”

I dropped my mouth open in outrage.

He chuckled. “See? You really need to work on loosening up. Shit, Andrea, I deal with enough doing my job. I don’t need to come home and have you—”

I didn't like him cussing, but I was more angry at his implication. I placed my palm on my sweater. "I'm a problem?"

He blew out a breath. "No, but loosen up. Laugh and have some fun. Let Gwen work her magic on you."

"And if that involves dancing with other men?"

"So? I think you know the difference between dancing and dating."

"I do."

He held out his hands in the air. "And there you have it. She finally understands something."

I scowled and got up.

He shook his head, unwilling to relent on his insinuations that I was the one who was difficult.

Hard man.

I would go with Gwen again, but what if she met some guy and wanted to blow him again?

Tingles zig-zagged in me. If it wasn't really sin, was it wrong if I was there? I needed to find out and the next day was Sunday.

I wasn't ready for what I learned.

CHAPTER 4

I sat at my desk days later, still thinking about the collapse of my Christian reality the previous Sunday.

No, I surely hadn't lost my faith, but my foundations had definitely been shaken. I hadn't just talked to one of the associate pastors, but to Pastor Tom Truscott himself. He had leaned in during my little interview with the handsome assistant Gregg and decided on a whim to take over the consultation.

I had learned in much better detail that Gwen had been speaking the truth. Without naming names, I had embarrassed Pastor Truscott but not flustered him. He had admitted that if the husband approved, it wasn't sin.

What really cemented everything for me was his recitation of the only two commandments Jesus had given: love your God with all your heart; and love your neighbor as yourself. All of the law was wrapped up in those two commandments. The rest was grace.

And that was the "good news" of the gospel: we were free from sin. It was so vividly clear that I walked out of Trinity feeling like a newborn Christian again.

Pastor Truscott had warned me that to focus and dwell on sin put me under the curse of the law and not to do it.

I tapped quickly, entering another set of payroll figures into the system. Bantor Holdings was a shell corporation and I was a miniscule data entry clerk who would likely never rise above my current position. Everything above me required a college degree - and I didn't have one.

"Gee, I'd invite you to lunch, but I guess not, huh?" Dan was already passing by my cubicle.

I stood up and looked over the divider. "You can ask." It was a whim. A thread of danger and excitement wormed around in me like a slumbering dragon.

He faltered and stumbled to a stop. He turned and looked at me suspiciously. Then he recovered some of his aplomb. "Oh, just so you can turn me down again?"

I tried a smile but I wasn't sure how it looked. "No, I mean it. If you want to take me to lunch, let's go."

He blinked and his forehead went smooth. He reached up and scratched at his stubble with his left hand. His ring glinted under the fluorescents.

“Well, sure, then. Let’s go.”

“Give me about ten minutes.”

“Yeah, all right... I’ll be in the parking lot.”

I sat back down to finish the figures. Dan was a nice man, but married and flirty. People found him funny and amusing, but I had frowned with disapproval at his playfulness. Maybe lunch wouldn’t be so bad? Maybe I would have something to tell Gwen later tonight for our Friday girl’s night out.

Why not?

And if Dan got too flirty, I could simply put a stop to it.

Easy.

CHAPTER 5

“So did you blow him?” Gwen sat, legs crossed, kicking one foot out over and over. She toyed with the straw of her margarita.

“No!” I looked around feverishly to see if anyone had overheard. I had never been in The Broadway Blues before, but the place was just loud enough that our conversation was safe.

Gwen touched my hand. “Andrea, no one cares.”

“You keep saying things like that—”

“Because it’s true.” She looked around a bit and pointed. “That guy over there.”

“Huh?” I saw the man she indicated – a portly businessman occasionally scanning the bar.

“If he was talking about blowjobs, would you care?”

“No.”

She held out her hands as if her point was obvious.

I blew out a breath and rolled my eyes.

She said, “You’re way too uptight about what other people think. Who cares what other people think?”

“I’m not uptight.” But as soon as I was saying it, memories of my husband saying the exact same thing ran through my head. I pouted.

Gwen just gave me a look that told me I had just proved her point. “So you talked to the pastor after the service last Sunday...”

“With Gregg, but Pastor Truscott himself popped in and took over.”

“Pastor Truscott?” Gwen’s surprise wasn’t uncalled for: Pastor Truscott was something of a celebrity - high profile, on TV, and broadcasting nationwide on radio.

“He pretty much confirmed everything you said.”

Gwen just watched me.

I shrugged. “I hear from so many other pastors that anything sexual is a sin—”

“And they’re wrong. It’s all just a guilt-trip.”

“It’s all still hard to accept.”

“What’s hard about it?”

I tried to express my frustration to her. “I grew up being taught sex was sin.”

“And that was wrong, so now that you know the truth, what’s the problem?”

I drank some margarita. “It just doesn’t seem so easy as snapping fingers.”

She pulled out her phone and began tapping. She normally did not touch her phone while we were having talks, so I was patient while she texted someone.

When she was done, I asked, “What was that?”

“Setting up a date for tonight.”

I felt that familiar thrill tingle up my insides. “A date? Should I go?”

She laughed. “No, silly, for us.”

I was horrified. Or maybe more frightened. “For us? You can’t be serious.”

“Why not? You said you went on a lunch date with that guy from work, so...?”

“It wasn’t really a date...”

Gwen sniffed and rolled her eyes. “Oh come on. You went to lunch alone with him.”

“Well, sure, but we just talked.”

She leaned over towards me and made her eyes really big. “You mean... you didn’t blow him?”

I snorted and then coughed. “No!”

“Did you tell your husband?”

“Tommy? No, not yet.”

“You should tell him.”

I will. “It all seems so risky.”

“Do you want to marry the guy?”

“Dan? No.”

“Then it isn’t risky. Was there flirting?”

“Not really...”

“Either there was or there wasn’t, Andrea.”

I let my shoulders collapse and shook my head. “Well, no... He just talked about his Star Trek collection.”

“Sounds thrilling.” Her foot kicked non-stop.

“It wasn’t. Interesting, but not thrilling.”

“So this was your big, salacious, sinful date, huh?”

I laughed. “Stop it.”

She said whimsically, “Angels are up there working overtime right now entering you into God’s Almighty Database of Grudges over this sin...”

“Gwen...”

Her phone chimed. She lifted it and said, “We’re on for tonight.”

I felt mortified. “What did you arrange?”

“Nothing, just for Branden to join us for drinks.”

“Branden?”

“Yeah, you know; the guy I blew last week.”

“I know that.”

She patted my hand. “Just smile a lot.”

“That’s what I did with Dan, earlier.”

She dropped her mouth open, mocking me. “You naughty woman, you.”

Branden showed up less than a half hour later, grinning like a boy.

I felt like I should leave them alone, but he shared his smile with me, too.

Maybe I’ll just see how it all goes...

CHAPTER 6

Branden's apartment was mostly clean and tidy. I was impressed.

I was also uncertain as to whether or not I should be here. Despite Gwen's reassurances, and Pastor Truscott's compelling message of liberty, I felt guilty for even stepping foot inside this man's apartment.

My friend might have been oblivious, but I was not. I spotted a stuffed animal holding a heart – a sure sign of a Valentine's Day gift. I asked, "You're married?"

Branden's face fell. "Nah, engaged."

An imperious tone entered my speech. "And why are we here?"

"She's having second thoughts. Cold feet, I don't know. She went off on a vacation with her ex to sort it all out."

I was taken aback, knocked off my high horse. "Oh..."

"Drinks?" he asked.

Gwen mumbled, "I think we've had enough."

"Oh come on... Rum and coke?"

"Okay, fine." My friend relented too easily.

I shrugged and nodded, allowing myself to be pulled along by the strength of her surety. The guilt remained, though in much lesser force. I asked, "What's her name? Your fiancé?"

"Mary." He stood in the kitchen and looked at us over the separating counter.

"A vacation with her ex, huh?"

He admitted, "Probably to get one last fuckathon in with his supposedly bigger cock."

I laughed incredulously. "And why are you engaged to her?"

"She's fun. I don't know; I love her."

"And last week?" I indicated Gwen who was just watching and listening.

He waved a hand and made a dismissive noise. "Who turns down a freebie?"

"What if you had been married?"

He looked respectfully chastened as he carried the glasses around the counter to us. But his words were very different. "I'll take a free blowjob any time. That's not cheating."

“But another person is sucking you off, not your Mary.”

“So? Sucking isn’t cheating.” He handed me a glass. “Intercourse is cheating, biblically.”

I drank a gulp just for something to do as I considered every passage I knew about adultery.

Gwen giggled. “You stymied our Guilt-Goddess.”

I huffed, “I am not Guilt-Goddess. I resent that insinuation.”

“Yes, your Majesty.”

I made a pointed effort to impress on her my seriousness. “Gwen!”

She scooted over to me on the couch and draped one leg over both of mine. She gripped me in a half hug and stuck her mouth to my ear. “This is cheating, too, isn’t it? Just being so close?”

“Of course not.”

“But if I were to touch you?” Her tongue darted into my ear.

I squawked and shivered from the sudden intense tingles that raced down my back and up my pussy. Was she right? Wrong? What was I feeling?

Confused.

Gwen took a long drink and set her half empty glass down. “You’re way too tense, darling. Branden, come here and give her a neck massage.”

I gasped, “I don’t need a neck...”

I was quieted by his strong presence on my right. I trembled at his proximity.

Gwen’s hand kneaded at my shoulder. “She’s all tense.”

Branden grumbled, “Relax, Andrea. Your sacred virginity is safe with me tonight.”

I exclaimed, “I’m not a virgin!”

Both of them snickered.

He added, “Gwen on the other hand...”

My friend admonished him, “You naughty boy, this is a date for the three of us and not anything more. Maybe another time.”

He grunted, “All right...”

I was getting dizzy. He had added his hands to hers on my shoulders and I was getting a great massage on some very tense muscles I hadn’t known were there. I felt like I was melting. As a defense from falling over, I downed most of my drink until there was just a finger or two left in the

tumbler. I let out a long sigh of relief as stress was banished in increasing increments. I hummed happily.

I also relished the forbidden tingles that raced up my pussy, though I didn't know who caused those. Him or her? Which? I was no lesbian and had never thought of it. But if they were for him, was I falling to temptation? The sin of being attracted to another man? It was a sin, wasn't it?

And then Pastor Truscott's advice filtered through my normal level of mental noise: those whom Jesus had set free were free indeed. I was violating no commandments here.

I let my head drop forward and my eyes close.

I swooned in pleasure at the overwhelming relief emanating from my shoulders and neck. I could've sat here all night getting this done. But I was surprised to stiffness as a hand wedged between my thighs and brushed the material of my slacks over my clit.

I gasped in shock, mouth wide open as I looked at Branden with accusation and horror.

It wasn't his hand.

I jerked my head around to Gwen.

Her smoky look and playful eyes left me speechless. Even more so when she leaned in a little and kissed me. Her daring lips pressed against my open mouth and her darting tongue invaded my sanctity. I was so stunned that we were kissing before I could do or say anything against it.

Her mouth and lips were soft – so much softer than my husband's. I was swept up as my guilt was swept aside. Without realizing it, I relaxed my thighs and her hand began moving with more force down there.

I began trembling at the well of sensations that rose and consumed my dry and stingy interior. I was filled from top to bottom with energy and vitality. My pussy ached. My nipples hardened.

And all without violating my husband's understanding that I wasn't going to be dating men, only dancing with them.

As it was, this little get-together was skating the line. Gwen had assured me it was less a date because it was a date for all three of us and a proper date was just a man and woman alone.

None of that meant anything to me.

Not until the kiss broke and ended.

I panted and gasped and then froze in dismay. During the kiss, I had lost all sense of immediacy in the moment. Now it wasn't Gwen touching me and rubbing my pussy through my slacks, it was Branden.

Gwen smiled supportively at me and winked. She said, "Branden, that's enough. This was supposed to be about softening up her guilt, not you getting your jollies."

He made a noise and removed his hand. His other hand had been caressing my breast and I hadn't even realized it.

For a brief second, I felt bereft as his hands left me. But then I felt better knowing that I was being straight as an arrow...

But...

If I was free to do this or have this done to me...?

Gwen grabbed my hand gently. "Andrea, touch his bulge."

"I can't!" Instinct took over. Decades of ingrained sex-is-bad feelings.

"It's just his jeans." She led my hand with a little bit of force and placed my hesitating, trembling digits on the bulge of his pants.

It's just his jeans! I told myself.

Then my friend rubbed my hand on his bulge.

I whispered, "Okay... It's okay, I..." I rubbed without her help to show her I could do it.

She bit my shoulder in approval.

I yelped, but the press of her teeth had been light. Tingles flooded me. I realized I was groping this man's crotch and my pussy became wet. Heat flared down there and I began panting.

Gwen leaned across me and said to him, "Take off your shirt."

His shirt? What? But there wasn't anything sexual about a man's chest per se...

Branden removed his shirt, smiling contentedly.

Gwen took my hand away from his crotch and I almost resisted her for a second. Massaging his jeans hadn't been so bad, had it? But then she placed my hand on his hairy chest and made me rub it. She whispered, "Run your fingers over that."

I flushed with embarrassment, but did what she asked. The tickly feel of his soft chest hair sliding along the insides of my fingers was as comforting as when I had done the same with my husband.

This wasn't new territory or forbidden, really. It was familiar and... okay. I ran my hand over his chest eagerly.

Gwen's hand dropped away and pulled back along my breast. She gently gripped it and squeezed.

I had been a little dizzy before, but I was definitely spinning now. I might have rightfully protested getting groped by Branden, but it was my closest friend and I... couldn't find anything wrong with it.

Gwen said, "Branden..."

"Hmm?"

"Take off your pants."

I stiffened. "No, maybe he shouldn't. I mean—"

Gwen sniffed and sighed. "Kiss her and make her shut up."

I couldn't stop Branden. I tensed and seized up but his mouth pressed to mine and I resisted for not more than a second. I opened my mouth to protest but his tongue forced its way in.

I was getting kissed.

It felt wrong, but was it wrong? Kissing wasn't sex. It wasn't intercourse. Maybe Tommy would be mad, but it... lacked... the force and weight of sin and guilt.

I kissed him back, melting into passivity again.

Gwen's hand moved down and slid between my thighs.

I moaned with delirium as the heat increased and became more insistent. My world was wrapped in the kiss between me and Branden. Our tongues danced and moved with each other. I felt as if I was being held up by the magnetism of our tongues and lips. If he had stopped, I might have fallen from whatever height I was at in my mind.

And Gwen's fingers moved with a wave-like rhythm, caressing my pussy and causing corresponding undulations of heat and pleasure rolling through me.

It was Gwen; it was okay.

Branden's hand came up under my sweater and moved over my bra. His gentle kneading motions sent shivers all the way down to my pussy.

Gwen said, "Stop that. Get your jeans off."

I started to protest, called back from the brink of blissful oblivion. "N-no... maybe..."

"Shh, Andrea. I want to... you know... Give him some licks."

I collapsed in a trembling heap. "Oh, okay. Of course." I watched him slide off his jeans and underwear. His dick popped up and twitched, already mostly hard. It waved freely until he settled back.

My friend coaxed him. “Go back to kissing her.”

His grin and sparkling eyes reminded me so much of Gwen that I let him. Our mouths met again in a hot kiss that sent me flying out of my body.

Gwen left my side.

He moaned in my mouth.

I heard wet sounds.

Fire erupted in my pussy and my ache coiled into tightness.

It was so... very sexy to be kissing this man while he was getting sucked. I had never felt the like before. It was a union of three that melded and matched with beauty and cohesion.

Gwen gripped my hand.

I broke the kiss.

Branden panted happily.

She pulled my hand and I pulled back. She pulled harder and placed my fingers around his shaft. She said, “Hold him up for my mouth.”

I was too shocked at the cascade of sensation that jolted the center of my being. I was touching him and it burned in my hands – not with hell fire, but in a very good way. I held him and remembered that she had said something. “What?”

She sniffed and shook her head. She said nothing, just placed her lips over his cock again.

I couldn't help myself and my curiosity. I began moving my hand and stroked his thick flesh up and down with little movements. *I'm just helping Gwen, that's all.* I moved my hand up and down his shaft with much more confidence.

At once, the feeling of liberty within me spread its wings and soared. I felt giddy enough to giggle. This was all... amazingly easy and simple.

Branden reached down and began rubbing my slacks again.

I swear, I felt like I was going to fly apart.

And then Gwen ruined it.

CHAPTER 7

My friend grated, "Stop that."

Branden sighed in exasperation. "Fine."

"Andrea, come down here."

"Huh?"

"Branden, stand up." She motioned with her hands to hurry. She repeated to me, "Come down here."

"What...?" I slowly got down with her on the floor.

She grabbed me and maneuvered all three of us together, him standing over us. "I need your help, Andrea."

"Well, sure... uh..."

She put her arm around my shoulder and then leaned forward to suck Branden's erection into her mouth. She moved her head back and forth rapidly and then pulled off. "Oh yes, he tastes yummy." Then she pulled me abruptly into a kiss.

I didn't resist at first until I realized that I was also sort of tasting him. I yelped in the kiss.

Gwen broke it and giggled at me. "Um, can you sit very still?"

I swallowed hard. I didn't know what game she was planning. "Uh, sure."

She motioned and pulled Branden closer and closer until his dick was waving in my face. She warned me, "Don't move unless you want it touching you."

I reassured her with an alarmed promise. "I won't."

"Good." She proceeded to jack him while it was pointing at my face.

I cringed. "Are you trying to make him squirt on me?"

She laughed in a fit of hilarity. "Oh, no, no, don't be afraid. No, that wasn't what I was doing." She angled him away and sucked his cock into her mouth for three long sucks. She pulled off and turned my head to her, kissing me.

I had never been kissed by a woman before tonight and the experience was electric. It was safe. It was okay. Kissing Gwen was... fun. Heat spiraled up my body and my pussy pulsed with flame.

She broke the kiss and asked, "Doesn't he taste good?"

“Huh? Oh...” I realized that of course I must be tasting him. “I guess so...” I felt embarrassed to admit it, but I wasn’t feeling ugly or stained kissing her.

She said, “Don’t move, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Promise?”

I laughed. “I won’t move.”

“Okay.” She sucked him again, then pulled off and pulled on him.

“Don’t move or this will get awkward.”

“Okay, okay.”

“Sit still.” She pulled until his cock was so close to my face that I pulled back.

“No, don’t move!” She pulled my head back. His cock was angled up and I was looking at it cross-eyed. Slowly, she began lowering it. She whispered, “Don’t move, don’t move!”

Gradually, the heat of his proximity increased. I could feel it on my nose. Then I felt a hot bit of wetness on a small part of my upper lip.

She smiled brightly. “Perfect. Now lick that off. Taste him for yourself.”

Surprised by what she had done and the touch of wetness on my upper lip, I automatically licked before I could stop myself. His butter-like flavor coated my tongue.

She murmured, “That is so beautiful.”

Branden sighed with frustration.

Gwen giggled and began sucking him again, still holding onto my neck. Then she pulled off and pulled my head. “Just a little more...”

I felt the head of his cock brush my lower lip leaving a tiny smear of juice on it. I flicked my tongue out automatically and not only got the smear, but the tip of his dick. Spirals of heat twisted tightly in me and caused me to squirm.

Gwen breathed in wonder, “Oh, that’s perfect. Gimme your hand.”

I placed it in hers.

She placed it around his shaft beneath her other hand. She gave him another suck while coaxing my hand to stroke.

I did.

She removed her hand and placed it back around my shoulders.

I was really enjoying the feel of his hot erection in my grip. Especially when it throbbed in her mouth.

It felt so very nasty.

And not the least bit sinful.

She pulled away and turned to me for a kiss. But she didn't kiss me this time. I was ready with my mouth open. Instead, she pulled him towards me, waving it near my lips. I went still for her. His cock touched my lips, brushing over them firmly, leaving a wet trail.

I opened my mouth.

She lifted her hand from my shoulders to the back of my head and pushed. My mouth went over the head of his cock and I opened instinctually to keep from biting him. In an instant, the thick round helmet of his cock was in my mouth and on my tongue.

I licked.

Gwen breathed hotly in tune with my heat, "Suck him, Andrea."

I did. Gladly. I moved my mouth along his erection as far as I could. And then back. And then back and forth. When Gwen's hand dipped down and began massaging between my thighs, I went crazy with lust. I sucked him like I had never before sucked my husband.

I devoured Branden's cock and I loved it.

There was no bolt from heaven striking me down and there was no stain of guilt seeping through my soul.

Only joy.

I sucked him fast and hard.

Gwen asked silkily, "Is she doing good Branden?"

"Oh fuck yeah..." His hand caressed my head and sent shivers down to where Gwen stroked my pussy through my slacks.

She said, "You like her?"

"Yeah, I have a thing anyway for long-haired brunettes."

Gwen slapped his thigh and giggled.

I had long, straight brunette hair and topped it with bangs. Sometimes I thought the bangs were stupid, but Tommy loved them.

What is my husband doing right now? Could he possibly imagine me doing this?

I wanted to laugh with relief and freedom. In one day, I had accepted a lunch date with persistent Dan at work and gone with Gwen to a man's apartment and sucked him. I felt like I was floating on top of the world.

Gwen stroked the base of his shaft that I couldn't get into my mouth. "Suck harder, Andrea. Let's have Branden give you something so you can

go home and kiss your husband.”

I moaned in a rush of sexual delirium.

Branden grunted and growled. His cock swelled in my mouth and the first spurt took me by surprise. It hit the back of my throat in a hot stream and caused me to gag. I swallowed madly to keep it from going down the wrong way.

Gwen milked his cock into my mouth and I thought I was going to cum right there, but I didn't.

Branden puffed with relief above me and blew out a long breath. “Whoa, yeah. I'm gonna want a lot more of that.” His hand stroked my head and I knew he was talking to me.

A feeling like victory welled up inside, pushing upwards into the light.

I couldn't say no when he asked to trade phones to input contacts.

Then I went home.

The first thing I did was kiss my husband.

CHAPTER 8

“Wow, what’s gotten into you?” Tommy mused at me with a smile.

I tore at his clothing. “Let’s get these off of you.”

“What? Now?” He resisted.

“I want to suck your cock.”

His eyes went wide and he coughed.

We didn’t normally talk like this.

He allowed me to get his cock out and I devoured it into my mouth. He was smaller than Branden, but not a lot smaller. He was familiar and safe and...

And I was fueled by an old friend: guilt.

When had that assaulted me?

I was flying high a few minutes ago while I was driving home.

At the door. Yes.

Key in my hand, something had bothered me. Seeing my husband sitting in the easy chair had driven home that I had done something not exactly right. While it might and maybe and possibly not been sin, something about it all still felt wrong and I knew it as soon as I tried to get his clothes off: it was that I wasn’t going to tell him.

That was a violation of trust.

Guilt had reason to stand and accuse me.

Guilt had every right.

He panted as I tried to suck away my guilt, “Why this now? I mean, it’s nice, but...”

I came up for air. “I don’t know,” I lied, “I guess Gwen’s playfulness is rubbing off on me.”

He laughed jovially. “Well, I really like this... You should spend more time with her.”

And I knew I was going to, if not for the reason my husband thought. Images of Branden’s cock in my face and the lingering sensation of his erection in my mouth drove my head back down. I sucked my husband down, slurping away to try covering over my guilt.

Having a secret from my husband was not good. I sucked harder.

“What did you guys do tonight, anyway?”

I stopped sucking and just stroked him. I decided to give him some truth to see how he took it. “She arranged a little get-together with some guy she knows. We had drinks at his place.”

Tommy frowned and his eyebrows drew down. “Drinks at his place?”

“Rum and coke. I had one. So did she.”

He grunted and pursed his lips to the side. “Did anything happen?”

“I...” I looked away.

“Tell me.”

“I got kissed.”

“By the guy?” He stiffened and partially lifted himself straighter.

“Yes, and also Gwen.”

He jerked backwards in surprise. “Gwen?” His forehead crinkled, then cleared, and crinkled again. Then he laughed. “Gwen?”

“Yes.”

He looked at me askance. “Is she one of those... dykes?”

I coughed. “She’s married—”

“To Chris Redenbaugh, I know.”

“No, I don’t think she’s a lesbian.”

He chuckled. “Can’t complain about a girlie kiss I guess.”

“And the guy?” I stroked him faster.

He frowned again. “Who kissed who?”

“Gwen kissed me first, and then the guy kissed me to shut me up from protesting...” *About him taking off his pants.* But I wasn’t going to admit that much.

Tommy chuckled briefly, then frowned. “I ought to thank him for the idea, but if you need me to kick his ass—”

“No, I don’t think that’s necessary. Take me to bed.”

“Now?”

“Now.”

His lips relaxed into a sexy smile. “I think I like this. Maybe you should get kissed more.”

I almost gasped at the swell that rose inside me. “You’re not mad?”

“Well, I don’t like some guy forcing himself on you. But if this is any indication of a change in you, I like it.”

I led him to the bedroom and stripped in a rush. “I don’t know if it was the kiss or whatever...”

“What do you mean?”

“Remember you said I shouldn’t be so uptight?”

“Hmm?”

“Well, I let Dan take me to lunch today.”

His eyes got large. “Whoa, you?”

“Yes me. I essentially let him take me on a date.”

“Was it candlelit?”

I couldn’t read his mood. I didn’t know if he was about to blow up or start laughing at me. “Delano’s Subs and he talked endlessly about his Star Trek collection.”

“You sound like you didn’t have fun.”

“Well, no. But I guess it was nice being taken out for lunch and having someone pay for it.”

He chuckled, erect, and waited for me by the bed.

I pushed him down and climbed over him, trembling with all the pent up need from earlier. I gripped his dick and put it where it was needed, then sat down forcefully. His thickness speared me and parted those aching passages that needed to be filled. I growled with effort and ground myself down on him, releasing all the anxiety I had held inside.

He gripped my hips and marveled at me.

I rode him ferociously, my body shaking so hard with lust that my teeth almost chattered.

His eyes continued to sparkle. “I really like this.”

“Yeah?” The tension in me was coiled tight.

“You need to let Dan take you to lunch more often.”

“Maybe it was being with Gwen and Branden for drinks.”

“Then keep doing it.”

I slowed. “Are you sure?” It was as much as I was willing to admit, reveal, and inform. I wanted him to accept it all, even ignorant of all the details. Ignorant of me sucking Branden dry and then kissing my husband’s mouth a few minutes ago.

He breathed, “Definitely.”

I came. And came. And wailed my anxiety until it was drained from me – the waves of release a pulsing memory inside me.

My husband was supremely happy.

I was not.

CHAPTER 9

I clapped and sang along with Gwen to the finale of I Want to Know.

The interior of Trinity Christian Fellowship rang with the voices of happy people. The atmosphere was electric with faith and joy.

Minutes later, with the blessing of Pastor Truscott, the doors were opened. People, smiling and laughing, began to file out. Some went the other way to talk to the assistant pastors and request prayers.

Chris Redenbaugh, smiling despite his usual frowning legal demeanor, clapped a hand on my husband's shoulder. Normally, he wore an expression that suggested everything was a legal issue to him and he was weighing aspects of legality. In this case, at this moment, he was absent the lawyer look. "Hey Tommy..."

My husband shook his hand and clasped his shoulder. "Chris. I understand our wives are getting close?"

Chris lifted his eyebrows and dipped his chin in acknowledgment. "I hope Gwen isn't a bad influence."

I fretted that he might hint at more or even reveal a truth I wanted hidden.

My husband winked at Gwen and said to Chris, "I'm glad. Andrea needs it. I'm really a stay at home type. This," he indicated the church around him, "is as much as I get out."

Chris deadpanned with gravity, "I hear ya. Same here, same here. I spend enough time in court to want to just curl into a ball at home all weekend."

Gwen burst out laughing. "You in a ball? Right."

"Yeah, not really, but I do like staying home. Unless it's a vacation, I've got enough to do around the house." His expression deepened at my husband. "You, uh, work appliances, right?"

"Five days a week." Tommy's expression was guarded. "You got something that needs looking at?"

I knew he hated working weekends, but if he was offering, then he must like Chris enough to make the opening.

"I do, actually. I'm sure it's nothing. Our water heater isn't really heating the water like it used to."

"How old is it?"

“I don’t know,” he looked at Gwen, “fifteen years?”

Tommy grunted. “Gas?”

“Yes.”

“Probably at the end of its life, but...”

“Yes?”

We were walking to the door.

My husband asked, “Do you ever drain it?”

Chris looked confused. “Drain it?”

Tommy nodded to himself. “I could take a look at it for you. It might just need to be drained. They get all built-up inside with sediment.”

“Huh...”

“We can come over now if you want?”

Chris brightened. “Sure! We can make a little party of it. It doesn’t take long, does it?”

My husband shook his head. “Nah, ten, fifteen minutes, maybe.”

“Awesome. I’ll put some steaks on the barbecue.”

My husband smiled. “Sounds like a deal.”

I saw Branden talking to Joel. I hid my face.

Gwen waved at them brightly.

Oh god.

They didn’t come over to us and we escaped outside.

Their house was so sparse that I felt an emptiness inside of it. With him being a lawyer, their furniture was nice. With her being a cosmetologist at the morgue, I felt the absence of cheer. The house was clean, neat, and spare. No extra knick-knacks cluttered the place anywhere. The walls were conspicuous with the absence of family pictures. There was no area immediately identifiable as the place where they met together: no worn easy chair; no soft spot on the couch; no entertainment detritus lying within reach.

When Gwen said she liked to get out, I understood it now. She obviously didn’t like spending any time here other than cleaning it or sleeping.

While the men went into the garage to work their masculine magic with the water heater, I sat with Gwen out back and watched the barbecue.

She said, “I hate it here.”

Alarmed, I asked, “Are you and Chris—”

She slapped a hand to her mouth. Her blue eyes were large and her freckles and frizzy hair made her look adorably comical. “Oh no! No. I didn’t mean it that way. I absolutely adore my husband.”

“Oh, sorry.”

“Except when he’s talking law. Gosh, everything has to be a contract or an agreement. No, I meant that I hate sitting at home. I mean, it’s all right and stuff, but I’d much rather be dancing.”

“And Chris is all right with what you do? I mean, he knows everything? Like Branden?”

She waved a hand. “Oh yeah, I told him. He loved it. He especially loved what I did for you.”

“At least one husband does.” I pouted.

Gwen leaned forward on the patio chair. “Tommy doesn’t? What happened?”

“Well, I don’t know that he does or doesn’t. I didn’t tell him. Well, I didn’t tell him everything. I just told him I got kissed.”

“Huh...” She studied me for a moment. “And you feel bad keeping secrets?”

I nodded with resolution.

“I understand. I mean, I think I do. I was always open with Chris.” She tapped her finger on the arm of her chair. “How did he take the kissing thing?”

“At first it seemed like he was going to be mad, but when I told him you kissed me first and Branden forced a kiss on me after, he seemed to relax.”

“Hmmp.”

“I had told him you liked to dance and he didn’t seem to have too much of a problem with me dancing...”

“No?”

“I just don’t want to go on without telling him—”

“Well, you have to tell him.”

I shook my head. “Not with Tommy. I know him.”

“Sure, but tell him in the right way. Ease him into it. No one just jumps into... headfirst.”

Jumps into what? I must have looked confused.

She asked, “Have you liked our two get-togethers?”

I pursed my lips and looked down. But I nodded.

Gwen was silent for a long time. I risked a look and found her smiling at me, her eyes sparkling with inner thought. She said, “Okay, then, I have a plan.”

“What?”

“Just follow my lead when the time comes.”

“Follow your lead?”

She laughed. “Just act natural. Be yourself. I’m certain you’ll say exactly the right thing.”

I frowned at her. Was she making fun of me?

The men came out a little later and hovered over the barbecue. Chris said, “Looks ready.”

Tommy grunted, “Need help?”

“Nah, I’ll be right out with the meat. Tri-tip okay?”

“Yeah, great.”

“Thanks for the water heater.”

“Yeah, not a problem.” Tommy watched him enter the house and then sat next to me.

Gwen clapped her hands together. “Andrea...?”

“Hmm?”

“There’s a dance club I’ve been wanting to try but haven’t had the courage to try alone. Want to go Friday night?”

I was caught off guard. “I... uh... I don’t know, I’d have to ask...” My eyes shifted to my husband with all the uncertainty I felt.

Gwen sparkled at him. “Your husband? What do you think, Tommy. Do you think your wife could chaperone me dancing?”

He cleared his throat, a little stiff. “Yeah, I think she could.”

I was at a loss for words.

Gwen dove right ahead. “You don’t mind her dancing, do you? I mean, are you the clingy jealous type?”

I paled.

Tommy said defensively, “No, I don’t think I am, no.”

“So she can come with me?”

He pulled his head back in consideration. “I don’t see why not...”

She clapped her hands together again. Then she got up, leaned over to him and pecked his cheek. “You’re so sweet.”

My husband blushed and looked at me with a quick flick of his eyes. “Aw, it’s no big deal; you’re good for her.”

“Andrea, we’ll have to talk about dresses.”

I blinked, still stunned at how easily she had maneuvered my husband.

But she wasn’t done.

Not by a long shot.

CHAPTER 10

I let Dan take me to lunch Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. After the initial lunch date, he didn't dwell on Star Trek any more – having said all he could about it.

I liked Star Trek; but I really loved Star Wars. When I told him that, it sort of ended all of the sci-fi talk when he muttered about how he hated what Disney was doing to the franchise.

Oh well, can't please everyone.

I asked him Friday, "Have you told your wife about our lunches?"

His eyes got large for a second. "No... I don't think she'd understand that we're just friends."

"Jealous type, huh?"

"Yes, but she goes out to places with her guy friends."

"She has guy friends?"

"Yeah, you know, friend-zone gay guys?"

I joked, "Are you sure they're gay?"

He frowned, not getting it. Or rather, taking me too seriously. "Well, I don't know. She says they're gay."

I don't think I left him feeling very good about it.

At home, I dressed as Gwen had instructed. It was my best dress, but we had secretly bought another. She rang the doorbell right about when she said she would.

I let Tommy answer the door, pretending to be busy with make-up. I walked out a second later to a stunned husband, mouth agape, and at a loss for words.

Gwen stood there, fist on cocked hip, dressed in a flimsy minidress that had slashes all up the sides. It was obvious from the slashes that she could not be wearing bra or panties. She held up a box balanced on her palm.

She shook her head at me. "No, no, no. I knew you would dress like an old maid. The Strobelight would probably turn you away at the door. I took the liberty of buying you a dress. Here."

Tommy gulped and backed up. He fidgeted and kept glancing at her dress.

Gwen leaned over to him. "If she dresses like that, we'll get laughed out of the place. I bought her something a little more... Well, not like this!" She

indicated her dress. “But maybe better for her.”

I said, “Um...”

Tommy cleared his throat. “Well, go try it on, whatever it is.” He pulled at his collar.

Gwen clapped her hands, bounced on the balls of her feet, and kissed my husband on the cheek.

Tommy blushed.

I took the box and dressed in the bedroom. It was a perfect fit, of course, because I had already tried it on. I came out and looked sheepishly at my husband. It was a short dance dress that came to mid-thigh. It had a very deep plunging neckline that went almost down to my belly button, but kept everything securely covered.

It was definitely more demure than Gwen’s dress, but far more risqué than anything Tommy would expect me to wear. That was the plan.

And it worked.

My husband almost sighed with relief that I didn’t have slashes and that my hemline wasn’t dangerously close to exposing anything. Neither were my boobs in any danger of swaying out of my dress – the material was close and broad enough to keep them firmly in place. He nodded at me, although his eyebrows rose and his expression took on a look of amazement.

He said, “I wish I liked to dance...”

Gwen giggled. “You could always learn.”

Instantly, he was shaking his head as if he had taken a squirt of lemon juice up his nose. “Nah, not me. No way.” He patted his torso. “I’m a little bigger than I used to be. You two go have a little fun.” He gave me a kiss on the lips and glanced down at my dress with another dazed expression.

Then we were on our way.

I said to her in the car, “I need to take lessons from you.”

“You already are. Men are so easy to handle.”

I laughed. “Not my Tommy. He’s very difficult to budge and he often doesn’t care if his ideas hurt anyone else.”

“Pshh, easy. Just like we did there.”

I looked at her dubiously. “You could get him to unload the dishwasher?”

She made big eyes at me and pressed her lips together comically. “Mm hmm.”

I shook my head.

She elaborated. “Look, men are bull-headed—”

“Ha, you got that right.”

“They don’t listen to reason. Well, they don’t listen to feminine reason. They have a masculine prejudice that precludes any kind of real reason. So you have to control them through their most easily controlled aspect.”

“How’s that?”

“Sex, of course. You control him through his dick. That’s really all it takes.”

I laughed.

She gave me a pointed look with a raised eyebrow.

My laughter faltered and I went silent. Certainly, she had artfully and effortlessly controlled my husband at the door, turning a rejection of my dress into approval. If he had seen my dress first, he would have rejected it and then dug in his heels to buttress his masculine pride.

Gwen had turned all that right around on him. I had to admit, she had been right, and I marveled at the possibilities of control.

The Strobelight was a loud place. Housed in a blocky building that was insulated enough to drown the music to a dull thump on the outside, it was a cacophony of loud voices competing over the too-loud music. We had to yell at each other to be heard.

I wasn’t impressed.

Almost immediately, we were accosted by two men and I gave Gwen a hard look that accused her of tricking me. I had thought we were coming to dance. Instead, we were met by none other than Branden and Joel from church. Branden took Gwen’s arm. Joel pecked my cheek.

I glared at her.

Gwen noticed and expertly shifted everything around my irritation. She yelled to the guys, “Can we start off with some drinks?” She grabbed my arm. “Andrea and I need to use the restroom first. Where should we meet you?”

Joel was the more direct of the two. He pointed behind him to a bank of tables set above the dance floor. “We’ll grab one of those empties.”

Gwen smiled and bounced, then hauled me away. In the relative lesser crescendo of noise in the hallway of the restrooms, she said, “What’s wrong?”

“I thought we were here to dance?”

“We are. And so are Joel and Branden.”

“You didn’t tell me we were meeting them.”

She sniffed, and it was drowned out in the noise. “Look, Andrea, you never know what you’re going to get. It’s dangerous for a girl with a strange guy. He could be a murderer or someone who beats and tortures women. Or they could be nice but have diseases. We don’t want any of that.”

I lifted my eyebrows in consideration. “Right, right.”

“So we dance and mingle with people we know. I knew Joel circulates with the right guys, which is why Branden has been added to... my little circle.”

“So you wouldn’t have blown him in the parking lot if he was a total stranger?”

“Hell no.”

I nodded quietly.

“Come on, let’s go out there and dance.”

I had thought we were going to just dance with whoever asked, but this seemed... better. Safer. I had to admit, Gwen was looking out for us. I grabbed her arm on the way to the table. “So you’ve done things with Joel before?”

She nodded and leaned into my ear. “He’s one of several guys at the church, and some gals, too, that I hang around with.”

On the one hand, that made me feel better. On the other, more self-conscious.

She poked me. “Don’t worry, you’ll fit right in.”

“Me?”

“Being a hotwife is much more fun.”

I wasn’t so sure, but I could not deny the allure of what we had done so far. Despite my guilt and uncertainty, I had liked it all. My sex life with Tommy had vastly improved over the past week – we had done it four times where we usually did it once a week.

Excitement and possibilities burgeoned in me in ways I had never felt before.

Whether or not Gwen could read my mind, she added before we reached the table, “Let go, Andrea. Fly free as the woman you could be.”

CHAPTER 11

The dancing had been fun. I sat beside Joel in his car on the way to his place and watched the lights pass by.

I felt a little embarrassed that the night had went by so cleanly but that we were now driving to his place for maybe... other activities.

Was I ready for this? More kissing? Or even... sucking? How would I handle it? Could I do it? Or could I stop him?

I noticed him studying me while driving. "What?"

He shook his head. "Just wondering about you."

"Like what?" Our voices seemed too loud and harsh outside of the dance club, despite our reserved tones.

"I've seen you and your husband at church..."

"Right?"

"You're aware some of us are into a more liberated lifestyle?"

I fidgeted with my fingers. "I've heard things..."

"And you're friends with Gwen. She doesn't just befriend anybody."

"Are you saying she chose me?" Like I didn't have anything to do with it?

"In a way, sure. But you're the first new one she has brought to the circle."

"The circle? Sounds ominous."

He laughed. "No, not like we wear capes and cowls. I just mean our circle of friends within the church. People who think like we do."

"Which is?"

"That love can be polyamorous like it was in the Bible."

"Men should only be married to one woman—"

He was shaking his head. "No, no, no it's not in there. You're thinking of Paul's suggestion that bishops of the church should only be married to one woman. Are you a bishop?"

"No..."

"It's hard to break the traditions you've been taught, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"We've all been there."

"What about my husband?"

“Ideally, he should be included and aware. Consent is the cornerstone of being guilt-free. How much does he know?”

“Only that I’m out dancing and that Gwen is a little wild.”

He pursed his lips. “At some point soon, you need to get with him on this.”

“I’m not sure I’m the type for it all anyway.”

He smiled knowingly. “I think you are.”

“How would you know?” I challenged him.

“I’ve seen you at church. I’ve admired you for a long time.”

I felt abashed. “Me?”

“Yes, you. In your long dresses and your beautiful hair. You think those long dresses hide your figure?”

I was blushing.

“I’ve wanted to stick my dick in you for a long time now.”

I gulped. I also got wet as tingles traveled up my pussy and began to heat. “Me?”

He laughed. “Oh yeah. Andrea Netz. You can’t imagine how many times I’ve masturbated over you.”

“Are you serious?” I was getting very warm, despite my alarm and revulsion at the too-private details. I almost felt like I was being claimed. And yet, I was becoming vastly aroused that someone had been looking at me longingly while I knew nothing about it.

We arrived at his place and Gwen pulled her car in next to ours in the driveway.

Right away, Branden’s hand was up her skirt, fingering her.

She giggled and slapped at his hand, but otherwise didn’t stop him.

I looked around to see if anyone was looking, but it was dark and the streetlights weren’t offering the kind of illumination that would be embarrassing – just a couple people goofing around.

His place was simple and clean. He said, “My roommate is out for the night.”

I nodded not knowing what to say.

Gwen pulled on Branden and they stumbled to the floor by the TV. In seconds, they were kissing and feeling each other up.

Joel indicated the couch.

I sat, relieved to be off my feet, but instantly aware that we were almost spectators to what was happening on the floor. I felt myself blushing.

Gwen had Branden's cock out and was playing with it.

Joel leaned over to me and kissed me. I was okay with that and went with it. The tickle of his fingers as he slid his hand into my dress top and across my breast was enough to make me shiver and tingle. I kissed him with more effort.

Sparkles spread through me as he toyed with my hardened nipple. I relaxed, letting myself enjoy the attention. I heard sounds of sucking from the floor.

I expected Joel to demand it.

Instead, he pushed me back until he indicated by our positions that he wanted to put his face to my pussy. I clenched my legs shut.

He said, "Let me. I won't take off your panties if you don't want me to."

I wavered, then opened my legs for him. I gasped as his hot mouth touched my panties and the heat permeated the material. My clit throbbed with need. He ran his tongue over my panties and bit gently through the material.

I moaned at the effort he was making and wished I hadn't resisted.

His fingers toyed at the band of my underwear and slipped through it. My labia were stroked and I groaned with the desire for more. The tip of his finger pushed inside and drew from me a shuddering gasp.

I wished the material wasn't in the way of his mouth.

He shifted around and left me for a moment. He was taking off his pants.

The ache gnawed ferociously at me and I wavered on the verge of closing my legs in rejection or opening them wider in invitation. I said, "I'm... a good wife..."

He paused, disappointed, but nodded. "Then I'll just play a bit. No fucking, I promise."

I almost collapsed into a puddle of jelly in relief. "Thank you."

I was too involved to be aware of Gwen and Branden, but in that moment before Joel reoccupied my attention, I saw her riding Branden's cock. She was doing it slow with her eyes closed. A massive wave of tingles tore up my core and twisted tightly at my center. She was riding the cock I had sucked the previous week.

Joel moved over me, his erection pointing out. He was bigger than Branden, longer but not as thick. Maybe about as thick as my husband. He whispered, "I'll just tease you a little..." He lowered down and rested his

bare cock on my panties. He kissed me and began sawing his erection back and forth against my clit.

I thought I would erupt from that alone. I moaned into his mouth and wrapped my arms around him. Feeling this somewhat strange man on me was a heady experience I wanted to savor. That he was lusting for me and had admired me over time was like an electric drug jolting through my veins. I wanted to be the sexy woman he had envisioned and hoped I wasn't too prudish to ruin it for him.

His erection created the most delicious friction against my clit. However, the material began to rub. He made a few faces too, then said, "It's a little uncomfortable. Hold still and I'll fix it."

I waited patiently, wondering what he was going to do.

He pulled my panties to the side at the leg and slid his cock up between them and my pussy. The slide of his bare flesh against my clit was phenomenal. He rested his cock against my pussy, the tip of it poking out of the top of my underwear. The ache tightened in me to almost unbearable proportions and pressure.

I shifted my hips up at him.

He rested down on me again and kissed me. Now his cock slid wetly against me – my juices coating the underside of his shaft and creating the hottest, most delicious sensation I had ever experienced.

I wanted to scream out for him to fuck me. I wanted it badly. But my guilt overrode all that. "This isn't cheating, is it?"

He whispered, "It's just teasing. Not cheating."

"Are you sure?"

"If you see a man across the room and feel a little lust, is it any different than hugging him and feeling that lust? Or teasing him and feeling it? It's not cheating to feel those things."

His words hit home. I had felt things when looking at some men. Definitely, and that wasn't cheating. Was it cheating if the guy had felt the same looking at me? No. Was it cheating if we hugged and both felt the attraction? No.

But now?

Cheating was an emotional and physical commitment to someone who wasn't your partner. Even without sex. So at what point did sex become cheating? Wasn't thinking about them later or dreaming about them cheating? Touching yourself and thinking about them? Cheating?

Yes and no.

Emotional and physical commitment in a sexual act, yes.

I was barely able to run these things through my mind as he relentlessly slid his manly erection back and forth along my pussy. I ached to have his thickness open me up.

And would that be cheating? I wavered.

Yes and no.

No because I had no emotional commitment to Joel. Yes because Tommy trusted me to be monogamous – despite anyone else’s ideas about the Bible not demanding it.

Joel whispered to me, hoping, pleading, “I want to fuck you so bad...”

I wanted to tell him to do it. His whispered words drew a loud moan from me and I arched my hips up as an offering. But I said nothing.

He panted, grunted, and suddenly scalding wet spurts began plastering my flat belly. He groaned heavily and continued squirting.

Like a surprise flash, a small orgasm tossed me up and tumbled me down. Four fast pulses tickled through me and shook me with the power that it lacked. I needed more, but it was all I got.

He kissed me again with the tingles traveling back and forth inside me and his cum drying and cooling on my stomach.

I felt clean, despite the act. I had remained faithful to my husband and I was relieved.

I wanted to do this again.

CHAPTER 12

I sat with Gwen Wednesday after work at the Sky Lounge.

She looked beaten down. “I hate dead people. I hate the sick and dying. I have no sympathy for any of it. Everybody ends up cold and on the slab.”

“But they’re with God.”

“Yes, but that doesn’t change how I feel in the flesh. Sure, my spirit is happy...”

“The struggle between the flesh and spirit is endless.”

“Until Jesus perfects us in heaven, I know.” She sniffed angrily. “Maybe I really do need another job.”

“Did you see something today?”

She looked at me sharply. “I’m that obvious, huh?”

I waited silently.

She twisted her untouched drink, then took a big gulp. “Mrs. Anders came through today.”

For a moment I thought she meant visited, then I realized she meant as a body. “Someone you know? I mean... knew?”

“My seventh grade teacher. She was so nice to me at an awkward time.” Gwen began wiping at her eyes. “I hate my job.”

“I’m sorry. Was she Christian?”

“I don’t know.”

I had no answer for that kind of pain, so I said nothing.

Gwen finished her drink, then set it down a little too hard. The bartender frowned. Gwen motioned for another. She rested her head on one hand and looked at me. “Enough about my ugly job... Are you quiet because of the subject, or is something on your mind?”

I wasn’t entirely sure about changing the subject from death to sex, but Gwen obviously was done talking about it. “I’m just a little bothered by what we’ve been doing.”

“Sin again?” She barely suppressed a weary tone.

“No, not so much that. I think I grasp all that. It’s more that I’m doing this and Tommy...”

“You still haven’t told him.”

“No, not really.”

“What have you told him?”

I admitted, “He knows about our Friday drinks and dancing, of course. I’ve told him I’ve gone on lunch dates with Dan at work—”

“Is Dan a nice guy?”

I leaned my head to the side and shrugged. “He’s all right. Nice enough, I suppose. Just... he’s married.”

“So are you.” She made it sound simple, but I didn’t think it was.

I said, “Other than that, I haven’t really told my husband anything.”

“You need to tell him, girl.”

“I know. But it isn’t as easy as just saying it. If I spill everything, he’ll blow. And at the same time, I’m like out of control. I can’t stop myself from liking it.”

Gwen smiled for the first time today. “It’s the thrill of knowing it should be your husband with you but it isn’t.”

I thought about that. “I guess, maybe.”

“It’s going to get stronger, trust me.”

“How do you know? I mean, experience?”

“Sort of. I just know if you’ve come this far and you’re liking it, it’s going to get a lot stronger. You would’ve already turned your back on it and had a bad reaction by now. Seen it often enough to know. The only thing that can stop you now are some really bad experiences.”

“Or Tommy finding out.”

She accepted her drink from the bartender and then laid a hand on my wrist. “You just need to tell him, that’s all.”

“Wow, as simple as that...”

“Essentially, yes. But you do it in a way that he likes. Does he talk during sex?”

“Sometimes.”

“There you go; that’s your time. But you don’t dump it on him or he’ll get doused. Instead, just hint at it. Make him curious as to what you’re getting at. It will excite his imagination.”

“Maybe...”

“Trust me, Andrea. Men aren’t dumb, but they often think first with either their dicks or their stomachs before using their brains.”

The bartender snorted. But he was nodding to himself.

I flushed with embarrassment.

Gwen lowered her voice. “We’ll do our Friday thing, right?”

“Sure.”

She licked her lips – more a nervous gesture than anything else. “Listen, I’m going to a pool party Saturday... I want you to come.”

“Who’s going to be there? And I don’t have a tan.”

She held up her hands. “No one cares about your tan. Anyway, Paul and Karla are throwing it and Jimmy Losh and Joel are going. And Rhea from Trinity, too. Might be others, but I’m not sure.”

“Rhea? The singer?” She had a mighty, angelic voice.

“Yep. Bring a suit.”

“Everyone’s from Trinity...” It wasn’t a question.

“Right.”

I felt better about that. “Okay...”

“Make sure you tell Tommy you’re going to a swim party.”

“What if he wants to come?”

Gwen gave me a look. “I wouldn’t recommend it.”

I licked my lips. “He won’t want to, anyway.” Thrills fluttered around inside my chest and stomach.

She gave me a last bit of advice, “When you tell him, make sure his erection is in your hand. Only tell him things when he’s sexually excited.”

CHAPTER 13

I considered my bathing suit on Saturday. It was a one piece and covered everything like armor. I twisted in the mirror and frowned.

Tommy came up behind me and looked over my shoulder. “You look fine.”

I asked anyway. “Do I look fat in this?”

“Fat where?” He looked perplexed and aggravated.

“My butt?”

He closed his eyes trying to find that infinite patience. “It’s enormous.”

I sighed with exasperation. I had just been looking for a little support is all. “Gee, thanks.”

“It’s fine. You don’t have a single fat-dimple, no cellulite, no saddlebags. What do you want?” He held out his hands dramatically.

“Just for my husband to tell me I look good.” I wanted a little boost to my confidence.

He put his arms around me. “You look great.”

I hoped so.

I had taken Gwen’s advice and only talked to him about things I had been doing while we were having sex. Fortunately, with our sex life running in higher gear, that was often. Four times again this week. I wasn’t sure if I was getting through to him, but he didn’t seem bothered by talking and was actually asking some questions now – mainly about Dan at work.

If his suspicions centered on Dan, then I was fairly safe with my other secrets.

He cemented that by asking, “Is Dan going to be there?” His voice suggested suspicion.

I giggled. “No.”

“If he saw you in a swimsuit, I don’t know how he’d contain himself.”

“He’s married.”

“And taking you to lunch. Tell me that doesn’t mean he wants in your pants.”

I shrugged. “He might...”

“He’s never suggested...?”

“No, but he’s asked for a picture of me.”

“Hmm. Have you given him one?”

“No, but he’s taken one or two with his phone at the sub shop.”

“Maybe dress nicer Monday and give him a posed shot.”

I turned to him and gently gripped his package. I gave it a little stroke.
“Whatever for?”

“Do you want him having a picture of you shoving a sub in your mouth?”

“Probably not...” I gave his cock a squeeze. It was hardening in his sweatpants. “I don’t know what to wear for it Monday, though. Would you help me pick it out?”

His eyes flashed with interest. “I guess so.”

I rubbed a little more, looking up at him.

He said, “Speaking of pictures, let me take one of you now.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t have one of you like this.”

“Oh, sure, whatever.”

I was on the road to Gwen’s a few minutes later, swimsuit under my jeans and blouse. I puzzled over my husband’s reaction to our conversation in the bedroom and the swelling in his pants. Which part of our conversation had made him excited? Dan taking me to lunch? Wanting a picture? Or just me standing there in a swimsuit? Did I really look good enough to excite him like that? So which was it that aroused him? What was the suspicious look on his face?

I had no answer. All I knew was that he asked a lot of questions about Dan and seemed satisfied that I was rather dismissive of my coworker even being a friend. It seemed like he got excited every time he asked, but more satisfied each time with my dismissal of Dan as anything other than a free lunch.

Gwen and Chris met me at the door.

I got a kiss on the cheek from Chris.

I asked, “Are you coming?”

“Not this time, no.”

Gwen twirled her finger in the air. “He has a deposition to take later. No play on work days.”

“On a Saturday?”

He smiled ruefully. “Sundays even, if necessary.”

Gwen said, “He and I have been talking about your issue with Tommy.”

“Yeah?” I blushed at Chris.

She said, "If you have trouble getting him on board, we can help."

"How?"

"I'll tell you later. For now, we have a pool party. Let's go." She jiggled her keys.

In the car, I said, "Tommy keeps asking about Dan."

"Maybe he's interested. That's a good sign."

"I don't know, he acts like he's jealous and suspicious and then looks relieved when I tell him the truth."

"What's the truth?"

"You know, that I go to lunch with him because it's a free meal and someone to talk to."

"Is that all he is?"

I rolled my eyes at her. "He's a huge trekkie."

"So?"

I shrugged and looked away. "I don't know, there's just nothing there that clicks like it does with someone you like. He's like, just... there."

"Someone you can take or leave?"

"More like leave. He doesn't creep me out or anything, he just... I don't know; he's not all that fun to be around, I guess."

She nodded. "But Tommy keeps asking about him?"

"Yeah."

"It's a start."

I looked at her in disbelief. "You think?"

"Sure, why not? Get him talking about other men. Are you talking about this during sex?"

"Yes, mostly. Or I at least play with him."

"Perfect."

I was dubious. "You don't know Tommy."

She dismissed that with a hand wave. "Oh, I've seen him. I can see the tension and suspicion. It's all normal."

"But he's a very hard person. Emotionally hard."

"Sure, whatever. That doesn't mean he's infallible. His own curiosity will do him in. I've seen it before."

We got out of the car in a cramped condominium development.

She motioned. "Come on, we have to walk. There's no parking in front of their place."

I walked with my head down, wondering if people were looking out their windows pressing their judgment down on us as we passed.

Karla answered the door wearing a bikini with a wrap around her waist. “Oh, hey, Gwen! Hi Andrea! Come in.”

I edged past her after a brief hug.

Karla was a short gal on the curvy side with a personality that ignored her figure. She said, “Everyone’s out back.”

Almost immediately when I came out of the sliding glass door, Jimmy Losh approached me.

He smiled wide and cornered me. “So you’re my date today.”

“I am?” I knew he was part of the choir at Trinity and I was mostly relieved that he was here; he was always very nice.

Intruding on our little chat was Gwen and Joel. She pulled on Jimmy’s arm. “She’s not your date today.”

“I thought—”

“Plans change. Come on. How about a spunky redhead instead?” She moved away with him.

Joel smiled, said, “Hey.”

“What was that about?”

“Nothing much: Gwen doing me a favor. I wanted to be your date.”

“Really? Why?”

He gave me a smirky, smoky grin. “You know why.”

Memories of what we had done the previous weekend flashed through my head. “Do you have a crush on me?” It made me wet to even ask it – all giddy inside and nervous.

He chuckled. “What if I do? Is that a bad thing?”

Was it? It didn’t feel like it at all. “No, it isn’t.” That felt much better after I said it. In Joel, I found a kind, considerate soul. Much different than Dan at work. My coworker was stiff and formal, almost. Joel engaged much easier.

We swam and chatted. So did the others. Paul and Karla were a nice couple that I knew from Trinity. They made a trio with Rhea the singer: talking; laughing; sharing private secrets. Gwen kept Jimmy Losh on a leash away from me, though Jimmy looked over at Joel and me quite a few times.

Was he jealous? Upset that he hadn’t gotten me for whatever they meant by a date? Or just curious? Was I really that attractive? I thought my long,

straight hair with bangs made me look goofy, but Joel's eyes were lit with interest.

Maybe he just had a thing for brunettes.

When Jimmy began holding onto Gwen, though, I began to feel a little left out. That could've been me getting hugs.

When Paul started kissing Rhea, I felt embarrassed – as if people would be looking to me to see how I reacted. I began to get nervous. When Gwen reached in and began playing in Jimmy's shorts, I felt my nerves begin to fray.

I think Joel knew what I was feeling. He took my arm and guided me inside. "Let's get some water, huh?"

"Okay."

We had stopped swimming several minutes before and I was wrapped in my towel about the waist. There was a presence in the air – almost as if the activities in the back yard didn't include me and were forcing me out. I drove myself out of the backyard with my own guilt.

It all just felt... wrong.

Joel took me in his arms and asked, "Are you all right?"

I was shaking. "I..."

His hand stroked my back and he held my head to his shoulder. "It's all right..."

"I guess I'm not a good date. I feel so out of place here."

"You're fine. Not a one of us hasn't gone through what you feel right now. Except maybe Karla. Her parents were like this."

"Karla?" I was incredulous. I thought it would be a man-thing.

"She was... instrumental in getting all us like-minded believers together."

"She's the ringleader?"

"Not really. Not like I think you mean it. There's no leader or anything. Just people."

"Do you ever plan on getting married?"

He moved as if surprised. "Of course."

"And... your wife will be introduced like this?"

"I... hope so. If not, then I guess I won't be doing this anymore."

That made me feel better for some really odd reason.

He said, "It would be a shame to have to give you up, though."

I giggled. "Me? Seriously?"

His hands slid down and cupped my butt. He pulled me in and I felt his manhood swelling against me. “Yeah, you, seriously.”

It was such a sweet thing to say that I lifted my head and let him kiss me. Tingles zipped and zapped through me like little live electrical pulses that made me want to laugh.

Taking a cue from what I did with my husband, I reached between us and gripped his swimming trunks. He was hard underneath the material and I felt along his length. Touching it this way was better in a way than the episode we had shared on the couch. In that, he had teased me. I hadn't gotten to feel him with my hands other than to touch his arms and shoulders. There was certainly nothing wrong with that, but having his manhood pulsing in my hand was exhilarating.

He sat me down on the couch.

Outside, Rhea was sucking Paul. Karla had a grip on the singer's head and was helping her move on Paul's erection. Seeing her involved with her husband and Rhea like that made me tingle even more ferociously.

I couldn't see Gwen and Jimmy.

Joel's fingers touched my pussy through my swimsuit. Delicious little shivers vibrated up my spine until I was panting with the tease. I slid my hand into his shorts and gripped his bare flesh. It was hard and thick and hot in my hand. I pulled and tugged, acting as if he was my husband.

It felt good.

Whatever wrongness had been swept up in the heat of it all and was no longer bothering me. Banished, kept at bay, dissipated... Who knew?

Joel pushed me over and I went with it, letting him move me where he wanted. With a quick jerk, he moved my suit aside and stuck his tongue on my pussy.

Electric convulsions jolted up my body and caused my nipples to ache. I squeezed my arms over them through the material and moved slightly – trying to ease the tension and stiffness.

His tongue made wet paths up and down my labia and clit. Every flick over my clit sent wild tremors spiraling deep inside. The coil twisted inside me, tightening and grinding towards the inexorable peak.

I never knew just where the peak was. Sometimes it was sudden and surprised me. Sometimes it was higher still and drove me to desperation to feel the release. This was one of those times where the peak didn't come easily.

He slid off his trunks. His cock bobbed free. It really was a beautiful example of manhood. Long and straight, it radiated his desire like a medicine that brought warmth and remedy.

I was comfortable seeing his erection.

And excited.

He flipped me over in the most brutal, manly way.

I panted with excitement and imminence.

He yanked my suit aside again and lowered himself. The hot tip of his cock rubbed up and down at my labia, parting and teasing them until I was groaning into the couch cushion.

I turned my head to look out the sliding glass door. Paul was behind Rhea, fucking her from behind. The singer's face was down between Karla's legs.

I gasped in shock and excitement.

Gwen was under Jimmy on the lounge, and he hung half off while driving himself into my friend.

Seeing this, I didn't say anything when I felt pressure from Joel's cock. I felt my pussy spread and stretch at the opening. But as the pressure increased, I knew what was happening. I gasped, "I shouldn't..."

He whispered harshly, excited, "It's all right."

His words placated me for only an instant. The head of his erection was pushing further. I was beginning to open. Outside, they were all doing it. I wanted it in here, but... Tommy...

The stretching continued and then the pressure was moving inwards.

He was inside me!

It was too late to stop the penetration.

I gasped, "Maybe just the tip?" I wanted to feel something, anything, if just for a little bit. "Maybe just a little."

Faster and faster, the pressure deepened as I felt his shaft sliding through my labia. He held his breath above me and just pushed.

Stiffness filled me going deeper than anything I had ever felt before. I gasped into the cushion and squeezed my eyes shut. Even if I was reluctant to do this, I was definitely not wanting to stop him. I wanted to feel that deep ache touched and stretched by his thickness. I trembled against the couch and clawed until I panted with the effort of letting it happen.

He was pressed firmly against my backside, his cock throbbing deep in my pussy.

I groaned with relief, regret, and revelation. This was new, and despite my reservations, I very much liked it. My husband was at home and I was pinned under a handsome guy while his cock prodded my depths.

It was fantastic.

Joel moved out and then back in.

I thrust back at him shamelessly, wanting more. It felt too wonderful not to want more. If I was going to cheat on my husband and it felt this good, I wanted to be fucked right. I moaned gibberish into the cushion.

Joel hammered my pussy, driving me down into the couch with frantic force. He groaned, "Oh yeah, even better than I expected. You feel great."

I hid my wedding ring with my other hand and thrust back against him with scandalous grunts of need. The tension inside twisted tighter and tighter, lifting me towards that hidden peak that would toss me into satisfaction. I needed more.

But it was my guilt that appeared near my heights. I was close, but that ugly worm of guilt squirmed and dampened my fervor. I stammered, "I— Maybe you should pull out. I mean... don't cum in me. Please... I'm married."

He shook behind me, over me, inside of me. His cock swelled and he pushed it as deep as he could get it. Like a hose, his length squirted hot blasts inside of me, wetting me beyond all doubts with a huge load of his cum.

I cried out, squeezing my eyes shut, "Ah... I can feel it!" My body convulsed and lifted. I shook as if my body was being zapped by lightning. Suddenly, it all released. I collapsed down onto the cushion and shouted into them my explosive orgasm. Hot pulsing waves tossed me up and down, tightening and loosening, as everything let go.

Instead of blissful repose, the guilt hammered me down with regret.

CHAPTER 14

No matter how much time I spent in the shower, my stain would not rinse away. I had cheated on my husband and it was horrible.

I cried.

I fretted.

I resolved to cover it up and never do it again.

But within hours of being home, I was wanting to do it again.

Crazy, right?

Absolutely insane.

I need it.

I wanted to call Gwen and ask when the next time was that I could get fucked. Despite the sick feelings of remorse, my body intensely craved more of what I had done. My pussy ached inside to feel full again, but not just with my husband's cock, though I was driven that night to give up and force him to have sex.

I was being driven mad.

I thrust down on my husband, riding his cock and imagining Joel. Not that I didn't want my husband, but that it was particularly good right now to fantasize about Joel.

I think Tommy knew something was different. While looking amused, he asked suspiciously, "You're certainly in the mood. Is this all because of Dan?"

"No."

"I've changed my mind about him; I don't want you going to lunch anymore and I don't want you giving him any pictures." Stern. Final.

"Okay, sure." I bit that off without any hardship at all. I kept fucking him.

"That was too easy."

"Makes no difference to me; he's just a coworker. Just a distant friend at best."

"So what's got you so worked up?"

I decided – no, I felt compelled by guilt – to offer some of the truth. "I saw Paul and Karla today with Rhea the band singer at Trinity?"

"Yeah? At the pool party?"

"Yeah. Anyway..."

“What?” He held my hips, moving with me and not stopping to talk.

“I was inside sitting with Joel and out back, Karla was helping Rhea...”

“What?”

“Karla was helping Rhea suck her husband.”

He blinked and his eyes bugged out. “Are you serious?”

“I... looked away.”

“But that got you all hot?”

I felt lost in the corner I had made for myself. “Sort of.”

He said in disbelief, “Rhea with the angelic voice?”

“Yeah...”

He chuckled. “Wow... They’re Christian...”

“Yeah.”

He looked at me with sharpness. “And this got you all bothered?”

“Well, not exactly.”

“Dan?”

“No, not Dan. I don’t care about him. But Gwen was... kissing Jimmy
—”

“Jimmy?”

“Jimmy Losh? From—”

“Trinity.”

His gaze sharpened further. “Did Joel kiss you?” His tone was filled with imminent suspicion.

I kept riding him, but looked away. “Yes... I... didn’t want to be left out...”

He tensed up, driving his hips up into mine. His expression was dark. “Joel from Trinity, right?”

I nodded.

He breathed, “I had heard rumors some of the members were a little... kinky...”

“He admitted he had a crush on me.”

The look of surprise wiped away the darkness. “Joel?”

I nodded again.

He blinked, shook his head, chuckled and stopped, and shook his head again. He started to say something a couple of times.

I kept riding him.

He finally admitted, “I’m not laughing at you; I’m laughing at the situation.”

“What’s so funny about it?”

“Rampant adultery...”

“But it isn’t.”

“Huh?” His eyes narrowed. “Of course it is.”

“Not if everyone knows about it and agrees. And Jesus gave the parable of the kingdom of heaven being like the ten bridesmaids waiting for the groom. There’s nothing that says someone can’t have more than one spouse – unless you’re a bishop, and it wasn’t a commandment, just a suggestion.”

He peered at me quietly. “Hmm.”

“Anyway...”

“Are you wanting more than one husband, suddenly?”

“Stop it. Cleaning up after one is all I can handle.” But I rode him harder - unwillingly admitting with my body that the idea caused a sexual reaction.

“Dan?”

Irritation flared abruptly. “Not Dan! Do you have some strange obsession with him? I’ll be just fine if we never talk about him again.”

The moment was ruined; I got off him.

CHAPTER 15

I closed my eyes over my drink to calm myself.

Gwen nudged me. “So...?”

“I don’t think I can deal with this.”

She pinched the bridge of her nose and closed her eyes. “I know, right? It’s all just so *impossible*...”

I gave her a suspicious look.

She rolled her eyes at me. “Life is just so hard, isn’t it? We should trade jobs for a week. Let’s see how you handle meeting death every day and then we can discuss your totally impossible life.”

I felt shamed. “I’m just having a hard time, is all...”

She twisted on her barstool to face me more squarely. “Listen Andrea, there are only two things people are going to remember about you when you’re dead.”

Two? Like what? Curiosity roused, I also turned to face her. “What?”

“They’re going to remember that Trinity was a fun church and that Jeffrey Epstein didn’t kill himself.”

I snorted a laugh uncontrollably. “Be serious.”

“I am. No one is going to remember your self-inflicted guilt – and no one is going to care. No one is going to march off from your funeral bravely bearing the bloody banner of your guilt to carry on your morbid masochism. Your guilt dies with you.”

“But Tommy—”

“Hey. We’re working on him, okay? Have you been listening to Pastor Truscott?”

I dropped my shoulders like a teenage girl and rolled my eyes. “Yes...”

“Do you know what biblical peace is?”

“Yes: cessation of againstness.”

“So stop being against yourself.” She twisted to face the bar again and sighed. “Sometimes you make me want to spend more time with the dead.”

I jerked my head back. “Me? Why?”

“They aren’t endlessly whipping themselves in self-hatred. They’re dead.”

I swallowed and considered my drink. “Sorry.”

She relented and touched my arm. “Hey, it’s going to be all right.”

“Will it? Really?”

“Be positive.”

“What’s there to be positive about?”

“You’re having fun, aren’t you?”

I didn’t answer right away, but we both knew my answer. Instead, I said, “How can something so bad be so fun?”

She gave me a very dry and deadly look. “Excuse me? Who says it’s bad?”

“Okay, okay.” I wiped delicately at my eyes.

“So... what do you find so attractive about these awful, horrible, bad and evil—”

“Okay, I said, stop it.” I blew out a breath and shrugged, but the motion was just a stress reliever. “I guess I really like how it makes me feel as a woman. I feel desirable.”

She leaned close, a sparkle in her eyes. “And by more than just your husband.”

I felt the heat color my face. “Yes...”

“Nothing wrong with that. Nothing at all. It’s a rush, isn’t it? Knowing someone other than just your husband thinks you are so special that they’d love to lay on you and make you tingle?”

I laughed quietly. “Yeah, exactly.” I thought for a moment. “Am I really that attractive? Or are the guys just horn dogs for any girl who’ll open their legs?”

“Both.”

I looked at her in question.

She said, “Seriously. You have beautiful hair.”

“I wish I had yours.”

She looked away. “The grass is always greener...”

“Am I that pathetic?”

“Sometimes, but don’t worry about it, Andrea. We all are. I’d kill for manageable straight hair.”

“Aren’t my eyes lopsided?”

She had been in the process of sipping. Drink sprayed from her mouth in a small burst. She wiped frantically. “Oh my god, are you serious? No your eyes aren’t lopsided.” She shook her head. “I swear you spend far too much time being critical of yourself—”

I was kissed on the cheek and felt the brush of stiff whiskers. I yelped and pulled back.

Joel grinned at me and then kissed Gwen's cheek. "My two favorite women."

I said pointedly, "Easy women?"

He scowled in mockery. "Not at all."

His simple denial made me feel better. I also felt a ripple of tingles travel from my pussy to my nipples at the sensation of his lips on my cheek.

He pulled his phone. "Can I get a picture of us?" He held out his phone and motioned us closer to him.

We both leaned towards him and looked at his phone. Did my face look stupid? Did Gwen's for that matter? Surprise selfies were so... unplanned for.

Joel grunted. "Nice."

I said, "I look goofy."

"At least I got a picture of you to add to my collection."

"Collection?"

Gwen made a smirking sound.

"Yeah..." He tapped his phone. "I've got a few of you..." He showed me.

He had taken various shots of me at Trinity.

I murmured in self-mockery, "So glamorous."

He muttered, "So sexy."

I laughed.

He pretended to be offended. "Hey, it's all I've got."

"My husband took one of me in my swimsuit."

His eyes got large and his mouth dropped open. "I'd love to have that. Ask him for me, would you? I should've taken one myself..."

I played coy. "Why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to come on too strong."

A thrill wound up inside me. He had controlled himself around me at the swim party? What would he be like set loose? I began to get uncomfortably warm in my pussy – and I liked it. I twisted towards him, my knees opening on their own. "Maybe I'll ask him."

"Please do; the worst he can say is no."

I pondered Joel's assertion.

Was that the worst my husband could do?

CHAPTER 16

I used Gwen's method of talking to Tommy about sexual things only while doing sexual things with him.

Unfortunately, he set the tone before I had the courage to ask my question. With my hand stroking his erection, he asked me, "So no more Dan?"

"No." I felt let down and suddenly not so sure about asking about the picture. If he was really so jealous of my coworker, he wasn't going to just give in and let me give Joel my swimsuit shot.

"What's wrong? Regretting not being able to go out with him anymore?"

"No!" I sighed in frustration. "I didn't want to go out with him at all. You said I should, so I did."

"Yeah, sorry about that. At first I thought why not, but then I didn't like the idea."

I let loose my defeat. "I guess I won't bother asking if Joel can have my swimsuit picture."

He jerked in surprise and removed my hand.

I asked, "What's wrong?"

"I don't want you handling me while we talk..."

I gave him a dry look – he had initiated the conversation while I was playing with his shaft.

He looked down.

Then his dick twitched.

His eyes shifted to the side and he took a breath. "So you want to give Joel your swimsuit picture? Why?"

"He was at the swim party. He said he should've taken one himself."

He finally looked back up at me. He said as if struggling to understand, "He... really likes you..."

I shrugged. "I guess he does."

Tommy laughed.

I scowled. "What's so funny?"

"Someone has a crush on my wife. Imagine that."

"Am I ugly or something? Is that why you're laughing?"

His mood shifted defensively. "No, not at all. It's just..."

I waited.

His dick twitched again and he rolled over to lie on it. Propping himself up on his elbows, he said, "I guess it's cute."

"Cute?"

"Yeah, I don't know. You're a good-looking woman and he's younger." He shifted on the sheets and made a frowny-face. "I guess you can give him the picture. Why not?"

"He could've taken one himself."

He nodded. "Right, right. Sure, give it to him."

"You're not jealous?"

He laughed. "Over a picture? Nah... And besides, he's a member of the church. It's just you in that bathing suit. And everything is way more than covered." He shook his head.

I asked, "What? You think my bathing suit was too grandmotherly?"

He chuckled faster. "I think a deep sea diving suit shows more."

"I didn't think I was supposed to be showing anything off..."

"No, of course not. But..."

I pressed him pointedly, "But what?"

"You could've bought something a little less grandmotherly. Plenty of bathing suits are on the market that are a little more flattering, if you get my drift."

"Then help me find one."

He shifted back over to offer me his dick. "Well, sure. Just find some and I'll point out what I like."

I grabbed his erection again and squeezed. He was very hard. I began tugging.

He said, "So has Dan said anything?"

Disappointment rose inside me again; we had been talking so well without my coworker as a topic. "He pouted."

"Pouted? Like how?"

"He said it was too bad that you thought that way and he'd just have to satisfy himself in other ways."

"Satisfy himself?"

I blushed, but not so much in embarrassment as mortification that Dan had said such a thing to me. "Yeah, he made a hand motion: much like I'm doing now."

My husband's eyebrows twitched upwards in surprise. His mouth gaped and gasped. His dick flexed and pulsed, sending out sudden squirts of hot cum.

I squealed in alarm and let go, but it was too late. I grabbed him again and tugged helpfully, insuring he got it all out into a messy puddle on the sheets.

He laughed sheepishly. "Ah, screw it. Give him the picture, too. Since you're not going to lunch with him anymore..."

"Really? Dan?"

"Yeah, why not? It's the Christian thing to do."

I laughed incredulously. "What? How?"

"You know, help a brother out and all that."

"I don't know what church he belongs to – or if he even goes to one."

"No matter. Let him have it. Give him something to see when he's..."

He made a hand motion.

"Are you serious? Why would anyone do that over a swimsuit picture? Everything's covered."

"The imagination is a powerful thing. Anyway... give it to him. It's kind of exciting. It makes me feel... I don't know... maybe in control like I'm his boss giving him a raise or a day off. It feels good." His tone held certainty. Then he laughed. "Yeah, it feels really good."

CHAPTER 17

I clawed the sheets, feeling his thick shaft ram into me from behind.
“Harder, deeper! Do it!”

He panted and huffed, driving his erection as deep into my pussy as it would go. “So good...”

I was delirious with lust, wanting and needing everything he could give me in this moment. My pussy was alive with fire. It gnawed inside me, grinding and convulsing on the pumping shaft. My labia thrilled with sensation as his cock slid back and forth through them. My clit pulsed with tingles as his balls gently slapped against it.

It was so filthy and wrong.

And it felt so good.

My pussy was made to be fucked and I was doing what was natural. Sometimes, sex was so good that I lost it all to float around in the nethers of pleasure. This was one of those times.

My body jerked to the impacts of his hips against my butt.

I moaned out, barely able to form coherent words, “Fuck me, Joel...”
Use me...

He groaned and kept going – his cock a sliding signal of satisfaction in my pussy. His fingers scratched down my back and sent delicious shivers racing up my spine and causing my forehead to become moist.

I was connected to this younger man in the best possible way and wanted more. I couldn't have stopped this from happening if I had tried because my body was going to do it whether or not I wanted it.

But the truth was, I wanted it.

I wanted Joel to fuck me. I wanted him to shove his dick deep into my pussy while my husband was working a repair job elsewhere. It felt so... wonderful. Every cell in my body thrummed with life and lust. Every part of me willed him to reach the ultimate gift of his orgasm.

I wanted his cum inside me again.

I wanted to feel the wet heat of his passion as deep as it could go. Of course he shouldn't pull out – that would be wrong. It needed to be felt inside to be the perfect gift.

Besides, I was married and used to taking cum inside me.

I felt his shaft swell and his efforts increase. I panted into the sheet on his bed, “Yes, do it.”

He groaned loud and pulled hard on my hips. Hot spurts spattered inside me and became a hot flood.

It felt so wrong... and so right.

I grunted ferociously, driving my hips back onto his pulsing shaft. I was a maniac for his cum.

He pushed me forward, collapsing on me. His hot breath began buffeting my ear. He whispered hoarsely, “So good, so good... I want to keep doing this. Tell me, please, we can keep fucking. Please, Andrea...”

I giggled, muffled, into the sheets. My pussy convulsed on his cock, close enough to be tantalizing, but not there yet. I would have to finish myself later, likely. I smiled, sweating, and said, “Yes.”

He sighed with relief and began kissing my ear and neck. His soft lips teased and trailed down my skin and his hot breath bathed my ear canal.

I shivered with untold tingles that reached down to my nipples and further down to my pussy.

His cock flexed in me and he began moving again, still hard. The slick movement of his shaft felt so wonderful and thick. He was still hard for me and his panted breath in my ear gave proof to his lust.

That twisted coil inside me wrenched tighter and suddenly let loose. A rolling wave lifted me high and tight until I was tossed over in an explosive fall of relief. Then another and another wave of release buffeted me into quivering satisfaction. Heat radiated from my skin until I thought I would never again feel a chill.

Why did it feel so wrong and yet so right at the same time?

Why did it have to be so good?

Why did it have to make me feel so wanted?

So special?

So powerful as a woman?

I had everything I wanted with Tommy; why did Joel’s cock feel so fulfilling? Why did I love my husband but not ever want Joel to leave my pussy?

Not in all the days and years of my marriage from my wedding day onwards did I ever feel so much a woman as I did now.

It was a special gift I could not resist and didn’t want to resist. However, I turned my face down into the sheets of his bed and hid my eyes. I had

failed to stop myself. I had come to his house willingly. I had offered myself to him. I had opened my legs and made available the pussy I had promised to Tommy in solemn wedding vows.

And it had felt so good.

So wrong.

“Hey.” Joel prodded me.

I made a diffident noise.

“Are you okay?”

I gave a short, “Mmm.”

“I guess I could’ve pulled out. Sorry.”

I mumbled, “No, that’s okay.”

“You sure?”

“Mmm.”

“I just... can’t control myself when I’m in you. It’s like pulling out would be so wrong.”

I made an encouraging noise again, unsure if I was agreeing with him about the feeling or the intent.

He said, “It’s like I need to cum in you – as deep as possible. It’s the only thing that feels right.”

I slumped over onto my side and looked at him. For some strange reason, despite all that was wrong with what we did, what he was saying sounded so hot. That hollow ache returned inside and gnawed at me. I blinked in amazement that I was so able and willing to go again.

He leaned over and picked up his phone. Grinning he tapped and aimed it at me.

I thrust my hands up to block it all. “No!” I hid my face and twisted over so he couldn’t take a picture of my nakedness.

“What? It’s not like I haven’t seen it all—”

“I don’t want my picture taken.”

“Why not? You’re beautiful.”

“I just don’t, okay?” I waved my hands angrily and succeeded in knocking the phone out of his hands. It landed on the bed.

“All right, all right.” He sounded put out. “I just wanted something to look at... you know...”

I blew out a breath and sat up. I didn’t want to get into the whole thing about my husband and what felt right or not. I reached down to my purse

and pulled it up. I took out my phone and tapped into my pictures. I showed him the bikini one. “How about I give you this one?”

His eyebrows suggested consideration.

My shoulders slumped. I had wanted it to be a surprise. “Look, I got my husband to agree about this picture...”

“Oh.”

“Do you want it?”

“Of course.” Fast, ready.

I attached it to a text and sent it. His phone chimed a second later. I said, “There.”

“I can’t have a naked one of you?” His grin was devious.

“No. I mean, not right now. I don’t know.” *I don’t think my husband would ever agree to that.* “I don’t think so.”

“Well, all right...” He didn’t sound so convinced.

“Why do you need a naked picture of me?”

“So I can stare at you. I like your tan lines.”

“I don’t have any.” I didn’t lay out in the sun to get any.

“Right, exactly.”

“Don’t all you guys like tanned beach bunnies?”

He shrugged. “I wouldn’t look away if you had tan lines.” His semi-flaccid dick bobbed in an obvious twitch of interest. A corresponding churn twisted inside my pussy.

I knew then that I was not going to be able to stop coming to see Joel.

He delivered to me a most satisfying and sexy, suggestive smile. “Could I ever get you alone? Like on a date? Would your husband let you go out with me to the movies or something?”

I laughed. “I doubt it.”

“You ever asked him?”

“No way.”

“Maybe he would. If he said I could have this pic of you then maybe he might—”

“Don’t count on it. He came down pretty sternly on the whole Dan-thing.”

“Dan?”

I sighed. “A coworker of mine who had been bugging me to go to lunch with him. Tommy told me to go, so I did. Then my husband about flipped out over it and told me not to ever again.”

“Hmm. I see.”

“No, you don’t. He’s a hard man - very strict and straight as far as what he allows.”

“Sounds like a tyrant.”

“I don’t mean it that way. I mean, we get along great and all, but his... ideas on marriage are really sharp.”

“Maybe I should talk to him?”

“No!” Panic scattered my thoughts. I said desperately, “No, don’t. Ever. Just... let me handle him. You don’t know him like I do.”

He gripped his dick and stroked it. It got harder. “Well, I’d still love to take you out – just the two of us sometime.”

I sighed in frustration. I wanted to say yes, but knew my husband would take a lot of coaxing and careful wording to ever agree to letting me out of the house with some other guy. It would have to be phrased less like a date than something else... Maybe...

He leaned over me, pushing me back. “How about another fuck?”

I was tired, but his offer sounded too good to pass up. I collapsed back and opened my legs.

The hot head of his erection touched my wet opening and pushed inside where it belonged.

I moaned with relief and gripped his butt. I pulled on him and felt that thick shaft sliding deep into my pussy once again. I would have to leave soon to make it home before Tommy, but for right now I lifted my hips for Joel. I wanted his cock.

I needed a second load in my pussy.

CHAPTER 18

Tommy panted, exhausted. “Wow.”

“Hmm?” I was petting his chest.

“Five times this week, and the week isn’t over yet.”

I murmured a giggle.

“I’m really enjoying this; you’re going to wear me out.”

“Good.” *So I can fuck Joel more without wearing myself out.* I smiled to myself.

“Whatever has you so hot, keep doing it.”

I laughed.

He looked at me with curiosity. “What is it, anyway? Going out with Gwen?” He added definitively, “I thought she’d be good for you.”

I shook my head. “Not her, I don’t think. Not totally, anyway. I think...”

“Hmm?”

“I think it’s more that Joel admitted he has a crush on me.”

“He’s got you all worked up?”

I really didn’t want to out-and-out admit that. “No, I mean... I think it’s that it’s nice to be desired. To have someone pay attention to me—”

“I pay attention to you.” His voice had an edge to it.

“I didn’t mean that you don’t. Just that you’re my husband; you’re supposed to. But it’s nice to find that another guy still finds me attractive, even though I’m married. It feels good.”

“Hmm.”

“It would be like if you had some nice-looking woman make eyes at you and compliment you, even after she saw your wedding ring.”

“I wouldn’t be interested.”

“Interest isn’t the point. I’m betting it would make you feel really good.”

He sighed a long hum. “Hmm... I guess.”

“Gwen thinks you’re handsome.”

He jerked in surprise. “Does she? You girls have talked about me?”

“Mm hmm. See? You feel good, don’t you?”

He chuckled. “I guess I do.” He went quiet for a moment, then, “Did you give Dan your picture?”

“Yeah, and Joel, too.”

“How did they like it?” His tone was suspicious, but I detected the curiosity.

“Both of them were very appreciative. Dan chuckled like a little boy and Joel said he liked seeing tan lines.”

“You don’t have any.”

“That’s what I told him.”

“Is he as pushy as Dan?”

“Heavens, no. You’ve met him at church. He’s very considerate and polite.”

He nodded. “Yeah, I remember.”

“I was thinking I might give him a nicer picture.”

“Nicer?”

“Yeah, when the new bathing suits arrive. I can model two for him.” I had been amazed at the suits Tommy had picked out and had veered the purchases to something a little more conservative, though showing much more than my current bathing suit. That my husband had thought I would wear suits so skimpy still shocked me. Would he have really wanted to see me in them? Have other people see me in them?

Friday’s girl’s night with Gwen was another surprise for me. Before she arrived to pick me up, I was checking my makeup in the mirror. I had on a short little white dress I had bought for dancing.

Tommy came up behind me and lifted the hem of my skirt, running his hands up over my butt cheeks. While he normally just hugged me from behind, I had the impression this time that he was checking to see if I was wearing panties.

Was I giving the impression that I wasn’t? Or was I raising suspicions in him that were dangerous? I didn’t want to risk what I had with Joel by doing something stupid.

He found my panties and just hummed pleasure into my ear. “Beautiful. I should learn how to dance.”

I twisted around. “What are you doing?”

“Just hugging you. Your swimsuits came.”

“Just now?”

“Mm hmm. I’ll help you take pictures in them tomorrow if you want.”

“Dan will like that.”

He laughed. “You told him you were getting new ones?”

“Yeah, he practically panted like a dog.”

“He’ll probably spend hours looking at them and playing with himself.”

“I have no doubts; he pretty much said he would.”

“You don’t miss going to lunch with him?”

“No, not at all. The free lunch was nice, but the company... Dan is just... Dan. I don’t know.”

Tommy appeared happy and satisfied. “Speaking of pictures...”

“Hmm?”

“Let me get a couple of you in this.”

“To give to Dan?”

“No, for myself.”

I pecked his lips. “Sure.”

“Sit in the chair.”

“Sit?” What kind of picture would that be?

“Sit and cross your legs.”

I gave him an uncertain expression, but sat and crossed my legs.

His grin widened appreciably. “Oh yeah, now we’re talking.” He held up his phone and tapped a few pictures. He showed me.

I mentally shrugged. *Whatever*. They weren’t particularly sexy or attractive, except that I was showing a lot of leg.

“You want a copy of these? Give them to Dan and Joel?”

I slowly shook my head. “They’re for you. Why would I give them these?”

He shrugged dismissively. “Oh, I don’t know. No reason. Never mind.” He frowned in thought. “So...”

“Hmm?” I went back to making sure my hair was in place.

“Do you ever meet Dan or Joel at these dance places you go?”

I looked at him innocently. “Joel a couple of times, yes. Dan? Never.”

He nodded and produced a small smile of satisfaction.

I ventured, “You seem to really have a thing about Dan...”

He knew what I meant; I could see it in his expression. He gave a curt nod. “I do, I guess. He’s someone you work with.”

“Well, you don’t have to worry about me having some affair with Dan; I just really don’t even see him as a friend.”

He sighed easily, with relief.

“You don’t seem to have that issue with Joel?” I was risking much even asking it.

He pursed his lips for a brief instant. “Nah, he’s from church.”

“Even though he wanted the picture of me in a bathing suit and has a crush on me?”

He laughed. “Good for him; you’re a beautiful woman.”

“I am not.”

“You are so.”

“I’m plain with boring hair.”

He shook a finger at me. “Don’t even think of dyeing it. Or getting some whacko perm.”

“You don’t think I’d look prettier with hair like Gwen’s?”

“Gwen is cute, but I love your hair.”

I risked it all again. “So you’re not bothered about Joel?”

“No.”

“He mentioned the tan lines again.”

“When?”

That was trouble and I had opened my mouth about it. I supposedly hadn’t seen him since last weekend, but I had been over to his place three times this last week. “Oh, uh, in text. A couple of days ago.”

“You’re texting him?”

“More like he’s texting me.”

He laughed, clean and light. “Cute.”

I impressed the importance of the topic on him. “He wants to see my tan lines, Tommy.”

“Well, show him. Those new suits show a lot more.”

I gave him a sideways look. “Maybe—”

The doorbell interrupted us.

Gwen was here to pick me up.

A half hour later, I was in the arms of a dashing looking guy grinding on the dance floor. When his hands slid up my backside under the hem of my dress and cupped my butt, I just hummed with happiness.

CHAPTER 19

I came home, charged and tingly.

“How was your dancing?” Tommy put down his book and adjusted the covers.

“Fun. Just going to pop in for a quick rinse. Be out in a minute.” I winked at him. I wanted the time in the shower to not just rinse off any perspiration or smoke residue from cigarettes, but to buttress my courage and decide what I was going to tell him.

How much was too much?

Unfortunately, not all of it was not enough.

I had obligations as his wife to be honest, truthful, and open. I had to start living up to that or the guilt would eat me alive. I had to share with him all that I knew and felt if I wanted to keep the sanctity of our emotional relationship intact – if not my physical vows. Otherwise, my physical failings were going to corrode our marriage like acid.

I came out, damp, skin hot and cold inside with uncertainty. Shaking, quivering, and trembling, I got into bed.

He had switched off the light, but the nightlight was still on and I could see his face. He was looking at me as if waiting.

I said, “I had a fun time dancing, but...”

“But?”

“I let... something happen... because I saw Gwen letting...”

He stiffened, sat up straighter. “What?”

“She let a guy touch her while they were dancing. Groped her, more like.”

“You let some guy grope you?” His words were sharp and demanding.

On jittery nerves, I plowed ahead. “Not as much...”

He firmed his lips and waited.

“I was pressed against him—”

“Who?”

I shook my head. “Some guy. I think his name was Beck – or something like that. Anyway, he slid his hands up under my dress and... squeezed my butt.”

“And you didn’t say anything?”

“It was too loud for talking, and Gwen was letting...”

He made a sound between grunting and growling.

“So I let him... and...”

He looked at me again from wherever his gaze had wandered in thought. “What? And what?”

I pressed close to him and slid my hand over his chest. “It was exciting, but... all I could think about was getting home and...” I slid my hand down to his sex.

“Dancing and getting felt up made you horny?”

I gripped his shaft through his boxers. It was warm and thick, but not hard. I made a half-shrug gesture and squeezed his cock. “I really want you in me...”

He didn't think much more than a half a minute before grudgingly removing his boxers. “All right then...” He pushed me over and climbed on.

I wasn't wearing anything under my t-shirt, so he was able to slide right in.

He muttered, “You're wet.”

Not wanting to say anything more and cause further issues, I simply said, “Take me, husband.”

He slid in, filling me with his comfort.

I closed my eyes and sighed.

After several pumps, he panted and accentuated his question with several hard thrusts, “Did he do anything *else* to you?”

I heard the edge and accusation. “No...”

“No? But?”

I felt safer with Tommy between my legs, thrusting his flesh into me. I gasped, “No, but I felt him. He was... pressed against me. I felt his... He was hard.”

My husband gasped and thrust hard for a moment. “He had an erection?”

“I don't know. I mean, I think so. It was difficult to tell with all the movement, but yes, he seemed hard in his pants.”

“Where? Where was it touching you? Your thigh?”

I laughed hesitantly. “N-no, my clit. It was a close dance and he was pulling me by my butt...”

“You didn't stop him?”

“No, it all seemed to happen so fast and... Gwen was letting the guy she was dancing with do it... I didn't want to be left out and make a scene.”

He grunted. Then he asked, “Did he get his hands into your panties?” There was a finality to that tone that I shied away from.

Fortunately, I could answer with the truth. “No. He didn't try.”

He sighed with relief and I felt his arms quivering. After a moment of pumping, he said, “And this dancing got you all wet?”

I nodded sheepishly. “I couldn't help it. He was rubbing my clit with his...” I had to stop because Tommy gave me five very hard thrusts that took my breath away.

He stopped and panted above me. “I guess I should've expected that.”

“Expected what?”

“Dancing. Some dances are close. I should've expected some guy might be hard and...”

“You're not mad?”

He groaned in rejection. “Nah, it's not your fault.” He made a few thrusts into my pussy. “Was he handsome, at least?”

I made a face. “I don't know; I guess.”

“Was he nice?”

“We didn't talk except about dancing.”

“So he didn't try to get your number or anything?”

“Nope.”

Another sigh of relief and more pumping. “Okay. Did he know you were married?”

“He saw my ring.”

He nodded. “That's probably why he didn't ask for your number. Or do anything more than... dance with you.” He avoided saying that the guy had grabbed my butt.

“I guess...”

“So you had fun dancing with him?”

I studied his face for any clues as to his ultimate mood, but it was difficult to tell in the dimness of the night light. “Yes.”

He made several deep thrust, panting faster. “And you came home hot and wet...”

“For you...”

“I should be mad, but... I guess I'm the one getting all the benefit.”

“Should I have gotten his number?”

My husband scowled ferociously, but then his face went slack. He hammered his hips into mine and growled like an animal.

I groaned with the maddened rush of effort and the tingles that pounded up my pussy. Then I felt the hot splashes inside as my husband released his cum into me.

He yelled out with several short growls of supreme effort.

It was very good.

CHAPTER 20

I looked in the mirror and adjusted the material of the bathing suit. I pulled at the back to see if it would stretch and cover more.

Tommy looked into the hallway where I stood in the full length closet mirrors. “Ready for pictures?”

“I suppose...”

“Don’t be shy; everything’s covered.”

“Are you sure about this?”

He made a dismissive noise. “It’s not like you’re naked.”

I adjusted the suit even more in a futile gesture of finality. “All right.”

“Let’s take them out back.”

“Shy?”

He made a dry face. “Sunlight? You know, natural?”

I firmed my lips at the implication I was being slow. “Fine.”

He led me out and said, “Pose.”

Pose? Like how? Ballerina? Little girl? Wonder Woman? “Uh...”

“Just try to look natural.”

I stuck my tongue out.

And he took a picture of it.

Great.

“Lean back against the wall there.”

I did and crossed my arms. I’m sure my look was petulant.

He said, “The look is great, but the folded arms are a signal of defensiveness.”

I rolled my eyes and uncrossed my arms.

“Try not to look all pissed off.”

I scowled harder.

He waited.

I relaxed my face and sighed.

“Smile.”

I gave a half-baked smile filled with wry and dry.

He tapped a few pics. “Sit on the lounge.”

Lounge shot? I guess. I sat.

“Your legs are all clamped shut. Try to sit naturally.”

“Naturally?”

“Let your knees part like you just sat and you’re relaxing.”

I tried.

He shook his head. “Like this.”

I gaped at his demonstration. “So you want me to sit like a man?”

“I see women sitting like this all the time in pictures.”

I said pointedly, “In those appliance manuals?”

He blushed. “No, like ads and things.”

I heaved a sigh and spread my knees out.

“There you go, now lean back. Like you’re getting some sun.”

“I am; it’s blinding me.”

“Try not to squint.”

“I can’t help it.”

“You’d never make it as a model.”

I laughed derisively. “No need to rub it in.”

“You look fine. I mean your expressions. Models don’t squint.”

“You sit here in the glaring sun and try looking normal.”

“You want to take pictures of me in a bikini?”

I burst out laughing.

He said, “Gee, thanks.” He tapped on his phone. “Okay, I got several. Try on the other suit?”

“It shows too much.”

“Everything’s covered.”

“Let me see what you took.” I knew they were going to be awful.

He showed me.

Several were awful. But some where I was scowling actually looked like something out of a fashion ad. Worse, the ones with my knees spread open looked way more natural than the others, except that I was embarrassed that it was me.

He slapped my ass. “Go on, go change.”

“You’re not really going to have me give these to Dan and Joel, are you?”

He shrugged. “Up to you, I guess. I just work here.”

I went and changed into the two piece. I frowned in the mirror. I looked like a little girl from the belly button up. From the waist down, a woman. I twisted back and forth, trying to see my butt. Fortunately, I didn’t see any dimples.

He growled from the bedroom, “Come on, stop primping.”

“I’m not primping.”

“Are so. Let’s go.”

I followed him out back again. “This shows a little much...”

He faced me and said solemnly, “I regret to inform you that your appearance wouldn’t even be banned off of Disney.”

That didn’t help.

He had me stand and sit again.

These pictures I had to grudgingly admit looked even better – even though they showed more. “I’m not sending anyone that one.” I pointed.

“Are you serious? That’s the best one.”

It was one where I was sitting in the skimpiest suit. I thought I could see the contours of my pussy pretty clearly through the material. “No way.”

“Why? Because it looks good?”

“It shows too much.”

“Everything is totally covered. I swear, if I took a picture of you with a blanket over you, you’d complain. I’m making this one my background—”

“Don’t you dare.”

“Too bad. Give me a bit and I’ll Cloud-share these.”

“Just me.”

“Yep. And then you can download them and send them to your friends.”

I wasn’t sure which ones I’d send – especially considering that the best ones were the ones that looked more risqué. Still, he was right; all of them would pass on a Disney site. Except maybe the sitting ones.

Maybe I was being too self-conscious.

A half hour later, texts and pictures sent, my phone was chiming endlessly.

Tommy mused, “They like them?”

I was astounded and aroused at the response from both Dan and Joel. Joel more than Dan, but still. “They’re raving over them. Especially the sitting one in the skimpy bikini. Dan...”

“Hmm?”

“What’s a cum tribute?”

My husband laughed loudly. “Uh, if it’s what I think it is...”

“What?”

He tapped on his phone. “Yep, just what I thought. It’s when a guy gets a picture and masturbates to it. Often including sending a picture back of the... results.”

“Oh my gosh.”

He chuckled jovially. “Dan’s going to jerk himself stupid over you. That absolutely tickles me.”

“It does?”

“He’s dying of envy over you. Wants what I have. It’s a good feeling.”

I looked at him askance. “If you say so...”

“Did Joel say anything?”

“Just thanks and a lot of smilies.”

“No cum tribute?”

I knew Joel would more likely give me a real cum tribute in person, but I wasn’t going to say that. “No—”

Tommy was dismissive. “Ah, well, church guy. You know. But who knows.”

“Who knows what?”

“Maybe he’ll jerk, too.”

“Tommy!” I acted shocked.

“Oh come on. He’s human, like everyone else. There’s no sin in masturbating.”

I wouldn’t have believed that before Trinity, but after hearing very revealing rebuttals of the common church culture, I honestly could say I agreed with my husband.

It was overcoming years of conditioning that made it difficult.

Every scripture used against masturbation had to do with spilling seed on the ground – and those were originally specific to the pagan practice of offering your seed to other gods, not the masturbation act itself.

Still, the ingrained stigma remained like a permanent stain.

I asked, “You’d really be happy if Joel played with himself over my pictures?”

For a moment, I thought I had made a mistake. He frowned, began breathing heavier as if angry, and then pursed his lips. “Yeah... I think I would. I don’t like Dan much... At least we know Joel.”

My phone was still chiming. The accolades were invigorating.

He said, “We should take more pictures.”

We did and I sent them. These were not so Disney safe: various poses that could only be described as saucy. Dan and Joel kept the encouragement coming.

“Has Joel said anything about—”

“No, just Dan. But Joel mentioned the tan lines a few times.”

“You don’t have any.”

I was delirious with elation and feeling naughty. I ran into the house and into the master bathroom. I stripped off my bikini and put my back to the mirror. I aimed my phone over my shoulder and considered the picture.

Tommy leaned in. “What are you doing?” His tone was incredulous.

“Seeing if I can take one that shows I have no lines at all.”

“You’re going to send Joel a naked one?”

“No, silly. Just one showing I have no tan lines.” Satisfied that nothing could be seen but my butt cheeks, I tapped the phone. I showed my husband. “See?”

He was breathing heavy, but looked at the picture for a long time. Suddenly, he said, “Send it.” He added in afterthought, “It’s safe.”

“Duh...”

He smiled after a second, eager to anticipate Joel’s response.

I couldn’t really keep up with the texts. I kept reading Dan’s and my mood twisted up tight inside me with exhilaration. He was saying very nice and sexy things. Finally, I bent over in front of the mirror and aimed the phone back.

Tommy was alarmed. “What are you doing?”

“It’s for Dan. He admitted he’s jacking right now. I want to help him blow a really huge load.” I took a picture.

He leaned around my shoulder to look at the result. He laughed heavily, reluctantly. “Send it.”

I was aghast: it showed way too much. “But you can see my—”

“It’s pretty shadowed.”

“Are you sure?”

Now eager, he said, “Yeah, send it.”

I attached it to a text and sent it.

My husband had a lump in his jeans.

I said, “You’re liking this.”

He blushed. “I guess so. It’s fun doing this with you.”

A few minutes later, I got a video attachment. I said, “Uh oh...”

“What?”

I tapped the video. Instantly, Dan was at his computer. He was holding his phone recording his masturbation. On his computer screen was my picture. The view moved down to his erection.

I quailed seeing it with my husband looking over my shoulder. I was sure he was going to erupt. But it wasn't Tommy that blew up: it was Dan. After a few strokes on his cock, cum started flowing up and out like a bubbling fountain.

My husband did not fly into a rage; he laughed huskily. "Wow, that's..."
"What?"

He didn't answer and I was burning to know what he was thinking.

I asked again, "What?"

He evaded. "That was fun. But we left out poor Joel."

"He isn't..." I waved the phone with the video paused on it.

"Yeah, but we gave Dan a picture like that and Joel is having to beg for tan lines? Give me your phone."

"What are you doing?"

He took my phone and aimed it at my nakedness.

Alarmed, I covered myself.

At that, his smile widened into a Cheshire grin. "Perfect." He tapped the phone and handed it back. I was going to recommend a hand bra and such, but you instantly did what I wanted."

I looked at the picture. I looked horrified, but my hand and arm was covering my breasts and my other hand cupped over my pussy.

He said, "Send that."

"I—"

"Send it."

I blew out a breath and sent it with a text explaining my husband demanded it.

Tommy took some more pictures of me, covered but naked. "Has Joel said anything about sending you his pictures?"

"No?"

"Ask him. He's getting free pictures of you? He should be man enough to trade."

"You want him to send me a naked picture of himself?"

"Better him than Dan, although that vid was pretty nice." His hand slipped down and toyed at my heat. "Wow, you're hot."

I was trying to tap my request in text.

His finger curled up and slipped inside. "And wet." He moved his finger like a cock, in and out. "Was it Dan's vid that did it?"

"No." I had felt... icky.

His finger caressed and thrust, causing all kinds of very nice tingles to radiate up my pussy and spur on the development of that hollow ache.

I got a text and picture a moment later from Joel. I tapped it open and we both looked at it.

Joel was standing in the bathroom, naked, his dick elongated and thickened with excitement.

My husband breathed heavily on my neck. “Wow...” His finger kept fucking me.

“What?”

“He’s... big.”

I wanted to say, “I know” but bit that back as soon as the thought occurred. But Joel wasn’t really all that much longer than my husband. I gasped, “Yeah...”

My labia thrilled to my husband’s touch. Tingles exploded from my pussy in tantalizing pulses. My nipples hardened. He asked me, “Do you like that?”

“Like what?”

“Seeing his...?”

“Yeah, I guess so...”

A half hour later, with my husband’s enthusiastic support, I was sending nudes to my two guy friends.

CHAPTER 21

Gwen sniffed and said, “He’s ready.”

I stood with her outside our house with her husband Chris. I fretted, wondering if this was happening too fast for Tommy. “Are you sure—”

Chris put his hand on my arm. “Don’t worry, Andrea; it’s going to be fine.”

I gripped the door handle with a sweaty, shaking hand and let them in. It was Sunday, after church, and Tommy didn’t know they were here. Well, he did now, but not why.

He shook Chris’ hand. “Hey guy.” He kissed Gwen on the cheek. “Gwen.” It was all very clean and tidy, just like church. No hint of the breathless excitement we had both felt the previous afternoon taking and sending a bunch of my nudes to two guys.

But this is where I had to hope that my trust in Chris and Gwen wasn’t the chip that led to the breaking of the dam. I felt as if I was on a tightrope and a wind was coming. I couldn’t look at my husband – I couldn’t look at any of them.

Chris said, “Listen, Tommy,” he put his arm around my husband’s shoulders, “I have a really big favor to ask of you.” He led them away into the house.

I followed numbly, not wanting this risk to be taken – not when things had started to look so good for us. My husband? Helping me take nudes? Maybe they were of the classy type, sure, but still. We had both thrilled to the reactions by both men. I had felt my husband’s silent admiration of Joel’s nude picture. And he hadn’t been threatened! Joel was a fellow church member – it was somehow all good.

Gwen was certain the time was now to risk everything, but only in a single step. She had said this was going to be one of two crucial events that should take place.

Chris murmured low, as if speaking privately, “I... have this... thing... this fantasy, of wanting Gwen to... well...”

My husband was attentive. “Hmm?”

Gwen came up behind my husband and wrapped her arms around his middle.

Chris said, “I don’t know who to turn to. I don’t want to ask someone I don’t know.”

Tommy was beginning to clue in that something was up – from the second Gwen slid her arms around him. “Uh... what?”

“I want to see her suck someone and I can’t imagine anyone other than you.”

My husband burst out in abrupt laughter, but there was a nervous tinge to it. “You want her to...”

“I’d like to witness her, yes. Something for the both of us. I don’t want to ask some stranger; I need someone close. I thought you’d be the perfect man.”

“Me? I, uh...” He twisted to look at me.

Chris said, “We let Andrea know already. She’s willing. That means, everyone knows and there’s no cheating involved. Just a simple agreement between friends.”

Gwen stood on her tiptoes and pecked the side of his face, by his ear. “Be a sweetie for us, would you?”

Now Tommy’s laughing was broken and embarrassed. “Me?”

Gwen came around to his front and hugged him. “Please?” She looked up into his eyes with her sparkly blue ones.

Overwhelmed by their dual plea, my husband’s shoulders relaxed. “Well,” he looked at me again, “okay, I guess.”

Gwen bounced in his arms and kissed his lips.

I felt a wash of cold sweat drain through me with relief, leaving me dizzy and light-headed.

My friend said, “Are you ready now? I can’t wait.” She made a pretense at tugging at his belt.

My husband glanced at Chris, then me, then her. “Well, I suppose...”

She began unbuckling his belt in earnest. “I’m so excited; I’ve wanted to do this with you for such a long time.”

Chris muttered, “Easy, darling. You don’t want to scare him off.”

Tommy made an effort to sound casual. “Oh, hey, it’s not a problem, really...” He looked at me again and I tried to smile for him.

I was still scared, though not as bad.

Gwen got his pants open and slid them down.

Tommy blushed.

She helped him step out of his pants and pushed him back towards the couch.

I had a role to play in this, according to their plan, and I needed to calm myself or I was never going to go through with it. Would Tommy? We had gotten this far, but there was another treacherous mile to go.

Gwen knelt between my husband's knees and took hold of his manhood. My husband's eyes widened and he instantly looked at me.

I gave him a reassuring expression and a nod.

And then Gwen's head descended, followed by a sharp intake of Tommy's breath. His eyes traveled between Chris and me as if wondering if he was doing something wrong and getting caught doing it.

Gwen murmured from under all her hair, "Mmm, very clean. Nice."

Tommy closed his eyes and sighed.

My friend's head began moving up and down.

I felt as if a strange kind of rape was going on to my marriage. Watching my friend suck my husband was odd, in the very least. I wanted to scold her about how she was doing it – to make sure she was doing it right – or to assert that she was doing something I was supposed to be doing. But after a brief few seconds of imbalance, I settled into an easier breathing rhythm and realized it was nice to watch Gwen handle the issue.

I remembered my part and got down with her on my knees next to her. I put my arm around her and looked supportive.

She pulled off at my touch and beamed a bright smile at me. "He's very nice..."

I saw his cock standing up, wet, and throbbing.

She offered me the erection. "Want to help?"

I shook my head. "Naw, that's okay—"

"Oh come on. Like you haven't sucked your husband before? Come on, Andrea."

I half giggled, "Okay..." I sucked down on my husband's cock and back up.

Gwen cooed at me, "That's a good girl." Her hand stroked my back. "That's enough, though, I want more." When she put her mouth back on him, my husband's eyes closed again and he groaned. Her mouth made sucking sounds loudly and her head moved energetically.

Tommy began panting.

Gwen nudged me.

This was my next big part and I bit my lip. I felt as if I shouldn't intrude on what was happening, but Gwen assured me that this was the right time. She had only been sucking him for a few minutes, was it really the right time?

I got up onto the couch with him and put my arms around his neck. I nuzzled his ear while Gwen sucked with gusto.

She nudged my foot.

I drew a breath and held it, not sure I could let it out. But I had to. Dizziness swept over my head as I whispered to him, "Her husband wants you to fuck her."

His eyes popped open and he frantically searched out Chris.

The lawyer nodded, pursing his lips in judicious approval.

Gwen pulled off and looked at him, then began removing her clothing. "Tell me you're going to make my dream come true."

Tommy stammered, "I... uh..." He looked at me and swallowed.

Gwen stood naked.

He looked at her. "I guess so."

My mouth went cold and dry. He was going to do it? Was it really as easy as Gwen and Chris had assured me it would be?

My friend got on his other side and wriggled up against the armrest. Her gaze flicked to me and offered an expressive hint.

I remembered. I got off the couch and moved to her and knelt. I looked at my husband and winked. I made a finger-curl motion of summoning.

He leaned closer, his eyes trying to stay mostly on mine and not Gwen's pussy. For the most part, he succeeded.

I said in a very low voice trembling with uncertainty, "Please fuck her for me. Chris said it was okay and they're in a stag and hotwife relationship. I want to know what it's like so I can see if it's something we should try. Please?"

His eyes were glassy. He was being hit with more than he imagined. With a look at Chris, he shrugged. "I suppose..." His dick throbbed rigidly.

Her husband said, "Please, do. This will make us both very happy that it's a church member and not some stranger."

Gwen was watching everything. She pressed her mouth to my ear and whispered, "Open me up for him. Quick."

I reached to her pussy and put my fingers on her hot folds. They didn't feel different from mine except that I only felt my fingers. It was strange

not feeling my fingers touching my own labia, but it was otherwise no different. I spread her open and pleaded with my husband, “Fuck her, Tommy.”

His face looked delirious. He moved up wordlessly and got over her.

Gwen’s face brightened with victory.

I watched my husband lower himself and place his erection at my friend’s entrance. The head of his cock brushed hot against my fingers and I spread her hole open for him as wide as I could.

His cock slid past my fingers and I removed them. A second later, their hips met and I backed away.

Chris said, “You don’t mind if I...” He made a hand-jacking motion.

I didn’t know if he was asking me or who.

Tommy answered, “Uh, sure, go ahead.”

Chris grinned with relief and removed his slacks. “Let me tell you, it never gets old watching her.”

“You’ve done this before?” My husband sounded uncertain.

“A couple of times. I assure you, she’s clean.”

“Ah, so am I—”

“Your wife told us.”

Tommy looked at me with a dazed look. His hips moved without stopping.

Gwen made very suggestive noises meanwhile and I thought she was overdoing it.

But it wasn’t over the top and at the very least, my husband appeared to be enjoying it.

Chris stroked himself and sighed with gratification. “Oh yeah, very nice.”

Tommy panted, “H-how can you sit there and w-watch this?” He didn’t stop fucking her.

He said, “This is beautiful. It’s natural. Watching her is the ultimate rush. Better than winning a hard-fought case.”

I considered what he said. It did feel natural – too natural. Too normal. As if seeing him do this was no more unusual than... than us doing it. I felt like I should be directing the flow – like they might not know how to do it right. But seeing them do it without help very nearly stunned me to silence.

It was... easy. Simple.

They fucked.

The ceiling didn't come crashing down.
The walls didn't come caving in.
And God didn't send a lightning bolt to fry us all into little pork rinds.
I was witnessing something that had been missing. I had that sense that
this could've been happening long before, if I had known how easy it was.
How natural.
I almost laughed with delight.

CHAPTER 22

I saw Joel two more times over the following week.

Gwen chastised me for not following up on... the event... of last Sunday. But I just didn't feel ready.

Tommy was quiet and subdued, though attentive to me in all ways. Whatever was going on through his mind was personal to him.

I felt left out and thus didn't want to tip the boat so much more that it capsized.

It was Thursday when we finally began to talk – really talk – about what had happened. It was our fourth straight day of sex, or about to be, and both of us were already breathing heavily.

Combined with my bouts with Joel, I was feeling very sensual.

Tommy asked me, “How long have you known she's a hotwife? Gwen?”

I was stroking him and stopped. “I don't know; a while, I guess.”

“You didn't tell me?”

“No, but... I tried...”

“Tried?”

I resumed stroking. “I just didn't know how you'd take it and Gwen's been a really nice friend.”

He nodded quietly.

“And this is something you admire in her?”

I kept up my hand motions. “I don't know if I admire it all so much as wonder about it. I wasn't raised—”

“Yeah, me either.”

“It seems so out there—”

He interrupted me again. “But it isn't really, is it? Other than how we were raised and taught.”

“Right.”

He twisted over and moved his fingers to my pussy. He played for a few seconds, then said, “Do you envy her?”

“Maybe a little, but in other ways, no.”

“How so?”

“She works in a morgue putting makeup on dead people. Her sense of smell is ruined—”

“Is that why she sniffs all the time?”

I felt defensive for her. “Yes. It’s not her fault.”

“No, I didn’t think it was. That’s too bad.”

“I think she uses her... lifestyle as a way to relieve stress.”

“She doesn’t seem very stressed.”

I stroked him happily as we talked. “But she really hates her job.”

“Why doesn’t she get a different—”

“There are a thousand unemployed beauticians in this city.”

He grunted in acknowledgement. “Mmm, I see. So... what do you think you found out?”

“What do you mean?”

“You asked us to... do it... so you could see if the hotwife thing was something we should do.”

“Should we?”

“I’m asking you.”

You aren’t being fair pinning this all on me. I sighed. This is where I had to navigate possibly treacherous waters to see if I could find safety on the shore that held both Joel and Tommy in some combo or fashion. I said, “Joel says he’d love to take me out.”

“Take you out?”

“You know, like to the movies or to dinner.”

“Huh... That sounds... nice.”

Eager with hope, I stroked him faster. “It does?”

“Yeah, sort of like a dedicated dance partner, I guess.”

“That’s a good thing, right?” I wanted to ask directly, but I was still building my courage.

Tommy’s voice was husky with conviction. “Yeah, safe. Like Gwen being your friend out on the town.”

“Did you... like doing her?”

“It was... exciting, I guess.” He chuckled self-consciously, but his dick was flexing.

“Did she feel good?”

He gasped and thrust his hips towards me. “Yeah...”

“Did you like cumming in her with Chris watching?”

He groaned and his dick swelled dramatically.

It was now or never. I asked him, jacking my hand slower, “Is it all right if Joel dates me?”

He panted, on the edge.

I took the final step. Do or die. “Dates me like I was single?”

“Single?”

“He might... like a kiss... or more.” I kissed him gently on the lips.
“Please let me go out on dates with him.”

He made a sharp intake of breath and tensed. His shaft swelled and strained. A long squirt came arcing out of his dick. He squeezed his eyes shut and gasped hoarsely, “Yes! Yes. Yes, that’s good. Okay...” He jerked his hips frantically, oozing out more desperate globs after the one, long squirt. “Yes... you can date him.” He collapsed in relief, chest heaving for breath.

A flush of relief and joy surged through me, wiping away much of my stress and guilt.

As much as my mind cleared in a mental sigh of extreme relief, my pussy gave a more visceral reaction: I became intensely wet and achy.

CHAPTER 23

I came out of the shower Saturday evening and patted down my hair with the towel.

Joel was sitting on the bed, waiting and watching – looking nervous.

I asked him, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah... I guess. Just never thought I would see you getting ready to go out on a date.”

I laughed lightly. “It’s just Joel.”

He blew out a breath. “Yeah.”

I said, “It’s really no different than you telling me I could go with Dan...”

He made a face. “I sort of knew you didn’t like him all that much—”

“Then why tell me I should take him up on his lunch offers?”

He shrugged. “It seemed like a safe way to loosen you up a bit.”

“I needed loosening?” I picked up my brush and began straightening my hair.

“No... well... I just thought you could benefit from getting out more. You seemed very withdrawn. Like... you lost something from when I met you. I wanted you to get that back.”

I looked at him through my brunette bangs. “And have I? Are you happy to see—”

He laughed, interrupting me. “Shoot, yeah. Sex almost every day? No way I’d go back on this. I love it.”

I put a foot out in risk. “Tommy...”

“Hmm?”

“Joel thinks... He thinks he’s getting lucky tonight and that you don’t know about this date.”

His eyebrows did a dance of surprise. “You didn’t tell him?”

“That you agreed? No. He thinks I’m just sneaking out.”

“Oh.” His lips broadened into a devious smile. “Oh, really?”

“I know he wants to act on this crush of his... Should I let him?”

My husband shifted around on the bed and tugged at his sweats. There was a lump in them. “Sort of like the Gwen hotwife thing?”

I nodded.

“It might be interesting to see what he does... But...”

“But?”

“Don’t keep him in the dark. Let him know I said you two can date.”

I stopped and put down the brush. I turned fully to him, naked and inquisitive. “Even if that means he’s going to try...?”

“Let him.” He rushed on, “If you want. I sure wish though...”

“What?”

He appeared to make up his mind. “Let him know right away. And then... if... things start to happen, call me. Let me know that something is going on. Promise me.” This was my earnest husband, strict and hard, telling me what was expected. I took no offense; I was married to him and this was a partnership. We worked this together or not at all.

I said, “All right, I promise.” Now that we were on the proper footing, I was going to play this through the right way. No longer would I hold anything back from my husband. I said, “He might be wanting to go all the way...”

His grin was a flash of nerves and desire. “I bet.”

“And you’re okay with him trying?”

He nodded.

“If he wants to cum in me?”

He started laughing and stopped, and started again. His eyes were alight with wonder. “I want to see...”

“If we do and he does, I’ll bring it home for you.”

He reached his hand down his sweats and shifted his uncomfortable erection. He left his hand in there and laughed. “I can’t believe how hot this is...” His hand moved in his sweats. “I’m glad it’s Joel – someone from church.”

“So am I...”

CHAPTER 24

Two and a half hours later, after a movie, I rested on Joel's bed as he stroked his hand over my body.

He said, "So he knows..." His smile was sublime.

I nodded. I had told him before the movie and knew he was musing over it.

"This is a dream come true."

I giggled.

He moved down and put his face between my legs, kissing and licking.

I sighed luxuriously and reached for my purse.

"What are you doing?"

"He wanted me to call and tell him if things started happening."

He winked at me. "I know the type. He wants to be involved as much as possible. Wants to hear live, so to speak."

"You think so?"

"I know so. Several of the husbands at Trinity like it that way."

"Several? Exactly how many are—"

"Eight or nine, more or less. Some tried it a couple of times but haven't lately."

"Is this a regular thing? Are there get-togethers or something?"

He shook his head. "Rarely. Not even once a year, really. Most of us just like to do our own thing, not in some big group."

I felt better about that. I didn't like the idea of being naked with other women and having men judge me the lesser of them all. That would hurt.

He went back to licking me.

I tapped Tommy's contact.

"*Hello? Andrea?*"

"Yeah... He's starting."

"*What's he doing?*"

"He's kissing me... down there." I laughed.

"Wow..." His breathing was heavy.

Before I could say much more, Joel crawled up and stuck his erection against my entrance.

I gasped.

"*What?*"

“He’s about to enter me...”

“Ohmigosh...”

Joel pushed, stretching me open and sliding his thick shaft into my pussy.

I groaned, “He’s filling me, baby... It’s... going in...”

Tommy groaned on the other end.

Joel said hoarsely, “Oh yeah, I get to fuck Mrs. Netz.”

My husband groaned louder. “Yeah...”

I gasped as Joel’s cock reached bottom, “He’s all the way inside. I feel... so full...”

Tommy whispered, “I love you, Andrea.”

Joel began pumping, thrusting his erection in and out of my pussy and working his magic on my labia and clit. Tingles raced up my pussy and electrified my nipples.

I moaned back at my husband, “I love you... ungh... too...” My body jerked to Joel’s thrusts.

Tommy gasped and panted, fast. He was cumming on the other end. “Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh...”

“I gotta go, baby.” The slapping of our flesh was loud in my ear. Joel’s grunting efforts and my husband’s reaction left me tight and twisted up inside. I was close and getting closer, faster. I was about to cum.

“Okay, you’ll come home right after?”

My answer was almost a wail. “I promise.” I cried out as a huge wave toppled me in its hot lust. I tried clicking off and fumbled it.

Joel groaned loudly and said, “Oh yeah, what an awesome fuck. What a... hot... sexy... married... woman...!” Each word was punctuated with a scalding blast of his cum inside my pussy. He wound down, panting fast.

I finally thumbed the end call button correctly.

Joel wasn’t done. He was still in me, hard, after finishing so fast. He kissed me gently and began moving again.

I purred.

Two hours later, a half hour before midnight on Saturday, I stumbled into our home.

Tommy was up, pacing. His eyes lit on me and his face was slack with surprise and relief. “You’re home.”

I was exhausted. “Let’s go to bed.”

“Tell me what happened.”

I sighed in weariness. After all that, I wasn't energized to talk for a couple hours. "In bed... I'm really tired."

"Okay."

I stripped in the bedroom with leaden limbs. We had to be up tomorrow for the early service at Trinity.

He said, "What happened? I thought you would be home a lot sooner."

I stood naked at the edge of the bed and said, "He... was excited. We did it three times."

His eyes popped out. "Three?"

I nodded and started to climb into bed. "He came and came. I have three loads in my pussy."

His mouth dropped open in wonder and his eyes latched onto my red and puffy pussy. He breathed, "Three..."

"I'm kind of sore; I can't say I'm really in the mood for a fourth." I just wanted to go to sleep.

He shook his head. "No, no, that's okay." He licked his lips.

I wondered if he was tempted to... "You can lick me, if you want."

He shook his head resolutely. "No, not me. I'm..." He kept staring.

I settled down on my back and let all my muscles relax. I heaved a long sigh.

He said, "Maybe I'll give it a try..."

My eyebrows lifted, but I said nothing. I wasn't going to push him.

He got between my thighs and slowly lowered his face towards my puffy pussy. I could tell he was sniffing. He kept going and finally licked at my clit.

The warm, wet passage of his smooth tongue raced like sheaves of delight across my body.

He kept licking, growing more confident. After a moment, his tongue traced down across my labia. He lifted and said, "Oh, wow. Not like I expected."

"Hmm?"

"I thought it would be bitter and salty. It's very, very mellow." His tongue flicked and licked more, until he was mashing his mouth onto my pussy.

I moaned with pleasure and he licked and sucked. "Are you sure you want to be licking me down there? Like I said, he put three loads in me and I didn't wash off or anything."

He groaned loudly and kept licking. He finally moved up and kissed my lips. “I love you, Andrea Collins.”

That he used my maiden name was a surprise. Maybe he meant to support the idea of me dating. I said, “I love you too, Tommy Netz.”

He breathed happily. “Keep doing this.”

“Doing?”

“Dating Joel. But next time...”

“What?”

“Next time, I want to see it.”

I looked at him askance. “You do?”

He nodded firmly. “I need to see it. You’re my wife. I should be there. I want to be there.”

“Well, okay...”

“How soon can you arrange it?”

I laughed with joy at his eager and earnest enthusiasm. If this rush of emotions and euphoria was part and parcel of being a hotwife, then I wanted more. “You really aren’t mad that another man stuck his dick in me?”

“No, and it’s not just some other man; it’s Joel. No, I’m not mad. It’s awesome.”

“That I fucked him?”

“Yes. My wife let another man fuck her three times, and cum in her. That’s totally awesome.”

“You’re sure?” I gripped his dick – it was hot and hard.

“Yes.”

“I have a confession.”

“What?”

Slowly stroking, I said carefully, “It wasn’t the first time.”

He stiffened. “What?”

“He wanted to before and I didn’t have the heart to stop him... I’m sorry. I was trying to find a way to tell you and deal with my guilt...”

His hand stroked the side of my face. “Shh. It’s okay...”

“But I sort of lied...”

He sighed and was quiet for a moment. “No one’s perfect. I forgive you.”

“Are you sure?”

“How many times...?”

I was stroking him and sped up as I admitted most of the truth. “Several times... over the past two weeks.”

He blinked in amazement. “During all that sex we were having?”

I said sheepishly, “That’s why I was in the mood so much...”

He laughed. “Well then...”

“What?”

“We’re just going to have to make sure you get a lot of dick.”

“Are you serious?” Hope was rising inside of me.

“Yep.”

“Joel?”

“Yep. I like the idea of his dick in you. Thrusting into you...” He panted faster and then tensed. A couple of very hot splashes painted my hip. He breathed, “My sexy Andrea.”

CHAPTER 25

I sat with Gwen the following Wednesday evening in my home, on my couch. “I’m not sure about all of this.”

My friend sniffed loudly and waved her hand. “The hardest part is over.”

“But he wants to watch.”

“So? That’s the easy part.”

“I don’t like being watched.”

“You won’t even care.”

“What if I get laughed at?”

“Look, it’s no big deal. If you want, Chris and I can come over, too. I’ll bring Branden and help you and Joel put on a show for our husbands. That way, everyone is comfortable.”

“That’s going to make it better?” It sounded like it wouldn’t, but I actually felt better knowing she was offering her support.

“You’ll see.”

“So you’ll bring Branden?” I still wasn’t sure about it.

“I’ll coax you through it step by step. It’s super easy. Nothing to it. No one will laugh.”

“Okay...” Anything sounded better than blindly bungling my way through it all.

“And we’ll have both our husband’s watch – they can support each other that way.”

“Yeah, that might help.”

“If the men are in it together, they’ll try acting all cool around each other over what’s going on, then it’s all downhill from there. Easy.”

“All right.”

She patted my knee. “You’ve come a long way, Andrea. Trust me.”

“I do.”

“I’ll set it up for Sunday.”

“After church?”

“Sure. Best time; everyone’s free.”

And that was all it took to prepare me for the big day.

Or another big day in my continuing evolution of character. What was I turning into? A sex object? A wanton wife? A hotwife pleasing her stag

husband by being shared? A whore?

No, I didn't feel like a whore at all.

The guilt was gone – forgiven and forgotten by myself and within myself. I was in step with my husband on our life-journey. It was as perfect as it should be.

If only Dan would stop pestering me about masturbating live for him...

Sunday was a morning filled with fog and chill. However, it all cleared after the service and became so bright it almost hurt my eyes.

Gwen, Chris and Branden arrived first.

I fretted that Joel would flake out, though he had never flaked on me before.

Instantly, I could tell my husband was on edge. He eyeballed Chris as if the lawyer was about to try selling him a shady product. Gwen's husband acted as smooth as ever and took my husband under his figurative wing.

Branden mumbled almost low enough not to be heard by my husband, "So do I get a piece of the beautiful Andrea?"

Gwen slapped at his hand. "Back off, Romeo."

He made a surprised noise and laughed. "Can't blame a guy for trying."

I glanced nervously at my husband, but he hadn't heard. A wash of cold sweat dampened my back: I was just a nervous mess. I felt like a stranger in my own home.

However, Gwen's ease erased much of my trepidation.

And really, what was so scary?

Sex in front of your husband. I fretted in my mind. *Shush, Andrea.* At the same time, my pussy twirled inside of me causing some distress. My body evidently had no problems being excited to have sex with Joel in front of my husband. Heat in my pussy contrasted with the cold feeling in my hands and feet.

Joel's knock sounded too light and I almost flaked out in my own home right there.

Oh my gosh, this is it.

Gwen answered the door with a graceful move that broadcast she felt at home playing the hostess.

I saw Tommy looking.

I looked away, trying to assume a demeanor of calm and ease. I don't know if it worked; my nerves were frayed.

And magically, all that seemed to evaporate like wetness on hot, summer pavement.

Joel kissed my cheek and my pussy thrilled with prospect. Suddenly, I was giddy. Standing in the living room was the man whose cock invaded my pussy with such delicious results – and in the same room was my husband. It was a dual pleasure that tickled my heart and soul and made me want to laugh. I slipped my arm around Joel’s waist and grinned like a happy little girl.

Tommy gazed at me with amused wonder.

Joel was a gentleman and detached from me long enough to shake my husband’s hand. “Thanks for having me over. I hope I meet your expectations.”

My husband did not answer, but shook his hand and gave him a considering look of respect.

Chris clapped his hands together quietly and said, “Play time.” He pulled my husband over to the couch and they sat.

Gwen tugged on my arm. “Would you be a darling and bring in like two blankets? Spread them on the floor there? One on top of the other for padding? I really don’t want any rug burns.”

“I... Sure.” When I returned, I put down the two blankets.

Branden had removed much of Gwen’s clothing and was sliding her panties down while Chris and my husband watched.

Tommy seemed mostly at ease, but had a posture that hinted at tension to me. But he had been watching Gwen. Was he remembering their little event? Was he jealous that he’d be watching Branden take her not a couple of feet from where he had fucked her on the couch just days before? Was he feeling left out?

Joel’s touch on my shoulder brought my attention to him and he began undressing me. My blouse was unbuttoned. The warmth of his fingers radiated far enough to be felt on my skin underneath the fabric. And then my shirt was off and I stood there in my bra. He unzipped my skirt and slid it down.

I didn’t feel self-conscious about this at all since Gwen was completely naked and kneeling in front of Branden. I was the late-comer and behind in the race – if that’s what it was. I realized my reticence was only making me feel more awkward and I moved with Joel to insure he had the greatest of ease in removing my clothing.

The sounds of Gwen sucking Branden made me blush in front of my husband because I knew I would be sinking to my knees any second...

Joel stripped.

Chris nudged my husband and then removed his own slacks. "Get comfortable; you won't regret it. Take them off."

I got down on my knees as my husband slid his jeans off. I gripped Joel's cock in my hand and took the head into my mouth.

Gwen said, "Psst."

"Hmm?"

"It's always nice to look at your husband when you give some guy a blowjob."

"Huh? Oh..." I went back to sucking and shifted around enough to be looking at Tommy.

His eyes sparkled with amazement - his lips parted in shock.

I worried he was going to get off the couch and stop it all, but he didn't.

Chris was stroking himself and getting hard.

My husband's eyes darted down to his right and took it in. His own dick twitched in his lap and his hand jerked as if breaking free of ice. He gripped his shaft and toyed with it.

I felt a rushing swell of lust and pleasure rise up inside of me. I sucked Joel with much cheer.

Branden said, "Shall we?"

Gwen murmured something.

He got onto his back down on the blankets, leaving enough room for me and Joel.

Gwen climbed over his hips and looked at me. "Let's go, girl. Get your man down here."

I began trembling in anticipation.

Gone were the worries I was doing the wrong thing - now I just wanted to be doing it. I didn't want to get it over with, but rather wanted to dispense with the preliminaries and just be fucking. That would erase whatever I still harbored inside that was holding me back. Or holding my husband back.

Joel got down next to Branden and I climbed over him. My back was to Tommy and I paused in confusion.

Gwen said, "It's better this way."

"What? Why?"

She pointed, "So our guys can see."

I looked. Both Chris and Tommy were stroking themselves, watching us. I wasn't sure I wanted my husband seeing my backside, but Gwen thought it mattered.

Tommy looked like he was holding his breath. Chris had an amused smile on his face like he had taken the last slice of pizza before anyone else.

Joel helped me maneuver over him until I felt the head of his cock press against my entrance. My labia pushed inwards and I wriggled until the head parted them. I pressed down.

My husband gasped.

I froze and looked at him.

He looked feverish.

Chris was grinning like a madman watching Gwen next to me.

But Tommy didn't say anything and I started sliding down Joel's pole. For a brief moment, my husband's eyes bugged out and then closed down to slits of faintness. His hand moved without interruption on his shaft.

I adjusted and moved up and down.

My husband groaned.

Chris said, "Awesome, huh?"

Tommy's voice was raspy and breathy, "Yeah..."

I moved with more confidence as Joel ran his hands over my breasts. Finally, I was doing it and feeling much better. Everything was going smoothly. How had I ever thought it wouldn't?

After a few moments of my internal bliss, Gwen asked me, "So, how do you like this hotwife adventure?"

I giggled softly. "I like it."

She winked at me and motioned with her head behind us. "Pretty wild isn't it? Our husbands just sitting there jacking off while we fuck other men in front of them?"

I looked back at Tommy. He was avidly fucking his own fist with his eyes glued to my backside. I moved slower for him and he made an almost inaudible groan. His hand moved in time with my movements.

His reaction twisted my insides like a whirlpool. The tension cranked to almost breaking and suddenly I was being wracked by a convulsive, explosive release. It had snuck up on me so suddenly that I called out in surprise and embarrassment.

Chris chuckled. "Now that's nice to see."

Tommy said, "Huh?"

“Being able to see your wife cum on another man’s cock? Doesn’t happen every time, but when it does? Nothing beats it.”

I was busy. Waves tore through me in fast little assaults. It wasn’t a very complete orgasm, but it was intense. Heat flashed through me in pulses as I trembled at the little releases of tension. Tingles erupted all over my skin.

I must have set Joel off. He gripped my hips and drove up into my convulsing pussy. I clamped on him over and over, trying to keep him from pulling out. I also loved the feel of heat and pressure from his erection inside of me.

He groaned beneath me.

I felt the first hot splash.

Chris said, “There ya go; look at that. His balls and dick are twitching. He’s shooting a load into your wife.” He sighed wistfully. “Ah... I wish that was me inside her.”

My husband yanked his hand away from his dick, but it did no good. He tensed up and ejected a stream of cum up out of his cock. Another and another followed, less high in the air, but more than I’d ever seen him shoot.

Another part of me let go that I hadn’t realized was holding anything back. I settled down onto Joel and rested my head on his shoulder.

And I breathed deeply.

CHAPTER 26

Tommy was thrilled. “That was incredible.”

I buttered our toast before setting the plate down near our oatmeal bowls. It was Monday, and the beginning of another work week. “It looked like you enjoyed it.”

“It wasn’t obvious?” he smirked.

I laid a hand on his. “I’m glad you did.”

His face fell and became serious.

I cradled my coffee cup in two hands. “Uh oh, what’s that face for?”

“What face?”

“The face that looks like your four puppies just died.”

He snorted, but he was still in serious expression mode. “I was wondering...”

“What?”

“Well, I don’t know how to say this...”

“Just say it. We can talk.”

He looked up at me. “Are you... special with Joel?”

I shrugged. “He’s fun...”

“Do you love him?”

I set my coffee cup down and looked him squarely in the eyes. “Tommy Netz never fears anything—”

“No, no, I’m not afraid. No.” He blinked and drew a breath. “I mean, do you think you’re exclusive with Joel?”

I toyed with my oatmeal, twirling the spoon in it. It was still steaming. “I don’t think so? Why?”

“Chris was saying he wished he was Joel yesterday – when you two were...”

“Yeah, I get it.” I frowned in thought. “Chris?”

“Yep.”

“I want to show you something.” He got up and left the table. He came back a minute later with his high school yearbook. He opened it up and then set it so I could see. “See her?”

The girl was standing with others in a black and white photo. She looked plain and wore her skirt pulled up high at the waist to show off her thighs. I muttered, “Yeah?”

He pulled the book to him and looked at her. “Ginny White. Pale as sickly flesh and sexier than anything anyone had ever seen.”

I coughed. “Her? Are you serious? Those other girls with her—”

“Were just girls. No one had the magnetism this girl had. She made every guy in school a walking hard-on.”

“Her?”

He gave me a look. “I’m not kidding. There was just something about her—”

“Okay, okay. She was a sex-goddess—”

“No, listen. Listen.”

I waited and spooned some oatmeal. When he didn’t continue, I said, “I’m waiting...”

He looked at the book, pursed his lips, and tugged at his sleeve. He was nervous. “All of the guys...”

I waited again.

He looked at me, hope in his eyes begging me to understand. “All of us guys would talk about her.”

Boys talking about girls... “What’s new?”

“We used to imagine scenarios at school outings or parties or whatever where we would all get together and... do her.”

“Her?” I laughed.

“Yes, her. She was hot. Maybe she doesn’t look all that glamorous, but there was just something about her that reached out and drew everyone in.”

I sighed. “Okay, so what about this Ginny? Why are you showing me her picture?”

He swallowed and closed the book. “I grew up in high school beating off to thoughts of her surrounded by us guys...”

“Did you ever ask her out?”

“No. No one did. We were all too afraid.”

“No way.”

“Way.”

“So you had this...”

My husband straightened and sipped from his coffee cup. “It still turns me on to think about her like that.”

“Are you trying to tell me something? Are you in contact with her? Has she called or something?”

He was shaking his head as if having sniffed cayenne pepper. “No, no, no.” He sighed heavily. “Would you... Would you consider having more than one guy? Like four or five?” His face had gone pale and he looked away.

I jerked with realization that he was acting like I had before my conscience had been cleared. I laid a hand on his forearm. “Don’t look away. I’m right here. If this means a lot to you—”

“Well, it’s not like it means more than God or your love, no. It’s just this fantasy I had as a young kid.”

“And you want me to... be with four or five guys?”

He nodded sheepishly.

The idea was repulsive. At the same time, my pussy gnawed itself awake and began clamping on emptiness. Tingles raced up my pussy and tickled my back. “This would make you happy?”

His eyes made contact with mine briefly. “I’ve dreamt about it for decades. Ginny just lying there and taking one after another. Covered in cum. A river of it coming out of her pussy.”

I became wet.

He looked at me helplessly, pleading.

I said, “I’ll do it.” And I knew I was going to like it more than him.

EPILOGUE

With Gwen's help, I got Branden, Chris, Joel and Paul to come over the following Sunday. She came with her husband, and Paul's wife Karla came to watch, too.

I was looking forward to it as if my pussy had devoured my sanity and taken over all of my thought processes. I didn't care about propriety; I simply wanted people I trusted who I knew to be clean to help me fulfill not only my husband's lifelong fantasy, but also my burning desire to become someone he had jerked off over when he was younger.

I had thought Karla was going to be a problem; she was not. Was she able to watch her husband like I had watched Tommy take Gwen? Like, maybe she wasn't jealous of Rhea the singer but maybe me? I wasn't sure, but her attitude when she hugged me at the door was as friendly as any hug at Trinity.

She had been my only worry.

Chris made sure about my husband. "Now, let's make sure we're all straight here." He used his best courtroom tone of solemnity and certainty. "You're agreeing to watch us take Andrea?"

"Yes." My husband sounded more eager than certain.

"You're giving us your consent to take her bare?"

Tommy swallowed. "Yes."

"And you're aware that will entail the exchange of fluids?"

My husband grunted and then chuckled. "I feel like I'm signing a warranty contract."

Chris slapped my husband's shoulder and smiled. "As long as we're clear."

Branden muttered, "As long as I get her ass."

I felt waves of tension already beginning to twist inside of me. "Do I get a say in all of this?"

Gwen sniffed and scowled at me.

Everyone looked at me as if I had said something totally unexpected.

I admitted, "Just kidding... gosh... Don't get all freaky."

Joel led the way, taking me in his hands and beginning the process of untying my robe. I hadn't wanted to wear anything complicated for the... event. My robe came off and I stood naked.

Eyes roamed over my body and lit up tingles and goose bumps along the way as if they had physically touched me.

Joel stepped into any awkward sensations building and wiped them away with a kiss. Suddenly, there were hands all over me.

Swirls of sensual excitement spread over my skin as my body reacted to the touch of at least six hands from the four men. My mind spun wildly at the electrifying and phenomenal feeling of so many different touches in so many areas.

I became even wetter, and it wasn't more than a second or two before a finger invaded my heat.

I gasped with pleasure at the tickling touch sliding through my labia. I looked at my husband and saw him sitting next to Gwen. She had my husband's dick in her hand and was coaxing it awake. Karla stood behind the couch with her hands on my husband's shoulders.

With him taken care of, I closed my eyes as the men lowered me to the blankets.

Paul said, "Before you idiots make a mess..." He stuck his face into my pussy and mashed his tongue against my labia and clit. I arched my hips up and groaned. The hands, the touches, the tongues were too much and I was in sensory overload. Having one man do these things was nice enough, but four? I was in heaven.

Paul stopped licking me and moved up.

I held dicks in both hands, stroking with relish at the swelling sensations spinning through me. A cock was pressed against my lips. I opened and took Branden's dick into my mouth, sucking ferociously. I knew Paul was coming to enter me any second and my body craved the filling.

I was glad it was him first. Paul was married and it seemed better that he went first. His dick pressed against my labia and parted them. With a single, slow shove, his thickness opened me up and pushed inside.

He groaned to the side of my head, "Oh yeah. That's a nice pussy."

Karla said, "Fuck her, honey."

I slurped on Branden's dick, remembering Gwen doing it months ago and then me later. He sighed above me, his head back and eyes closed. I tried to remember to jack the other two dicks with my hands.

Feeling Paul's dick thrust in and out of me while Joel and Chris fondled my breasts was exquisite. With their dicks in my hands and Branden's in my mouth, I was overwhelmed with cock.

I loved it.

I couldn't see my husband, but I heard him panting happily.

Paul thrust his erection in and out of my wet pussy, making all kinds of obscene, wet sounds. His back and forth filling motion ratcheted up my coil bit by bit until I was moaning around Branden's cock.

I looked up at Paul and he looked down into my eyes. He began thrusting harder, deeper. I moaned in encouragement and nodded.

Do it.

He dropped his mouth open and hammered my pussy – his arm muscles straining and flexing.

It felt great to have this man thrusting into me and using my pussy. It felt good to have his cock moving back and forth, filling and emptying my hole. And it felt marvelous that he was married and willing to fuck me in front of my husband.

I soared, weightless as his hot splashes squirted inside of me. I was being lifted by the sensations very high – lofty enough to be breathtaking. Heat wrapped me close from the four men around me and competed with what was emanating from inside of me. I was in a cocoon of safety and heat that encompassed me completely.

I was safe.

I was secure.

And a married man had just squirted a load in me while my husband watched.

I was shuffled and moved.

I landed on Branden and felt his stiffness nestled between my butt cheeks. I knew what was coming and Gwen had prepared me for it with advice.

The pressure there increased until I hissed. Then I remembered to relax, and it went a little smoother. Branden's dick was oiled, too, thank goodness. Pressure became a small burst of sensation and then my butt was getting filled.

I definitely was not used to this.

But then Chris got on me and much of that was pushed back by the thrust of his erection into my used pussy. His face went serene over me as he pushed all the way in. He breathed, "Wonderful. I love it."

I giggled languidly. "Why?"

"I've always wanted to fuck you."

“You, too?”

He nodded, thrusting his manhood in and out of my pussy.

At the same time Branden squirmed beneath me, somehow moving his cock so it slid in and out, too.

I decided not to worry about who was where and how I could help and just laid there and let them do it all.

It was a strange sensation to be filled and used and limp at the same time.

In fact, it felt really good.

Joel pushed his dick at my mouth and I sucked him in.

Chris turned his head away and fucked me with sharp, pushing strokes.

My pussy was on fire. Lava-like heat drifted through me, setting my skin to scorching and tingling. I felt prickles on my scalp and forehead.

And dizziness.

I was being fucked into a stupor.

Harder and harder, Chris pounded my pussy, until I was moaning loudly on Joel’s erection. The pressure at my backside moved and slid, making me feel wanton and worn.

When I felt the strong, hot squirts from Chris, I lost it. As if shoved, I heaved upwards and groaned with the lifting sensation. I flipped over inside, and was thrown down a long slope – crashing all the way down. Convulsions heaved my body sandwiched between the two men.

I might have bit Joel; I wasn’t sure. His dick left my mouth.

I was slowly disentangled from both Branden and Chris until I lay panting on the blankets.

Joel came down and moved over me, pushing his long erection into my sopping pussy.

I could barely feel the sliding, except to know that the wet emptiness was once again filled and being massaged from the inside. I grunted as I thrust my hips up at him. My clit and nipples were on fire and tingling.

Paul stood next to me, stroking himself furiously.

He’s trying to cum again?

Although, the way my body felt all energized, I was wondering if I might, too.

The ache inside my pussy had morphed to ache outside. My labia were sore and swollen. My pussy had been pounded and punished – and it felt so good.

Joel pulled out and fisted his erection, pumping it until he closed his eyes and squirted.

Scalding drops spattered my chest and breasts and stomach. They cooled rapidly to lukewarm and coated me with wetness. Just after, Paul was able to squeeze off another orgasm and added some cum to my cheek and hair.

I wanted to smile and I think I did, but I wasn't sure because I couldn't really feel my face.

My husband groaned loudly and made some grunts. I was very certain he was cumming, but my eyelids were so heavy that I didn't open them. I collapsed completely, lying on the blankets feeling the after-pulses of my own orgasm and the welcome wetness of the men's passion.

I drifted, serene, used, and happy.

I had been naughty, used like a fuck toy, and injected and covered in cum.

All while my husband watched and enjoyed.

I loved this feeling: I loved being a slut.

Thank you for reading Filthy Sluts. All reviews are greatly appreciated.

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