

A photograph of a woman's midsection. Her hands are clasped behind her head, with her fingers pointing upwards. She has a navel piercing with a small, round, clear gemstone. She is wearing black underwear. The background is a plain, light gray.

Lana Ellis

# HAPPY ENDING

A FIRST TIME WIFE SHARE STORY

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## *Happy Ending: A First Time Wife Share Story*

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## *Friday*

*'It's perfectly fine and normal to have fantasies,'* I thought to myself as I pulled into the driveway.

Lately my occasional thoughts of my beautiful young wife sleeping with other men had been more frequent, becoming an almost nightly occurrence, as I slid into bed next to her or watched her change; starting to slip over into my waking life, sometimes at the most inconvenient times.

I would daydream at my desk, fantasizing about her enjoying someone else; watching the imagined scene play out in my head until I had to shuffle awkwardly under my desk so as to hide my hardness if anyone came into my office.

The most common scenario I dreamt up was her at work. Sarah was a qualified massage therapist. She used to work for herself, travelling mostly to rich ladies' homes to treat them, only ever working on women. But earlier in the year, she had taken a job at local upscale hotel with an on-site spa, where she still mainly treated women; but occasionally men would be booked in.

I imagined her getting turned on as she gave some ripped young stud a massage until curiosity got the better of her and she slipped her hand under his towel...

Of course, I'd never revealed this to Sarah. I was sure she would just put it down to me being a pervert and refuse to speak to me about her job. Or worse, she would think that I didn't trust her, or wanted an excuse to sleep with other women.

The truth was that I trusted her completely, and I certainly didn't want to sleep with anyone else. We had been married for little over three years and I loved her even more now than when we said our vows. She was also just as sexy as she was all that time ago.

When she told me one night, unaware of the ulterior motive to my asking, how she was finding her new job, that most of her clients were women, even though she didn't have the 'women only' rule anymore, I was surprised. I thought that any guy who saw her stunning yoga-sculpted, petite body with firm, pert breasts and tousled blond hair would be scrambling to make an appointment with her.

*'It's just not as popular with guys,'* she'd said, shrugging, when I asked her if she had many male clients.

I'd dropped *very* subtle hints over the past year or so. But she either didn't pick them up, or she wasn't playing along. I thought about leaving my computer open with a video of a wife sharing threesome on the screen; pretending it was an accident&emdash; but I didn't want to ambush her like that... or deal with the difficult conversation that would follow!

"Hey, honey," I called as I came through the door, "sorry I'm late; traffic was a nightmare."

"Don't be, it's perfect timing," she called back from the kitchen, "I'm just finishing up dinner."

I dropped my bag in the hall and met her in the kitchen, kissing her on the forehead as she piled salad onto plates. I opened a bottle of wine and we ate at the breakfast counter, catching up on each other's day.

“Oh my God!” she said, suddenly remembering something, “I had this client today, she said she had some pain in her thighs, right? So, I was massaging her, recommending some stretches she should try, and she just reaches out and touches my ass!” she said, laughing.

“You weren’t into it?” I joked, my cock stirring slightly. Okay, so it wasn’t exactly my fantasy, but closer than nothing.

Sarah stuck her tongue out at me, “not my type,” she said, “and she was old enough to be my grandmother!”

“Yikes,” I said, still laughing at the thought of an old woman coming on to my wife, “what did you say?”

“I just moved out of reach and told her to please keep her hands on the table,” she giggled, “then made sure to finish up quickly. She acted like nothing had happened, just said ‘sorry’, like it was a mistake anyone could have made,” she said, “but she got out of there pretty quickly and apparently gave me a glowing review, so there’s that...”

“Keep it up and you could be in for a raise,” I teased. She threw a cherry tomato at me and told me to shut up.

We laughed and finished dinner, and the wine, and I loaded the dishwasher while Sarah went for a shower. It was later than I’d realized, and I headed up to bed, thinking I would get an early start in the morning.

Sarah came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel. She smiled at me and lit some candles we had on the dresser as I watched her from the bed.

“Want a massage?” I asked, taking the cue from the candles.

“Mm hmm,” she nodded, “you know I love your hands,” she said, “I could probably get you a job at the hotel if you want to change careers - of course, then I’d be your boss,” she joked.

“I thought you already were,” I said, catching the bottle of oil she threw across the room to me.

“Damn right,” she laughed, dropping the towel, revealing her perfect, slender figure.

She lay face down and my eyes roamed over her body as I poured a little oil into my hands. My cock hardened as I rubbed it into her back and shoulders, kneading the muscles softly, the way I knew she liked.

“Mmm,” she moaned softly, “that’s so nice, baby.” I worked my hands down her back, pressing firmly into the tissue.

“Do you have any areas of particular tightness, miss?” I asked, trying to sound sultry, but certain I only managed ridiculous.

Sarah chuckled, “I think I can feel some tension around my ass,” she said, playing along, and wiggling her firm ass cheeks, rubbing against my hard cock “but you’re the expert...”

“I think you’re right,” I said, rubbing oil into her ass, squeezing it. “You feel a little tight here, too,” I said, slipping my fingers between her thighs and teasing her pussy.

“Can you recommend any stretches that might help?” she asked coyly, raising her hips to give me better access.

I pushed my fingers against her slit, feeling the wet folds of her juicy pussy, curling my fingers. She gasped with pleasure as I hit the right spot, undulating against my hand as I traced the fingertips of my other hand across her back.

Her soft moans became sharper as the waves of pleasure washed over her, overflowing to her orgasm. She quickly spun around and used her slender legs to pull me towards her. We kissed deeply as I pushed my engorged cock into her heat, my hands caressing her as she held onto me.

She broke our kiss and buried her face in my chest as I thrust into her. She always felt incredible, but I was surprised by how wet she was and she bucked her hips against my thrusts, urging me to push deeper into her needy pussy.

“Yes,” she breathed as I increased my pace, slamming harder into her sweet cunt. I felt her nails digging into my back and her muscles constricting as she approached her orgasm, clenching around my cock. I couldn’t contain myself and quickly reached my own orgasm, pressing deeply into her exquisite pussy as I unloaded with a grunt.

We kissed softly as we came down from our climaxes. She turned around and nestled against me as I held her tightly.

“Feeling better?” I asked, kissing the back of her neck.

“Much more relaxed,” she smiled, “I should get massages more often,” she giggled.

“Have you never thought about...” I started, cautiously; trying to keep my tone conversational, “*that*—with one of your clients?”



She flashed me a look that could have been shock, or confusion; but I didn't think it was anger. "No, of course not," she answered, not immediately.

"I wouldn't mind," I told her quickly, "it's not like you're going to up and leave me. As far as I know."

She elbowed my softly in the ribs, shuffling closer against me, "no, I've never thought anything like that, not really," she said wistfully.

My mind did backflips. She wasn't freaking out, she was talking normally, even thoughtfully.

"Not really?" I asked, worrying I had pushed too far.

"Well..." she said, 'yes' I thought, "I mean, there's a couple of good looking guys who I work with every now and again. One comes in about every month. He injured his shoulder playing baseball and it gives him some trouble," she said.

"Your age?" I asked.

"No," she shook her head, "maybe your age, or a few years either side, I'm not sure," she said.

My spent cock started to stiffen again; I was sure she felt it. "maybe he could be your free pass," I said, forcing a gentle laugh.

"My what?" she laughed, pressing against me.

“Your free pass—so you can fuck them if you get the chance, but it’s not cheating,” I said.

“And who’s yours, then?” she asked, feigning indignation, but with a playful lilt to her voice.

“Mila Kunis,” I said after a pause. Sarah burst out laughing and I tickled her waist, “what’s so funny?!” I teased.

“Nothing,” she lied, still laughing, “I think my chances might be better than yours, though,” she smiled.

“Well, then you’ve got the better deal,” I said, squeezing her tightly.

She turned to face me, her face slightly confused, but excited and smiling. She stroked my hard cock with firm but gentle strokes.

“Are you serious?” she asked, “you like the idea of that?”

I was in too deep, I couldn’t backtrack now.

“Yeah,” I said, “I think it sounds pretty hot, actually.”

She kissed me languorously, then turned back away and stifled a yawn.

“Maybe we’ll have to see what happens,” she said teasingly.

I could barely sleep that night.

## *Wednesday*

It had been a few days since our discussion about her sleeping with another guy. I had barely stopped thinking about the prospect, imagining it over and over.

Sarah hadn't mentioned it at all, and had just acted normally. I'd done my best to do the same, but I was constantly trying to convince myself not to bring it up again. The moment wasn't right and I didn't want to make her feel pressured; besides which, she could have just not liked the idea and didn't want to talk about it again.

She seemed to at the time, though.

I was eating lunch at my desk when the phone rang.

"Hey baby," Sarah said when I picked up.

"Hey honey," I replied, "how's your day going?"

"Pretty slowly," she said, "just thought I'd call and check in. What're you up to?"

"Just eating lunch, reading the news," I told her, "what about you?"

A pause. "Actually, I was just thinking about the other night..." she said.

My heart skipped a beat, compensating in the next by trying to burst from my chest. "Oh?" I said, as nonchalantly as I could with a wavering voice.

“Yeah,” she said, “I was just wondering whether it was just talk or...” she trailed off, “I mean, you really did seem to like the idea.”

“I do,” I blurted, to soon, “you know... if it’s something you think you would enjoy.”

“Maybe I’ll give it some more thought,” she said, “sorry, baby; I have to go. I’ll see you at home.”

“See you at home,” I said, “I love you.”

“Love you too,” she sang, hanging up.

I held the phone in my hand for a moment, stunned. Maybe it’s something she would eventually go through with, I thought to myself hopefully. The next hour crawled by, as I tried to focus even remotely on my work - but my mind kept wandering back to Sarah and our conversation. What it might mean.

My phone lit up and I saw that Sarah had sent me a message. I touched the screen to reveal a picture she had sent and my jaw dropped as it opened. She had sent a picture that she’d taken of her beaming face, her tunic open and her sumptuous breasts on display, which had unmistakable splashes of semen streaked across them.

I was without words.

My cock instantly became rock hard, straining against my trousers. I felt numb and lost, spinning.

“What happened?” I finally replied to her.

I stared at the screen, waiting for her response. I couldn't order my thoughts. I felt uncertain and scared, but painfully aroused. What had convinced her to do it? Is it something she'd always wanted to do anyway?

“I'll tell you everything at home ;)” she replied.

Immediately I tried to call her, but she didn't answer. I tried again and got a message in response ‘at home :p’, she said. I lasted nearly half an hour before I decided to leave early for the day and practically ran to my car.

The drive home seemed like the longest I'd ever made, even with there only being a fraction of the usual traffic. My mind was a blur of white noise; thoughts appearing and vanishing in the same instant, never really becoming comprehensible.

I pulled into the driveway, just like every day, and got out of my car. I walked unsteadily to the door and into the hall. I dropped my bag, which I realized didn't have anything in it - I'd left everything at the office, and moved through to the kitchen.

“I thought you'd be home early,” Sarah said as I came into the room, startling me, “so I left early too,” she smiled.

She was sat cross legged on the counter, wearing one of my dress shirts; she often wore my shirts after a shower, and cradling a cup of tea. She was smiling warmly as she slipped off the counter, skipping over to me and jumping into my arms, before I could speak.

“So,” she said, “you’d like to hear what happened at work today?” She asked, grinning broadly.

“You could say that,” I muttered, carrying her into the living room and setting her down on the couch. She pulled me down with her and shifted so that she was sat on top of me. I had no doubt that she could already feel the how stiff my cock was.

I’d been hard as a rock all afternoon; Just from our talk on the phone, let alone the picture she’d sent. I mean, had she really gone through with it? Or was she just testing my reaction? God knows what kind of oils and creams she had access to at work—she could have just thrown some of that over herself?

In any event, it was pretty clear what my reaction was, I thought, as she rocked her hips back and forth, grinding her pussy against my dick. Even beneath my pants and her panties, I could feel that she was wet; the heat from her as she rubbed against me was intense.

“So, David had an appointment today,” she started, tugging at my belt as she spoke, “I didn’t realise until I saw the diary this morning. But then I was thinking about what you were saying in bed last week,” she said, working on unbuttoning my pants, “and I remembered how much you seemed to like the idea. So that’s when I called you.”

She yanked my pants down, revealing my, somehow still hardening, cock. I dared not speak and interrupt her story...

“And you practically shouted ‘yes’, when I asked you about it on the phone!” She said excitedly, pumping my cock with one hand as she rubbed her clit with the other, “so, I decided to go for it,” she said, I felt my cock quiver with arousal at her admission, and she sunk it into her mouth, moaning softly as she sucked.

"So, he came in and got ready, just like always," she continued, between sucks, "and I came into the room with him laying down on the table and I started the usual treatment. Only this time, I made sure to compliment that he had obviously been working out," she said, smiling a secret smile; presumably as she remembered the event.

"He said thanks and told me that I keep it great shape, too," she said, holding my cock against her tongue as she stroked it, between sentences. Her other hand had found its way inside her panties now as she slowly rubbed her pussy.

"Anyway, we talking about fitness for a bit while I worked on his shoulders," she said, "I kind of lost my nerve a bit," she confessed, "I mean, it was at work and who knew if he would even be interested, I mean, he could have had a girlfriend or something..."

"You're married," I interrupted, laughing.

She giggled, turning bright red as she stroked my cock, "well, yeah but you'd basically told me to go out and go for it!" she said, "I don't think that's, you know," she shrugged, "the usual," she smiled widely again.

"So - anyway," she continued, kissing the head of my cock, "when he turned over, I went a little higher on the thigh than usual and kind of, brushed his dick. I thought I could play it off as an accident if he didn't react well," she said, taking me deeply into her mouth again, drawing out the story painfully slowly.

"Only, he was already hard," she smiled remembering, "or mostly. So I stroked it and he didn't even flinch, he just let me!" she said, excitedly, "so I moved the towel out of the way and oh my God, that thing was huge! He just smiled at me and watched as I jerked him."

I felt myself shudder, the image was intoxicating. Sarah was obviously enjoying the picture, too, as she sucked my cock, moaning more fervently as she rubbed her clit. “Did you blow him?” I asked, more breathlessly than I’d realized I was.

‘No’, she shook her head, with my cock still in her mouth. “just jerked him off, I wanted some evidence to send you, so I undid my tunic and let him finish on my tits,” she laughed, “which you probably guessed.”

That was too much, I felt my orgasm rush through me almost without warning and started cumming; Sarah quickly engulfed me with her mouth and swallowed every last drop. I knew that’s why she meant she couldn’t give him a blowjob if she wanted ‘evidence’, and it was that realization that pushed me over the edge.

Once I’d stopped cumming, Sarah leaned back and reached into the shirt of mine that she was wearing, playing with her nipples and rapidly working her clit with her fingers. I could tell she was close. She had her eyes closed and I guessed she was remembering her afternoon rendezvous with this ‘David’.

Before long she was crying out and sighing deeply as she slowed the pace of her fingers. She collapsed forward, burying her face in my chest and twisting her legs around me.

“So, did you enjoy it?” I asked. She giggled and nodded.

“I think he did too,” she said, “he gave me his number and said I should give him a call.”

“Does he know you’re married?” I asked.



“Yeah, he’d seen my ring; plus, I told him... afterwards,” she said, “he said that wasn’t a problem for him, so long as you were cool with it. He even said it’s not the first time he’s done something with a married woman.”

“So, do you think you’ll do anything else with him?” I asked, hopeful.

“Maybe,” she said, pensively, “not at work though - I spent the whole afternoon thinking that we could have been caught!”

“What about here?” I suggested, “you still have the table form when you used to work for yourself.”

“I don’t think it’s the massage he gave me his number for,” she laughed. But I could tell she was thinking about it. “Okay, let’s do it!” she giggled, flashing me a naughty look. “if you’re sure?”

“Oh yeah, I’m sure,” I said resolutely.

Sarah kissed me and sprung to her feet, walking to the dining table to grab her phone. She tapped at the screen as she returned to the couch, bringing the phone to her ear. She sat on my legs as she waited.

“Hi!” she said into the phone, brightly, “it’s Sarah, the masseuse...” she trailed off and her face turned bright red, “yeah, of course; sorry. Listen, I was wondering if you wanted to come over to my place sometime for a more... *private* treatment,” she said, her tone conveying her meaning, even if the words didn’t. She giggled, “yeah, it was actually his idea,” she said, looking over to me, “great! I can’t wait.” She sounded eager.

She hung up and spun to face me, “he’s coming over Friday after work,” she said, excitement obvious, “he’s going to let me know what time

tomorrow. He said he'd be cool if you wanted to be there, too. ...Do you?"

"How would you feel about that?" I asked, not wanting to make her uncomfortable.

"I think that would be about the hottest thing ever," she admitted.

"Okay. Me too," I answered truthfully.

"I can't believe we're going to do this,"

"We can call it off whenever you want," I told her honestly, trying to reassure her. She just shook her head.

"I know, but I don't think that's going to be necessary," she said, "I never thought about it before, I mean, not really; but it's actually really kind of flattering. I can't remember the last time I felt so confident," she said, absently stroking my chest, "plus I guess it shows that you really trust me." Her smile was warm.

"I do," I smiled back, "just don't go running off with him," I teased.

She slapped my chest playfully, "don't worry; I'm not," she said standing up and stretching tall.

*Friday*

The next two days seemed abnormally long - for both of us it seemed. We were texting more than usual, telling each other how excited we were for Friday night. We agreed to take the afternoon off on Friday, and Sarah arranged for David to come over at 2pm.

At home, we were all over one another; even forgetting to eat Thursday night as we ended up showering together and falling straight into bed from the moment we got home; passing out exhausted before 10pm. I woke up a little after 5am the next morning, my mind racing.

My fantasy was going to become a reality in a matter of hours. What's more, Sarah seemed to be really into it. She was as excited as me at the prospect and, as far as I knew, she'd only had the fantasy for a week or so, while I was struggling with it for God knows how long.

And now the day was here. I agonised with myself over whether or not to call it off. I was certain that it was going to be everything I'd imagined; even more because Sarah was into the idea. But I couldn't silence the voice in the back of my head that told me that I was taking a risk.

I was actively encouraging my wife to sleep with another man. What if I didn't like it after all, but she did? Would she want to carry on regardless? What if she didn't like it, or something went wrong? Would she blame me? Resent me?

These were the thoughts that whirled around my mind as I showered in the dark. But I was resolute. I loved Sarah more than anything, and I trusted her. She'd been trying to subtly reassure me over the past couple of days, to assuage any shadows of doubt I may have that this would be anything more than a fuck, for both of our enjoyment.

She'd stressed that she knew nothing about this guy other than his name and the fact that he'd injured his shoulder playing sports; the stuff she knew

about most of her semi-regular clients. She had no interest in him that wasn't skin deep.

To be honest, as much as this scenario had been on my mind for an age, it helped to share it with her. For us to talk about it openly, without judgement, and for her to try and give me comfort. God I loved that woman.

When I came out of the bathroom, Sarah was still fast asleep, twisted in the sheets, giving me a view of her perfect ass and the line of her back. I put a pot of coffee on and slipped out to the car without waking her.

All day, I sat at my desk expecting her to call me and say that she'd cancelled. Of course, this would be absolutely fine - things had moved way faster than I had expected and I wanted her to feel comfortable, sure that she wanted it as well as me. But that call never came.

Instead we just spoke normally until I left the office. On the way to the car, I text to ask if she had left work already. I got a picture of her in the tub at home, one of her silken legs pointing to the ceiling in reply.

I was lucky I didn't get a ticket on the way home.

Sarah was in the guest room. She'd set up her massage table and was wearing a short tennis skirt and blouse with half of the buttons undone, showing off her luscious breasts in a red bra. As she leant over the table to lay a towel across it, I also noticed she was wearing suspenders.

It took every ounce of self-control I had not to take her right there and then.

"Hey," I said from the doorway, letting her know I was there.

“Hey back,” she said, startled, “how long have you been back?”

“I just got here,” I said, “what time is your... friend coming over?”

Sarah checked her phone, “should be about a half hour,” she said, somewhat nervously.

“Are you okay?” I asked, cautious.

“Yeah,” she sighed, “just a little... I don’t know. Are you sure you want this?” she asked, “you’re not going to get mad?”

I stepped toward her and hugged her tightly, “of course I’m sure - if you are?” I said, “and I promise I won’t get mad.”

“Okay,” she said, a little more confidently, “then I need a drink. You?”

“Sure, that sounds good,” I answered, following her out of the bedroom and down to the kitchen.

Sarah opened us both a beer and she drained half of hers in one long pull. We talked about ground rules, like as soon as one of us said they wanted it to stop, the whole thing would be finished. It was obvious to me that Sarah had been giving this some real thought, and I felt more comfortable.

When the doorbell finally rang, we stared at each other, unsure of what to do. Eventually, I stood to let David in and Sarah practically ran up the stairs, kissing me on her way past and shouting ‘I’ll meet you in the room!’ behind her.

I took a deep breath before opening the door.

Greeting me was a tall, admittedly handsome black man who was about my age. He was wearing a jacket, but looked to be in excellent shape. He smiled warmly and held out his hand to me. The grip when I shook it was firm, but he wasn't trying to crush my hand.

"Good to meet you," he said, seeming genuinely pleased, "I'm David, you must be Josh."

It occurred to me that I hadn't said anything, and I was still stood in the doorway once we finished shaking hands. His smile faltered a little, doubtless wondering whether I'd changed my mind - or even knew in the first place.

"Yeah," I blustered, "good to meet you, please come in," I said, standing aside, "can I get you a drink? I'm having a beer."

"A beer sounds great," he said, stepping in and looking around as I led the way to the kitchen, "nice place you've got here," he said. "Good locale,"

"Thanks," I replied, "do you live around here?"

"No, I just know the area," he said, "I work in real estate, so I try and to get to know the local areas," he explained, taking the beer from me with a 'thanks'.

"Sarah's upstairs," I said, awkwardly, "shall we..." I trailed off, leaving it unsaid.

“Sounds great,” he said, politely, “listen, man; Sarah told me what the... situation is,” he said, quietly, “I’ve done this kind of thing before, you know, and I just wanted you to know that the second you aren’t cool with something, all you gotta do is say.”

I was a little stunned to say the least. Here was this stranger, at least to me, in my house for the purposes of fucking my wife, and he was handing out advice on how it was going to go ahead. The thing is, though, that I was glad to hear it. It sounded like we were all being pretty mature about the whole thing.

“I appreciate that,” I murmured, sincerely, “come on, it’s this way,” I said, leading the way to the guest room that was serving as Sarah’s makeshift massage room.

Every step was heavy as I climbed the stairs. I had no idea what to expect when I walked into the room, or what would happen... I frankly had no idea how any of it was going to play out. I again felt embarrassed, but grateful that David at least had some experience.

I opened the door to the guest room. Sarah was sat at the desk in the corner – save for the suspenders and cleavage – she looked almost professional, just like it was another day at work. I guessed she was enjoying the scenario of a massage escalating.

Her eyes flicked to David when we entered and she blushed, smiling, surveying his body before turning to me and mouthing a kiss.

“Hi David,” she cooed, “why don’t you get yourself comfortable and we can begin. Would you like us to give you a moment to get ready?”

David laughed, “Nah, I think I’ll be okay,” he said, starting to shed his clothes. I averted my gaze in any event, sitting on the edge of the bed and sipping my beer as he undressed. Once fully naked, he climbed onto the massage table and lay front-down.

Sarah stepped over to the table and poured some oil into her hands. She expertly danced her hands across his back, coating him in the oil, and then began kneading the dense muscles of his back. I watched fixated as she touched him, knowing the precise areas to apply pressure.

She was being thoroughly professional, but I could tell she was rushing the massage, trying to get to the main event.

“And turn over,” she said, her voice trembling only slightly.

David turned, slowly, revealing a semi-hard, thick, long cock. Sarah’s eyes widened and she smiled surreptitiously, applying some more oil to her hands and starting to massage his strong chest. Where her touch was deliberate and firm on his back, here she was tracing her fingertips over David’s defined abs, stroking more than massaging.

My cock was already aching with hardness, and every time she looked up at me and blushed, silently giggling to herself, my heart swelled and my cock strained further.

As Sarah got closer to David’s waist, I saw his hand reach out and touch her legs, stroking her outer thigh below the skirt and then disappearing to her ass. Sarah smiled at me excitedly, her eyes bright and her expression as though she were worried about being caught doing something she shouldn’t, until she raised her eyebrows in question.



I nodded my head and Sarah took David's thick hard cock in her hands. She stroked it with both hands, slicking it with the oil and coaxing the already impressive size to full hardness.

David sighed lightly as she slowly jerked his cock, then pulled her ass closer to him, lifting her skirt. She wasn't wearing any panties.

David licked his fingers and began teasing her neatly trimmed pussy, making Sarah's eyes roll back in her head. She gasped when he inserted a finger fully into her and stared into my eyes as he teased her with his hands.

Sarah bent over the table, her face mere inches from David's huge cock, and without taking her eyes away from mine, she closed her mouth around the enormous dick.

I was fixated by what I saw. My beautiful wife locking eyes with me as she slid her lips further and further down the immense shaft of a practical stranger's cock, slowly taking him as far into her mouth as she could, as her hand stroked the rest of the cock.

My own cock was straining against my pants, harder than I had ever been before. I started rubbing myself through the fabric as I watched my wife demonstrate her oral talents for David.

Sarah moaned softly around his cock as she built a rhythm, bobbing her head up and down, sucking his big black cock like a porn-star—and I had a front row seat.

David was groaning quietly as he fucked her juicy pussy with his fingers, watching her suck his cock.

Sarah took his cock from her mouth and jerked it with her hand as she kissed his balls, then ran her tongue slowly from the base to the tip and engulfed the monster, taking him almost entirely into her mouth and throat.

That was too much for David and he groaned loudly, throwing his head back as she swallowed his cock. He started slowly gyrating his hips, fucking himself further into Sarah's throat. She braced herself on the table, allowing him to control the pace and depth and moaning in pleasure.

I couldn't resist any longer and released my own cock, which I jerked as slowly as I could manage, watching the unbelievable scene before me.

I was struck by an overwhelming wave of emotion: jealousy that she might enjoy his cock more than mine, that someone she had had her hands on I don't know how many times, now had his thick cock buried in her throat as he fingered her married pussy - and she loved it.

Mostly, though, I thought how much I loved her. She was perfect in every way and I knew she only even considered it because I'd told her how hot I thought it would be. Watching it now, I couldn't even begin to describe how sexy it was, how turned on I was.

I was torn between wanting to walk up behind her and slam my cock into her, to show her how much I wanted her, and not wanting to take my eyes off of the spectacle.

"Damn, girl," David breathed, "your mouth feels so good."

"Mmm," Sarah moaned around his cock with delight, slipped his cock out of her mouth, "you just wait for the rest,"

She pulled away from him, David started to sit up, but she pushed him back down, climbing onto the table and straddling his waist. She looked over at me with a huge smile, her eyes hungry, and raised her hips, lining his big hard cock up between the puffy, swollen lips of her pussy. Her eyes fluttered closed in delight as his thick black cock inched deeper.

She shuddered when he was fully inside of her and sighed deeply, undulating on top of him. She looked tiny in comparison to David as she rode his hard cock, raising herself up slowly and dropping down on his thick shaft, exhaling in pleasure each time.

David reached out and took her full breasts in his hands, caressing them as she fucked him. She took one of his hands and sucked his fingers, sultrily turning to look at me; her eyes full of lust.

I was jerking myself rapidly watching my wife enjoying David's cock, intoxicated by the sight of it. Her eyes flicked from my face to my aching cock and widened, as did her smile. She threw her head back and started bouncing on his cock, moaning with pleasure.

David grabbed her hips and thrust to meet her bounces, until she stopped, doubling over and quivering, "ffffuck!" She almost shouted as she came hard.

"Come on," she said breathlessly, lifting herself off of his cock and sliding off the table, "I think we're gonna break it—let's move to the bed."

She stepped closer to me and dropped to her knees, immediately engulfing my throbbing cock in her mouth, sucking me like we hadn't seen each other in weeks. She looked up at me as she sucked the head of my cock and pumped the shaft rapidly, her eyes glazed with pure lust.

David came up behind her and caressed her ass, which she eagerly lifted. He took the invitation and thrust deep into her married pussy, resuming the pace of their fucking on the table; slamming his cock into her as she sucked mine.

Sarah moaned and squealed in pleasure around my cock, occasionally having to stop to breath curses as David fucked her, sending ripples of ecstasy through her, until finally her second orgasm washed over her causing her to cry out in pleasure.

She pulled away from David and pushed me further into the bed, pulling at my clothes. I undressed in seconds, as David came behind her, his big hands unfastening her shirt and pulling it off. She allowed him to take her shirt and bra off, leaving her wearing only her little tennis skirt.

I couldn't hold back any longer, I grabbed her hips, pulling her to me and kissing her deeply, hungrily as she pumped my cock, until I turned her around and drove my throbbing hard cock into her waiting pussy.

She was so hot and wet as I entered her and she immediately backed up against me, bucking her hips; urging me to fuck her.

I grabbed her hips more tightly, thrusting deep, fucking her hard and fast as she squealed with delight until David grabbed her hair and presented his meaty cock to her. She swallowed him into her mouth, rapidly sliding her lips up and down his cock, meeting the pace with which he thrust himself into her mouth, occasionally making her gag, which only seemed to turn her on more as she expertly sucked his cock.

Sarah has always loved being fucked hard, but I had never seen her so wild, never heard her make the noises she was as we shared her pussy and mouth.

She pulled her mouth away from David's cock, gasping for air and pumping his huge dick.

"Just like that baby," she encouraged, "keep going," she urged, guiding David's cock again as he resumed fucking her mouth. She slipped her hand between her legs and rapidly rubbed her clit, barely able to moan around the size of the cock stretching her lips wide.

I felt her muscles contract and she had to stop sucking his cock again, focused entirely on her orgasm until it exploded through her. She screamed with pleasure as she came and her pussy flooded with juices, soaking us.

I was speechless, but Sarah was insatiable. She paused only slightly, quivering from her orgasm, and then started bucking against me again. I wasn't sure how much longer I could last but I didn't want this experience to end.

She reached behind her as she sucked David's cock down again, rubbing her asshole with her cum and slipping a finger inside, probing her tight ass. I knew what was coming next. We didn't do anal regularly, but when she was extremely turned on, she loved it.

"Fuck, baby," she breathed, between sucks, "in my ass," she demanded breathlessly.

I pulled out of her pussy, my cock slick with her juices and lined myself up with her asshole as she removed her fingers, going back to rubbing her clit.

Slowly I pushed into her tight ass, pulling her ass cheeks apart. She squealed around David's cock as the head of mine slipped into her asshole. I leaned back, letting her control the pace as she slowly moved herself,

easing more and more of my cock into her asshole as she grew accustomed to the feeling.

“That’s it!” She announced, “now!”

I took over, fucking her ass roughly, trying to delay my own climax. She raised up, pushing me back as she adjusted her position. I moved with her, keeping myself buried in her ass until she was sat on my cock.

She lifted her legs, using her hands to pull them back almost to her ears, giving David access to her soaking pussy. God I loved how flexible she was.

David, who had been jerking himself watching, crawled over to her and plunged his cock into her pussy as she cursed. I could feel him enter her whilst I continued to fuck her ass, rapidly approaching orgasm.

He fucked her hard and fast, driving his cock deeply into her like a machine.

I couldn't hold back any more, and clutching her waist tightly I began to unload in her asshole, filling her with my cum. I had never come so hard in my life and continued to thrust into her as I pumped my cum into her. Sarah cried out in pleasure and reached behind her to grab my hair.

David only lasted seconds longer, holding her legs as he thrust into her even harder, with long deep strokes. I felt her body shake as she came again.

“Here it comes, baby,” he growled

“In my mouth!” Sarah exclaimed.

He pulled out of her, jerking his cock rapidly as he stood. Sarah opened her mouth wide, tilting her head back, waiting. My spent cock was still hard and I fucked her ass with all the force I could muster.

David grunted loudly as he started coming, squirting his load into her mouth and onto her face. After the first few ropes hit her she closed her mouth around his exploding cock, swallowing the cum hungrily, until she had taken it all.

She sucked him clean and pulled his cock from her mouth with a loud ‘pop’, licking the head for good measure.

Sarah collapsed onto the bed, exhausted. Breathing heavily and squeezing her perfect tits, gently twisting her nipples in her fingertips. I pulled my finally softening cock from her ass, making her gasp lightly and smile.

David started dressing as we held one another.

“Don't get up,” he said, pulling on his shirt, “I can see myself out. Thanks for a great afternoon - you give me a call if you want to do it again some time.”

Sarah waved to him, her eyes closed, blissful. “Thank *you*,” she said brightly as he opened the door to leave.

We lay there, our bodies intertwined, holding each other, not speaking. I replayed the scene in my head, lost in the memory of it.

"Wow," Sarah finally said.

"Wow," I agreed, hugging her tightly.

"Is that what you wanted?" she asked, turning to face me, sleepily but smiling warmly.

"I don't even know what I wanted," I confessed, "but honey, that was the most incredible thing I've ever experienced..."

She nuzzled her face against me, "Me too," she said, hugging me tight, "I love you so much, baby."

"I love you too," I replied.

The image of her staring me in the eyes as she took another man's cock into her mouth burned in my mind and my cock stirred again. Sarah felt it and giggled softly, reaching down and stroking it gently.

"I can't believe we actually did that!"

Neither could I. It had been in my head for so long, a deep secret never to see the light of day, that I could barely believe that any of it was happening, from talking to Sarah about it to her liking the idea, to the picture she sent me and finally today. I felt so lucky to have her, my beautiful, loving and, so it seemed, wild wife.

"What will it be like massaging David at work now?" I asked.



Sarah thought for a moment. "I don't know," she admitted, "I think I'll probably struggle to get the memory of today out of my head and keep it professional," she said.

"Oh really?" I asked, intrigued.

"Yeah," she giggled, then worried, "I mean, I would never do anything else without you there. The other day was hot, but only because I wanted to surprise you; today was... wow," she laughed.

"Well," I suggested, "how about you tell him to come here for his massages in future," I suggested.

"Good idea," Sarah smiled, "I'll text him later. But right now I want a shower!" she exclaimed, "and then my own massage; you boys tired me out!"

"I'll see what I can do," I chuckled as she stood up, pulling off the twisted and wrinkled tennis skirt.

I watched her walk away, her hips swaying, and then followed her to the bathroom to join her for that shower.

God, my wife was perfect.



Thanks for reading! x

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