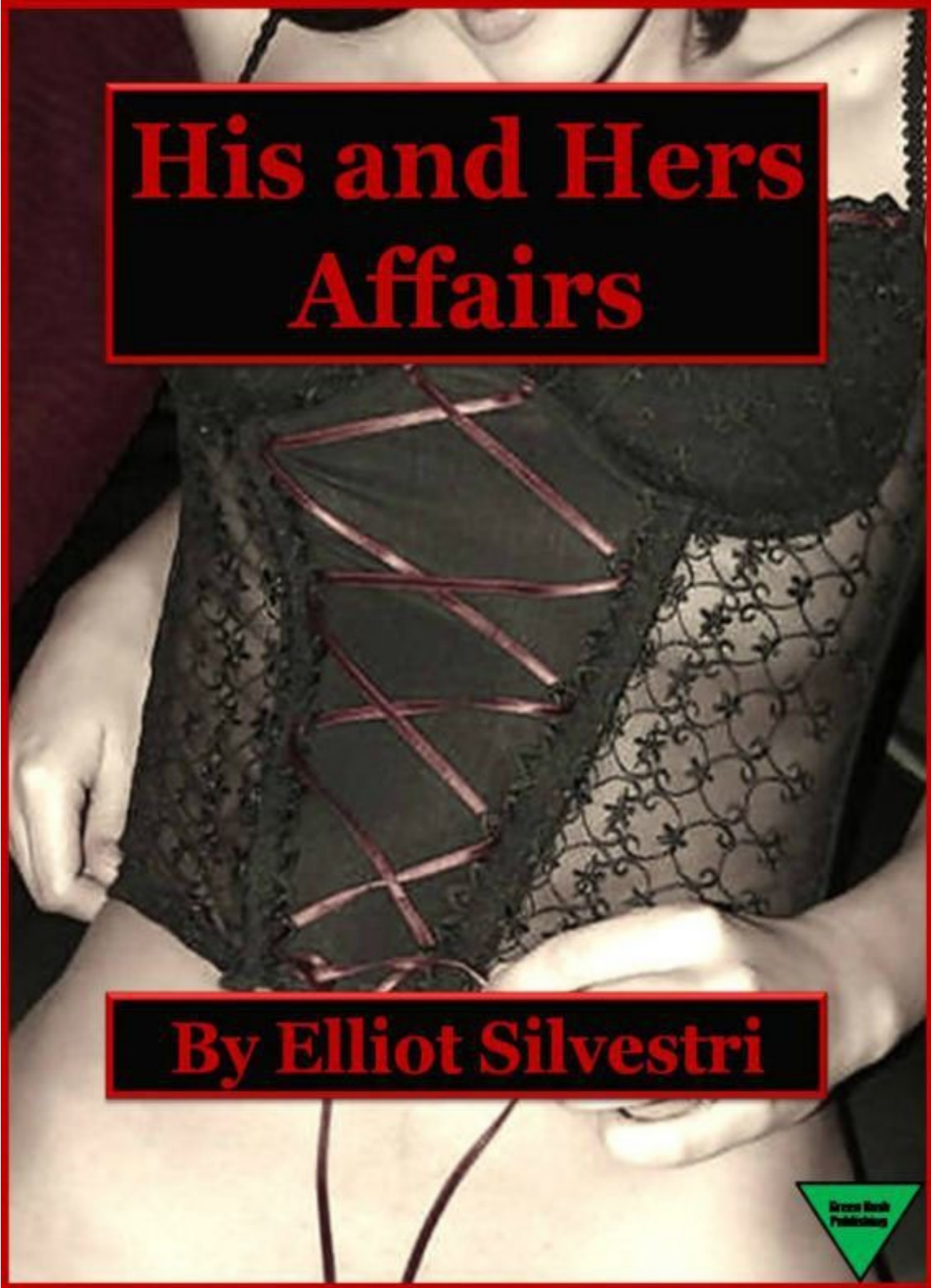
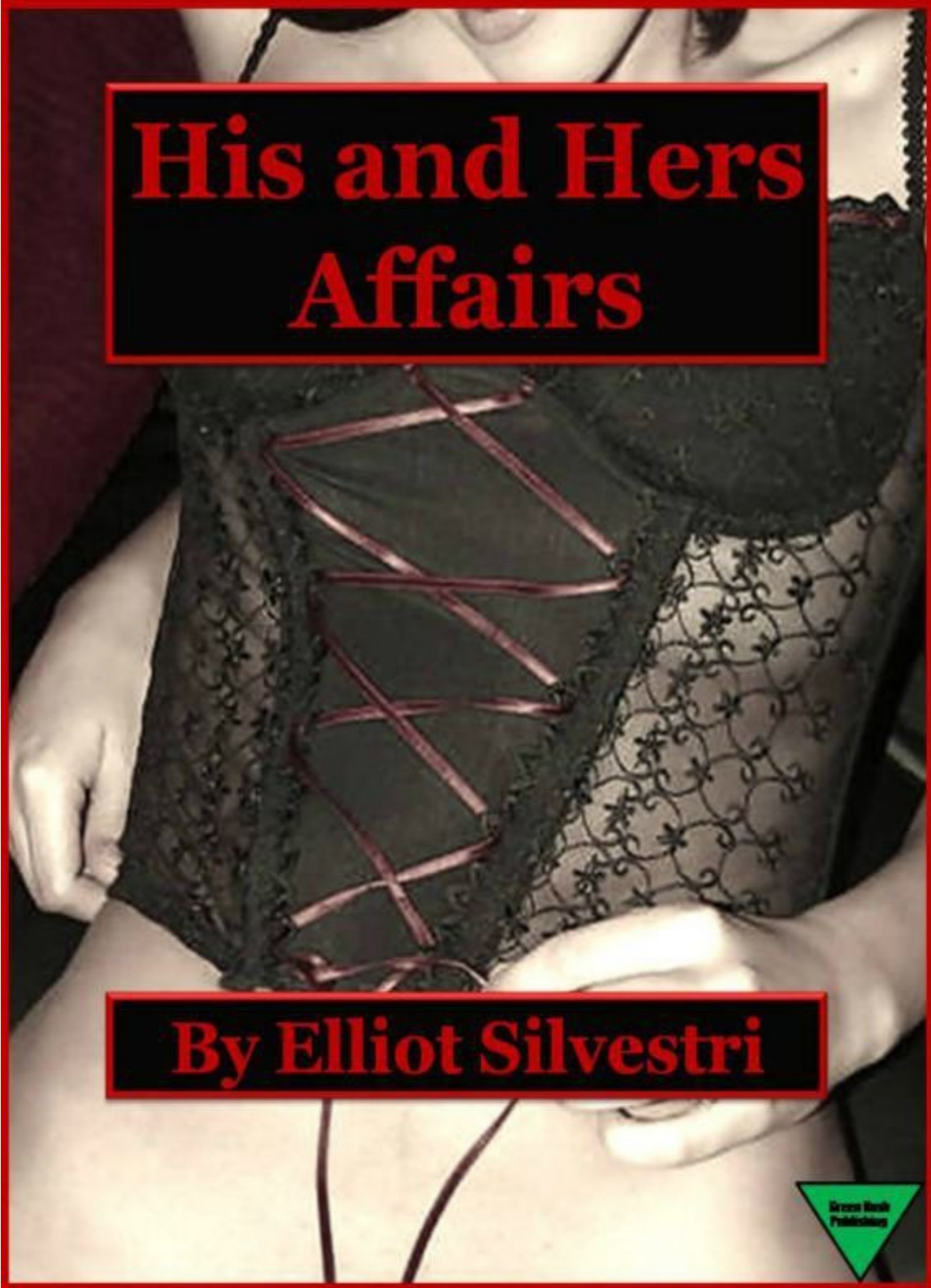


A close-up photograph of a woman wearing a black lace corset with red laces. The corset features intricate lace patterns and red ribbons crisscrossing over the front. The woman's hands are visible, adjusting the laces. The background is dark and out of focus.

His and Hers Affairs

By Elliot Silvestri

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

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The Breast of Dawn

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Gretchen's Twins

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

The Milk Thief

Misanthrope – First Summer

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

The things I do for my husband.

Love, it's strange, no?

When going into an open marriage, you expect to have a slightly different life than the average American couple, but still.

We both knew when we met, when we started dating, when we got serious, when we considered even the idea of marriage that there was no way we would be able to stay physically faithful to one another. We were tipped off to that fact that we were both seeing other people when we had our first date. I suppose it goes without saying that we had sex on the first date as well.

Having a threesome with a drunk sorority girl on our fourth date pretty much sealed that deal. (Long, stupid story. Short version: We were playing a game of sexual chicken, we went into one of the local bars frequented by other students like us, a few drinks later there's a blonde Greek in our bed. Well, his bed actually, but I was spending pretty much every night there already.)

Anyway, the first serious girlfriend Mike had after our marriage was good for him. She got him out of the house. She was good in bed, but I was better looking than her so there wasn't any jealousy there. It was great...until she decided to marry the guy she was seriously dating. Even that would have been fine, Mike had no objections. But apparently her fiancée, soon to be husband, took offense that she had been seeing someone behind his back and he refused to marry her unless she dropped her boyfriend.

Some people have strange morals.

This was unexpected, but a few months later, Mike found a new girlfriend and all was well and good with the world again.

That lasted about two years until Mike started moping around the house and I knew something was wrong. Naturally I had to ask. What a mistake.

"Lydia doesn't want to see me anymore."

I could tell he was trying not to cry like a little girl. It took forever to weasel the story out of him, even then he refused to go into detail, just that they had an

argument and had broken up. Thing was, he still had a thing for her. Great. So I either needed to find him a new girlfriend right away—so I could continue fucking around—or get him back with Lydia.

I chose Lydia. It seemed the easier route.

It was easy enough to find her dating profile online; Mike never hid it from me, but I never looked either. It was easy enough to find. The internet has been a blessing to millions of people looking for long intimate relationships and those looking just for a one night stand of sex. More reliable than singles bars too.

Oddly, even though I had heard about the woman for two years, I had never seen a picture of her nor had I bothered looking her up.

Name: Thongirl

Age: 30 (I knew that was a lie, maybe by only a few years, but still)

Height: 5' 9" (taller than I expected, taller than me)

Weight: 140 (if true, not bad, Mike had said she had curves)

Hair: brunette, long (contrast with my short, blonde; I guess Mike likes variety)

Skin: pale with freckles

Body type: sexy and curvy (see, I knew; again different, I'm petite and athletic)

Bust: 38D [full D] (her note, not mine, and wow, I'm barely a B)

Piercings: ears only!!! (not that adventurous I see)

Tattoos: none (same as me, but it's the quiet ones you have to look out for)

Pubes: shaved (well, who doesn't nowadays?)

Personality: shy (yeah, right)

Marital status: Married, but looking (no duh)

Favorite sex position: female superior (aren't we all?)

Fantasy: three-way, group sex

Orientation: bi-curious

It was the last item that let me know exactly how I was going to do this.

I won't bore you with the emails we sent back and forth, it was all pretty humdrum stuff. Suffice it to say that I led her on—just a bit—and she went for the bait. I never really told her who I was. The internet is a wonderful thing.

We met for the first time at, of all places, a bagel shop. I don't like coffee bars and nightclubs are no place to meet and talk with someone. Besides, where else can you meet someone in the safety of daylight and not look like you're up to trouble?

I was waiting for her and even though it seems a bit trite, when she walked in I recognized her immediately, more from her description than the few pictures she had sent me. She was much more striking in person than in the somewhat forced and posed pictures she had sent me. Tall, dark hair that cascaded down her back, simple white blouse that showed off a touch of cleavage and tight, but not too tight, jeans.

I stood up from my table to greet her and held out my hand.

She smiled, clasped my hand, then pulled me in close and kissed me on the cheek.

"A handshake is a little formal for what we have planned, isn't it?" she said. Her voice was high and light.

I smiled back at her but didn't kiss her cheek. It would have seemed forced coming from me. She was aggressive, not the shy she had put in her profile, but then again, we were friends already, weren't we?

"Yes, I suppose it is," I agreed with a laugh.

We sat down and there was an uncomfortable silence.

“So easy to send email,” she said, “so hard to speak in person.”

“Yeah, strange, isn’t it? I’ve met a lot of people this way, but it’s always a bit uncomfortable at first when you’re face to face.”

“How many...people have you met this way?” she asked and we were off and running.

It was easy to see why Mike was enamored of her, she was funny, witty, vivacious and more than a little sexy, even if she didn’t have what I normally looked for in a partner—namely a penis. But even if she wasn’t sexy and forthright, I would have been attracted to her, there was just something about Lydia that was indescribable and yet perfectly desirable as well.

“Why ‘Thongirl’?” I finally asked her as the conversation began to wind down.

She looked at me blankly a moment, then sudden realization dawned on her. “Oh, my screen name! Well, I like thongs, why else?”

“Don’t you find them a little...uncomfortable?”

“You’ve got to find a style that gives you the right fit,” she half-whispered to me, reaching across the table and patting my hand.

“Makes me feel like I’ve got a wedgie I can’t get rid of,” I complained.

“Guys find them sexy,” she said. “Girls too.”

“My husband is always getting after me to wear them,” I agreed, dodging subtle pass she made at me. “I only wear silk bikinis.”

“What color?” she asked.

“What color what?” I said, a bit confused. “All colors, depends on my mood.”

“No,” she said, squeezing my hand slightly. Her fingers were strong and warm against mine. Her index pressed on my wrist, as if she were taking my pulse.

“What color are you wearing now?”

“Oh!” I blushed. “Red. String bikini.”

“Matching bra?” she asked me.

“Yes,” I hoarsely answered.

She smiled, unable to control the pleasure on her face. “Me too, red that is. Only mine aren’t silk. They’re lace.” She paused a moment, lowered her eyes slightly, and then looked at me through her eyelashes. “Want to see them?”

Outside the bagel shop she took her hand in mind—I felt strange to be out in public holding the hand of a woman I barely knew, but this was downtown where all the artists, students and the gay community lived, so we were safe and hardly unusual—I thought to lead the way to her place which she promised was only a few block away, but after walking perhaps half a block she suddenly pushed me up against the recessed doorway of an empty storefront, pushed her body into mine and kissed me harder and fiercer than I’d been kissed in longer than I could remember.

I could feel my red panties getting wet as her tongue explored my mouth. Her breasts pressed against me, right above mine, her hands wandered down to my waist, but didn’t curl around and cup my ass like a man would have.

It was heaven. Soft and fierce and everything I wanted right then. I couldn’t wait to get back to her place.

She broke the kiss and pulled back just enough so I could see her smile. “Think you can run to my place and still have enough energy to go to bed with me?”

“Three blocks?” I asked her eagerly.

“Less.”

“Yes.”

We ran the rest of the way, hand in hand, screaming like little schoolgirls. Her place was one flight up in an older brownstone. She raced up the stairs ahead of me; I admired the way her ass swung back and forth. Inside we fell into each other’s arms in an instant, exchanging kisses and pulling at each other’s clothes. True to her word when I got her pants and shirt off she was wearing a red lace bra, that was more lace than anything else; I could see her pale red nipples erect and straining against the wispy material. Her thong was a perfect match,

obviously sold as a set, and I could see through the material that she most certainly did shave her pubes down to nothing.

We were only in the living room and she had my shirt off and I was displaying my own small breasts and nips struggling to escape their material bonds.

“Come to the bedroom,” she invited me, turning around and almost skipping away. She did it purposely, so that I could see her ass displayed by her tiny thong. It worked; I suddenly understood why men liked seeing women in those tiny bits of lingerie.

I also discovered she had lied on her profile. She most certainly did have a tattoo. Right ass cheek. A pair of pink ballerina slippers. It was unusual; most women sporting tattoos stuck with hearts, butterflies and roses. I liked it.

She lowered herself onto the bed and gave me a come-hither look. It was the same look I’d seen on the faces of too many men. I couldn’t resist her pull. I in a moment I’d joined her and our lips were once again locked in a passionate kiss. Before I knew it her hands had slipped around my back and my bra loosened. She pulled back and slipped my bra away from my breasts.

“You’ve got great tits,” she said, looking at my small, erect nipples.

“Thanks.” I blushed and looked down at her. They were huge next to mine and I felt inadequate. “Yours are so big,” was all I could say.

“Boys like ‘em that way.” She took it as a compliment which was good. That’s how I meant it, I guess. “And girls too,” she added, pulling me back down to her.

A moment later I was on my back and she was easing my panties down my hips. It was the same position and situation I’d been in before many times...only this time it was a woman. She freed the red silk from my legs and looked down at my crotch.

“You are a natural blonde,” she said with a smile.

Unlike her I didn’t shave my pussy completely. Mike often said I should, but I also wanted to advertise to the world—or at least my lovers—that I was as she had discovered. Too many bleached blondes in the world. “Yeah,” I breathed. It was getting hard to think and react. There was a pressure on my chest—an

anticipation—and a tightness in my stomach. I was eager but unsure of myself; then I remember that supposedly Lydia was supposed to be bi-curious, not some experienced woman who was acting like a professional lesbian.

“I love it,” she said lowering her face to first kiss my belly button, then my smooth, flat stomach, then the fine, thin strip of golden curls that just barely hid my pussy. Without effort on my part my legs fell open and I was displaying my wet, pink pussy to her. She looked up at me from between my legs, her face so close to my musky womanhood that I could feel her breath tickling my clitoris. Her eyes were half-lidded, then suddenly completely closed as she buried her face in my cunt and slid her tongue the entire length of my open labia, stopping to lap at my clit.

I arched my back and groaned in frustration and pleasure. She knew exactly what she was doing and I loved every bit of it.

Then her tongue and lips were suddenly busy in my pussy, lapping and licking, teasing and tickling. I squirmed beneath her ministrations, and she put a hand on my stomach to quiet me. I brought my hands up to my small tits and squeezed the nipples, focusing on the pain so that I would hold still. I needed her to bring me off. I wanted a woman to fuck me and to taste my juices.

It wasn't long before I was gasping for breath and then suddenly all the tension was released out of my body through my pussy. When I was this excited I was all too likely to squirt and that's exactly what happened; I soaked her face with my scent and fluids. It was both painful and pleasurable at the same time. It was perfect.

After a minute I stopped trembling and I realized that Lydia had gotten out from between my legs and was lying next to me, watching as I breathed.

“You're beautiful when you cum,” she told me.

“Thank you,” I said, accepting the strange compliment. “You know your way around a pussy.”

“I should, I've had one all my life.”

I laughed. “But I thought you've never been with another woman before,” I said, affecting a puzzled tone. Even after sex I needed to keep control of this situation.

I told myself I was doing this for Mike, not for me.

“I haven’t,” she said. “Well, okay that’s not true. I’ve been drunk a few times in my life and had the opportunity to kiss a girl and feel her tits, but this is the first time I ever really got to eat a pussy, really make love to a woman.” I wasn’t sure if she was telling the truth or not, if she was, then she was a natural cunnilinguist, if not, she was a perfect liar. “What about you?” she asked. “You ever gone down on a woman?”

I hesitated. How much to tell? “Well, no, not really. I’ve done a threesome before, with my husband—boyfriend at the time—and another woman, but mostly I just watched him fuck her. Though I did make her cum with my hand.”

She smiled at her, her head resting on the pillow. Then suddenly she leaned forward and kissed me; I tasted myself on her lips. “Do you want to go down on me now?” she asked.

I hesitated. I did, but I didn’t. I was confused. What should I do?

Then she solved the problem for me. “Or would you like to fuck me?”

“What?” Now I was truly puzzled.

She rolled off the bed and pulled open a drawer on the dresser. Lydia took out several sex toys—a vibrator, a large black dildo, some tubes of cream—and then a harness and another dildo, this one pink and average sized. It took me a moment to realize what it was: a strap on dildo so a woman could have a fake cock. “I use this to fuck my husband in the ass,” she told me.

I just goggled at her.

“The harness,” she explained, “not the dildo. Will you fuck me with it?” she asked. Her voice was a little bit softer and shyer. Lydia was almost embarrassed to ask this favor of me.

What could I do. “Yes, if that’s what you want of me.”

She helped me into the harness. It had four straps and there was no way I would ever have figured it out on my own. There were straps around my thighs, one around my waist and one going from the socket at the front up between my ass

cheeks. It was she put that last strap into place did I understand why she was so used to wearing thongs. The last part was to slip the pink dildo into the socket so I suddenly had a fake cock jutting out from my crotch, resting against my pubic bone.

When I was ready Lydia got back on the bed, on her back, her tiny lace thong still in place, and smiled at me. "Ready?" she asked.

I nodded nervously and joined her on the bed, crawling up from the foot, the dildo projecting out awkwardly. She slipped her hands behind her head and raised her knees slightly. I could see her swollen labia half-hidden under the lace; her panties were as soaked as mine. I hesitated, not knowing what to do, then screwed on my courage and crawled all the way up to her.

Lydia moved her knees together and off to the side slightly. I reached for her hips, slipped my fingers under the side of her thong and eased them down over her hips. She smiled as I did so, then let her legs fall open exposing her waiting pussy. It was shaved and beautiful, but I couldn't see myself burying my face in it. I don't know why; I loved to have my pussy kissed and eaten, but I couldn't do it.

Luckily I remembered the strap-on Lydia had buckled on my hips. It was strange, approaching her as a man would, but she was sexy and beautiful and that made it easier. As I reached her, she grabbed hold of the fake cock and eased it inside her cunt.

"Careful now," she instructed me. "Let it get good and lubed up before you start pounding away at me."

I giggled a little at her, but slowly lowered myself into her, letting her juices make the dildo all slippery. Our tits met and mashed together, which was a strange sensation, but nice too. I leaned in for a kiss just as our hips met.

I don't understand how lesbians do it because the way two women are shaped doesn't exactly allow for the perfect meshing of bodies, but I managed. I pulled out a bit then slipped it back in, starting to pump into her like a man would. The motions were familiar and similar, although reversed from what I was used to. After just a few thrusts I discovered something else. The harness of the strap-on dildo was specially designed for the straps and harness were working a way to stimulate my clit.

“Oh,” I moaned a little, surprised at the sensation.

She grinned up at me in triumph. “Found my little secret, did you?” she grunted at me.

“Yeah,” I whispered into her ear.

“Don’t slow down,” she hissed back. “Fuck me hard.”

That was the easy part. I started slamming into her as hard and fast as I could. She quivered and shook as I did until at last she cried out in pain. It sounded like pain to me, at least for a moment, then I realized she was cumming and I was able to let myself go and another wave of pleasure washed over me. Only then was I able to collapse onto her, breathing heavy, enjoying the slow recission of the orgasm.

“That was good,” she whispered into my ear, only then did I roll of her body.

“This is crazy,” I said. What was I doing? I wasn’t a lesbian. I like men. Girls are beautiful and all, but... That’s right I was doing this for my husband. I just fucked my husband’s girlfriend. Shit. Time to start easing them back together.

I turned to her, but before I could speak she kissed me lightly on the lips. “I don’t want to break the mood, but you need to leave soon,” Lydia said to me. “My husband will be home soon.”

This wasn’t exactly what I was expecting her to say. “Okay, when do you want to get together again?” I asked her, trying to be seductive.

She smiled at me. “As soon as possible.”

“This was wonderful, I think I’m going to start doing crazier things with my life,” I declared to her.

“Yeah?” she asked, half-interested. “Like what beyond fucking girls?”

“How about a threesome?” I suggested.

She laughed and started to push me out of bed. “Maybe some day. Now get dressed.”

Not knowing what else to do I started gathering up my clothes, but I couldn't find my panties. I stood up to ask Lydia if she had seen where they went and saw that she had slipped them on.

"Looking for these?" she asked. They were a bit tight on her, but perfectly outlined her labia.

I blushed, I don't know why, after all we had just done, but I did. "Yeah. Why are you wearing my panties?"

She shrugged. "Because I wanted to. Makes me feel sexy and closer to you, a little bit naughty."

"Take them off," I told her. "I need to wear them home."

She shook her head. "Nope. I'm keeping them."

This exasperated me. "Then what am I supposed to wear?"

A sly smile crept across her face and she dangled her red thong from her fingers. "These are for you," she offered.

On the way home I reflected that maybe, just maybe, thongs weren't so uncomfortable. I did feel sexy wearing Lydia's panties and knowing that she had mine on. The only wrinkle would be explaining them to Mike.

That actually turned out to be the easy part. He wasn't home from work yet so I just stripped down and jumped in the shower. For some reason cleaning up after a roll in the sack with another woman seemed to make the whole thing a little bit sleazier. Mike and I had an open relationship; we didn't need to hide affairs from one another, but still there was something that I wanted to keep quiet about my relationship with Lydia for a little while longer. Besides, explaining another man's aftershave on my body would be easy enough; explaining Lydia's perfume would be tougher.

He found me in the kitchen making dinner. I'm not much of a cook, but when inspired I can compete even with the memories of 1950s housewives. I was wearing only my silk robe and Mike moves so silently that he made me jump when he slipped his arms around my waist. I nearly sliced off my finger in the middle of chopping veggies.

“Geez you scared me!”

“Sorry, I just couldn’t resist you standing there in your robe, wet hair and nothing else.”

He started loosening the belt to the robe.

“I’m busy,” I told him as he kissed the back of my neck.

“You haven’t started cooking yet, the stove’s not on.”

He now had the robe off my shoulders, exposing my breasts. I'm glad that Lydia wasn't a hard player; she hadn't left any love bites or scratches on me.

"But I'm trying to make dinner," I only half protested.

"Your words say no, but your tone says yes," he said, as he worked the sleeves off my robe.

He was right too, which was confirmed when I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirrored wall we have beneath the kitchen cabinets. There was pure ecstasy on my face. There was no way to fake that.

"You look like you want to be fucked," he whispered in my ear, seeing me looking at myself. By now I was completely naked while Mike was still fully clothed. "Maybe you've already been fucked today?" he asked me archly. I suppose I did have the same expression on my face I usually have when I come home after another man has had his cock in my pussy, but tonight I could give a different—and truthful—answer.

"No, I haven't been fucked," I told him. To me, fucking would entail a cock, or at least a dildo or vibrator up my pussy or ass, neither of those had occurred today. "But you're right. I think I want to."

I tried to turn around so that I could get to him, pull out his cock and suck on it. I needed a man right now to prove to myself that I suddenly hadn't crossed the rainbow line and was now a lesbian, but he wouldn't let me. He held me tight, walked me over to the table and bent me forward, exposing my ass and pussy. "Going to be rough tonight?" I half-taunted him, letting him see my still inflamed and wet pussy.

"Yes," he grunted tersely. Already his cock was out of his pants and rampant. Before I knew it he was inside me and thrusting away. It felt good. It felt right. He must have just pulled down his zipper and pulled out his cock because I could feel his pants pressing up against my ass. I tried to turn over so that he could admire my tits and body as he fucked me standing up, but he wouldn't let me. Mike went so far as to take my hands behind my back and held me down so I couldn't move.

"I'm in charge," he declared, thrusting all the harder.

My tits were pressed into the cool wooden surface of the table and it felt so good. He was the boss tonight and I was there for his pleasure. A moment later he came and filled up my pussy with his semen. It was hot and wonderful and that alone made me cum as well.

Mike collapsed onto me and we rested that way a few minutes until his cock shrunk enough to easily slip out, only then did he stand up.

“I need to clean up,” I told him heading for the bathroom.

He caught my hand. “No you don’t. You’ve come home plenty of times with other men’s cum in your pussy. You can make dinner and let mine stay there as well.”

“It won’t stay in,” I told him. Already I could feel the semen starting to weep out of me.

“Doesn’t matter,” he said, tucking his cock back into his pants. “I just want to watch you cook naked anyway.”

He was getting stranger and kinkier the longer he was away from Lydia. I resolved to make dinner, even if I did drip all of his cum over the kitchen floor, and then tell him exactly what I had done during the afternoon.

Later in bed when he dipped his fingers down into my pussy, he commented, “You’re still wet,” and kissed my neck.

“There’s a good reason for that,” I sighed pleasantly.

“Mmm?” if he had asked an actual question I might not have responded, but his vague response was enough of an opening for me to lead the conversation along..

“I fucked Lydia today.”

He froze, I’m not sure if it was in shock, plain surprise or perhaps he thought I was making a sick joke.

“What do you mean?” was all he said after backing away a bit. His face was blank, perhaps a bit shocked even, but he was trying not to let it show.

Since I already stunned him, I decided to go in for the kill. “I emailed her, talked with her, seduced her, took her to bed and fucked her.” That was all true except the seduction part, but there was no reason for him to know she had seduced me. I think. “I can’t understand why you stopped seeing her, she’s fantastic in bed.”

He was dumbfounded. All he could manage to say to me was, “I didn’t know you slept with women.”

“You don’t remember the cheerleader in college, what’s-her-face?”

He nodded slowly. “I remember her. Mostly, we were pretty drunk. What was her name again?”

“I don’t know it doesn’t matter. Why did you stop fucking her?”

“The cheerleader?”

I dope slapped him to bring Mike back to his senses. “No! Lydia!”

“Oh, well, you start seeing a person for a long time and either you move on with the relationship or it ends.”

I glared at him. “That’s such a load of crap. What self-help book did you read that in?”

“Are you saying I’m lying?” he asked, trying to look innocent, a state that’s hard for him to achieve when he still has two fingers in my pussy.

“Yes.” I yanked his fingers out of me and gently twisted his wrist. “Now tell me the truth.”

He opened his mouth to answer, hesitated a moment, tried to speak again, then cleared his throat before speaking. “I called her by your name when we were in bed,” he finally admitted.

I looked at him in disbelief, but the blush on his face told me he was still embarrassed by his faux pas. I couldn’t help it: I burst out laughing at him.

“It’s not funny,” he complained sulkily as I held my sides to control my laughter.

“It is!” I gasped between chortles as I rolled around the bed. “And to think she fucked the woman her boyfriend was thinking about when he last fucked her.”

“I thought you said you fucked her?”

The near-epileptic fit of laughter was mostly over. “Po-tay-toe. Po-tah-toe. There were lips and pussies and tits and lots of orgasms.” I grinned at him. “And you weren’t there to enjoy it.”

This made him angry, like I intended. “Why exactly were you fucking my ex-girlfriend?” he asked accusatorily.

“To see if she was worth the effort,” I half-joked.

“What effort?”

“The effort of getting you two back together.”

“That’s not going to happen,” he pouted.

“Oh, it so is!” I insisted. “You’ve been moping around here ever since you two broke up because you can’t tell the difference between a skinny blonde and a voluptuous brunette.”

“Okay, fine,” he said dismissively. “What makes you think she’s going to want to see me again. We had a huge argument the last time we saw each other, then sent some nasty emails, that was pretty much the end of it.”

I looked at him as if he didn’t know who I was. “Because I know women. And men. And I know that Lydia has a three-way fantasy she wants fulfilled and thinks her husband wouldn’t put up with her fucking around. I got in bed with another woman, dear husband, for you, so that you could make up with your girlfriend and things around here could go back to normal.”

His face softened. I call it his love look. “You really did all that planning for me? You had sex with another woman for me?”

“Yes,” I told him. “That and because she was beautiful and I discovered she was a great lay.”

He's so easy to shock. After I said that, his mouth moved, but no words came out. I sigh, half in frustration, half in amusement. "Now put your fingers back in my pussy and make love to me," I told him.

"Haven't you gotten enough yet today?" he asked as he complied with my request, his nimble fingers finding the spot that makes my knees shake and my stomach flip-flop.

"Not yet," I moaned. "The more I get the more I want."

It seemed like it kept getting harder and harder. Each step was another half-truth and lie that needed explanation and a guilty admission. When my mother told me the pleasure of sex is its own punishment, I thought she was crazy. Only now was I beginning to understand what she meant.

Lydia sent me three emails before I responded to her. This was where I would have to admit to her that not only was I married—which she knew—but I was married to her ex-boyfriend...and I wanted her to get back with him. And I was willing to help fulfill her fantasy to do just that.

Of course, being the coward that I am, I couldn't just come out and admit that. I simply invited her over to my place for another session in bed.

I failed to mention that we would be joined by Mike.

He knew what was going to happen. We planned it together. It was a dream come true...but we couldn't figure out a way to tell Lydia beforehand without giving her the opportunity to say no. So we didn't give her the opportunity to say no.

We met in a hotel bar and almost immediately went up to the room I had checked into earlier. For all that I wanted, Lydia would always be the more aggressive of us two. She was waiting at the bar for me wearing a tight black dress that left little to the imagination. I was pretty sure she didn't have anything on underneath; that would be a mystery soon revealed. The dress was practically backless, exposing a vast expanse of skin right down to the top curve of her buttocks. I greeted her with a light touch on her back. She turned and smiled at me. After a quick hello, she leaned in and kissed me, wrapping both her arms around my body, letting one hand trail down to my ass, not grabbing it, just brushing it softly to let everyone in the bar of her intentions.

Not that it wasn't obvious to everyone near us what we had planned. Her tongue was halfway down my throat and our lips were locked together like we were long lost lovers. Or brand new ones. My panties were immediately soaked from her attentions. I could feel her nipples hardening against my chest, even through her dress and my silk blouse. She pressed her long leg up against me and couldn't help myself; I slowly humped my hips up and down against her thigh. It was heaven.

We broke apart for a breath and I caught both the bartender and at least one male patron gawking at us. Inspired by Lydia's boldness, I looked the drunk in the eye and said, "Jealous?"

Lydia and I laughed as we walked out of the bar and up to the hotel room. We held hands the entire way. If feeling like this was what lesbians felt like all the time, I would be willing to switch teams.

Except I knew that I had a generously proportioned cock waiting for me.

Inside the room I suddenly became a bit nervous. Not because I was going to bed with another woman, but for what I had planned for her. It seemed a bit underhanded, but then I realized it was all for the best.

We resumed our kiss and slowly moved toward the bed. She practically threw me down on the bed and grinned at me in triumph.

"I knew I'd get between your thighs again," she proclaimed.

"So did I," I agreed. "Take off your dress," I ordered her.

She complied, pulling the black dress over head and dropping it to the ground next to her. I was right. She hadn't been wearing a bra. Her rock hard cherry-red nipples stuck out proudly, showing me how turned on she was. She wasn't completely naked, though she had already kicked off her shoes. A wispy little black thong hid her quim from my view. "Ready?" she asked, approaching me.

I scooted to the end of the bed and sat up so that I could kiss her soft belly. Sliding my hands up the backs her legs I discovered she wasn't wearing a thong, but actually a tiny g-string. It didn't matter. I pulled it down anyway and inhaled the musky fragrance wafting up from her pussy. The soft light revealed her labia was already moist with her juices. Dipping my head down I gave myself the

tinniest taste of her.

Heaven.

“Don’t tease,” she moaned, pressing forward with her pelvis.

I complied, pulling her bare pussy forward and burying my face into her sex. She moaned under the firm strokes of my tongue. She was insistent and her legs started trembling as her climax slowly built up.

“Stop,” she ordered.

“No,” I mumbled into her pussy.

She didn’t take my no for an answer and pushed me back down on the bed. Following quickly her legs straddled by head and I found her cunt now pressing down on my face. I was slightly smothered, but it would have been a wonderful way to die. My death wasn’t necessary. I found her clit with my lips and sucked and nibbled and teased until it was suddenly too much for her. She screamed, her body shook uncontrollably as her pussy filled my mouth with her wonderful gushing fluids.

In her moment of vulnerability I pushed her to the side and flipped our positions so that now I was on top. I straddled her chest and steeled myself for what was about to come. It was only now that I realized that I was still completely dressed.

“Ready?” I asked her. She had no idea what I was asking but she readily agreed.

“Yes. What are you going to do to me?” she asked between gasping breaths.

I leaned forward and kissed her on the lips then whispered in her ear, “Secret.”

From its hidden spot under the pillows I pulled out one of the restraints and quickly looped it around her wrist securing her right hand.

“Oh!” she said, pleasantly surprised. “It’s been a while since I’ve been tied up. I should have told you I like it this way.”

I smiled and said nothing, but took the other restraint and fastened down her left arm.

“What do you have planned for me?” she asked.

The answer came easily. “Nothing you’ll like.”

“There isn’t much I don’t like,” she replied as I started fastening down her legs.

“Really?” I asked. “And I thought you were a big dyke who only liked to fuck women.”

“Ha!” she snorted. “I am married, don’t forget.” She waggled her left ring finger at me as I pulled the blindfold out of my bag. “Blindfolded as well?” she asked.

“Isn’t he just a beard?” I asked as I started fastening the blindfold around her head.

“No. I like fucking men. I fucked a lot of men in my time.”

“Good, good,” I said, running my hand down the side of her face. She was beautiful and I so wanted to fuck her. But first things first.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” she asked, smiling. “You’re going to watch as some man fucks me aren’t you? You going to get off on that? What are you going to do when he’s done? Something really vile?”

I turned my back so I could ignore her. Pulling my cell phone out of my bag I dialed and said one word. “Ready.” Then hung up.

The knock came at the door a minute later.

“I’m ready,” Lydia giggled.

“Shut up,” I all but barked at her, “or I’ll gag you as well.”

I half expected her to keep up the smart comments, but she didn’t, she just settled back and smiled. Opening the door, I greeted him with, “Don’t say a word.”

He nodded and handed me the camera. Why not record this? Actually that was all Mike’s idea. Men. They have to do everything they can to see women naked, naked and fucking if at all possible. I had decided to indulge in this bit of kink

for him.

“Take off your clothes,” I whispered to him. That was entirely unnecessary because he was already half-naked. Mike’s eyes hadn’t moved from Lydia’s naked, bound body since he walked in. And when he was completely naked, I noted he was already erect.

Perfect.

“Fuck her,” I ordered him.

Mike didn’t even look at me as he moved onto the bed and quickly penetrated Lydia’s already sopping pussy, thanks to me.

I was half-shocked watching my husband fuck my girlfriend. I hadn’t seen anything like that in years.

It was beautiful.

Without missing a beat I raised the camera and started snapping pictures. Evidence in a future court trial or memories to be cherished when looking back on a misspent life?

Lydia was moaning and groaning away as Mike slammed his cock in and out of her pussy. I’d seen plenty of porn before, but seeing it live was something else.

I knew I wouldn’t have a moment of regret for this. Though perhaps Lydia would.

“Fuck you’re good!” Lydia suddenly burst out. “Fuck me! Fuck me!” She hadn’t been that verbal before, previously she was just moans and groans, but now she was sounding more like a porn star. Maybe it was just something she did with men.

“I want to touch you,” she burst out. Her hands strained to reach toward Mike who was still up on his elbows pumping away. Mike had always been the silent type in bed, practically silent until he shot his load.

“No,” I ordered. “Just let him fuck you.” I found I liked being in charge.

She started bucking her hips up to meet Mike's thrusts. Lydia was almost out of control. I had never let myself go wild in bed as much as she had. I felt a pang of jealousy as I dropped my fingers down between my legs and started stroking my pussy. The only thing that would take the edge off was a nice little orgasm.

Suddenly Lydia screamed and strained against her restraints like a woman possessed. Mike let out a strangled cry and I knew he was cumming. I had seen that look on his face and heard that cry so many times before.

"Fuck," he breathed as he collapsed on top of her. Lydia did nothing. Her body shook slightly as they rested from their orgasms. A sheen of sweat covered their skin and Lydia moaned slightly as she came down from her high.

I couldn't resist and worked my fingers rapidly along my clit. My own orgasm quickly washed over me as I finished as well.

"Get off her," I ordered him.

We hadn't planned beyond this point. I told Mike I wanted to watch him fuck her and cum inside her pussy, but after that we hadn't discussed anything. I decided I would be in charge from here on forward.

He nodded and pulled himself up off the bed. Lydia moved slightly but was too exhausted from her own exertions to make even a feeble and useless attempt at stopping him. "No," she protested weakly. "Don't go."

"Don't say a word," I told him as I looked at his semi-flaccid cock covered with his semen and her juices. With as much self-control as I could muster I forced myself not to reach out and either fondle him or take his cock into my mouth. I did have presence of mind enough to snap a few pictures of his nude body as he moved away from her and then took a few more of her pussy as it leaked their combined fluids.

Mike was the perfect gentleman and said nothing. I pointed to his clothes and he got dressed as Lydia moaned slight. I swore that I saw a tiny tear trickle out of the corner of her eye as it mixed with the sweat that had beaded on her face.

"Don't make him go," Lydia all but whined.

"You're not in charge," I told her. "Leave," I ordered Mike. He looked confused

for a moment, then I winked and nodded at him to let him know everything was okay. The door opened and closed. Lydia let out a gasping sigh when she knew he was gone.

“Why?” she asked.

“Why not?” I replied. “Sometimes you just need to live in the moment and enjoy the sexual thrill.”

“I’ve never fucked a complete stranger before,” she admitted.

“I don’t count?” I asked.

“I knew you,” she snapped. “At least a little.”

“Mm-hmm,” I hummed noncommittally. The temptation was too much to resist and I dipped my fingers between her legs, scooping up a bit of Mike’s cum and her juices. She shivered a bit as I did so. Then I licked the flavors off my fingers and savored the thrill it danced on my tongue and down my throat.

“Delicious,” I announced stripping off my clothes.

“What are you doing?” she asked, hearing me moving about.

“Getting some pleasure,” I said, mounting the bed and kneeling over her face. I looked down at her blindfolded visage as I lowered my pussy down, the thin trail of my pubes pointing downward to her lips until I made contact.

“Umm,” she moaned and got her tongue working up into my cunt and tickling my clit. I leaned forward and lowered my face into her soppy, messy pussy. I feasted on the ambrosia she offered to me.

It wasn’t long before her cunt stopped producing the divine liquid. A little bit later her tongue wormed its way up to find my g-spot and I received yet another orgasm.

We relaxed that way a few minutes before I got up off the bed and got dressed.

“What are you doing now?” she asked me.

“Getting dressed,” I told her, making sure my clothes were straight and presentable to the public. “And leaving.”

“What!” Her face turned red and she was becoming visibly angry.

I went to the bed and pulled down the mask. “Quit fooling around,” she hissed at me.

“I’m not,” I told her innocently.

She was stunned. I kissed her lightly on the lips.

“Just another game,” I said.

Her face softened slightly.

“But I’m still leaving,” I told her. “Before I do, I’m going to give you a present.”

“What?” she asked eagerly, realizing this was just another game, another sexual tease.

“Two presents, actually.” I smiled. “Right before I leave I’m going to loosen one of your cuffs just a bit. I’ve practiced; it should take you about fifteen minutes to free yourself. If not...the maids will find you in the morning.”

She smiled but said, “You’re evil.”

“Wicked, I think would be a better way to describe it.”

Her smile didn’t fade. “What’s the other present?”

“Want to see a picture of the man who just fucked you?” I asked her, picking up the camera and turning on the LCD display on the back.

“You know I do,” she said, her smile broadening.

“If you feel like getting together again, give me a call. Here’s my number.” I wrote it down on the pad of paper every hotel leaves on the nightstand.

“Ready?” I asked her queuing up the picture of Mike as got up off her, his cock slick with her juices, half erect and pointing at her belly.

“Yes,” she cried eagerly.

I showed her the picture. She was puzzled a moment, then a look of recognition washed over her face as she realized that it was Mike her had fucked her. She looked at me a moment, confused. I clicked to the next picture, one that had been taken a few weeks ago by a friend, one of me and Mike standing on our back deck, kissing. “Mike?” she asked.

I raised up my left hand and waggled my ring finger at her, the one with my wedding band. “You mean my husband?” I asked her.

Lydia’s mouth dropped open, unable to understand exactly what had happened.

I kissed her lightly on the cheek before saying goodbye and walked out the door.

“You’re a wicked woman,” Mike said to me in bed later than night.

“That’s the second time I’ve been called wicked tonight,” I told him.

“It’s true,” he pointed out.

“Maybe so, but sometimes a woman would appreciate a more noble compliment.”

He shook his head slightly in disbelief then asked, “Do you think she’ll call?”

“Of course she will,” I told him, kissing him on the lips and going to sleep.

It took a few days, but the middle of the week I got home and found Lydia’s phone number on our caller ID. I listened to the message.

“I was so angry and confused,” she said, “when I realized you had tricked me. But then, I finally realized that when the two of you fucked me, it was the most wonderful night of my life.” There was a long pause as she worked up the courage to speak again. “I was hoping we could all get together again.”

I smiled and saved the message so Mike could listen to it. I’d let him decide.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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