

The "Honey" Series



**HONEY, I MET
A GUY AT
THE PARK**

LARAN MITHRAS

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By

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A good wife is a naughty wife. A flirting wife is the best of wives.

~ A very wise marriage counselor

CHAPTER 1

I watched out the window as my wife pushed the stroller along the sidewalk. She had been at the park for hours.

Mary had birthed our son almost two and a half years ago. I had bought her a jogging stroller to help her work off her birth weight, but she only walked with it.

She came in and unloaded the stroller. While doing so, she said, "Honey, I met a new guy at the park."

I might have been annoyed at the implication a few years ago, but Mary had experienced a bout with postpartum depression and had gone to counseling. She had felt our marriage was suffering, but I didn't feel as strongly. I wouldn't go.

I always figured, the damned psychologists screwed a person up worse than before. Being that doctoral dissertations had to be unique, I was sure plenty of those psychologists were trying out their new idea on their patients. Forget that shit.

But Mary insisted on going.

"Connor?"

"Hmm?" I was still standing, watching her.

"Did you hear? His name is Drew."

The counselor she had seen had given her a small booklet she had written: *How to Be a Naughty Wife*. I had read it with a skeptical eye. But the female psychologist looked like she had been on to something fruitful.

I said, "Yes. Who is he?" I needed to be supportive. The counselor's suggestions had done wonders for her mood and outlook towards our marriage. Really, she didn't need to follow the booklet anymore, but we had both grown accustomed to

practicing it.

She let Brandon run to his room and stood up to face me. She blew a breath upwards to blow a curly brown lock out of her eyes.

I loved her; she was beautiful. Not a lot of men would say that about my wife. They would say she was average. She had very light blue eyes and very pale skin. Her dark brown hair was liberally stranded with silver - prematurely. I refused to let her dye it.

She said, "He's a father. His daughter is three. She played with Brandon on the slide."

"Oh? You've never seen him before?"

"No. He said he and his wife are new to the area. She's an investment manager just transferred. They've been in town for a couple weeks." She came up to me and gave me a kiss.

I hugged her and squeezed her butt. Despite all the walking, she maintained a larger set of hips than before the birth. I thought it was sexy. She was the tiniest bit pear-shaped.

She gave me a smile. "I'll tell you more later."

One of the ideas presented in that booklet had been to talk about people we met in bed. The more intimate the better. Supposedly it created a bond of trust that energized the connection between the two lovers.

It had worked, though I never thought I was distant or things had gone stale. But her postpartum had made her feel that way and I was supportive.

~ ~ ~

I was in bed when she climbed in. I checked out her panties.

"Stop that."

"I like it."

She laughed. "I need longer t-shirts."

"I'll throw them all away."

She pouted. "I don't like my figure."

"It's sexy."

"Is not."

"Is so. You have the sexiest hips in town."

She giggled and grabbed my briefs, squeezing. "Why don't you take these off?"

"Oh? Want to talk about the guy?"

She blushed. Even now, after two years of practicing the book, she still found some parts embarrassing. "Okay."

I slid off my briefs.

She sighed. "What a hunk."

"Him?"

She laughed, her nose scrunched up. "I meant you."

"Oh, is he ugly?"

She gently grabbed my cock and began toying with it. "No, not at all. He's really handsome."

"A regular Don Juan, huh?" The booklet had said that the person revealing things should be doing intimate things to their partner at the same time. I kept my hands to myself for the moment.

"I don't know. He has a soccer physique."

We don't watch soccer. "How do you know?"

"He was running and kicking a soccer ball practicing goal shots."

My cock began to firm. I had to hand it to the author, her book had made things interesting between us. "So he's not fat?"

Her hand stroked slowly on me. "No, very fit. Like you."

I swam as much as I could in our pool. "Really? Did you like looking at him?" That was the point where I was supposed to become physically involved, so I did. I reached over and slid my fingers over her panties. I rubbed at her clit through the material.

She opened her mouth and breathed. Her eyes were on my cock and her legs parted for my fingers. "Would you be mad if I did?"

"Did he have a bulge?"

"No. Not like that. But I saw his thing swinging in his shorts."

I became hard. "Did it look nice?"

"I guess so."

"Did you like looking at it?"

She was trembling. "Yes."

I tugged. "Get out of these."

She shrugged out of them and flung them to the floor.

I moved between her legs and gave her pussy a lick. "What did your new man look like?" I ran my tongue up and down her clit as she described him in panting gasps.

"Thick hair. It was brushed back. The beginnings of a beard. Very bold nose. Blue eyes." Her hips were squirming.

"How long did you talk to him?"

She moaned. "About fifteen minutes."

"Did he smile at you?" I kept licking.

"Yes. His eyes were so intense."

"Did he stand close to you?"

She shuddered. "Yes. Next to me as we watched our children play."

I gave her a really slow lick. "Do you think his tongue would feel good on you?"

She shuddered harder and cried out. "Yes, come up here." She pulled on me.

I was very erect. I touched my cock to her wet pussy and slid in slowly.

She groaned out, her eyes squeezed shut. "Would you want him to lick me?"

I gasped. "Yes. Your pussy deserves some good licking."

She thrust her hips up at me. "Yes?"

"Yeah. Did he check you out at all?" I was pumping deep.

"I think he looked at my blouse."

I groaned. Mary had some pendulous C-cups. The idea that other men would check her out had grown on me in the two years we had used the booklet.

However much the booklet had succeeded in helping us - or helping her and enriching me - we had stopped at the first stage. The second stage was Inclusive Application. It was the doctor's cute term for involving other people in the therapy. I brought it up. "Do you think he'd like it if you flirted with him?"

"I don't know." Her hips were grinding around underneath me.

"Maybe you should."

"What? How?"

"Unbutton your blouse a button or two the next time you go to the park. If he's

there, give him an opportunity to peek."

She bucked her hips up at me. "Would you want that?"

I looked down into her eyes and told her the truth. "It would be a huge turn-on."
I pushed my erection deep.

She cried out, heaving underneath me. Her orgasm was a good one.

CHAPTER 2

I carefully read the page. This author has no business being an author. I made a face. I edited for fees. It was great money and paid for both of us to stay home.

It wasn't as glorious as it sounded. Better writers required less editing. That meant I could turn over a book in a day or two. Bad authors required far more time. I not only had to correct really bad writing, but had to suggest revisions to what was written. Dangling plot elements annoyed me.

I sent the manuscript back via email with a note: I suggest a writing course.

Mary popped her head into my office. "Connor? Going to the park."

I got out of my chair and stretched. "Think I'll swim." It was my way of relieving stress and kinks. "Hey."

"Hmm?"

I stepped over to her and gently plucked the top button on her blouse.

Her eyes went wide and she clapped a hand over mine. "I can't..."

"It's been two years. We're doing great thanks to your psychologist. But we've never initiated the second stage."

"I don't know..."

I moved her hand and began unbuttoning the top button. "Try it."

"What if he thinks I'm a whore?"

I shook my head. "If I saw a woman with an unbuttoned blouse, I would simply view it as a free opportunity. A whore wiggles then in your face and chews gum."

"But—"

"Try it." I unbuttoned another button.

"I can't go out like this."

"Of course you can. I've seen moms running around with four unbuttoned and they're not whores."

"Do you really want me to?"

I nodded solemnly. "Yes." I plucked at her shirt and looked at it. Then I unbuttoned a third.

She looked scared. "Connor..."

"Try it."

"Is this a good idea?"

I leaned close and whispered hotly in her ear, "I want him to look at your boobs."

She closed her mouth and looked at me with unsure eyes.

I touched her shoulder. "You don't have to do anything, just see if he looks."

"He might not even be there."

"Try it."

She shook her head. "All right." She turned and called out. "Brandon? Let's go."

He bounced into the hall. "Park?" He jumped up and down.

She smiled. "Yes. Get your shoes."

I was studying her blouse. Depending on how she turned, I got great views of her bra.

She turned back to me. "Are you sure about this?"

"I want to hear all about it tonight."

A bright smile lit her face. She knew it was fun and the promise of it made her more courageous. "All right."

~ ~ ~

I swam and then started in on another book. The more I pumped out, the more money we pulled in for the month.

"Connor? We're home." The front door shut. Little feet went running past my door.

I looked up, waiting.

She came in, leaning on the doorway, a surprised smile on her face.

My smile matched hers. "Oh?"

She giggled. "Uh huh." She blushed.

I had to wait five hours until we were in bed. I stripped off my briefs before I even got in.

She laughed and lifted the covers. She was naked.

I grinned. "Oh boy."

She giggled. "So..."

I was all smiles. "He was there? What was his name again?"

"Drew. Drew Robertson. Yes, he was there." She gripped my growing penis.

I reached over and toyed at her clit. "Tell me what happened?"

"He was carrying a ball, but never did any of his practice."

"Oh?"

"We talked for about two hours."

"Wow, really? Awesome." I moved my fingers down into her lips. "Was he nice?"

She giggled and gave me a squeeze. "Very nice. Charming, even."

"Did he look down your blouse?"

Her smile was wide and she looked embarrassed. "Yes."

I moaned, her hand working magic on my penis. "What was he wearing?"

"Shorts and a t-shirt."

"Did he look sexy?" I inserted three fingers into her and slowly fucked her hole with them.

She gasped. "Yes."

"What did you talk about?"

"Our children, his wife. You."

"Yeah?"

She stroked me faster. "He was very nice."

"How many times did he look down your top?"

"Several, I think."

"Did it make you feel good?"

She gasped. "Yes."

"Did you check out his package?"

She was silent for a moment, just gasping and moving her hips. Finally, she said

with a ragged whisper, "Yes. Is that okay?"

My cock swelled in her hand. "Yes. Did it look nice?"

"The way he was sitting, his shorts draped his thing. I could almost see it all. I don't think he was wearing underwear underneath his shorts."

I moaned. "Did you want to touch it?"

"I don't know. Would you have wanted me to?"

"Mmm, yes."

"Really?"

I climbed over her. "Yes." I sank my cock into her and groaned with relief. I began pumping my wife, hard. "Is he going to be there again, tomorrow?"

She gasped. "Yes. He said he looked forward to seeing me again."

Oh fuck yes, he's interested in my wife. I grunted, tensing, and then released a flood of my sperm into her.

She opened her mouth in shock. "Wow, that really turns you on?"

I laughed in relief. "Uh, yes, I guess so."

"Do you want him flirting with me?"

I kissed her. Then I smiled. "Yes. And I want you to flirt with him."

"But he's married."

"So? So are you."

"Is that right, though?"

"It's just flirting." I slowed my movements. "Just see what he does. He obviously liked your unbuttoned blouse."

She giggled.

~ ~ ~

I made sure to be in the bedroom the next day, before she left. "Mary..."

"Hmm?"

"Try these." I held out her stretch-tights. They were designed for a workout.

"I don't wear those."

"But try them."

She held them up, frowning at them as if they had insulted her.

I said, "A lot of mothers wear these. I see them at the store all the time."

"Hmm."

"Shows off your butt."

She rolled her eyes. "Great."

"It looks awesome."

She grimaced. "It's eight miles wide."

"It is not. I'd chase after any woman that has an ass like yours."

Her grimace shifted to the other side. "Thanks."

I nudged her face with my nose. "I love you."

She flipped the tights. "You really think I should wear these?"

"Yes. But."

"What?"

"They show lines really bad. You can't wear panties with them."

"What? No way."

I threw up my hands in a whatever-shrug. "Hey, fine. If you want every man and woman seeing what kind of panties you wear, go right ahead. That's kinda hot."

She scowled. "No, I don't."

"Then you have to go without. All the women that wear these do because they know some man will be gawking at their panty lines if they don't."

She groaned. "All right."

I watched her strip everything off and slip into the tights. I was definitely not going to tell her she looked sexy. "Eh, it's passable."

She looked relieved at that.

I smiled to myself and chuckled evilly. Her pussy was very obvious from the front. The tights rode right in and formed absolutely scrumptious-looking camel-toe. If Drew didn't get hard over that, he was fucking gay.

She was putting on her blouse.

"Hey."

"Hmm?" She paused.

"Why not be daring?"

"What?"

"Go without a bra."

"Are you kidding?"

"No. Try it."

"That's kind of dirty."

"It is not. Almost all of the moms around here run around without bras."

"They do not."

I nodded. "They do. I've noticed."

"You're checking out women's tits?"

"Hey, if it's a free flash, why not?"

She scowled. "No bra?"

"Give it a shot. What's the worst that can happen, he looks at them?" I motioned to her chest.

She reflexively covered them and glared at me.

I said, "Oh, loosen up. You won't be the only woman going without a bra."

Her scowl shifted into a thoughtful grimace. "Are you sure you want me out there like, that?"

"Yeah."

"I'm going to be so embarrassed."

"You won't."

"I will."

"You'll love it."

She squinted at me, but took off her bra and put on her blouse. "I'm going to wear a sweater."

I selected an open one. "Not a pullover. Wear this one."

She grabbed it from me and put it on. "You're really going to like this?"

My voice went low and husky. "You know I will."

CHAPTER 3

"I'm going to drive to the park in a few minutes. I want to watch." I dug for my binoculars.

"Are you joking?"

"No, I want to see."

She shrugged. "All right. Whatever. It's just the park."

"This guy seems interested in you. I want to see."

She smiled and shook her head. "Nothing's going to happen. I'm just some frumpy, married woman."

"If I were him, I'd drag you behind the bushes and pound your pussy."

She laughed. "Oh... well. Would you want him to do that to me?"

I grimaced. "There's no bushes at the park."

She stifled laughter and slapped my arm. "Connor..."

I said, "Get going."

"All right, all right."

I paced and waited. The minutes seemed to take an hour. I headed out to my car with my binoculars. The rear windows were tinted, but not the front. I drove to the park and began looking for her. I saw her almost right away. The jogger stroller caught my attention.

She was standing next to a man and they were talking. My son was in the sand, playing with a girl.

I drove a little past the park and pulled over. Climbing into the backseat, I

uncased my binoculars. I brought them up and scanned the park. Finding them, I watched.

Drew was indeed a handsome guy. Not like an Adonis-god or something, but I could see that he would appeal to my wife.

They were talking, smiling.

I grew uncomfortable and rested the binoculars on the back by the rear window. I knelt and looked through them, resting easily against the backseat.

They were still talking. At this distance, I couldn't see perfect details. I thought he looked down her blouse a few times.

After a half hour, he pointed and they nodded at each other and called to the kids. I saw Brandon come to her. The little girl skipped to Drew.

Kids were loaded in strollers.

What's going on? I shook my head.

My wife and Drew began walking, pushing their strollers. They talked, but who knew about what. They moved to the far side of the park and crossed the street.

Frustrated, I climbed back in the front seat and started the car. I drove down the street they had crossed. I saw them at the stop sign. They were to the right, walking along the sidewalk.

Where are they going?

I turned and parked, watching them ahead of me. I moved the car once more when they were far enough to make me move.

At the end of the block, my wife followed him into a house second from the corner.

I scanned the binoculars where they had gone in. What the fuck? This sucks. What are they doing in there?

I waited.

I waited some more.

What's the fuck! Is he banging her? Making her blow him? Fucking my wife up the ass? What is this shit?

I pulled out my cock and jacked it. Was he fucking her? My sperm flew in the air and spattered the side window. Fuck.

My wife came out, two hours later.

~ ~ ~

At home, I was almost in a frenzy.

She came in and unloaded the stroller.

I was pacing.

She saw me after sending Brandon running. "Hi? Is something wrong?"

I blew out a huge breath. "I saw you go into his house?"

"Oh, yeah. He invited me for lemonade. Made it fresh for us and the kids."

I started to calm down. The not-knowing was hard. "What else?"

She looked bewildered. "Nothing really—"

"For two hours?"

"We sat on the couch and talked while the kids played. Are you okay?"

I ran a hand through my hair. "Yeah..." I sighed several times. "I guess I just wanted to know you were okay."

"Oh, I'm sorry if you worried. We just sat and talked." She came to me and

touched my face.

I gripped her hand and squeezed. I sighed deeper. "I'm all right. I was just worried about you."

She hugged me.

~ ~ ~

I pushed my erection into her. "Did he check you out?"

She gasped and smiled. "Yes. A few times."

"What was he looking at?"

She laughed. "Everything."

"Like what?"

Her eyes grew unfocused. "Well, at the park he was looking at my blouse."

I slid in, relishing the feel of her pussy. "Yeah?"

"I caught him licking his lips, I think. Might have been the wind."

I laughed. "Uh huh. What about in the house?"

"Well, we sat on his couch and talked. I think he looked down at my lap several times."

I jerked suddenly, thrusting deep. I groaned. "He was looking at your pussy. Yeah..."

"You think so?"

"You can see your pussy very clearly through those tights."

"You can?"

"Yes. Did he get excited?"

"I don't know. Maybe? His shorts were sort of sticking up. But then I couldn't see."

"What? Why?"

"He had a pillow and put it in his lap."

I laughed heartily.

She frowned. "What?"

"He was hiding an erection."

"You think so?"

I laughed. "He liked seeing your tights."

She gasped. "Really? You think so?"

"I know so." I sank all the way in and flexed. "He liked it."

Mary cried out, bucking beneath me.

I began ramming her. "You liked him looking at your pussy?"

She whimpered, her orgasm wracking her body.

I said, "I want him to touch your pussy." My own words caused me to lose it. I grunted, driving deep. I let out a stream of cum into my wife.

Her words were a whisper of wonder, "You want him to touch me?"

CHAPTER 4

I edited a decently written book. I hit Save and got up. Mary would be going to the park in a half hour.

I found her in the bedroom, carefully looking at clothing options.

I said, "Oh, in here already?"

"Just getting ready."

I gave her a knowing smile. "A little early aren't you?"

She looked at me from under her brown and silver curls. "Well..."

I chuckled. "That's okay. I can help."

"I don't know."

"Did you like him looking at you in the tights?"

"I guess so."

"Then you wear them again."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. Give him something to look at. Put them on."

She stripped off her jeans and panties.

I said, "You could also go like that."

She made a raspberry.

"He'd like it."

"Would not."

"You have no clue, do you?"

"About what?" She slid on the tights.

"About how sexy you are."

"Oh please, Connor. You're saying that because you're my husband."

I scowled. "Why do women think that all husband's lie?"

She looked at me with a measure of patience.

I sighed. "No bra."

"Again?"

"Don't you want him to look at you?"

"I suppose. If you want him to."

"I do. I want him to touch you."

"You're nasty."

"Yeah, what was your first clue?"

"Don't be mad if he looks."

I shook my head. Don't you get it? It's a turn-on. "He can even touch."

She blushed. "And you wouldn't be mad?"

"I'd be proud."

She tugged on her blouse and buttoned the bottom few buttons. She left the top four undone.

I made a show of checking her out from different angles. I put on a serious frown-face. "Hmm, okay, that passes for safe." I said it to make her feel better; I

could see her tits from the side very easily. If she bent over at all, Drew would see it all.

She looked relieved. "Okay."

"Mary."

She looked at me and we locked eyes.

I said, "Inclusive Application."

She appeared uncertain. "Do you think we're ready?"

"It's been two years. I think the fear needs to be dealt with."

She sighed. "Are you sure about this? Me flirting with him?"

"Yes. Take the step."

"What if he comes on to me?"

"All the better; then you'll know I've been right all the time."

She stepped into my embrace. "Okay. The idea sounds hot."

I smiled wide. "Exciting, huh?"

She laughed. "Yeah. I hope he likes me."

I felt my cock hardening. "I hope so, too." I put my hand between us and ran my finger up her slit through her tights. I pushed the material in farther. Her pussy would be very obvious, now, if she didn't fix it.

~ ~ ~

I drove to the park as she left so I was there before her. I parked in a better spot,

a little closer and climbed into the back seat.

I had a sudden fear of being caught by the police, binoculars and cock in hand. Oh, no, officer, I'm not perving on the little kids, I'm perving on my wife and her friend...

Drew was already there sitting on the bench. He kept looking up the street to where Mary would be coming. When he finally saw her, I saw him smile. Then he acted nonchalant, not looking as she approached. He did something before she got there that made me hard watching him. He fiddled quickly with his shorts, outlining his cock.

I unzipped and began jacking; I couldn't help it. He wanted my wife to see his cock. He was definitely the right guy for the Inclusive Application.

Mary was smiling. She pushed the stroller in front of the bench and leaned down to unbuckle Brandon.

My cock surged.

She was facing back towards the bench.

Drew's eyes were large. He was getting a full view of my wife's breasts and he was staring, open mouthed.

When she looked up, he quickly put on a smile. Yeah, the guy was handsome; I was glad he was the man we had decided to include in our little therapy.

I watched her sit next to him, close. Almost touching. Almost as if she was sitting next to me on that bench. I stroked my cock faster, excited just by them sitting together.

He looked down at her blouse and lap several times in just a few minutes. He crossed his legs.

For my wife's part, she looked down three times that I saw at his lap. A small smile was on her face, but she looked nervous. He gestured. She nodded. After a moment of some more talk, they got up and called to the kids.

They walked together to his house, occasionally touching each other as they

talked and walked.

Damn, not his house again. I got in the driver's seat and drove around the block they were walking. Turning and parking on the other end of his street, I was able to climb into the backseat just as they were approaching his house.

Seeing them now from the front, they were both smiling. Both kids were kicking their feet as if they were swinging.

They almost looked like they were married to each other.

I watched them go inside, Drew's eyes down my wife's blouse as she tilted the stroller over the doorsill.

~ ~ ~

I panted in bed. "So what happened inside his house?"

Mary was leaned towards me on her side, masturbating my erection. "He kept looking down my top. Then he started touching it, saying that he really liked my blouse. He sort of plucked at it, moving it out so he could see my breasts."

I laughed, "Really? That's great."

She had a twirling light of mystery in her eyes. "There's more."

I gasped. "Tell me."

"We were in the kitchen getting lemonade ready. He hugged me from behind. I felt what he had in his shorts against my butt."

I moaned. I pushed her over, knowing I should pay some attention to her. If I let her continue on my cock, I was going to cum. I ran a shaking finger down over her clit and into her slit. "Did it feel good?"

She giggled. "Mm hmm."

"So what else happened?"

"I thought I was getting left out of the hug, so I turned and we hugged like normal."

"Yeah?"

"He told me I was such a nice woman and very beautiful."

"Yeah?" My fingers worked in and out of her pussy.

"I could feel him, hard down there. Pressed against me." She was panting.

"Where? Your thigh?"

"At first..." She shifted her hips, raising them. "But he moved a little, maybe to get more comfortable. Then I felt his hardness between my legs. Against my pussy."

I growled low. "Did you like it there?"

"It felt good."

"But, did you like it there?"

"Would you be mad if I said yes?"

"No."

She sighed, her hips humping up and down. "I liked it. It made me feel special."

I groaned, humping my hips against the side of hers.

She said, "Do me. Please."

I climbed over her and pushed into her with a fast thrust.

Her mouth opened and she gripped my butt, pulling. "Oh, yes..."

"Did your pussy like the feel of his cock?"

She moaned loudly, her eyes closed.

I said, "Did it?"

Her answer was a harsh whisper. "Yes."

I began hammering into her. "What else happened?"

She looked disappointed. "We just talked."

"That's all?"

"Other than him looking at me, yes."

"He wants to touch you."

She gasped, her body tensing.

I said, "He wants to touch you naked."

Her eyes got bright and big. Her voice came in a gasping rush. "Do you think so?"

"Yes."

Her whole body quivered. "Do you want him to?"

"Yes."

She squeezed her eyes shut, her body quivering like an over-tense cable. "What should I do tomorrow?"

"If you go to his house—"

"Yes, he said we would."

"Then touch him. Touch his shorts."

She cried out, her body convulsing.

Yes, Inclusive Application was even better than I imagined. I kicked myself for waiting so long.

CHAPTER 5

I was in bed the next evening, waiting and trying to be patient.

Mary bounced out of the bathroom naked and hopped into bed with a playful grin. "I'm horny."

I laughed, tense but relieved she was happy. "You've been bubbling over all day. Why the secrecy? Couldn't you tell me anything?"

"I did, I told you we talked."

"Yeah, you always talk. You also breathe. I mean, what really happened?"

She gripped my cock. "I got kissed today."

"Ooo... nice. Tell me about it."

"We were in the kitchen hugging and—"

"Hugging again? Cool."

She giggled. "He was telling me how pretty I was and how happy he was to know me." Her hand was making happy strokes on my shaft. "All I could think about was that hard bulge pressing against me. And then he kissed me."

"A little peck?"

She laughed. "Oh, no. This was full-blown tongue-hot-nasty."

I sighed with relief. "Wow. Is he a good kisser?"

She chuckled, her eyes glazed at the memory. "Yes."

I scooted onto my side and then shifted down. I forced open her legs and started to put my face to her.

She groaned as if in warning. "Unh... I'm kinda worked up."

I grinned like a joker. "Liked the feel of his cock? Did you ever touch it?" I licked once at her clit.

Her whole body tensed. "Yes."

"How? When?"

"That was when we were talking on the couch. He kept touching my thigh and stroking it. I finally worked up the courage and reached over and touched his."

"What did he do?" I inserted some fingers and toyed very gently.

"He smiled at me and winked. Then I sort of brushed over his bulge."

"Did he like that?"

"Yes, he got all quiet and was breathing heavy."

"Did you like it?"

She shuddered. "I was scared at first that he might get mad. But then when he liked it, I felt a lot better."

"Why would he get mad?"

"I don't know. Maybe he didn't want his cock touched?"

"Nah. A man who hugs and kisses a woman wants his cock touched. He wants it jacked and sucked."

Mary gasped, arching her back.

I quickly forced my tongue over her clit, wiggling back and forth. That brought her off. Her thighs clamped on my head and her fingers clenched in my hair.

She flopped limp, breathing heavy. "Wow..."

I moved up and inserted my straining cock into her.

She was looking up at me seriously. "Would you really want me to do something like that, Connor?"

Uh oh. She was using my name. She loved my name, but used it when she was asking something she thought very serious. Or calling out to see if I was there. I had thrust in; I stayed still. "If you had fun doing it."

"It wouldn't hurt you?"

"No, not if you and I planned it and you had fun. Would you like to touch him?"

She gasped.

I began moving in her. "Would you?"

"Maybe."

"Then do me a favor."

She looked at me attentively, ready to do anything I asked just to please me. I loved her so much. I whispered, "Touch him."

"I already did."

"No, reach down his shorts."

She bunched up and growled with pain. Her body bucked hard, once and then flopped back down.

I laughed. "What was that?"

She laughed, too, a little breathlessly. "Uh, a sneak aftershock, I guess."

We kissed deeply, feeling the love between us as strong as it had ever been.

~ ~ ~

I watched her put on a knee-length skirt. "Aw, that's no fun."

"I need to wash the tights."

"Guess we should get you some more."

She smiled. She pulled on panties.

"Hey, I thought we determined you weren't going with panties?"

"That was with the tights."

"So? Go without under the skirt. It covers everything."

She looked scandalized. "What if there's a wind?"

I made a considering face. "I'll check." I pulled back the curtain and looked around, checking trees and bushes. "Everything's still; have a look."

She stood next to me and looked out. "But what if someone sees?"

"No one's going to see anything. Not even him, unless he's lying on the ground and you stand over him."

She made a face. "Are you sure?"

I nodded. "Might make you feel sexier knowing you're naked underneath when no one else does."

"I don't know."

I turned her to me with gentle hands. "What are panties?"

"Huh?"

"They're just a wisp of cloth. Is it going to make any difference a hundred years from now if you go without panties?"

She blinked at me. "Well, no, I guess not."

"So? Forget them. You have plenty of clothing covering everything."

"All right."

She finished putting on her blouse over her bare boobs.

I kissed her at the door. "Go have some fun. Just some fun."

"You aren't coming?"

"Nah, sitting in the car for two hours isn't all that thrilling. Can't see anything anyway. Would be nice if you brought him back here."

"He said that was a possibility."

"He did?"

She nodded. "He says his wife could pop in unexpectedly. He says she's a hard-driving bitch."

"Tell him he's welcome here."

"I think he's unsure of you."

I nodded, frowning. "That's natural, I guess. Well, do what you feel is right. Remind him you two can come here."

She smiled and pecked me on the lips.

I watched her go. She looked small out there, and pale. Just a normal woman on a normal street.

CHAPTER 6

"Connor?" Mary's voice sounded frantic.

I launched from my chair without saving the program. I raced into the living room. "What's wrong?"

Her eyes had a strange look in them. She was ushering Brandon, giving him a little push down the hall. He ran off, bouncing happily.

She looked at me wide-eyed and blushing. "Umm..."

"Are you all right?"

She nodded quickly and smoothed her skirt. "Um, maybe we should take a nap..."

"A nap?"

She was motioning to the bedroom, her smile becoming more suppressed and her eyes brighter.

My eyes grew large. "Oh. Uh, sure." This was unusual; daytime sex with Brandon awake just didn't happen. Whatever had happened to her was major.

I went into the bedroom, trembling with excitement. What was it?

I heard her tell Brandon we were going to take a nap. I heard his door shut.

She came in – almost running on her tiptoes in excitement. She couldn't suppress the grin anymore. Her voice was low and shaking. "Oh my god..." She giggled.

She stripped and so did I.

I climbed in. "Goodness, what happened?"

She looked at me, bug-eyed, trying to stop that smile. "Um, a lot."

We grabbed at each other's private parts and started talking.

She said, "We kissed in the kitchen, again, and it was really long. He got so hard. I started rubbing him as we kissed."

"Ooo, nice." I was fully hard.

"His hands were all over my boobs."

"Oh wow, yeah?"

She nodded. "Then he stuck his hands inside my blouse."

My cock flexed. "Aren't you glad you weren't wearing a bra?"

She laughed. "Uh, yeah. So then he reached up my skirt."

I groaned and took her hand off my erection; it was threatening to burst.

She giggled.

I thrust fingers into her and she sighed happily. She was wet with lust. "Did he finger you?"

"Yes, a little. Just for a few seconds."

I blinked, trying to clear the dizziness of lust from my thoughts. "What else happened?"

"Well, we took the lemonade out to the kids and when they went to Brenda's bedroom—"

"That's the little girl?"

"Mm hmm. I sat with him on the couch. Well, we started to kiss again, so I climbed onto his lap. I straddled him and we kissed."

"Hot."

"He was worried about his wife coming home, but we kissed like that for a while. My pussy was sitting right on his bulge. I could feel everything."

"Yeah? He was hard?"

"Very." She was gasping now.

I moved over her and thrust my erection into my wife. "Were you moving around on him?"

She laughed nervously. "Yes, I couldn't help it. I was humping my pussy on his shorts."

I moaned, feeling wonder at what she had done. "That sounds hot."

"It was. But while we were kissing and moving, I felt the tip of his cock come out of his shorts."

"Did it touch your pussy?" I panted, suddenly totally alert.

"Yes."

Cum erupted from my cock in a sudden spasm of explosive force. I grunted loudly, driving my spurting cock into my wife. "Oh fuck, oh fuck..." I gasped and panted, finally going still. My cock twitched in her, sending another shot of sperm inside. "Did it feel good?"

"I was so shocked I got off him."

I groaned in disappointment. "Why didn't you stay on?"

She looked confused. "We hadn't talked about anything like that—"

"Ugh, that was awesome and you climbed off?"

"I'm sorry; I didn't know. I didn't want to be doing something you didn't know about."

I sighed and nodded. I pulled out and dropped onto the bed at her side. My cock twitched again, sending a white drop of sperm oozing out. It dripped to the bed. "Well, that's okay then. You did the right thing, I guess." I reached down and toyed with her sloppy pussy. "So you left?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

"No, don't be sorry. You did what you thought was right. It's all good."

"Did you want him rubbing his thing on me?"

"Well, I hadn't thought much about it before, but that was pretty hot." I held up my sperm-covered fingers.

She laughed a small laugh. "Really?"

"Yeah." I put the fingers back in her and played.

She gasped, relaxing a little. "What do you want me to do next time?"

"Do anything you want that feels fun."

She gasped louder. "Really? Like rub my pussy on his cock?"

I gasped, too. My cock twitched again, sending a smaller drop of sperm oozing out. "Fuck yes, that sounds hot."

"What if it slips inside me?" She was panting.

I groaned, moving my hips. "That sounds good."

"Are you sure?" She was trembling.

"Tell you what; just do what comes naturally. Let him decide what happens."

"You think that's best?"

"Yes. Let him decide and then you don't have to be afraid of doing something he doesn't want."

She was nodding. "Yes, that sounds better."

~ ~ ~

I watched her dress for the park. But really, it was for his house. "Why don't you bring him back here?"

She put on the skirt. She didn't even look in her panty drawer. "I'll ask. But I think he wasn't sure about that if you were here."

"I could always be out back swimming."

She put on her blouse over her swinging breasts. "I'll let him know." She adjusted the blouse and looked at me with worried eyes. "Are you sure I should let him do what he wants?"

I had to be careful here. I touched her shoulders and lowered my head, looking up almost through my eyebrows. I put on my sexy smile. "Don't do anything yourself. Let him decide what's right. You wouldn't want to do something that made him mad."

She was nodding. "What if he... wants to put it in me?" She gasped at the end.

I repeated myself. "Let him decide. If that happens and you come home, we can use the bedroom early again."

She looked at me like a scolded child. "Okay."

I patted her butt as she left the house.

She looked back, grinned, and then almost skipped down the street, her feet moving as if running on tiptoes.

I could tell she was excited. Have fun, Mary. Don't clam up.

CHAPTER 7

"Um..." Mary was standing in my office doorway.

I had been so focused on this manuscript I was editing that I hadn't heard her come in. then I saw the flush in her face - her open mouth and silent pant. I hit Save and launched from my chair. I came around to her and said, "Is he here?"

"No. I sent Brandon to his room."

"How'd it go?"

Her eyes were bright. "We need to use the bedroom."

"Oh?"

She leaned close and whispered, "His cum is running down my leg."

My eyes bugged out and my chest seized up constricting my breathing. I pushed at her, turning her, to escort her to the bedroom as quickly as possible.

A few minutes later, she was on the bed, legs spread open, watching me with large eyes.

Her pussy was creamed. The lips were swollen and flushed, fully aroused. Her clit was inflamed. Her hole had white sperm filling it. Her legs were a wet mess.

I gasped. "Oh my god."

She looked worried. "Are you mad?"

"Huh? No. No, not at all." I climbed on the bed, my entire body shaking. I wanted to finger her and lick her and ram my erection into her. I was gasping. I dropped down between her legs and smashed my tongue against her clit.

She cried out.

I licked like a mad hog at the trough. I could taste him in her. It wasn't enough. I leaned up and rammed my cock into her sloppy pussy. I grunted, driving hard into her. I felt Drew's hot sperm coating my dick. I thrust deep, pushing his load back into her depths.

She lifted her legs, crying out in passion as I reminded her I was her husband. Her pussy clenched on me.

I was delirious. "He came in you, fuck. Fuck yes... His cock was in you..." I erupted in a growling roar, sending my own sperm to join Drew's load. It felt like the perfect thing to do.

My wife's hips were moving frantically up and down. Her thighs trembled as if they were in an earthquake. She clawed on me and cried out, her mouth open in that frozen position of exquisite pain and immense pleasure. Her orgasm shook her violently, and she panted loudly with relief.

I rolled off, still seeing spots of light in my eyes. "Wow..."

She sighed long and with relief.

"How did all this happen, anyway?" I panted, trying to catch my breath and chase away the light-headed feeling.

She moaned low and then turned towards me. She rested up on her elbow. "We kissed again, in the kitchen. It sort of got real heavy, real fast."

"Yeah?"

"His hand was up my skirt, right away. So I fondled him through his shorts. He pulled them down a little and I got to hold him."

"Nice. Did it feel good?"

She nodded. "He's a little longer than you, but a lot thicker."

"How long?"

She shrugged. "I didn't have a ruler."

"Guess?"

She made a face and held out her hands. "Maybe this long? I think?"

I was five and a half inches and nicely shaped. She was holding her hands maybe seven inches apart. She wore a smile that said she had liked it.

"Did he do you in the kitchen?"

"Oh, no. I think I only stroked him for a few seconds. We were kissing. He led me out to the living room and we sat on the couch. He had me sit on him like yesterday."

"He stuck it in on the couch?"

"Yeah, my skirt hid everything in case the kids came out. We did a little kissing and he began scooting his shorts down."

"Nasty."

She giggled. "I know. I couldn't believe it. I felt his cock against me again and he was moving it all over my pussy."

"Beautiful. Did you like it?"

"Yeah, I think I was out of control. I was humping all over his lap. That's when he pushed the head in me."

I sighed.

"I was riding him, moving my hips and he kept going deeper in me."

"Did it feel good?"

She looked embarrassed. "Yes."

"So how long was he in there?"

"Oh, maybe a half hour? I'm not sure. We kissed a lot with him in me."

I groaned, my cock twitching.

"But he was really worried about his wife coming home."

"Did you tell him you both could come here?"

She nodded. "He wants to try it. I told him you'd be swimming and he liked that."

"Awesome."

"He seemed to really like the idea that you approved."

I chuckled.

"When he came he told me I was a hot and sexy wife."

I sighed, pleased. Thank you, Drew.

"He came so much." She laughed. Then she went quiet. "You aren't mad?"

I kissed her. "No. If you had fun, then no. If he treated you nice, then no."

She smiled at me and lowered her head. "I was worried."

"You didn't need to be."

She said words that touched my soul. "I think I like this naughty wife thing."

~ ~ ~

When she was getting ready for the park the next day, I closed down my editing program. I walked into the bedroom.

She said, "Are you sure about this?"

I nodded, grinning. "Bring him in here. It's private enough. The kids can play in the playroom." There was a converted den on the other side of the kitchen at the

opposite end of the house from the bedrooms.

She smiled, nodding. "Okay."

I watched her go. I went back into the bedroom and got into my swimtrunks. I briefly considered opening the drapes, but she would probably close them. Besides, there was no way I could look in without them noticing. What I did do, though, was open the main window a couple of inches.

It wouldn't be seen. There was no wind to feel.

I went out back and waited near the side gate. I didn't wait much more than ten minutes before I heard them coming, talking to each other.

He was saying, "So he'll be swimming?"

She said, "Mm hmm. He does it to relieve the stress of editing."

"Ah. Good then."

She said, "We can use the bedroom."

Then they were going inside.

I went to the pool and waded in. I swam around a bit, unsure if they would look outside or not. I avoided looking at the house.

I heard our bedroom door shut and lock. There was some murmuring and giggling. There were a few words, then a sigh and silence.

I clung to the side of the pool. Just the two inches the window was open and the acoustics of the pool water and cement gave me almost a front-seat audible audience to whatever was happening.

A groan of Mary's drifted out. Then nothing.

I treaded water for a minute, then moved to the shallow end. A plane droned overhead and I glared up at it.

Suddenly, I was startled by Mary's loud groan. Her familiar sound almost echoed in the backyard. I looked around to see if any neighbors were peeking over the

fence. Holy shit that was loud.

I heard her begin panting rapidly, then grunting with effort.

I heard Drew breathing funny, hissing and exhaling. Then he let out a long "Ahh..."

My wife's voice was a whimper. She moaned and murmured something about it feeling good.

I heard him gasp. I heard our bed creak. Mary began panting loudly, fast. The bed began creaking at the same time as her pants. She let out a long "Ohh..."

I heard Drew huffing with effort. Then I heard slapping sounds.

My mouth was open. Hearing about it after the fact from my wife was one thing, hearing the actual act of another man fucking my wife was another. My heart hammered in my chest. I got quietly out of the pool and went to the grass near the window.

Drew began grunting, slapping his hips into hers. My wife moaned louder, gasping to his grunts. The bed creaked with his thrusts. It created a rhythmic wave of sounds that all coincided with his thrusting into my wife's pussy. This went on for several minutes, increasing the lust in me with each passing second.

Drew grunted loud. The sounds stopped for a second. "Does that feel good?"

My wife's voice was barely heard. She was speaking low. "Yes."

He grunted again, immediately coinciding with her moan and the bed's creak. "Do you like another man fucking you?"

Mary whimpered. "Yes."

He grunted. My wife moaned and the bed creaked. He said, "Yeah?"

She gasped. "Yes, yes."

He half-gasped and sighed. The groans, moans, and creaks came from the window again in a wave of triple sound-assaults on my ears.

I ran a hand over my head. Fuck, my wife is getting destroyed in there. I took out my cock from my shorts and stroked it.

Drew gasped. "Do you like getting fucked while your husband is outside?"

Mary whimpered. "Yes..."

"Do you?"

"Yes, yes."

He grunted and a loud groan erupted from Mary. Then the sounds exploded with energy. Drew was grunting, growling and gasping. Mary was panting and wailing. The bed was creaking and the headboard was slamming against the wall so loud I thought there had to be damage. My wife was almost crying; I could hear the lust in her wails.

Fuck, this is a serious fucking.

Drew's growling increased and so did Mary's wailing. Then she was groaning in almost a shout, over and over, low and throaty. She was cumming on his dick.

Drew panted, "Yes, that's it. Cum for me." He groaned loud and the grunting and bed sounds increased. Mary's loud groans tapered off and she whimpered pitifully. Then he growled loud and began grunting hard. Mary gasped. He ground out, "Yeah, take it all. Unh!" Hip slapping sounds were loud, Each slap was accompanied by a loud growling grunt from Drew.

Oh, fuck, he's cumming in my wife. They were just a few feet away behind the window and curtain. I let go of my cock fast, but not fast enough. Sperm jetted out of my erection and roped out into the grass.

Drew said, "Oh, fuck your pussy is so good."

I heard her murmur.

He said, "Married pussy is the best there is."

I went back into the pool to clean off and hopefully get the cold water to remove my erection.

He said, "Do you like being fucked by a married man?"

My wife giggled low. "I don't know. It doesn't make your thing any different."

"But it's more intense, isn't it? So forbidden."

She hummed happily. "Yes, it seems so."

"Pardon my fast orgasm. I think it was too exciting knowing your husband is right outside."

The entire fuck session had taken less than a half hour.

Mary laughed. "Yes, you were a little faster today."

"No worries, huh? Tomorrow will be better."

"Do you want to come over every day?"

"I can't on the weekends unless Victoria is on a business trip. But she goes on those a lot. With her boss."

Mary's voice was unsure. "Oh, I'm sorry."

Drew laughed. "Oh, well. Sometimes it works that way. She has her affair but she can't let go of me – as if I'm some trophy she earned. She's viciously jealous despite spreading her legs for her boss."

"How long has she... been around the other guy?"

"Three years. He moved out here first, then had her transferred. Some shit, huh?"

The bedroom door opened and their voices receded.

CHAPTER 8

I wanted to make love to my wife that night. But I had already spent myself in the grass. I said, "Sorry."

She touched my arm. "That's all right. I understand."

I smiled ruefully. "At least he was here today to satisfy you."

Her face softened. "You always satisfy me."

"Not today."

She laughed. "We've done it almost every day. I'm getting worn out. And now with Drew adding in..."

"You want to keep doing him?"

Her eyes were shining. "Yes."

"All right."

~ ~ ~

I was editing a manuscript the next day.

Mary leaned in. "He texted, said that Victoria was going to come home early today. He wanted to know if he could come over earlier."

"Oh?" I hit Save. I leaned back and stretched, looking at the clock. "Sure. Guess I can go for a swim."

"He said he wanted to meet you."

"Oh... Uh, sure, I guess." He's fucking my wife, after all.

"I'll let him know."

"When was he wanting to come over?"

"Half hour." She looked thrilled.

"Shoot, okay."

The time went too quickly. I wasn't sure what to do, so I was in my swim trunks with a towel over my shoulder when he knocked on the door.

Mary almost bounced on her feet.

I opened the door.

Drew stood there, eyes wondering, mouth open as if he had forgotten what he was going to say.

I said, "Drew?" I knew who he was; I said it to break the ice.

He smiled a toothy, slow smile. He looked pleased, if still a little questioning around the eyes. "Yes. Connor, right?"

I gave a curt nod.

He extended his hand.

I gripped it and gave a firm shake. "Come on in."

He wheeled Brenda in and released her from the stroller.

Brandon came out and the two children jumped around each other in circles, giggling.

Mary escorted them to the playroom.

I said, "So new to the area. What do you do other than watch your daughter?"

And fuck my wife.

His eyes were still alight with some inner glow. "Ah, I was a high school soccer coach for the girl's team."

I chuckled. "I suppose you got a nice eyeful of them, huh?"

His eyebrows drew down a little in confusion, then went back up. "Oh, no. Though I very much enjoyed seeing some of their moms."

I fiddled with the end of the towel wondering how to make this sound casual. "Anything ever come of them?"

His smile widened a little. "Uh, no. But maybe that was best. I could've lost my job."

So Mary is probably his first. "Mary seems to like you."

He nodded. "She's such a nice woman."

Mary came back in and looked hopefully back and forth between us.

I knew what she wanted. "Guess I'll go for a swim."

His eyes became slightly more intense. "You don't have to leave the house..."

I stood for a second, feeling better. "Um, all right, but maybe do me a favor?"

He smiled again. "Of course?"

"Maybe leave the door open. I like to think I can check on her. You know." I think that came out sounding casual.

His smile widened even more, looking like a cross between embarrassment and absolute delight. "Yes, of course. Just make sure the kids don't leave the playroom..."

Mary giggled.

I winked. "Deal."

She took Drew's hand and they went to the bedroom.

I went into my office and fidgeted. I could hear them talking, but it was too low to make out. Hearing had been easier outside. I paced a little as the talking stopped.

What were they doing? Oral? Kissing? Hugging?

I peeked out the doorway and looked down the hall. The master bedroom door was open. I pulled back inside my office. Well, they can't be doing anything yet too nasty or the headboard would be destroying the wall.

I slipped out quietly and went into the living room. I went through the kitchen and checked on the kids through the Plexiglas playroom door. They were playing nicely in a scattering of blocks and toy trucks. Brenda had her doll sitting in the back of a dump truck, rolling her around.

I went back to the living room and heard the sighs.

I sat on the couch.

The sighs from my wife got louder, turning to moans.

I wondered if I might have felt different being inside – like maybe more jealous. I didn't. It was an odd sensation in my gut: possessive and proud. That struck me as unusual. Possessive but not jealous. Proud, but not ashamed of what she was doing. My cock firmed.

The bed started creaking.

I wanted to see. I got up and snuck to the bedroom door. I peeked in.

My cock hardened instantly and I almost gasped out loud. Seeing what was happening was almost more than I could handle. Not because it made me want to stop them, but because I was so entranced with what I saw.

My wife was on her back, legs wide. Drew was leaning over her, supporting his upper body with corded arms. His butt drove up and down into her, shoving her body roughly with his thrusts. His balls moved up and down with his movements and I could see a little bit of his shaft. It looked thick. I couldn't see it in her,

though.

Mary's mouth was open, moaning louder – her hands trying to grasp him, clawing at the bed, and otherwise not knowing where to go.

His thrusts were very direct – coming out slow and then ramming back in.

My erection strained at my shorts. I looked back down the hall towards the living room. Nothing. I quickly pulled out my very stiff arousal and began stroking, my mouth open in a silent gasp. I stroked for a couple seconds, watching Drew humping hard between my wife's legs.

I was overcome with dizziness. I tried to stuff my erection back in my shorts as I moved back to the living room. But their sounds increased, as if chasing me out or trying to lure me back.

I pulled my towel down and covered my lap. My hand released my cock under the towel and I began stroking and squeezing my excitement.

The noises ceased in the bedroom and I heard him saying something. A few seconds passed. I heard her gasp and him groan at the same time.

Change of positions? I stroked slower, trying to hear differences.

Almost immediately, her gasps came sharper – clearer. He began grunting as if with effort. The bed was creaking and the headboard started lightly banging against the wall.

I couldn't help my curiosity. I snuck back down the hall and peeked in.

Mary was on her knees, ass thrust up in the air and tilted high. Her face and chest were lying flat on the bed. Her head was turned toward me, curly hair covering one eye. Her other eye that I could see was half-open and glazed over. She was being roughly pounded from behind.

Drew was squatted over her, knees wide, hands gripping her ass, almost dropping his weight onto her to drive his cock deep into her pussy. Over and over, I watched his thick cock come out of my wife and then shove back down into her.

Wow, he is thick. His cock was easily twice as thick as mine.

Dropping onto and into her as he was caused her thighs and butt to jiggle. Each drop brought out a moan from her, a creak from the bed, and a bang from the headboard.

Drew's shaft pounded my wife's hole. His balls ballooned against that pussy I loved so well.

I watched for several minutes, rubbing my cock in my shorts.

I heard the door open to the playroom.

Oh crap. I tied my towel around my obvious excitement and moved quickly to the kitchen.

Brenda was there, looking at the counter. She looked at me with bright eyes – her father's eyes – and said, "Lemonade?"

Mary had taken the liberty of making it in preparation.

I nodded happily. "Yes, just a second."

She jumped up and down. Brandon joined her and jumped, too.

I poured, hearing the faint moans from my wife and the grunts from Drew.

I handed both sippy cups and scooted them back into the playroom. Shutting the door, I blew out a sigh.

I went back to the hall and peeked back in.

Drew growled and then pulled out of her. He was turning and saw me. Recognition lit his face and he winked before I could pull back. I nodded. What else was I supposed to do?

He started smiling and said, "Get on me."

Mary was almost delirious. "Okay."

He lay flat where she had been.

My wife didn't look towards the door. She climbed over his erection and gripped it, looking down. She moved over it as he guided her hips.

Drew glanced at me and then down. He said, "Hold on a sec." He shifted a little as if getting more comfortable on the pillow. But his feet moved more at an angle, towards me.

Oh, thank you. I almost gasped.

My wife moved with him and then maneuvered over his cock. She began to sit. He placed his hands low on her ass and gently lifted, spreading them up.

I could see the head of his shaft disappearing into her as she slid her pussy down onto him. Her lips stretched open easily and she sank down onto him with a shuddering sigh.

He continued to spread the bottom of her ass cheeks upward, and I had a great view of my wife's pussy rising and falling on his wet shaft. He stole a few glances at me and winked.

She didn't notice. Her head was up, more facing the wall above the headboard. She rode him up and down, her body moving slowly and sensually. Mary was fucking him and really enjoying it.

I stroked. My entire body was shaking. My mouth hung open. My wife's wide hips looked perfect moving up and down on his thick cock.

Drew kept looking over at me, smiling. Then he would look up at her.

Mary was trembling, her gasps coming a little faster. Her hips began sinking low and rotating. She sat all the way down and his balls ballooned.

He began groaning.

My wife began panting, forcing her hips down hard. Then she began moaning with the onrush of orgasm. Tension filled her moans until she was giving one long wordless cry. Her body shook as if it would come apart. She cried out as if in shocked surprise, over and over, as she thrust her pussy down on his cock. Then she was coming down from the savagery of her orgasm and her cries turned into a long sigh of satisfaction.

Watching my wife cum on another man's cock was fantastic.

Drew shot me a glance and winked. Then he scooted down and began thrusting up hard into her.

His cock shoved up into her pussy smoothly with force. She jerked above him, thrown upward a little with each push. His balls slapped up firmly against her with every deep thrust. He began grunting with effort, looking over at me a few times.

My wife sighed softly, her voice wavering. Her hands clawed at his chest.

He looked up at her and said, "Careful. Having scratches on my chest wouldn't look good."

She whimpered a little. "Sorry."

He rammed up into her harder. Mary's pussy was stretching in and out with his thrusting.

I loved it; it looked so hot. It looked so normal seeing my wife fuck. I knew it all: I knew her look; her sounds; her moves; her pussy. It was natural that she should fuck other men. She was born for this.

Drew squeezed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth, growling like an animal. His cock was thrust far up - his balls swollen.

Then I saw it as I heard her sigh. She dropped down to kiss him as his balls began squeezing up, again and again.

They moaned together in their kiss. His balls squeezed and squeezed and finally a glob of white sperm slid out around his shaft. Then more and it began pouring out.

My wife broke the kiss and gasped. Then she chuckled low and sexy. She wriggled her butt and humped a little, as if milking him.

I pulled back and went into the living room.

CHAPTER 9

I sat in the living room, sitting in the recliner. I talked to them as they sat on the couch. They just sat, like two friends.

Brenda came bouncing out a while later and asked about the park.

Drew winked at me and then at her. "Guess I should take her."

Mary said, "I'll go, too."

Within a few minutes, both were pushing strollers down the sidewalk to the park.

I went into the bedroom to relish the event. The bedspread was a crumpled mess. Wet spots were all over it. I almost wanted to roll in it.

~ ~ ~

I was fingering my wife. "You sure looked like you had fun."

She laughed lightly. She moved her hips to my fingers. "Yes." She looked me in the eyes. "He said you were watching?"

"I couldn't help myself."

She reached for my dick.

I blocked her hand. "Uh, I don't think it needs stimulation, I've been ready to burst all day."

"Did you like watching me? Or were you jealous?"

I climbed over her. "No, I wasn't jealous. You looked so beautiful with his cock in you."

She half-gasped and smiled. "You liked it?"

I sank in, trying not to cum. "Yes, very much."

"What about you?"

She giggled, throatily. "Oh, yeah."

"Do you want to keep fucking him?"

"Yes. It turned him on that you were watching, but I didn't know."

"He moved to give me a better view."

"When?"

"When you were climbing on to ride him near the end?"

"Oh... right. Oh... was that why he was pulling on the bottom of my butt?"

"Yeah." I moved in and out of her. It had been hours and most of his sperm had already leaked out. But she still felt wet in there.

She said, "Are you sure you're okay with this?"

I nodded, a little choked up with emotion. I felt giddy, loving, horny, and proud. "Did his cock feel good in you?"

She nodded. "It's very nice."

"You want more of it?"

She whimpered a little. "Yes."

I whispered, "You want him to keep filling your pussy with his cum?"

She groaned, humping her hips.

I couldn't hold back; my own words betrayed me and I shot my sperm into her with desperate jerks.

~ ~ ~

Mary was mad.

I said, "He'll be around Monday."

She pouted. Drew had texted her that Victoria was home for the weekend.

"Try to relax; it's only two days."

She pouted more. "That's like forever."

I chuckled.

She didn't think it was funny.

I held up my hands. "Hey, maybe he'll be able to stay the following weekend."

She made a face. He had texted that Victoria mentioned going on a business trip the following weekend. "I hope so. Why couldn't it be this weekend?"

"Just be ready for him Monday and all week."

"The weekend will be good. Friday I'll be ovulating and I'll be horny."

"Looking forward to some hot man-seed up there?"

She growled. "Yes. His wife better not cancel her plans."

"I'm sure she won't."

~ ~ ~

Monday was a strange day. I had edited over the weekend more and more as Mary had become increasingly aggravated. We talked little that first day of the week until she said, "Finally." A note of relief was in her voice. She had been watching out the window.

She pulled open the door before he was even to it. She bounced on the balls of her feet and grinned. "Hi."

Drew came in and I got off the couch.

He said, "Hey, Connor."

I grinned. "Drew."

Mary was already tugging on him. She said to me, "Honey, would you see the kids into the playroom?"

"Sure."

Drew said to me, "Hey. You can come in... you know. Watch if you want."

"Oh... yeah, sure. We have two chairs in there."

He was nodding enthusiastically.

Mary was tugging on him harder.

He chuckled and motioned towards her. "I guess she missed me."

She acted put out. "Yes. I did. Come on."

I got the kids into the playroom. By the time I got to the bedroom, she was already lying on her side naked. He was climbing on.

I grabbed the chair and moved it to near the door so I could see down the hall.

Mary said, "Come here."

Drew crawled and she motioned to his cock. He got the idea and knelt in front of her.

She gripped his cock and stroked it with her right hand. Then she took the head into her mouth and ran her tongue all around it.

Drew sighed.

I watched her move his cock all over her mouth and face and suck down on it.

He nudged her. "Hey, use your other hand."

"My left?"

He grinned and nodded. He shifted around more towards me.

Mary sat up and took his cock with her other hand.

Drew's eyes were alight. "That's it." He turned to me. "Do you see it?"

I leaned forward in my chair. "Hmm?"

"Her wedding ring on my cock?"

She giggled.

I gasped, feeling suddenly dizzy.

He seemed breathless with wonder. "See how the gold slides on my skin? Beautiful, isn't it?"

I squeezed at my shorts. It looked hot.

She sucked him so slowly, kissing and licking his cock, and stroking him with her wedding ring hand.

He began to pant. He said low, "Okay. Kneel down. Face your husband."

Mary grinned happily and did.

He got behind her and looked down, positioning himself.

She smiled at me and winked. Then her mouth dropped open.

Drew was gripping her hips and pushing his forward.

Mary's eyes grew unfocused and she closed her eyes. She sighed out and began trembling. She slowly laid her head down to the side.

Drew was panting, pumping behind my wife. "No, no. Look at your husband. Let him see your face."

She moaned, but turned her head and rested her chin on the edge of the bed. She looked at me, her eyes opening and closing as her moans began growing.

I grew an erection so hard I thought I'd rip my shorts. I looked down the hall: the coast was clear. I unzipped and pulled my aching dick out.

Drew grinned and nodded enthusiastically. Then he moved a foot up. He brought the other one up and was squatting over my wife as he had the previous week when I had peeked. His cock was above her ass, aimed at an angle into her pussy.

It looked as if it would be uncomfortable, but Mary was smiling.

Drew drove his cock into my wife with thrusts of his hips.

Mary's mouth dropped open and she kept trying to look at me, but her eyes grew dazed-looking.

He fucked her hard, and the bed creaked. Mary was delirious. He slammed down into her and grunted. She whimpered and laid her head to the side again.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and gently lifted her head. "No, look at your husband. Tell him how much you like it."

She was jerking to the force of his thrusting. She gasped out, "It feels good... I love it. I love his cock in me. I'm sorry, honey."

I chuckled feverishly.

Drew groaned hearing the words and pulled out of her.

I checked the hall and then continued stroking my cock.

He moved her to the typical laying position, head up on the pillow. He gently turned her face to me. He said, "Keep your eyes on him. Open your legs more. Bend your knees up. That's it."

I could see her pussy.

He looked over at me and then back to her pussy. He gripped his cock moving it all around her clit and hole. "Do you want it in there, Mary?"

"Yes..." She looked at him.

"No, look at your husband. Do you want me to put it in?"

"Yes."

"Tell him."

She looked at him. "What?" She was pouting.

"Look at him and tell him you want my cock in you."

She flopped her head to the side. "I want it. I want his cock in me. I'm sorry, baby."

I smiled at her, my hand working up and down my shaft.

Drew pushed his cock into my wife's wide-open pussy.

She groaned happily, closing her eyes.

Drew said, "Keep your eyes open. Let him see how much you enjoy it."

She was moaning and almost crying, a look of something so good on her face that she quickly lost focus.

He said, "Do you like me fucking you while your husband watches?"

She gasped repeatedly. "Yes..."

"Do you like my cock in you right in front of your husband?"

She groaned and reached up to grab and pull on his butt. "Yes!"

"Does your married pussy want my cock in it? Deep?"

Mary squeezed her eyes shut and groaned louder. "Yes... Fill me deep."

"Right in front of your husband?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

They kissed for a few minutes, his cock a blur as it slid in and out of her.

He stopped kissing her. "I'm going to cum. Oh fuck... Do you want me to cum in you while your husband watches?"

She ground her teeth together and began convulsing. "Oh, yes... yes, yes, fill me, fuck me..."

Drew was panting. "You want to feel my cum in you?"

She was coming down off her orgasm - gasping, eyes wide. "Yes, deep."

He cried out, rammed in once, very hard and knocked the headboard hard against the wall.

Mary wailed out in surprise, and then frantically moved her hips as he flooded her with his cum. Drew's butt clenched and his balls squeezed with a sensual rhythm, squirting his sperm deep into my wife.

I had to let go of my cock. There was no way I could touch it, or it would spew everywhere.

All three of us panted happily.

CHAPTER 10

I watched them every day until Friday. I spent every night with my wife, in a crazy swelling of awesome sex. I don't think we had ever been so hot for each other.

Without a doubt, Drew was the best thing to happen to our sex-lives, even though we had not had any problems before. Our sex life had been great. Drew made it even better.

I endlessly thrilled to the sight of Drew's cock in my wife, both in person and even in memory. Drew even said sex with my wife was better with me watching.

Mary was almost dopey with happiness.

On Friday she said, "Why didn't we do this before?"

"Drew hadn't moved here."

"Well, yes, but I meant the Inclusive Application?"

"You were scared."

She stuck out her tongue. "What a waste of time. We could've been having this kind of fun long ago."

I kissed her lips. "Want to get in a little fun stuff before he comes over tonight?"

She pouted. "I don't know. I don't want to be sore for him."

"Sore? I can be gentle."

"He said he plans to fuck me as much as he can this weekend."

"Well, that's good."

She looked at me sheepishly. "Will you be okay in your office?"

I had a pull-out in there. She had said Drew wanted to sleep with her in our bed.
"Sure. As long as I can watch a little."

She smiled brightly.

I ran my hand over her ass. "Addicted to his cock?"

She giggled. "Mm, I guess so. Is that okay?"

I nodded. "I like him in there."

"I'm still surprised you like licking me after he's cum in me."

"I love tasting you. And I love tasting him in you. Proves you've been naughty."

"I'll try to give you as many creampiees as I can."

I laughed.

~ ~ ~

Mary grew more agitated the later it got. "I swear, the time is dragging slower and slower."

"He'll be here. Relax."

"I'm going to text him again."

"Leave him alone. He would've texted you if plans had changed."

She groaned in frustration.

I knew she got this way when she was ovulating. She always got aggressively horny.

When he arrived, she was almost a wreck. She was making a face of supreme

impatience.

He carried in Brenda and two large travel bags. His smile was bright and happy. He saw her look and his face fell. "Is everything all right? Should I go back home?"

Mary huffed. "Um, no."

Drew set down his daughter.

My wife grabbed his arm. "We need some privacy. Like, right now."

Drew laughed nervously. "Oh, well, okay."

Mary smiled at me sweetly. "Honey, would you take care of the kids? We're going to shut the door until they're in bed."

I made large eyes at her. "Sure."

I had some biscuits with jam set out for the kids. I got them situated in the kitchen. When I came into the living room, I heard the distinct sounds of moaning. Wow, no foreplay. She really wanted to be fucked, badly.

I sat in the living room, listening to the moaning get louder. I started to hear Drew groaning, too. When the headboard started banging against the wall, the kids were done eating.

"Playroom?" I asked.

The two of them jumped around. I let them in and shut the door. The two of them attacked the toybox, slinging toys out around them.

I went back into the living room. The banging of the headboard was louder. My wife was crying out loudly, "Yes, fuck me! Yes, yes, deep. Unhhh... fuck me..."

The bed stopped creaking. Then I heard her moan, but muffled, as if her face were down in the pillow.

Slapping sounds, rising moans and the headboard banging again with such force it was rattling the bedroom door flooded the living room.

By the time I figured the kids were ready for bed, I could tell Drew was nearing his orgasm. I tucked the two into bed in Brandon's room and tried to talk over the noise of Drew fucking my wife.

I shut the door to our son's bedroom as I heard Drew and my wife grunting in animalistic release. I sighed. Damn, I missed it. No point in going in there, now.

I went into my office and edited while I gave them time. I started to get sleepy a bit later. I hit Save and turned off. Then I went to check on them.

The lamp was on and I could see Mary curled up against his side. She was fast asleep. He looked up and gave me a questioning look.

Bah, action over. I waved and shut the door.

~ ~ ~

I was awakened on my pullout a little after one in the morning.

The headboard was banging very lightly on the wall again. Their moans were a lot quieter this time.

I rolled over. It was too late. Time enough tomorrow for all that.

~ ~ ~

I heard the shower running in the morning. It ran for a long time.

They did not come out for breakfast.

I handled the kids during breakfast while sounds of Drew fucking my wife again drifted through the house.

Brenda asked, "Where is daddy?"

I smiled. "He's down that hall, but he's busy with Brandon's mom. He'll be out later."

That seemed to satisfy her. She bounced with Brandon into the playroom.

They came out near noon.

Mary came out, running happily. "Wow, starving. Are the kids okay?"

"Yep. Having fun?"

Her eyebrows rose and fell. She giggled. "Oh yeah."

Drew peeked over her shoulder and gave me a smile.

Mary said, "Just came out for a quick bite. We're going to go for a fourth."

Drew made an unsure face, but still kept his smile.

I said, "Oh, all right." I couldn't be watching with the kids awake.

~ ~ ~

Mary stayed in the bedroom with Drew the entire weekend.

They didn't fuck the whole time; there were long periods of silence and periods of quiet talking and laughing. I didn't want to interrupt those.

They fucked again Saturday night before the kids were in bed. I couldn't watch that one. I knew it would be a while before Drew or my wife felt they could go

again, so I never opened the door.

She came out in a long t-shirt, panting for breath as I was putting the kids to bed.

Drew came in and gave Brenda a kiss goodnight.

We stood in the kitchen and drank water.

I said, "I guess I keep missing the good stuff."

Drew shrugged. "I think it worked out good. Being with her in privacy has been nice."

"Oh."

Mary was leaning against him smiling. She said to me, "I promise I have a lot to tell you. And show you."

I knew what she meant: creampie.

I said, "I'll try to catch you two tomorrow morning, I guess."

Drew was smiling. "Sounds good."

~ ~ ~

Sunday was his last day. Victoria would be home that afternoon.

The kids were in the playroom and I heard them fucking in the bedroom. I went in.

The room smelled of sperm, Mary, and Drew.

She was on the bed, ass in the air as he rammed her from behind. Her eyes were open and she was emitting meaningless syllables. I don't think she realized I was

there. Her face was slack. She was gone. Far gone in lala land as her pussy got pounded.

Drew spared a smile at me and went back to concentrating. But he said to me, "I don't know if I can do it. Feels like my balls have been pounded with a sledgehammer."

His shaft drove down into my wife's upturned pussy.

There was wet and dried sperm all over the sheets. Huge puddles of it were all across the middle, both old and newer.

He said, "Can you talk me through it?"

"Huh?" I looked down the hall. Nothing.

"Tell me you want me to fuck your wife. Pull out your cock and masturbate."

"Oh, uh..."

He gasped, "Do it. It's the only way I'm going to finish." He was blinking his eyes and shaking his head. He blew out a big breath.

I unzipped my shorts and pulled out my cock.

Drew smiled. "That's it. Talk to me; tell me how you want me to fuck your wife. Be creative." He went back to concentrating as he drove down into her.

I stroked. "Fuck her, Drew. Fuck my wife."

He gasped. "Yeah, keep going."

"Fuck her hard." I stroked faster, feeling my erection getting really hard. "Fuck her deep and fill her with your cum."

"Oh fuck, yeah..." He moved faster.

I was mesmerized by his thick cock sliding in and out of my wife's pussy. "Yeah, violate her married pussy. Give her your cock."

He groaned, tensing.

I checked the hall. Safe. I stroked faster and harder. "I'm going to cum watching you fuck my wife."

He gasped loudly and began trembling. "More, more..."

"I want your cock in my wife, deep, squirting your seed into her." I lost it. I scooted close to the bed and launched my pent-up sperm across the sheets. Droplets landed on my wife. She didn't even flinch.

Drew's eyes popped open. "Oh... Fuck... Yes!" His last word was a shout and then his face was screwed up in agony. His body shook and he cried out in grunts of pain and release. His cock continued moving in and out, his balls hanging limply. He trembled violently and then fell over on the bed.

Mary was gone. Her mouth was opening and closing like a fish - small gasps coming from her.

EPILOGUE

It had been a wild weekend. Many more like it were in the future.

We added Drew to our lives in a satisfying way. He fucked my wife and we both loved it. He came over a few times a week and fucked Mary silly, leaving us with the wonderful after-effects: his seed in her; her energized love for me; and the promise he would be back again.

Yes, it lost its special edge. Of course it did. His relationship with my wife settled into normalcy. They fucked as normal as she and I fucked. It became a part of our lives that enriched everyone involved.

I had never seen Mary happier. She positively glowed and all her self-doubts and fears were gone.

I never tired of seeing her and Drew fucking; it was beautiful. And her used pussy was a gift to me proving she had overcome her doubts. She was born for this, and we embraced it happily.

I don't know if Drew's wife would ever find out; neither my wife nor I cared. For as long as he was able, Drew was welcome in our home, in our bed, and his cock in my wife.

Thank you for reading Honey I Met a Guy at the Park. Reviews are always appreciated.