

Hotwife Confessions, Vol.1

by Don Jetman

Hotwife Confessions 1 - Coming Clean

We had planned this - for her to have any man she wanted for the first time, and to have him as I watched. We had prepared for his visit with some wine, maybe a bit too much. But now he was here, in our bedroom, his hands running up and down her body, cupping her breasts through her blouse.

She had wanted someone powerfully built and confident. Someone who would "take charge" when he arrived to fuck her in front of me. A man who would know what to do and wouldn't let her or me change our minds. And he hadn't wasted any time being just that. Telling me where to sit and watch. Stroking her face and neck as he told her how fuckable she was.

She stood frozen for a while, seemingly terrified of what might come next. She let him unfasten her slacks, tuck his fingers inside the elastic of her panties, and push them halfway down her thighs. The crisp, black material of her slacks and the pale blue panties, bunched tightly together just above her knees, bound her legs as though he had planned it to prevent her escape.

His hand went to her lower belly, stroking it gently, making her shiver. Her eyes were fixed on me, uncertain whether to show me how much she liked it. When he lowered his hand and spread the lips of her wet sex with his fingers, it was no longer a secret.

He whispered to her a few times and she looked away. A sheet of ebony hair fell over her face as she shook her head, hiding anything more her eyes might have told me. That and her black pubic hair where his hand worked was all I saw. Until I heard her reluctant whimper.

"Do you fuck other men behind your husband's back?" he asked her.

"No," she answered.

"I think you do."

"No, never," she told him.

"Don't lie to me. I can tell when you're lying."

She glanced at me, then looked back into his eyes. He had undone all the buttons of her blouse. His hand was inside, prying under her bra. I could see the outline of his fingers over the nipple of her right breast. She was breathing deeply, shivering.

"Almost never," she whispered.

"When?" he demanded. "How long ago?"

Her eyes met mine again for a second.

"Don't look at him! When was the last time you fucked a man behind his back? Remember, I can tell when you're lying."

A minute passed, then two. She was struggling to keep her composure, determined not to give in. I knew she had never fucked anyone else. She had just surrendered to his suggestion for a second, telling him what he wanted to hear as her body responded to him. It was just part of the game. Right?

"Years ago - two years..." The words erupted from her, words that suddenly sounded like the confession of a long-kept secret.

"Who?" he demanded.

It came pouring out of her. I wasn't sure if she still knew I was in the room - or maybe she just no longer cared.

"Jeff - it was Jeff, my husband's boss. At a party - his company Christmas party."

She was whispering. Did she think I might not hear?

"Where? Where did you fuck him? In his office?"

"His - his bedroom. Not at work. The party was - at his house."

"You fucked him with your husband there? In the same house?"

"I - I didn't plan it - it was just that once. I was drinking - everyone was drinking."

"So, you got drunk and fucked your husband's boss? Like a common slut?"

"He - we - I was upstairs, in the bathroom. He opened the door - I forgot to lock it. Then - then we were kissing. Then - we were on the bed - having sex. It was - it just, happened. "

"Did he cum inside you? Did you let him cum in you?"

I saw a tear escape down her cheek.

"We - we didn't plan it - we were drinking - and then it just happened. It didn't mean anything. It just happened - and, and it was over so soon, in just a few minutes. We never did it again - never - just that one time - just once..."

"So you went back to the party, back to your husband, with his boss's cum inside ^you?"

"I - I couldn't tell him. He never knew."

It was like she was in some kind of trance, hypnotized by him, letting the words spill out over her trembling lips. My reaction was shock, but surprisingly, not anger. Jeff had been a great boss, and a good friend, a genuinely nice guy. Barbara had always liked him - I could tell by the way she smiled at him, by the way her voice became a little more sultry when she was around him. All the signs had been there, although they were so subtle I found it a little amusing at the time. I guess I found it a little exciting as well. Now, imagining them together in Jeff's bed while I was celebrating in the same house overcame any jealousy I might have felt. My God, she really did fuck him - my "innocent" Barbara. She came back to me minutes later that night with Jeff's cum still inside her, smiling at me, touching me, like nothing had happened. Funny, I always thought I'd be able to tell when she had sex with anyone else, especially just after it happened.

"Would you have fucked him again if he wanted you? If he kissed you when the two of you were alone?"

"No - I - I mean - I don't know. I guess, maybe - maybe - oh God..."

He had been undressing her as they talked. Her slacks had worked their way down around her ankles as he fingered her.

"Are you thinking about him now? Thinking about him sticking his cock in you, fucking you in his bed?"

She was trembling, her eyes closed, her head thrown back as she thrust her pelvis against his hand. Then it happened.

With a sudden shudder, she came, her body shaking with spasms, her voice trailing off into a long, quiet moan.

Hotwife Confessions 2 - Dirty Secrets

"C'mon, I told you plenty of my fantasies. Just one - a new one - one I'd never guess."

She was lying beside me in bed, enjoying the touch of my fingertips over her belly. She rolled her head toward me, her eyes peering seriously into mine. It was nearly dark. My wife's face, the angelic features now pale, almost glowing in the darkness, was startlingly beautiful. She hesitated, thinking.

"Tell me," I begged softly. "You know you can tell me anything."

"Can I?" she answered.

I gazed into wide, black pupils set into an unflinching porcelain mask. What was behind it? I had to know.

"Do you remember Adam?"

I didn't. No one came to mind. Was it someone I met briefly, while she was in school?

"The singer, in your band, when we first dated?" I could barely see her lips move in the dark.

I remembered him as being a mediocre talent, usually late, and an arrogant smart-ass. I never got to know him too well outside our rehearsals and bookings. I didn't like him much.

"I used to watch him all the time on stage. He wore those tight pants - I loved looking at his body - those muscular thighs, that tight butt. Didn't you ever notice how big the outline of his penis was?"

No, I hadn't. In fact, I didn't remember his tight pants, or much else about him on stage. And I definitely didn't remember her drooling over him from the audience. Her fantasy was certainly fiction.

"He had all these girls around him, wherever you played. Sometimes during your breaks he would disappear with them. You don't remember? It happened all the time, in every club."

I did remember how popular he was with the girls. She was right - but they weren't only groupies. They would flirt with him while their boyfriends were in the club, sometimes while they were at their sides. I could never understand why. I figured someday he'd get taken apart by some angry boyfriend or husband, but it never happened. He always had his choice of any girl in the room, and never hesitated to take advantage of it.

"I wanted to flirt with him so much that it took everything I had to resist. But I couldn't, because I knew you would have been so mad at me. You didn't know it, but he came on to me every time you weren't around. I used to fantasize that I was one of those girls, that he would tell me he wanted to have sex with me. I didn't care who might hear - in fact, I wanted everyone to hear him proposition me, except you, of course. I would act embarrassed and tell him that I was your girlfriend, and that I didn't do things like that.

"But later we would sneak off together, outside, to his car. I would peel those tight pants off him and get to see him naked - those thighs, that butt, and how huge his penis was when he was hard. I would beg him to do it, to have sex with me, but to hurry before you found us. We would have sex in his car - no kissing or anything, just quick, spontaneous sex. I had imagined for the longest time how big he would be inside me, and how good it would feel to cum with him, how exciting and how dirty it was, all at the same time.

"When you went on stage again, I watched every inch of his body and replayed every second of the sex with him, over and over. I smiled at you like I always do, and you smiled back. Knowing I had just been with him, and that you had no idea, was especially exciting for some reason. For once I was the bad girl, the one he picked, the one who went off and had sex with him. I had this dirty secret, and as long as you didn't know about it, I could bring back every detail of that night whenever I wanted."

Her eyes drifted away from mine now and then, as though she was reliving the night while telling me. I edged my fingers between her legs. She was soaked.

"Pretend I'm him," I whispered. "Pretend you're with him, in bed this time, fucking him when I'm not here. Will you do that?"

Her fingers found my erection, squeezing a drop of pre-cum onto her hand as she milked me. With a knowing smile, she pulled me on top of her.

"Again," she whispered, smiling in the darkness. "I'll do it, again..."

Hotwife Confessions 3 - Happy Birthday, Darling

"I have a surprise for your birthday."

It's the middle of summer - a weeknight. She's changed out of her proper white blouse and charcoal business skirt into a robin's-egg blue tank top and loose white shorts. I can see the shape of her nipples through the top.

She leads me to our bedroom. It's dark, lit only by a few small candles placed around the room. She seats me at the foot of the bed, puts on some slow, sexy music, and ties my wrists to the arms of the chair. My bonds are fragile, symbolic - soft ribbon tied lightly in a single pass. It's dark red, but looks almost black in the shadows where I sit.

"What do you want more than anything?" she whispers in my ear.

I'm thinking, then start to answer, but she answers for me.

"Shhhh - I know what you want. Something unselfish - something we can both enjoy." And she turns and leaves me there, alone in my birthday chair.

She returns a minute later with a man in tow. He's tall, huge, built like a bodybuilder. She seems so small and fragile beside him - his arm the size of her thigh, her hand lost in his. He wears a mask, tight blue jeans, and nothing else.

She strips him slowly, running her hands over his body. His erection seems almost angry, bobbing and twitching, anxious to find its way inside her, but she caresses it with feather touches, in awe of its beauty and power.

In time, he strips her as well. They kiss and fondle each other like familiar lovers. My wife goes to her knees and sucks him. His erection is huge, and she licks and sucks like it's the most delicious thing she's ever tasted.

He picks her up in his arms, puts her on the bed, slides between her legs, and makes love to her before my eyes. I can see him sliding in and out of her, his thick meat stretching and tugging at her pussy-lips. Her legs circle his waist in a tight knot. They orgasm together. She moans and bucks against him. He grunts and thrusts, pumping his semen into her.

After a minute, he simply gets up, silently gathers his clothes, and leaves. My wife comes over to me, unzips my pants, takes out my cock, sits on my lap, and puts it inside her. She kisses me deeply, riding me slowly, up and down. I feel her breath on my neck. I feel his semen inside her. It's wet, slippery, robbing me of the usual tight fist of her pussy, all friction now gone. She whispers, her lips and tongue dancing over my ear, "Happy birthday, Darling. Do you like my present?"

Hotwife Confessions 4 - She's an Open Book

It was just sitting there on her dressing table, surrounded by small containers of flesh-colored powder and shiny, erect cylinders tipped with pink and red. I recognized the scarlet cover, the little book she scribbles in before she comes to bed. The tiny gold latch was open, the key to the lock nowhere in sight. Had she forgotten to fasten it, or had it failed to latch when she locked it before leaving?

She left just twelve hours ago, on her way to Paris with her firm's two additional partners. She had invited me a week ago, but I declined. As if the flight wasn't long enough, three attorneys talking contracts and taxes wasn't exactly my idea of a romantic getaway.

I lifted the diary. It was heavy for its size. It had the texture of velvet as I ran my fingers over the cover, testing, deciding whether I should look inside. Would she even know, or did she want me to know? Either way, my curiosity got the best of me. I opened it to the last few pages and read.

April 21

Paris trip next week. This one is special - I'll have plenty of time to enjoy myself after the first day. Can't wait. I'll miss Michael, but honestly, it's nice to just get away once in a while. He's a sweet man

and a good husband, but sometimes sweet just gets boring. Where's the adventure? The excitement? Oh, who am I kidding - Michael's everything to me. I love him. Still, if there was only a little Craig or Alex in him. Funny I should put it like that! Thinking of a little of Craig in me is what keeps me sane sometimes. Oh god, I didn't just write that, did I?

April 22

Work is insane. We thought we were prepared for everything, then everything changes. Weeks of work to be redone in days. Damn it! It's 2:00 AM, I just got in, and Michael's sleeping like a baby. Just as well. I'm exhausted and don't feel like talking to anyone. The guys are fun to be around and great to work with (and yummy to feast my eyes on), but after so many hours, "I want - to be - alone". Alex walked me to the parking garage tonight. Ummm, those dark Italian eyes. He groped me a little in the elevator. Played with my tits as we stared into each other's eyes. I was surprised, but guess it's been simmering for a while. Didn't kiss him. Still, those eyes. He's soooo gorgeous! It's taken him a year to make a pass? Why? Guess we were all tired. Kidding myself again - I'd never let him go further. Would I?

April 23

More work, more changes, more insanity. Another late night. Michael's asleep again, so cute snuggled in bed, his little erection bulging up from under the covers. Guess I haven't been taking care of that lately. How long has it been? He never complains though. Wish he would sometimes. Are our sex drives mismatched? I was so horny tonight, almost useless at work. Alex made an extra effort not to look at me, which only made things worse. I knew he was thinking about me. About last night. Couldn't help undressing him in my mind - what does he look like naked? I was soaked by the time we finished. Was he hard? No walk to my car tonight though - think he was embarrassed. Don't even know what I'd do if he told me he wanted me. Probably just blush and remind him I'm married. Still, thinking of his hands on me again makes me wet.

Craig hasn't seemed to notice, which is probably a very good thing. Would he be jealous? I mean, it's not like we're in love. Just in lust. But they are best friends. Oh hell, Craig's a big boy, so I doubt he'd care. No strings there, just sex. What would it be like to be with both of them, two men at once? Kidding myself again - the three of us? But I can dream. I played with myself in the garage when I got home tonight, thinking of Alex, then being with both guys together. Couldn't help making some noise when I came. My god, what if Michael had still been up and heard me? I have to admit, it's the best orgasm I've had in a while. Must have sex with Michael - this is getting out of hand.

April 24

I wonder sometimes why Michael isn't at least a little jealous. I'm spending all these late hours with Craig and Alex. and Michael and I haven't had sex in ages. Does he think other men don't notice me? If he only knew. I love the way Craig touches me, but he doesn't really "touch" me. I wonder - if Michael knew how Craig touches me, would he be jealous? Of course he would. But sometimes I think about how it would be if Michael forgave me my little "itch" now and then - how it would be if I could say, "Michael, I'm going to see Craig and have a little fun," and he'd accept it as though I'm going to get my hair done, or to have a workout at the gym. He'd let me scratch my little itch, and then he'd make love to me later as though nothing happened. Sometimes when I walk by him after my shower, naked, and he doesn't even look at me, I think maybe he wouldn't mind so much if I had a little fun with Craig now and then. But I guess that wouldn't seem much different than things are now. Michael, Michael, Michael - would you really mind if you knew another man put his hands on me? Oh please - who am I kidding?

April 25

All packed for Paris. Michael noticed the nightie Craig bought me. Thought I had slipped it underneath my clothes when he wasn't looking. Uh oh. Told him it was old, that he probably just forgot about it. He believed me, but wanted me to put it on. I did. Finally had sex with him - great sex. Poor guy was drooling - I couldn't refuse. Must do that more often. Great but a little weird - getting Michael hot wearing something Craig gave me. Shouldn't I feel more guilty? No one "touches" me like Michael. Absolutely no one. Nice way to say goodbye.

A week with Craig and Alex in Paris. Mmmm - should be interesting. Alex fawned over me all day today. Put his hand on my butt in Craig's office, just for a few seconds. Looked up and saw Craig grinning. So, he doesn't mind? Something was different with them - I wonder if they're up to something? Both grinning at each other all day when they thought I wasn't looking. Am I imagining it? God, I can't let myself believe what I'm thinking, what I'm fantasizing about. If they both wanted me, I don't think I could say no. If they both wanted me together, in Paris, oh God, they could have me, as often as they wanted me. What would you think, Michael? Could you forgive me? For letting my two fantasy guys ravage my body every night? Would you be able to tell that Craig and Alex fucked your horny wife night after night while I was gone? Could you see it on my face when I come home? I would be a different woman - could you tell? When you put your penis in me, could you tell that Craig's monster had been there all week? That Alex might have taken my ass at the same time? Couldn't you understand, just this once? Oh Michael, if you only knew how wet I am just thinking about it. But I'd come back to you and fuck you senseless, fuck you like you've never been fucked before. Wouldn't that be worth it, Michael? Say yes. Please say yes. I'll miss you, my sweet, sweet husband. I love you, Michael.

The rest of the pages were blank. My hands were shaking. I imagined the three of them in bed together, legs and arms intertwined, tangled in crisp, white hotel sheets. I could see Elizabeth, her black hair fanned out across a large, white pillow, her neck arched, head back, lips parted slightly as her whimpers filled the room. I could see her body tense, then suddenly spasm and writhe on the king-sized bed, one eager partner between her legs, the other sucking her breasts, licking her belly. Night after night she would be with them, welcoming them into her bed, or eagerly crawling into theirs. For an entire week, not one, but two men would own her. Two men would find the warm, moist folds between her long, slim legs, push their way through the wisps of soft, dark hair, and enter her. Two men would make her come, over and over again. Two men would fill her with their seed, and she would eagerly accept it, every drop.

I was kicked in the gut, stabbed in the heart - wounded, angry, jealous...

...and hard.