

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black bra, black gloves, and black stockings, is the central figure. She is looking towards the camera. Behind her are two shirtless men. One is looking directly at the camera, and the other is looking down. The background is dark with some red lighting effects.

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Hotwife Switch

Tinto Selvaggio

Hotwife Switch 2

**First Time Shared Wife & The Owned Wives
Harem**

By Tinto Selvaggio

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Description:

Ashley struggles to pick up the pieces after his wife succumbs to their lodger in her first hotwife experience.

But he's conflicted. He can't forget the thrilling intensity of that night, yet he fears for his relationship.

His wife Marcella on the other hand is both confused by the way she's behaved and by her husband's real feelings for her.

Now Finn's initial trial period as their houseguest is coming to an end and the husband and wife have a huge decision to make.

Do they let their lodger go, and with him his invaluable help in fixing up their dilapidated new home? Do they lose rent money which has proved crucial in their time of need? Or can Ashley come to terms with what happened? If so, he will have to maintain his marriage alongside the man who's proved experienced and skilled enough to seduce his once-loyal wife. All within days of arriving in their home.

But there's another problem too. Namely some of the other people in the lodger's life. Those who, should they find out what the couple has been involved in, will undoubtedly have their own agendas for Ashley and Marcella.

Elsewhere, Kevin & Evie (most recently from 'The Coupled Hotwife') receive two invitations. One for a 'Group' get-together with his new workmates at Richmond Coyle's firm, and another from somewhere much closer to home...

This is a c. 33k+ word full-size novella ebook adventure of hotwife sharing erotic romance. Written from the husband's point of view, it contains explicit descriptions of sexual action and other activity including wife sharing, voyeurism, submission, cuckold humiliation, spanking, and rough sex. Only mature adults who won't find that offensive should read this.

Chapter One

Ashley

I sit on the armchair in our living room with my laptop open on my bare knee and the screen saying it's *still* updating. Man, it's taking *forever*. An empty blue and silver beer can from last night lays crushed on the coffee table in front of me. I meant to toss it in the trash as soon as I came in here this morning and smelt the stale alcohol. But I'm in a rush. *Come on, come on, get on with it. Load, can't you?*

I glance across at the sofa. Over there would be a better place to see the screen now that the sun's coming up through the window behind me. I know that. But the sofa is where it *happened*. My wife. And *him*. My stomach lurches. Just being back in this room was hard enough the first few days. I twist around in the armchair and grimace at the gold and white beams of sunlight. They pierce through from behind the elm tree branches and push out ominous shadows over the garden. I drag the curtain halfway back across the window.

That's better, but I still feel like crap. I should have forced myself to stay in bed and at least *try* to get back off to sleep. I've got stuff to do around the house while I'm off work today. But even though it was still dark when I woke, the whole situation with Marcie was on my mind right away.

How could any husband in my position calmly drift back to sleep?

Finally, the laptop screen asks for my PIN. I type it in then check the time on the bottom right-hand corner of the screen. *Should still be half an hour or so before Finn gets up for work. I don't want to be here when he does.* I've avoided him as much as possible over the last week. He always asks me whether we're 'Still good' and if Marcie's 'OK'.

I tell him 'Yes'. *But are we?* I haven't left her alone in the house with him since that night. But that can't continue. It makes scheduling my mobile clients too difficult.

I click into Firefox and then onto the usual hotwife community website. I tap through the home page and onto the forum tab. I scroll down the sky blue and white columns and search for the question I posted over the weekend. I wanted a wider range of feedback. Beyond the advice from the two other husbands I usually chat to here.

Below my question outlining what took place on that sofa and asking for advice on what to do now, are one – two - *three*, new responses.

I guess mild elation is pretty inappropriate in the circumstances but I click into the first reply. I'm too impatient to read it properly. I scan the brief message for key details.

The elation lasts only a second or two before heaviness sinks through me again.

The responder praises Marcie's body -especially her legs- but he just wants more photos. When I posted the question I included one of her sunbathing in her little shorts and top. It doesn't show her face, but I thought it would generate more interest and responses. Oh, and he'd like to 'Screw her'. If we ever visit his state.

I click into the second and lengthier response.

'If she's already been with the guy then what's the problem? Just tell her how great it was the first time and that you want to see more of the same.'

Yeah. If only it were that simple.

Or am I over complicating it?

He goes on (and on) to talk about his own situation with a wife who seems to have cuckolded him countless times before. Not a lot of help to me.

I scan the third response and it seems written by someone a little less self-obsessed. But he sounds experienced. I read again from the beginning.

'You're in a new and different phase now,' he says and emphasizes the need to 'Tread carefully'.

Tell me about it. It's like what I'm walking on at the moment with Marcie are eggshells. One night my wife's in the horniest mood ever. The next, I get the silent treatment. And my *own* feelings are equally erratic.

I read some more. Similar to one of the guys I chat regularly with on here, this messenger too stresses how important it is for me and Marcie to 'Talk honestly' to one another about what happened. And for me to 'Constantly reassure' her about what she did.

Reassurance is a word I keep hearing a lot of. But even though I've tried to tell her I'm fine with what she did, she knows me. I'm pretty sure she understands that I'm as conflicted as her.

'Hey, u shit the bed?' A DM pops up when I'm on the fourth or fifth paragraph of this final response. It's the guy who gave me advice before Marcella and Finn ever...

'Couldn't sleep,' I type back.

'Still hyper about wife and him?'

'Yup.'

'Anything else happen since we last spoke?'

'No, and she doesn't want to talk about it.'

'U need to make her.'

'She's strong-willed. Won't do anything she doesn't want to,' my fingers click across the keyboard. And as they do, it dawns on me as if for the first time, that maybe it wasn't just the cunning of an experienced older guy like Finn that got his hands into my wife's panties. Nor was it just my ham-fisted plotting and goading him behind her back, or coaxing her in bed about him all the time.

The simple fact is there's no way Marcella would have broken her marriage vows to go with any other guy unless she was strongly attracted to him. *So* strongly that she was prepared to do the previously unthinkable.

And that knowledge both knocks me sick and stirs my cock and balls in my shorts.

‘?’ Appears in the box on my screen and I must have been lost in thought.

‘Still here,’ I reply, ‘Just thinking.’

‘U can do too much of that’, he says, ‘Need to talk and take action. Like we discussed before she cucked u.’

‘Cucked’. A Cuckold. That’s what I am now. Cuckold. Marcie’s cuckold. The concept somehow deadens me but makes me crackle inside.

‘I don’t know what happens now,’ I type in desperation.

‘Can go several ways,’ he says, ‘Have to decide what u both want. Him too. Carry it on, or end it?’

Carry it on though. It wasn’t even supposed to happen the way it did that night. It was supposed to be just teasing, wasn’t it? To encourage it to continue scarcely bares thinking about. And yet...

‘Deciding is part of the problem,’ I type fast, ‘My fucking head is all over the place’. One minute I can’t bear it and I want him gone. The next, I want to see it again.’

He replies with a laughing yellow emoji. ‘Welcome to the club. Extreme mood swings are part of the gate fee. U need to get clear on next steps. Then talk to her about it.’

‘Never considered how this bit would feel - the aftermath or whatever,’ I type.

‘No matter how hot it was to watch, u still been through trauma. Happens to us all,’ he adds a smiley face.

His words and the reminder that what I’m feeling is probably inevitable, calm me a little. As does the fact that he not only got through his own ‘trauma’, but can seemingly laugh about it now too.

‘She said she wants to do it again?’ he asks.

‘No,’ I gaze above the laptop screen, beyond the coffee table with the upended beer can, and over to the dining area and table near the far wall. I try to imagine how to bring up the subject with Marcie of how she feels now about Finn. It should be straightforward, but on some level maybe I’m scared of what she’ll say.

‘In bed, I’ve talked about him and what they did together,’ my fingers pound the letters out.

‘How she react?’

‘Tried to stop me talking about him. But she got off on it.’

‘Good sign’.

‘You reckon?’

‘Is if u want her to do it again.’

‘Right.’

‘You done the hard part, the level most wanna-be’s never even reach. Getting her to spread 1st time for another guy.’

His words and phrasing thicken my cock.

‘This is crucial period tho,’ he adds, ‘She’ll be processing guilt, shame, insecurity.’

‘She’s not the only one.’

‘She’ll be insecure about your feelings for her,’ he replies.

‘How come?’

‘That u don’t trust her now. Can’t forgive her. U blame her. Whatever.’

My face burns and there’s a little truth in each of those last three suggestions he’s made.

‘Guess I have been thinking she went for it way more easily than I expected. And did more than I ever expected her to.’

‘Don’t tell her that,’ he says with a yellow face that has a finger held to it’s mouth.

‘I don’t plan to.’

‘All went down so smooth because u prepped well,’ he says, ‘And u got a great coach,’ again the crying laughter face.

I return the same yellow head. But somewhere inside I’m still not certain I actually ever told her beforehand that I wanted her to go the whole way with Finn. Tease and flirt with him, yes. Even put those cuffs on him and sit on his lap. OK, kiss him at one point too, I guess. *But did I ever explicitly say I wanted it to lead to sex?*

‘Could be insecure too cos u encouraged her,’ he says ‘Like; How could u want that from her if u really loved her etc.’

‘Same reason she could let him fuck her even though she really loves me?’ I reply with more bitterness than I intend and in some of my bleakest moments before dawn, I’ve even wondered if I’ve misread her true feelings for me all these years.

And yet without me pushing them together, nothing would have ever happened between my wife and the lodger.

‘Then there’s insecurity u might retaliate and go with another woman,’ he says, ‘Same things that make them nervous before their first time.’

‘No way,’ I say and I mean it. Another woman is the last thing I want.

‘It’s a normal fear,’ his message says, ‘And another reason u and her need to talk. Reassure her.’

There’s that word again.

‘Make sure she knows you love her all the more because of what she did. For u.’

For 'me'. That could be the key to all this. For both me and her. Remind us that without me pushing her, none of this would have happened. No matter how attractive she and Finn found one another.

'Hey man,' Another DM pops up, 'Saw your forum post. OK to chat a sec?'

'Sure,' I say, happy to try to juggle both conversations if it means wider insights.

'Your sexy blonde lady sure gave it up pretty fast to the house-guest, didn't she?' he says, 'How many days the bull even been there?'

The question echoes another I've asked myself a thousand times and it curdles my gut again.

A faint alarm beeps from somewhere and interrupts my inner epilogue. I glance up and across the living room to the small hallway on the right that leads to Finn's room. I check the time again.

Shit, he'll be out here on his way to the kitchen in a minute.

I close my laptop and head in the other direction with it. Down the longer hallway on the left and toward our bedroom.

I know it's still too early for Marcie to be out of bed so I open the bedroom door softly. It's lighter in here than when I left the room before. I could wake her gently and see if she'll talk before work. But I doubt she'd welcome serious dialog first thing on a Monday morning. And what exactly would I say? That last online message about how quickly she gave it up to Finn is confusing my thinking all over again.

I step barefoot from the bedroom floor tiles and onto the soft rug at the foot of our bed. On the bed itself, the patterned, brown duvet has partly slipped away from Marcie's body. Below her short, white nightdress, one of her toned legs is on show. Right the way up to her thigh.

Thighs that Finn has been between.

My groin stirs. I slip my laptop onto the dresser and push down my shorts. My cock springs out stiff now and eager. I slide into bed and snuggle up against her back. Inhale her hair.

She murmurs and then her butt in the back of her short nightdress moves against me.

I rest the underside of my hard-on against the cotton-covered crease between her butt cheeks and I caress her exposed thigh.

“You feel good,” I whisper in her ear and run an open palm over the smooth, warm skin of her thigh.

Finn's been inside her. She let him handcuff her. She came so hard when he had her like that. Fuck.

“What time is it?” she murmurs and still sounds half-asleep.

“A little after six-thirty,” I kiss the back of her neck and ease a hand under her nightdress then around the front of her body, over the flat of her stomach, and up to her tits.

“Oh,” she groans and ordinarily I'd think that was encouragement but now I'm not sure. “I have to get ready for work,” she says and turns to me.

“Not yet you don't,” I say and fondle her tits, I kiss her mouth.

“Not now Ash,” she shakes her head and sits up. She pulls her nightdress back over her body, “I've got to shower.”

I sigh and roll over onto my back. Cock in my fist under the covers.

Out of the bed and Marcie pulls her nightdress over her head and off. She shakes her blonde hair around her shoulders.

Fuck, she looks good. Even this early in the day. It breaks my heart to know someone else has had her now. But I'm rock-hard for the same reason.

She looks back at me with a smile and saunters out to the en-suite.

I was going to wait until the house was empty before jacking off. But I can't. Despite my uncertainty and confusion about the whole state of our relationship and about what we should do next, I lean out of bed and retrieve her nightdress from the floor. I hold it to my face and stroke.

Is this how good my wife smelt to Finn when he had his hands all over her? When he fucked her? Oh, Marcie.

Later, after we've both dressed and Finn long gone to the site, I join her in the kitchen as she leans back against the worktop with her coffee. Her hair is scraped back in her no-nonsense, business style and she's wearing a gray, turtleneck jumper that can't hide pert boobs. Her lipstick is vivid red which makes them look more pillowed than ever. Now wonder she sometimes gets wrongly accused of having them 'filled'. And no wonder some of the married guys at her office feign personal problems just to try and spend time with their hot HR manager.

And no wonder Finn was so keen to have her.

My gut feels bilious again.

"Well, I better go," she says and the heels of her ankle boots click across the floor tiles. She pours the dregs of her coffee down the sink and I admire the undersides of her round butt in conservative brown pants beneath the jumper. It wouldn't matter what my wife wore really. Completely disguising a figure like hers would be an impossibility.

"OK," I say and watch her grab her brown, leather shoulder bag. "Look, I'm up early enough to get loads of stuff done around the house and in the garden today," I say, "and I've only got a couple of mobile clients early evening. Why don't we have a night off from DIY tonight? Meet for a glass of wine after you've finished work? Be good for you and me to talk."

"Ash, we shouldn't be out spending money on a week night," she shakes her head and baby blue eyes look through the contents of her bag. She pulls out her car keys.

“Just one drink won't do any harm,” I say, “we can talk more freely when we're alone.”

“We'll soon be able to do that here as much as we like,” she says and kisses the side of my face. She smells good.

“What do you mean?” I gaze at her.

“Finn's trial is up at the end of next week, isn't it?” she shrugs, “Obviously he can't stay here any longer, Ash. Not after what happened.”

Chapter Two

Kevin

I pause at the curb and wait. My nerves are frayed and well in control of me now. A gleaming, low, red motor that looks like a Ferrari approaches from the left with a growl. There are way more high-end cars in this whole area than there ever were where I used to work. I draw in another deep breath and hold it in my chest. A cobalt blue BMW follows the Ferrari but my gaze is drawn higher again. To the other side of the wide boulevard. The imposing, concave front of the gleaming high-rise light stone and polished glass building of Richmond Coyle's corporate HQ. Three monolithic towers that have grown ever-grander and more foreboding each step closer I've got.

A voice in my head started whispering to me over the weekend about how 'Comfortable' and 'Secure' I was in my last job. Boring though it undoubtedly was, right up to finishing there last Friday. But the money on offer here was too great to turn down. And the opportunity to work in the Gaming Industry. It's just knowing that ultimately this is Richmond's business. And from today both me and Evie are his employees.

My stomach quivers.

I check both directions for a likely gap to cross the street, but still, the cars come. I gaze back up at my new workplace. It's a *huge* building. But hopefully, that means I'll rarely see the man I handed my wife to on a leash at Trader's that last time.

'Will you try to find out when he wants to see me again Kev?' Evie asked when she was kissing me goodbye this morning, *'It's ages since the three of us were in his hotel suite.'*

I told her there was no way I could have a conversation like that on my first day. Even if I did see him. I'm not sure I'd ever want to ask Richmond

Coyle a direct question like that. *The man who effectively prostitutes my wife with the clients at his nightclub. The man who's made me kneel to...*

My cock stirs in my pants. But not enough to distract my focus. Insisting that Evie took the chastity belt off me last night was a smart move. *A fucking necessity.* The first day in a new job is no time to be incapable of thinking straight.

Finally a gap between passing cars and along with several suited and booted strangers on either side of me, I cross toward the building.

Monetarily as I approach the entrance another recurring insecurity crosses my mind. What if my job performance is a disappointment to my new boss Huey Mather? And if Richmond gets to hear of it? What if I only got hired because of Evie?

I can't think that way.

Inside where every surface is polished and every voice echoes, I introduce myself to one of the glamorous, middle-aged receptionists. But before I accept the offer of waiting for Huey in one of several chrome and leather seats, I head for the washroom with my bowels slack again. Spencer, who I'll be working with, assured me that non of our co-workers know anything about his wife and Huey. So that should mean word won't get out about Evie and Richmond. Or - God forbid - her and Traders.

I head back from the marble washrooms to the waiting area and consider the additional request Richmond made of me when I was offered this job. To 'Extol the virtues' of Evie working at Traders'. To help persuade Spencer that his wife should join mine as an employee there.

How am I supposed to achieve that?

I sit and watch the comings and goings across the wide open reception area space and there seem to be some seriously attractive women employed here. Or at least, arriving for meetings. And way too many sharp suits and shiny shoes.

"Kevin!" A voice shouts at last and I stand.

“Hey Spencer,” I extend a hand to the guy I last chatted to on Zoom. I doubt anyone would look at him and guess he’s a cuckold too. He must be nearly six foot tall and he’s fairly well built, if a little chubby around the face. Not that *I* can talk about weight.

“Great to see you,” she shakes my hand and smiles like he means it, “Welcome to Flamehead.”

Relieved though I am on the one hand that it’s neither of our ‘bulls’ come to greet me, some other part of my brain wonders why neither bothered.

Does it indicate the *real* reason I’m here? *Evie?*

I’m taken up in an elevator but am trying to orientate myself mentally even as Spencer chats about my ‘Day one Induction.’

The elevator doors swish smoothly open and I’m led out into a large open plan area and introduced first to ‘Douglas’ a black guy who’s part of the Flamehead team and then two other guys - Adam and Frankie who, unless it’s my anxiety influencing my imagination, seem a whole lot less enthusiastic to meet me. Especially the older guy Frankie, who’s facial expression barely registers anything other than sourness for the whole few minutes I’m with them.

“So let’s take you down to your office Kev,” Spencer says after a while, “Adam, can you get coffee and bring it down for Kevin and me?”

“Wait,” I stare at Spencer, “I’ve got my own office?”

“Yup, right next to mine,” he smiles.

Woah. I never even thought to ask. I never had an office of my own. This will be a new experience. It might be weird though too, not chatting with workmates while I’m on the job. But I guess I won’t have to look at Funtime Frankie’s face every day.

“Here he *is*,” the big-bellied and bespectacled Huey Mather stops us in the corridor. He’s got a huge grin on his bearded face and a black Pacman hoodie on his back. He doesn’t offer me his hand. He hugs me. *Yeah. Hugs*

me. To his round, fleshy warmth. “Great to finally have you on board Bro,” he grins again, “Spens here getting you settled in OK?”

“Yeah great,” I nod and can hardly fault *his* enthusiasm at seeing me.

Although still, that nagging question lingers about my wife’s part in this whole job opportunity.

“Catch you in a short while,” Huey rubs the top of my back and ambles off down the corridor pecking at his cell.

Spencer takes me to the outside of a glass-walled office with an L-shaped, teak wood desk and orange chairs on either side. There are a couple of filing cabinets too and a desktop, “This OK for you?” he points at the room.

I nod my head.

“That’s me right next door,” he points to the adjoining glass-walled office which looks a little larger, has blue, not orange chairs, and framed graphics on the walls.

“Handy,” I say but am not sure whether it’s a good or bad thing to be right alongside someone who I’m guessing will be responsible for training me.

Spencer directs me into his office that smells like mandarins - though I suspect it’s some kind of artificial air freshener- and I’m given an overview of the organizational chart. The trouble is, with so little sleep last night because I lay awake worrying about my first day, I feel a little zombified.

But then the coffee arrives and it gradually revives me.

Spencer glances toward his office door just a second or two before it’s knocked and then opened.

“Can you give us a minute, Bro?” Huey says to Spencer and alongside him is Richmond.

My chest pulls tight and I don’t know whether to get to my feet or not. The main man is dressed less formally than I expect but looks more tanned and relaxed than ever.

“No need to stand, young man. Not on my account,” he smiles then gestures me back into my seat. He reaches over and grips my hand then addresses Spencer, “We’ll give you a shout in five.”

When the three of us are alone, Richmond takes Spencer's place in the chair opposite mine and leans right back. Huey eases his ass onto the edge of a low filing cabinet and crosses his arms.

“We’re delighted to have you here Kevin,” Richmond says and forms steeples with the fingers of both hands, “I don’t want you to feel any pressure at all. This is the first day of what I’m sure will be a long and successful association with Coyle Enterprises and Flamehead in particular. Enjoy yourself and be like a sponge this week.”

My brown knots with confusion.

“Suck up as much information from Huey here, Spencer, and your other colleagues as you can. It will stand you in good stead ahead of starting to make your own contribution to the cause.”

His use of the word ‘Suck’ reddens my face and I shift in my chair.

“Excuse me one second Kevin,” he checks his watch and twists in his seat to face Huey, “I have to bail for the golf course in a minute or two, but I meant to ask you, did you revert to the contact I put you in touch with about the soundtrack for your next release?”

“Time Crime?” Huey says, “We listened to what he sent, but to be honest Richmond, your man Nathan, his music wasn’t that great,” Huey’s face contorts as if he’s eaten undercooked squid.

“I’m sure you can find a spot for one of his tunes somewhere in the game,” Richmond sighs.

“There way better options out there,” Huey shakes his head, “Adam’s on it now.”

“Just make it happen,” Richmond waves dismissively. “It doesn’t matter how little the music features in the finished game. We want him on board.”

“OK,” Huey shrugs, “I’ll give it to Spens to sort.”

“Contact my guy today,” Richmond says, “Let him know the good news.”

Huey nods but rubs the back of his neck.

“Now, Kevin,” Richmond faces me again, “I’m sure that either Spencer or Huey here will have already told you how big we are on team-building at Flamehead. So we thought it would be a nice part of the welcome for you if we had a get-together of sorts with dinner this coming Friday evening. A final dinner at the usual hotel.”

I glance at Huey and then quickly back to Richmond. *The hotel and suite where he’s fucked my wife on countless occasions.* But *Huey’s* coming too?

“*Final* dinner?” I stare at him.

“I’m in the process of finalizing discrete new premises for such soirees,” he glances at his watch and his handsome face grows serious, “Now Friday it will be the six of us.”

“Six?” I repeat. *What the fuck?*

“So you and Evie, Spens and his wife Grace, along with Huey and I.”

He can’t mean all of us in the hotel suite. He must just mean for the dinner. And then maybe afterward me and Evie... I glance at Huey again and he grins at me.

“But to turn it into a *real* party,” Richmond says, “Huey and I might ask for your input and Evie’s too, just to make sure we get the full involvement of Spens and his wife. Huey can fill you in on the details. Now I have to go. You have a great week and we’ll see you Friday evening.”

My phone rings in my pocket a moment or two after Richmond leaves me red-faced with Huey. Still trying to process Richmond’s suggestion about Friday night and the implications of it, I pull out the phone.

Mel? Evie’s step-dad. He *never* phones *me*. We’ve only seen him a couple of times at family events since that night at his. Since that night Evie let

him...And we've hardly spoken to him at all.

"You need to take that?" Huey indicates my phone.

"No, it's fine. I'll let it ring out."

"No worries, Bro," Huey shakes his head and pushes up from the cabinet, "I'll tell Spens he can come back. Take your call. Might be important."

"Mel?" I ask but I'm flustered.

What does he want? Is Evie's Mom OK?

"Oh, Kevin," he says and sounds more chesty than usual, "I was just about to hang up."

Pity you didn't. "I was in a meeting with one of my new bosses. Just started the new job."

"Shoot yeah," he says, "Nadia did mention something. Sorry. Didn't mean to disturb you. I can call you back tonight if you like? Maybe when you're on your way home?"

"No. It's OK now," I say, I don't want him phoning me when I'm with Evie and potentially embarrassing or upsetting her, "if it's a quick one."

"Yeah *real* quick," he says, "Look, I know we haven't had much chance to...you know clear the air on either occasion I've seen you both since....you know... since that night at ours."

"Right," I say and glance at the glass door for any sign of Spencer's return.

"So, I don't know if Nadia mentioned it to Eve," he says and seems to hesitate a little, "but she's away again at the moment. Some walking holiday with her girlfriends. Until next Sunday. She can't seem to get enough of the hiking trails since she retired."

Is he phoning because he's on his own again?

“So I wondered if you and Evie might like to call in one night,” he says and clears his throat, “When we’d be freer to talk. Without the rest of the family around. We shouldn’t leave things this way.”

It hasn’t bothered you before now. Until your wife went away.

Spencer reappears with his coffee and takes his seat opposite me.

“OK, look I have to run now Mel. I’ll have a word when I get back tonight and we’ll let you know.” My face overheats.

“Everything OK?” Spencer asks.

“Hiya,” Evie is in our living room when I get home. Her honey-blond hair is up in a high ponytail and she’s dressed for her pilates class in tight pink leggings that highlight the shape of her powerful buttocks. Her white crop top exposes a wide sliver of flat stomach.

“Hey,” I say and kiss her. The sight and scent of her dissolve all residual anxiety from a stressful day and Richmond and Mel conversations.

“So?” her usually soulful cocoa brown eyes gaze at me with excitement, “How did your first day go?”

“Good yeah. Tiring though,” I yawn, “What time’s your class?”

“I need to leave in a minute,” she glances at the wall clock, “There’s chicken salad in the fridge for you.”

“Thanks,” I kiss the side of her face, “By the way, you’ve got a cute little camel toe going on down there Mrs Blandon,” I say but I’m teasing, it’s barely visible.

Evie rolls her eyes. “Did you see him?”

Is Richmond the main thing she’s interested in hearing about after my first day in a new job?

I nod my head.

“Did you talk to him?”

“Yeah, he’s invited us to the hotel suite, this weekend.”

“He *has*?” her eyes widen and her painted eyebrows rise. “Not before time,” she smiles and squeezes my cock through my pants.

“It’ll be the last time,” I say teasing her, but with some part of me wanting to almost worry her about her ‘lover’ too. If only for a second or so.

“What?” she leans right back and stares at me.

“He’s finding somewhere new for it,” I shrug.

“Why?”

“No idea. He didn’t say.”

“But I *love* that suite,” Evie sighs, “it’s total luxury.”

And it’s where you first gave yourself to another man. And got fucked countless times and ways there since.

“Maybe you can get round him,” I pull her to me and massage her firm butt cheeks, “Get him to change his mind.”

“Huh,” she purses her lips, “I doubt that. Once Richmond decides what he wants no one can change that. Not even Zaria.”

“There’ll be six of us there,” I say and watch her face.

“What?” again she recoils.

“Huey, Spens, and his wife too.”

“How come *she’s* going?” Evie’s whole body stiffens in my arms.

“Just to dinner, I think,” I say, and maybe the others *won’t* want to continue afterward. Otherwise, I’m pretty sure Evie won’t be happy. It’ll be just like another night at Trader’s for her. And she’s there the night after in any case.

“It's a team-building thing and ‘Welcome to Flamehead’ for me as much as anything, I guess.”

Evie's shoulders sag.

“We've had another invite too,” I say.

“Where?”

“Your Mom's.”

“But she's away.”

“Exactly,” I say, “Mel invited us.”

Evie's face flushes but the hint of a smile plays on one corner of her lips.

“He said he wants to clear the air,” I say, “because we haven't had the chance to speak properly about that night. With your Mom and step-sister around all the time.”

“So what did you say?”

“I told him I'd have to ask you.”

“Mom's back on Sunday. When does he want us to go round there?” her hand is back on the front of my work pants again

Is the thought of her Mom's husband turning her on? The rough way he manhandled her and his hurried fucking over that grubby spare bed? Or is this all because Richmond wants her again?

“He didn't say a specific day. Just sometime before she gets back. So we'll be freer to talk.”

“I guess we could go Thursday after work,” she says and my zipper is lowered, “But before we meet with Richmond Kev, you might have to go back in your little cage.”

“Cage?” I croak and then groan as I'm stroked and the side of my neck kissed.

“So you’ll be desperate to do whatever Richmond tells you to.”

“Uh, Evie, that’s *you* who likes to do whatever he says. Not *me*.”

“It’s the both of us where he’s concerned Kev,” she whispers and kisses underneath my ear. She masturbates me slowly, rhythmically.

“Fuck, Evie.”

“And I want to see you suck his big cock again,” she murmurs, “Mmm, Get him all hard for me.”

“No Evie,” I can’t reconcile the man who I was in a career environment with today and the one I’ve knelt in front of.

“You know you want to.”

“I don’t,” I gasp and shake my head.

“Yes, you do. And when I’ve made you cum now, I’m going to lock this away until after I’ve done Traders on Saturday.”

“Evie no, not at my new job”

“Mmm, shhh,” she whispers and strokes me up and down. Evie sends shivers and shooting stars of pleasure rippling through me, “You won’t be able to play with this while you watch Richmond do whatever he wants to me.”

“What about Mel?” I can’t stop myself asking.

“Mmm, we’ll have to see about him,” she murmurs and strokes me while her other hand fondles my balls.

“Evie, I’m gonna cum, I’m cumming.

“Not on my pilates gear, Kev!” she releases me and steps back.

“Uhh,” I groan and my cock bloats and spurts into my hands, the orgasm ruined.

Chapter Three

Ashley

With Marcie gone to the office, I head straight for the bathroom. Despite what she's said about the need to get rid of Finn, and despite the confusion of my own thoughts around that, I need to jack off first.

I tug my stiffening cock from my pants and ease the bathroom door closed behind me with my foot. I call up the scarring mental images of my wife underneath Finn and the pictures return only too ready and vivid. I jack fast. Zoom in on the details in my head. Visualize Marcella's long, supple legs parted but clinging around his giant thrusting torso. Her soft body skewered and taken by him on her own sofa. *Man, fucking handcuffed by him!* The lodger. *Never in my wildest dreams.*

When has she ever let *me* use the handcuffs on *her*?

The question and scary answer echo in my head and toss my gut. But they engorge my cock and make my heart race too.

Her pale legs with muscles squeezing his sides and his hips as he burrowed into her body. *Oh, fuck, Marcie. That was never supposed to happen.* I try to replay the sounds of that night. Marcie's early whimpers but then soon, her hoarse groans and wails. *And the way she swore at him.* Too fast, it's too much and I'm cumming, cumming with groans of my own and my whole body shaking.

Outside in the mid-morning sun with another coffee, and the knowledge that in her absence, Marcie wants me to make a start on the 'Garden Room' today. Her name for the ramshackle wood shed left by the previous owners and that's almost buried by overhanging trees and undergrowth at the end of our back garden.

The shed structure itself is reasonably sound so once it's cleared, cleaned, and painted, she wants to furnish it as a kind of summer house. Somewhere

to ‘sit and enjoy the garden from a different perspective.’ It sounds like a lot of work for not a lot of practical benefit. But the monotony of hacking away the branches and clearing around it might let me think logically and maybe dispassionately about the situation with Finn.

Isn't my wife right that we have to tell him he can't stay any longer? Surely he does have to go.

The man who's staying as a paying guest here in your home has fucked your wife. How can you let him remain under your roof?

But even rolling that statement around my head about what he's done to Marcie stirs my gut and groin again.

And what if she doesn't even mean what she said? What if she wanted me to argue against evicting him?

I start with the saw on a bunch of thinner branches first, build up to the more serious thicker ones that will be tougher to get through.

Surely there's no reason Marcie would want me to ‘convince’ her to let Finn stay. She had a moment of weakness and in the heat of that moment did something she regrets. And I allowed it. I've seen how she's behaved since that night. How up and down her moods are.

That guy online was right. Me and her need that serious talk about the way we feel now. It's like we've been avoiding it because we're both scared of what we might say. And probably some deep part of me knows what a delicate moment this is. ‘Crucial’ that guy online said. Like in the old ‘Italian job’, where in the end, the mini balances off the edge of a cliff, and no one inside the car dares make a move.

I pause from sawing and rub my greasy brow with a bare forearm.

Can I honestly say what I want to happen next? Not a single one of the guys I hang out with would contemplate allowing someone who'd cuckolded them to stay in their house a second longer once they'd found out.

'Found out' Never watched the whole fucking scene. And then jerked off about it countless times since. And all after encouraging the guy onto my wife in the first place.

My face overheats.

But I'm not like those other husbands and boyfriends, am I?

The sense of relief with Finn gone would be huge. I know it. Like a huge heavy bird of prey removed from each shoulder. And a cleansing of my soul. We could put him and *it* behind us. Never talk of it again.

And yet almost every time I replay the scene. Almost every time I think of Marcie with him...

I put down the saw and head back to the house. Back to the bathroom with my cock iron-hard.

7:15 that evening and my second mobile client keeps me talking at theirs after I've finished cutting for longer than I expect. I text Marcella as I drive. I called her at her office this afternoon and she agreed to 'One drink' at Z-Bar on the high street before we head home. So my text just says I'm running a few minutes late. In one way I don't mind. Despite the recent upheaval, the thought of my wife sitting alone on one of their high stools excites me. She might get approached.

After parking up, I walk the rest of the way through the warm evening air and as I do, I ponder the details of the 'serious' discussion she and I need to have tonight.

We *should* serve notice on Finn. He might be a big guy and have nowhere else to stay and so be pissed, but he'll understand. He's screwed his landlord's wife, for fuck sake.

Although he could protest and say that I put him up to it, couldn't he? And what if he told Marcie what I'd done to provoke him?

We'll have to treat him fairly. Then maybe we could even look for another lodger. A guy who might appreciate and even *want* Marcie, but who

wouldn't necessarily have the know-how and charisma (or whatever it is) to talk her into bed. And now the house is starting to take shape we could put the rent up too.

If Marcie's feeling bad about what she did, then knowing the guy she did it with is still in our home will hardly help her negative feelings, will it?

I round the corner toward the muted orange lights in the windows of Z-Bar and then the glass front door and I contemplate that no matter when or how we decide to tell Finn, the fact that Marcie succumbed to him *must* make it more likely that she'd encourage or flirt with other guys in the future. If I encourage her and I'm more selective about who they are. If I try to pick guys who're unlikely to have quite the same kind of effect on her that Finn seemed to.

My cock shifts in my pants.

But maybe she only reacted that way sexually with him because it was her first time with a new 'partner'? Maybe he's not as 'good in bed' as he seemed that night.

I push open the glass door to the bar and muted strains of an old Snow Patrol track reach my ears. There are maybe six or seven people inside and Marcie waves at me from one of the stools on the left, the ones that face the wide horizontal wall mirror, rather than the bar itself. She's alone.

"Sorry I'm late," I kiss the side of her face.

"No worries, I only just got here," she sips her white wine. Her legs are crossed and the flesh exposed from above the knee. "I was up to my eyes in the month-end report 'till late."

I order a beer and despite her protests, another wine for her then pull out the stool alongside her and sit. We make a little small talk about our individual Mondays and I tell her how about progress with the 'Garden room.' Then I switch the conversation to Finn.

"So you think we should get rid of him?" I ask around my raised beer bottle.

“I don’t see what else we can do,” Marcie shrugs, “I mean look at us, having to come out here to waste money on drinks just so we can have some privacy to talk about him.”

“We haven’t talked probably about it all Marce, have we?” I say in a lowered voice, “Only in bed.”

“What is there to say?” she looks down and her cheeks have colored up.

“It hasn’t changed anything between you and me, you know,” I say and kiss her full on the lips.

“How can you *say* that Ash?” she whispers and shakes her head, “I had sex with the guy.”

“I know,” I say and something about her last phrase thrills me as much as it horrifies me. “It doesn’t matter though. I still love you every bit as much. Maybe even more,” I try to use some of the online advice.

“You can’t mean that.”

“I do,” I say and take her free hand, “What happened happened, and *still* you want to be with me. *Still*, we’re together.”

“Of course we are,” she says without looking at me, “We’re married. We love each other.”

The word ‘Reassurance’ echoes around my head, “I’ve said something like this to you after it happened, but only when we were in bed,” I say, “I want you to know in the cold light of day too - or at least early evening - that watching you with him was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen,” I lift her chin and look right into her eyes. I hope she can’t read *everything* I’m thinking. *You with him was more horrendous, more blood-curdling, and way more gut-wrenching than my worst nightmare too. I’ll never forget it.* I will my eyes not to fill up and I have to look away from her.

“Don’t say it was hot, Ash,” she shakes her head and her blonde ponytail.

“Why not,” I squeeze her hand. “It’s true.” *Partly so.*

“I hate myself for losing control the way I did,” she sighs and looks around us.

“There’s no point beating yourself up over it,” I say, “I enjoyed it every bit as much as you did.”

“I don’t know how I let it happen,” she sips her wine and peers at me. *She’s not denying she enjoyed it.* My cock thickens even as the notion of her pleasure chills me.

“Don’t forget I could have stopped it at any point too,” I stroke her hand, “I encouraged you. Without me doing that it never would have happened in the first place.”

She smiles and kisses me.

“I guess the loss of his rent money wouldn’t necessarily be a problem,” I say, “We could look for another lodger.”

“I’m annoyed at myself for letting him put the handcuffs on me,” she whispers and looks away again with her cheeks reddened, like the handcuff part is something she wanted to get off her chest.

“That bit was especially hot,” I say and move my hand to her thigh. My cocks stiffens at the memory of my wife restrained and taken.

“Men,” Marcie rolls her eyes.

“Maybe we could find a submissive lodger instead,” I say as a joke.

“A what?”

“A guy who thinks you’re hot but who’s too scared to do anything about it. Unless you seduce *him* of course.”

“That’s the problem right there,” Marcie groans and removes my hand from my thigh.

“What’s the matter?” I reach for her fingers.

“You think that because I did something once, it means I’m some kind of slut who’ll go with anyone.”

“Of course I don’t.”

“Yes, you do”.

“I don’t. I promise I don’t.”

“Come on Ashley, let’s finish these drinks and just go home.”

Chapter Four

Ashley

Back home after the bar Marcie says she's not in the mood to watch any TV. I head to the bathroom and squeeze toothpaste out onto my toothbrush. I stare at my face in the mirror as I brush and run through again what she and I said tonight.

Why did I have to mention another guy – even as a joke - while she's still feeling raw and bad about what she did with Finn? Is it any wonder I made her feel like a slut? What wife wouldn't? I should have seen that coming. With a bit more thought before opening my mouth, I might have.

But what if that one night with Finn has ended any possibility of her even flirting with other guys ever again?

Either way, sex is no doubt off the agenda tonight. Just as well I took the edge of things again by jacking off a few times today.

“So I *thought..*,” Marcie says when I reach the bedroom. She's curled up on her right side like a cat on the bed. Feline apart from the black underwear. “I thought you could put these on,” she shakes the handcuffs in one hand and gives me a sly smile. Then she twists her body and kneels up facing me. Her breasts wiggle in the black bra.

Now *this*, I did *not expect*. For a second I stare at her, but then I grin.

“You sure I won't think you're being too slutty?” I say but instantly wince at my own words.

“As long as I'm the one in control you can say what you want,” she beckons me with an index finger.

Is this all about laying the ghost to rest of *her* being the one in handcuffs? Confusion reigns in my head but honestly, that look on her face and in her

eyes when a woman like her wants sex is irresistible. I pull my shirt open and off and then drop my pants. I expose my stiff cock to her.

“Lay on your back,” she shakes the handcuffs again, then when I do as she asks, she shuffles around on her knees on the bed and smiles down at me.

“You’re so fucking hot Marcie,” I say and run a hand over the warm, soft indent between her ribs and hip.

“Ah, ah,” she shakes her head and removes my hand from her body. Her eyes gesture to the top of the bed and headboard.

I smile at her from my back and reach under the pillows for the bottom of the wooden headboard.

Marcie leans right over me and loops the handcuff chain around the back of a central headboard post. Then, bra and boobs in my face, she grins down again and fastens first my left wrist then right into the cold steel shackles. I pull both arms a couple of times, as if trying to free myself, even though I have no intention of any serious attempt.

Marcie purrs and kisses my neck, she strokes the side of my face.

I lean up to kiss her cleavage,

“Ah, ah,” she says again and wiggles an index finger, “Not until I say so.”

I gasp in exaggerated frustration. But I love it when she’s in one of these moods. How did she go from feeling like shit about being ‘slutty’ to this though?

Or is this the way she was feeling before I almost spoiled the night and mentioned another guy?

She sits right up and unclips her bra, then lets it fall away from her pale breasts.

“Mmm, your tits look so good,” I moan and gaze up at the undersides of her pert pair. Higher up her strawberry pink nipples are hard.

“Mmm, so do *your* tits,” again that sly smile and she lowers her head and her lush blonde hair. She licks my left nipple and makes it hard, then locks her teeth onto it.

I whine.

Her fingers rake down my chest and her other hand grasps my erection.

“Uhh,” I groan at her touch.

Marcie licks then bites my other nipple and I arch my back and the unyielding hardness of the steel rings clasp my wrists.

Her hair brushes across my belly then my thighs.

“Shit Marcie,” I gasp and I’ve got goosebumps.

Marcie kisses my cock, my balls, and then she sucks.

“Oh God,” Finn never got *this*.

“Mmm,” she moans around my groin, dragging her lips down the whole length of my rock-hard shaft and then back up it. She sends crackling lightning rods of ecstasy through my whole body. Way beyond anything my own hand gave me today.

But even though Finn didn’t get this from my wife’s lovely mouth, he’s back in my head now. Somehow, as I peer down at Marcie’s bobbing blonde head and I savor the guttural sucking sounds and her moans, it’s *him* I imagine she’s doing this to. He who’s washed by wave after wave of pleasure from her mouth.

How can I even think that?

But I want to tell her what’s in my head. Ask her what’s in hers. And yet I don’t want to risk upsetting her, spoiling the moment.

“Mmm, I’m not letting you cum yet,” Marcella moves back up the bed, she rakes her fingernails over my chest again and then kisses me.

“Shit Marcie, you’re so good with your mouth,” I groan.

“Mmm, but that’s all you’re getting. Because I want this,” she says and she straddles my belly. She grips and squeezes my wet cock and then wedges it at her warm opening. She sinks her body onto it.

“Uhh,” I exhale hard and arch my back, I push upward and screw my eyes shut.

“Mmm,” Marcie grinds on my erection.

I push up from the hips and steel grips my wrists.

“Oooh yeah,” she leans right over me and sways her bare boobs over my face, left to right, then right to left, puckered, stiff nipples graze my lips.

“Oh Marce, that’s so good.”

“Uhh, uhh,” she slicks her body over mine.

“Imagine if you’d done this to Finn,” my words can’t be stopped.

“Mmm, but he probably thinks I’m slutty now too,” she moans.

Is she turned on by that possibility? No. Wouldn’t make sense.

“Imagine if you had though Marce,” I push my hips and force myself up her, “if you’d done this to him, so he couldn’t get at you.”

“Uh, ooh, Uh, I should’ve,” she groans and her tits slap together.

“You *should*,” I groan back and shove with my whole back, work my hips, and dig my hard cock deep. I try to intercept her swinging tits, try to kiss or lick them.

“Uhh, I should never have let him put these on me,” she caresses one of the handcuffs and my wrist, her body moves faster over mine, “Uhh, I should have tied him to a bed, uhh, uhh.”

Fuck. She’s turned by the thought. And then she’s cumming, riding and slicking her hungry body over my tool, she’s cumming, cumming while we

talk about Finn.

“Yeah, shackled him and done this,” I goad her, “Oh God, Marcie you should have done *this* to him, ridden him like *this*.”

“Mmmm, uhh, uhh, yes, yes, yes.”

“Did his cock feel big inside you Marce?”

“Don’t,” she moans but her body still moves over mine and her hand clamps my mouth.

I moan into it and push my cock deep up her clenching pussy. *I can’t hold out.* “Oh no. Marcie I’m gonna cum too, I’m gonna cum.”

And then after we have and Marcie unlocks me, I watch her in the lamplight as she puts her handcuffs back in her nightstand. I caress her bare back that’s a little clammy then pull her down alongside me.

“That was so hot,” I put an arm around her and kiss her cheek. I gaze at her and wait for her response.

She closes her eyes.

Does she still want him gone? And what happens if he goes? Will she ever come on to anyone else?

“You obviously still think he’s hot Marce,” I say and my mouth is sticky. *I need to know how she truly feels.*

“Don’t talk about it now Ash,” she says and squeezes my arm, “I’m tired.”

Tuesday morning I do as I did yesterday. I wake up way too early and this time with a hard-on. Birds chirp from the other side of the window and I check Marcie, but she’s still asleep. I reach for a tissue from my nightstand and then as quietly as possible lift the bedding with my knees and feel my cock. I stroke gently and replay some of what we said to one another last night. How hot she got imagining she was with Finn. *If that’s what she did.*

But maybe she got pissed with me in the bar because I suggested a different lodger and she secretly wants Finn to stay?

I cum after a minute or two and then carefully head out to the bathroom to flush the tissues away.

Dark skies of anxiety quickly blacken my mood and it's barely six fifteen so I head out to the living room in my T-shirt and shorts and with my laptop. I boot it up, and then still confused and conflicted about what last night meant, I leave the laptop to load while I fix myself a coffee.

Back on the sofa with it a few minutes later and when I click through to the hotwife site and forum, there are no useful new responses to my weekend question. Just several lewd messages about Marcie's body. There's no sign of either chat buddy either. I read the messages about my wife's photo and squeeze my cock through my shorts then I click away and onto a couple of the other main cuckolding sites.

They're never as good as my favorite though and I temporarily give up and return to the kitchen to top up my coffee.

"Morning," a low voice behind me whispers when I'm near the espresso machine.

Shit. I didn't hear his alarm. I wanted to make myself scarce before he appeared.

"Oh, Morning," I stare at an unshaven Finn who's dressed in work jeans and a blue, check shirt with a vest underneath. He has a flask in one hand.

He's fucked my wife.

"Phil wants us to make an early start," he says and shakes his head.

"Right," I say. The guy *fucked* Marcie. She *came* on his cock.

"Alright if I go ahead and fill my flask before they come to pick me up?" he holds up the black and chrome container.

“Sure,” I smile and stand back to let his big frame get at the coffee machine. I straighten the bottom of my T-shirt over my shorts. If we want him to leave then we have to tell him soon. Like maybe tonight.

“Glad I caught you,” he says, keeping his voice down, “it’s been long enough now without saying anything.”

“Right,” I clear my throat and hang back with my mug of coffee.

“Didn’t want to crowd you, dude,” he undoes the lid and cup of his flask with steady hands and his dark eyes gaze right at me, “Thought I ought to give you both space. You know, after everything. Then I got to thinking, you might reckon I’m being rude, or that I was disappointed with....”

“No, we didn’t think you were being rude,” I say and hold my mug tight against my chest. I’ve hardly even thought about how *he* might be feeling since that night. “And I’d have been surprised if you were *disappointed*,” I force a smile but my face is heated up.

“I guess you’ll be asking me to move on when my month’s trial is up?” he says and behind him, the coffee makes its familiar choking sound.

I try to formulate a response to his question that wouldn’t be an outright lie, but I fail.

“I guess I wouldn’t blame you,” he says and turns his back on me to pour coffee into his flask. Then he adds milk from his carton in the fridge and then faces me again.

“It’s been a lot to process,” I say because I *have* to say something, “for Marcie *and* me.”

“For me too,” he says with a smile.

“For you?”

“She’s a beautiful young woman,” he says, “You’re a lucky guy.”

His words make my cock tingle. “Thanks,” I say but the word sticks in my throat.

“You said to me once that I should speak freely,” he looks right at me like he’s studying me as he screws the lid tight on his flask, “You still want me to? Speak freely?”

I nod, “You should.”

“Your wife’s something else.”

His words thicken my cock. “You really think that?”

“Dude,” he half laughs, but quietly, “I keep thinking about it. About *her*. And about you letting me...”

“You do?” I ask and despite the awkwardness of this situation my excitement mounts with every word he says about Marcie.

“You’ve *seen* your wife, right?” his thick eyebrows rise and he grins.

I manage to smile but I’m shaking.

“Keep seeing that long blonde hair when I close my eyes,” he whispers, “and how good she smelled.”

“That’s nice to hear,” I croak.

“And if you really want me to speak freely,” he says and moves a little closer. He glances toward the open door and the hallway.

“I do,” I say then hold my breath.

“When I got my dick in her?” he whispers then shakes his head, he lets out a low, slow whistle, “Dude, that was almost unreal.”

Fucking hell. I feel behind me for a worktop and support myself against it. My cock throbs in my pants.

“Like I say,” he continues quietly, “I’d get it if you wanted to throw me out when my month’s up, but I’m *more* than willing to stay on here. Do whatever you want me to. Around the house. In the garden. Wherever. *Whatever.*” His eyes remain on mine.

My chest inflates and then shrinks in front of me as if I'm ill.

"I'd love to get to know her even better," he says softly, "but I'd understand it and respect your decision if she's out of bounds now. So how about you give me a little alone time with her, just to chat with her one night this week? Before you both make up your minds about me?"

Chapter Five

Philip

We're late. It's gone seven a.m. when we pull up outside Finn's to pick him up. The kid alongside me honks the horn and leaves the engine running. I glance at the detached bungalow that looks a little more spruced up every time we come here. I guess Finn's been earning his keep. One of these mornings we might get another glimpse at that foxy landlady of his. Haven't seen anything of her in days. The husband is probably up to his fucking balls inside her in bed right now.

While we wait, I pull out my phone and swipe to the contact details for Vaughn, Zaria's husband.

"Turn the radio down kid, will you?" I gesture to him to lower ZZ Top. It's too early for that shit.

He leans forward and does it.

"Get your phone out for me," I tell him.

"Yours flat already Boss?" he looks at me then snorts in that fucking irritating way, "Got my charger if you don't got yours."

"Mine's fine," I say, "Get yours out will you, and stop asking questions?" I glance down at the phone and name again. Don't need my number coming up on Vaughn's phone and then the chance he says something to Zaria. Or even to that fucker Richmond. Not until I've sounded Vaughn out and I'm certain I can pay for the service. Pity there's no one else local I can turn to for online help. But I owe fucking money to most of the ones with half-decent reputations. "Right," I glance across at the kid, "I'm sending you a number. When it comes through give me your phone so I can text the guy."

"I don't understand," the kid says.

“You don’t fucking need to,” I say and hit send. Alongside me his Samsung pings and I snatch it from him. I glance back up to the house then lean across and honk the horn again.

“You’ll wake the whole neighborhood boss,” the kid says and I stare at him. Then I type.

‘Good Morning Vaughn. Got your details as SEO expert from a contact of mine. Understand you do private gigs too? Like to discuss help building and optimizing a website. Can you give me a call sometime today when it suits?’

The last guy he’ll be expecting as a new potential client is me. Let’s hope he’s happy to do a favor with no money upfront. A submissive guy is as good a bet as any. This construction job will be over soon and we sure as hell need another big one. Otherwise, I’ll be laying the guys off again.

I leave the text as a draft and hand the phone back to the driver. “Send that in an hour,” I tell him, “Still a bit early now. I got to go off and price that other job around eight. Let me know when any reply comes through.”

Finn appears just when I’m about to give the horn another blast.

“Where’ve you been? Chasing that sexy landlady of yours round her house?” I gesture for the kid to get a move on.

“Something like that,” Finn says from the back seat. “Wait, I forgot my flask,” he says and opens his door again.

“Oh, for fuck sake Finn,” I yell at him “Get your shit together.”

He reappears a few moments later and then I do catch a brief sight of her beyond him through one of the bungalow windows.

“She’s a babe alright,” the kid murmurs and leans forward to peer through his windscreen.

I wave at her but she doesn’t see us.

“OK, ready,” Finn sinks into the seat behind for the second time. He slams the door closed.

“You have to be so rough with my motor,” the kid whines and pulls the truck away.

“It’s not *your* fucking motor,” Finn slaps at the back of his head.

“You still sure you haven’t tried to bang blondie yet?” I ask him without turning around.

“Might have,” he says from the back seat.

I twist around to look at him. “You serious?”

“He *has*,” the kid plays with his rearview mirror, and points at it, “I can tell by his eyes.”

“You can tell fuck all,” Finn swipes at him again.

“You haven’t *done* her?” I gape at the long-haired twat.

“Leave it boss,” Finn shakes his head and gazes out at the fields, “I’m not talking about it no more.”

“Hey, Vaughn,” I say into the kid’s phone at around midday. We’re all sat around outside on site, eating sandwiches. “I don’t know if you remember me,” I say and I wish I didn’t have to almost grovel to this fucking loser, but we need some major work and we can’t wait long. “It’s Phil Hastings here. I used to work part-time at Traders. With Richmond.”

“Phil. Yeah,” he says and doesn’t sound awkward or dubious about it being me. Maybe he doesn’t know the full story of what went down.

“Me and some associates are just getting started again in property development and construction,” I say, “We’re looking for a little help in the area of SEO, maybe some social media? We put a basic website up but need to start getting traffic,” I run a hand through my hair, “Wondered if you might be able to get involved as a private job? Or if not, maybe point us in

the right direction? And Vaughn, I'd prefer it if this stayed between you and me for now. I wouldn't want anyone to think I was going behind their back or anything."

"No worries Phil. You want to give me a link to your site?"

I do it but even as I am, I visualize the guy's frosty-faced wife and that spectacular body of hers in those black leather outfits she likes to wear. Never understood how a woman like that ended up with this guy. Pity Rachel's Joe wasn't into IT. He'd have probably done the job for free while I was busting a nut in his wife.

"I'll take a look for you," Vaughn says and sounds pretty chirpy, "I'll come back to you with some suggestions and a price."

"Send it to my email address," I say, "I'll forward that now. And remember Vaughn," I say and firm up my voice a little. *He's used to older guys telling him what to do*, "It's between me and you, OK?"

"No worries. Appreciate the business," he says.

I hang up and toss the phone across the dirt patch to the kid. "You forward any phone messages you get back."

The kid nods.

"Right you," I point at Finn, "Tell me everything. I want to know about you and Viking girl."

"I thought we decided 'Viking' was a racial slur," he says and bites into a thick wedge of bread and meat sandwich.

"It was Sophie who said that. Not me," I say and gesture for him to spill the beans.

"That Sophie woman's as sweet as hell too," the kid mumbles and unscrews his flask cup.

"Why don't you go beat your meat somewhere and leave us adults to talk," I shoo him away.

The kid sighs and stumbles away to sit on a pile of bricks with his flask and his food.

“So?” I stare at Finn.

“I said I wouldn’t say nothing,” he shrugs.

“Finn, it’s fucking me. How long have we known each other? Who am I going to tell?”

“The kid knows too now though.”

“He doesn’t know what fucking day of the week it is,” I say and glance over at the pile of bricks and the youngster swiping at his phone. “Don’t worry about him. Tell me what you’ve been up to.”

“Don’t say nothing at the barbers,” Finn looks right at me, still chewing.

“You think I can afford a haircut every fucking week?”

“So you were right,” Finn shrugs.

“About what?”

“About there being a lot of those weirdo husbands around.”

“Weirdos?”

“Who want their women screwed.”

“*Her* husband?” I stare at him but try to pull up a mental image of the blonde’s husband. Cut my hair but I’m fucked if I can remember exactly what he looked like.

But wait, didn’t he show me her photo?

“Dude pretty much asked me to do her,” Finn says.

“You serious?”

He shrugs.

“You flukey fucking...”

“Be a one-time hit unless I get a little creative,” Finn says and spits on the floor.

“You’re letting her get away?” I ask but my mind is already shaping the opportunity. If her husband is into the hotwife shit then she can be had again. And if she can be had again, then those two could be my return ticket. Richmond Coyle would fucking cream himself to get another girl like her in his stable.

“So I might need to ask you a favor,” Finn says.

“What favor?”

“I might need a sure thing for the night. Might need to borrow that Sophie piece.”

Chapter Six

Ashley

Wednesday evening and I'm standing in the living room trying to force some chicken and mushroom pot noodle down my throat. I've hung on here as long as possible to hopefully catch Finn before I leave for my first mobile client. I check the time again. I need to eat *something*. But I can't. A key fumbles in the front door lock and I look to the door. I didn't hear the pickup outside. It can't be Marcie though. It's still too early.

"Hey," he says and kicks off his boots, he tosses them out onto the porch.

"I didn't hear the truck," I say with my heart racing and I wipe my mouth.

"They dropped me off down the street," he says, "Phil had to rush off and pick his kid up. I didn't expect to see you home."

"I can't stay long," I glance at the clock again, "Got a few minutes before my first appointment tonight."

"To feast?" he indicates the pot snack and grins.

"Something fast," I say and head for the kitchen and the trash can there.

"It still OK for me to talk with her when she gets home tonight then?" He asks as I return.

My chest tightens up at his keenness. And at the prospect of my wife alone here with an older man who's already fucked her. *Should* I have told her he plans to speak to her?

No. I don't want her to think I've been plotting with him behind her back. Plus, I want to find out how she reacts to a conversation with him that she wasn't expecting.

"I wanted a quick word about that," I say.

His bushy black eyebrows pinch together as if expecting bad news.

If he had any idea how many times I've flip-flopped and changed my mind over the last 24 hours about leaving him here with her, I doubt he'd believe it. But right now dark excitement controls me.

"I was thinking," I say, "I wouldn't want anything to...you know, happen between you and her while I'm not here."

"Happen?"

"You know," my face burns, "anything like last time," I glance at the sofa and then back at him.

"You think it could?" he stares right at me.

"I don't know," I say and lower my eyes. The possibility has crossed my mind. "She's confused. People do unexpected things when they feel that way."

"Women can do for sure," he laughs. "Be OK if I grab myself a beer from the fridge? Been a tough day. Pretty sure I still got some cans of my own left in there."

"Take what you want," I nod and watch his big frame walk away.

"So you wouldn't want anything to happen again between me and Marcie?" he asks when he returns.

My heart palpitates. "Not when I'm out of the house," I say.

"How about when you *are* in the house? Like last time?"

"I don't know," I confess but I shouldn't. My indecision though is the truth. Wouldn't it be playing with fire to let it happen *again*? "I guess it depends on how Marcie feels." I shouldn't be saying *any* of this.

"You talked about it? About what she let me do to her?"

His words assault me but they make my balls tingle.

“Like I told you,” I shake my head, “she’s confused. I’m not sure she knows *what* she wants.”

“That’s ladies for you,” he smiles.

“So...,” my voice cracks on the word, “so what will you say to her tonight?”

“I don’t know yet,” he shrugs and swallows a mouthful from his can. I never noticed before how big his Adam’s apple is. I stare at him.

He doesn’t even *know* what he’ll say?

“You got to read the situation with women, don’t you?” he shakes his head, “Age taught me that if nothing else.”

“Right,” I nod like I understand, but if I were him, there’d be no way I could go into a situation like his tonight unless I’d prepared exactly what to say. Especially with the roof over my head at stake too. This guy is either totally confident he can get Marcie on his side, or he doesn’t give a shit either way.

But it can’t be the latter. He says he wants to stay.

“And with ladies,” he says and drinks again, “it ain’t always about the words you use, right?”

It isn’t? I stare at his bristly face for some clue of what he means. I don’t want to ask him and give him the impression I don’t know how to communicate with my wife. “Yeah,” I smile back and make myself maintain eye contact; try to encourage him to say more.

“Well, I better go change,” he says and crushes the can in his fist. “Don’t want to plead my case looking like I’m already homeless, do I? Might give the landlady ideas.”

With Finn gone to his room I check the time again. *I might just have long enough.* I hurry to our bedroom and the ensuite. I shove my pants down and pull out my cock. Stroke fast.

He's so confident about tonight. Doesn't seem at all nervous. Fuck, they'll be alone together, in each other's company for an extended period. Several hours. For the first time since that night. What if he can't resist her? Oh, God Marcie. What if she can't resist him? No way. But who knows? How turned on was she in bed last night when I mentioned him? She was saying all those things about what she 'should' have done with him on the sofa.

I cum in the pan with a loud groan, grateful that Finn's room is at the other end of the house.

I clean up and check the time yet again. *I need to get a move on.* But as I do, and I grab my kit bag and jacket, the spent excitement morphs into negativity and dread.

There's no logical reason the guy should feel confident about any conversation with my wife. *He pretty much guessed his time here is up, didn't he?*

I head out to the car wondering how I'd feel if he *did* manage to talk my wife into a change of heart about letting him stay.

That might not be impossible. He made enough of an impression on Marcie to convince her to have sex with him.

I fire up the car but don't pull off right away. I gaze back at the house through the rearview mirror and drum my fingers on the steering wheel. *Could there be anything to fear from leaving Marcie alone in the house with him when she gets back?* I mean, she knows I'll be out with clients but she has no idea Finn plans to talk with her about everything. She might be horrified. And what did he mean by 'It's not all about the words you use with women?' If not 'words' then what? Action? *What if he wants her again so much that he won't take 'No' for an answer? He's a big guy. There's no way Marcie could stop him taking whatever he wanted from her.*

He's big yeah, but he's more of a gentle giant, surely? *I have to go. I'll be late if I don't.* I'll text Marcie when I get to the first client. Tell her to call me when she's home.

I arrive at my first stop some twenty minutes later. The old guy and his wife are out on the porch and he waves when he sees me. Probably doesn't even remember me. Probably just happy to see a car or visitor. He's got dementia or something like that so his wife prefers me to give him a trim at home. I do it in the kitchen with her staying close by and talking with him too so he stays calm and doesn't panic. The concentration needed by me in this kind of a situation keeps my thoughts away from home and whether Marcie might be there yet, for most of the thirty minutes or so that the trim takes.

But then, when they paid and I've said goodbye, I text my wife.

'Home yet?'

Her reply still hasn't arrived by the time I'm on the leafy street of the apartment block where my next two clients live. A Tech guy and his floppy-haired young son. Two fees for one journey. My favorite type of call.

What if Marcie's not OK though?

The phone rings on my way out of the elevator on the third floor.

"Everything OK?" she asks.

"Me? I'm fine," I say and smile at the tone of her voice.,

"You asked me to call you when I got in," she says, "I thought something must be..."

"No. I, I just wanted to remind you I won't be back 'til late."

"I remembered," she laughs.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," I say outside the client's door, "What you up to?"

"Just getting changed. Putting on my comfy gear to eat in front of the TV."

I imagine her undressing and I imagine Finn in his room preparing to spend time talking with her. I'm shaky. "Is the lodger around?"

“I saw him on the way in,” she says.

“He say much?”

“Not really.”

Have they already spoken but she’s saving the details to tell me when I get home? Or has he changed his mind and decided not to even bother?

“We do need to decide when to tell him, Ash,” she says softly.

“Right.”

“If we want him to go,” she says.

‘If’? It’s now, ‘If’?

The light comes on behind the door ahead of me and maybe they heard me talking out here.

“OK Marce, we’ll sort it all out when I get back. Love you.”

“Love you too,” she says and the line goes dead.

“Hi Ron,” I shake the client’s hand, “OK if I use your bathroom?” I ask and hope my face isn’t red, “I had to rush from my last appointment.”

“Sure. No worries you remember where it is?”

I nod and head down his carpeted hallway with my heart on fire and cock thickening. *‘If’ we get rid of Finn?* I’ve never jacked off in a client’s house before. But I’ve never been in this situation before either.

It’s almost 9-20 and dark by the time I pull up outside home. *The living room lights are off.* Now that’s weird. *They can’t be in bed together. No way.* Marcie wouldn’t. Finn promised not to. My heartbeat runs away from me like it has done the whole drive back here. Like it did most of the way through the re-styling I gave the final client.

I planned to take my time getting back and take the long route. But a frenzied cocktail of excitement about seeing her with him and concern to make sure she was OK had me breaking speed limits on the country lanes.

I lock the car and hurry toward the house with my leather kit bag in one fist.

She can't be...

I open the door to the dark but in the doorway, I hesitate.

Do I call out and alert them if they are... Or do I try to take them by surprise?

But Marcie wouldn't. Not without me here. And not after the guilt she felt last time.

Nauseous but hard in my pants I hold my breath and tiptoe down the hallway on the right, toward Finn's room.

No light from under the door. My heart thuds in my chest and I press an ear and shoulder against the cold wood of his door. I try to hear something above the sound of my own body. Maybe a murmur, maybe a moan.

Nothing.

They wouldn't be in *our* bed. *Would* they?

Marcie? No.

I tread as softly but as quickly as I can back through the living room then out the other side to the longer hallway toward our room. Pale yellow light from under the door.

Oh, fuck. But what did I expect? Something monstrous and terrible stabs at my heart but a blind thrill of betrayal cradles me too. I ease open the door to the small corridor between our room and the en suite. Light comes from the bathroom directly ahead and from the bedroom to my right. Marcie softly sings from up ahead.

“Marce?”

“In the bath,” she calls back and I push open the door.

“You OK?” I gaze down at her glistening semi-nudity camouflaged by thick soapy suds.

“I am now,” she smiles up at me, her blonde hair straggly and darker because it’s wet.

“Finn retired for the night?” I sit on the edge of the bath, lean down and across to her and her lips meet mine. *Did they speak but argue? Did he try it on with her? Even when I asked him not to?*

“He went out,” she shrugs and a pink nipple briefly pokes out of the water.

“You see much of him?” I try to provoke feedback without making it obvious what I know.

“Actually, we had a bit of a talk,” she says and looks away from me, down at the suds.

“Oh?”

“About what happens at the end of the month,” she shrugs again, “when his trial period is up.”

“Right..,” I say slowly.

“Can you pass me a towel, Ash?” Marcie asks and climbs to her feet with water cascading from her body and trails of foam failing to cover much of her flesh.

My cock thickens up at the sight of her and the knowledge that my wife and that body have been alone in our home with the man who’s had her once. I reach for a fluffy white towel from the heated rail and I hand it to her.

“He apologized for that night,” she says and steps out, then into the towel. She fastens it at the side of her boobs.

I nod and heart galloping I wait for her to say more.

“He said he wanted to speak with me about it sooner but he thought he should give you and me time to talk first,” she says.

I nod. “So what did you say to him?”

“I told him it wasn’t all his fault,” she grabs another, smaller towel. She rubs her hair with it and doesn’t look at me.

My face reddens. I want to know word for word what they both said when they discussed having sex. But right now my need to have her is even greater.

“You didn’t tell me you and Finn already spoke,” baby-blue eyes look directly at me now.

He *told* her?

“Only briefly,” I say, “I told him we’re both still trying to come to terms with it,” I say and want to say more but am unsure what words to choose.

“You can say that again,” Marcie says and I follow the side-to-side sway of her hips and pert butt in the clingy towel, out of the bathroom and into our bedroom.

I need her right now.

“He’s expecting us to kick him out,” she says and at the full-length mirror in the wardrobe door, she drags a brush through her damp hair. Her dark, pencil skirt and a cream blouse are strewn across the bed. Her panties are in a cream-colored ball with her bra on the rug at the foot of our bed.

So she didn’t *tell him* he has to leave.

I place a hand on the back of each of her shoulders and turn her around to face me. I take the brush from her hand and her brow creases. “Your butt always looks so hot in a towel,” I smile at her, lower my hands to her rear and then kiss her.

“I thought you said it *always* looks hot,” she says.

“Oh, it does,” I smile and pat both buttocks.

“How patronizing,” she gives me an accusing frown but then a little smile too and I kiss her again.

She kisses me back and her tongue probes my mouth.

“What was it like talking with him about what you’d done together?” The words rush out of my mouth and I’m rock-hard in my pants. I grind it against her.

“It should have been embarrassing,” she shrugs, “but I guess Finn knows how to put girls at ease.”

I lean back with my hands on her slender waist and I stare at her.

She grins at me and pinches my cock through my pants.

Is she just teasing me?

“That was weird to hear,” I say and stumble over my words, “but hot too,” I can’t wait any longer. I undo the towel.

“Er, did I say you could undress me, Mr. Duman?”

“I didn’t think you’d mind,” I smile and kiss her again. I pull the damp towel completely off and away from her creamy flesh then ease her up close to me.

“That was presumptuous of you,” she says and a hand moves into my shirt and she draws fingernails down over my left nipple.

“Ooh,” I groan with a mixture of both pain and arousal.

“Mmm,” she murmurs and kisses me. Her hand withdraws from my shirt and snakes down to my cock.

I pass the fingers of one hand over her tits and the nipples stiffen, then I lower my shoulder and arm between her thighs and caress up the lips of her slit.

“Mmm,” she whimpers.

‘When I put my dick inside her.’ Finn said to me and he all but licked his lips. I ease two fingers into her warm pussy. *The hole she gave up to him.*

Marcie unbuttons my pants and feels my cock.

I kiss around her neck, but I’m like an unskilled safe breaker, floundering for the right combination of words to unlock her perfect response. “When you were with him were you thinking about what you did with him?”

“Mmm, we talked in the living room,” she says with my cock in her hand, “every time I looked at the sofa I could feel myself blush.”

“I bet,” I say and ease my two fingers deeper inside her.

“Uhh,” she exhales hard and her chin rises, her throat exposed and her eyes closed. But her hand strokes my erection.

“Did you like being alone with him?”

“Uhh, he kept looking at me,” she murmurs with long, slow draws down the length of my hard-on.

“How did he look at you?” I breathe hard, withdraw my index finger and circle her clit with it.

“Uhh, you know how,” she whispers and squeezes my cock.

“I want you to tell me.”

“Uhh.”

“Like he wanted you again?”

“Uhh, Ash.”

“Tell me Marcie, was he looking at you like he wanted you again?”

“Uhh, yes.”

“Did you like that?” I ask and draw my finger right over her stiff little clit. And then back.

“Uhh, don’t ash,” she murmurs and bites my lip.

I lean my head to the right and then down as I’m masturbated and I suck hard on her erect nipple. “Did it make you want him again too?” I slick my fingers in her, and caress her in unison with each stroke of my cock.

“Uhh,” she groans throatily in my face but her hand abandons my cock. She grips my wrist with both hands and helps me work my fingers in her pussy. “Do me,” she says, “on the bed.”

I want to lift her up in my arms and carry her to the bed like *he* could probably do if he tried, but in my haste, I half drag her and then push her down and onto her back. She opens her thighs and grabs at my cock.

I sink straight into her glistening, petaled warmth.

“Fuck Marcie, that’s good.”

“Uh,” her head presses back into the pillows and she clings to me. Her bare heels dig into my sides and back, like she’s leveraging to get me deeper inside.

“Imagine if he’d tried to get you into bed again while I was out,” I pound her and in my excitement, I abandon all other concerns.

“Uh, uh,” she clings to me.

“Oh Marce, it was so hot when you did it with him that night.”

“What’s that?” her body stiffens and her eyes flicker open, “Did you hear that?”

“What? What was it?” I stop thrusting and hold my breath.

She’s right.

“Did he bring someone back?” Marcie frowns and peers over at the door,
“It sounded like a girl.”

Chapter Seven

Ashley

“*Was* it a woman’s voice?” Marcie asks a moment later.

“I heard it too,” I say with a hard-on rapidly deflating.

“Go and open the door a bit, see if we can hear better,” she says and eases away from me, she kneels up on the bed with her bare boobs jiggling.

Is she serious?

“Go on Ash,” her eyes gesture at the door, “I want to know. It’s *our* house.”

“The rental agreement doesn’t stop him having house guests,” I whisper back without admitting I omitted that clause on purpose, in case including it put Finn off staying here. But my wife’s interest in Finn’s visitor surprises me as much as it somehow excites me too.

But why would he invite someone here tonight? After he’s supposedly had a heart-to-heart with Marcella?

Maybe her response in their chat seemed more negative to him than she indicated it was to me. So maybe he’s given up on her. *And even on the possibility of staying on here after the end of the month.*

“Ash, open the door, will you?” she gestures impatiently.

I do so with my heart hammering. Both because my wife wants to hear what Finn’s doing, and because opening the door like this echoes my own actions when he first moved in here. Me trying to stoke Finn’s desire for my wife by letting him hear her climax.

I stand near the hallway door holding my breath and listening and then Marcie, with her towel back around her, is warm alongside me.

“Can’t hear anything now,” I whisper.

“Shh,” she presses an index finger to her lips and peers out at the hallway.

Not a sound. Maybe it was the TV in his room before, briefly turned up too loud.

“Can we get back to bed now?” I ask and pick at the fastening on her towel again.

“Stop it Ash,” she tuts, “I’m trying to listen.”

“There’s nothing to hear,” I shake my head and head back to bed, “It was probably just his TV.”

A minute or so later, after no more suspicious noises, Marcella reappears. But before she can disrobe again a woman cries out and this time the sound of sex is unmistakable.

My face heats up.

Marcie flushes too and her hand plays over her mouth. She drops the towel and hurries back into bed.

“You left the door open,” I look from it to her alongside me.

Still, the woman cries out.

“It doesn’t matter,” she whispers and pulls me to her, “Don’t you want to carry on where we left off?”

My confusion at her reaction to the stranger’s noise only lasts until her hands are back on my cock and balls.

“You lay on your back for me,” she says and clambers on top of me. I don’t know exactly what Finn’s doing to the other girl but she sounds like she’s famished for sex. *How could he bring another girl back here though?* After what he said to me about Marcie?

She grips my erection under her body and then squats down on it.

I groan out loud, momentarily blotting out other noises.

“Ooh,” I exhale and Marcie’s pussy clenches me tight.

Is she turned on because she can hear the girl with Finn? I don’t get it. But her body feels so good. I run my palms over her hips and around her butt. I push up hard into her.

“Uhh,” she exhales and her tits slap together in my face. Marcie doesn’t try to hold my hands down above my head this time. She plants her small palms on my chest and pushes her hips back, rocks, and rides my tool like some beautiful but topless, pornographic jockey.

Way down the hall, the other woman is clearly climaxing and the volume makes me wonder whether Finn too left his room door open.

“Uhh, ooh, uhhh, uhh, ooh,” Marcie chants as she slides back and forth on my cock, and unless I’m mistaken, she’s making more noise than she usually does.

“He’s making her cum,” I grip her hips and use them as leverage to thrust up high into her.

“Uhh, I know.”

“How does that make you feel?”

“Uhh, he’s a man, isn’t he? Uhh, he’s a bastard, uhh, uhh,” she claws my chest.

I gaze up at her as I thrust and her boobs smack together in my face, I try to make sense of what she’s saying. But my calculations can’t last. I grip her butt as she rides and I surrender to the desperate need for relief.

“Oh Marce, oh-oh-oh-oh, ohhhhh,” I clasp her body tight to mine and shudder inside her, and her pussy clenches tight.

Is she cumming? Is she cumming too?

And then, when I’ve finished and Marcie has too, she lays with her head on my chest and my heart slows but dark, worrying questions about her

attitude quicken through my mind.

“You’ll have to speak to him tomorrow,” she whispers.

“Finn?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Tell him he has to leave?”

“Find out who she is,” Marcie whispers.

It’s a habit lately, but again I don’t sleep well. In the bathroom with daylight beyond the frosted glass, I wash my face. The dark circles under my eyes are worse than ever. I woke a little after three but with Marcie asleep, I had to jack off next to her in bed. I replayed the conversation we had about Finn. Replayed her apparent excitement at hearing him have sex.

But afterward, I tossed and turned and wondered why she wanted to know who the girl was.

I head out of the bathroom and grab my laptop from the living room then this time, sit at the dining table with it. I’m logging into the hotwife website when Finn emerges, flask in hand.

“Morning,” he says and the woman with him is attractive but older than I expect. More *his* age than ours.

“Hey,” she smiles and feeds her long, golden brown hair through her hands and her manicured fingers. She exposes huge and glinting silver hoop earrings.

“Ash this here is Sophie, a friend of mine. Sophie this is Ash. My landlord. Oh, and that there is his wife. My landlady. Marcella.”

Marcie? I peer to my right and my wife, who’s tightening the belt of her silky, white dressing gown. Her face is flushed.

What’s she doing up at six thirty?

“Wow, You’re so pretty,” the woman smiles at Marcie.

“Thanks,” my wife returns the gesture but crosses her arms over her boobs.

“I hope you didn’t mind me staying last night,” Sophie looks at Marcie and then me.

She *is* in good shape for an older woman.

“It’s fine,” I say but Marcie says nothing.

“Well, I better go,” Finn’s guest kisses the side of his unshaven face, “You sure I can’t give you a ride to the site?”

“The guys are picking me up,” he shakes his head, “but I’ll be in touch,” he says and watches her leave.

“You’ll be in touch?” Marcie smirks at him when she’s gone, “Not a very gallant farewell when she’s kept you company all night.”

“Don’t like to mislead no one,” he shrugs broad shoulders and smiles at my wife.

“Hmm,” Marcie murmurs.

“It wasn’t a problem me bringing someone back, was it?” Finn looks at us both, “First time I’ve done it since I’ve been here.”

“It’s none of our business,” Marcie says.

“I guess it kind of is,” he says, “But she’s just a friend.”

“There’s no need to explain anything,” Marcie says.

“She’s got a spare room,” he says, “I can rent it from next month. If I need to.”

“Not wasting any time with the new landlady either are you?” Marcie crosses her arms again, “I’m going back to bed Ash,” she says and flounces off down the hallway.

Finn watches her go and then when she's gone, he speaks more quietly than before. "You guys decided what you want to do at the end of the month? I should let Sophie know."

"Let me speak to Marce tonight," I say and I have to ask him, "What was that all about? You and Sophie?"

"Trust me on that," he says and looks down the hallway, "You know I'd sooner stay here. Help you guys out, right? *Any* way you want."

My heart thumps.

"Let me take you both out for drinks after work on Friday night," he says, "I'll see if I can borrow the pickup. The three of us can get everything out into the open together. Then if you're sure you want me gone, tell me for certain at the end of the night. I'll pack my stuff over the weekend and get out of your hair."

A few minutes later, with Finn picked up by his co-workers and gone to the site, I find Marcie's dressing gown hanging up in our room and her in bed. Awake.

"Did you see how *old* she was?" she asks.

"She looked about his age," I say and can't help thinking that if Finn was able to make an obviously more experienced woman like that Sophie cum as hard as it sounded last night, then no wonder he had such an effect on Marcie. Something about that scares me like lining up for a sheer drop fairground ride and for a second I can't get my breath. "He said he doesn't want to go stay with her anyway," I say.

"So he was using her?"

"I think she was using him as much as he was her," I climb back in alongside her. She's warm and wearing nothing. "We didn't just *imagine* the noise she made last night, did we?"

"Hmm," she murmurs.

“How come you got out of bed anyhow?” I slip an arm around her, “Did you want to see what she looked like?” What other reason *could* there be?

“Yeah, right,” she laughs.

“Yes, you did,” I tickle under her ribs and I want to hear her admit it, because after the exchanges with Finn in the living room I’m fretful, but almost feverish too, “Were you jealous?”

“Ash don’t be an asshole,” she says but she’s squirming and laughing too.

“He invited us out for a drink with him at the weekend,” I say and kiss her neck.

“He hasn’t even got a car.”

“He says he’ll get the pickup for the night.”

“So do you want to go?” she looks right at me. *She’s not saying ‘No.’*

“I’m not sure. What do you think?” I run a hand over her boobs and her nipples harden.

“We should probably stay home and save money,” she says and still her baby blue eyes are on me.

“I guess,” I kiss under her ear, then her throat, “He wants to try and make his case to us both,” I suck on one of her tits, “his case for staying here.”

“Mmm,” she purrs and fondles my hair, “What do you think?”

She’s backtracking on making him leave. My cock stiffens rock solid and throbs between my legs.

“If we did go out with him we could both hear what he has to say,” I mumble into her ear, “Then you and me make a final decision when we get home. He needs to let Sophie know this weekend.”

“If that’s what you want,” she says.

She's *not* fighting to get him out of here. *What did he say to her when they spoke?* Does Sophie staying over have anything to do with her change of heart?

Or have I made her think again about him? The way I keep talking to her about him in bed? "I don't see why couldn't let him make his case," I caress the indent of her left hip, "after all the work he's done around the house."

If the pair of us did go out with him on Friday, I could see how she behaves around him again after she's had a few drinks. If nothing else, that could be hot. *And if it's too much, I can just insist we get rid of him.*

Marcella's mouth responds to mine.

"There's no way having that Sophie as a landlady could complete with having you," I say between her kisses.

"Mmm," she breathes hard.

"No wonder he wants to stay here," I say and Marcie slides down the bed toward my groin.

Shit. She's got to be turned on to do this.

"Mmm," she moans and my cock is gripped, my balls kissed.

"Do you ever imagine doing things with him again?" I hold her head.

"Ash, don't. Shhh."

"I imagine it," I admit and my cock is sucked, "Oooh, I think about it all the time."

"Mmm, No you don't," she says and sucks again, down the whole length, and my body trembles.

"You know I *do*," I gasp.

"Mmm," she moans around my cock, we're turning each other on over the thought of Finn.

“I’ve felt more relaxed, knowing we’ve got his extra money coming in too,” I say and claw at the bedding with one hand, “Haven’t you?”

“Mmm,” Marcie moans and plants kisses on the underside of my cock, “I guess we’d only have to advertise the place if he left,” she says, “Do interviews and get references. All that.”

She’s talking herself into it. My stomach curdles even as I’m sucked hard again.

But don’t I deep down want her to give herself to him again? Otherwise surely to God, I’d have already served notice on him.

“It might be too late to get another lodger now in time for when he leaves,” I ease my hips forward to meet each of her noisy sucks, I gently hold her head in both hands, “we’d have a gap with no rent money.”

“Mmm, and there’s still things that need doing around the house,” Marcie moans then licks the head of my cock.

We’re colluding with one another about him.

“Things that need doing, like the landlady?” I say.

“Uck-urgh, uck-urgh,” Marcie’s head plunges and she sucks me almost violently.

“Fuck, Marcie, I’ll tell him we’ll go out with him Friday.”

Chapter Eight

Kevin

“Please put it on Kev,” Evie holds the chastity belt out in the palm of her right hand. We’re in our bedroom and she’s in her pale-pink, satin dressing gown. Her honey-blond hair is piled up loose on top of her head and she sticks her bottom lip right out, like a sulking kid.

“I thought we agreed earlier in the week that I’d only wear it when you go to Traders on Saturday,” I frown at her, “so I’ll be extra horny when you get back? I’ve told you I can’t focus on the new job if I’m wearing that thing.”

“Yes, but you’ve only got one more day at work this week, and tomorrow night we’re seeing Richmond, aren’t we?” her cocoa-brown eyes look right at me.

“Has this got something to do with us going to your Mom’s tonight?” I ask.

“No,” she shakes her head with her face serious now and her high cheekbones disappeared, “Of course not.”

“Nothing to do with Mel being there on his own?”

Evie rolls her eyes.

Is it though? Is she planning to let him...

“I just thought that as we’re out the next three nights,” she says, “we could start early this week. For some extra fun. But if you don’t want to wear it then *fine*. Forget it,” her face darkens further and she turns from me with the chastity belt in her hand.

“Wait,” I look up from her jutting, satin butt and I catch her arm. I ease her back around to face me and satin slips away from her chest to partially expose her cleavage. I guess *one single day* wearing the lock at work won’t be such a big deal. I did way more than that in the old job. “I’ll put it on, as

long as you make me cum first,” I say and ease a hand into the front of the gown. Her nipple firms up in my fingers.

“But that defeats the object Kev,” she sighs, “You know that. Look, go put it on, then I’ll do a little show for you before we go my Mom’s.”

“Show?”

“You’ll see,” she smiles and hands me the heavy steel cage and thick cock ring. The bronze-colored padlock and little key are already attached.

“*You* put it on for me,” I say but even as I make the suggestion I know it’s wholly impractical. We both know that if Evie handles me at all, even if only to cram my cock into the cage and lock my genitals away, I’ll be hard the whole time. There’s no way she’ll be able to get me into the steel. And it’ll be similar if she comes anywhere near me while I’m trying to lock myself up.

“Kev, that doesn’t work, does it?” Her eyebrows rise but she kisses my cheek. “You have to do it yourself. Go on. I promise you’ll like the little show,” she says and her eyes glow, “Come back and let me see when you’ve got it on.”

I sigh but head for the bathroom and try not to think about tonight’s visit to see her stepdad. I could jerk off to make sure my dick is soft and will fit in this thing, but my desire too would shrivel. I’d probably only go back to the bedroom and try to talk Evie out of making me wear it again. Then we’d argue.

So instead, in the bathroom, I focus on how embarrassing the hotel meal on Friday could be with Huey and Spens and his wife there as well. I don’t let myself consider the sex afterward once it’s hopefully just Richmond me and Evie.

The awkward mental images and anticipated conversations do the trick. My cock shrinks as I gaze in the shaving mirror with my pants down and I wait. I should have made time for a haircut before starting the new job. My brown hair is getting thick and overgrown at the sides.

I take the padlock from the cage. I guess I can hardly complain. I've read about countless cuckolds and wannabes who'd give anything for a wife who gets off on locking them in chastity. Instead of a partner who looks at them like they're insane for even suggesting it. This thing makes Evie horny anyhow. Which has to be a positive. Even if that horniness isn't directed totally my way.

But I can't think about Evie's sex drive. Not now. I feed one testicle through the thick steel ring and then kind of cram the other through it as well. I take my withered dick and work it into the steel lattice of the penis-shaped cage, then position the steel rod at the back of the cage into the hole on the perimeter of the ring and push the two parts together. My genitals compress. But perversely, not in a bad way. I secure the padlock and snap it shut.

I wish I knew why, but there's always something strangely satisfying and morbidly 'secure'; almost about the whole feel of your cock and balls encased this way. I head back to our bedroom with the new, increased weight between my legs, the key in one hand and holding up my pants up with the other.

"Key," Evie says and holds out her hand with a smile.

I roll my eyes like it's an ordeal, but her excitement is already thickening my squashed cock.

Evie puts the key into the pocket of her dressing gown and then opens up both sides of the robe to show me.

"Crap, Evie," I groan at the sight of magnificent bare breasts made all the more spectacular by the rest of her petite shape. And because there's now, no way I could properly enjoy any of it. I caress both sides of the indents of her waist. I fondle her bare hips and ass, revel in her motivation to deny and tease my desire for her.

"Go run the shower for me," she says and kisses my neck, and it makes me quiver, "I'll be there in a minute."

"You're showering? What time did you want to go and see Mel?"

“When we’re ready,” she says, “He can wait.”

I head back to the bathroom and twist on the shower, adjust the temperature so it’s not too hot. What the hell kind of ‘show’ was she talking about? *Flaunting herself through the shower glass door to tease me some more?*

She arrives a couple of minutes later with her dressing tied around her again but it’s what’s in her hand that draws my eyes.

She slips out of her robe and waves the huge pink suction cup dildo at me, “Let me get in then,” she grins.

She’s going to use that? In the shower?

Evie grins again and then steps into the shower and closes the door. She stands under the water with a phallus that her hand can barely encircle. With her other hand she reduces the power of the flow and then draws soap from the dispenser and watching me the whole time, she soaps her body.

My cock stirs in the cage.

Evie suds under her tits, drawing the fleshy mounds up slowly, and she smiles seductively at me while she does.

“Crap,” I mumble but the word is lost in the sound of the falling water.

She stands on the ball of her left foot and glances down, soaping her hips, the dildo clutched obscenely in her other hand, the head pointing down, like a thick, blunt dagger or stake in her fist.

I let my pants drop down to my ankles. I grab the chastity belt in both hands and pull it, try to get some friction and pleasurable sensations to the head of my shaft. But the hard shell encasing my organ effectively numbs me

Evie turns under the water flow and holding the dildo in both hands, stands on her tiptoes and then plants the base of the fake cock onto the right side of the shower wall. She smiles at me over her shoulder and spitting water from her mouth but maintaining plenty of eye contact through the spray, she slowly masturbates the rubber organ.

I murmur something and work the cage around my genitals.

My wife releases the wobbling shaft and presents her shiny, rounded behind to the dripping tool. She spreads her cheeks for it then reaches out to the wall opposite with one arm and presses an open palm to it. Almost on her tiptoes again she grins at me and backs herself up, slowly drawing the disappearing length into her pussy.

“Oh,” I say out loud and imagine how good the inside of her drenched, soapy pussy must feel. All aspects of my wife’s sexuality amplified a thousandfold in the knowledge that right now, she cannot be had by me.

With one hand on the side of the butt cheek nearest me and the other still on the opposite wall, Evie rocks her body back and forth to and from the phallus, fucking herself on it.

I work my chastity belt over my desensitized flesh in time with her backward thrusts.

But those thrusts quicken and she presses both palms against the wall opposite her and her moans ring out above the shower. She shoves her butt back, shiny, soapy tits swinging and water cascading all over her forbidden body. And momentarily I wonder whether the shower cubicle could get damaged and then I wonder whether her routine (though without the water) is something she’s being trained to do for other men at Traders. Then Evie’s mouth hangs and she squeezes her tits with one of her hands and then seems to stagger on the cock, pinching her own nipples and climaxing in front of me.

It’s an hour and a half later, almost 8-30 p.m. when I pull up outside the high, right-angle-edged hedgerows of my mother and father-in-law’s smart detached home. Since Mel retired (and his recent ankle injury improved) he’s clearly spending a lot of time ‘perfecting’ their garden.

“You did let him know we’re coming round tonight, right?” Evie glances across at me from the passenger seat. She’s done her hair and has eyeliner on. Her dress is a simple, if shoulder-less peach-colored number. It’s not

tight on her lower body but it does highlight her bust. Probably more than enough to arouse the interest of a dirty old man. Someone who's had his hands on them before but who should certainly know better.

"Yeah," I nod, and my groin prickles.

"He'll have been going stir-crazy on his own all week," Evie laughs and opens her door.

"Told me he was playing golf a couple of times while your Mom's away," I call after her, but she's headed down the drive in her low heels.

I lock the car and catch up with her. She takes my hand and hers is a little clammy.

Since when did she get nervous coming here? She's not seriously thinking about letting him? Not again? Not Mel. But my encased cock pulses.

No. She's probably just anxious because it's only the three of us. No other people to prevent the subject of that night being brought up again. I mean, it's not like she was checking her appearance in the mirror or anything on the way here. I bet she only agreed to visit and make sure he's OK for her Mom's sake.

Well if Nadia knew what a dirty old fucker her husband can be she'd have a whole lot more to worry about, wouldn't she?

Evie pulls a house key from her handbag but rings the bell before she uses it, "We don't want to catch him doing anything unsavory," she says and laughs.

'We'll have to see,' she said in bed when I recklessly asked what might happen with Mel when we came here.

"Hey you two," he greets us in the hallway with thinning hair which is grayer than I remember it. White at the sides now, the same as the makings of whiskers around his face.

"Growing a beard?" Evie runs a hand over his jaw and he flushes.

Teasing the poor guy already.

“Trying,” he laughs and leads us toward the kitchen, “I’m never sure whether it makes my face look fatter.” He used to be so full of himself and kind of obnoxious around her. Not since she started playing up to him though. Nor since that night.

“It’s not your face you should worry about,” Evie says in the kitchen and pokes his belly.

Mel laughs. “Can I get you both a drink?”

“That’d be nice,” she smiles at him, “White wine?”

“Something smells nice,” she inhales loudly, “What did you have for tea?”

“Chicken casserole,” he says and digs a wine bottle from the fridge, “Your mom made some dinners up and froze them before she went away.”

“She spoils you,” Evie shakes her head and takes the long-stemmed glass from his hand then moves her honey-blond hair around her shoulders.

“You’re probably right,” he says and hands me a Coors.

“So how’ve you been coping on your own all week?” Evie asks.

“I’ve been OK, Golfing and working on my memoirs.”

I smile and can’t for the life of me imagine why anyone would want to read some ordinary other person’s life story.

“Seen anything of Celine?” Evie asks and sips her wine.

“Yes, she and Lucas came to see me last night,” he says and pours himself a whiskey in a dimpled tumbler.

An image pops into my head of my wife’s wiry, mean-mouthed stepsister and her smart -assed fiance who’s also fucked my wife. My chastity belt twitches.

“Shall we go into the living room?” Mel motions with his head and we follow.

“This is all a bit of a mess,” Evie crinkles her nose at the newspapers and coffee mugs scattered around her Mom’s ‘best room’. The fire is almost dead in the grate. “What’s the rest of the house like?”

“It’s fine,” he coughs, “I haven’t got round to tidying yet today. I do it before I go to bed every night. Is she like this with you at your house Kevin?”

“Kind of,” I say and laugh.

“I’ll tidy the place before we go,” Evie surveys the room again.

“No you won’t,” he says more firmly and shakes his head, “Sit on the sofa, both of you. I want to talk to you.”

Evie glances at me but she does what her stepdad tells her to. She sits with her hands in her lap and legs crossed, flesh on show from above the knee down. Her self-confident demeanor seemingly evaporated by his firm instruction, almost like she’s been mentally drawn back to an earlier time in her life.

“We haven’t had the chance to talk properly since that night here,” he says and sits in his armchair. He sips his whiskey and then clears his throat. “Not with there always being other people around too.”

Other people like Evie’s mom? Your ‘wife’?

“But it’s more than that,” he says, “I shut the memory away and pretended it never happened,” he shakes his head and looks at the carpet, “That was wrong of me. Cowardly. And very unfair on you Eve,” he looks across at her and fleetingly his eyes seem to snag on her legs before he continues.

My cock shifts in my chastity belt.

Does he mean what he’s saying, or is he trying to soften us up for another bout?

“What I did was unforgivable,” he mumbles around his whiskey tumbler, “It’s too easy to blame it on the drink,” he pauses and looks miserably at the fireplace, “In the end, it was nothing more than a weak old man pretending he was still young but failing to control himself.”

“Mel, honestly,” Evie leans forward and over toward him, she pats his knee.

“Shh, let me finish,” he holds up a hand with crooked fingers, “I need to get this off my chest.”

“OK, but it wasn’t all *you*,” Evie says.

“Maybe not, but I’m supposed to be the mature one,” he says and glances at me.

I show him a tight smile.

“You told me that night,” Evie says slowly, “that you’d always wanted to... you know, that you sometimes thought about...when I was younger.”

“It’s true,” he shrugs, “But don’t think I’m not deeply ashamed of that.”

“It’s OK Mel,” she says and leans across again and this time she leaves her hand on his lower thigh, “Honestly, it doesn’t matter now. I’m a big girl. All grown up.”

His head rises and he looks at her. His eyes lower to her throat and then, for only a split second, hover over the outline of her tits.

My cock surges in the chastity belt.

“It was always difficult being around her Kevin,” he ignores her hand on his leg and he rubs his brow, “I’m not her father and she was always so pretty. So alluring. I’m sure you of all people can understand that?”

“Sure,” I nod. I’ve seen pictures of my wife when she was younger. She was always a head-turner. But I’m not sure I should be totally exonerating him for being an asshole back then.

“And a lot of the time I wasn’t nice to you,” he says to Evie, “but that was only because of how you made me feel whenever I looked at you. I couldn’t afford to be nice to you. If that makes sense?” he looks at us both as if for affirmation.

“Look, let me tidy up for you,” Evie says and stands and she straightens her dress over her hips, “You don’t want Mom thinking you’ve been living in a pig sty or that you can’t look after yourself without her, do you? And you’ll feel better about everything when the house is tidy.”

“I don’t deserve you to be good to me,” he says.

“Mel, come on,” Evie half laughs, “Let me refill your glass,” she takes his tumbler and saunters from the room.

“She’s doing it to me again Kevin,” he whispers and his eyes follow her. Then he looks across at me.

“That’s just Evie for you,” I say and force a laugh. I’m not sure exactly what that phrase of his meant but it’s clear he’s got the horn for my wife again. I sip my beer but my heart pounds and while she’s still gone for his whiskey I can’t stop myself. But I lower my voice. “She enjoyed what you did to her, Mel.”

He stares at me like he wants to say something. But can’t.

“She did,” I repeat and nod, then look to the door. *I haven’t betrayed her.* She’s admitted as much to me about that night and there’s no point him beating himself up about what he did. If he does, then there’s always the chance he’ll one day break down and confess to Nadia. *And what a total shit-storm that would unleash.*

Evie returns with a full glass and ice for Mel.

“Here,” he gestures at the arm of his chair, “sit here with me a minute Eve.”

Evie glances at me and then giggles and slides down alongside him with the glass in her hand. Her dress rides up one side of her thigh.

My cock throbs in the steel cage.

“So you two promise you don’t hold that night against me?” he glances over at me and then looks up at her, he takes the glass too and his fingers remain in contact with hers.

“I wanted to invite you both to the coast,” he smiles at her.

What the fuck?

“With Nadia and I. We’ve hired a house for a month out there later in the year. It’s got an indoor pool and everything. Celine and Lucas are coming over for a week. You should do the same.”

“That sounds nice, doesn’t it, Kev?”

“Yeah. Let us know the dates,” I say but am already wondering what excuse would get us most easily out of the invite.

“Look, Mel, let me tidy up for you please,” Evie tries to stand.

“Don’t,” Mel grabs her arm and she falls back against him, right on his chair. He leans his head and shoulders away from her head but Evie doesn’t try to move. The side of her face rests on his shoulder. Fingers spread on his chest.

Evie?

“You’re doing it to me again young lady,” he winces and adjusts the position of his ass on the seat.

“So if you regret what happened upstairs that night,” she peers up at him, “Does that mean you’d never want to do it again?” she glances across at me.

Fucking hell Evie. Is this what letting him do her last time is turning her into? What all those nights at Traders have made her? Offering herself again to her Mom’s husband?

Or is she just craving more male attention because she's been feeling neglected by Richmond?

Mel peers across at me.

"Kev, doesn't mind," Evie smiles at me, "Do you Kev?"

I shake my head, but I can't speak.

"You always were a little tease," he says to her and now it's his face that's red, "I should have ignored what your mother said and put you over my knee years ago."

"Mmm, Mel, So are you going to spank me?" she giggles.

Fucking hell Evie.

"Do you think he should, Kev?"

Mel doesn't wait for any response, he moves further forward in the armchair and pulls my squealing wife over his lap. His mouth is a little more than a slit.

Fuck.

Evie's arms and hair hang down over one side of his chinos, her painted fingers near the carpet.

"You shouldn't keep provoking me. Should she Kevin?" he says but doesn't look at me as he drags her dress up the backs of her thighs.

"Hey!" she cries but even with one hand half-shielding the back of her crimson panties and her buttocks and 'trying' to pull the dress back down, her protests sound hollow.

"Red panties," Mel murmurs and runs a plump palm over my wife's upturned behind.

Oh, fuck, he's touching her again.

"Says a lot about this little prick teaser," he smacks her ass and it wobbles.

Woah. I push a hand down into my jeans.

“That’s what she’s always been Kevin, a little prick teaser,” he slaps her again, his face stern.

Evie squeals but then writhes on his lap. “Mmm, And yours is only a *little* prick to tease, isn’t it Mel?”

“She might have those big titties now but she’s always had too much to say for herself Kevin,” he smacks Evie’s left, then right buttock.

Evie cries out and reaches around to rub at her reddened cheeks.

“It’s not too hard, is it Evie?” I gasp but toy with the relentless steel in my pants.

“Huh, Mel hasn’t got it in him,” she blows her hanging hair out of her eyes.

“We’ll see about that,” he cracks his palm real hard across her right buttock, then her left, then her right again.

Evie squeals and wriggles on his lap but then she groans.

She’s getting off on it.

“That hard enough for you girl?” he’s still red-faced, still frowning.

“Mmm,” she writhes on him, “Is that little prick getting all stiff underneath me now?” Evie’s left arm and hand squirm under her stomach and down between Mel’s legs.

Fuck me.

“You just never learn do you, Eve?” he yanks her hand away from his pants and in almost the same movement tugs the red panties down over her jiggling, inflamed buttocks and the backs of her thighs.

He’s stripping her. I rub at my chastity belt.

“So if I haven’t learned, why don’t you teach me Mel?” Evie gasps over her shoulder, her buttocks glowing.

“You asked for it girl,” He drags her off his knee and stands over her. Then he shoves my wife’s face into the armchair. Pulls both her knees around and onto the carpet. He tugs the rear of her dress fully up to her waist and holds my wife down by the back of her neck. Her panties are knotted around her lower thighs. Buttocks in the air. He fumbles with the front of his pants.

He’s going to fuck her again. From behind. Mel’s going to fuck Evie. Oh, God.

Mel’s thick but stumpy dick is already hard and then it’s in his fist and he’s on her. He smacks down into her pussy with his flabby white ass clenching.

“Uhh Kev,” Evie’s groans muffled in the sofa.

“You teasing little bitch,” he slaps a hand at her, and stabs with his hips, “You just can’t help yourself, can you?”

“Uhh, oh Mel, oh.”

“I’ll teach you alright,” he backhands her blazing left buttock then smacks her right.

I take deep breaths, claw with the bars around my dick, and curse myself for allowing Evie to lock me.

Mel’s body thumps against Evie’s buttocks, he grips them, and spanks around either side of her hips. “I knew you wouldn’t be able to help yourself. She’s a hussy Kevin, a little trollop. I always knew it. Let’s feel those titties,” he gropes underneath her with one hand, and Evie grunts and lifts her chest up like she’s trying to aid him. “No wonder I could hardly control myself around her. Urgh,” he gasps and falls forward, flattened on her back and her shoulders and breathing hard into her hair.

He’s cum already. *He barely got one of her tits out.*

“You better go now,” he leans up and back and withdraws. “I need to tidy up. We’ll talk again. About the trip to the coast. And same as last time; not a word to Nadia about this.”

Chapter Nine

Ashley

“No matter what,” I say to Marcie in our bedroom, “we have to decide for definite by the end of tonight what we’re doing about him,” I’m bare-chested and I study the contents of my wardrobe. In truth, despite what we said in bed last night, I placed a local ‘Lodger Wanted’ ad online while I was at the barber’s today. Just in case. We can’t afford any hiatus with the rental income.

“I know that,” she says from the seat in front of her dressing table, “We already agreed on it.”

“I’m just making sure we’re on the same page,” I say and now that the night out with Finn is upon us, the practical side of my head has overridden my sexual excitement.

For the time being at least.

I choose a comfortable pair of jeans, if we’re sitting around drinking I want to relax. And I can’t do that if I’m all dressed up. Although relaxation could be a tall order in a social situation with Marcie and the man who’s fucked her.

My balls bristle.

“We’re not staying out long Ash,” Marcie says to her reflection and she fixes one of her shiny gold, drop earrings in place, “We haven’t got the money to waste.”

“We agreed that before too,” I say, “But *he’s* invited *us*. Not the other way around.”

“We can’t let him pay for all the drinks, Ash. Not after he bought that takeout the last time.”

“He got paid back in ‘kind’ for the food,” I gaze over at her brushing her fair hair.

“Thanks for that,” she says without stopping the brushing, “You make me sound like a prostitute.”

“I didn’t mean it that way,” I cross the room to her and lean around her to kiss one side of her face. She reaches back with an arm and watching herself in the mirror she tweaks my bare left nipple.

“Fuck, Marcie, that hurt,” I grimace and rub my chest.

“It was supposed to,” she says and laughs.

I peer down at her blonde head and in the mirror, her blue eyes and wide mouth. *I wonder if Finn thinks something could happen between them again tonight?* Even though he’s supposed to be just ‘making his case’ for staying. *What red-blooded male wouldn’t be hoping, when he’s already had sex with her?*

But surely Marcie wouldn’t let him? My cock pulses in my pants.

Part of me wants to reiterate that I meant what I said in bed last night. I’m always thinking about what they did together, always imagining it happening a second time. To tell her I want her to let it happen. If she feels the same.

But now Friday is here, other impulses inside me are terrified of where any repetition could lead.

Apprehensive that somehow she could get attached to the guy. Women are more prone to that than men, aren’t they? Then don’t normally have sex unless there are feelings involved. Despite what my online buddies say, I’ve read about women and their emotions loads of times. Seen it on TV. And Marcie only ever had ‘loveless’ sex that one time before Finn. She told me. With that guy when she was on a girls’ holiday. So surely the more time she spends with Finn -whether I’m with her or not - the more chance some sort of attachment will form. Even when no one intends it. Especially if sex between them became a regular thing.

Well, it won't. The regular sex, and certainly not any attachment. I won't let it.

I choose an orange t-shirt with a motive of the band Pendulum and then my light green canvas jacket.

It's not only the possibility of 'Attachment' that should honestly point to a decision against Finn. Surely too, the longer he stays with us, the more chance of tongues wagging. The rumor mill starting up about him and his hot landlady. And the more opportunity that he or one of us slips up and says something about it all to someone else. Man, that would be unbearable.

My stomach cramps on me. I'll have another quiet word with him tonight to remind him to be careful he never breathes a word to anyone else.

I straighten my hair and I'm conscious of something else. As long as Finn is here with us, we have some leverage over him to make sure he keeps quiet. The minute he's not living here, we lose that influence.

Marcie stands up in her white lace bra and matching panties and she clicks through the hangers in her wardrobe. I gaze at her bare legs, the swell of her ass and higher, to the strap of a bra that's only a shade or two lighter than her 'Scandinavian' hair.

I collect her hair brush from the dresser and pull it through my own hair. I glance back across at my wife and she's squeezing her self into her tight white jeans.

They always make her ass look fantastic. My cock throbs. Finn won't be able to keep his eyes off her.

With her buttocks encased and nicely lifted and separated a little by the white denim, she picks out a top from her wardrobe. A cream-colored one that I don't remember seeing before.

"That top new?"

"I bought it today," she shrugs and pulls it on. It's long and loose fitting but semi-sheer and shows her bra underneath.

Fuck. And she bought it today? As in, when she'd found out we were going for a drink with him?

When we're both ready and reach the living room at the agreed time to meet, Finn is already there. He's in a smart pair of dark blue jeans and a pine-green check shirt with a collar. *He's shaved.*

"I got a bit of bad news," He grimaces, and then his eyes stray to my wife and linger a second or two on her semi-sheer blouse.

Has he decided to move in with that Sophie woman and he's 'fessing up to it right away? Or has she said she wants to see him tonight?

"I got let down last minute with the pickup truck. Phil needed it."

"Another of his mysterious dates?" Marcie asks with greater recall than I expect for stuff we've heard about Finn's boss.

"I'm not sure," Finn shrugs and looks embarrassed, "He's the boss though. I'll spring for an Uber. I was waiting for you guys before calling it."

"It's fine," I say, "I'll drive." Now I think about it, a sober head will mean I'm fully aware of what happens tonight. Especially after Marcie's had a drink or two. I wasn't clear-headed that last time.

"Ash it's Friday night," Marcie gives me a pained expression, "You want a beer too, don't you?"

"I don't mind. It'll save on the cab."

"Its no problem getting an Uber," Finn taps the screen of his phone.

"Well I can't walk to any bar from here," Marcie says, "Not with the heels on these boots."

"Nice boots though," Finn smiles at her.

Marcie smiles back but she's colored up.

My stomach quivers. I feel kind of excluded but excited too.

“Come on Ash,” she pulls at my arm, “I don’t want to drink alone.”

“You won’t be,” I say, “Finn will be doing it with you. I’ll bring the car round,” I grab my keys and leave the two of them alone with the snapshot of their shared smiles large in my head and my heart pounding.

Outside and I can make no sense of this either, but there’s somehow something erotic about the notion of chauffeuring my wife and the guy who’s fucked her. *Is that some subconscious part of why I volunteered to drive?*

I fire the car up and squeeze my cock through my pants, It’s stiff. *Would a repeat tonight be such a big deal? When she’s done it once already?* We can still give him the bad news tomorrow. And Marcie getting together with him a second time might be all the motivation me and her need to get rid of him.

But what about that leverage we have if he stays? The work on the house?

I ignore those last two questions and feel my cock again. I honk the horn and the pair of them emerge together, Finn holding the door open for my wife.

Even that act further hardens my cock.

“You go in the front with Ash,” Marcie says when the back door is open, “I’ll sit in the back.”

“That’s not very assertive of you,” Finn laughs and his hulking frame gets in alongside me.

“I pick my battles,” she says and he laughs.

I peer at her in the mirror and she smiles back at me. Her jasmine-scented perfume fills our Nissan. *Is it my imagination or did she put more on than usual?*

“I feel like I’m going to an interview,” Finn says when we’ve pulled off.

“How do you mean?” glance across at him.

“You know,” he shrugs, “my fate being decided by you both.”

“So you better be on your best behavior,” Marcie says from the back.

“Aren’t I always?” he peers over his shoulder at her.

“Hmm,” she says.

“What model Nissan’s this?” Finn runs his fingers across the dash, “Never noticed when it’s on the drive.”

“2020 Rogue,” I say and omit the part about it being one of two cars that now cost us more to lease than we’re comfortable with.

“Nice,” he runs his fingers across the faux leather too, in a similar way to how he caressed my wife that night. I swallow and feel my cock throb.

“Marcie doesn’t like the beige color of the dash or steering wheel, do you Marce?”

“Not really,” she says from the back and she’s inspecting her face in her phone screen.

Fifteen minutes later we’re at Bar-Z. The same place me and Marcie came to earlier in the week. A Depeche Mode remix throbs through the speakers, but not so loud that we have to shout to be heard. Finn gets the first round in and when he comes back, I slip off to the gents and leave the pair them alone. The speed of my heart rate scares me.

Could it happen again tonight? Do I want it to?

I head into a booth but have no intention of using the locked space the way it’s meant to be used. I yank out my cock and stroke. Slow. To give them time together. *If I cum, then when the angst and regret hit me afterward, I’ll be way less likely to make give rash opinions on what should happen tonight.*

I slow my strokes to a stop, conscious that out there, the pair of them are together.

But I visualize my wife handcuffed by the big guy like she was the last time. I hold my breath so there's no chance of an unintended moan or groan escaping my lips. In case someone comes into the main part of the toilet and hears me.

What am I doing leaving her alone with him? Oh God, Marcella. How wet does she get now in bed whenever he's on the agenda? I cup my firm balls in my other hand, then push a hand up my shirt and scrape a fingernail across both nipples, that same way Marcie does to me. What if they're both already thinking about making out when they get back?

Would she want that? Would I let her do it again?

But even though my re-started strokes are slow, and several times I release my throbbing cock to delay the moment, I can feel that no matter what, this won't take long. And it's the remembered sounds of Finn's weighty body smacking down so urgently onto and into my unfaithful wife on the sofa the last time that shoves me over the cliff.

My unfaithful Marcie.

I clean up and head back out to the bar.

They're chatting and laughing and Marcie sucking on the striped straw of what remains of her cocktail.

My chest draws tight and my face heats up. I need to make sure she doesn't openly flirt with him now I'm here too. One or two of the bar staff probably recognize me and her. *Maybe we should have gone somewhere else instead.*

Marcie says she'll have another Mojito so I go off to the bar to get another drink for us all.

"Hey," she smiles when I return and she moves her blonde hair around, "I'm going to try vaping," she nods at the small purple container in Finn's fist.

"Vaping?" "I gape at her, "You hate smoking."

“Yeah, *real* cigarettes,” she shrugs, “this is blueberry flavor.”

“Only just started again,” he shrugs, “Used to smoke but I gave it up. Wouldn’t even do this around the house of, course,” he holds the e-cigarette inhaler up. “Wouldn’t want to get on the wrong side of my landlady.”

“Yeah right,” Marcie gives him a sideways smile.

“You want to try then?” he gestures at the exit.

Marcie nods.

Is she serious?

“You coming too dude?” Finn peers at me.

“No. I’m not. I’ll wait here,” I frown and feel my face set.

“Don’t sulk,” Marcie says softly in my ear and she kisses me there, “Didn’t you tell me you wanted me to do things with Finn?”

I lean back to see her face better and she grins at me.

“I only want to try vaping this one time,” she says and picks up her phone, “We won’t be long.”

I sit in a stew as the pair of them head away through the bar. My wife’s pert rear in the white jeans draws a gaze from some other guy as she nears the door to the street and Finn holds it open for her.

But as I sit and stew and wait and play with my phone, and discretely watch them through the window like they’re a regular couple amongst other smokers, my annoyance or resentment, or whatever this chest-constricting negativity is, begins to lessen and open me up to gentle waves of arousal.

The way she toys with her hair when she’s around him. The ways she laughs all the time at his shit jokes.

And despite my earlier misgivings and a confused look from one of the female bar staff in the direction of both Marcella on the sidewalk and me on

my own, my cock firms again in my pants.

So much so that by the time they return and Finn goes off to the bar to get another round of drinks in, I whisper in my wife's ear.

"You looked like you were enjoying yourself out there," I say and kiss her cheek.

"I guess you shouldn't knock it 'till you've tried it," she laughs, "I quite enjoyed it. Might try it again some time."

"What about *him*," I indicate Finn at the bar with my eyes, "Are you going to try *him* again?"

Marcie's baby-blue eyes look right at me.

I glance around to check we're not being watched and then I take one of her hands and move it below the high table. I hold her palm to my groin, and let her feel my stiffness.

"You dirty boy," she says but she squeezes me there, then looks around and rubs me.

She's turned on. She'll do it again with him if I want her to. Oh, fuck, Marce.

Over the next half hour or so as we chat, their flirting becomes more open, as do the increasingly regular touches of his hand on her arm or shoulder and hers on his. All of which could be mistaken as 'innocent' by onlookers. But only if the onlookers don't witness the eye contact too, or the way Finn's eyes return time and again to my wife's throat and the outline of her tits.

My excitement is at a fever pitch, my gut and heart out of control even as dread and apprehension gush through me like torrents. *Maybe we only got away with them having sex the one time. Maybe a second time could be the start of something fatal between me and Marcie.*

But outside and into a balmy night on the way back to the car, Marcie stumbles in her heels and Finn prevents her fall. She hesitates a moment in his powerful arms before she seems to come to her ‘senses’. The sight though only further inflames the whispering lust in my head.

“Why don’t you too sit together in the back?” I say when we reach the car and my heart feels like someone kicking my chest. I click the key fob and the beeper sounds, amber lights flash on the sidewalk.

“You sure you wouldn’t mind?” Finn asks but he’s holding the back door open for my wife. “I mean, I wouldn’t want to do anything to prejudice my stay.”

“Shut up and get inside,” Marcie laughs and shoves at him. Finn laughs too and my wife follows him into the back of our car.

“My husband doesn’t want my company,” Marcie says behind me and Finn mumbles an inaudible response.

I fire up the engine with my groin on fire.

“How about if I sit with Finn like this, Ash?” Marcie strokes the back of my head.

I pull the car away but adjust my rear view mirror.

She’s on his fucking knee. Her arm around his thick neck.

“You should have your seat belt on really,” Finn says to her and then his eyes meet mine in the mirror.

My cock throbs.

“We’ll be home in five minutes,” she smiles at him.

I try to focus on the road but honestly, I feel I could cum in my pants.

“You should grow your hair long like this Ash,” she murmurs from the back and when I peer at her again, she’s running her fingers through Finn’s locks.

She'll do it with him when we get back. There's no question. I'll only have to say the word.

Common sense and all thoughts of safety have abandoned me and I drive as fast as I can. I try to focus on the road but there are kisses behind me now.

Oh, Marce.

He tries to get a hand into her semi-sheer top but she stops him and pretends to slap his hand. But she's smiling at him, whispering.

Chapter Ten

Kevin

Despite how much I've replayed last night at Mel's in my head over the last 24 hours, now that we're in the parking lot at Richmond's hotel, the 'here and now' overwhelms me. Well, the here, the now, and in an hour or two, when my wife is taken upstairs by Richmond.

7-30. We're bang on time. Just like Evie insisted on.

"How do I look?" she puckers her lips at her phone screen and then twists her head and freshly styled honey-blond hair. Then she does the same with the other side of her face.

"Gorgeous," I say and I'm not lying. I adjust the chastity belt between my legs. If Spens and his wife *do* stay beyond dinner she really *won't* be happy. I should have warned her it could happen. And it could get beyond awkward watching Evie if Spens and Huey are there too. Even if Grace *is* involved.

"Leave it alone Kev," she glances at my hand down my pants and then rolls her heavily made-up eyes. She's in a strapless, clingy black party dress with a split up the hem that exposes half her left thigh. The manicured nails of her right hand push her phone into a small, shiny rose-pink clutch bag and there's a gold pendant on a loose chain above her fake-tanned cleavage. Her heels match her dress.

Doesn't the whole outfit reek of trying to hard to impress? My stomach growls. I

"I wish the others weren't eating with us too," Evie sighs and paints on yet another layer of pink lip gloss, "It's ages since I've had Richmond to myself."

You might have to share him tonight a whole lot more than you expect.

She takes my hand on the walk across the parking lot and the air is humid. There's a smell of barbecued meat like someone in one of the large surrounding properties is cooking outside. I'm too nervous to feel hungry.

"My pantie outline isn't showing through this dress is it?" Evie asks and I let go of her hand and then move behind her as she walks.

Her body looks incredible.

"No," I shake my head.

"Feel to make sure," she gestures, "just in case."

'*Feel?*' I run a hand over her left hip and then buttocks but feel nothing except firm flesh under the thin fabric. "G-string?"

"Nope," she squeezes between two parked silver Fords then looks back over her shoulder with a smile.

"Nothing?" I ask and when there's space I take her hand again

"Easy access," she says and her other hand squeezes my groin, "No bra either."

My chest pulls but the only sensation anywhere near the muting cock cage is a tingle around my balls. I'd guessed by the lack of dress straps and the hint of nipple that she didn't have a bra on. *But no panties at dinner either?*

At the hotel entrance, I hold open the door to let Evie enter first.

Near the reception with its mosaic floor, two men in suits stop their conversation as my scented wife approaches. They stand back and let her speak to the receptionist.

"Could you tell Mr Coyle that Evie and Kevin are here," she says to her and the red-head's eyes narrow.

"He's already in the restaurant Madam," the girl says down her nose, "With his other guests."

“Oh,” Evie says and for a second seems shocked.

“Thanks, we’ll go through,” I tell the receptionist and take Evie’s hand again.

“I’ll just check with Mr Coyle first,” the girl lifts a landline to her ear.

“That won’t be necessary,” Evie says and her chin rises like she’s regained her composure, “Come on Kev,” She pulls at my hand and leads the way with her hips and butt swaying and if butts could move angrily then that’s what hers is doing. “He said seven-thirty to you too, didn’t he?” she asks over her shoulder.

“Yeah.”

“So why are *they* already here with him?” she says with no pause in her stride. “*There* they are,” Grace says a few moments later and ignores the mustached ‘Maitre D’. She struts across the half-full, glass-roofed restaurant, weaving between tablecloths and tables set with silver toward the far corner where four familiar faces sit.

This is embarrassing.

The mahogany-tanned Richmond and bearded Huey sit on either side of the stunning brunette Grace. Her husband - my colleague Spens – sits on the other side of Huey. For what feels like several seconds we’re ignored. Or not seen.

“*Here* they are.” Richmond eventually turns his attention from Grace and smiles at Evie. He pushes back his chair and gets up. He comes around the back of Grace and then Huey to her right and embraces my wife, “You look enchanting,” he tells her and Huey is on his feet too and kissing each side of Evie’s face then shaking my hand. “Sit here right next to Huey, young lady,” Richmond says and pulls out one of two empty chairs for my wife.

A sour-faced Evie sits where invited, three seats away from Richmond - although opposite him - and merely nods at the waves and smiles from Grace and her husband.

I sit and then reach to my right to shake Spencer's clammy hand. His face is flushed too so maybe he feels the same way as me. I glance at Evie on my left and her face is set like she's pissed with the seating arrangements so under the table, I squeeze her thigh.

"We were just about to order," Richmond snaps his fingers and a demur, short-haired waitress materializes as if summoned from thin air. "Can you bring our new guests a menu each when you've taken their drinks orders? Evie, Kevin, what will you have to drink?"

The girl takes our orders and then as the six of us make small talk that only gradually feels a little less awkward, we study the comprehensive new 'French' menu and finally decide. The waitress is summoned again.

I glance across to Richmond's right, where on the far side of Huey, the undeniably beautiful Scarlet Johansen look-a-like Grace sips her drink and listens to Coyle. I'd never say anything to Evie of course, but in comparison to my wife, there's something understated about the way Spens's wife dresses. A loose-fitting chocolate brown silk blouse or dress. A lighter shade than her long, flowing hair. Occasionally when she turns, you see the outline of her breasts but unlike my wife, Grace has little flesh on show. Just her face, throat, and hands.

"New one on me all this," Spens whispers into my right ear and sips his beer.

I smile at him.

"You've been here with them before though, right?" he asks.

"Only with Richmond."

"Right," Spens says, and away to my left, on the near side of Grace, Huey virtually has his back to my wife now as, like Richmond, his attention is focused on Grace.

"Never had French food before either," Spens says and he sounds more nervous than at any point during my whole first week at the new job.

“As long as you steer clear of the snails and frogs,” I grin at him, “I reckon it’s just the same as our cuisine. The French just give it fancy names.”

“Yeah,” he laughs.

I glance at Evie again and still the other two men are focused on Grace.

“You OK?” I whisper to her and squeeze her thigh.

“I’ll have to be, won’t I?” she snorts and swallows a huge mouthful of red wine.

“Excuse me,” Spens pushes his seat back and drops his napkin on the table, “I need the washroom.”

Is he going to jerk off? I bet he *is*. Whenever I’m here in this situation and don’t have my dick locked up I always leave Evie alone with Richmond and have at least one wank to calm my nerves.

No chance of that tonight.

“I’ve got a good mind to go home as soon as we’ve eaten,” Evie hisses in my ear when Spens has returned to the table. Richmond looks up and finally seems to notice my wife again.

“So Grace is thinking about joining the team at Traders,” he smiles at Evie, “You’ll have to tell her all about it. Isn’t that right Spens?”

“Hey, I didn’t say I was definitely doing it,” Grace catches Richmond’s arm, and some of his champagne splashes onto the tablecloth.

“Oops, Sorry Richmond,” she covers her mouth with one hand, and with the other, she uses her napkin to dab at the table cloth.

“If your wife carries on like this Spens,” he says to my colleague, “She’ll end up over someone’s knee tonight.”

Spens flushes at my side.

“If anyone’s going to discipline Mrs. Lowell for bad behavior then I guess it’ll have to be me,” Huey sighs and holds up a hand, as if reluctantly claiming the role and Richmond laughs.

I can’t look at Spens now on my right.

“Yes Sir?” The waitress appears again and peers at Huey.

“Oh, er no, I was just demonstrating something to my friends,” he grins and nudges his glasses further up his nose with a knuckle.

The girl leaves with half our table laughing but my wife’s face is like thunder.

“I can’t wait for the other three to leave us in peace,” Grace mumbles to me two or three wines later. She refuses dessert, which is unusual for her - especially with mini chocolate profiteroles on the menu, and then when everyone has finished their food and the plates almost all cleared away, Richmond sits right back in his seat.

“So Ladies and gentlemen,” he rubs his hands together slowly, “If everybody’s game, then we should take this upstairs. Continue the party in my suite. One final time”

“*They’re* coming with us?” Grace splutters.

In the elevator and thankfully while Huey mauls Spens’ wife, Richmond turns his fuller attention to mine. She plays with her hair and flutters her eyelashes. She laughs too hard and too loud at his half-hearted humor.

In the carpeted corridor on the top floor, she takes his hand and hurries him toward the suite, almost skipping like a happy kid.

My trapped cock pushes against the bars of it’s cage.

“So this is the suite I’m giving up,” he pulls his hand out of hers and swipes the key card down into the slot with a theatrical flourish.

“I can't believe I'll never see the inside of the beautiful place again,” Evie sighs.

Richmond waves first Grace and then Evie inside.

The dress Spen's wife is wearing might be conservative at the front and the belt at the waist leaves loose vertical folds of fabric at the small of her back, but the silky material clings to her perfectly round buttocks. And her legs are every bit as good as Evie's. No wonder Richmond seems so keen.

“Oh wow,” Spens' wife gasps at the deep purple walls and lush carpet in the same color, all highlighted by sunken, white ceiling spotlights.

“That iridescent blue light on the other side of the glass door,” Richmond curls an arm around Grace's shoulder, and points beyond one side of the round bed, “is the bathroom with the hot tub.”

“It's gorgeous,” Spencer's wife purrs and shovels her hair around her shoulder.

“Mmm, Remember the first time you brought me here,” Evie says to Richmond and eases between him and Grace. She smiles up at him and her fingers work at the belt of his pants.

Spens glances at me with raised eyebrows.

“Wait a minute can't you, Eve? Please?” Richmond sighs and eases my wife away. “Kevin, will you pour champagne? There should be plenty in the fridge,” he gesticulates to me and points out the glasses. “Huey, let's do the girls on the bed together and at the same time,” he says.

“Together?” Evie frowns at Richmond, “I thought you and would at least be...”

“Oh, since when did you get so bashful?” his firm hand cracks my wife across her backside.

“Ow,” she moans and rubs her buttocks.

I hurry across to the fridge, my cock pushing hard against the chastity belt. One thing's for certain. There's no way I'm doing anything *to* Richmond tonight. Not with my coworkers in the same room.

"Come, on get your clothes off and get on the bed," Richmond orders from somewhere behind me.

I peer around, champagne flute and Dom Perignon bottle shaking in my hands and my wife is undoing her dress. Beyond her, Huey already has Grace on the round bed and weirdly she's making a big deal of taking her heels off first.

"Aren't these the most beautiful feet you ever saw?" Huey holds the sole of Grace's left foot to the front of his pants, he works his overweight hips and grinds against her.

"I told you Huey could be weird," Grace says to my wife.

Evie smiles back but doesn't look amused.

I focus on the drinks and pour six glasses. There's still a little left, so to calm myself, I take a sip from one glass and then empty the bottle into it. I wipe my mouth and grab two glasses to take to the wives.

Evie is nude in front of everyone but none of the men are near her. Spens watches his wife stripped to her underwear by his - by 'Our' - boss, and then a smiling Richmond takes her dress and lays it on a dresser.

"You OK?" I ask Evie and hand her a drink. I move her hair from her cheek and kiss her there.

"There's absolutely no point me being her," she says, mouth tight and one forearm shielding her boobs.

"Of course there is," I hug her shoulder.

"Right, let's have you over here too my girl," Richmond takes my wife's drink from her hand and passes it to me.

Evie rolls her eyes at me but offers Richmond no resistance.

I take a huge mouthful of my own drink and then finish Evie's too and join Spens near the right-hand side of the bed. We don't look at each other.

The overweight Huey has Grace stripped nude too now and he's between the brunette's thighs. His blubbery body smacks down into hers.

"Uhh, Uhh, oh, oh."

How can a girl like that let herself be fucked by him? I glance at Spens and try to catch his eye but he's riveted on his groaning wife.

Her legs and arms cling to our boss. Those supposedly 'Beautiful' feet with painted brown toenails, bare heels locked on each side of Huey's fat ass. His hands with thick fingers pressed together and clutching at the undersides of her butt as he screws her.

"Lay on your side and face them," Richmond guides my naked wife to the far edge of the bed alongside the loudly fucking couple.

Evie sighs but climbs bare-assed onto the bed.

Oh God Evie, stripped in front of my bosses. I push at my chastity belt and try to reposition it so it doesn't chafe my skin.

"Draw your knees up," Richmond tells her and moves up close behind her on the bed. He fumbles with his pants and gets his huge dick out.

Fuck. The size of that thing never fails to shock me.

He draws one arm across my wife's chest and gripping her tit he sticks his dick up her.

Evie gasps.

Oblivious to the others now I move close to my wife's feet and get near the floor so I can see the stiff cock work in and out of my wife.

"Uhh, Uhh."

Fuck, Evie.

Higher up the bed, Evie's head is right back, her nostrils dark and flared as Richmond ruts her. Her chin bounces close to the groaning Grace's ear and raised right leg as she too is used in front of her husband.

"Uh-uh uh-uh, oh-oh," the women chorus in lusty incantation, and it's impossible to tell their voices apart.

Spens has his cock out and he masturbates as if he's alone in the room.

Evie's upper left arm is crushed under her body but her hand holds Richmond's forearm as he grips her tits and drives heavy blows into her body. The fingers of her right hand spread on her own buttock, as if further opening her body to aid Richmond's pleasure.

"Put your hand on Huey's ass," Richmond says to my wife, "Help push his cock into Grace's cunt."

"Uhh, uhh, oh Richmond," Evie groans but she pushes back at Richmond even as she fondles Huey's flabby white buttocks. The last thing that other couple needs though is surely assistance. Huey powers into Grace's drooling vagina as if his life depends on it, a hand fondling one of her feet.

"Uhh, Look what he's making me do Spens," Grace moans and juices dribble from her pussy and pool on the bed around her asshole. "Huey's making me do it in front of Richmond, Uhh, Richmond and Evie," she says as if I'm not present too.

I tug at the front of my pants and the chastity belt beneath.

"Push his ass," Richmond repeats to my wife and she tries but the sensations from Richmond's fucking must be too distracting. The fingers of her other hand stiffen and spread in the air and she pants and moans like she tortured.

"Uhh, uhh, uh-uhh."

Grace's right knee knocks and rocks from Huey's pounding and, nearly catches my wife in the face.

I claw at my chastity belt and Spens is first in the room to cum. He groans from a few feet away and spurts his load into his hands. He hobbles away toward the bathroom like he shit his pants.

But my Evie's orgasm isn't far behind.

“Oh Richmond, Oh Richmond, take me, take me Richmond, I'm yours, oh, oh, Give me your cum, give me your cum, please, please give me your cum.” Evie wails and her climax is almost deafening.

Shit, how I wish I could cum too.

Richmond clamps a hand over her mouth and sticks and spikes and spears her over and over with his cock.

Grace orgasms like she can't get enough oxygen and her swearing is worse than anyone's and then Huey too grunts like a pig and falls still, balls-deep inside Spens' wife.

Still though, Richmond fucks my Evie, and with me unable to cum, the sound like a blade stabbing meat that's eager to be slaughtered seems to last forever.

But it does end and Spens reappears a few moments after Richmond has cum in my wife.

My coworker gives me a tight smile and then both laughing, gasping bulls disengage from our wives and call for more champagne.

I pop another bottle and refresh all six glasses.

“Is this fucking intense, or what?” Spens whispers to me and accepts a glass.

Is he trying to hide the angst that must surely be consuming him now?

Evie is still on her side and she's covered in perspiration but I don't know whether it's hers or Richmond's. Or both, or maybe even some of Grace's. And perversely in this suspended state of frustration, there's even something horny about that last possibility too.

I offer Evie a glass and she sits up a little to take it.

“I need the bathroom,” she says but takes a sip before handing the glass back to me, “I’ve got a huge load in me,” she says and runs for the blue glass doors with one hand between her legs.

I swallow a mouthful and follow her. I find her wiping her slit with a length of toilet paper.

“You looked so hot before Evie,” I say, and when she’s flushed the papers away. I pull her to me. Her bare body is warm and clammy. She stinks of Richmond’s woody aftershave. But of her perfume and his cum too. I kiss her full on the lips but she doesn’t offer her tongue.

“I don’t want to leave her with him,” she says and checks her reflection in the mirror. She moves her hair around and puckers her lips.

“Evie,” I say and pull her against me, “You do love me. don’t you?”

“Kev,” she gasps and gapes wide-eyed at me, her mascara has run and a little of the fake tan down her chest, “How could you even *ask* that?”

“I don’t know,” I shrug and hold her in front of me. *Something to do with the way you look at Richmond?* A trickle of perspiration dribbles down between her boobs too.

“Are you going down on Richmond for me tonight?” she asks and twists my chastity belt.

“Evie, I can’t. Not with Spens and Huey here, I’d never be able to face them again.”

“Please Kev?” she says but there’s more noise from the other side of the glass door.

Evie checks her reflection again then hurries back out of the bathroom with her bare buttocks jiggling. I follow, but she’s pulled up short of the bed and stands watching.

Grace rides the prone Huey cowgirl with her tits swinging and behind her, stroking her lower back, a now bare-assed Richmond with his head to one side gazing at her.

“I can’t believe these guys are ready for round two so soon,” I mutter.

“Me neither,” Spens says and he’s in a chair at the side of the bed, rubbing the front of his pants.

“They’re obsessed with Sex,” Evie crosses her arms over her bare bust.

I leave the scene to fetch our drinks.

Richmond’s head is lower now, like he’s properly inspecting Grace’s butt as her body grinds over Huey. Richmond strokes her buttocks. Both Huey’s arms reach up to Grace’s swinging, slapping tits and he swipes at them with his palm, makes her cry out.

I glance at Spens and his cock is out.

Huey moves one hand to Grace’s throat and half-throttles her, then slaps her boobs again.

“Urch, Look what he’s doing to me Spens,” Grace gasps.

“Uhh, yeah,” her husband slicks his cock through his clenched fist.

“Mmm,” Richmond straightens up on his knees on the bed and moves his whole body close behind Grace. The cock that just fucked my wife, stands stiff and erect like an angry purple totem pole.

Alongside me Evie tuts and sips her drink.

With one hand Richmond holds the left side of Grace’s waist as she rides. He buries his face in her hair and kisses her there.

“Richmond, what are you doing?” Evie reddens but her eyes are fixed on the sight.

“Mmm, You ready for me between these lovely cheeks, young lady,?”
Richmond strokes his thick rod.

Grace groans and rubs her pussy against Huey. Again then again his palm slaps at her tits, both of them at once.

“Yes,” Richmond peers down and feeds his erection between Grace’s sliding, round buttocks.

She murmurs and half eases back but then momentarily hesitates.

“Stick it to her,” Huey says from underneath her and grips her hips, he bites at her tits, “Stick it to her, Richmond.”

“Oh, Gracie,” Spens moans and strokes hard, mouth open and chin shaking.

“Yes,” Richmond repeats and pushes into Grace with a gasp and a cry from her. He holds either side of her slender waist.

“He’s in my ass,” Grace wails and extends the last word, but she keeps fucking Huey’s dick.

Richmond eases into and out of her.

“Spens, Richmond’s in my ass, he’s in my ass, oh God Spens.”

“I know, I know Grace. My love, oh Grace my love,” Spencer leans forward toward them in the chair, jacking like furry and shaking his head and it makes me wonder whether I behave the same way when I can masturbate.

“They’re both inside you Grace,” he laments like a widower at a wake, “Oh my God Grace, they’re both using you at the same time.”

Richmond’s hands leave Grace’s waist and he reaches forward and almost over her to rest his palms on her thighs as he drills her anus. And underneath them both Huey hammers up into her pussy. I try to recall the first time I ever saw Evie taken that same way.

“Screw that sweet cunt Huey, “Richmond says over her shoulder and Grace groans, “screw that cunt while I fill her ass.”

“Hold this,” Evie says and she gives me her drink.

I watch mesmerized as my naked Evie climbs half-onto the circular bed behind Richmond but she keeps her knees on the floor. Momentarily my attention is distracted as Spens cums into a ball of tissues.

And back on the bed of fornication, My wife holds the cheeks of Richmond’s bare ass as it pushes forward and back at Grace. Evie lowers her face and kisses him there.

Oh, fuck, Evie.

She buries her face there, spreads his cheeks and kisses, licks and moans, tongues his ass.

Richmond doesn’t acknowledge her, his attention focused on the sobbing, wailing woman between him and Huey. He kisses the back of Grace’s neck and drives long strokes into her round ass.

I tug and pull and twist at my chastity belt but to no avail. I want to fuck my wife as she rims Richmond, want to please her for her terrible, dirty deed but I can’t.

“Fucking hell,” Spens says and he’s back and alongside me with his eyes like saucers and his top lip curled, “Now *that’s* nasty,” he gestures at Evie.

“Yeah?” I say but can’t turn from the intense, sickening spectacle, to look at Spens and I can’t shut out the noise of my wife’s mouth, “Let’s see how your Grace behaves when she’s known Richmond as long as Evie has.”

“Right,” he says and stares at the threesome.

I pull at my chastity belt and pre-cum weeps from me.

Chapter Eleven

Ashley

And then we're home, and out of the car. Marcie and Finn laughing, her taking his hand so she doesn't 'Slip again', and me on the porch with my heart in my mouth then opening the front door for them both. And before the front door is closed again he's all over my wife.

"Where do you want to do it?" he asks around her kisses.

Oh, Marcie.

"Who says I want to *do* anything?" she smirks, "You're very presumptuous aren't you? For a lodger," but she's clawing at his shirt, almost dragging him into the house.

"You sure you *both* want this?" he glances at me. Marcie looks my way too and I nod.

"Let's at least use a bed this time," he says and sweeps her off the floor in both arms.

Marcie squeals my name and she kicks her legs, but she wraps her arms around his neck too as he takes her toward his room.

I follow and a million things race through my head. All the stuff I've ever said to her in bed about him. All those times she's cum in response. How I encouraged him from the start.

He drops my shrieking, laughing wife onto a bed that doesn't look like it got made this morning. Worn jeans lay crumpled on the floor with discarded socks.

"Is that how you throw all the girls down?" Marcie unzips her ankle boots.

"Just my landlady," he grins and follows her onto the bed.

“What about the senior citizen you brought here earlier in the week?” she holds him away at arm’s length with two flat palms.

“Why?” he laughs and pulls her hard into his arms.

Marcie gasps.

“Is my sexy landlady jealous?” he kisses all over her face.

Oh Marcie, my beautiful Marcie.

“Ha,” she puckers her lips and tries to twist her face away from his, “Don’t flatter yourself.”

Is she jealous? Did he bring that Sophie woman back here to make my wife jealous? To get a response? How did he know the way she’d react?

“Ash, will you bring me the handcuffs?” Marcie asks.

“Can’t you get off without your sex toys?” Finn pushes her down onto her back and yanks her blouse open.

Fuck. I squeeze my dick; gaze at my wife’s exposed bra and cleavage before Finn buries his face there.

“Please Ash,” Marcie says but she doesn’t look my way.

I stagger from the room, stumble across the living room, and out the other side, down the hall toward our room.

And in here are our bed and our clothes and the jasmine scent of Marcie’s perfume. I rummage through her nightstand in a panic for the steel cuffs but I find them fast. *Does she want to use them on him or is she hoping he’ll overpower her again?*

My head spins but my body pulsates with her delicious betrayal and I grip the cold steel cuffs and chain and I race back to his room.

Marcie is sat up against the headboard on his bed with both her tits out.

Fucking hell.

Finn suckles on her while she caresses his head.

My knee joints wobble and I hold my breath.

“Mmm,” she moans but then opens her eyes, “I haven’t decided who to use them on yet,” she says to me with her throat all rose-colored and she holds out a hand for the restraints.

I pass her the handcuffs and for a moment or two what she just said doesn’t register.

I look away from the back of his head and my wife’s drool-drenched stiff nipples. “You don’t mean put them on *me*?” I stare at her.

Finn keeps sucking Marcie’s tits, kisses them all over.

She’s joking.

“What if something...,” I stammer, “If something went wrong with...,” I try to gesture at him.

“I can handle Finn,” she says and moans.

“I bet you can,” he murmurs around her tits.

“Come on Ash,” she shakes the cuffs, “I want you to join in with us. It’ll be horny. Put your hands behind your back for me.”

Has *he* put her up to this?

But my cock throbs and aches and as if in a trance I do what she asks. I move closer to the side of his bed and I turn my back on her.

Marcie grunts and when I peer over my shoulder she’s broken away from Finn and kneels up behind me topless on the bed with the handcuffs.

He reaches around her, kissing her bare shoulders and snaking a hand over her flat belly, then the waist of her jeans. “He won’t be able to play with himself this time baby,” he says into her neck, “won’t distract you.”

“Mmm,” she murmurs and it’s like a dream and she’s kissing the back of my neck too but holding my wrists together behind me.

Marcie? Marcie? She’s tying *me* up while she plays on the bed with another man?

The handcuffs snap shut and Marcie moans again. *This is insane.*

I inch around and she’s on her back, giggling and helping him get her jeans down. And her white panties.

“Ooh, that sweet pussy,” he purrs and tosses her clothes across his room but he’s still fully dressed.

“Lay on your back,” she moves his hand away from her thighs and she sits up naked.

Weirdly there’s something extra hot about her being stripped while he’s dressed.

He smiles and does what she wants but his palms and fingers roam all over her pale body.

Fuck Marcie. I want to be sick and I want to get down on the floor to watch them close-up but with my arms behind my back I’m not sure I even can.

“Mmm,” Marcie straddles his belly naked, and with her bare waist and hips caressed by his big hands, she rips at the buttons of his shirt. His hips and knees thrust upward and he reaches between her thighs and unbuttons his own jeans.

“You nearly threw me off the bed,” Marcie cries but then opens his shirt right up and moans. She covers his hairy chest and his nipples with kisses and licks.

I can barely watch but I can’t look away.

“We got to get these down though, don’t we?” Finn wriggles his pants and shorts over his hips and that awful thick cock rears its shiny head.

Fuck, Marcie.

His flesh stands stiff and shiny and ready for my wife.

“Now put your arms right back there,” she smiles down at him and points toward the headboard.

“What’s this wife of yours like?” Finn laughs and peers up around her to me. But he raises his arms like she asked.

Breathless but determined, I lower myself carefully to one knee, feeling like someone in front of royalty at a ceremony.

She’s going to do it with him the same way she likes to do it with me.

Marcie leans the whole way forward over him with her tits and her hair in his face and she grips his wrists near the headboard. Her butt cheeks separate on his belly and taunt me with a glimpse of the dark valley between.

“Girl, you’re so hot,” he says and leans up to suck at her tits.

“Mmm,” she sways them in his face, and wipes them across his mouth, “Now I’ve got you just where I want you.”

“You sure have,” he mumbles, “Now let’s get this dick in you.”

“Patience is a virtue,” she grins down at him and he groans but then laughs.

Down on one knee at her side, I lower my other leg and kneel properly, spellbound by my wife.

“Mmm,” she says and releases his nearest wrist and fondles my shoulder, “I’ve got you *both* where I want you.”

“Come on baby,” Finn pushes her upward with his hips, he looks right into his eyes, “Let me do it to you.”

“Seeing how you asked me so nicely,” she says and lifts her bare butt. She reaches back and below, wraps her fingers around his engorged tool.

“Uhh,” I groan louder than Finn does and I twist around, crane my neck to see below her ass.

Marcie perches just on the head of his shaft, like her lower lips are kissing it.

“Oh, Baby,” he groans and thrusts upward.

Marcie laughs and arches her back, she lifts her whole lower body off him. She leans forward and grips both his wrists again.

“No, come on baby,” he gasps and half-laughs “don’t tease me with a fucking body like yours.”

“What do you *say*?” she looks down at him with her hips and butt raised, her hair hanging over him and a smirk on her face.

“I need to fuck you. Right now.” He groans.

Oh. Those hungry words to my wife almost make me cum.

“No,” she shakes her head, “I’m sure you can say something nicer than that.”

“Let me put it in you,” he groans red-faced and thrusts into the air between her inner thighs.

He must be getting off on this. He could overpower her easily if he really wanted to.

Marcie looks down at him with her eyebrows raised.

“Please?” he groans.

“There. I knew you could do it if you tried,” she smiles and kisses him. Then barely moving her lips from his, she lowers her hips again and feeds him her hole.

This time the aim of his upward thrust is true.

“Uhh,” Marcie gasps and back-arching and mouth gaping she’s caught. Speared. He digs up hard into her hole. Her eyes close.

I want to get my head right down there and see his tool go in and out of my wife, but it’s not easy.

“Does it feel good?” I mumble and try to crouch near their feet.

“Way better than ‘Good’ Dude,” he moans above the slaps of their of their bodies.

“Marcie, does he feel good inside you?”

“Mmm, oh Ash it feels good,” beyond the vulgar clenches of her buttocks and the repeated pouts of her dark asshole she moans in his face and kisses him, she grips his thick wrists and rubs her slit over him.

I wish I could touch my cock.

Their bodies smack together, Finn’s neck and shoulders straining as he sucks and licks at her swinging tits, her rose-pink, rock-hard nipples.

I crawl around the side of the bed a little and gaze up as she bites her bottom lip and rides him, eyes shut and wrinkled with effort.

“Tell me *how* good it feels Marcie,” like a madness, I will her to pile pain on pain.

“Mmm, *so* good. Uh, uh, uh, he’s so good,” she groans with pleasure and gasps as air is forced from her lungs with each of his violent upward thrusts.

“Does she feel good Finn? Is my wife good to fuck?”

“Uhh, she’s something else.”

“Uh, uh, uh, uh,” Marcie bleats and she’s losing control.

“Are you cumming Marce?” I rub my groin into the side of the bed.

“Oh yeah Ash, oh yeah, Oh God.”

“Make her cum Finn, make her, make my wife cum.”

His hands break free of her grasp and he gropes her tits, bites them until she cries out but still she rides him. Then his knuckles whiten on her hips and he pulls her down to meet each thrust.

“Ahhhhh,” she wails and sobs, climaxing in his arms.

“Fucking hell Marcie,” I kneel at her side, breathing almost as heavily as her. “Let me out of these Marce,” I rattle the handcuffs behind me.

I'm desperate to cum too.

But Finn keeps fucking her. Screwing her sweat-glistened limp body through the climax until she's out the other side of it and tensing again and her breathing and cries build a second time.

He's going to make her cum twice before he blows his load.?

One of his wide, hairy hands caresses the side of her face, her hair and he gazes up at her as he thrusts up over and over into her into her body, “You're so hot baby, so beautiful. My Viking girl.”

'Viking'?

And she's cumming again, riding him, head rocking and tits bouncing together, she rides him like she's going down a bumpy hill on a huge beast. “Uh, uh, uh, uuhhh,” she falls forward onto him again, clutching him, kissing him, sucking his neck and she's swamped by his big arms, cuddled and fondled as she orgasms on his big dick.

“Good Marce?” I stare at tangled hair and glistening back.

“Unbelievable,” she gasps into his chest.

Does she *mean* that?

But Finn has her hips in both hands and he thumps up into her, like a jackrabbit, like he's punching her body with his. Fucking her so fast that I

can't tell what he or she is saying and then he grunts and clutches her tight. Arms swaddling her until I can hardly see her head or shoulders.

“Oh God, Ash he's cum in me,” she moans, “Mmm, he's cum me.”

“Take these off me Marce, please,” I shuffle around on my knees and present my back and arms to her.

Kisses like little ‘tutting’ sounds and heavy breathing behind me.

“Please Marcie,” I repeat and try to see the pair of them over my shoulder.

Marcie sighs and my arms are gripped. My arms move and she's at my wrists. There's a snapping sound and I'm free. I twist around on my knees and pull out my cock at the same time.

Marcie slumps down alongside the spent Finn on his bed and the pair of them lay motionless with their legs entwined. One of her pretty bare feet caresses his ankle.

I jack as I gaze at them. In a few pulls, I cum. My shoulders slump but I keep my mouth closed, don't want to cry out and draw attention to my masturbation. I kneel there, breathing gradually slowing and hot cum and a shrinking tool in both palms.

How could I stand back and allow this?

Whatever else happens now, I have to insist that Finn's time is up. *When did I ever see Marcie cum like she has tonight?*

But they're kissing again.

“My turn to take charge now,” he tells her and rolls her onto her belly.

“Mmm,” she murmurs into the pillow.

Marcie? From behind?

He kneels between the backs of her thighs and he's hard for her again. *Already.*

Fucking hell, Marcie, no. I should protest or I should stop it, but I can barely believe he's ready for it again.

He drags her pale ass and hips back and then up and in one smooth movement he shoves inside her again.

“Uhh,” she groans into the pillows and splays her arms out wide near the top of the bed.

Finn holds on tight and fucks her upturned rear.

He can't be in her ass. No fucking way.

When was the last time she let me do that? Once? When we were dating?

“Marcie,” I say but it's more like a gasp of pain than the start of the question I intend.

Finn flattens her lower body nearer to the bed but still grips her hips, still pounds against her wobbling buttocks. Marcie pushes back to meet each thrust.

I crawl again to the bottom of the bed, this time to try and make sure. But I can hardly bear to look. One her bare feet is curled around his shin. “Marcie... he's not in your ass, is he?”

No reply. But I force myself to look, to snatch glimpses down there in between Finn's heavy drives into my wife.

It's hard to tell. I can hardly think straight, let alone see.

His ball sac bulges, like some kind of nightmarish, fleshy fruit: laden and fit to burst.

No. He's in her pussy. Thank God. I exhale hard. But ‘Relief’ in these circumstances and with cum still in my hands is insane. I stare at the stretched, dark lips of her vagina as they cling to his thick rod. Almost like they're pulling at it. Her sex organ cleaves to his as if each semi-withdrawal is a threat to abandon her. Bizarrely it occurs to me that I've never seen her pussy from this angle. *But why would or how could I have?* Even when I go

down on her there's nothing else opening her body up in front of me like a blossoming flower, nothing her pussy lips cocoon like a jealous lover might.

“Uh, Uhhm, ooh,” she groans into the pillow.

I peer beyond the horror of his pounding, taught buttock muscles and further up the bed Marcie claws at the sheets.

“Do you like Finn doing it to you from behind Marcie?” *How come you never want me to?*

“She's a little preoccupied at the moment,” Finn gasps without looking my way, his face contorts as he thumps against Marcie's buttocks, “Quit distracting her for now, yeah? Come on baby, give it up for Finn, give it up.”

“Uhh,” she cries into the pillows, “Uhh, uhh, uhh you're a bastard Finn, uhh, such a bastard.”

“That's it, that's it, baby,” he jerks his hips hard and slams up her, “Give it up for Finn.”

“Uhh, uhh oh,” her voice trembles and her right arm reaches back and squeezes one of the hairy male hands gripping her hips.

She's cumming again.

Chapter Twelve

Kevin

That session at the hotel changed my workplace relationship with Spens. But not in a bad way. We've seen each other and our marriages 'warts and all'. I have next to nothing to hide from him now. There's barely any pretense between us now and that has to be a good situation between anyone and their line manager, right?

Although some of the stuff I've done with Richmond will always remain a secret. Thankfully that night he was too focused on Grace to make any awkward requests of me.

My relationship with Huey is more uncomfortable though. It's hard to even make eye contact with him. Maybe because I don't know him that well yet but he's seen my wife totally debase herself for another man.

But I guess that's no different from how he's seen Spens' wife behave.

Life with Evie since that night in the hotel hasn't been great. It's becoming obvious she's insecure about Richmond. She keeps saying things like she's 'Losing' him.

When we got home that night she let me out of the cock cage almost right away. She said she was in no mood for more sex so I jerked off.

'How can you be worried Richmond isn't interested in you anymore?' I asked afterward to try and cheer her up. 'You're his top girls at his best club. You know how keen he was to get you there.'

'Rachel's his top girl too,' she said and her soulful brown eyes gave me a doubtful look, 'And now Grace wants to work there. Kev, I don't want her to. I don't like her. She thinks she's All That.'

I tell her she's needlessly jealous. But deep down I'm not so sure. My wife got way less attention from Richmond on Friday than she's used to. At

times it was humiliating. *Is that the way it goes with men like Richmond?* Men who day after day are with an endless conveyor belt of beautiful and willing younger women? Do they inevitably tire of their previous conquest and move on to the next?

I tell her that Friday was a one-off and that he and Huey were simply trying to relax Grace. For Evie's sake, I hope I'm right.

Of course, to a husband like me, there's also something dark and exciting about my wife worrying herself over another man's interest in her. The knowledge makes me jack-off almost endlessly. In between bouts of chastity or stomach-churning anxiety.

We haven't discussed anything more about Mel's invitation to the coast with him and the rest of Evie's family. Richmond has consumed my wife's thoughts. But if Richmond's interest is waning, then maybe she'll want to quit Trader's. And that might mean her mom's husband is the next best opportunity for us to have a little fun on the side.

I'd be lying if I said the sex she has with Mel is anywhere near as intense as watching your wife used by a man like Richmond Coyle. But Evie and her Mom's husband is still a very hot situation. It's just so 'Wrong'.

Plus if we do go to the coast and we overlap our visits, there could always be her stepsister's fiance Lucas. From what I can tell, his interest in my wife never really died. It only got frustrated by Celine. Lucas would probably relish a few days in Evie's company and be only too keen to look for an opportunity with her.

Ashley

Marcella and I didn't have sex right after we'd left Finn and got to our own bed. It was gone 2:00 am and although she never said she was tired, we lay together in the dark hardly saying a word. Pictures of what I'd witnessed in Finn's room kept going around my head. I thought Marcie had fallen asleep, but then I whispered her name and she answered. I guess she'd been doing a whole lot of thinking just like me.

I know I'm supposed to 'Reassure' her, not send 'Mixed messages' and tell her I know she did it with Finn 'For me' and stuff like that. But it's not always easy to do. Or to even think that way. Especially right after you've just watched what I watched. Not when the scars of her eager betrayal still ooze with your blood.

I kissed her though when she answered my whisper. And I did thank her for doing what I wanted her to.

She wilted in my arms, and right then she wasn't the strong, Marcella Duman who enjoys holding her husband's wrists down and taking control in the bedroom.

She pulled me into her and I didn't need any encouragement. I didn't need much time either. Despite a few seconds of early nerves about how my size compared with his, I came fast. Visualizing, if not commentating on the final scene between them, The one where Finn had her down face first and hammered her from behind. I never thought I'd ever see my Marcie like that. I masturbate several times a day about it. Every day.

We talked about Finn staying and we decided he should. We tell ourselves and each other that it's the money and his handiwork that we should hold onto. For now at least. But in reality, I know our motivation is more than that. And I suspect Marcie knows it too.

Before we left his room Finn asked something which I thought was a little weird. Marcie just laughed and ignored the question but I've thought about it a few times since. He asked if we'd ever thought about going to a BDSM party. Where there are supposedly other couples and groups into bondage like with handcuffs and other kinky stuff. He said he had 'Once or twice' and Marcie just called him a 'Pervert'. The thing is though, I was shocked just how intense it was with my wrists tied while Finn was fucking my wife. I haven't put that into so many words yet and told her. And I'm not sure if I would....

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