

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black corset, long black gloves, and thigh-high stockings, is the central figure. She is posing with her hands near her face. Behind her are two shirtless men. The man in the center is looking directly at the camera, while the man on the right is looking down. The background is dark with some red lighting accents.

Hotwife Switch

Tinto Selvaggio

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

By Tinto Selvaggio

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Description:

Ashley is frustrated with his job and his sex life. He hates his boss and spends most of his spare time at work fantasizing about his young wife in the arms of other men.

It's all in vain though. Blonde beauty Marcella is a smart, strong career woman who despite her husband's protests, doubts he could handle the reality of a hotwife lifestyle. Even if she was willing to give it a try.

But when the husband and wife move into a new home and struggle to afford the repayments, a temporary financial solution appears. One which could potentially bring Ashley exactly what he's always wanted.

Or could it?

Would he go that far? Would Marcella?

Then there's Nate and Bella from 'The Coupled Hotwife'. Nate is concerned about his wife falling ever further under the spell of her controlling bisexual lover Calysta and boyfriend Torbyn. But does he have the willpower to prevent it?

And now there's emerging new pressure on Nate from another source. Namely, Richmond Coyle. The proprietor of an Owned Hotwives nightclub and a man with his sights set firmly on putting Bella to work.

Can Nate and Bella do what so many other couples have failed to? Can they resist the allure?

This is a c. 40k+ word Novel-sized 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 smile at the large mirror on the wall and hold up a smaller one behind the client's head, to let him check the fade I've blended at the back of his ginger hair.

"Great," he nods and his reflection grins up at mine.

Thank God for regulars like him. Guys who keep quiet while I cut and who let me think. Making endless small talk all day with a string of clients can be draining when you've got a lot of stuff on your mind.

Stuff like me and Marcie's finances. Stuff like how much I resent even being here these days.

I hand the guy a wet towel to wipe his neck with and then undo the Velcro at the back of his gown. He nods at me again then gets up wiping and goes across to pay Davey, my boss, at the till.

Davey the *'Money man'*.

I brush red hair from the black leather chair then glance beyond the other barber who's busy alongside me and I look outside to the street. The sun is low now. One more client when he gets here, and then, after him, I'm gone.

I check the fancy, red, and white striped clock on the wall across the salon. These upcoming three days off work can't come soon enough. I'm burning myself out. I peer at the mirror and the dark rings under my green eyes. Five early starts and late finishes a week in here plus now, as many private mobile clients in the evenings as I can manage. Just to get by.

But what choice is there? My wife's doing all the extra hours she can at her office too.

Not these next three days though. They're three days for me and her. Even if most of the time will be spent doing what we can to fix up the new house on the cheap.

It wasn't supposed to be this way.

I check to make sure the final client still hasn't shown up, then scroll my phone again for new mortgage offers.

Still no deals that might ease the latest hike in our monthly repayments. I chew on my middle fingernail. I like the new house and the quiet of where we live almost as much as my wife does. But lately, I can't stop wishing we'd gone for a smaller loan and a one-bed apartment somewhere in town. Not our big old 'fixer-upper' with so many rooms to repair and heat.

Marcie loved it at first sight though so that was that. I want to see her happy.

The mental image of my wife pushes me to tap on the gallery icon on my phone. Maybe to try and ease the way I feel.

The most recent photos are from last Sunday when the weather was good. After we'd spent all morning working on the overgrown back garden. And after I'd tried but failed to temporarily repair the conservatory roof. I took a few pictures of the problem with the roof to share with a builder buddy of mine and then Marcie and I gave up and did a little sunbathing. I guess a big garden can be *some* consolation when you can't afford to vacation abroad anymore.

In one photo, my fair-haired wife sits with legs crossed on a green garden chair in her little cut-off denim shorts. Her hair is tied in a ponytail and her cropped white t-shirt outlines her pert boobs. She shows a strip of pale, toned stomach. Her legs look hot. She's got sunglasses on so you can't see her big blue eyes. But there's no disguising Marcie's body. Not in clothes like those.

My cock twitches and I zoom in. Onto her thighs.

Do the glasses hide her face enough for me to share this image in the hotwife chat room too?

“What time’s your next one, Ash?” Davey calls from the till.

“About now,” I say and slip my phone away.

I know I should stop hating on my boss. Like Marcie tells me to. It eats me up. But it’s tough. Especially when somewhere deep inside I know I could probably have prevented what happened with this salon.

The bell over the door sounds and this must be the guy.

He looks around forty. Smart leather jacket and jeans. Sandy, one of the other barbers usually does his hair but she’s one of the lucky ones. She *did* manage to get away for the summer. I’m her substitute with this ‘Phil Hastings’.

“Ashley?” his brow furrows.

I get that look sometimes. Until I’ve cut a guy’s hair and he sees what I can do.

I smile at him and indicate my chair.

I get that same sort of look from some guys when they see me out with my wife. They’ll check her out then look to see who she’s with. I don’t care about that either. I like other guys to wonder how I got so lucky. I like to show my wife off. To see them look at her.

As long as they’re respectful about it.

The client slips off his jacket and he’s built like he works out. He takes his seat in front of me and I tuck the black gown in around him. His hair is salt and pepper colored and pretty well-tended, the same as the stubble on his wide jaw, so this should be quick.

He tells me how he wants it and I nod. He’s specific which is good. It always makes things easier.

“Got any plans for the long weekend?” he beats me to the small talk. He’s got traces of a southern accent.

“Just out for a quiet drink with the wife tonight,” I shrug and omit the parts about needing to keep our spending to an absolute minimum and of hopefully persuading Marcie to make eyes at a stranger or two.

“Anywhere nice?” He asks in the mirror and he’s kind of admiring himself.

I guess he’s a good-looking guy so as always with someone like him, I imagine whether my wife would think he’s attractive. Even someone that much older than me and her. Not that she’d likely admit it to me if she did, of course.

“Probably try out of town somewhere,” I shrug and make quick inroads on the sides of his hair with the Wahl, “for a change.” *And because there’s no way I’ll convince Marcie to come-on to another guy if we’re anywhere we might get recognized.*

“How about you?” I ask him and turn my attention to the top of his hair. I draw a long strip of it through my fingers and cut. I wonder if he’s married? And if he is, whether he plays around.

“Few beers with a buddy,” he says so maybe he’s single. *Or maybe he’s gay.* Sandy always says her best-looking clients are gay.

He tells me he’s starting up a ‘Promotions’ business of some kind, but that he’s also involved in a property development not far from where me and Marcie live. So I unburden some of our struggles with the property of our own.

“The latest disaster is the conservatory, man,” I laugh, “two slipped panels on the old roof that let in the elements. My buddy was supposed to come over this weekend to help me fix it before the rain forecast for Monday. But he’s bailed. Woman trouble. I’ll have to give it another go myself.”

“Don’t get me started on woman trouble,” the guy laughs. “So you know what you’re doing with conservatory roofs?”

“Not really,” I say and slide out my phone. I hesitate a second but the barber next to me is gone on his break now and my chest tightens. I tap the gallery and hold out the phone, “Here, check this out. Oops, not that one,” I lie and withdraw the cell. I swipe away from Marcie to one of the conservatory images. My blushes hopefully help the ruse.

“Very nice though,” he smiles, “Scandinavian?”

“Her dad’s Danish. How did you know?” my heart thumps and I hold the phone out to him again, only this time I *do* show him the roof.

“So blonde,” he says, “hair almost white.”

The fact is, despite having an Italian Mom, my wife has been called ‘Scandinavian’ or ‘Nordic’ before now. And she gets called other things too. Especially online. Although I’ve never shown her face there. Guys online say stuff like ‘Athletic Hourglass shape’, ‘Fit as fuck’, or even ‘Built for fucking’. I nod and Phil turns his attention to the conservatory.

“Shouldn’t be a big job,” he shakes his head, “You want us to take a look at it over the weekend? See what we can do? We’ll be working pretty close by.”

I hesitate. Not sure of the expense that might be involved, and now that I’ve shown him Marcie, a little uneasy too about the guy’s real motives.

I curse myself for the weakness that made me show her. *She’d be pissed if she found out.* But I swear my need for doing stuff like that gets worse with each passing day.

“Can’t say for sure yet what time,” he shrugs and looks away from the phone. Steely blue eyes glance at my reflection.

I must give him a dubious look because he clarifies his ‘offer.’

“Don’t worry; we wouldn’t charge for anything that simple,” he grins, “Probably just a case of sliding a couple of panels back in place and securing them. Just make sure you’ve got beer in the fridge.”

Chapter Two

Ashley

“Ash, we can’t let a stranger come out and do work on the house and then not pay him,” Marcie lays out a plain, white cotton dress on our bed for tonight. Baby blue eyes fix on me. She’s barefoot in white lace panties and a matching bra.

That dress she’s chosen is an off-the-shoulder design and *fairly* clingy. It’ll show off her shape OK, but I was hoping she’d pick something shorter. Show off more leg. Cleavage too.

“The guy *offered* to come out,” I undo my shirt and brood about how to suggest a different dress without pissing her off, “and he said he didn’t want any money. He’ll be happy with a beer from the fridge. Sandy’s known the guy for years. From when we were in the other salon. He’s a regular.”

I try not to let myself get too swept up in the fantasy that ‘Mr. Hastings’ may not have offered to come at all if he hadn’t seen my wife’s photo. If he hadn’t contemplated the prospect of meeting the ‘Scandinavian Blonde’ in the flesh. He’d have to be pretty lecherous, wouldn’t he? And he didn’t seem it. Not everyone’s as sexually-motivated as me. He’s probably just a decent guy who wants to help out one of Sandy’s colleagues.

Even so, the possibility fuels my desire for tonight.

“Well, make sure you *do* give him a beer,” Marcella sighs and bends over to pull a pair of strappy wedge heels from the rack inside her wardrobe.

Her butt looks round and succulent in the little panties, and the heels she’s picked will at least display her cute little feet to any guy with a fetish for freshly-painted Barbie-pink nail polish or high arches.

“Yes Mam,” I nod my head at her instruction and put my hands at my sides. Then I grin at her. No wonder she says people at her office call her ‘Bossy’.

And *they* don't know what she can be like in the bedroom. When she's not stressed out from work.

"Mmm, I like that," she purrs and straightens up.

"Liked what?"

"You *know* what," she comes to me in her underwear and she smells of faded, fruity almond - that Marc Jacobs perfume I bought her. She kisses me and rakes her fingernails down my bare chest, "You calling me 'Mam'. I might have you do it some more when we get home tonight."

This is the kind of kinky mood I need her in if there's any chance I'll get her flirting with other guys while we're out.

"I was hoping you might put on something more revealing when we go out later," I say with my arms around her to try and take advantage of her mood. I gesture at the white dress with my eyes, "Shorter? Maybe show off more boob?" I whisper into her neck and move my hands down the contours of her supple body, past the indent of her bare waist to the swell of her hips.

"Single guys will be checking out single women," Marcie rolls her eyes, "Not looking at someone like me," she wiggles her left hand and her wedding band in my face.

"Don't kid yourself," I squeeze her to me and my cock hardens against her. "I thought we could drive somewhere out of town," I kiss the side of her neck, "somewhere no-one knows us."

"Ash, it's the middle of the month. We shouldn't even be going out. Why waste petrol?" Marcella sighs heavily and pulls away from me.

Shit. A weight sinks through my belly. She's never been keen on encouraging other guys, but I hoped tonight might be different. Looks like I fooled myself again.

Or maybe that's not what's really bothering her.

“Are you still pissed with me about the salon?” I ask.

“Of course not,” she shakes her head and undoes her bra. Her boobs aren’t what a lot of guys would call ‘big’, but they’re beautifully formed and in perfect proportion with her slender waist and pronounced butt.

“I *am* sorry I didn’t get it,” I say.

“Ash, I know you are. I’ve told you before, it doesn’t matter.”

“I should have been more decisive,” I say, beating myself up about it all over again, “as soon as I spotted the opportunity to open a new barbers there. I’d done all the research. I *knew* the site had great potential,” I yank my shirt right off, “I should have had the balls to go on my own and start the business myself. Not just ask Davey’s advice about it all then hesitate so he could swoop in and make it his second branch.”

“Ash, it’s done now,” Marcie sighs and comes back over to me - now gloriously naked. She lifts my chin and looks right at me, “I didn’t marry you for your business skills,” she kisses me full on the lips.

“But the salon’s doing so fucking well,” I say, “Better than his original one. And the bastard’s not shy about telling everyone that either. You and I wouldn’t be in this financial mess now if I’d...”

“Shh,” she presses her finger to my lips, “*I’m* the one who insisted we buy this bungalow. We’ll be fine. We’ve got savings. *Plus* I’m up for that promotion at work...”

I stare into her eyes. We both know that with the extra mortgage repayments and fixing the house up, there’s close to zero left now in the bank. We’ll soon be in the red, and any promotion at work for her could still be months away.

“Look, Davey might be an asshole,” she shrugs, “but he was right when he warned you that some people just aren’t cut out to run their own business.”

My face flushes with frustration. Anger at my indecisiveness that both wanted my own barber shop, but was afraid of the risks involved with

starting it.

“Come on,” Marcie squeezes my hand, “I’ll grab a shower then you can take me out somewhere and show me off.”

“I do *know* why you brought me all the way out here,” Marcie yells a couple of hours later above the Will.i.am dance track. She’s on a high, chrome barstool next to me, cross-legged in the white dress and wedge heels. She smiles then moves the slice of lime around the rim of her tall glass and sucks on the red straw of her strawberry daiquiri cocktail.

“I thought it might make a change,” I shrug.

Marcella gives me a dubious look. “And you thought that bringing me out of town and plying me with cocktails we can’t afford would loosen my inhibitions enough for me to make eyes at some strange guy? ” She sucks her straw again and peers at me.

“He doesn’t have to be *strange*,” I grin at her.

Marcie rolls her eyes.

“Am I really that transparent?” I squeeze her thigh.

“Er yes,”

“So?” I say and peer around the bar. There are several groups of loud, laughing girls, a young couple or two, and gangs of guys, “Anyone you like the look of?”

“They all make me feel old,” she looks around and shakes her head.

“Don’t you enjoy knowing someone else wants you?”

“No as much as you do,” she smiles.

“So you don’t deny you *do* enjoy it?” I squeeze her thigh again.

“Every woman likes to be desired Ash, but I want that from my husband.”

“You *know* how hot I think you are,” I say right into her ear and I ease the cotton dress a little further up her thigh.

“Only when you think about me with other guys,” she laughs.

“Those two in suits are looking at you,” I indicate new arrivals at the bar, one of whom just looked my wife up and down out.

My heart rate accelerates.

“Men in suits,” she groans, “They’re like the sales guys from the office. Sleazy. And they’re probably wondering why I’m allowing you to manhandle me in public,” she laughs and straightens the hem of her dress back down her thigh. “Ash, can’t me and you just have a nice night without you wanting me to come on to some guy?”

“You want to go somewhere else then?” I sigh eventually. I give up. *Again.*

Chapter Three

Ashley

Sunday morning I stand under a clear blue sky in our large back garden. I've got a mug of coffee in one fist and I'm steeling myself for another shift of helping Marcie weed the borders. I peer down at her on her hands and knees.

She leans over the plants with the soles of her bare feet upturned and crinkled. Her black shorts are tight and they outline the crease tween her firm buttocks. But I didn't even get to have sex last night. Marcie fell asleep in the car on the way back. And then when she got to bed she was tired after 'another draining week at the office'. I had to make do with jacking off. Imagining her being approached by one of those guys from last night in a suit. Then her sitting on his knee in front of me. Kissing.

It's weird. I mean, I watch cuckold porn where wives have sex with other guys. But when I imagine Marcie with someone else, she's not going all the way. Just petting or groping. Maybe because any more would feel *totally* unrealistic.

Or maybe because I'm indecisive about that too. Unsure about, if it ever came to it, how much I'd honestly want her to do with another guy.

Hopefully tonight though, she'll be in the mood for sex with me. Or maybe this afternoon after that guy has been to look at the conservatory. *If* he turns up.

I gaze down at my wife again. She's leaning further forward over the border and her cleavage swings in her t-shirt. At least if the guy does come, I might hopefully get to see him check her out.

I swig my coffee and glance around at the scale of what still needs doing here. *And that's only in the garden.*

"Hello?" a male voice calls out, "Gate was open so we came around."

Up near the side of the house that Phil guy stands alongside another thickset man. A long-haired guy in a denim jacket and with bright, stainless steel stepladders under his arm.

“Oh Hi,” I say and head up the garden toward the house.

“Thought we had the right address,” Phil grins at me and then glances beyond me to Marcie. She’s wiping her hands on her shorts and following me. “This here’s Finn,” he thumbs at his unkempt companion who looks in his forties too and who has bushy, jet-black eyebrows.

Finn nods and then Marcie is at my side.

“This is my wife, Marcella,” I say.

“It’s so good of you both to come and take a look at our roof,” she smiles at the men, “Can I get you coffee?”

“Afraid I can’t stay,” Phil smiles at my wife, “Unfortunately. I’ve got to get over and check the other guys on the job. I’ll be back to pick Finn up in an hour or so. Let’s see if he can’t sort you out in the meantime.”

He’s leaving already? What an anti-climax.

“Don’t let him talk you into giving him beer until he’s finished,” Phil points at his workmate, “Got Celtic blood in him. Talk anyone into anything,” he winks at Marcie and she laughs.

My stomach knots both at his action and her reaction. And the fact that she’s barefoot and barelegged in her little shorts and tight t-shirt in front of these two big guys.

“I’d love a coffee,” Finn speaks for the first time and his voice is real deep, thick, “Kind of overdid it last night,” he says and looks sheepish.

Marcie smiles again but she flushes too, “Milk and sugar?” she asks him.

Why’s she embarrassed?

“Black, no sugar. Please,” he says.

“I’ll get off then,” Phil says and follows my wife back up toward the house.

I watch them and wonder whether he’s checking out Marcie’s bare legs and then he’s talking with her.

“You want to show me this roof?” Finn asks me and draws my attention back to him.

I lead him and his ladders to the conservatory and then inside it.

He sets his ladders aside and peers up rubbing his unshaven chin. Then he drags his torn and dirty denim jacket off. The ‘white’ vest underneath is grubby too but the guy’s tanned biceps and hairy forearms are enormous.

Finn’s Celtic blood might - as Phil suggested - make him persuasive - or it might not. But I suspect something makes him talkative when his boss isn’t around. Because before Marcie is even back with his coffee I’ve learned that he recently relocated to the area for work after splitting with a long-time girlfriend. He’s been sleeping on a buddy’s couch but the patience of said buddy’s own partner is now wearing thin because their living room is ‘occupied’.

“Doesn’t your boss have a spare room you could crash in?” I ask him when he’s up the ladder, muscles straining as he tries to slide one of the polycarbonate panels back in place.

“Not anymore. Dude downsized,” Finn says with a laugh. His thick eyebrows are jet-black, even though there’s gray in the long hair on his head. “Besides,” he grunts, “who wants to live with their boss?”

“You known each other long?” I ask, still a little curious about that Phil guy too.

“Worked full time for him before his last business went tits up,” he pushes and grunts again.

“Coffee,” Marcie appears with a steaming mug.

“Oh, excuse my language,” Finn smiles weakly down at my wife and then descends the creaking ladder. Sweat glistens on his broad chest above the vest.

“I hear a lot worse swearing from Ashley,” Marcie laughs but again her cheeks are pink as she hands the man his drink, “Well, I better get back to the weeding,” she says.

“Soon have this done for you,” he calls after her and he watches her. *Definitely*. For just a second or two, he watches the backs of Marcie’s legs. And maybe her ass.

My balls tingle. As soon as this guy has gone I’m going to try and get Marcie into bed. I need it.

“Barring a hurricane,” Finn says later from back up the ladder, “that should take care of it.” There’s a strong smell even inside now, of whatever adhesive he used to stick the clamps back and hold the repositioned panels in place.

“Can’t see gaps anymore,” I peer upward at the roof, “no sky through them.”

“Better than the hassle of a new roof,” he says and the ladder creaks again as he climbs down and folds it up, “For now at least.”

“Cheaper too,” I say and extend a hand to him, “I really appreciate it, man.”

“No worries,” he says and his palm is calloused and as big as a bear’s paw.

“You want a beer?” I gesture outside and lead him into the sun.

“All done,” he calls down the garden to my kneeling, weeding wife. Then he follows me toward the back door and kitchen of the bungalow. “Real nice place you got here,” he says and gazes either side of the door, “Three bedrooms?”

“Yeah, but it takes plenty of maintaining,” I say in the kitchen, and am already planning to make the most of this situation. To take him and his

beer - once I've got it - down the garden to where he can view my wife up close again. "There's a lot of repairs we still need to do," I say, "Stuff to change to get the inside and out the way my wife wants it. The whole thing will cost a shitload. And we already took out a big mortgage," I shake my head, and try to downplay our home, conscious that I don't want a guy who sleeps on his buddy's sofa to feel bad about his own circumstances. "It'll take forever to finish."

"Got to keep the little lady happy though, right?" he says.

"Something like that," I laugh and over on the far side of the breakfast bar there's a pile of clean washing. Including one of Marcie's skimpy black bras. I don't know if he's seen it, but I hope so and my face heats up. I open the fridge and then hand Finn a gold can of Coors.

"Well, you ever want a paying lodger to help with those bills," he shrugs and brown eyes meet mine, "Someone who could get a few of those jobs done as a favor in his spare time," he pops his can, "You just let me know."

He doesn't mean that?

I lead him back outside still wondering whether what he said was a joke.

"I don't know how long before my buddy kicks me out," he mutters, "The job we're on down the road lasts a couple more months, and ain't no way I can afford rent on any whole apartment, so I need a room somewhere."

This is awkward, but at the same time, the mad concept of having another man under our roof races around my head. *No way*. I say nothing though as we get nearer to Marcie.

She'd never go for it. Even if I was crazed or brave enough to want to try it.

"Sorry dude," he says just before we reach her, "didn't mean to embarrass you with the suggestion. I'm just getting desperate. I'll give you my number. So, you know, you hear of any rooms going spare around these parts, you give me a shout, yeah?"

Chapter Four

Nathan

I sit on our sofa and take another deep breath to try and slow my breathing. Try to act like my heart isn't beating in my throat and my mouth isn't bone dry. I jab at the remote; try to find something to take my mind off Bella putting on her outfit in our bedroom. *My wife getting dressed up before her lesbian lover comes here to take her out to some gay party in the city.*

My dazed eyes stare blankly at a TV screen where black women gyrate and twerk to some hip-hop shit or other. I jab the button again to make the noise stop. I glance above the TV across the room and at the clock on the wall. Almost 11 pm. *What kind of a wife leaves her husband alone at this time on a Saturday night and goes out with her lover?*

But the question and the unthinkable answers it suggests make both my stomach hollow out and my balls tighten in my pants. My cock throbs and I squeeze it in my jeans.

"Nate, can you either come here or close the curtains in there?" Bella yells.

'Close the curtains?' My chest pulls tight and my head scrambles. *What's she doing?* I push up to my feet and then head toward the hallway.

Bella is already on her way to me in cherry red high heels and very little else.

"Fuck me Bella," I gape at her.

"When I get home I will," she says and laughs, "if you're still awake, that is. So what do you think? Hair up or down?" She holds her thick, raven-black locks up off her narrow shoulders and turns her back on me.

"Fuck," I exhale, unable to even complete that same last sentence. *How the hell am I supposed to give an opinion on her hair?* My eyes are magnetized way lower. Drawn below the straps of her black, bra-like top and her

otherwise bare back, to the shiny, pleated and peach-colored micro mini skirt. It's a little loose around her hips and rear but it displays the whole fucking undersides of both her butt cheeks.

Holy crap. An inch or so of her fuchsia-pink g-string is even visible between her plump buttocks.

“You’re not going out like *that* are you?” I stare at her and she faces me, still holding her hair up.

My eyes are forced to her thrusting new cleavage in a black top that from the front, looks like it can barely cope.

“You sound like my Dad,” she laughs. “Caly says a lot of girls dress like this at these events,” she lets her hair fall back down around her shoulders, “That’s why she bought me the outfit,” Bella twirls on her heels, and the minuscule skirt rises all around her hips.

I feel sick but my groin throbs.

“I want to fit in there, if I’m going,” she pouts at me and then stops twirling. “Don’t I look nice?”

“You look fucking incredible,” I croak and gaze down from her prominent, enlarged boobs. Down below her bare belly to the front of the shiny skirt. It shows almost every millimeter of her thighs. It has two silver buttons, one directly above the other which presumably, allow the skirt to popped open with ease.

You’re letting your wife leave home looking like a street-whore, Nathan?

I shake my old man’s voice out of my head.

“So hair up or down?” Bella looks at me and now, for the first time, I’m conscious of how thick her eye makeup is. I should stop her going. Part of me is sure of that. *But I can’t.* A more ravenous side of my soul won’t even entertain the idea. Even if I knew Bella would listen to my argument.

“Hair down looks more girly,” I say and if my mouth was dry before, then now it’s sandpaper, “If that’s the look you’re going for.”

“It’s what Caly prefers I guess,” she shrugs, and silicone-pumped size 36 boobs shudder far less than her smaller, natural ones used to.

An old part of me hurts for the original version of Isabel Pascal that was abducted when Calysta first took the woman I loved. Long before the female lawyer even talked my wife into cosmetic surgery on her boobs. It saddens me for the loss of my wife’s ‘innocence’. For the ‘death’ of the girl I married.

But of course, another part of me bursts with the heady excitement and the sheer ‘Wrongness’ of my wife altering her body as much for the enjoyment of her older lover as for her own self-confidence. My Bella who shed the unsatisfactory wrinkled skin of her former life and blossomed into this social butterfly under the wing of that older woman.

And under the wing of that older woman’s husband.

“You *are* putting a coat or something on over everything though too, right?” my voice cracks as her peach-painted fingernails rummage through her small shoulder bag. The one with the gold chain strap - another expensive present from Calysta.

“If you really want me to,” she shrugs and smiles at me.

“I think you should,” I say but feel ‘old’ as I do. “Just in case anyone sees you leave the apartment. Or when you come home.” And yet insanely, even those very possibilities harden my dick further.

“I don’t think anyone will be perving out of their window,” Bella laughs and then hugs me, “but if you want me to wear a coat, I will.”

She smells good. And feels so soft and warm.

“You *are* coming home tonight though, yeah?” I look right into her eyes.

“Of course,” she nods her head and looks at me with incredulous painted eyes.

“It’s just that Calysta might try and get you to stay over...,” I say and hold her close. *The lawyer might try and get you back to Torbyn and then the pair of them gorge on your body all night. Without me there.* The mental image of my wife sucking that other man’s thick cock that night at Richmond’s still tortures me as much as it compels me to jack off.

“She might *try*,” Bella pouts, “But I’m coming home to *you*,” she kisses the end of my nose and I hug her tight again.

The firmness and resistance of her new chest still sometimes surprises me even now, months after Dr. Miller operated on her. She smells *divine* though. It’s the Dior perfume Calysta bought her. A fragrance that Bella says includes ‘Lily of the Valley’. And that word always brings back vivid mental images of Richmond Coyle’s submissive wife Lily. That unforgettable visit to his mansion.

The doorbell rings and Bella’s eyes widen slightly.

Calysta.

My wife totters to the front door on her cherry red high heels with her hair decisively down and half her butt on show. Pre-cum weeps from my cock.

I follow her but hang back in the lounge while the blonde, older woman - with a fur-look wrap around a shiny black bustier - kisses either side of my wife’s face.

Calysta is dressed more like the dominant Zaria than herself tonight. The lawyer takes both of my wife’s hands in hers and eases her back, studying Bella. “Angelic,” the visitor smiles and shakes her head, “and how good do those new boobies look tonight, my Princess?”

“I need to just get a coat,” Bel peers back at me.

“It’s warm enough for you to go without,” Calysta shakes her head and doesn’t release either of my wife’s hands.

“I know, but just in case,” Bella says but adds no words to betray me as the real reason she chooses to cover up. She wriggles her hands free of Calysta and then with her lush hair swaying around her bare shoulders and a smile as she passes me, she heads down the hallway.

“Got anything nice planned for tonight?” Calysta smiles and raises her chin, shaking her blonde bob in the process. She’s wearing pearl earrings.

“I’ve got the end of a series on Netflix to finish,” I say but suspect it sounds lame. It’s too late now though to meet any of my buddies at the local bar. “What’s Torbyn up while you’re out?” I ask, still suspecting he may try to get involved with my wife tonight.

“I’m not sure,” Calysta’s bottom lip juts out and she crosses her arms over the black bustier, “he probably went to meet some of his tiresome friends.”

Oh Dear. Sounds like there might have been a fallout in the happy household.

“Are you ready now Princess?” Calysta’s glamorous face beams as my wife returns with her cream mac wrapped around her shoulders.

“I won’t be too late Nate,” she squeezes my hand and kisses the side of my face then her heels click over to Calysta, and her hand is taken.

They’re barely out of the door before my cock is in my hand.

The woman’s taken my wife again. Bella’s gone out to some pervy gay club with her lesbian lover. A woman who made her go down on her boyfriend - and on another woman. The lawyer convinced Bel to dress like a cheap slut.

I slick my cock through my fist and pace the living room. *How many times before Calysta was on the scene, did I try everything in my power to get Bel to loosen up and wear more revealing outfits? Nowhere near as revealing as what she’s got on tonight. And yet always she said ‘No’. How come she doesn’t do it for me but she does it for an older woman?*

I don’t answer my own question, let alone reach the bathroom before I erupt into my hands. I stand in the hallway with my knees trembling and my

wife's perfume mingling with Calysta's.

Later, I'm in the living room on the sofa trying to decide what to watch - and wondering whether I'll be able to relax enough to focus on it - when my phone rings.

Torbyn?

No. 'Unknown number. Maybe he changed his phone? Or he's using someone else's?

"Nathan?" a smooth male voice asks.

"Sorry, who is this?"

"Apologies Nathan," the voice sighs, "I should have led with my name. It's been a long day. And a long evening. This is Richmond Coyle. Sorry for the lateness of the hour but I've been attending to matters at one of my clubs and a little bird told me you'd be on your own tonight."

Richmond? The man who suggested the benefits of Bella having multiple partners. Who wanted to DP her with Torbyn that night. What the hell does he want phoning me? And who gave him my number?

I rack my brains and try to recall whether we swapped contact details at his house. I'm pretty sure I didn't. But even if I did, how come he's left it this long to contact me?

"What little bird was that?" I ask to try and get myself off the back foot and him onto it. The last time I saw this wealthy older man he was trying to grope my wife while two other women were having sex with her.

"I think Calysta mentioned something to Zaria about the little soiree they're attending at my other club tonight."

"Your club?" the words lodge in my throat. *The party is at Richmond's club?* "I didn't know you hosted..." I hesitate over the phrase 'Gay nights' or 'LGBT' or something, because neither seems right with Bella involved.

“Apologies,” he says again with what sounds genuine concern, “I assumed you knew. I trust my revelation won’t cause any consternation or get me into trouble?”

“No,” I wave a hand dismissively as if he can see it. “I didn’t ask Bel where the party was.” My whole body has heated up, “I assumed it was somewhere in town.”

“Another of Zaria’s diversification ideas for the new club,” Richmond chuckles, “same as our monthly BDSM nights. But you must come along to one of our original nights Nathan,” he says, “With or without the lovely Isabel, if she still has reservations. Take a look at how some of the other young hotwives behave in the heady atmosphere of Traders. There’s an open VIP invitation for you any time you’d like it, Nathan.”

“Right, thanks,” I say quickly in the hope that my words might help avoid hearing any embarrassing details of exactly what his ‘Original’ club nights might entail. “So what can I do for you, Richmond?” I ask and clear my throat.

“Straight to the point,” he purrs, “I like that about you, young man. Now what I also like about you Nathan, is my opinion that you can be trusted for your discretion. Am I right about that impression of you?”

“Yeah., I guess,” I shrug. What *is* all this?

“By the way, did you hear back from Flamehead about the showreel of your digital music that I suggested you send them? I told them to expect it.”

“No, I haven’t heard from them.”

“I’ll chase them on Monday,” he says, “Now, I can approach Isabel about this matter directly if you think I should. But it could be better coming from you. It’s a little delicate for me Nathan,” he says and I fully mute the TV.

Where the hell is this conversation going?

“You’re aware from the time your wife spent at my home working on our interior decor while I was away that my lady friend has now moved into the

Coyle family home?”

“Yes, of course.” *Her and her weird husband.*

Wait. He’s not going to tell me something’s been going on between Bella and Zaria? My wife promised nothing happened. Only Lily and Richmond’s kids were there.

“It’s a huge pleasure to have Zaria at my side there too now of course,” he says and coughs, “But you’re a man of the world Nathan. You understand that one woman alongside you 24 hours a day can cramp a man’s style. Let alone when there are two women. One of whom, is deeply suspicious of my, shall we say, ‘extracurricular’ activities.”

Why’s he telling me this?

Dance music swells in my ear, like someone opened a door near him, and he pauses before continuing.

“I had been using a rather pleasant suite at a hotel chain I have shares in for said extra activities, but Zaria is a resourceful young lady,” he sighs, “Since moving into our home she’s uncovered my routine. So in essence, I needed another base I could call my own. One that, let’s call them ‘inquisitive female eyes’, would not see, and therefore where I wouldn’t have my style cramped.”

I don’t know what he’s talking about.

“I recently completed on an uptown apartment block and have decided to keep the penthouse there for myself. On the quiet. Somewhere that neither Zaria nor my wife are aware of.”

So why the hell are you telling me?

“And I need to keep things that way,” he says firmly, “Discrete”.

A girl on an ad with a jutting butt like Bella’s catches my eye but Richmond’s voice pulls me back in.

“The fact is Nathan, I now need someone trustworthy to design the room layouts and select the furnishings. It has four bedrooms and two large terraces that overlook the city. Isabel did an incredible job on a room Traders and throughout my home. But I cannot have Zaria finding out about this. So that means Miss Ray, my lawyer, can’t know either.”

He wants me to convince Bel to lie to Calysta?

“Rest assured your wife would be very handsomely rewarded financially, Nathan. And there’s more.”

“More?”

“I have a large villa in Crete that requires a makeover. I’d be more than happy to fly the pair of you out there and accommodate you gratis for a couple of weeks.”

“Fly us to Crete?”

“So Isabel can live in it, as it were, get the feel of it before she makes her recommendations and makes that over too. But that too must remain between the three of us. Now how does this sound?”

I try to formulate a reply but am speechless.

Is this just his way of getting what Calysta and Zaria denied him that night at his home? His hands on my wife?

Chapter Five

Ashley

I'm in our bed with my hand under the covers on my stiff cock. Across the room in the amber lamplight, Marcie dries herself after her shower. I wait for her. Her Mom called her on the phone almost as soon as the builders had gone. It was one of their 'endless' phone conversations. So I eventually postponed any plans for some 'afternoon delight'. Instead, I came inside to jerk off. Then, all afternoon in the garden and later, sanding down several windowsills, I replayed the way both builders looked at my wife. At one point I even fantasized about a surreal situation where that Finn guy was our housemate.

And I had to jerk off a second time.

But I'm ready to cum again.

"What's the matter?" she looks over at me and holds the crumpled bath towel in front of her beautiful, lithe body.

"Nothing's the matter," I shake my head and smile at her, "You're just gorgeous. Come on, I've been waiting all day for this."

Marcella laughs and tosses the towel on the dresser.

I pull back the covers and gaze at her willowy, nudity. Rose pink nipples in stark contrast to her pale flesh and that emphasize the symmetry of her firm breasts. The curve of her hips, and in between her thighs, the hint of swollen lips.

And then she's with me.

"You do realize I've been on my hands and knees gardening most of the day?" She says and one of her creamy bare feet touches my shin.

“Not *most* of the day,” I say and hug her warm body to me, “But I do like to see you on your hands and knees.”

“In your dreams,” Marcie pretends to slap me.

I laugh and then kiss her and her fingers graze my balls.

“Ooh,” I groan at her touch and then lean up right over her.

“I want *you* on your back,” she says and wriggles out from under me. She sits up and gestures.

“For a change,” I joke and lie down with my cock back in my fist.

“And leave that alone,” she swats my hand away from my erection and smiles down at me. She climbs on me and straddles my thighs.

My hard tool stands to attention in front of us both.

“God, you’re so hot,” I murmur and reach up for her boobs.

“Not until I say so,” she pulls my hands away from her body and holds my wrists down.

She’s in one of *those* moods again. And I love it when she is. Somehow, the ‘kinkiness’ gives me hope she might one day do something with another guy.

Despite her denials.

Still holding my wrists down, she shows me her devilish smile and her throat has flushed. “Put these back behind your head,” she says with firmness in her voice.

I grin up at her and raise my arms up the bed. I stretch them out and reach under the pillows for the bottom of the headboard. Then grip it. “How come you always like it this way?” I ask and gaze down beyond my belly and my twitching hard-on to where she straddles my thighs, like a naked Nordic queen on a throne.

“Because I *do*,” she pouts, and then gripping my cock, she inches forward and positions her shaven pussy lips at the tip of my erection.

“Uh,” I groan and try to ease up into her heat.

Marcie backs away to prevent my entry and when I open my eyes and gaze up at her she’s smiling down at me, her blue eyes intense.

“Marcie please,” I half-laugh but groan too, “No teasing tonight. I’m too horny.”

She scoots back up my body and this time, slowly lowers herself down. Fully onto my tool.

“Fuck,” I gasp and my whole shaft is sheathed in the embrace of her wet heat. Enveloped by her tight slit.

So. Good. She feels so fucking good. And no foreplay.

“Mmm,” she purrs, “and I don’t *always* like it this way,” she leans forward and low over me with her blonde hair hanging and her bare boobs in my face. She grips my wrists and holds them down.

No handcuffs again tonight though?

I raise my shoulders and head to kiss and suck at her tits. She smells of vanilla shower gel and both her nipples harden against my lips.

“Mmm,” she moans and her blue eyes close as her hips grind her body into mine. Her warm breath washes over my face as her hands and fingers hold my wrists down.

“Shit Marcie,” I gasp and arch my back. I shove up hard and as deep into her as I can.

A boob brushes right across my face again and I kiss it then suck it hard.

“Oooh,” she moans as her lower body slides over mine, her pussy slicks in time with each breath. I lay back and savor the sensations. No matter how

much I might enjoy jerking off, *nothing* compares to this. Not with a body like my wife's.

“Did you see the way those builders looked at you today?” I moan after a minute or two and kiss her tits again. I thrust my hips up.

Marcie doesn't reply, she just rides my cock with her eyes screwed shut and her bottom lip crushed under her top teeth.

“I'm not gonna last long,” I groan and push my hips forward.

“So what's new?” she smiles without opening her eyes, and without stopping.

“Bitch,” I joke and keep thrusting. I try to delay my orgasm; try to work out what to say to coax a response from her about today, or even about last night in that bar. “Did you though, Marce? Did you see how they looked at you? That same way those two guys in suits did at the bar last night.”

The same way a lot of guys always look at you. Like they wish they could have you.

“Mmm, the guys in suits were creepy,” Marcie moans and lets go of my wrists, she leans back a little and plants her hands either side of my chest on the bed. Then her pussy clenches again and she glides her body back and forth on me. “Like the married guys at work who pretend they have HR issues, just so they can ask for meetings and waste my time,” Marcie exhales hard in my face as we fuck.

“Is that what some of them do?” I stop thrusting and stare up at her. *She's never told me that before.*

“Mmm, not when they realize I can see right through them,” she says.

“Wow that's so hot,” I say and shove up hard, “Other men making excuses to get a few minutes alone with my wife.” *I'm not gonna last much longer.* “Those two builders weren't married,” I say and despite her request, I bring my arms away from the headboard and down the bed. I grab her hips and hold her firm with both hands to get leverage.

“Uhh, uhh,” she moans and works her body.

I hesitate again before I continue with my words of provocation.

“That Phil guy is divorced,” I say and watch her reaction. *Don't want to cum yet.*

“Uhh, he was a bit too smooth for his own good,” she moans.

I try to ignore the deflated feeling of yet another guy who doesn't interest her and try instead to concentrate on the physical sensations. For a second at least.

“What did he say to you?” I gasp, “Phil, when you were both walking toward the house. Before he left.”

She doesn't reply, just keeps riding, tits bouncing in my face.

I let go of her left hip and grab at her tits, I lean right up and kiss her there again, “What about the other guy? Finn? You could hardly call him *too smooth.*”

“Mmm, he was more rough and ready,” Marcie moans and grinds her hips, she gives me a sly smile with her eyes still closed.

“Did you think *he* was good-looking?” *No way.*

Again no reply.

“Did you, Marce?”

“Uhh, ooh, if I had to choose between the two.”

Oh, God that's so hot. “Shit, the way he looked at you in the garden Marcie.”

“Mmm, uhh, I know,” she gasps and her breathing falters, like she might be close to cumming.

“You noticed?”

Marcie nods, her mouth hanging.

Oh, fuck. Did she like him? A guy like him? I grip her ass cheeks tight and slap up into her. “I bet he’d have loved to have seen you like this Marcie. I bet he imagined it.”

“Uh, uh, uh,” Marcie exhales in rapid bursts and she’s gonna cum. *That’s fast.* She cries out and whimpers and her body tenses. Her thighs lock against my sides and she kisses my mouth and my face and then my mouth again and then my face.

“Oh Marcie,” I grip her cheeks, clench my body hard against and inside her, groan and spurt hard.

Afterward, as Marcie lays in my arms on the bed and I feel her breathing gradually slow, I wonder about her reactions to what I said a few moments ago. Whether I read too much into them and she was merely humoring me, or whether she did feel some kind of attraction to the big, long-haired stranger who fixed our roof.

She can’t have. But she seemed to go red when they spoke, didn’t she?

Either way, I want to find out.

“He asked me if we’d ever considered renting a room out here,” I say eventually and the relaxed thickness of my own voice surprises me. My cock has thickened again too.

“Who?” Marcie’s head lays on my bare chest but it twists around and she looks up at me in the lamplight.

“Finn,” I say.

“Rent a room out?”

“I was telling him how much work we still have to do on the house,” I say, and from outside comes the faint roar of a plane somewhere high overhead, “I mentioned how tight things are at the moment because of the rate hikes and everything. And he said he was looking for a room to rent.”

“Like a lodger?” Marcie asks.

“I guess,” I shrug, “said he couldn’t afford the rent on a whole apartment. He’s sleeping on a buddy’s sofa after his girlfriend kicked him out.”

“Men,” Marcie rolls her eyes and spreads her fingers out on my chest.

I’ll pretend and I’ll push it. She how she reacts.

“We never really thought about the possibility of rental income before, did we?” I say and clear my throat. “Sweating the asset or whatever?”

“It’s a *home*, not just a financial asset,” Marcie sighs against my chest.

“Yeah, but you know what I mean,” I say, “Plenty of people make good money with their properties on Airbnb. I saw something on YouTube. I mean, we’ve got the spare rooms, and Finn’s a builder. He even offered to do some of the jobs on the house for us if he stayed here. And a few hundred bucks a month extra income could make all the difference, couldn’t it? Just until you get your promotion.”

“I don’t think that would be a good idea for us,” Marcella says softly.

I sigh and she kisses my chest.

“Well, it was only a thought,” I say and her reaction relieves me. Even if just putting the fanciful suggestion to her fully hardened my cock. “I’m surprised you found him better-looking than his boss though,” I say and run my hand along one of her bare hips.

“I guess I don’t come into contact with guys like Finn very often,” she shrugs.

She *did* like the look of him.

“What, you mean rough and ready?” I say and gaze right at her, “Big and good-looking?”

“Ash, I know you like to imagine me with someone else,” she murmurs and she leans up a little then kisses one of my nipples, “and I know you think

that's what you want. But I don't need any other guy. I'm married to you. I mean, can you imagine any of our friends or family doing that kind of thing? Swinging or whatever?"

"I know," I say and kiss her on her nose. Disappointment and frustration sink through my gut like toxic lumps of lead. But these are familiar feelings and honestly, how can I complain? Most guys would be thrilled to have a wife like Marcella and know that she'd always be loyal. I pull her tight against me and brush her fair hair away from her face and eyes so I can kiss her properly.

"Mmm, I could probably enjoy handcuffing one," she says with a dirty smile, "tying him up and teasing him a bit, like I do with you."

"Another guy?" My heart thunders.

"Finn maybe," she says.

She doesn't mean it. "Use our handcuffs on him?" My voice breaks.

"Only in fantasy," she says and blushes again.

"You like that idea?" I stare at her.

"Mmm," she fondles my balls, "I bet it would feel empowering to control and tease a guy his size."

"Oh fuck, Marcie," I shove her hand away and roll her over onto her back.

She squeals but she doesn't resist and I touch between her legs.

She's wet. And I don't think it's just from before.

Chapter Six

Ashley

Sunday morning and before Marcie is out of bed, I'm up and out on the patio in the garden with my laptop. I've got to try and fix a fence later. And after that, we've both got repair work to do inside. But for now, the sun's not yet high so I can still see my screen OK. I woke early thinking about our conversation in bed last night.

Man, did the fantasy of restraining that construction guy and teasing him, really run through my wife's head? I still can't believe that's true.

I peer away from the screen and down the garden to the trees and try to recall other things she's ever told me.

Has she ever given any hints before about being attracted to that type of guy? Or was she just indulging me last night with her comments about him?

I run mental images of the two main boyfriends that she had before me. Paul from high school and later college, was her first serious one. The guy she lost her virginity to. He was a similar build to me. Then after they broke up, the guy she was with almost the whole way through Uni; he was training to be a doctor. That's hardly 'Rough and ready', is it?

None of us looked anything like Finn.

But maybe that's the point. Maybe she secretly fantasizes about the kind of guy she's never been with? Would that make any sense?

Yeah. Or maybe she doesn't fantasize about it at all. Maybe she just made it up to keep me happy.

And yet she came fast. *And she wanted it again after we'd talked about Finn, didn't she?*

Two blackbirds squawk out of one of the trees at the bottom of the garden.

The more I've wondered about last night though, despite what Marcie said about the idea, the more I've imagined the possibility of another guy living here with us. Especially someone capable of helping us fix the house up. And who by the sound of it, would be willing to do it for free.

Man, how hot could it be to see Marcie get checked out 24/7? And then, as they got better acquainted with one another, who knows what might happen....? Especially if she does somehow like the look of him, and maybe even fantasizes about him. She won't come on to strangers when we're out together so how about someone she knows in the relaxed atmosphere of our home?

My cock twitches in my jeans and I squeeze it.

Indecisiveness stopped me from getting what I wanted in the past, didn't it? Like with my own barbers' shop.

Should I try to push the idea of a lodger though? See if Marcie might try it for a couple of months? The rent money alone could be a game changer.

But have another guy stay here with us? In our home? I hardly know anything about Finn.

Except the way he looked at my wife. More than once. And that one of my workmate's long-term clients seems to vouch for the guy. I'd trust Sandy's judgment about Phil, wouldn't I?

What if the least a lodger did was to open Marcella up a little more to top the *possibility* of flirting with other guys? *Fuel her fantasies and the ones we share in bed.*

I click on my laptop mouse and the browser and search DuckDuckGo with the phrase 'Advice for taking a lodger'. *But isn't it even a waste of time to research this? It's a nonstarter. Even if I could convince Marcie. Having another person with us 24/7 would be a pain in the ass, wouldn't it?*

But he could have the guest bedroom on the other side of the house. He'd be out of the way most of the time and there's a little sofa in there. Then with the en suite and TV, he could be pretty much self-contained. We'd only

need to see him when he used the kitchen. *Or if we wanted to get together with him.*

I click onto a new page on my laptop and read the headline:

'Taking in a lodger - The first things to consider.'

'A lodger is a person you allow to live with you in your home and so to share living space with you. Typically, your bathroom or kitchen. They will likely have their 'own' nominated room, but they live in your home with your permission and should agree that they have no rights to exclude you from their room or any part of your home.'

That makes reassuring sense. I read on.

'There are important considerations before you enter into any arrangement:'

1. Check with your mortgage provider to make sure you don't need their permission before letting out one of your rooms'. I've already read through the small print of our loan - and no, we don't need permission.

There's other stuff on the page about insurance in case the 'Tenant' were to get injured on the property, but I focus on a paragraph about having a 'Written Agreement' with the lodger.

If there's any chance of convincing Marcie that we should do this (and *I'm* not wholly certain yet that we should) - then she'll need to feel sure there's no financial or legal risk to us too.

The paragraph contains advice about drawing up an inventory of furniture and fittings in the lodger's room and even photographing them before the person moves in so that there's no dispute about their condition when he leaves. There's a template agreement form which I download to go through later and a series of questions that get me thinking.

Things like cleaning arrangements.

'Who will be responsible for keeping their room clean?' Him or us? No way Marcie would want to get involved in that. Or me. Unless maybe we could charge him a worthwhile extra amount for it. But that might put the cost out of his reach. He's looking for a cheap option.

Something about the vague concept of my wife cleaning another guy's bedroom though does something weird to my gut. I reach under the patio table to give my cock another squeeze.

Other questions set me pondering.

'Storage arrangements for food?' And whether we have sufficient cupboards fitted yet for him to store his items separately from ours. And then there's his use of the kitchen itself and how to schedule and manage that around ours. But maybe Marcie has been through stuff like this when she was at her Uni digs?

'Would you want to provide them with an evening meal as part of the arrangements?' And *'What about their use of utilities and paying a share of the household bills while they're lodging?'*

I look away from the laptop again and above the trees, the sky has clouded over a little. There's a shitload to consider. Even before you get to the bit about *'Rules on Parties & Gatherings'*.

How would we feel about another person inviting their friends over here? Finn maybe having a girl in his bed?

Something about another man making out with a woman in our home has me reaching down under the table again.

The whole article concludes with the following warning:

'Consider all elements in advance, before you draw up and sign an agreement with your lodger. Managing expectations and giving your housemate a clear vision of your expectations before they move in should help ensure you avoid potential future disagreements and nasty surprises.'

Hmm, *'Nasty surprises'*. I'd need to find out a lot more about anyone before we let them stay here. Make sure they weren't some kind of psychopath. I'll speak to Sandy about that Phil guy next week. Double-check on him and the company he keeps. Then maybe decide if I should try to persuade Marcie.

She appears when I'm inside the house, in the hallway a little while later. She's in her silky, cream dressing gown and I'm taping up a windowsill ready for painting this afternoon. Basic decorating is one of the interior jobs that I *am* confident about tackling myself. She kisses my cheek and heads into the kitchen. And when I've finished, I follow her in.

She refills my coffee mug and puts it on the breakfast bar then sits there cross-legged with her own drink and smiles at me.

My eyes are drawn to an exposed part of her left thigh where the dressing gown has slipped away. The sight goads me about stuff she said last night. I should wait, I know I should, but I'm impatient. I need to be more decisive and I want to know if she was just humoring me last night or not.

"So I was thinking about what we said last night," I say and slide onto the stool alongside her at the breakfast bar. I run a hand over the exposed part of her thigh. Then I move her unbrushed hair from around her neck and kiss her there. She's warm and smells of sleep.

"What did we say?"

"About a lodger to help out with the finances and everything," I gaze at her.

Marcie shakes her head and yawns.

"I've been reading up on it all this morning," I say, "How much we could earn in rent. I know you were unsure about Finn staying here, but I could get references for him and if he's serious about helping us finish this place then it could be perfect."

Marcie's brow crinkles and she stares at me.

“Especially if you quite like the look of him,” I grin, but now that I’ve said it, I realize how bizarre and clumsy the whole thing must sound and my face heats up.

Marcie rolls her eyes.

Shit. Why didn't I wait? Why didn't I give it all more thought before I mentioned it again?

Chapter Seven

Ashley

I leave the subject alone for the rest of the day while Marcie and I work on the house. But the prospect of another guy staying here with us and being around Marcie a lot - maybe him even catching glimpses of my wife in various states of undress - rarely leaves my thoughts. Especially the idea of him being a guy she might have fantasized about too.

I do my own fantasizing about it when we're in bed later at night but I keep quiet about that. I'll go as far as doing some research on Finn. If he sounds OK, and if I decide it's safe to seriously try to persuade Marcie about the financial and home improvement benefits of him staying here, then I won't want her anxious about my ulterior motives.

On Tuesday, back at the barber shop and with Sandy tanned and returned from vacation, I quiz her about her client Phil.

She re-confirms that she's cut his hair for years. Since before he was even married to his ex. And that she also cut his son's hair when Phil was still with his wife. She tells me he's always seemed a 'nice reliable guy' who always leaves a fat tip. The look in her eye when she talks about him makes me wonder whether she might have a secret crush on him. And whether someone who my wife describes as 'Too smooth', might have a secret thing for Goth-style female barbers.

I doubt that last bit, but to be fair to the guy, he did bring someone out to help with our roof at short notice, and charged us nothing for it.

"Why do you ask about Phil anyhow?" Sandy asks when a client has paid and left. She shakes his gown free of hair, "Was there any problem when you did his hair?"

"No, nothing. He actually came out to ours over the weekend," I shrug, "Offered to fix a problem we had with a roof. He wouldn't take any

payment. Because he's a client of yours I reckon. He just said it was a small job and they'd be passing by."

"I told you," she says and reaches for the brush to sweep the floor, "Phil's a real nice guy."

"He brought one of his workers, a guy called Finn."

"Not heard of him," she shakes her head.

"Well, Finn was asking if we knew anyone who might have lodgings. Somewhere close by where he could stay for a while. Phil and he have a job on for a few months out our way."

"Right," Sandy mutters but I'm not even sure how much she's listening to me now.

"We were wondering about letting him lodge at ours," I say, almost thinking aloud, "to get some extra cash. He says he could help out around the place while he's there. We've got *so* much stuff that needs fixing up."

"Sounds like a win-win then," Sandy shrugs and smiles at me.

And maybe it really is that simple.

With the *added* benefit of watching him and my wife around one another.

These days I try to keep any conversations with my boss Davey to a minimum. But later, when Sandy nips out to meet a girlfriend for lunch before I go out too, I ask Davey about Phil.

"Top guy," he nods and in the mirror, he checks the sides of his fade, "Going through a rough spell. I overheard you talking about maybe letting one of his workers lodge at yours. A good way for you to make passive income if you ask me. I don't know the lodger you've got in mind, but you could do a lot worse than help out any laborer of a guy like Phil Hastings. Mr. H. has some powerful connections. Or at least, he used to have at one time. He'll bounce back. Who knows?" Davey slaps my shoulder, "You help one of his guys out, he might scratch your back too at some point."

When it's my time for lunch I take a sandwich to the park down the lane and once there I scroll my phone to check 'Philip Hastings' out on LinkedIn and then look for one of his connections there. Our would-be lodger.

I don't find anything. But scrolling through the friends of Sandy's client on Facebook, amongst several *very* hot women, I find one 'Finn Alden'.

In the profile photo, his hair is up in some kind of a man-bun. I gaze at his rugged, unshaven face for several seconds and then click into his profile.

He's hardly a prolific poster.

He's reposted two or three memes and he's a member of a few 'Outdoorsy' groups. One for white water rafting, another an 'RV Appreciation' community, and one for fans of river fishing. None of which interests me, but Marcie has often said she'd like to try an RV holiday. He's into his rock music too by the look of it.

My mind thrums with excited, unrealistic possibilities. Maybe she and Finn would have stuff in common they could talk about together. Something to encourage her to spend a little time with him, get to know him better. *But how would I feel about that?* My dick shifts in my pants. I click into his photos.

There's a handful of images of him with a group of other guys one of whom seems to be his son and looks a similar age to me. Which is somehow pretty weird.

But there's also a couple of others where he's with a pretty, golden-haired female. She looks older than my Marcie. Other photos are of him at a funfair with a small kid. A little girl. I gaze back at the blonde woman again. She *is* pretty. Nice legs. Like Marcie. Is she the girlfriend who kicked him out, or a more recent partner? It's hard to tell from the dates. *But are blondes, like my wife, his preference?*

My cock pulses.

But come on, this is all so far away from the reality of anything that's likely to happen, isn't it? Who am I trying to kid?

Back at the barber shop and with time before my 2 o'clock appointment I do something I've never done at work before. I head to the john to jack off.

I scroll through to the image of Marcie in the garden that I showed Finn's boss, then to another of her in red lingerie in our bedroom.

Imagine if I'd showed Phil that. Or Finn. I swipe back to the profile photo of Finn that I downloaded before from Facebook. I stroke silently and imagine a guy of his age and size with his hands on my wife. I close my eyes and bring forward a mental image of the way he looked at Marcie at the weekend. *What would a guy like him want to do to her? What if she does like the look of him and he came to live with us?*

Could I persuade her to let him stay with us? Should I?

"It's all got me thinking," I say to my wife over dinner, she's been quiet since she got back from the office. Stressful there again I guess. "What that Finn guy said about lodging."

Marcie looks up from her burritos with her head cocked and a probing gaze. She looks tired.

"About a lodger in general," I say and sip my beer, "I had a look at how much we might be able to charge. Should be at least 500 a month, could be as high as 750."

"Just for our little guest room?" Marcie's blue eyes widen.

"The room isn't that small though, is it?" I look right at her, "It's almost as big as ours. And with the sofa and TV in there, someone can use it like a living room as well. And it's got an ensuite. That all pushes the price up."

"Any extra money could help," Marcie murmurs and looks down at her plate.

Is she going for it? That easy?

"I found out today there's no chance of any promotion for at least another year," she moves the food around on her plate.

“A year?”

“My boss signed a contract extension. Delayed her retirement again.”

My heart beats fast.

“I guess we could look around for other options,” Marcie says, “if we thought a lodger was the answer. Put an ad on Facebook or Craigslist?”

Holy shit.

“The thing is,” I say carefully, “to get 750 a month as an Airbnb or whatever, we’d need the house in top condition, fully renovated. But we could charge less until we’ve finished it. And I guess we’d do that a whole lot faster if we had help here.”

“Makes sense,” she says, “*if* we decided to go the lodger route.”

“I asked at work about that Finn guy and his boss, and I checked them both out online.”

Marcie looks up at me again.

“You know, just in case. Sandy and even Davey were real positive about them though,” I tell a white lie. “Finn seems to have a little girl from a past relationship,” I say to make him sound even more harmless.

“I’m not sure I’d want any children staying here Ash,” Marcie gives me a dubious look.

“No, course not,” I shake my head and frown.

She’s thinking about it. She’s fucking thinking about it. “We’d spell that out to him.”

But now that she is considering it, my stomach turns a little and I’m not certain how I feel about the prospect of company like his.

I’ve got to be decisive this time though. Got to make my choice and go for it.

“We could give it a short-term trial,” I ask more that state, and even with a beer my mouth is dry, “See how it goes. See if it’s as easy as everyone says. Say a month or whatever?”

Marcie’s cheeks flush like they did when Finn was here and she raises her wine glass to her lips.

Chapter Eight

Ashley

In bed at night later I'm buzzing but apprehensive too. I still can't quite believe that Marcella has seemingly given the green light to a trial for Finn as our lodger.

But she tells me the credit card statement came in today. She says we've racked up a lot more debt on home improvements this month than we either intended or expected. I guess lately we couldn't even face keeping count of the numbers.

"I know I've let us down," she says in the dark.

"Why would you say that?"

"Chasing the dream of a big house like this when we couldn't afford it. All because I wanted us to live in a swanky place in the country like my sister."

"We *both* love this house," I say and hold her tight, "Who cares what anyone else thinks?"

With Marcie in my arms, neither her guilt nor our finances hold my attention the way they maybe should. I kiss her and keep quiet about Finn as I touch between her legs. She moans but I imagine her kissing him. *Touched* by him. But the situation feels too delicately balanced to risk upsetting. I don't want her to realize how fixated I've become on the whole prospect of her being coveted by a potential lodger.

So even as I lay back and let her ride me, cowgirl, again (this time with no wrist restraint), and I reach up to caress the hollows of her slender waist and her swaying boobs as she climaxes in my arms, I still stay quiet about him.

I do though wonder whether his mental image propels her to and through orgasm as moments later it does me.

But in the still of the night afterward, I doubt that. She's only met the guy once and if I know one thing about women, it's that generally, they're nowhere near as shallow as us men. They need to get to know a guy before they could ever seriously get turned on by him.

On Wednesday morning at breakfast though, as causally as I can, I mention him.

"I'll give Finn a call this morning," I say across the breakfast bar and my heart won't slow down, "See if he's still looking for somewhere. Tell him we're thinking of renting the room out on a trial basis and how much we'd want for it. Just four weeks initially, to see how it works out?"

Marcie shrugs and again her face looks flushed.

Why is that? Apprehension? Nerves? Guilt like last because we've got ourselves in this position over a house she wanted so badly?

At the salon later, I intend to wait until lunchtime to call him, in case he's busy with that job but my heart pounds like a fool and I have to jerk off again in the john to try and calm myself down.

By mid-morning I start to imagine he's found another room somewhere else and maybe about to commit to it. So with a gap between appointments a little after 11-30, I slip outside into the sunshine and call him.

"Finn? Hey, it's Ashley from the weekend. You came out to fix our roof?"

"Yeah, right," he laughs and there's banging or hammering in the background.

"You mentioned you were looking for somewhere to stay?"

"Yeah, you heard of anything?"

He's still looking.

"We were talking about it after you asked," I say and clear my throat, "my wife and me. I don't know how much you'd be looking to pay," I say and

then hesitate. *What if five hundred is too much for him? It sounds a lot for one room.*

“Well, I got to get somewhere,” he sighs, “Slept in the van last night.”

“How would 450 a month be?” I ask, lowering our target before he’s even responded. My heart thumps in my chest. Images of Marcie lusted over in countless domestic situations by this well-built older guy rotate through my head. “All in,” I add in case the figure is too high, “No bills to pay. And you’d have a bathroom of your own, TV, and sofa in the room.”

“Dude, that be perfect,” he says, “How soon could I move in?”

But somehow his keenness kind of scares me a little and I back off.

“We’ve never had a lodger before,” I say, “so we were thinking we should do an initial month or so, make sure the three of us get along OK, and then if we do...”

“Yeah, right whatever you want,” Finn says and the banging starts up again somewhere in the background. “A simple month upfront be OK? I can get started on some of those repairs you need as soon as I move in. So you and your little lady won't want to throw me out when the four weeks are up.”

I should ask for some kind of security too but I don’t want to put him off. We can sort that out later.

“OK,” I say, “We can’t have you sleeping in a van much longer. How does this weekend sound, if I can square that with Marcie?” I ask and hope I don’t sound like we need his money and handyman skills sooner rather than later.

“Perfect,” he says and sounds pleased, “You won’t regret it. I promise. I’ll be real quiet. A good house guest. Will you call me back and let me know? Tell me what time I should come round?”

“I’ll check with Marcie. See what works best for her. I’ll let you know as soon as I can,” the last few words stick in my throat.

My next client passes me with a nod on the way into the salon.

I trim his bushy mop nagged by the suspicion that I've made this Finn thing happen way too fast. That I talked Marcie into it too quickly. Maybe even too *easily*. My gut grumbles as I move around the client.

But then when I've finished and he's paid Davey and gone, with my next client yet to arrive, I steal off to the john.

I close myself in the booth there and pull out my dick. It stiffens fast in my fist and I slick it through my hand.

Another guy in our house. Fuck. Marcie latched over continually by someone she's admitted she think is good-looking. If she really meant that. But maybe I can get her to dress provocatively around him once in a while? And sometimes, on those rare occasions when she's home before me, like when I'm when I've got mobile clients stacked or whatever, they'll be alone together. Fuck.

I dismiss the whispering potential risks of such a scenario and focus solely on cumming.

Chapter Nine

Ashley

“He sounded real pleased,” I tell Marcie at the dinner table and try not to sound too excited. In case she gets anxious about my motivation. I don’t tell her either about my intermittent nagging concerns that this whole thing could yet prove reckless.

Marcie looks down and digs into the spaghetti Bolognese I put together when I got home from my after-hours clients before her return.

“I told him we’d try it for a month or so,” I say and reiterate the ‘trial’ aspect in case she has misgivings. I suspect though that she’s had such another stressful day at the office that she has other concerns on her mind too. “In the end,” I say quickly, “I agreed 450 for the trial on the proviso he gets stuck into the DIY right away.”

Marcie blinks but she doesn’t complain about the rental amount. “We can’t expect him to do *everything*,” she says, “not if he’s a paying guest.”

“No. But he gets to stay because he agreed to help out.”

And because of how he looked at you.

Marcie nods and moves her fair hair away from her eyes. The two buttons that she’s undone on her prim, cream work blouse are enough to make my cock pulse. *I bet Finn will enjoy the odd glimpse of Marcie’s cleavage once he’s here.*

Marcie suggests we invite him to move in on Friday evening and with me still barely believing it’s happening, when Friday finally rolls around, I almost can’t get my breath.

He arrives with Phil in a white pickup truck and Marcie and I greet them on the porch with her in cut-off denim shorts again. We chat there for a while,

with me the whole time wondering what the two men are thinking of my wife's shapely legs. Phil can't stay long, but for all Marcie's previous complaints about his 'smoothness', she seems to find some of his attempts at humor a lot funnier than I do.

Finn is grubby after working all day on the site and not for the first time, I wonder how smart an idea it was in practice, to invite a construction guy to share our home. We'll have to make sure he always takes his boots off at the door and doesn't tread dirt through every time he comes home. I should have anticipated that. *I'll run the vacuum around tomorrow night before Marcie gets back from work. So she doesn't get pissed off on day one.*

"Told you I didn't have much stuff," he hauls a single soft holdall up from the porch floor and over his broad shoulder then grins at us.

"Do you want to show Finn to his room Marcie, or shall I?" I ask with my heartbeat fast.

"Don't pretend you know where everything in the guest room is Ash," Marcie laughs and looks up at his hulking physique, "Come on then Finn," she says, "I'll take you inside."

Even that phrase makes my gut clench and my cock throb.

I need to calm down.

I stand back as my wife leads the way into our home and in my imagination at least, he's watching the flesh and every muscle on the backs of her bare thighs. Lusting over the sway of his landlady's firm ass as the two of them disappear inside.

I sit on the porch sofa and try to get my breath back.

This is ridiculous. My fucking cock is hard. I stuff a hand down into my jeans and adjust the position of my weeping tool. The guy only just got here. He'll think I'm a complete fucking weirdo when he comes back out if I'm sitting around with a stiffy in my pants and a face red with excitement.

But in the event, it's only Marcie who reappears. With a glass of wine and a beer for me.

"Everything OK?" I ask her.

"He said he's tired and got an early start tomorrow," she shrugs. "Said he's gonna take a shower and get to bed. He doesn't have breakfast apparently. He and the other guys on the site don't eat until mid-morning. So we won't need to worry about bumping into him before we go to work. This could turn out to be even easier than I thought," she smiles.

I smile back at her, but with the prospect gone of watching the older man check my barelegged wife out some more tonight or even any morning in the pencil skirts she usually wears for work, it's hard not to feel a sense of anticlimax.

Maybe this situation will turn out way less exciting than I hoped.

In bed later though I peer across the room as Marcie strips to join me.

"It feels weird to know there's someone else in the house too," she whispers and unclips her bra letting her pale tits spill free.

"Why are you whispering?" Under the covers, I stroke my engorged cock, "He won't be able to hear anything from that end of the house," I say but hope I'm wrong. Especially if Marcie is game for sex tonight.

How hot would it be to know a virtual stranger can hear my wife in her most intimate moment? That he could hear Marcie climax.

Fuck.

"Hurry up and come to bed," I say and stroke faster under the covers as she brushes her blonde hair in front of the mirror. Bare-breasted and white lace panties on her jutting behind, her boobs sway a little each time she drags the brush through her fair locks.

"I should probably start wearing a night dress," she says to the mirror, "Now there's someone else in the house."

“What for?” I say and stop stroking, “It’s not like we’re sharing a bathroom. When would he see you?”

“Or at least a long T-shirt,” she says and opens one of her drawers.

For fuck sake. “Put it on after, if you have to,” I push the bedcovers away to let her see my hard-on.

“I’m not sure I want to do anything,” she looks away from my dick to my face “with him, you know,...only down the hallway.”

“Marcie, it’s the other end of the house,” I say, although in reality Finn is only down the hallway and the other side of the living room, “We can’t just stop having sex because we’ve got a lodger A whole month without it?”

“He won’t be here all day and night,” she shrugs and keeps brushing her hair.

“I’d go crazy,” I shake my head and climb out of the bed. My cock is still hard as I take the hairbrush from her, “Come on Marce, let’s do it. Let’s start as we mean to go on. We can’t let a paying houseguest change the way we behave in our own bed.” I pull her to me and kiss her.

Marcie sighs but finally responds.

I rub my erection against her bare belly.

“In bed then,” she says.

I’m all over her as soon as we reach the bed. Fueled by the other man’s presence and the possibility of him hearing my wife if she’s loud enough. And I *want* her to be loud enough. I kiss her neck and bare shoulders, her tits and I draw a stiff nipple into my mouth.

“Mmm,” she murmurs and closes her eyes.

I want to talk about him being in our house. I want to tell her I bet he admired her legs and ass when she led him to his room, but it’s the first night and if she’s anxious about him being here then me goading her won’t help. So I say nothing. I act like he’s not going through my mind.

But he is, and in my mind, he can hear her and he's thinking of her and I know I'll cum in seconds if I'm not careful. I need her to really enjoy this. So she can relax about doing it with him in the house.

And I want her to make as much noise as possible.

I kiss her again, then spread her creamy legs and slide down the bed. I push my face between her thighs and kiss her there. Then lick. Hot and a little peppery.

"Mmm," she moans, "Ash, that's good," She holds my head to her and I lick. Madness floods me.

I want her to be loud. So he'll hear everything. So the flames of any desire he has for my wife will be fanned. I want him to think of sex and Marcie's sexuality every time he looks at her. I don't want him to look at her without being able to think of sex. Fuck. Maybe I should make sure I let Marcie get into bed before me from now on. So I can maybe discretely leave the bedroom door ajar a little. So Finn has a better chance of hearing her sexual pleasure.

It's sick. It's deceitful. I know it. But I can't help myself. I rub my cock against the mattress, but not too much, I lick, suck her, run my lips around her clit, and make her moan as I can. I draw the oral sex out more than I ever have before, to extend her enjoyment so that her cries hopefully ring out down the hallway. So that my wife sounds like she can't get enough.

Oh God, another guy is in our house and he'll think my wife can't get enough sex. He'll look at her and believe she's sexually insatiable. He'll look at her and will only hear her cries, he'll think only of sex.

And all sorts of terrible, shameful fantasies run through my head as I suck and I kiss her and I goad her toward orgasm. Marcie's moans and cries get louder and more urgent.

I imagine leaving the door open wide enough for Finn to be summoned by the noises, worried because she sounds like she may be in pain. And for

him to come here and see my wife like she is now. Her tits bare, her legs spread. Intimate and vulnerable in front of a rough and ready older man.

I lick and I kiss and I suck and my head is gripped tight and I imagine somehow stoking a conversation with Finn about Marcie. Something that might provoke his desire still further. *A conversation where I admit what I want? Where I ask him to try to seduce Marcie?*

I couldn't.

She climaxes in my face and I hold my breath, peer at the door even as I continue to lick and I hope against hope that Finn is still awake and that he can hear my wife.

And then at last I can bear no more.

I scurry up the bed and take my trembling, glistening blonde wife in my arms. I push my desperate erection between her thighs and high into her sopping, post-orgasm vagina.

Shit, so hot. I shove hard, up to the hilt. I want to tell her to imagine Finn thinking of her. I want her to imagine them together, But I mustn't. *Not yet.* I stay silent.

“You feel so good Marcie, you're so hot,” I mumble into her neck and thrust hard, *hard*. I grip her firm buttocks and ram into her. Her legs and arms lock around me and then I'm cumming cumming so hard.

And then as the orgasm subsides and I kiss the side of her neck and she kisses me back, the darkest angst smothers my soul and shames me.

Chapter Ten

Phil

“OK! OK, I’m coming,” I groan and try to sit up in bed. My head hurts. Too much JD last night again. I shield my eyes for a second and look around the bare whiteness of the bedroom. My ‘Home’. A fucking rented apartment. Don’t even *think* about it.

The doorbell rings again.

“For fuck sake,” I mumble and fumble on the nightstand for my phone.

Almost 8 a.m. Can’t be anyone else chasing money. The fuckers took almost everything.

I haul myself out of bed and up to my feet. My dick lists lazily between my legs and I grab my shorts from the floor. I pull them on and head out the bedroom to the hall and the part-frosted-glass door.

What’s *she* doing here at this time? I fumble again, but this time with the key.

“Sophie?” I frown at her through the half-open door.

“Let me in then,” she smiles and she’s in a long white mac and dark heels. She’s got makeup around her eyes already.

She just getting in from a night out?

She looks quickly either way down the street, then brushes her body past me as she eases inside. She stinks of too much perfume.

“What you doing here now?” I shake my head and close the door.

“That’s not a very nice welcome,” she smiles in the hall and drapes both arms around my neck. She looks into my eyes, “I’ve just dropped off my

youngest extra-early at her cheer-leading class. They're going on a trip. So I thought I'd surprise you."

"You did that alright," I groan, "I've got work in a bit."

Work. I never thought it would come to this. Back getting my fucking hands dirty on site again at the weekends. But then again, I never expected to be living in a shithole like this at my age either. I ease her arms from around me. I got a taste in my mouth like crap, and I need coffee.

"Work?" her painted eyebrows rise, "It's Saturday."

"Yeah, and some of us now got no choice but to work it."

"Open my coat," she gives me that dirty smile, the one that reminds me of her eldest daughter, "Take a look inside," she says.

"Sophe, I got the guys due here in under half an hour to pick me up." *Thank Fuck I'm not the one driving today.*

"Come on," she nods, "take my coat off," she opens her arms out and motions with her eyebrows.

I sigh but undo the big white button just below her throat.

"*All* of them," she smiles and looks right at me again.

I smile back but truthfully, my head bangs, and I still feel half asleep. Maybe if it was her Rachel rocking up here unexpectedly...but I haven't heard from that bitch since I used to get invited to Traders.

On the third button down, Sophie's black bra and big tits appear. Her body's gotten more tanned over the last week or two. Must have been in her garden every chance she got. Tormenting the fuck out of that old pervert who lives next door to them.

She wriggles the coat right off and lets it fall to the floor. "Well? How do you like it?" She stands there in the balcony bra and high-cut black panties. And the heels. "I bought the lingerie special."

“You look great,” I smile and run my hands over her shoulders, “but I got to fix coffee and get ready to go.”

“I’ll make you breakfast,” she smiles and kisses me, her nipples already hard under the flimsy bra. “Come on,” she takes one of my hands, “you can tell me what you want.”

“Sophie I got to pee. Just make me coffee. I’ll be there in a minute,” I pat her big ass and head for the bathroom.

I lock the door to make sure of peace and quiet and then I pee loudly and shake it. I take a swig of mouthwash and splash water over my face. I got bags under my eyes and it looks like my hair is getting fucking grayer by the day. Need some more hair dye.

Out of the bathroom, and in the cramped little kitchen the smell of toast is strong but the coffee’s on, and Sophie’s washing the sink full of dishes.

“I’m making you some toast,” she says over her shoulder and gestures for me to sit at the tiny table, “You need to eat.”

“You didn’t have to wash those Sophie,” I say and my eyes drift to her legs. She’s still a great shape for her age. Even if she *isn’t* her daughter. *And how I’d like to fuck that one again.*

“You know I like to do things for you,” she says then lets the water out. “Now sit down and let me fix your breakfast before I dry these dishes.”

“Do things for me like a serving wench?” I ask her and sink onto one of the hard, wooden seats.

“Like *your* serving wench,” she says and hands me my coffee. She’s got bright red nail polish on too.

I sit with the drink and it smells good. The toaster pops and Sophie’s heels click back over the lino. She opens the fridge and grabs the butter. “You haven’t got much else in to eat,” she says.

“I’m not planning on eating much else,” I shrug and test the coffee to see if it’s cool enough not to irritate my bad tooth.

“If you write down what you want, I’ll pick up some bits for you from the discount store,” she scrapes the knife over the toast to butter it. Then she comes back over and puts the plate down in front of me. She stays standing close to me. “Move your chair back from the table a little while you eat,” she says and runs her fingers through my hair.

“I haven’t got a lot of time,” I gaze up beyond those big tits to her gray-blue eyes.

“I don’t need a lot of time,” she says and then kind of carefully, and smiling at me the whole way, she gets down onto her knees at my feet.

“I need to concentrate on eating,” I say but I do ease my chair back, “Got to check my messages,” I hold out my phone so she can see it from down there.

“You go ahead,” she says and kisses one of my bare knees. Then she eases forward on her own knees and plants one thigh either side of my right foot.

What the hell is she doing?

She rests the warm, soft front of her panties on the top of my bare foot. Then she spreads the fingers of both palms out on the lino and half lifting her lower body up and back as she moves, she starts to rub herself on me. “Mmm,” she murmurs and looks right up at me.

I smile down at her and stroke one side of her face. But now that she’s made this toast, I’m fucking hungry. I bite into it and chew.

Sophie’s inner thighs squeeze against my ankle and lower leg as she runs her barely covered cunt back and forth over the top of my foot. Her breathing deepens.

“Let’s get your tits out while you do that,” I put the plate down and still chewing, pull each bra cup down so I can yank out her fleshy, natural rack.

Her brown nipples are all puckered and hard before I even grope them.

“Oohhm, oohhhm” Sophie moans louder now and her pussy grinds around onto the front of my right ankle and my lower shin, her tits crush up tight against either side of my knee.

I finish the toast, take a mouthful of coffee then and pull out my dick.

Sophie leans right forward, wraps her body around my leg as she rocks and rubs herself off, but her other hand takes my dick and quickly makes it stiff.

“Fucking hell Sophie, you’re one dirty bitch.”

“Mmm, oohh,” she groans and rides.

Her tits massage my leg and she thrusts her whole body back and forward on me, like she’s fucking my leg. Like a dog. She rubs my cock too but with an annoying, disjointed rhythm.

I take it from her hand and jerk it in her face as she wipes herself off on me. She rocks back and forth, mouth half-open and her eyes flickering closed then opening again. Her breathing is *real* heavy.

She’s getting close.

I jack hard and fast and then she cries out, clinging to my leg like a fucking limpet and shaking all over me as she cums off.

“Here, finish this off,” I say and lean right back in the chair with my hard-on in the air.

“Mmm,” Sophie’s body leaves my leg and she crawls between my thighs. She smiles up and then takes it in two hands. Licks it, then lowers her head and sucks hard.

I hold her down there, thrust my hips up to make her gag.

“Uck-urgh, uck-urgh,” but still she sucks. She somehow even caresses my balls at the same time. Head dropping and rising, sucking and slurping and moaning.

I can't take it away from her, she's good at this. Runs in the family.

“Uhh,” I groan at last, “Here it cums, here it comes.”

“Mmm,” she moans and she takes me deep, stops moving her head, and let's me finish down her throat.

The doorbell disturbs my recovery.

“Shit,” I clear my throat and ease her away from my groin, “They're here. Put your coat on and get that, will you? I got to get dressed.”

“Hey Dude,” Finn is sat at the table with his own mug of coffee when I return. He's watching Sophie who's back in her coat and putting more bread in the toaster.

“Where's the driver?” I ask and grab my cup.

“Left the kid in the truck,” Finn shrugs, “Let him wait. I needed a word with you in private.”

“Don't mind her,” I gesture at Sophie's back.

“The young lady insisted on making toast for me,” he smiles and Sophie goes coy on him.

“Doesn't that sexy new landlady of yours look after you in the mornings?” I ask him and tuck my T-shirt into my jeans.

“I wish,” he laughs, “Fucking husband was screwing the back off Viking girl last night.”

“I bet,” I say and visualize the leggy, little blonde.

“You two are terrible,” Sophie shakes her head, “And isn't 'Viking' a racial slur?”

“You know what, Sophie?” I say and slap the back of her long coat, make her ass shake in front of Finn, “This guy always falls on his fucking feet.

Barely kicked out of his buddy's apartment and he's got himself a hot young blonde to give him a bed and take care of him."

"Er, she's married," Finn mumbles, "and I'm paying for the room."

"Yeah, and if the husband's got any sense," I smirk at him, "he'll keep you well away from her."

"Chance be a fine thing," Finn shakes his head, "I'm going short in that department too dude, I tell you."

Sophie butters the toast and takes it to Finn on a small plate.

"Thing is," he says and follows the sway of her ass back to the sink, "about my new landlady and digs, I had to pay them upfront. Four-fifty. So I was hoping I could get an advance on next month's wage to tide me over?"

"Sorry Finn, no can do." I shake my head, "You know the position I'm in with all the divorce shit and stuff. You think I'd be in a place like this if I didn't have to?"

"It's a lovely apartment Philip," Sophie says and sips a coffee of her own, "It just needs a woman's touch."

"Don't we all," Finn smiles.

"If I had the space," I say to him, "and my own landlord wasn't such an asshole, you could've stayed here. You know that. But I've only got that fucking miniature sofa. Your feet would have been hanging off the end."

"Shit," he exhales but his eyes keep returning to Sophie now that she's wiping down the worktop. "So is there *nothing* you could do for me?" his eyes indicate the 'Serving wench'.

I can't help smiling. Even though in some ways I'm jealous of the guy. He's got more front than anyone I know, but less of a pot to piss in than me now. He's never had flash cars, houses or money to attract women and yet they fucking love him. *How does the scruffy twat do it? Would even Sophie be*

here now if she hadn't known me before? "You want to screw her?" I ask him.

"Philip!" Sophie rounds on us, "Do you mind?" she half-laughs but she glances at Finn and her throat colors up.

I know that look on her face. I seen it enough on her *and* her daughter.

"You'll do that for me, won't you Sophie?" I smile and take the cloth from her hand. I hold her wrists, "Just a quick one before we have to head out? Seeing's how you're here, and now Finn's here too and all?"

"Philip, sometimes I think you just like to use me," she pouts.

"And sometimes, I think you like being used," I say and slap her ass, "So get your coat off again. How do you want her Finn?"

"I don't mind. How do you like it baby?" he smiles at Sophie and beckons her nearer.

"Whatever you prefer," she shrugs and goes coy again.

"We don't have a lot of time here," I say, "Just do her over the table."

"If you think the table will take it," Finn rocks the Formica back and forth a little with his hand. "From behind, yeah?" He gets to his feet and unzips.

"Be my guest," I gesture at her with an open palm.

Sophie rolls her eyes and sighs but the coat comes off.

"Fuck. You've got a great body, baby," Finn smiles at her.

Sophie lowers her eyes.

"Get your knickers down," he says "Then let's have you on your belly over the table sweetheart," he pushes his pants to the floor.

Sophie glances at his cock and then at me before obeying. Like she always does.

“Hold onto the sides of the table,” Finn tells her when she’s bare-assed and face down. Then he pushes the backs of her thighs apart.

“Mmm,” Sophie murmurs and closes her eyes.

“You like it a little rough, baby?” Finn looks over her back at me and I nod.

He grunts and eases his cock up her.

“Uhh,” Sophie groans.

I grin at him.

“That’s it baby,” he grabs a fistful of Sophie’s dyed hair and pulls it back, lifting her head as he starts to fuck her. “That’s it,” he repeats and reaches around her with his other hand. He pulls her tits out again, one at a time. Then feels them up and swipes at her ass.

“Uhh,” Sophie groans and she pushes back into him.

He slaps her ass again but fucking hard this time and she gasps. Her cheeks wobble and her knuckles whiten more on the sides of the table.

“She’s married?” Finn’s eyes gesture at Sophie’s left hand, “Didn’t notice before.”

“Yeah,” I say but the question doesn’t seem to disturb Sophie. Head held up by Finn, she keeps pushing back at him. Her tits smack together and she keeps moaning.

“So where’s your husband, baby?” he grunts with the effort.

“Uh, home. With our problem daughter.”

“Rachel?” I lean forward toward her.

“Uhh, Lannie,” Sophie shakes her head as far as Finn’s fist will allow and she gasps.

“Nice,” Finn smacks her ass again and slaps into her, “He know you’re here?”

“Uh, uh, no.”

“Don’t take too long over her,” I tell him and prod at my phone, “we don’t want to be late for the job. And that poor fucker’s still waiting in the truck.”

“Nearly done,” Finn grimaces.

“Uh, uh,” Sophie moans.

“You need to start working on that landlady of yours anyway if you’re going so short,” I say and he’s banging the shit out of Sophie. The far edge of the table is rammed up against the wall.

“Oh, uhh, oh, Philip, uhh,” she whines.

“Give me a fucking chance,” he gasps at me, “only been there one night.”

“Exactly,” I smile, “Not like you to be so slow.”

“Uhh, fuck,” he groans, “Viking girl’s outta my league dude, uhh, even if she was single.”

“You never can tell,” I shrug.

“Uh, fuck, Not every husband got the same attitude as those weirdos you used to hang around with at that sex club.”

“Probably more of them about than you think,” I laugh and check the time on my phone, then indicate Sophie with my head, “Come on for fuck sake, get it done.”

Chapter Eleven

Nathan

“Are you *still* sulking?” Bella sighs alongside me in bed. Rods of sunlight stream into the room from underneath the bottom of the closed curtains.

I glance at her and her eyes are fixed on me. *How long has she been studying me while I was deep in thought?*

“I’m not sulking,” I say.

“Yes, you are. I know you, Nathan. I can tell when you’re in a bad mood with me.”

“Well, I’m *not*,” I say and move her raven-black hair away from her hooded, aqua-marine eyes and her long nose so I can see more of her pretty face. At least I don’t *think* I’m in a mood with her. I’m distracted and concerned for sure. But I have been for days. Since last Saturday when I spoke to Richmond on the phone and then Bella didn’t get home until the early hours of Sunday.

“Are you still pissed with me about last weekend?” under the covers Bella’s fingers creep across my bare thigh and concerned or not, my cock stiffens.

“It was gone 5 a.m. when you got home,” I say and the reminder still makes my gut hollow. *And you were dressed like a hooker.*

“I was out with Calysta. She’s the girl *you* wanted me to have an affair with - remember? And you knew I’d be sharing a cab home with her,” she says but her hand is still on my thigh, “I couldn’t come back until she was ready to leave too Nate, could I?”

You could have bailed and got your own cab.

“I can’t believe you didn’t tell me beforehand that the event was at Richmond’s club,” I say.

“I don’t know,” Bel shrugs, “I thought I had. I guess I forgot. It didn’t seem important.”

“And you definitely didn’t see him there?”

“How many times Nate. No! Just Zaria. And she was only around a short while. She was busy.”

“So Richmond hasn’t tried to contact you?”

“Why would he?”

I should have told her about him calling me here. But I’ve been overthinking everything. Like I always do. I needed to work out how I felt about it myself. Needed to decide what we should do about his proposals before I told Bel. About her working on his new apartment and about Crete.

“Richmond doesn’t even have my number,” Bella mumbles as if to herself.

“He could get it from Calysta,” I say, and still can’t remember whether I gave him *my* number that night at his or whether he must have subsequently asked someone else for it.

“Yeah? Well if he has asked Caly for my cell he’s never used it,” she says and her hand leaves my thigh then she pushes the bed covers away.

“He rang me while you were out with Calysta,” I admit finally and ease her back alongside me in bed.

“Richmond? What did he want?” Bella stares at me.

“To tell me what a great job you did with the redesigns in his house,” I say softly, “And to say he wants you to do some more.”

“Where? Why didn’t he ask *me*? Zaria never mentioned anything.”

“Well, if he doesn’t have your number...,” I gaze at her. *Could be she lied about him not contacting her.*

“So what is it he wants me to do?”

“That’s a loaded question if ever I heard one,” I say.

“Come on, Nate,” she eyes me expectantly, “What did he want? You know how much I earned from that last job for him.”

Yeah, and I can’t help wondering whether a guy like him viewed that spend as an investment in getting closer to you.

“He wants your input on his villa in Crete,” I can’t keep it from her any longer, even though his whole covert proposition feels somehow like a ‘bribe’. “He’s offered us both a free two-week stay there, so you can check out what the place needs,” I say but despite the growing allure of a free holiday, part of me is banking on Bella refusing the conditional clause of keeping Calysta in the dark about any offer.

“Wow,” Bella’s eyes widen, “We’ve never even been to Greece.”

“Free flights thrown in too,” I say and watch her face. *Her reaction to Richmond’s caveat of deceiving Calysta should surely tell me something about my wife’s feelings.*

“No way,” she gasps, “I knew he was loaded but...”

“I wonder what he expects from you for handing out a free holiday,” I can’t stop myself from adding and my face has heated up. But even as my insides twist at the memory of the rich, older man’s failed attempts to grope my wife that night and to subject my Bella to the ‘Double Penetration’ he and Torbyn planned, under the bed covers now that very same mental image hardens me.

“Oh, it couldn’t just be my design expertise, could it?” Bella sighs.

“He said something else too,” I say, “He’s bought a penthouse, a secret refuge to get away from Zaria and his wife. Even though Zaria only just moved in with him and Lily,” I shake my head, “He wants your help with that place as well. But you can’t tell Calysta.”

There. Now she knows.

“What do you mean?” Bella blinks.

“He said we have to keep it from Calysta. In case it gets back to Zaria. Obviously, he doesn’t want her to know.”

“Poor Richmond,” Bella shakes her head and laughs. “Now I understand why he didn’t get my details from Zaria or Caly and call me direct.”

‘Poor’ Richmond?

“I couldn’t do something like that behind Caly’s back, though,” Bella looks down and away.

My chest tenses at my wife’s apparent loyalty to the lawyer.

“Why not?” I ask and sit right up in bed, “What business is it of Calysta’s who you work for?”

“She’s the one who introduced us to Richmond,” Bella shakes her head slowly, “She’s his lawyer.”

“Right, so it’s his responsibility to tell her.”

“Maybe but..”

“But what?”

“Caly doesn’t like me to keep secrets from her,” Bella says and reddens.

“And what Calysta Ray wants, she gets right?” I say and feel my face set.

Would Bella really turn down a free vacation just so she didn’t have to keep secrets from Calysta?

“Nate, don’t be like that,” Bella snuggles up close and strokes my bare, inner thigh.

Confusing thoughts crowd around me. Including again that suggestion that Richmond once made about how it would ‘Benefit’ me if Bella were shared with *more* people. Not exclusively left to get ever closer to one - Calysta. With or without her partner Torbyn.

My gut hollows out again as I consider the concept of Bella spread wider, perhaps with Richmond, or even the radical alternative option of an end to this whole wife-sharing lifestyle.

But Bella's hand is so near my groin and I'm rock hard.

"I guess the way you dressed to go out with Calysta last weekend kind of shocked me too," I croak.

"Didn't you like it?" she asks and the question sounds innocent enough, but now her fingers dance lightly over my balls.

"You looked a little *too* good," I groan.

Bella kisses me.

Amongst all the conflicting thoughts vying for my attention, it's not just the fact that my wife went out in little more than lingerie last week that still tortures me. It's the knowledge that prior to Calysta, *I'd* have been lucky to have gotten Bella into the *bedroom* wearing so little. Never mind out of the fucking house.

"Calysta likes to show me off," Bella murmurs and strokes me.

"Oh, Bel," I groan and even though the fear of her increasing closeness to Calysta scares me, Bel's fingers tight around my cock send shivers of jealous arousal through my whole body. Sidetracked now from all discussion about Richmond, I focus again on the mental image of her in his club with Calysta.

"She didn't try and make you do anything with anyone else last weekend did she?" I moan and uncover her silicon boobs, "What about with Zaria again?" *Surely Bel would have already told me if she had.*

"Promise you won't get annoyed," Bella murmurs and strokes, her nipples hard to my touch.

I stop sucking them and look right off at her.

"Promise?" she repeats and kisses me.

“I promise,” I say without a clue as to whether I can keep my word, “Tell me what happened, Bel.”

“Caly let another girl touch me.”

Caly ‘Let’? “Who?” My heart races.

“I think her name was Debbie,” Bel peels my foreskin all the way down, and then back, “she was about my age.”

“How come you didn’t tell me before now?”

“Same reason you didn’t say anything about Richmond calling you?” She shrugs but then looks at me as she masturbates me, “I wanted to tell you. But you’ve been in a bad mood all week.”

“Tell me what happened Bel.”

“You’re getting annoyed,” she says and her hand leaves my cock.

“I’m not, I’m not getting annoyed, I promise.” But in truth, my feelings are knotted and tangled. “It’s hot,” I say and put her hand back on my groin, “I want you to tell me everything. We have to stop keeping things from each other.”

“Well, *you* need to remember that too,” she says.

I nod my head and indicate my groin.

“The three of us went outside,” Bell says and resumes with my erection.

“You Calysta and this Debbie girl?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Was she pretty?”

“Mmm, she was attractive,” Bella says and then she holds the covers away and lowers her head and shoulders to my groin, “but she wasn’t a ‘girlie’ girl. You wouldn’t have fancied her.” Her lips caress the underside of my balls and I groan.

“Shit Bel, what did you do outside the club?”

“Mmm, Caly wanted me to show off my new boobs.”

“And you did?”

“Uh-huh,” Bella confirms but then my cock is sucked.

“Oh Bella,” I moan. *My wife out at some gay party, parading her new boobs to some lesbian.* With my cock sucked, this new information is almost too much for me.

“Is that good?” Bella murmurs from below my waist.

“Yeah,” I caress the back of her dark head.

“I let her go down on me Nate,”

“The other girl?”

“Uh-huh, mmm,” Bella moans and my cock is back in her mouth.

“Fucking hell Bel, with Calysta there as well?”

Her head nods in my hands.

Fuck. I try to visualize the scene.

“She was so good with her tongue, Nate,” Bel grips my saliva-glazed cock in one little fist.

“Is that what people at those events usually do?” I gasp with my thoughts all over the place and stalling, “Is that normal?”

“None of this is normal Nate,” she says and kisses up the length of my cock. “But we’ve both been invited to an event there. Me and you.”

“I’m not sure I’d want to go to any LGBT party,” I say, and the recollection of some guy hitting on me when I took Bella to a bar like that before any of this Calysta stuff now replays through my mind.

“Mmm, That’s not what it would be,” Bella kisses my balls and she strokes me again, “It’s a BDSM night. Torbyn will be there with Caly.”

“What’s a BDSM night? Whips and chains?” I ask, alarmed as she sucks. The mental image in my head now though is of Torbyn at Richmond’s house when my wife sucked him to completion in front of me and everyone else.

“You can ask Caly all about it,” she says and kisses the head of my shaft, “We’ve been invited to hers at the weekend for dinner and a sleepover. But I’ll *have* to tell her about the new work Richmond’s offered me. Now lay right back and let me do this.”

Chapter Twelve

Ashley

'How's it going with the lodger?' A new DM in the Hotwife chatroom from one of my regular online buddies does nothing to alleviate my frustration. The extra money in our bank and the repairs Finn's done to the house already are much appreciated. But beyond that, this whole setup with him has been a letdown.

I look beyond my laptop screen to the wall above the TV on the other side of our living room and I try to formulate my response to the online question. I sip on my can of beer.

'Not what I expected,' I type and hit send.

'He been there a week now?'

'Pretty much.'

'So what's happened?'

That's the problem - nothing, I think, but don't type that. *'He checks wife out a lot when he sees her,'* I say, *'but he's either busy doing repair work or goes to bed early.'* The excuse looks even lamer when typed then it sounds in my head.

'She encouraging him?' My online buddy asks, *'Dressing sexy, taking him drinks while he works?'*

'They haven't been in each other's company much so far,' I reply but again my own words frustrate the hell out of me. *'She works long hours at office.'*

'Not already got another guy on the go, has she?' he asks.

'I wish.'

'You said she fantasized about tying the lodger up, right?' He asks with a slobbering emoji. The remainder, coupled with what's starting to feel more and more like a missed opportunity only reddens my face.

'Yeah and we've talked about him in bed since. She gets hot thinking about him. She's never admitted that about any guy before,' I reply with the words gushing from me now, *'The odd celeb, but not real life. Says it's because she never comes into contact with guys like him. Rough and ready.'*

'So the potential still there,' he types, and I wish I had his confidence. *'Lots of wives on here like bit of rough,'* he adds, *'especially professional women. Need to get yours and him in each other's company,'* he says.

Don't I know it? But when she's not working late, she's at her Dancercise class. Like tonight. And *he's* not even back from work yet in any case.

'She always says it's 'Only a fantasy' about him though,' my fingers click across the keyboard. I'd be too embarrassed to admit it, but my 'ambitions' for Marcie are way below what this guy and a lot of other posters on here have experienced with their wives.

He replies with a laughing emoji. *'She wouldn't be first to make the 'Only in fantasy' claim. My wife said same before she finally agreed.'*

His wife isn't my Marcie though.

I take another mouthful of beer and type some more. *'I leave bedroom door open when I can, so he hears her cum,'* I type even though the confession should shame me, *'Want him to think she's highly-sexed.'*

'That's hot,' he replies, *'Big ask tho for a guy to make a move on landlord's wife without encouragement. High risk for him.'*

'Guess I could suggest to her that she comes on to him,' I reply but know the suggestion would fall on deaf ears.

'She ever cheated on a guy before?' he asks.

For a second the question stuns me. And then I remember.

'Told me she had one night stand when dating long-term boyfriend at Uni.'

'Interesting', he replies.

'On summer vacation with the girls. She and boyfriend were on kind of trial separation'

'Right.'

'She said ONS was 'Bad Boy' type,' I hit 'Send' and as I do, for the first time, I wonder whether the 'Bad Boy' thing is maybe part of the attraction with Finn. Maybe on some level that type always secretly turned her on?

'Could be promising,' he says, *'You ever tell her that was hot?'*

'What?'

'Her playing around while dating Uni boyfriend?'

'You think I should?'

'Why not? Can only help. So you've encouraged lodger?'

I send a shocked little yellow face, but that suggestion too has of course crossed my mind.

'Could have a beer with him,' he says, *'Talk about her. Reassure him you're not jealous type or whatever. He's got to be interested in a woman with body like hers.'*

'I've thought about that,' I confess but am not sure I'd know how to start encouraging him. Or if I'd have the balls.

'If you want this, you got to do more than think about it,' he says. *'Guy got to know you're OK with him coming on to her. Rest be up to her.'*

Here I am again, delaying and being indecisive. None of what this guy tells me is a revelation. It's nothing I haven't thought about for myself. But seeing it written down by someone who's been in the same position as me and who eventually got what he wanted, that only confirms what I know

deep inside. That I either need to try *everything* I can to make something – *anything* - happen while Finn is with us, or I forget about the whole idea of Marcella and another guy.

Surely what she's said about him are 'Green Lights' of sorts? And yet here I am with hardly a sentence between the two of them to show for the guy sleeping just down our hallway.

'You want my advice?' His latest message interrupts my chain of thought, 'You got to spell it out to her too. So she knows you want her to make the fantasy come true. Suggest she lets her hair down with the guy and has a little fun. After all, he won't be there forever will he?'

Everything he says makes sense. And that last sentence only fuels my fear that time with Finn is running out already.

A few minutes later, with my online companion gone to eat, I'm left alone to contemplate what we discussed.

Am I going to let this chance slip through my fingers the way I did the shop? Or do I get more proactive? Do whatever I can to make something happen between Marcie and Finn?

I push a hand down into the front of my jeans and consider that suggestion about me encouraging the lodger.

Surely I can engage him in a conversation about Marcella? Open myself up a little and see what he thinks of her? Let him know I'd be cool if he wanted to spend time alone with her. What harm could that do?

I close my laptop and gaze across the living room.

There's a couple of tea towels on the radiator that Marcie must have left on there to dry because of the rain yesterday. And because the spin dryer is something else that needs repairing. The towels give me an idea. They remind me of Finn's first visit inside the house. When Marcie's bra was with the washing in the kitchen.

This wouldn't be right though, would it?

My chest hurts with excitement and guilt too. But I squeeze my dick through my pants. I head down the hallway toward our bedroom. *Finn has to come into the house through the living room to get to his room. So he should see anything I leave in the living room.* I just need to make sure I move them before Marcie gets home tonight. If I don't, there'll be no way to explain them.

In our bedroom, vaguely aware I'm not thinking straight, I scroll my phone and click on her name, then type in a message.

'Hi Marce, You back at usual time? Want me to fix something to eat?'

I pull open her pantie door and root through it with my heart in my mouth. *This is wrong, I know it is. And Finn might not even get back before her tonight anyhow.* But I'm possessed and I can't stop myself. I rifle through the thin white, black, and red lace and silky fabrics and find one of her slinkiest, minuscule scarlet g-strings. Then in the bottom of another drawer, a black, semi-sheer body suit. Like a babydoll. I bought her it a while back but she's hardly ever worn it. I grab them both and check my phone with clammy hands.

No reply from Marcie.

Why don't I just jack off and enjoy the fantasy instead?

The suggestion doesn't linger for long. Neither does the fleeting feeling that what I'm doing is pathetic.

I'm too far gone to stop though and I take Marcie's lingerie into our living room. I open them up so there's no mistaking exactly what they are and I drape them down the radiator close to the door, where Finn will surely see them when he gets 'Home'.

I check my phone again.

Still nothing.

I gaze back at my wife's displayed underwear, so thin that the white of the radiator is semi-visible through them. The sense of betrayal and deceit

about what I'm doing is palpable in my mouth, as is a gnawing disgust at my own desperation. But even stronger is a sense that this deed is unlikely to be enough.

Surely at best, seeing Marcie's lingerie up close will only provoke a smile or smirk from a guy like Finn? What I need is some way to have a natural discussion about my wife and to somehow invite him to get to know her better. To make a move on her.

I squeeze my cock through my pants and replay Marcie's words about him and the handcuffs.

What about them? Could I leave the handcuffs somewhere he might see them?

If I stopped long enough to seriously consider the question I probably wouldn't entertain it. But in this mood, fueled by the online discussion and with my cock rigid in my pants and her underwear on display, I head back to our bedroom with thunder in my heart.

I need to provoke a *sexual* conversation with him about Marcie. Assuming he gets back before her tonight. But I'll have to swear him to secrecy about it - and about what he sees.

From her nightstand, I grab the faux tiger-fur-lined steel handcuffs with their key still protruding from the lock. I stand and ponder where best to leave them so that Finn sees them as well.

I'll need to make it clear she's not submissive though. In case he gets the wrong idea.

But what if the only idea he gets is that my wife is a little 'slutty'?

I squeeze my cock again. *That would be hot though, wouldn't it?*

I decide against leaving the handcuffs in the living room too. My plan is only hazy at best, but somehow handcuffs as well in the living room seems too unlikely and contrived. The kitchen might be a better bet. He'll likely want a drink or maybe even a meal when he gets back. If I could make up

some reason why they might have been left there, then he'd be alone to study the handcuffs at his leisure without worrying about me watching him. That could help engineer a discussion between him and me.

I head into the kitchen with the cold steel cuffs hanging from my hand and I try to decide exactly where to leave them. And how to later explain them to Finn. It could all be a waste of time in any case. If Marcie texts to say she's on her way back before he's home then I'll have to hide them and her lingerie again anyway.

It's another thirty minutes, just before twenty past seven, when I'm sat sweating in the living room and think I hear the pickup outside. I mute the TV and outside Finn's deep voice laughs and shouts 'Goodbye' to someone before the truck pulls away. A message pings on my phone and it's Marcie.

'Should be back by 9-30 latest. Will have bite to eat with the girls. xx.'

Chapter Thirteen

Ashley

“Hey,” Finn grins at me from the living room door. He’s in a tight brown vest and denim shorts but he’s taken his work boots off. Marcie asked him to leave those outside on the porch when he comes back at night.

I glance at her bra and the baby doll on the radiator. *Don’t think he’s noticed them yet.*

“Hey. Wife’s not back until after nine,” I say and despite my nerves, I can’t help but envy his muscles and build, “Fancy a beer with me before then?” We haven’t sat together in here since he moved in.

“I was gonna make a start on the back guttering for you,” he says.

“Forget that tonight,” I say, “You’re late getting back and you deserve a night off.”

“Sounds good then,” he smiles, “Gimme ten minutes to shower and change first so I don’t mess the place up.” He glances around our living room and Marcie’s underwear snags his eyes.

My heartbeat accelerates.

“Marcie said something about fresh towels in your bathroom,” I say with a red face as his eyes return to me, “I can’t remember exactly what she said though,” I say, “You give me a shout if you’ve got no towels?”

“Will do,” he says and heads toward his room.

I return to the kitchen to grab myself another beer and I glance at the handcuffs on the corner of the worktop. I’m sweating. My plan is to act embarrassed and say I was in the middle of putting them away after she and I played with them last night. That I must have gotten distracted by a phone

call and brought them through to the kitchen then set them down a minute and forgotten them.

How likely is that? Fuck knows. I just need to do this.

“Ash?” Finn calls from his room when I get back to the TV with my fresh beer. “No towels at all here, Dude.”

“OK, hang on,” I yell back and head to the airing cupboard in the hall to get him a couple. I guess that’s what Marcie must have mentioned. That she forgot to put fresh ones out for him, or that I was supposed to do it when I got home.

I knock on his room door with the towels.

“Cheers,” he grins but he’s buck naked and he’s barely hidden behind the door so I see *it*.

Fuck. Me. I look up and away fast from his limp uncircumcised cock and his tight balls. My face burns. *His cock is huge. Thick and long.*

I hand him the towels and he winks at me, “Be with you in a minute, Dude.”

I return to the living room with my thoughts racing and my heart on fire. I can barely think straight, but I choose the sofa so he’ll have to sit nearest to Marcie’s underwear. And all I can think of is how she might react if she ever saw a cock the size of the one I’ve just seen.

She said none of her boyfriends were that much bigger than me. But Finn’s....

Shit. I only ever saw a couple that big in real life before. High school locker rooms. When I got forced to play football.

I jab the TV remote and I channel-hop to try and take my mind off Finn’s manhood. To try and calm down. *But imagine if Marcie had taken those towels through and seen it. What would she have thought?* I squeeze my cock through my pants.

“Hey man,” he smiles down at me on the sofa and he’s changed into clean jeans and a tight white t-shirt but his hair looks damp.

“Help yourself to a beer from the fridge,” I say, sticking to the plan to let him discover what I’ve left in the other room. I nod in the direction of the kitchen.

“I’ll buy some tomorrow,” he says, “Replace whatever I take.”

“No, you won’t,” I shake my head and glance up at him. I try to smile properly but the mental imprint of what I witnessed makes my lips twitch, “You’ve done more than enough already helping out with the house. Take whatever you want.”

He returns from the kitchen a few minutes later and I hold my breath.

But Finn says nothing about any handcuffs. He just pops his beer, knocks the head of the can against mine then sits on the sofa.

We make small talk about my job at the barbershop, his work on the site and his ex who he confirms was a blonde and one he was with for three years. If he registers Marcie’s lingerie on the radiator then it doesn’t show. I steer the subject onto her though and initially, how we got together. Even that seems to evoke little more than polite interest. Perhaps the guy just doesn’t think she’s all that.

And yet I saw the way he looked at her when he first saw her. And I’m sure I’ve seen him check her out more than once in passing since. Maybe, like my online buddy said, he’s conscious of the potential risk to his housing arrangements should he show too much interest in the landlord’s wife.

‘Spell it out to him’. That’s what the DM said online.

“Another?” I shake my empty at him.

“Better not drink all your booze,” he says and laughs, “don’t want to chance an eviction when I’m on a trial run.”

“Don’t worry about that,” I say and grab his empty from his big hand. Here goes spelling it out. “I’m pretty sure you passed any trial. Here, have a look around the channels while I fetch the beer,” I hand him the remote and check the time on my way back to the kitchen.

8:12. I grab two more cans and then the handcuffs too and head back into the living room with them, a dry mouth and a hastily amended (but barely thought-through) plan.

“I didn’t realize I’d left these fucking things in there,” I shake my head and dangle the cuffs by their chain. I hand him his beer and hope my burning face helps me look convincing.

“I wondered about *them*,” Finn pops his beer and grins at me, “Look like real ones. Didn’t like to mention them though.”

Now what?

“I better put them back in the bedroom,” I say and Finn nods.

Now what? I ask myself again in the hallway.

Another half-baked Ashley Duman scheme. But if nothing else, at least it’s out there. The lodger knows we use handcuffs in the bedroom. I need to get back in there and use this to talk about Marcie.

“I was putting them away after last night and must have gotten distracted,” I say on my return.

“You guys into a little S&M, then?” he smiles and eyes me around his raised can.

“I guess,” I shrug, for a moment incapable of saying more. My heart is in my mouth but I have no words.

“Dark horse,” he taps his can against mine.

“You into it?” I croak, confused by his last statement.

“When I can get it,” he says and laughs.

Oh, God.

“Yeah, right. I guess it’s not every woman’s thing,” I say, but then remember. I don’t want him thinking Marcie is some kind of submissive freak who wants to be forced or whatever.

“We use them both ways,” I lie but babble the phrase out with little thought for how embarrassed saying it might make me feel. And it *does*. “Switch,” I shrug.

But Finn twists in his seat to face me more fully. His fingers curl around his can and his chin dips down, “She *like* to use them on you?” he asks.

“Yeah sometimes,” I try to smile to emphasize that letting Marcie restrain me once in a while is no big deal.

But in front of a guy like Finn, my own casual ‘submission’ to my wife is bathed in light of another color. One that surely turns my cheeks beetroot red. “Like I say, we kind of use them on each other.” *Why did I even start this whole conversation?* “Don’t say anything to her about seeing the fucking things, will you?”

“Course not. No way Ash,” he purses his lips, “But you’re sure lucky to have a woman as pretty as her who likes to be in charge. Shit. Sorry. Didn’t mean no disrespect on your wife. On Mrs Duman.”

“None taken,” I say with a mouth so dry it clicks, “I like her getting compliments. You can say whatever you think.”

“Right,” he says and extends the word. “Hard thing to find,” he shrugs his head, “an attractive woman ballsy enough to want to be the boss from time to time. You know, in bed.”

“You think?” I ask but the route this conversation has taken is not the one I expected.

“I *know* it,” he nods, “I never found one. Women I run into are mainly at the other end of the spectrum. Like most females.”

That's some sweeping generalization about most women being submissive. But how secure must this guy be about himself to openly admit he finds assertive women attractive? I don't know many other guys who'd admit that.

“Some dudes pay good money to spend time with a dominant woman,” he says, “A Dominatrix. Not *me* of course,” he says and laughs, “other dudes.”

Is he just humoring me or telling me he's paid for a dominatrix? Or is he hinting he'd pay for Marcie if she'd...My head spins with frightening possibilities. But he can't be saying any of that.

“Yeah, well we just like to mix it up,” I say and try to get my thoughts together, try to work out how to play it now.

“Gotcha,” he nods and sips his beer, then looks at the TV.

I have to do this. Have to spell it out.

“You better not let Marcie hear you admitting you like dominant women,” I fake a laugh but my heart beats so fast it scares me.

“Why's that?”

“She always says she'd enjoy tying two guys up at once,” I twist the truth and try to grin, “You and me could both end up in trouble. She likes you.”

“Shit,” he groans, “don't tease a dude that way,” Finn shakes his head, “Not about a woman as fine as your wife.”

“It's true,” I say on a roll now and with no thought of any aftermath. I can't stop myself, even though I'm unsure what to say next.

“Well,” Finn beats me to it but then seems to hesitate a second or two, “I knew a guy once who used to want me to take his wife to bed. I mean, I know that's not what you're saying, but if you *really* want me to say what I think...”

I nod.

“You ever decide you want put any kind of threesome bondage scene into action you just got to say the word,” he winks at me and grins. Then he clinks his beer can against mine.

Chapter Fourteen

Ashley

I panic after what Finn says about a threesome. I mean how do you react to something like that? Especially when the reality is, in the cold light of day, Marcie would doubtless be horrified both at the suggestion and at the knowledge that I've even discussed our sex lives with the lodger.

So even though my chest pulls tight and my heart beats out of control with excitement, I change the subject completely and ask him something inane about his job again.

As he answers though, and then goes on to open up about the problems he had with his ex-girlfriend and after that the business problems of his boss Phil; the offer Finn tabled about Marcie and the implications of it loop like trails of fireballs around my head. He sits there in front of me talking, but all I can see is Marcie on top of him in her bra and panties pinning his wrists to his bed.

"Woah, it's ten past nine," I say eventually and get to my feet.

"What's up, Dude?" Finn peers at me from the sofa.

"She won't be happy I left these out with someone else in the living room," I scoop her g-string and the black baby doll from the radiator.

"Real cute though," Finn nods at the underwear in my hand.

I ignore his comments and head to our bedroom and Marcie's dresser. There's acid in my gut and guilt in my heart.

How could I do something like this behind her back? Her underwear on show to another guy? The handcuffs out and that discussion we just had?

But when I return to Finn the guilt doesn't last long.

“You’ll have to let me buy a takeout to pay you back,” he gestures with his can, “treat you to dinner. Maybe at the weekend, if the three of us are home?”

Is he hinting at getting to know Marcie better? I’m not sure what to say. Isn’t this just what I wanted? But how would Marcie feel about it?

“Only if you think it’s a good idea,” his forehead crinkles, as if my hesitation embarrassed him, “No worries if you’re busy.”

“No,” I shake my head. *I can’t let an opportunity this good slip away.* The guy’s clearly interested in Marcie and I’ve told him she ‘likes’ him. I *have to at least get them together.* “Sounds good,” I say with the word struggling out of my throat. But when it’s said, before I can stop myself, I add more, “Maybe we can call her bluff.”

Finn looks at me with his brow knotted.

“What she said about tying two guys up,” I smile but suspect my mouth looks deformed.

How could I say that?

Finn laughs but he keeps looking at me. “Count me in,” he says slowly.

“She might get the shock of her life,” I say and realize I’m thinking aloud.

“Got to be worth a try,” Finn clears his throat, “After a drink or two to relax everyone, right?”

I nod my head and my whole groin throbs.

“If you’re not pranking me,” he smiles and looks right at me

“I’m not,” I say but that sounds like Marcie’s car outside. “Don’t say anything to her about any of this until I’ve had the chance to...”

Finn taps the side of his nose.

How could I fucking suggest that too?

I somehow expect Finn to slink off to his room when he realizes Marcie's back but he doesn't. He does stand though, when my pony-tailed wife appears in a tight pencil skirt and silk blouse, with her gym bag slung over her shoulder. She flushes again when she sees him but he's charming and chats with us both for several minutes before saying 'Goodnight' and leaving us alone.

"We can't let him buy the takeout," she says when she's getting changed in our bedroom later, "not after everything he's done for us around the house."

"I think he wants to spend some time with us both," I say and I've left the bedroom door open a little, "so he can get to know us better." *Especially get to know you.*

I gaze down at her matching lacy white bra and panties. *He's seen one of her g-strings and that baby doll. He knows she likes to use handcuffs on me, knows that she 'Likes' him. What if I've given him the wrong idea? If he tries to push it too far?*

Was he really interested in her though? Or just embarrassed by what I said and unsure how else to respond?

I take Marcie into my arms and rest my hands on her rear.

He checked this out at one point tonight when she went to the bathroom. And why does she always go red when she sees him?

"Mm, you feel good," I kiss her neck and her cleavage. I'm hard.

"So do you," she laughs and squeezes me between my legs.

I can't tell her much of what me and Finn discussed. Not without thinking it all through myself first. She'd hit the roof.

But I need to spell things out to her too.

"Before you came home," I say and kiss under her ear, "Finn was saying how hot you are," I whisper into her ear.

“Er, how did that come about?” her eyebrows arch and baby-blue eyes look right into mine. Again her cheeks flush.

“I don’t know, we just got onto the subject of you. You know, that you were at your exercise class. He told me I was lucky to have such a ‘fine-looking’ wife.”

“Fine?” Marcie laughs but her hand is still on the front of my jeans.

“That’s what he called you,” I undo her bra and ease it away from her, then kiss all over her tits.

“Mmm, but honestly,” she murmurs, “who uses the word ‘Fine’?”

“Finn. When he’s talking about my wife,” I mumble around her chest.

Marcie uses both hands to unzip my pants.

“Oh, and I found something else about him,” I say and my heart pounds at the recollection, “He went for a shower and called out to say his towels were gone.”

“Didn’t you put fresh ones in his room like I asked you?” She leans back bare-breasted and looks at me with my erection pulsing in one of her hands.

“I forgot,” I shake my head.

“Ash, fresh towels are the least we can do after all his hard work around here,” Marcie rolls her eyes.

“I took him some but he wasn’t dressed,” I say and kiss her again as I search for a suitable next phrase.

Marcie plays with my balls and her pink nipples have risen from the kissing and the sucking.

“You’d have got a shock if you’d taken the towels to him,” I say and look right into her eyes.

“Mmm,” she murmurs and I reach down into the front of her panties.

Is she turned on at the thought?

“He’s a seriously *big* guy,” I say.

“He looks it,” she gives me a mischievous smile, and then I touch her pussy and she’s wet.

She gasps.

“His cock,” I say and pull her toward the bed, “it’s fucking huge.”

“Ooh,” Marcie moans again and we kiss.

I tug at her panties, peel them down her thighs and knees. “I’ve been imagining if you’d taken those towels in there and seen him Marce.”

“Mmm, I bet,” she says but she spreads her legs a little to let me finger her better.

I have to spell it out.

“I wish you *had* gone to his room,” I caress her clit, and her hand strokes my cock. “I’d love you to have stroked him there like this,” I say and at this moment I mean it.

“Mmm, No you wouldn’t,” she moans but her kisses are hungry.

“I would, I promise I would Marcie. And I’d love you to handcuff him like you do me and then tease him and his big cock.”

“Mmm,” she squirms against my fingers.

“Imagine if you had a big guy like him under your control,” I try to push her hot buttons.

“Lay on your back Ash,” she shoves me away.

I don’t need asking twice.

I’m barely on my back with my arms raised under the pillows before Marcie straddles me nude.

I gaze up and groan at the feel her her smooth inner thighs and her weight on me.

Then with her blonde ponytail whipping her neck she reaches behind and grips my cock. She squats and draws me deep into her soaked, pussy walls.

“Uhh,” we both groan and she rides me, thighs clenching either side of me.

I want to feel her tits but I know how *she* wants this. I want to tell her what Finn said about female assertiveness in bed, but I daren’t. It could ruin everything.

But Marcie leans over me and grips my wrists. “Uhhm,” she groans in my face, “Would you really like me to have walked in on Finn when he had no clothes on?”

“Fuck yeah, Marcie,” I stab upward, “How hot would that have been?”

“Mmm, maybe put you in the handcuffs while I did this with him,” she goads me and grinds her hips.

“Fucking hell Marce,” *I’m gonna cum any second if I’m not careful.* “Would you like to have seen his big cock?”

“Mmm.”

“Touched it?”

“Mmmm, Oh God, Ash,” she slicks her body over mine, her tits slapping together.

“Even put it inside you and done this?”

“So it filled me up, Uhh, I couldn’t,” she shakes her head, eyes closed she bites her bottom lip, “I couldn’t, Ash.”

“You could. I’d watch you.”

“No, you couldn’t,” she shakes her head again but keeps riding, “Mmm, You’d hate it. You always say you want it, but I know you don’t mean it.”

“I do Marce. I promise I do, I do.” *Fuck, is she even considering it? Has this guy turned her head so fast?* Is this more ‘just fantasy’. But eitherway, in the frenzied heat of this whole surreal evening, my demented words keep coming, “I want you to Marce, I want you to do it with Finn.”

“Not here at home Ash,” she protests but her pussy grips my cock, her silky body still slides over mine, it grinds against me, almost like she’s trying to milk me.

Fuck. Somehow that sentence turns my blood cold but still, I press her. “Why not? Where could be more discrete than here? You and him and that big cock.”

“Uhh Ash, oh Ash, oh God, Ash.”

“I want you to Marcie, I want it so much,” and I’m cumming, cumming before her, cumming too fast.

But Marcie’s climax is only seconds behind mine and she cries out, she clenches her sweat-soaked body to mine and she squeezes me tight, she kisses all over my face, then buries her tongue in my mouth.

Chapter Fifteen

Nathan

“I’m not stupid, Bella,” I say in the car on the way to Calysta’s on Saturday night, “I’m wary of that Richmond guy too. Of course, I am.” I peer across at my busty, bra-less wife in her shoulder-less, carmine-red dress. Her nipples poke at the thin fabric. Either sides of them her lustrous, dark hair spills down her shoulders. “I’ve seen how he’s reduced Zaria’s husband to nothing but a butler in a chastity belt, and how he treats his own wife,” I shake my head. But despite feelings that verged on horror that night at his house, I’d be lying if I said the overriding emotion I left there with wasn’t unimaginable arousal.

“I have to tell Caly what he’s offered me,” Bella shakes her head, “what he’s offered *us*,”.

“Look,” I sigh and try another angle, “We need to find out more about this so-called S&M night at his club that Calysta invited us to before we agree to go to it. We should do the same with the Crete opportunity and Richmond’s new apartment. If you tell Calysta about them you know she’ll either try and block them herself because she doesn’t trust you around Richmond when she’s not there, or she’ll tell Zaria what Richmond’s up to. Either way, both projects will be dead in the water. Along with a lot of money.”

“It’s not all about the money,” Bella sighs and inspects her face on the screen of her phone.

“Exactly,” I say and slow at a roundabout, “It’s about a fortnight on a Greek Island for us as well. How often do people like you and me get given free use of some multi-millionaire’s villa?” I don’t utter the supplementary questions that also need answers.

‘Would a man like Richmond Coyle expect more in return from my Bella than mere design input?’ And: ‘Is a closer relationship with him, the

sensible option when I'm concerned about Calysta's growing and controlling influence over my wife?'

The answer to the second question could be 'Yes' though. There's clearly some mistrust and maybe even jealousy between Richmond and his lawyer. Could be that offers a counterbalancing safeguard if Bella got closer to him too.

Or am I being naive?

"It wouldn't be fair to keep it from Calysta," Bel frowns, "Not after everything she's done for me. Nate, after you she's my best friend. It wouldn't be fair on Zaria either. I like her."

"Surely we have to do what's in *our* best interests?" I say as the car idles at a red light, "You think Calysta or Zaria wouldn't keep quiet about some things that it wasn't in their interests to talk about?" I glance back at Bella again. "What Calysta doesn't know won't hurt her."

"But if she finds out and knows I kept it from her," Bella shakes her head, "you know she's warned me about Richmond."

A mental image fills my head of Richmond on a bed with the gorgeous Zaria that night at his and him trying to grope my Bella at the same time. My cock shifts in my pants.

"Calysta knew you were working on his house for Zaria and anyway that project went down without a problem, didn't it?" I say and the reminder of a lack of 'Additional Demands' from Richmond on that particular highly-paid assignment makes me wonder whether Crete and the new apartment might be more genuine than I perhaps suspect.

"Caly says Richmond might be fun and a nice guy on the surface," Bella says and her head turns to follow the illuminated store windows as I pull away from the lights, "but that I should always remember he runs what's basically a harem at his club."

The word 'Harem' somehow adds fire to my simmering arousal. The dark, unmentionable concept of my wife as little more than a number in another

man's stable of hot women.

Unmentionable and in reality, no doubt unbearable.

"A club you also did some design work on," I say and smile at her double standards, "and which was OK for you and Calysta to stay at until five in the morning the other week. Pretty hypocritical of 'Caly' to criticize it, especially when she expects us to go to that S&M night there too."

"Nate, I don't know what to do," Bella says as we pull into the lawyer's leafy estate, my wife's painted fingernails play around her mouth.

"Don't bite your nails for a start," I smile, "Whatever would 'Caly' say? And don't mention Richmond tonight. We need that holiday."

I pull onto Calysta's drive behind Torbyn's gleaming black SUV and Calysta's gold Mercedes. The sun is on the wane but the streetlights aren't yet lit.

"Remember the first time we came here?" Bella asks as we leave our car for the warm, late August air. Her heels are strappy and her slinky, shoulderless dress may only reveal her legs from the knee down, but it emphasizes the size and shape of her new boobs. And at the back clings to her prominent butt.

"Who could forget it?" I murmur and lock the car, "That first time in their hot tub."

"When Caly first kissed me," Bella smiles, "and before me and Torbyn had even..."

My stomach knots. Both at my wife's 'dreamy' recollection, and with apprehension and excitement for what may lay ahead tonight.

"Nate - the overnight bags," Bella stops and gestures back at the car.

"Let's see how the night goes, shall we?" I say and it's not just the fact that I haven't seen Torbyn in ages that makes me wonder whether tonight might

be a little awkward. I suspect there's every chance of an argument about Richmond if Bella can't keep quiet about him.

But why the hell should Calysta decide whether my wife and I get to go on a free holiday?

"You always do this Nate," Bella sighs, "Insist on leaving the bags in the car until you're sure. I don't know why. We end up staying every time."

"I'll come back out for them later if we need them," I say but I feel more comfortable that we're uncommitted.

"Hey, Princess," the blonde lawyer greets my wife with a warm hug and a broad smile but what she's wearing surprises me. She's got eye makeup on, but she's only in leggings and with a sweatshirt over her own surgically enhanced chest. I've never seen her dressed so casual. "Good evening Nathan," she says and kisses each side of my face.

"Here they are," Torbyn's baritone voice sounds and the dark, tattooed male figure looms large behind his partner. He looks more like a pirate than ever. Apart from the jeans and white T-shirt.

Looks like it's only us who bothered dressing up for dinner.

"We were late getting back home," he says like he can read my mind. He rubs his beard and then after kissing Bella he shakes my hand, "Been out to the coast. Long time no see, Dude. How've you been?"

"Pretty good," I nod and follow the two girls with him, into the wood-block-floored hallway where it smells of food - maybe lemon grass - and down past both dining areas toward the kitchen. Torbyn's eyes continually stray to the sashaying of my wife's behind in her red dress and my stomach hollows out.

Is she exaggerating the movement of her hips for his benefit?

Then, in the mainly cream-colored kitchen with its large, shiny black granite-topped center island, and where the fragrance of Thai food is

unmistakable, Calysta pours red wine for Bella and herself. Torbyn fetches me a beer from one of their two tall fridges.

“So, when do I get to see the new boobs?” he grins at my wife and nods at the top of her bra-less body in the carmine-red dress.

“Torbyn, our guests have just this second arrived.” Calysta sighs.

“And I haven’t seen either of them for months. Since before Isabel had them done. Looks like Doc Miller did some job on you though, girl.”

“You like them?” Bella beams and turns sideways to Torbyn, showing the older man her profile.

My wife’s action reminds me of something and my face burns. *She’s sucked his cock.*

“Everything all healed up OK?” he gazes unashamedly at the outline of my Bella’s new breasts.

“Perfect,” she shrugs and glances at me, “No pain or anything now is there Nate?”

I shake my head.

“So do I get a sneak preview?” Torbyn smiles.

“Close the blinds then,” Bella laughs.

Bella? Is she serious? She’s getting her tits out for the guy as soon as we’re through the door?

“Doubt anyone can see in here from the far end of our garden,” Torbyn shakes his head, “But you want to get the blinds for me, Nate,” he glances at me, “while I grab myself a beer?”

I must be too shocked at Bella’s behavior to object, because as she and Calysta sip their wine, I cross the kitchen and then fumble for several seconds at the large window. Then, with the sinking sun from outside

further muted, Calysta adds the glow of side-lamps to those of the ceiling spotlights.

Bella hands Calysta her red wine and smiles at me. Then Bel lowers her eyes.

My wife getting her tits out to show another man. Just because he asked to see them.

Bella rolls down the six or seven inches of dress sleeve on her left arm. Then does the same on her right side and peels the thin fabric over her pale flesh. She struggles a little to get the fabric over her tits but finally exposes them.

“Woah,” Torbyn’s eyes light up, “Fucking A.”

“Magnificent, aren’t they?” Calysta purrs, “You can put your tongue back in your mouth now Torbyn.”

I feign a laugh but his eyes don’t stray from my wife's tits, or maybe her nipples.

“But on the subject of tongues,” Calysta murmurs and she puts both wine glasses down on the granite island. She takes my wife in her arms a second time, but now she lowers her head to one side and sucks on Bel's left tit.

“Mmm,” Bella closes her eyes and holds the lawyer's head in place.

“Been a fucking lifetime since I seen any of this,” Torbyn mumbles and drains his beer almost in one go. He puts his empty down next to the wine glasses and pulls his cock from his jeans.

Shit. We’ve literally been in their house less than five fucking minutes. Is this how it is now between my wife and these two?

“Mmm,” Bella’s eyes open as her tits are sucked by Calysta but she gazes at Torbyn. “Do I get to suck it again?” she smiles at him, “Caly, is that OK?”

What the fuck?

“If you must,” Calysta says with spittle around her mouth and she disengages from my wife.

“OK, Nate?” Bella smiles at me with excited eyes.

I gape at her but nod my head.

“Mmm, lean back against the island Torb,” she says and kicks off her heels. She hitches up her dress and with her big tits still on display, she sinks to her knees on the tiles.

Fucking hell. My wife ‘asked’ if she could suck him.

“That’s my Princess,” Calysta smirks at me and refills her own wine glass.

But Torbyn isn’t the only one in the kitchen to lean back against some sort of worktop. I do the same near the window and the sink. Lightheaded at my wife’s swift acquiescence and the way these other two seem happy to treat her.

“Uhhh,” Bella groans, and her little fingers fail to encircle Torbyn’s hard, veiny girth.

“Does it feel good, Bel?” I hear myself ask.

The back of Bel’s dark head nods and her bare tits follow.

With Calysta watching from behind her wine glass, her boyfriend leans his head right back, bare, hairy thighs with pants around his ankles, his tattooed hands and fingers grip the edge of the granite island.

“It’s a beautiful cock,” Bel murmurs, and her lips smack the purple head.

Is she just flattering him? Trying to make him feel good? Maybe trying to turn me on with her words too?

Or has she already forgotten I’m here and she means what she says?

My wife lifts the whole shaft upward and kisses the underside.

“Hell yeah,” he groans, “look at those tits. Do my balls too, kiss my balls.”

Bella's lowered head tilts to one side and her lips smack loudly again as she moans all over his waxed testicles.

"Is that good for my stallion?" Calysta asks, reverting to her weird pet name for him, and she kisses him, one hand on his beard the other in Bella's hair.

I've seen enough and I pull out my cock too. I'm hard and stroke slowly as I watch. But I drag my eyes away for a moment and glance around me. I reach for the vertical roll of paper towel across the worktop and rip off several squares.

With her red panties on show below her hitched dress, Bel shifts the position of her semi-naked butt on the backs of her bare heels. Then with Torbyn's thick shaft in her face, she grips the base, closes her eyes and sucks. Back and forth.

"Uck-urgh, uck-urgh."

"Oh shit Cal," Torbyn moans and kisses the lawyer. Deep. "Forgotten how good this girl is with her fucking mouth."

"Don't I know it," the lawyer smiles in his face.

I stroke, beat my cock through my hand. "Do you like doing that, Bel?" I croak.

"Uck-urgh, Mmm, ooh yeah, mm, uck-urgh, uck-urgh," Bella moans from her knees.

"I need to cum fast," Torbyn gasps at the lawyer.

"So you better let my Princess know that, hadn't you?"

Bella seems to know. Her head thrusts down and back below Torbyn's waist with even greater speed. Her frantic, guttural choking at odds with the tenderness of her spread fingers on the backs of his hairy thighs. Her eyes close and her head twists as she sucks and sucks and sucks at his stiff rod.

"Need to cum fast," Torbyn repeats himself with a gasp and his stance widens around my wife.

Calysta steps back with her wine and watches them again. “Relieve my stallion Isabel, use that lovely mouth to serve him.”

‘Serve?’

“Mmmnn, Uck-urgh, mmm, mmm,” Bella chants as if fueled by the instruction and her fingers, painted red fingernails caress up and down length of Torbyn’s muscley thighs.

“Ahh,” Torbyn’s head and shoulders dip and he grips Bella’s skull with both tattooed hands, he pumps his lower body into my wife’s head, fucking her mouth and throat.

I thrash my own cock through my clenched fist.

Torbyn gasps and his head rolls back. “Fuck, yeah,” his mouth hangs and Bella splutters and gags between his legs. But he holds her tight, eyes closed he faces the ceiling lights as if staring behind his own eyelids. He locks my Bella in place on her knees and discharges into her upturned face.

“Oh Bella,” I groan too and clasp the paper towels to the head of my spewing dick, “Oh, Bel.”

“There was so so much of it,” my wife wipes her mouth with a hand and laughs as the lawyer helps her up from her knees on the floor. Bella pushes one of her bare boobs back into her dress.

I stare across the kitchen with the warm nest of paper still squeezed over the end of my dick. My knees haven’t stopped trembling.

Bella went all the way for Torbyn again.

“Don’t put those lovely new breasts away yet,” Calysta pulls Bella’s hands off the front of her dress and exposes both Bel’s tits again.

“Torbyn come and stand behind her. Hold her arms back for me. Dinner will still be a few minutes yet.”

Torbyn zips his cock back up and nods his head.

Now what?

“My Princess *is* in a horny mood tonight,” the lawyer smiles at Bel and takes the ends of both my wife’s pink nipples between the index finger and thumb of either hand. She squeezes them.

Bel gasps and grimaces, but then maintains eye contact with the lawyer, and a slow smile spreads over my wife’s face.

“There’s no point you having ones so beautiful now if we can’t all have some fun with them,” Calysta twists her wrists and so Bella’s nipples and my wife cries out.

“Wait..,” I say.

“It’s OK Nate,” Bella gasps with her face screwed up and her eyes still riveted to Calysta’s. Still, the older woman pinches and twists my wife’s nipples.

Torbyn stands close up behind my barefoot wife now and he holds Bella’s arms behind her, he winks over her head at me.

When did things turn this weird between Bel and them? I squeeze the last couple of drops from my cock and wipe, throw the paper towel into the chrome trash can, and zip up. I grab my beer.

“She likes this, don’t you Bel?” Calysta’s tongue stiffens at one corner of her mouth. She twists both my wife’s pink nipples left and then right.

Bella gasps again, effectively restrained by her tits, she kind of hops on her tiptoes.

“Bel?” I say.

“It’s OK, I’m OK,” she pants.

Behind her, Torbyn inhales the back of my wife’s neck, he kisses her bare shoulders and holding her wrists together behind her with one hand, her runs the other palm over the indent of her slender waist.

Calysta's wrists though remain straight now as she twists her index fingers and thumbs only, 'dialing' Bella nipples a long way right then left, like knobs on an old radio.

My wife's eyebrows arch she gasps again, and half laughs as she gazes at Calysta Then she lowers her head and leans back into Torbyn as if that relieves her. She hops some more on her tip toes like that too makes bearing the nipple twisting easier.

"Should you be even doing that?" I croak from across the room, "after the implants?"

"We're only playing," Calysta smiles at my wife then leans toward her and kisses her full on the lips.

Bella moans.

"Do you think Nathan might like to see me slap them?" the lawyer whispers then kisses Bel again.

"Do what?"

Torbyn lets go of my wife's wrists behind her back and instead, holds the tops of her bare shoulders. She leans her head right back into his chest and fondles him between the legs.

Bella, you've only just finished sucking it.

Calysta squeezes Bel's right nipple again then slaps her left. Makes it judder.

Shit. I slurp my drink, spill some down my wrist.

The lawyer slaps Bel's right tit. Both boobs flush pink.

What the hell has been going on between the lawyer and my wife since I last saw them together?

Bel moans and closes her eyes. She feels for Torbyn's pants again.

“Mmm,” Calysta moans too and her open palm smacks Bel’s right tit again, then her left.

“Calysta this isn’t right,” I move closer to them, “It might be dangerous.”

“It’s fine Nate,” Bella gasps and behind her back, she’s got Torbyn’s cock out out of his pants.

He stiffens up in her hand.

“OK, we better eat now,” Calysta announces and with what’s happening in front of me she might as well be speaking ancient Egyptian. “Or dinner will be ruined,” she says, “Torbyn why don’t you and Nathan set the table in the dining room while Bella puts her breasts away and helps me put the dinner out?”

“Another beer?” Torbyn asks me and shovels his cock back into his pants.

Chapter Sixteen

Ashley

After me and Marcie had sex talking about Finn on Tuesday night, when I'd recklessly suggested I'd love her to do it for real, I woke her in the early hours of Wednesday with another hard-on. At first, she was sleepy and then she laughed but we did it all over again.

"I'm still hard from thinking about you walking in on Finn when he had no clothes on like I did," I whispered into her ear.

"Mmm, yeah," she murmured in response but it was hard to tell how turned on she was because I came so fast.

All week since though, and especially this last hour at home while I've painted the skirting boards in the other spare room, I've had to try real hard to keep calm about tonight. We're supposed to be having that takeout and a few drinks with him. The week has dragged like hell. He's still out working on a job with his boss Phil and some other members of their 'Crew'. I keep worrying he could tell them what he and I discussed about Marcie, even though he swore he wouldn't. But I guess it would be his word against mine if I ever had to deny it to anyone.

Beyond this window, down the garden, Marcie with her fair hair up, pushes the lawn mower across the grass. Her cleavage rocks in her little t-shirt and the sight does little to quell my confused excitement about tonight.

I wave an arm against the glass to try and catch her eye, but when that fails I open the window and lean out. "Marce, do you want coffee?" I yell and raise an invisible cup to my lips.

She nods her head and waves before carrying on with the lawn.

The likelihood of course is that nothing at all will happen tonight. No sitting on laps or kissing and certainly no dick-touching or anything else. No matter how much I've imagined it or me and Marcie role-played it.

Even if she hasn't just been playing along with my fantasies and she *does* think he's hot, and even though Finn's declared his interest in her, how would I make anything happen from there? If I was *certain* I wanted to.

Finn's 'declaration' could still have been nothing more than an attempt to humor his landlord. Simply buttering me up by complimenting my wife. I've thought about that all week. *Maybe he was uncomfortable with the whole 'panties on show' and the handcuffs and the stuff I told him.*

I head down to the kitchen and kettle wondering about Finn's body language when we discussed Marcie.

He didn't look uncomfortable. I've thought about that all week too. *And I've seen the way he watches her.* Eyes up and down her legs or lingering on her ass. I'm not stupid. Surely, I know what a guy's thinking when he looks at a woman that way?

And I know how attractive my wife is.

I make Marcie's drink of tea and take it out into the failing sunshine for her. She switches the mower off and smiles. I glance at her lower body in her tight jeans and those legs that our lodger always seems so interested in.

"Can you help me get some more weeds out once you're finished up inside?" she asks, organized as always.

I've finished up with the painting and am back outside with Marcie when a truck pulls up out front. Finn soon appears in a dirty t-shirt and denim and my heart-rate soars.

"Hey guys," he yells at us, a pack of beer under one arm and a bottle of wine in his fist, "Phil said to say 'Hello'. He had to run. Got a date," he smiles.

"Lucky Phil," Marcie yells back then laughs. She stretches her arms and back.

I glance from her to him and my cock pulses.

“You two been out there long?” He calls again, “Need a hand?”

“You trying to say I must have been here all day because I look such a mess?” Marcie peers down at her T-shirt and jeans then smiles up the garden at Finn.

“Hardly,” he shakes his head.

“We’re good anyway,” Marcie replies and waves away his offer to help.

Is she flirting with him in front of me?

“You guys still on for that takeout and a drink later?” Finn raises the beer and wine.

Marcie glances at me and I nod.

“Sure,” I call back and she does the same, “About eight o’clock, yeah?” she says.

“Were you flirting with him then?” I look into her eyes when Finn has disappeared into the house.

“I thought that was what you wanted?” Marcie gives me a mischievous smile.

Holy crap. Do I suggest again that I want to see more than just flirting? But how much more could I honestly handle? I need to speak to Finn first anyway. Check he meant what he said about her. Otherwise, tonight could be an embarrassment.

“I need to pee,” I say and head for the house.

I find our lodger in the kitchen, loading his booze into the fridge.

“Thought I’d set these to chill for later,” he says and straightens up.

Did he know my wife was flirting with him before?

“I’ve got plenty more in there too,” I say and try to figure out exactly how to bring up what we spoke about earlier in the week.

“You looking forward to tonight?” he pops a can of IPA and offers me one.

“I’ll save myself until Marcie starts on the wine later,” I wave away the drink offer, “but yeah, should be good. She’s looking forward to it as well.”

He nods then leans his head back and takes a huge mouthful. His throat muscles move almost violently as he swallows. “Ah,” he exhales and wipes his mouth with the back of his thick forearm, “Been a tough week.”

Say it.

“Got to call her bluff too later, right?” I lower my voice but it’s shrill.

“You *want* me to do that?” he lowers the can and looks right at me.

“Be good,” I say quietly but struggle to form proper sentences, “if you sure you want to as well?”

“Am I ever?” he says, “Think she could go for it?”

“We can try,” I shrug with my heart racing and I glance at the hallway to make sure there’s no sign of Marcie, “She likes you,” I repeat what I told him and my face burns.

“You told me that before,” he smiles and looks right at me.

“It’s true,” I nod, “this is between me and you though. Like I said.” I smile as if my insides don’t feel full of panicked wasps.

“Good to know that, Dude,” he nods, “but I wouldn’t want to do anything to upset the applecart here. I mean, I like living with you guys.”

“Let’s make sure we keep it all pretty light-hearted,” I whisper but have now started to worry whether my provocation might encourage this big, rough guy to try and push things if Marcie is reluctant. “Let me try to lead it,” I say.

“See how it goes, eh?” he says and raises his tin.

I nod my head and need to get my thinking straight so that I don't take any stupid risks later. I hurry down the hallway toward our bedroom and the bathroom there. I lock the door and shove down my pants. I yank my cock out fast and beat it through my fist.

He wants my wife. He wants her and I've been priming and goading her for days about him. She's already started flirting with him tonight. I beat my cock and visualize Finn's big rough hands on my pretty young wife. His big cock and Marcie's shocked eyes if she ever saw it.

Oh, Marcella.

After I've cum and am back in the garden helping Marcie put everything away in the shed, I must be quiet because she asks me if I'm OK.

“Just thinking,” I say and the angst and guilt are slowly strangling me. *Tonight could end up being an embarrassing disaster and it would be all my fault.*

“What have I warned you about that?” Marcie smiles, “You're supposed to leave the cerebral side to me.”

“Whatever,” I say, but I'm preoccupied and anxious now, even as I gaze at the thrust of her pert buttocks in her jeans, “If you prefer, we could always suggest we get together with Finn another night instead.”

“We can't do that. We've already told him we're doing it tonight,” Marcie shakes her head, “Besides, he's paying, isn't he? Come on. Let's grab a drink and I want a bath.”

Let's hope that by the time tonight is over, I'm not the one 'Paying' for anything.

Chapter Seventeen

Nathan

Dinner is Thai red curry and I think, heavy on ginger and vegetables. But it passes in a murky blur. I drown in a sea of dark images and sounds from those scenes in the kitchen. I'm pretty sure I ask something about the upcoming 'S&M' night at Traders, and whatever answer I'm given I must accept because I don't pursue the topic. At the table I keep glancing at my wife, alternately torn between a shocked excitement that barely stops me trembling, and nausea.

Torbyn asks how my new job is going and how come I didn't try to stick to growing one of the side gigs. The question gets my fuller attention and I squirm a little. I took the easy option when I applied for the buying job at a different retail chain and I realize that. But better the devil you know. In my keenness though not to sound lame and like I've abandoned my dreams, I inadvertently mention Richmond chasing up his gaming division for me about the soundtrack opportunity. "Something may still come of that I guess," I say.

"Speaking of Richmond," Bella says and lowers her knife and fork.

I reach below the dinner table to squeeze her thigh. I don't want her telling these two everything. Not until I've convinced Bella we should take that vacation. After what I saw in that kitchen, Richmond may be the least of my worries. Could be he's right about my wife getting too close to Calysta.

"What?" Calysta sighs, "What's my overactive client done now?"

Bella glances uncertainly at me, "Nothing," she shakes her head and picks up her cutlery, "I just wondered whether anyone had heard from him," She looks across at the other two and shrugs, "You know, since I did that work on his house for Zaria."

"He's away on business a lot of the time," Calysta digs into her food.

“No surprise with a wife and girlfriend under one roof,” Torbyn says and laughs, “One lucky bastard,” he grins at me.

“Torbyn, you wouldn’t know what to do with it,” Calysta rolls her eyes.

There’s no dessert after dinner but when the drinks are refreshed for yet another time and I’m starting to wonder whether our hosts’ next step tonight is their hot tub again, Calysta takes my wife’s hand across the table.

“Now if the gentlemen don’t mind,” she says and strokes Bella’s knuckles with a thumb, “Isabel and I will retire to the bedroom for a little alone time. Please give us at least forty-five minutes if you really *must* follow.”

Fuck.

“You OK with that Nate? Bella’s eyebrows rise and I nod, stomach hollow again. Bella smiles at me and pecks my cheek before standing.

“We’ll clear everything away down here and have another drink,” Torbyn winks at me and he eyes the sway of the women’s asses as they leave the room. “Then we’ll get up there too,” he says in a lowered voice.

I help him clear the table and even load the dishwasher and the whole while it seems like some kind of fantastical performance because I know my wife is somewhere upstairs no doubt having sex with another woman. *I don’t think I’ll ever get used to this.*

And is it my imagination, or have evenings with this other couple shrunk to little more than a hurried meal (that they don’t even bother dressing up for anymore) in between bouts of using my wife’s body to satisfy their perversions?

Torbyn babbles on about his construction business and a new tattoo of some kind of bird on his lower back that he insists on showing me before he checks the time yet again on his phone. “Time’s up,” he says and slips the iPhone away, “Come on.”

We head up the wide staircase with Torbyn taking huge strides as he leads the way and across a familiar, minimalist landing that Bella helped redesign

with giant clay vases before we're at the door of what he calls the 'Master' bedroom. *Calysta might have something to say about that description.*

"Being dying for more girl on girl. Haven't you?" he whispers without looking at me, "It's been fucking ages."

Dual moaning drifts from inside the room and one voice is clearly Bella's. I hold my breath.

Torbyn leans an ear against the door and winks at me again.

I wish he'd stop doing that to me. It makes me feel like I'm back in school.

He knocks lightly and pushes the door open.

Woah.

Calysta reclines half-naked on a deep-cushioned, cream-colored, armless chair. Alongside what Bel calls her huge 'platform-mounted, modernistic bed'. Oblivious to us and her jeans in a ball on the deep carpet, the lawyer's bare knees are raised and her tanned legs spread on either side of my kneeling wife. Calysta's feet hang limp near Bel's shoulders. My wife tied her hair back but still has her dress on.

"Ooh," Bella's fingers and lacquered red nails spread on either side of the lawyer's bare inner thighs and she moans as she laps at the older woman. Her stiff little tongue extended, dark head nodding then twisting in circles as her mouth pleasures the other women.

"Fucking love it," Torbyn whispers and eases the bedroom door shut behind us.

"Ooh," Calysta moans in unison with my wife and she toys with Bella's head. My wife moans again and kisses Calysta's vagina before she buries her face in deep. My cock stiffens to an iron bar.

"How fucking hot is this?" Torbybn whispers but his eyes are riveted on the oral sex.

Bella sucks and kisses, she licks and laps with sounds that should shame her.

A transfixed Torbyn steps closer to the bed, but I hang back, then pull out my throbbing cock for a second time tonight.

Calysta's fingers leave the top of Bel's head and biting her bottom lip she grips my wife's ponytail, she tugs and directs the angle of the kisses and licks. She pulls and rocks Bel's head from side to side between her legs and my wife sounds like she, not Calysta is cumming. I stroke and move a little on the plush carpet, but now between the lawyer's lifted and glistening inner thighs, only the back of my Bella's head is visible. No part of her face.

I stroke but take it slow. Don't want to cum too fast and spoil it for myself this time.

"Uhh, that's it, right there, that's it," Calysta groans and pushes her whole lower body at my wife.

"Mmm, Caly," Bella's head and shoulders dip and her hands grip either underside of Calysta's body.

"Uh yes, uh yes, yes, yes," the lawyer wails and she yanks Bel's ponytail but the fingers of her other hand spread on my wife's skull, her bare feet with toes curled on Bel's shoulders. *She's cumming, Bella made her cum.*

I let go of my cock so I don't do the same.

"You gonna use your strap-on with her Cal," Torbyn asks, "or do I get her now?"

Strap-on?

"You fetch it for me," Calysta gulps air and points to a gray, cubic, nightstand near the bed.

She wants to fuck my wife with a dildo? I work my cock again. Frantic.

Torbyn strides to the bed. He leans over the nightstand then emerges with a tangled combination of black straps, a huge attached artificial cock in the same color, and a wild grin inside his black beard.

I stroke but at my wife on her knees, her face smeared with Calsyta's juices and the side of her head leaned against the other woman's lap.

"One of you help Isabel out of her dress while I get that contraption on," Calysta eases Bella from between her legs.

This is really going to happen.

"You want to strip her or shall I?" Torbyn glances at me and indicates Bella with his eyes. He looks down at my cock in my hand.

"Bel?" my voice cracks and I let go of my cock, "Bel are you OK with thi.."

She nods her head before I complete the sentence.

"You do it," I say to Torbyn and I stroke.

"Where do you want her Cal?" Torbyn drags Bella to her feet and his fingers are immediately on the zipper at the back of her dress.

"The bed's plenty hard enough for my Princess," Calysta pulls thin, black elasticated straps up her bare lower body as if they're rubber bikini bottoms that are too tight, "On her hands and knees there with all her clothes off and that perfect butt in the air," Calysta adds as if my wife is an object. The huge fake black cock dances lewdly on the lawyer's waist like a stiffening, human semi-erection.

I glance from my wife who's giggling as she's de-robed in front of me by Torbyn. I stroke but simultaneously try not to cum.

When Bella is out of her dress Torbyn gropes her tits and kisses them, "These feel great," he says and then helps her off with her red panties so that she's nude.

"You're supposed to be undressing her for me not mauling her," Calysta says and glances at me with a roll of her eyes. She smears lubricant over the

imitation shaft as if she's idly masturbating it. But then those same steely blue eyes gaze my wife's way and there's something in them that makes me almost shudder.

"I *am* taking her clothes off," Torbyn mutters but he's fingering Bella too now and nuzzling her throat.

Fuck Bella. I stroke faster.

She moans and holds his 'invading' arm tight with both her hands.

"I'm ready," Calysta announces.

Torbyn sighs but scoops my squealing, naked wife up off her feet and onto his shoulder in a 'Firefighter's lift'.

Bella laughs and though it's surely hopeless she tries to cover her upturned bare ass with one hand.

I let go of my pulsing cock and gape at the sight.

"Don't drop her," Calysta watches the carry too and works the thick phallus between her small fist.

Bella is dropped bouncing onto the bed amid laughter from Torbyn and she clambers to her hands and knees. She ignores me and lowers her head to her forearms, then sticks out her rear for Calysta.

"Fuck," Torbyn rubs his beard, "how hot is that?"

I stroke again and I can't hold out much longer.

"You really think my butt can take it Caly?" Bella asks over her shoulder.

Her 'butt'? No way. Have these two something like this together before?

Calysta drags Bella back to the edge of the bed by both ankles then strokes my wife's pale, upturned cheeks. Then she eases Bel's ankles further apart and with one palm rested on the small of my wife's back, she works the head of her rubber shaft into my wife's anus,

There's no way.

“Bella you can’t..,” I murmur but my cock slicks through my hand.

“I want to,” Bel says but then she gasps. Eyes and mouth wide.

I bite my other fist.

Calysta must be stronger than she looks, or my wife lighter. The woman with the black cock uses both hands to grab Bella’s wrists and she pulls them behind my wife, hauling the whole of Bella’s upper body up from the bed and backward.

“Oh God, Bella,” I moan and give up any attempt to hold off the inevitable. I work my hard-on fast.

Bel eases back at Calysta, moaning a little now her new boobs undulating gently as she meets each of Calysta’s slow thrusts.

“Cal’s fucking her,” Torybn says, spellbound, “She’s fucking your wife in the ass.”

“Yeah,” I croak and I’m close to cumming.

Calysta holds Bel’s wrists together behind her with only one hand now and with the other she grips my bouncing wife’s ponytail, pulls her head right back, and thrusts her hips.

It's fucking obscene.

“Uh, uh, uh,” Bella whimpers, “Uhh, oh God,” as if she’s in real pain, but she pushes herself back, spearing her body on the thick black pole that sticks out from the other woman.

“Fuck, dude,” Torbyn is with them now kissing his partner and moving around the side of the bed to feel Bella up.

It’s too much to take and I groan and spurt into my hands.

“Don’t get that on the carpet,” Calysta’s blue eyes are on me as Bella shoves back at her, “Clean up in the bathroom Nathan.”

I shuffle toward their en suite with one hand locked between my legs and the other trying to drag my pants up.

Alone in there, surrounded by shining, patterned tiles and chrome that Bella chose, my wife’s cries and sobs ring loud even from beyond the door. I wipe the mess and flush it away. I wash my hands and zip up. Stare at my haunted reflection. *There’s no way we’re staying the night. As soon as those dirty pair of bastards have got their rocks off with my wife we’re leaving.*

But when I return to the scene it’s Bella who’s rocks are getting away. She’s cumming as Calysta fucks her ass and Torbyn sucks her tits.

For a second I can’t bear to watch any more. I almost retreat downstairs, but then Calysta is out of my wife and slumped in the armchair. Torbyn rolls Bel onto her back on the bed and he shoves down his pants and clambers between her legs.

Oh Bella, when will they have had enough of you?

Her eyes don’t open but she draws back her knees and spreads her legs wider. She pulls Torbyn to her.

“Uhhh,” she groans like she’s punctured and Torbyn is inside her. Buttocks clenching hard and fast he too fucks my wife.

Chapter Eighteen

Ashley

“What you fancy eating?” Finn finds Marcie and me in the kitchen while we’re grabbing a drink prior to heading for our room to change. “I’m starving. I’ve got the menu here for the new Mexican,” he scrolls his phone, “Or you prefer Chinese?”

“Ooh, Mexican might be good,” Marcie glances at me and her throat is flushed.

I nod my head.

“Are sure you’re OK with that too?” she asks him with a smile.

“Love it spicy,” he says and smiles back at her.

My insides flutter at their swapped smiles and what I imagine is his attempted innuendo. But also at the non-too-subtle way his dark eyes continually spring back to her every time she looks away.

Am I biting off more than me or Marcie could chew by inviting a guy like this onto my wife? Here, in our own home? But anxiety is giving way to simmering arousal again.

“Only problem is the Mexican don’t deliver,” Finn frowns at his phone, “No biggie though,” he shrugs, “I’ll go pick it up. You want to take a look and choose? Let me know what you want then I can dial the order in.”

“Around an hour?” Marcie says and she’s definitely blushing, “I want a nice soak first.”

Finn glances at me and smirks.

He going to hit on her if I let him.

“I can tell you now what I’ll have,” she says, “Crispy tacos with plant-based spicy fill if they’ve got it. Does anyone want to share a side salad?”

“This young lady knows what she wants,” Finn grins at her and then me.

In our bedroom a few minutes later, I’m inflamed. Marcie undresses but I pull her to me, kiss her mouth, and run my hands all over her bare waist and shoulders. “Finn couldn’t keep his eyes off you out there.”

“He just likes women who work in the garden,” she says and smiles.

“How come you always blush when you’re around him though?” I ask and kiss her a second time.

“I don’t,” she shrugs and looks away. She half-laughs but her cheeks flush.

“You’re doing it *now*,” I say and laugh but my heart beats so fast.

Is her embarrassment because she thinks the guy’s hot?

“Ash, if you want to make yourself useful, you could put a bath bomb in for me and run the water.”

“I will, but what are you wearing tonight? Something that shows off your legs?”

Marcie rolls her eyes and sighs.

I head into our bathroom, fearful that in my excitement, I’m trying too hard and could spoil whatever slim chance there might be of even a little more flirting tonight.

I run the water and search the cupboard above for the vanilla bath bombs. I shake them in and foam them up and the fragrance floods my nostrils.

Finn’s keen and confident to at least try his luck. We’ve goaded him with the sounds of our sex for days and we’ve talked about him in bed since before he even moved in here. I squeeze my cock through my pants. *She’s* the one who first mentioned him when we had sex. After he came out to fix the roof that very first time. *Her* not me. *And look how she reacted in bed*

when I got carried away and said I wanted her to see his cock. To touch it for fuck sake.

But this is my wife Marcie we're talking about.

I have to try though. I can't keep pulling back from the things I really want. *Surely if there was ever a night to watch some heavy flirting between my wife and another guy – and maybe even more - then it's tonight?*

No more indecision. Spell it out to her.

Marcie appears in our bathroom in her toweling dressing gown with her blonde hair up. She uncovers her naked body and steps over the side of the bath into the frothing water.

“You should come on to Finn tonight Marce,” I sit on the edge of the bath and watch her slide down into the water, “Have some fun with it.”

“Ashley, stop it,” she shakes her head and flicks soapy water at me but she's smiling even though she's not looking at me.

What would she do if I pushed her?

“You've seen how he looks at you,” I say as a strawberry-like nipple bobbles above the foam, “And I meant what I said in bed about you and him the other night.”

“Even if I wanted to - which I don't,” she says, “I'm hardly likely to come onto the guy here, at home, am I?”

“Why not?” I gaze down at her from the edge of the bath. Her response compels me to push harder.

Her words *could* represent a true denial, but what if all she wants is *reassurance? When did she ever get off in bed talking about another guy before?* “You always said you wouldn't want anyone to see you flirting with another guy. So where's more private and discrete than here? We can do what we want. Our home, our rules. No one else will ever know.”

“But I hardly know *him*,” she says and eases water over her breasts with both hands, as if she’s beckoning it there.

“And I’ve had an idea about that,” I twist around a little on the bath edge, to face her more directly, my heartbeat is wild about telling her, “I thought *I’d* go for the takeout. Leave you here with him. So you can get to know each other some more.”

“Duh, I’m in the bath,” she says.

“Well, obviously I mean when you get out,” I say, “Unless you wanted to invite...”

She feigns a shocked face and flicks water at me again. “I thought the whole idea of tonight was Finn treating *us* to a meal?” she peers up at me.

“He can still pay for it. I’ll grab a shower once you’ve finished in here, then tell him what to order me. I’ll just go pick it up,” I kiss her wet nose, “then maybe later it will be *you* treating *him*.”

“It would serve you right if I *did*,” she pouts.

Oh, God. “Marcie, Don’t tease me like that if you don’t mean it,” I stand and let her see the bulge in my pants.

After showering, I run into Finn in the kitchen. He’s spruced up in a polo shirt and fresh navy jeans. He smells of aftershave.

“You know what you want off the menu?” he asks, “Getting real hungry now.”

“Yeah,” I nod, “I thought I’d go and pick it up too,” I say and swallow hard, “Seeing’s how you’re buying.”

“Oh,” Finn’s eyes scan mine, “Want me to come?”

“No. It’s fine,” I shake my head and my face burns. I gaze back down the hallway toward our room, “Marcie will be out for a drink in a minute. You could just keep her company. Until I get back.”

“Will do,” he nods.

Outside, where it’s not quite dark but I grope with my car keys. My cock is firm in my pants and it pulsates. *Don’t want to get too excited. Don’t want too a steep a disappointment if nothing happens.* Been there before.

Because I should face it. Nothing likely will.

Well, I won’t rush back. I’ll give them plenty of time together. I’ll get gas and maybe drive around a bit before I even go to the Mexican. I’ll say there was a queue there. Or maybe I had car trouble? Or I got talking to someone I knew at the gas station?

Momentarily, as I drive with the wheel in clammy hands, it crosses my mind that my wife could be in danger alone at home with a guy when I’ve primed him to try his luck with her.

But Finn comes with good references. He’s been the perfect gentleman since he arrived and he’s worked his ass off around our house for us. Plus he knows I won’t be gone *too* long.

As it happens though, in my excitement, I’m delayed even before I reach the gas station. My cock bulges like iron in my pants and I pull over at a layby near some woodland. I wait for a wagon to hurtle past and then I hurry outside and under tree cover to jack off.

As soon as I’m back in the car though, a dark, gloomy angst descends and smothers me.

I’m not leaving Marcie on her own with him any longer than I have to. I decide against filling up with petrol and instead hurry directly to the restaurant for our meals.

I arrive back home to the bungalow and my wife’s laughter rings from our living room. She’s on the sofa with a wine in one hand. She’s put on the hot pink, square-necked cotton dress that shows a little cleavage and a *lot* of leg. *Yes.* Her blonde hair is washed and all down one shoulder and she looks

hot. *Real* hot. Finn sits on the armchair with beer. An Ed Sheeran track plays in the background.

“Everything OK?” I ask with the warm food in my arms.

“Finn was just telling me about his ex-wife,” Marcie smiles at him then lifts her blonde hair off her shoulder before letting it fall again.

“Which one?” I say and excitement strangles my fake laugh.

“There’s only been two of them,” Finn says.

“Plus several long-term girlfriends,” Marcie peers at him over her glass.

“Hey, I’ve been alive longer than you guys,” he grins.

He’s given her his full dating history by the sound of it. Did she ask him about it?

“Do you want to put this out Marce, or shall I?” I gesture at the food.

“I’ll do it,” she says and gets up with her empty wine glass. “I need a top-up. Do you two want to set the table?”

Finn blatantly stares after her and the pink cotton moving around her hips and ass.

“Wow,” he mouths silently then grins at me.

Shit. My heart beats in my throat. Well, even if nothing at all happens tonight, he’s made it crystal clear how hot he finds my wife. And she seems to have got on well with him while I was out. So who knows what might happen in the future.

If I play this right and don’t hold back or blow it.

We eat at the little dining table and my quesadillas *look* good. I can hardly taste them though. Marcie might only be trying to teach me a lesson about pushing her to another guy, but she flirts openly with Finn right through the

meal. Even when they're discussing RV holidays. Several times I squirm in my seat with embarrassment but he doesn't seem to mind the attention.

"I always wished I could have met a career woman like you did Ash," Finn says when we've finished and have retired back to the living room with another round of drinks. He's back on the armchair and I'm next to Marcie on the sofa.

"They're not all they're cracked up to be," I say around her and she laughs but then pretends to hit me.

"Oh, I bet they *are*," Finn smiles at my wife.

"You don't get to see a whole lot of them," I say tight-chested with excitement and I squeeze my wife's bare knee, "Marcie works long hours."

"Doesn't everyone now though?" she shrugs and sips her wine.

"Ambition in a woman can be real attractive," he says.

"Marcie's that alright," I say about my wife's career focus.

"She's both," Finn says with another grin.

"Smooth talker," she says but she scoops her fair hair around her shoulder.

"I've always liked the idea of a strong woman who's not afraid to take control," Finn eyes my wife. "At least sometimes."

I know what he's doing here.

"Only sometimes?" her eyebrows rise and she laughs.

"A woman taking control?" I hold my chin in an exaggerated 'thinking' pose, "Hmm. Yep. That sounds like my wife." My heart beats so hard it feels dangerous.

"Mmm, a dominant woman," he says.

"I wouldn't say I'm domineering," she pouts.

“You can be,” I say.

“Sounds good,” Finn eyes her again.

“You might not say that if she had *you* in handcuffs,” I blurt the words out like I don’t mean to.

“Ash!” Marcie gapes at me red-faced but then she laughs and slaps my leg.

Finn stares at me like I wandered off script. And maybe I did.

“What a thought,” he says eventually.

“You must have done something like that though Finn?” Marcie says to him, still blushing and maybe trying to get the attention off herself.

I can’t get my breath.

“What? You mean at *my* age?” he laughs, “Well, I guess I tied a few girlfriends up,” he shrugs.

“Typical man,” Marcie rolls her blue eyes.

“Only girls that asked me to,” he says.

“Of course, they did,” Marcie shakes her head.

“They did. I promise.”

I can’t hold off any longer.

“You should put the boot on the other foot Marce,” I almost choke on the phrase, “show Finn what that’s like.”

Marcie just laughs.

“I’m game,” Finn shrugs.

“Go on Marce,” I look right at her. My face burns. I can hardly breathe.

“I couldn’t do *that*. Finn’s a paying guest,” she laughs again and swallows a mouthful of wine.

“Go on, I dare you. I’ll get the handcuffs,” I say, and am on my feet.

“Ashley! No!” Marcie calls after me but she’s laughing too and I’m already in our room rooting through our nightstand for the handcuffs.

Fucking hell. She’s fantasized about shackling this guy.

But what happens from here? Even if she agrees to put them on him?

“There you go,” I dangle the twin, fake tiger-fur decorated steel cuffs by their chain in the living room.

“Love the fur look,” Finn laughs like he’s never seen our ‘toy’ before.

“Put them on him, Marce.”

“I can’t,” she shakes her head, she won’t look at me or them and she’s blushing again.

Shit. I should have known she’d refuse. What was I thinking?

“Shall I try them on you instead?” Finn takes them from me with a grin and shakes them at my wife.

Marcie blinks twice “Er, no.” She frowns, then she sighs, snatches the handcuffs out of his hands, and gets to her bare feet with them, “You better stand up too then,” she says to him, “Put both hands behind your back for me. Ashley Duman, I’m gonna kill you.”

I smile at her. *But she’s doing it. She’s fucking doing it.*

Finn stands and shows Marcie his broad back. He’s a whole head and shoulders taller than her. She undoes both clasps and takes Finn’s wrists one at a time.

Even her fingers touching him that way whip up my frenzy.

Giggling a little, she works his flesh into the wide steel rings. “Your wrists are so thick,” she murmurs.

And they're not the only things.

“You have let me out when I say so though right?” He laughs over his shoulder.

“Those aren't the rules,” Marcie says and the handcuffs click, so she stands back and surveys the lodger with wide eyes and one hand over her mouth. “Can you get out of them?”

Finn grunts and turns to face us with a grimace, but his arms seem still locked behind him.

“I thought you might have been able to bust out of them right away,” she says.

Unlike me?

“Nope,” he shakes his head.

“How does it feel?” I ask him, unsure what else to say. Or what happens now.

“I feel like I need my drink but can't get at it,” he says and laughs.

“I can get at mine,” Marcie smirks and sits back down next to me with her wine.

“Here, you come and sit next to Marcie,” I say to him and get up. *I've got another idea.* “So she can help you out of them.”

“Says who?” Marcie laughs.

The whole scene is like a hallucination.

I sit on the armchair and watch the big guy gingerly take his seat alongside my wife with his hands behind his back. My groin throbs.

Is he getting off on this too, or just letting her do it because he thinks it'll lead to getting his hands on her? Oh, God.

“Of course Finn,” I almost choke on the first two words, “you’ve only gotten half the treatment she gives me when I’m in them.”

“How’s that?” Finn looks across at me with a half-smile as Marcie works the key back into the handcuff lock as if to open them.

“Wait Marce,” I hold up a hand, “You should tease him a bit first, like you do with me.”

“Ashley, you don’t have to give all our secrets away,” Laughing, she reaches for a purple cushion and slings it across at me. But her throat is flushed and her pupils are huge. She reaches for her wine.

“Teasing sounds interesting,” Finn says.

“A dare’s a dare, right Marce?” I goad her with a mouth that barely functions anymore, “You have to tease Finn in the handcuffs, the same way you do me. Otherwise, he won’t get the full experience, will he?”

“What’s the full experience?” Finn twists around to gaze at my flushed wife, “Got to say there’s something pretty hot about being at my landlady’s mercy though.”

Marcie smiles at him. Her pert cleavage heaves in the hot-pink dress.

“Sit on his lap Marce,” my voice fails to rise above a whisper.

“I sure don’t mind if no one else here does,” Finn says, “I’ll take a teasing for the team.”

“You sure you won’t wimp out on me?” Marcie moves her blonde hair behind an ear.

“Depends what you have in mind I guess,” he shrugs, arms still behind his back.

“Hold my drink Ash,” Marcie extends her arm and wine out to me.

She’s doing it. She’s fucking doing it.

I take the glass from her and hope neither of them spots the hard-on bursting for attention in my jeans, or my arm shake. But they don't look my way.

"You sure you want this?" she looks right at Finn and smiles.

"Oh, I *want* it," Finn eyes her chest, "Do your worst."

"I might be too heavy for you," she says face and throat rose-colored but she slides onto his lap.

Fuck, Marcie. My cock thrums. Fuck.

"That OK?" she peers at him and adjusts her position on his lap.

"You're way better than OK," Finn groans.

Marcie and me both laugh.

He leans his face away from the back of her head, "Ash, your wife smells way too good to be this close to. With handcuffs on anyhow."

"It's only bubble bath," she says.

"Put your arm around him Marce," my voice creaks, "Really tease him," my cock leaks pre-cum.

"Dude that be cruel," Finn gasps and his head rolls back.

"Go on Marcie. Please?" I say.

"You want me too?" she asks him.

He nods his head.

Fucking hell, Marce.

She twists her body a little and wraps an arm around his shoulder.

"Oh hell," he gasps, "Hope there's nothing sticking in you."

I wince at the tactless words but Marcie giggles.

I've never seen her behave like this with anyone. Certainly no guy. Not even me when dated. She's almost like a fucking schoolgirl.

"I better get off you now and let you out," she says and slides off his knee. She grabs the key from the coffee table.

Shit. That's it?

"Aw, do you have to?" he groans.

"Marcie laughs but she gestures for him to lean forward and as he does, she works the key into the lock and twists it around.

Shit. That is it.

"Course even when a woman sometimes likes to take charge," Finn rubs at his wrists, "every guy knows what they really want."

"Oh, and what's that Mr. Experienced?" Marcie says with her wine back in her hand.

"They want a man to do the dominating."

"In your dreams," she says and laughs.

"What do you reckon, Ash?" Finn gazes at me.

"I'm not sure," I say and glance at my wife.

"My turn to handcuff you now then?" he smiles at my wife and picks up the cuffs from the coffee table.

"You wouldn't dare!" Marcie squeals, "Ash?"

But I laugh too. A response born of surprise, a little confusion, and a whole lot of bewildering sexual excitement as the other man takes my wife's drink from her and sets it down.

She squeals again and giggles but hardly resists as he takes her wrists and holds them together on her lap.

Fucking hell.

“Just for a minute,” he smiles at her, “See how *you* like it.”

Marcella’s face is beetroot red but her breasts heave heavily under her dress and Finn snaps the locks in place and the cuffs together on her lap.

“That’s *hot* Marcie,” I say I’m so turned on I could almost throw up.

“You think?” Marcie says and her mouth sounds dry but she hasn’t once asked me to stop him.

“Finn could do whatever he wanted to you now Marcie,” I say like a reckless maniac.

“If I wasn’t a gentleman,” he looks her all over.

“You’re no gentleman,” Marcie’s eyes lock on his.

“Harsh,” he says but maintains eye contact.

“See if he kisses like one Marcie,” I say and my breathing is so heavy, “A gentleman.”

Marcie says nothing, she just looks right up at him and her breathing is as heavy as mine.

“You want me to?” Finn keeps on gazing at her.

“I do,” I choke.

Marcie still doesn’t respond, her boobs rise and fall fast and deep in front of her, in front of him.

“Go on then,” she goads him, “if you think you..”

He takes her head in both hands and she falls silent, eyes wide. Then he kisses her.

Oh, fucking hell.

“Ash,” I think it’s my name she murmurs around his mouth, but she doesn’t pull away from him.

I stare in horror and an ecstasy that makes my whole being buzz.

“You’re a real beautiful young woman,” he says to her when he finally stops kissing her.

“And you’re a bastard,” she says.

Finn smiles at her. “I’d love to do more to you.”

“So why don’t you?” she swallows hard.

“Marce?” my throat constricts.

He lifts her shackled wrists out in front of her and then ducks down underneath her arms so that they’re wrapped around the back of his neck.

Oh, my God.

Finn eases her down onto her side and kisses her again.

Oh, God. Oh, God.

“Is this what you wanted, Ashley?” she says in his arms, around his kisses, “Is this what you wanted to see?”

“Yeah,” I somehow reply and I’m off the armchair then down to the floor alongside them. My head spins at the surreal, heavenly atrocity unfolding before me.

Finn pulls my wife’s pink dress up right her thighs and he’s got her right down on her back and she murmurs something under his lips. There’s no kicking or trying to push him away though and they’re still kissing. Then his hand dips into her panties.

He’s touching her pussy. My wife’s vagina. Shit. Reality hits me like a face-full of iced water.

If I don’t stop this he’ll fuck her.

“No Marcie,” I choke on the words and gape at them.

“*You* want this, baby?” he murmurs into her neck but already his lower body has lifted and he’s unzipping.

“Marcie.”

“If you’re going to do me you bastard, then do me,” she says.

“Mmm, yes please,” Finn pulls his stiff cock out then rips the fabric of Marcie’s panties wide open.

Marcie!

She gasps but her legs wrap around his sides.

“Mar-cie,” I say out loud and shake my head but my cock is out now too.

“I wanted this the first time I saw you,” he pushes into her.

“Oh!” I cry out.

“Uhh,” she groans too but from the back of her throat and in a voice that doesn’t sound like her. She arches her back, the links of the handcuff chain shining between her wrists at the rear of his thick neck. “Uhh, you wanted this too, didn’t you Ash?”

“Every pretty woman says they want equality,” Finn shoves up hard into my wife again. *He didn’t even pull his pants down.* “Uhh, or they want control of a man, uhh, but that ain’t what they want at all, is it? What they want is this. Don’t you?”

“You bastard,” she repeats herself but her legs tight lock around him. “Oh my God Ash,” she moans.

“Marcie, does it feel big ?” I jack hard as Finn thumps into my wife.

“Oh yeah, Ash, oh God yeah Ash,” her head turns away from me.

Finn slaps down into her and curses as he takes what he wants.

“Oh God, oh God Ash, he’s doing me so hard.”

“Oh Marcie,” I want to take her hand but her fists are clenched together as if in prayer in his hair.

“Is this still what you wanted, Ash?” Marcie gasps again, ankles locked together now around his back. “Is this what you wanted me to do?”

“Yes, Marcie yes,” I jack on my knees. *No, Marcie no, don’t let him do this to you.* I pull her face around toward me and kiss her forehead and masturbate as my wife is fucked.

“Give us some space, Dude,” Finn exhales hard in my face, and he eases me away, his hips stab down fast, torso pounding my restrained wife.

“Right yeah, sorry,” I move back with my hard cock still slicking through my fist.

“Ahh,” Marcie wails, “Oh God Ash, he’s making me cum! He’s making me cum!”

Already? No way. It can’t have been two minutes.

“There you go baby,” he half grins down at her.

“Oh, oh, cum in me Finn you bastard. Cum in me, fill me up, cum in me.”

She never talks like that.

But Finn doesn’t even seem close. He holds Marcie’s fair head and he kisses her as she curses him. He fucks and fucks her. Thumps his heavy body down on hers on our sofa like it will never stop. Pounds the breath out of my wife.

And her excitement builds again then she’s panting, crying in his face.

He rips the front of her dress, tugs out her left tit.

“You can buy me another dress you bastard,” she groans.

“Add it to my rent,” he says and squeezes her tits.

“He’s rough with me Ash, he’s so rough with me.”

“Oh, Marcie,” I’ve never seen her so pliable and I cum in my hands and on the carpet. “Uhh, uhh.” I kneel there panting, gaping. But *Shit, shit, the carpet*. I scramble up and out of the room with both hands locked around my oozing dick and I hurry to the bathroom. *Need wet toilet roll before that fucking mess stains*.

Still the agitated, distraught sounds and curses from the living but the crowds of dark angst gang up on me already. I can’t take it. I wipe my cock and shovel it into my pants then head back fast with a strip of damp paper.

“Finn that’s enough,” I say from across the room. Both their bodies are half on, half off the sofa as he screws her. And it wasn’t supposed to be like this, his torso so big that from here I can hardly see him underneath her.

She looks beyond him to me though. Her lurching reddened tits are both out and coated with what must be his saliva, her nipples stiff and puffy. Her legs still locked together around him.

I can’t look at her face.

“Finn,” I repeat but weakly as his body smacks down and Marcie moans beneath him.

How could I do this? How could I do this?

“Gimme a minute, for fuck sake,” he gasps. He rams her with a slow thrust. Longer and deeper than the others and he stays there. Jammed high up my whimpering, shackled wife. His whole body shakes, hips rotating.

“He’s cumming inside me Ash, oh, God now he’s cumming inside me. Finn you bastard, you dirty bastard,” she sucks on the side of his thick neck.

Chapter Nineteen

Nathan

Not for the first time when we were with Torbyn and Calysta, I was woken by Torbyn at the door of our room. Bella and I were asleep in their guest bedroom. Another room that my wife had lavishly redesigned for the lawyer. I sat up and peered across at him in our doorway. He was all bare chest, tattoos, and boxer shorts.

“I couldn’t sleep,” he whispered, using a line he’d used before in a similar situation. He stroked his beard, eyed my sleeping wife then peered back over his shoulder, “Cal’s flat out as usual. She could sleep as a full-time job if she ever wanted to give up law.” He eyed my wife again. “Isabel the same?”

“At the moment,” I whispered back and I nodded. *But surely he could see that?*

“I could use you know what,” he gripped the front of his boxers, and his face twisted.

Despite my reservations about some of the extreme stuff of the night before, several hours had passed and that red mist fell down around me pretty quick. It possessed me.

“Bel,” I whispered and gently shook her shoulder.

“Uh,” she murmured in her sleep but one of her eyes opened, “Uh?”

“Someone to see you,” I directed her eyes to Torbyn.

“I couldn’t sleep,” he repeated it like a mantra and pulled the door too, “Always the same when I’m around you,” he said and gazed across at her.

“Why don’t we let him into bed, Bel?” I said and slipped out. I left the covers pulled back, just like I had that first time, when the four of us stayed

at that hotel. But this time there was something else on my mind too. I figured that if Bella was happy to allow this behind Calysta's back (or at least, to not even question Torbyn about whether the other woman knew), then how could she object to keeping Crete from the lawyer?

"Yesss," Torbyn answered our invitation and yanked his shorts down. That thick cock was already hard for my wife.

"Mmm," Bella murmured sleepily and rolled across the bed to make more room for the bigger man.

Torbyn didn't stand on ceremony. He put his cock straight up her and was done in maybe fifteen hard thrusts. Then he was back on his feet, leaving Bella slowly writhing on the bed.

"Night," he whispered and slipped away as quietly as he'd arrived.

I hadn't even had time to jerk off while he used my wife so I just replaced him between her legs. She was warm and sloppy but I was so worked up I didn't care. I came even faster than Torbyn had.

On the way home later though, the cold light of a Sunday must have roused my anxiety and guilt to new heights. I quizzed Bella almost the whole way back. I asked her about the way that pair treated her the night before. The tit pulling and slapping. She just shrugged and said she didn't remember when Calysta had started doing that kind of thing with her. She only said again how she sometimes liked 'doing whatever Calysta tells me to.'

Down though I felt at the time, that phrase still made my cock twitch.

We talked some more as well about the 'BDSM' party we've supposedly been invited to at Richmond's club. And I said I needed to know more about what might be involved.

I didn't say it to her, but I'm guessing we could find out all about that from Richmond. I kept chewing over what he'd said about it being better for a hotwife marriage if the wife doesn't become too dependent on one lover. Or in Bel's case one 'Couple'.

I keep thinking about suggesting Richmond to her. A man who can hopefully still help me make inroads with my music and who's so rich that he can throw around free holidays in part payment for my wife's design skills. Sure he's got what sounds like a harem at that club of his, but we'd stay well away from that, and having other women around him only means Richmond would be unlikely to get all possessive with Bel, doesn't it? Unlike the lawyer.

So despite his weird relationship with that Vaughn guy, what couple in our position wouldn't want to take advantage of a connection to a man like Richmond Coyle?

As long as we were careful about it.

Ashley

I took the handcuffs off my used wife while Finn was cleaning up in his bathroom afterward. When he got back to us with an uncertain smile on his face we told him we should 'Call it a night.'

"We're still good though, right?" he looked first at Marcie then me. She didn't respond, she looked down and finished her drink, like she didn't know what else to do.

I nodded my head and said "Goodnight" to him on our behalf. He'd hardly forced either of us to participate.

Alone together in our room later Marcie didn't even want to take her clothes off for bed.

"I can't believe you let him do that to me," she said and at first, she wouldn't even let me cuddle her. But I kissed her and told her I loved her and even reassured her how 'incredible' she looked when she was doing what she did.

But all the time as well as struggling with the shock of what I'd seen, I wasn't sure whether the sight had been the grubbiest, most sickening thing ever.

Then Marcie relaxed against me and we kissed a little and the doubts and regrets receded (from me, at least). And I was hard again. Marcella resisted my advances at first. She said she ‘Couldn’t’ after what she’d done. But I kept kissing her and soon she was on top of me, cowgirl, the way she likes it.

“That was so fucking hot before Marcie,” I whispered even though I’d made sure the door was pulled tightly shut before I’d gotten into bed.

“Don’t,” she moaned back but tried to put a hand over my mouth.

“It’s true,” I said and moved her hand away. “I had no idea you being handcuffed would turn you on like that.” I looked up beyond her swinging tits and tried to read her face.

“Shh,” she moaned and put her hand over my mouth properly.

I came fast. Before she had the chance to.

Afterward, in the dark, when she was asleep I wondered whether Finn was too. Or if he lay awake as well, maybe thinking of my wife and what he’d done to her. The mental images of him and her on our sofa were like terrible photographs of some catastrophe where people died. Like a fatal car pileup.

I began to wonder some things. Had Marcie and me been played by a way more experienced older man? And how could we possibly let him stay here now after what happened?

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