

HOTWIFE EROTICA



T'M GOING TO

Ram

Your wife

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By

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**Love thy neighbor - and if he happens to be tall, debonair and devastating,
it will be that much easier.**

~ Mae West

CHAPTER 1

Dylan Chance never had a chance. The road was iced over just beneath the snow. Snow fell in heavy clumps that reminded him of a snow globe.

He had moved to Bozeman, Montana with his wife Mia just two weeks prior to this impending disaster. He was late coming home from work, though work was not in one place. A regional manager for an auto parts chain, he was newly ensconced in the area after transferring from Arizona.

He hit the brakes on his Jeep just as he saw he was about to pass his house.

He and Mia had purchased a little two-bedroom bungalow as he called it and at which the realtor had laughed. It was on a slope that couldn't even be called a hill.

Dylan moved the wheel carefully to park in front of his house. But his Jeep wasn't responding like he was accustomed to back in the dry and hot Arizona temperatures. Though he drove carefully in the snow, he was unused to the layer of ice beneath. He had yet to suffer any hazards on the roads, but suddenly his vehicle was sliding forward without a hint of slowing down.

A brand new black Dodge Ram truck loomed close and fast parked the next spot down.

Dylan stood on the brake pedal, his eyes going wide. Oh shit...

A solid, thumping crunch and a lurch of the Dodge as it was pushed were then followed by another crunch and the sound of shattering plastic.

"Fuck." Dylan frowned. This was a problem; he had not secured insurance up here yet. It had been on his mind as something to do and he even had a few phone calls in to local agents. His old insurance had expired and he had thought it convenient that it had as they were moving at the time. He would secure new insurance up in Montana, he had told himself.

Here he was, two weeks later and still not having secured insurance or even a

state driver's license. He knew he could get by with his Arizona license, but this... He blew out a breath. "Fuck!"

He sat, waiting, wondering if the owner had heard the impact. He hadn't been going very fast, but it had sounded loud to him. Nothing moved on the street except a young kid walking on the other side. The boy wiped a snow-frosted strand of hair out of his eyes and looked at him.

Grabbing his briefcase, he took out a legal pad. Fuck. He wrote down his address and got out. He immediately slipped on the ice beneath the snow and went down on his ass, hard. Agony tore up his backside. He groaned and then laughed. "Shit, what a night."

The Jeep's front bumper was dented. Not bad. The truck's rear bumper was also dented and the trailer hitch looked bent.

Crap.

He moved to the front of the Dodge to stick his note under the wiper.

Son of a bitch. The wiper was buried in snow. How the hell do people leave notes in the snow?

He noticed the motorcycle in front of the Dodge was over on its side and the rear brake light crushed. Fuck, this just gets better and better.

He went back to his Jeep and fished through his briefcase with shaking fingers. These will do it.

He removed some presentation sheets from their plastic covers and scrawled another note. He slid the two notes into the plastic sleeves and trudged back to the Dodge and motorcycle.

He had tossed his cell phone when he moved after canceling the local plan. It was another on the list of things to get that he hadn't gotten to.

He stuffed the first plastic under the wiper as best he could. It stuck out like two sore thumbs. The owner would not miss it. He tucked the second under the brake cable on the handle of the motorcycle.

It was Friday night.

~ ~ ~

Dylan was married to a feisty little blonde former sun-bunny who had pouted about moving to a state where she couldn't maintain a tan. She wasn't a spoiled brat, but she liked being able to keep up appearances and her former circle of friends had been all about appearances. A quiet girl with a quick smile, she was a silent playful type who had captured his interest while pubbing with some of his fellow managers three years ago.

"I have dinner in the oven for you," she said.

He stamped off the snow and then grimaced as a stab of pain shot up his back.

She frowned. "Is something wrong?"

He grunted in disgust. "I fell on my ass outside. Hit my tailbone."

"You all right?"

He sighed. "No. I hit the truck. Slid on the ice." He looked in the mirror. He was buzzed bald and sported a mustache and goatee around his mouth that made him look mean. He brushed snow from the hair there.

She coughed in irritation. "Was there any damage?"

"Yeah, a little bit. I left a note. The truck slid enough to hit that motorcycle, too."

She rolled her eyes. "Holy shit, how fast were you going?" Her tone was exasperated, but not loud.

"Not fast at all." He looked around at the mostly unpacked boxes. He sighed again.

"Maybe I should get a job then. We don't have money to be paying for fender-benders."

He rubbed his forehead. "Yeah, crap. I knew I should've followed up on that insurance."

She made a face and shook her head. "A claim so fast..."

Dylan made a similar face. "Probably would have canceled us."

"What are we going to do?"

He shook his head. "I won't have anything extra for another two months. Maybe we can draw on the credit card if the damage isn't too much."

"It's almost maxed."

He didn't want to be reminded. "Maybe I can give them discounts on auto parts."

She said nothing, but her look said everything.

CHAPTER 2

Saturday was much like the previous Saturday where Dylan helped his wife unpack. She had not wanted to be stuck doing it alone so only the essentials were unpacked as she needed them. The weekends were their unpack-time together.

He was dressed in his lounge-around clothes - a t-shirt and baggy shorts. Wearing a shirt and tie every day of the workweek made him hate being dressed up. Mia was in her khaki shorts and tank-top, ready to get as much unpacked as possible.

"Let's get the living room cleared," he said.

"So you can watch TV later?"

He gave her a look. Yeah, actually.

They worked for less than an hour when there was a knock at the door.

The sound startled Dylan, who had not expected any knocking. Then he remembered the accident last night. He gave a growl and gave a look to Mia. "Here we go."

He opened the door to icy-cold air and a man as tall as he was - bulky in his Pendleton that hung loose over baggy jeans. He wore a ballcap with the bill over-curved from constant bending.

The man beside him was shorter and wiry. He had long solid-gray hair with streaks of silver running through it. He was dressed in jeans held up by some kind of chain belt and a jeans jacket with a warm-looking flannel shirt underneath. The stubble on his face was also gray.

Dylan had seen both of them before. The shorter gray-haired man owned the motorcycle. His hair always looked stringy from a distance, but up close he could see that it was clean.

Both men were looking at him suspiciously.

The biker said, "Neighbor." He said it in way of greeting.

Dylan tried to put on a managerial smile that worked out in the field. "Ah, yes. Come in. I guess you got my notes."

The tall man nodded and came in past him, standing quietly in the small entry.

He shut the door after the biker came in. "Maybe we can sit in the kitchen and have some coffee."

The two men shared a look, then looked back at him.

The tall one said, "We just came over to get insurance details straightened out. We can see you're busy."

Dylan clasped his hands together in his pep-talk gesture that served him so well. "Yes, well. Please, let's sit down and go over this."

The two men stiffened a little, sharing another look.

Mia came over and held out her hand. "I'm Mia. This is my husband Dylan."

He scratched his neck, fretting at having forgotten to introduce himself. Get your wits about you. You're a regional manager, he told himself in his thoughts.

The tall man gave a normal smile that looked real. He gently shook her hand. "I'm Roy. Shorty here is Dan." He motioned to the biker.

The biker wasn't that short: he was taller than Mia by a foot. Dylan shook their hands. He led them into the kitchen while Dan did something on his cell phone.

He said, "Coffee?"

Roy eased himself down slowly onto the chair. It creaked slightly.

Dylan smirked. Fat.

The tall man gave him a nod. "Sure."

Dan swirled the chair around and straddled it, his arms crossed over the back. He still held his phone. "Sure, if it's free. The best kind."

He watched his wife pour the coffee. He turned back to the men. His pose was all-managerial. He would exert his officious presence and all would be well. He braced his hands in the air as if outlining a sales plan. "We need to work together on this because there's a small problem."

Roy went stiff, his face going stony.

One of Dan's eyebrows rose up his forehead while the lid on the other eye dropped a bit.

Dylan got the impression he wasn't dealing with a couple of young and naïve punks who had just been hired as clerks. He tried a less direct attitude. "Look, the problem is—"

Dan scowled. "Mister, I don't mean to be rude and we can see you're busy. Do you have insurance, or don't ya?" He gestured with the hand holding the cell phone.

He put on his best managerial frown of disapproval to shut them up so he could continue. "No, actually. I don't. I've been—"

Dan said, "Sheee-it. You don't have insurance? Do you know it's illegal to drive up here without it?"

Dylan held out his hands in a placating motion. "We can work something out. I just took a position up here as regional manager—"

Roy took off his hat and ran a hand over his head. He was buzzed real short and slightly receded. "Shit. I can't tow shit with the hitch bent like that."

Dan's voice was as sour as Roy's. "And I can't be riding around with a busted tail light, either."

Dylan took a deep breath. "I can scrape about two hundred off the credit card, but we have all the moving expenses—"

Dan's look was incredulous. "That's all?"

Roy winked and smiled at Mia. "I might be able to get by with that and a kiss or two."

Dylan growled. "Or if you can wait two months, I should be able—"

Mia covered a nervous giggle, but her eyes were wide.

Dan was shaking his head. "Two months? We're going to have to report it to the police."

He scowled. "Wait a minute—"

"Our insurance companies will want a police report to prove—"

He stood as tall as he could in his best intimidating pose. "Calm. The. Fuck. Down."

Eyes squinted at him from both Roy and Dan.

Dylan leaned his head back a little and held his arms out like a weight-lifter. With the hair around his mouth and his bald head, he knew he cut a fearsome figure. It always worked. "No one's calling the police. We'll pay what we can—" He was punctuating his words with a pointed finger.

Both men stood.

Mia's eyes went wide at the kitchen sink.

Dylan made a grimace-mouth he knew went well with his bald head and facial hair. "Sit down and listen."

Dan gestured to him with his phone. "You're the one that needs to calm down, mister."

Roy came close. "Understand something neighbor." His tone was low and quiet. "We don't want no trouble here, but he can't ride with a busted tail light and I can't tow my trailer. We have to make an uninsured claim to get it covered and the police have to be called to file the report. That's how it works with the insurance companies here."

Dylan fumed. He could not afford to have something like this getting in the way of his new position. Who knows, the state might deny me a license to drive... Frustrated, he gave Roy a shove backwards. "Sit down and let's work this out."

Roy ripped his hat from his head and tossed it down. Suddenly, his hands were up and his shoulders making a rolling motion.

Dan shook his head. "You dumb idiot—"

Dylan moved his head side to side as if to stretch his neck. It was a very imposing gesture that always worked. He advanced on Roy. "Sit the fuck down." He was going to intimidate the men into agreeing; it was the only way out of this. He pushed on Roy's shoulder again.

The tall man moved fluidly. His punch was pure boxer-style.

Dylan had learned Tae Kwon Do years ago in high school. He easily made a forearm block of the punch. But he was unprepared for the fast rabbit punch that landed against his stomach. The breath was knocked out of him and he went down to his knees.

Mia was screaming. "Stop it!"

Dan said, "Relax, little girl. We're just going to detain him until the police arrive."

Roy was leaning over a gasping Dylan. "Stay down and don't be stupid."

The biker removed his jacket.

It was then that Dylan saw the handle of the gun. It was under his left arm suspended in a shoulder holster. He gasped, "What the fuck? This is a robbery?"

Dan scowled. He removed the chain around his jeans with a twist and flick of his wrists. "Hell no. We don't want anything you have."

"You're armed."

Roy and Dan both looked at him like he was crazy.

The biker looked at Roy. "Lift him to that column there."

There was a column supporting the ceiling that sort of separated the kitchen, dining room, and living room.

Dylan, not wanting to upset the armed man, let himself be moved to the column. He was still gasping for breath.

Dan wrapped the chain through his wrists, securing him tightly in place. "Just stay put, mister. The police will take you out of that."

"You have no right—"

Mia came over to him, hugging tight to his arm. "Maybe we should just keep quiet—"

The biker grabbed up his phone from the table. He wagged it at him like a little flag. "Got it all recorded."

"Recorded?" Dylan felt as if his world was closing in on him. "You can do that here, too?" It was legal in Arizona.

Dan nodded. He was thumbing his phone.

He knew the biker was calling the police. "Wait! Please."

Roy picked up his hat. He said to Mia, "Ma'am, I'm sorry about that. But he left me no choice. I hope you don't mind if I drink the coffee you offered."

Dan was holding his phone, his fingers still. "Wait for what?"

Dylan took a deep breath, the knot that had seized his stomach fading. "I'm sorry. Look, I'm sorry. Really. It's just that we just got here and it was a tight move."

The biker raised a grizzled eyebrow. "And ran over our rides."

"I'm sorry. Believe me, I didn't mean to. But the ice just locked it all up—"

"Don't you know how to drive on the ice?"

Dylan shrugged as best he could. "We lived in Arizona."

Roy laughed. "Sheeeit."

"I have a Jeep and it's four-wheel drive—"

Dan laughed. "Mister, four wheel drive does not mean four wheel stop."

"Yes, I know that now. I thought I could stop. I didn't ram your truck on purpose."

Roy had sat back down. "That may be, but it doesn't fix anything." He looked at Mia. "May I have that coffee, ma'am? But if you don't want me to drink it, I won't."

Mia jerked. "Oh. Um, sure." She moved to the counter and picked up the two cups with shaking hands. "Uh, here." She looked nervous, but not afraid.

Dylan pulled at the chain binding his wrists. "Let me loose and let's talk."

Dan, coffee cup frozen halfway to his mouth, said, "I think you're fine right there. Got your assault recorded. You can add that to the list the police will get ya for. No, neighbor, I don't think I trust ya."

He sighed. "I'm sorry."

The biker took a sip of coffee. "That's better approach, neighbor. Maybe we'll listen. Maybe we won't." He indicated his phone. "But we don't take kindly to deadbeats."

Dylan thrust out his chin. "I'm not a deadbeat. I'm a regional manager for a major chain." Maybe telling them which wouldn't be good at this point. "Like I was trying to say before, I just need a little time."

Roy grinned. "I might be willing to wait a little if I was to get a kiss or two." He was looking at Mia.

Dan rolled his eyes. "She's married, you lugnut."

The tall man shrugged. "I'll kiss a married woman. Especially a pretty one."

Dylan coughed, irritation flooding him. "My wife don't kiss fat guys."

Roy turned his head slowly to him. "Fat?"

Dan was cackling. "Mister, you just don't know when to shut up, do you?"

The tall man said low, "This is muscle."

Dylan laughed. "Yeah, all the fat ones say that. Why are we talking about this? I want to work out a deal."

Roy scowled at him. "No deal."

Dylan was incredulous. "What? I thought you said you'd listen?"

Roy grinned again. "I'll listen if your wife over there sits on my knee and gives me a kiss."

CHAPTER 3

Dylan coughed in indignation. Why isn't this going like I planned? Intimidation always works. "Kiss my wife and I'll beat the holy living fuck out of you."

Roy sipped at the coffee, eyeing Dylan the whole time. "Good coffee. Dan, make the call."

The wiry gray man grunted. "About time. We're getting nowhere with him."

Mia's panicked eyes accentuated her words. "Wait. If I kiss you, you won't call the police?"

Dylan grated through his teeth, "They're just trying to take advantage of you."

Roy was looking at her. "I didn't say that. Just said I might listen to what your husband has to offer. I can afford to wait a little for reimbursement."

Dan rose from his chair again. "Well, I can't." He walked up to Dylan. "We came here in good faith, simply looking to make things right. You've been nothing but a deadbeat asshole about it. We don't take kindly to assholes and definitely not to deadbeats."

Mia walked over to Roy.

Dylan eyed the gun handle. "Good faith? With a gun?"

Dan snickered. "Mister, I take it you don't know anything about Montana. Just about everyone here is armed."

"But carrying?"

"Myep. Cops here check you out to see what brand you're carrying."

Mia sat on Roy's knee.

Dylan gasped in surprise. "Mia!"

She looked at him, worry in her eyes. "Please try to be calm about this so we can talk about settling everything?"

"Get off his lap. These guys are scum."

Dan's eyes drew down. "You've got to be either the stupidest shit in the toilet or the worst kind of filth for a neighbor."

Mia gave Roy a peck on the lips and started to get up.

Dylan fumed. His voice was a whisper, "When I get out of this, I'm going to fucking kill you."

Roy pulled Mia back down. "That wasn't no kiss." He had a pouty grin plastered on his face.

Dan gave a small smile. "A death threat, huh?"

"That's right, pal."

The biker lifted his cell and turned to Roy. "We got ourselves a death threat."

A cold fear washed over Dylan's anger. Was a death threat in Montana bad?

Roy shook his head. "Just make the call. There's no reasoning with this dipshit."

Mia was panicked. "Wait, wait. He's just angry. Don't do this."

Roy, instead of pulling her back down, was beginning to lift her off. "Fuck this, your husband's too stupid to know shit."

Dan shook his head, waving the phone. "Your life is fucked now, mister."

Dylan kicked at the biker in frustration. How did this all happen? I'm a big-time manager, not a criminal. No insurance, assault, and a death threat. Shit, this is a disaster. Fuck! He kicked again.

Dan sidestepped both kicks easily. But his face was getting angrier. "Roy, kiss the woman. I want this asshole to see it before he goes to jail."

Mia said, "Please don't call the police. We can work this out."

Dylan said, "Mia, shut up."

His wife twisted on Roy's knee. Her face had a fear on it that was directed at him. "No, you shut up! You've totally ruined this. How am I supposed to live if you're in jail? But you can't keep your mouth shut for five seconds."

He dropped his mouth open, confusion and indignation on his face. How did this develop? I'm a successful and rising star manager being groomed for corporate. Fucking ice! Why didn't these idiots fold when I exerted my authority? "Mia..."

Dan said, "Kiss her, Roy."

She had turned to Roy. They were kissing.

Dylan struggled against the chains and kicked at Dan again, but the biker had moved back.

The kiss wasn't a romantic kiss, but neither was it forced.

Watching his wife kiss the man blew his last reserves of restraint. "Get your filthy hands off my wife, you stupid, fat hick."

Dan came back to him after doing something in the kitchen.

Dylan sneered, "Fuck you—"

A potholder was stuffed into his mouth. The biker shook his head. "You need to learn some manners, fat boy."

Fat? I'm not fat. He felt his eyes burning fiercely at the biker.

Dan moved over to Mia and Roy. "Your husband can't rub two brain cells together to work a deal here. What about you?"

Mia's look was uncertain, scared, and lost. "Deal? We just need time."

He waved the cell phone. "We can have this resolved within a week or two at most with a phone call. Why should we wait any longer?"

"Because that's what neighbors do?" She looked uncertainly hopeful.

Roy glared at Dylan. "Good neighbors don't make death threats or worm out of liability."

Mia gripped Roy's face and turned it to her. "He's angry is all. He's a good man. We can work this out."

Dan leaned down but looked back at Dylan. "I think I'm going to need a kiss, too, little lady, before I agree to listen."

Dylan was yelling muffled death threats through the potholder. He kicked his feet wildly and aimed the evil eye at both men.

Roy shook his head. "Nah, I don't mind a kiss or something, but this isn't going to go anywhere. Just call the cops, Dan. There ain't going to be any deals with him, that's for sure."

Mia grabbed Dan's neck and pulled him in for a kiss. It was a desperate kiss that was filled with panic, not lust.

The biker's eyes snapped to her and he kissed her back. When they broke, he said, "I don't know. That was a mighty fine kiss." He looked at Dylan. "Kiss her again, Roy, and make it a long one."

Roy just shrugged and shook his head.

Mia's unsure look was swallowed in another kiss from the tall man. She put her arms around his neck and he removed his hat.

Dan pushed a button or two on his phone and set it down on the kitchen table. He came over to Dylan. "She's a fine kisser, neighbor."

Dylan was telling him through the potholder to go fuck himself, but it was all a mumble.

Roy's left hand came up and rested on Mia's bare thigh. He moved it up and over her hip. His hand rose up her back and then rubbed back down.

Dan's grin was evil. His voice was a whisper. "I think she likes it. Look at his

hands on her and she isn't protesting."

The tall man moved his hand around and moved it over Mia's tank-top, circling her tiny tits.

Dan leaned close again from the side. "Lookie there, he's got his hands on your wife's little titties. I think she likes it."

The kiss broke and Mia was trying to get off Roy's lap. Her hands were trying to cover her breasts. She said, "Um..."

Roy was smiling.

Dan said, "I think I'm going to need another kiss if I'm going to be willing to listen." His grin was directed at Dylan.

The biker moved back to his chair and sat. "Come here, little one. I need a bit more sugar."

Mia glanced sheepishly at Dylan but moved around the table to Dan. She sat on his knee and put her arms around his neck. She said, "If you'll forgive my husband, I know we can work something out. We can pay a little bit up front and a tiny bit over the next two months. After that, we can handle all the damages."

Dan was looking at her, nodding. "Not the most convenient of offers, but sometimes neighbors can grin and bear it. Convince me with another kiss."

Mia wiggled on his knee and licked her lips in preparation. Her panic was gone, though she didn't look all too thrilled. She leaned in for the kiss.

Dylan growled through the stupid heavy cloth in his mouth. He watched Dan's hand move right up to her tank-top. His other hand gripped her around the back of her neck to keep her from breaking the kiss.

She grunted when he touched her breast and tried to pull back, but he kept his hold. She relaxed eventually, allowing him to paw her while they kissed.

Dylan struggled. Mia, grab the gun, dammit! Point it and take control of the situation. Do something! Shoot them!

Dan's hand shifted down and then up, sliding up under her tank top.

Mia squealed through the kiss and then broke it, though he still held the back of her neck. "Uh, no!"

Dan froze. He removed his hand and then flicked his cell across the table to Roy. He gave him a nod. Then he turned to Mia. "I just want a little feel is all. Nothing big, here. We were going to talk about how we could wait, right?"

"Yes, well..."

Roy was fiddling with the phone.

"Just a touch. Then we can talk some more."

"Would you be willing to wait?"

Dan said, "Yes, it's possible. But with your husband's death threats and all, I don't know. Now how about that kiss and feel?"

She breathed quietly for a few seconds. "Well, all right."

His grin was covered by the meeting of their mouths.

Dylan felt along the chains binding his wrists. They were smooth – a more cosmetic chain than a typical chain. But it was as strong as any.

Dan's hand had lifted her tank-top and exposed her right breast. His rough fingers toyed lightly at her nipple. It began to stand out, tall and pink. The biker broke the kiss. "That's better. I think Roy would like a little feel, too."

Mia actually giggled, though it was more as if she were put out than amused. "Yeah, okay. I guess so."

Dylan watched his wife move back to Roy and sit on the man's knee. The man's big hands roamed over her and then lifted her top to massage her boobs. She moaned in the kiss and the meeting of their mouths went on for a while. Her top was pushed all the way up, exposing her little treasures.

Dan came over to him. His voice was a whisper. "She does like it. Look at her. I

think she wants her titties licked. What do you think?"

"Fucking kill you." It was all muffled.

Dan grinned and nodded. His voice was a little louder. "Sure thing, Dylan. If that's what you want." He turned to the kissing pair. "I think he's finally beginning to be reasonable. He wants us to take a closer look at her titties."

The kiss broke.

Dylan shook his head side to side in negation, catching her eyes. Then he glared and made an obvious look at Dan's side where his gun was holstered.

Roy saw it. "I don't think he's thinking of anything other than shooting us."

Dylan began nodding frantically at Mia until he realized Roy was aiming the back of the phone at him. Shit.

Dan snickered. "We know Dylan doesn't want to be reasonable. But what about you, Mia? Are you willing to be reasonable?"

"Yes." She looked desperately back and forth between Dylan and the two men.

"Your husband is in a lot of trouble. Prison-time trouble. Maybe for years."

She looked panicked again. "Wait, I'm sure we can work this out."

He leaned towards her. "He isn't willing to work things out."

"Please."

"Are you willing?"

She nodded frantically.

Dylan was shaking his head frantically.

She said, "Please. I'll work a deal with you. Whatever you want."

Dan's head turned slowly back to Dylan. The grin was positively wicked. Then he looked back to her. "We'd like to take a closer look at you."

"Me?"

The biker said, "I think Roy and I might be interested in talking a deal. I think we both liked kissing you. We'd like to see what we were feeling a little closer."

She looked bewildered. "My boobs?"

Dylan knew she liked having them played with, but she was extremely self-conscious they were so small.

"They felt so fine. We'd like to take a look, if that's all right."

She looked down; her top was already up and they were still exposed. "These? You're kidding, right?"

Roy was pulling up on her tank-top, removing it. "Let's just get this out of the way."

She looked stunned. "You can't possibly find these appealing." She shook her head at them and at her husband.

Dylan scowled at her, shaking his head and emitting muffled threats.

Roy said, "May I touch them again, ma'am?"

She laughed, incredulous. "No one looks at my boobs; they're too small."

"They look mighty fine to me." He leaned his head down and gave one a lick.

She gasped, her mouth hanging open. Dan's fingers circled the other one and her eyes opened wider. She leaned her head back, her body quivering at the attention.

The biker gave the other one a lick and said, "These are delicious."

She laughed in disbelief. "Mine? Are you serious?" She was panting.

"Perky and pretty."

Roy said, "I'd like to kiss you again."

She blushed. "My husband is right there... I'm married."

"That's all right. I like kissing married women. They appreciate it more." He didn't wait for an answer. Their mouths locked.

Dan came over to Dylan. He whispered, "She likes being kissed. She like her titties touched."

Dylan was trying to kick him. He did his best to say "Fuck you" through the potholder.

The biker shook his head. "Still can't see past your own ego. We just came over to get this straightened out, but you just couldn't be respectable." He leaned close to Dylan's ear. "All she has to do is say no. I know Roy; he's a good man. He might like to kiss the married ladies but he's smart enough to stop if the lady don't want it. How far do you think we can get your wife to go? Think about that, neighbor. Now, do you think we can talk?"

"Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you." Muffled as it was, Dylan's enraged look was enough to spell it all out to Dan.

The biker shook his head. He muttered to himself, "Too fucking stupid to be a proper human being..." A predatory glint entered his eyes. He looked over at Mia and then back. He winked at Dylan.

He growled. His wife was getting kissed and her boobs felt up right in front of him. Thing was, she wasn't protesting. She seemed more surprised and amused than anything else.

Dylan leaned close again. "Tell you what, mister. You have a choice here. Make enough noise and this all stops – but I immediately call the police and we resolve this the way it should be resolved. You go to jail and we get our uninsured motorist claim. Your second choice is to keep quiet and allow your wife to negotiate for you. How far do you think she'll go? Are you curious? Huh? I think we can get into her panties." He ran the cell phone over Dylan's chin.

Chained as he was, he wanted to strangle the man. He could try kicking him again, but that just seemed to goad the man rather than intimidate him. He tried to calm himself with some deep breaths. Jail? Fuck that. I can't go to jail. Surely Mia will stop all this. He grunted, looking into the biker's eyes.

Dan grinned and gave a small nod. "Maybe there are two brain cells in there to rub together. How far will she go, do you think?"

Dylan blew a snort out threw his nose in frustration.

The biker went back to the kissing pair. "Let's both get a closer look. Come here, little one." He was holding out his hand.

Mia looked up at him, mouth open and face flushed. Her nipples stood straight out. She let him take her hand and lift her from Roy's knee.

The biker lifted her easily and gently sat her on the kitchen table. Then he pushed her back.

She hesitated a second.

Roy said, "Go ahead and lay back. So we can both see."

She looked at Dylan, a questioning look on her face.

He looked back, remaining quiet.

She let herself be lowered to the table.

CHAPTER 4

Dylan watched both men lean over the table and devour his wife.

Tongues licked all over her breasts and fingers teased and tweaked her nipples. She squirmed slowly and gasped. Roy kissed her again. Dan looked back at Dylan and then slid his hand down over her shorts and into the cleft of her crotch.

Mia's legs clamped shut and she broke the kiss. "No."

Dan didn't take his eyes from Dylan. He said, "Oops, sorry, ma'am. I couldn't control myself." He removed his fingers.

Dylan growled quietly. Even trying to calm himself, he still wanted to kill the biker. And Roy, too.

The trio kissed for a while longer and Dan's fingers wormed down into her crotch again. He was kissing her this time.

She moaned uncertainly and clamped her leg shut, but didn't break the kiss.

Dylan growled again quietly, watching the fingers move against his wife's shorts. Irritatingly, he felt a heat rise in him and he felt his dick begin to stir. Thinking about her pussy and what a fun little lay she was firmed his dick. Bastards. Dammit, Mia, tell them to stop.

Dan removed his hand and Roy replaced it with his. The big man rubbed his fingers gently over her shorts at her clit.

Mia moaned and her hips jerked. Her legs relaxed and then she moved them slightly open. Dan stopped kissing her and she gasped. She let out a quiet sighing moan.

Dan straightened and began undoing his jeans.

Dylan's eyes wanted to pop out of his head.

The biker grinned at him and waved the cell phone before putting it down. His jeans came off and also his boxers.

Mia wasn't noticing; she was kissing Roy while he fingered her shorts.

Dan began stroking himself. He winked at Dylan and then watched Mia kissing Roy. His dick firmed fast and stood out.

Dylan wanted to call out, but said nothing. The biker's dick looked thin and long – about as long as his own.

Dan took Mia's left hand and moved it to his erection.

She cried out in shock and the kiss was broken. "What?"

The biker said, "Thought it was only fair to let you do what we were doing to you."

"Uh..."

Roy had moved his hand and was moving a finger up the leg of her shorts.

She blinked, looking flustered. "Fair?"

"Sure thing, sugar. It's okay, you can touch it."

She glanced at her husband, mouth open in surprise and something else.

Dylan made no noise. He watched her hand being put on Dan's dick. Suddenly he didn't want Mia to look at him; his dick was beginning to get hard and was poking against his shorts. I can't believe I'm getting an erection now. Fuck. His embarrassment swallowed his anger.

She allowed her head to be pushed back down by Roy and he kissed her again. His fingers were far enough up her shorts that he had to be in contact with her panties. She squirmed. Her left hand squeezed on Dan's dick reflexively.

The biker used one of his hands to cover hers and make a stroking motion. When he removed his hand after a moment, her hand continued the motion, sliding on

his erection.

Dylan's vision became blurry with spots. He was panting through his nose and his dick was fully erect. What a great fucking time to get an erection. His eyes locked on her hand stroking the biker's cock.

Dan grinned at him and winked. His look was pleased and less predatory. Then his gaze dropped down to Dylan's tented shorts. An eyebrow went up and the grin broadened. He turned a little to expose her hand moving on him.

Dylan's cock twitched and he felt a wet spot develop in his shorts. He wanted to be mad his wife was jacking the biker's cock, but he found himself mesmerized by the sight and more angry at himself for his own erection in response.

Mia moaned and Roy broke the kiss to move his mouth down to her right breast. He glanced at her hand on Dan.

He licked happily at her breasts while his hand moved under her shorts.

Mia's hand moved faster on Dan's dick.

Dylan's head swam and his cock began flexing.

Dan said, "That feels very nice, ma'am. You have such a pretty little hand."

She giggled, but it was stopped by a gasp.

Dylan almost moaned. His wife was caught up in the heat of the moment, not stopping them at all. Her body moved with the signs of lust. Her legs twitched and opened wider.

She moaned then, a low and long exhale of contentment, tinged with a growing desperation.

The biker looked down at her hand – his smile was wide and pleased. Her hand was moving on him with more confidence, now.

Roy straightened and moved over between her opened legs. He began doing something Dylan couldn't see.

Mia lifted her head. "What? What are you doing? No." Her hand stayed on Dan's cock.

The big man said, "Oh, I was just wanting to lick you."

"Lick?"

"I wanted to taste you."

Mia sounded incredulous, if somewhat out of breath. "You like doing that?"

Roy nodded.

"My husband never does that."

Dylan fumed. Why do you have to tell them intimate secrets?

Roy looked back at him and shook his head. "Well, I can't speak for him, but..."

Dan snickered. "You just can't keep your mouth off some wife's pussy."

The big man chuckled. "Married pussy is the best."

Mia sounded dumbfounded. "Huh?"

Roy said, "A married woman needs it the most and gets it the least. In my experience." He was undoing her shorts and sliding them off.

"Wait, no. I mean, you really like it?"

He slid her shorts all the way off. "Absolutely. I believe women enjoy it more than a man does getting sucked."

"My husband makes me blow him but he won't lick me there."

Roy coughed. "Ma'am, I'm telling you, if you let me show you, I guarantee you'll find the experience amazing."

She raised her head, looking down as he half-knelt between her legs. "Oh, I know; I've been licked before. When I used to date. Yes, it was amazing."

"If you would, I'd like to remind you of it. Since it's been so long for you and you've been so nice to us."

"No, I really shouldn't. I mean, I'm not supposed to do this."

Dan leaned over and kissed her.

Roy was rubbing his fingers up and down her panties. Then he began sliding them off.

The biker said, "He's willing to do this for you. And if your husband isn't, then what's the harm?"

Her panties were off. Her pussy was exposed.

Dylan feverishly gazed at his wife's lips before Roy obscured them again.

The big man was kneeling down, his face close to her pussy. "If you really don't want me to, I won't. I swear it."

"Yeah, you really shouldn't..." She was looking at him, the side of her lip chewed into her mouth. Her hand was frozen on Dan's cock. "Well, maybe a little..."

Roy's head moved and suddenly Mia hit her head hard against the table as she threw it back. She cried out in surprise, but Dylan knew it wasn't from hitting her head. Her cries drifted airily in the small home with an urgency to be satisfied.

Dan removed himself.

Mia's hand sort of stayed where he had been, her fingers twitching and hand quivering.

The biker came over to Dylan. He was stroking himself and grinning. He glanced down at the tented shorts. "That looks painful. Getting bent in there?"

Dylan wiggled his mouth and grunted quietly.

Dan wasn't looking. He knelt down and tugged down on the shorts. Then he tugged down the boxers. "Looks like someone's a little happy."

Dylan's eyes went wide as he felt the air hit his throbbing cock.

The biker stood back up. "Better?"

He wiggled the potholder in his mouth again and grunted quietly.

Dan grimaced, but then reached up and pulled out the cloth. He squinted in warning.

Dylan breathed through his mouth. "Thirsty."

The biker continued to squint, eyeing him closely. Then he nodded. "I bet. All right."

He stayed quiet, watching the biker get him some water. But his eyes kept snapping back to the back of Roy's head moving between his wife's legs. Her cries were long and on the edge of wonder.

Roy moved a hand up.

Mia gasped in surprise and moaned really loud.

Dylan knew he had stuck a finger in her.

The biker held up a glass and carefully gave him some water. "Nice to see you behaving."

He glanced at him, keeping his words to himself. He had been supremely angry and irritated his usual methods of intimidation had failed. But he didn't want to go to jail.

Dan set the glass down and leaned close to his side. "Is it hard seeing her enjoying it?" He glanced down at Dylan's erection. "It definitely makes you hard, huh?"

He looked back and forth between Dan and Roy's head. His cock twitched again.

The biker grinned and grabbed Dylan's erection. "Nice and hard, isn't it?"

His eyes went wide and he shook his head. He tried to twist his hips away, but the biker had a grip and was stroking him.

Dan whispered, "Just watch. I think she's going to go all the way." His rough hand stroked Dylan's cock faster. "Kinda hot seeing her spread open for another man, isn't it? She's a pretty one."

Dylan whipped his head back and forth, trying to twist away from the man's hand.

"What's the matter, neighbor? Embarrassed you're turned on?"

He gave up trying to get away and just closed his eyes, willing his cock to wither up and shrink.

It wasn't working.

Dylan gasped, his cock throbbing in the biker's hand. He whispered, "Please, don't. I'm not gay."

"Neither am I. Don't take dick up the ass and don't stick it there, either."

Mia cried out, loud, her hips coming up off the table. Her voice had a quivering note of clarity and tension, trailing off into satisfaction.

Dan raised his voice. "Hey, Mia."

She raised her head, a flushed bloom of color on her face.

"Take a look. Your husband liked it." His hand stroked Dylan's cock upward.

Her eyes went wide and she opened her mouth in surprise. She giggled. "Oh my gosh. Wow."

Dylan groaned, tendrils of pleasure jolting back up his shaft and into his hips.

Dan said, "Don't mean to leave ya hangin', but I'm gonna go get my licks in." He released Dylan's cock and moved back to the table.

Roy was removing his clothes.

CHAPTER 5

Dylan panted, his cock bobbing in the air after being stroked by the biker.

Roy removed his shirt and that's when Dylan knew he had made a mistake. The big man wasn't fat, though he looked it in clothing at a glance. No, the neighbor was a mountain of muscle. He came over to Dylan as Dan got down between Mia's legs.

She laughed nervously. "Go easy, I'm still sensitive."

Roy whispered into Dylan's left ear. "Fat, huh? State boxing champion last year. Opened my own club."

His eyes were wide, drinking in the bulked muscle next to him. "I... uh... didn't know."

"I think your wife won't stop me."

Dylan stayed silent. Would she? Wouldn't she? Did he want her to? Or not? He felt humiliated, standing there with his erection saying that he was turned on by it.

Roy whispered, "If she doesn't stop me, I'm going to ram your wife. With this."

Dylan looked down.

Roy's dick was a fat monster – smooth and ridged on top with a large vein. The head was a fat helmet slightly bigger than the thick shaft. His cock hung, engorged suggestively as the big man glanced over at Mia. "Do you think she can take it all? I think she'll like trying."

"Don't."

He looked back. "I won't. If she tells me not to. Are you afraid she won't?" His eyes shifted down. "Looks like you can't decide."

"She's my wife."

He chuckled. "I ain't going to steal her from you."

Dan's right arm was moving back and forth up at her hips. He was shoving fingers into Dylan's wife. The biker said, "Your husband likes this, girl. What about you? Does it feel good?"

Mia's answer was a long and low moan of lust.

Dylan's cock bulged, straining at the familiar sound of his wife's intimate pleasure.

Roy went over to the table where Dan had stood and gently took Mia's left hand. He placed it on his fat dick.

Mia gasped and looked. "Oh my god." Her hand squeezed the shaft and began stroking. She laughed nervously. "You must eat too much red meat."

Dylan's cock twitched and bobbed as he watched his wife's hand move on Roy's shaft. The sight of her wedding ring glinting proudly on the big man's cock made Dylan gasp. He began to shake, needing to touch his own erection.

Roy scooted Mia a little closer and turned her head. "Want to try to lick it?"

Dylan's heart thumped in his chest. Say no. Say something. His dick strained.

Mia giggled halfway through a gasp. "Okay."

Dylan watched his wife's mouth cover the head of the fat dick. A moan escaped his lips and a huge blob of precum oozed from his erection.

Dan looked back and smiled. He removed his fingers from Mia's swollen pussy lips. Standing, he came over to Dylan. "Impressive, isn't it? He's got a couple of married women on the hook."

Dylan coughed. "You're kidding."

The biker raised his eyebrows and shook his head. "Nope. He keeps them happy, he stays unattached, and one of the husbands knows and looks the other way.

Works out for everyone." He grabbed Dylan's cock again and began stroking.

He gasped and shook, not wanting to feel the man's hand on him but his cock responding to the stroking it needed.

Dan looked back and forth between him and the two at the table. He whispered, "Like I said, she likes it. I don't think she's going to stop us. How does that make you feel?"

Dylan squeezed his eyes shut. The rough hand slid along his erection gently, not being spiteful or cruel. He gasped and opened his eyes, trying to look anywhere but at the gray-haired biker. His eyes locked onto Mia's mouth moving on Roy's fat shaft. The head was in her mouth and a little more. She was moving slowly, her mouth working lightly on the big man's erection. Her right hand stroked him as she leaned up on her left arm.

He gasped again, a dangerous twitch bulging his cock.

Dan chuckled. "She's a sweet little thing." He dropped down to his knees and stuck his mouth over Dylan's erection.

He jerked and cried out, "Agh! No!" The mouth was as rough as the hand, definitely not feminine at all. "No, I'm not like that."

Mia had looked over. "Oh my." She giggled.

He squeezed his eyes shut. "No, please."

Dan's mouth came off. "Figured I'd give you what he's getting over there." His mouth went over Dylan's erection again.

He quivered. "No. I'm not gay." He could feel the man's tongue and teeth sliding on his erection. He felt the suction and the rough touch of the biker's hand on the base of his shaft. Ugh, no! Think of something else. Anything. The image of Mia sucking Roy's fat cock popped into his head. His cock twitched and bulged. He moaned.

Dan's mouth came off. "Like that, huh?"

Mia giggled.

Dylan opened his eyes, the biker's mouth thankfully gone, though the man was still stroking him.

She said, "Wow, that looks kinda hot."

Dylan sighed in exasperation. He knew Mia had been a hot little number before he had married her – energetic, if quiet. Always dating. He had never discussed with her any past flings either of them had been through. He finally laughed bitterly. "I'm chained down; it's not like I can do anything about it."

Dan cackled, his hand spreading Dylan's precum all over his very erect shaft. "Oh, he enjoys it all right."

Mia giggled seductively. "That looks awesome." She turned her head back and swallowed the head of Roy's cock with more confidence.

Dylan groaned, partially in frustration and partially from lust. He needed to cum, but he didn't want to in the biker's hand. Definitely not his mouth. Fuck.

But the biker had other plans. He stood and moved over to the table again, between Mia's dangling legs.

Dylan couldn't see what he was doing, but he watched the man's arms move at her hips. His cock would be close...

Mia's small thighs flexed delicately. She gasped.

Dylan tried leaning over as far as he could to see. It looked like Dan was holding his cock and moving it. Teasing her clit? Say something, Mia. Stop them. He was panting, his heart racing and butterflies fluttering through his stomach.

His wife moaned and her hips came up. She stopped sucking Roy and looked down her little body. Her mouth was open in a silent pant and a look of intense concentration on her face. "Uh, maybe you shouldn't..."

Dan chuckled. "Just teasing you, sugar."

She closed her eyes and went back to sucking Roy.

Dylan heard her gasp. Then she moaned. She gasped again and her hips began

squirming on the table. He tried seeing what was going on, but the biker's body blocked everything. He could see the man's wiry butt and he didn't really want to look at it.

Mia's mouth came off of the fat cock and she inhaled sharply. She trembled, holding Roy's cock in her hand and not moving.

Dan moved back a little.

Mia's eyes popped open and she gave a little moan of need.

The biker scooted her to the edge of the table and moved back between her legs.

She looked down, her brow furrowed as he moved his arm again. A small smile spread on her lips. "Mmm."

"Like that, sugar?"

She giggled nervously. "Uh huh." Her hand started stroking Roy's cock again.

Dylan's erection was as strong as ever; it just did not want to go limp. He found he really liked seeing her little hand on the big man's shaft. It seemed to be a comfortable sight.

Dan moved a little less and his butt pushed forward abruptly.

Mia's eyes widened and she let out a surprised gasp of lust. It was the sound she made when Dylan penetrated her.

He struggled against the chain; he couldn't feel his hands anymore. No! No! No! Say something!

Dan's butt moved back and forth. "Aw, fuck. This is the sweetest little pussy I've felt in years."

Mia's long and low moan was a gasping release of need. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back.

Roy removed her hand and jacked his own dick.

Dylan closed his eyes. His wife was getting fucked right in their own kitchen,

right in front of him. And his dick was throbbing hard.

CHAPTER 6

Dan's butt moved back and forth, driving his erection into Dylan's wife. His hands were gripping her slender hips, pulling as he pushed his cock into her. The kitchen table creaked to his thrusts.

Dylan was torn. Now that the biker was in her and she hadn't stopped him, the situation seemed less of a rape and more of a seduction. That made him squirm his hips, his cock sending another blob of precum dripping to the floor.

No, definitely not a rape. And the memory of her hand and wedding ring touching Roy's fat shaft made Dylan gasp.

Roy came over to him, stroking his impressive erection. He whispered, "He's getting her ready for me. I'm going to ram your wife. Right in front of you." He glanced down. "And it looks like you're going to like it."

Dylan said nothing. He wasn't sure he could; he knew his voice would shake. And if his wife hadn't stopped them, how could he claim it was a rape?

Mia was moaning in lust, her hips moving up and down to Dan's thrusting.

Roy said, "My cock is going to spread your wife's pussy open. Do you think she'll like it?" He gripped his cock and rubbed it up Dylan's hip. "Maybe she'll want more. When I'm balls deep in your wife, remember that you called me a fat hick." He glanced down at Dylan's erection again. "When I bust my nut in your wife, my sperm will be in her deeper than yours has ever been. Are you going to like that?"

Something clicked in Dylan. He gasped suddenly, his cock surging upward in a mighty flex. He knew he would want to see it. He would want to see her take it if she wasn't going to say no. Would she be able to take all of Roy's cock? Would she like it better than being with him?

Roy grinned at him, less spitefully than before. "I bet you didn't know you had it in you."

"What?"

He motioned with his head. "This. Seeing her get fucked. Some men really go for it."

Dan's butt was moving slower, but harder. His thrusts were hard and deep and he would hold them there before pulling out and then thrusting it hard back in. Mia was moaning happily.

The biker tensed up. "Oh fuck. Fuck yes." He began grunting, his butt squeezing. Then he pulled back a little and began jacking his dick. He gasped several times.

Roy grinned at him. "My turn."

Dylan was shaking, his cock aching with the need to be jacked hard.

Dan pulled back and said, "Whew. What an awesome little fuck."

Dylan gaped at his wife. Her pussy was all flushed and swollen, Dan's sperm coating her lips. She was moaning and writhing on the table, her hands up and rubbing up and down over her nipples. She looked very sexy and he wanted to run over there and fuck her brains out. "Dan."

Roy moved over to the table and helped Mia to sit.

The biker came over to him. "Eh?"

"Let me out. I want to see it." His voice was quiet and shaking with desperation.

Dan's face lit up like a bright headlamp. "Now you're talking."

"I can't feel my hands anymore, anyway."

"Oh, sorry about that. It was only supposed to be until the police arrived." He was behind Dylan, unfastening the chain.

Roy carried Mia into the living room. She was looking at Dylan with anticipation, worry and wonder.

He flexed his freed hands and tried to massage the blood and feeling back into them.

Roy settled her down onto the couch, her head against the backrest and her body pulled to the edge. She opened her legs and looked wide-eyed at his erection.

She said, "I don't know..."

The big man was stroking himself and froze. "You don't want me to?"

"No, I mean I don't know if that's going to fit."

He grinned. "Dan got you lubed up. Don't worry."

She glanced at her husband, the next concern in her mind.

Dylan understood immediately. She was first wanting to get Roy's cock in her. Her secondary concern was if her husband would allow it. He took a deep breath. She had already been fucked by the biker. What's one more going to hurt? And he found he had liked it, much to his amusement and shame. He said nothing, but his mouth was open in a silent pant of lust.

Roy wasn't waiting. He knelt down and began rubbing his huge helmet all over her pussy.

Dylan shook like an aspen tree in a wind. He gasped as the skin of Roy's helmet touched her creamed pussy. Her lips moved with it, opening a little and caressing his cockhead like her lips had.

Mia's eyes had moved away from his and widened in wonder at the touch of Roy's cock. She was looking down her body, her mouth open as if ready to cry out.

Dylan grabbed his dick and began jacking. Too fucking hot. His eyes followed the swirl of another man's cock-helmet all over his wife's hole.

Roy pushed a little, pressing his helmet against her opening. Then he pulled back. "Do you want me to put it in?"

She said, worry in her voice, "I don't think it will fit."

"Do you want me to try?" His smile was soft.

She looked at her husband and watched him stroke his erection. "Yes, please."

"Are you sure?"

Mia looked back at him. She pouted and squirmed her hips. "Yes, put it in. Just put it in."

Dylan gasped, stroking faster as the big man pushed against her hole. His wife's pussy lips stretched open, taking the helmet slowly. Wet sounds from the friction and Dan's leftover sperm heightened Dylan's excitement.

Mia's mouth became round – almost as round as Roy's pushing cock.

The helmet bulged, meeting resistance.

Dylan jacked furiously. You can do it. Relax. Let him in. You can take it. You can do it. He was panting. He wanted it maybe even more than she did.

Dan was next to him. "Quite a sight, ain't it?" He was stroking his revived cock.

Dylan groaned, fisting his erection with desperation.

Mia's thighs tensed and she was holding her breath.

Roy had a hold of her hips, pulling. "Don't hold your breath; you'll get all tense. Just try to relax." He shifted his hips back and forth, moving the head of his cock in and out of her opening – lubing the head with Dan's cum.

Her mouth opened wider and Roy paused, pushing a little. His helmet stretched her pussy wide open and moved into her a tiny bit.

He said, "Wow, you're a tight one."

She whimpered, lifting her hips.

He pushed again and the helmet disappeared into her.

Dylan's hand was a blur on his cock. Fuck yeah, you can do it.

Roy pulled back a little and pushed again. "There you go, little one. See?"

Mia moaned out in a worried cry of pain. "Ohmigod, so big." She panted.

"It's all right. Just relax." His shaft was slowly pushing into her little pussy.

Dylan groaned, suddenly releasing his shaft. He had almost cum. He watched breathlessly as Roy's cock slid into his wife's pussy.

Her face alternated between wonder and pain. "It feels like a fucking telephone pole."

Roy grinned.

Dan chuckled. He moved back to the kitchen and returned.

Mia gasped as Roy's cock disappeared into her. His pubic bone met hers. "Ohmigod, too full."

The boxer laughed. "All the way in. Your pussy feels so good." He was still, not moving – letting her adjust to his size.

Mia's eyes were closed, her brow knitted in concentration. Slowly her mouth closed and her furrows relaxed. Suddenly her eyes popped open and she gasped. "Ah..."

Roy chuckled.

She said, "Wow, I felt the whole thing flex."

"I think you're ready." He braced his fists down on either side of her hips and began pumping.

Dylan watched nine fat inches of Roy's cock slide in and out of his wife's pussy. The shaft was coated and wet. He could even see the flat area below her belly button bulging upward with each thrust. Standing there and watching her made the act seem normal, even if the pussy that belonged to him by marriage was stretched open around another man's erection.

Roy pumped slowly, his shaft sliding smoothly in and out of Mia's pussy. "Does that feel good, little one? Do you like it?"

She laughed without any voice – just a chuckle of sighs that was quickly stopped.

"Do you?" He angled his thrusting upwards. Her lower abdomen bulged high and deep.

She gasped, her hips beginning to move in little jerks. "Yes." It was a whisper.

"Are you sure?"

Her eyes met his. "Yes."

He pulled out, grinning. His cock was slick with juices.

She pouted.

"Ask me to fuck you."

"What?" She frowned.

"Ask me."

She twisted her lips. "Do it."

"No, ask me to fuck you." He slid his cockhead over her clit, rubbing their juices and Dan's cum over it.

"Just fuck me; don't be a tease."

"Ask."

Dan was holding the cell phone.

She sighed, her hips lifting, trying to catch the head of his cock. "Fuck me?"

"Please?" His smile was wide.

She rolled her eyes. "Would you please fuck me?"

Roy pushed his erection back into her with a hard shove.

Mia's head came off the couch and she gripped his arms. Her mouth was open, teeth visible. "Oh, yesss..."

Roy said nothing. He began thrusting hard, driving his erection deep into her married pussy.

Her cries started right away, sounds of pleasure tinged with tones of worry about being stretched and filled as she had never been before.

Roy slammed into her, ramming his cock into her in an effort of brute lust.

She opened her legs wider, her eyes closing and whimpers of newly discovered pleasure bubbling up from her throat.

Dylan watched the big man violate his wife. He gripped his cock as he watched Roy's fat shaft piston in and out of her pussy. He listened to her cries of pleasure and he loved it. He pumped his own straining dick only once and his orgasm pounced on him with frightening speed.

Mia's eyes looked to him at his strangled cry.

His sperm erupted as he tried to control it. Droplets spattered the couch next to his wife and Roy and the rest dripped to the floor. He panted, feeling a flush of embarrassment creep up his face.

Mia looked at him not with shame, but love.

CHAPTER 7

If Dylan had finally found release, Roy had yet to. The big man rammed her hard, the entire couch moving and jerking to his thrusts.

Mia's eyes teared in pleasure and her cries were ones of wonder.

Dylan went into the kitchen and grabbed a hand-towel to clean up.

Sounds of hips slapping and his wife's plaintive cries echoed in the little house. She was getting fucked good and enjoying it. It was not a sound he had ever expected to hear standing in his kitchen. But it was a sound that thrilled him.

He didn't know what to think beyond his immediate sense of lust and excitement. Even finished, he still was half-hard and wanting to watch it all. He sat down on her left side and relaxed – on the other side of them from Dan, in case the man got a grabby hand again. His hand found his cock on its own without any conscious thought. He began stroking.

She looked over at him, trying to smile.

Roy's thrusts were deep and hard, his face screwed up in effort. "She has an awesome pussy."

Dylan nodded. "Yeah."

"I'm going to look forward to more of this."

Mia moaned long and loud, her hips beginning to buck hard against his thrusts.

Dylan stroked. More? He hadn't thought about anything beyond the moment. Will I want more? Of this? It certainly was hot. He was still panting with lust.

Roy gasped. "You like that idea, girl?"

She whimpered and gasped. "Yes."

Dylan's dick hardened all the way again. His wife was going to want more and she was going to like it. It made him want to fuck her right there, taking her as hard as the big man.

Roy got his arms under her thighs and lifted them. He positioned her legs on his shoulders and scooted up. His cock was now angled down and he spread out his feet to gain some traction.

Mia's hips were tilted up, her legs high, and her pussy stretched open around Roy's fat cock.

Dylan watched his wife get pile-driven. Her hand snaked out and grabbed his cock, squeezing desperately. He watched Roy drive his cock down into her up-turned pussy and felt the vibration of force through her hand. His cock bulged again, feeling full and engorged.

Mia's cries were constant and her little body limp under Roy's thrusts. The big man was grunting, thrusting down deep. His butt rose and fell, his shaft sliding down into her pussy easily.

Roy grunted. "Aw, fuck, what an awesome pussy."

Dan was sitting on the arm of the couch on the other side, stroking his erection. "Sweet, ain't she?"

The big man chuckled. "Fuck."

The biker winked at Dylan. "I think I might even want more. I don't think Shirley will mind."

Dylan gave him a look. "Shirley?"

The biker grunted. "My woman."

He glanced down at the man's hand. There was no wedding ring.

"Naw, we ain't married. Just been together for twenty-two years now. Met on a bike-run."

"Oh. She the skinny old gal that drives the Subaru?" Dylan had seen her; she had

looked shaky like an alcoholic or a meth-whore.

"Yeah, that's her." He winked. "She might like a piece of you, neighbor. Would make things go easier with your wife and all."

Dylan did not want any kind of relation with grabby-Dan or his weird woman. "Uh..."

Roy's gasps turned into desperate grunts and then growls. He dropped his hips down hard, burying his cock all the way into Dylan's wife. His eyes screwed shut and his hips rotated forcefully, moving his cock deep in her. His muscles flexed over and over. Mia let go of her husband's cock and gripped his arms. Her wedding ring shone on her finger with pride as Roy's skin flexed underneath it to the eruptions of his sperm inside her.

Dylan watched his wife get filled deep. Her mouth was open in wonder and a surprised smile.

She gasped. "Oh wow, that's a lot of cum." She giggled.

Roy sighed in relief and smiled down at her. He began pulling out. "That's a nice, tight little fucking pussy. I'm going to love stretching you out." He gripped his cock, his face screwing up again. He jerked his shaft rapidly and let out a single grunt. An after-shock shot of sperm burst from his cock-head and landed on her left breast.

She laughed. "I don't know if I'll be able to walk." She smeared his cum on her breast. Then she gripped her husband's cock with the wet hand while giving him a smoky look.

~ ~ ~

Saturday night had come. Dylan was distracted unpacking boxes; he wanted to fuck his wife really, really bad. After a day of looking at her and just after dinner, he said, "I want you."

She giggled. "Sure thing, sailor."

He chuckled. She always called him that. He was already removing his clothes as he got into the bedroom.

She grinned. "Still turned on? I mean, you came and everything. You usually aren't good for more than once."

Dylan shook his head. "Totally turned on." His dick was fully erect, all six thick inches, and standing out ready and waiting. He climbed onto the bed and sat, motioning to her.

She climbed onto his lap and he positioned his cock at her entrance. She slid down on him as he pulled on her little butt.

He groaned with relief. She still felt the same, though she seemed very wet. "Wow, you're wet."

She giggled. "Their cum has been dripping out of me all day."

He groaned with a sudden burst of lust and felt his cock expand in her. He began bucking, thrusting his cock up into her.

She gasped. "I didn't know you wanted me to fuck other men."

He coughed. "I didn't. Or don't."

She leaned her head back abruptly. "Well, why didn't you stop them, then?"

"How was I supposed to be chained to the pillar?"

"You could've said something; I was waiting for you to say something." She moved her hips on him.

"Dan said if I did, he'd call the cops and end it all. He said it was up to you to stop them."

"He did? I thought your silence and your hard-on meant you wanted me to fuck them."

"Fuck no. I was wanting you to say anything and stop it."

She thrust her pussy down on him hard. "But you liked it."

He grunted, feeling the tickling build of his orgasm. "It was kind of a surprise. Did you like it?"

"Once I saw you did, yes."

"Oh come on, you were having a lot more fun before Dan yanked down my shorts."

She giggled nervously. "Well, I guess. The attention was nice."

Dylan began gasping. "Did you like Dan fucking you?"

She moaned and began to quiver. "He was sweet."

"You liked it?"

"It was different. Yes."

Dylan felt the heat of lust rise in him. "And Roy? Did you like him?"

Her hips rotated frantically on his cock. Her voice was a whisper. "Yes." She began kissing him. "I love you."

"You liked his cock in you?"

Her eyes went wide in delight. She emitted a throaty giggle. "Oh yes. Very much so." Then her eyes rolled up in her head and she shook in an intense orgasm.

Dylan felt his wife tense and convulse. It caused an explosion of tension in him that fled up his cock and erupted inside of her. He grunted savagely, trying to shoot his sperm as far into her as he could to add to Roy's ejaculation still lodged deep in her womb.

They fell asleep in each other's arms – holding each other all night in an unusual return to their first year together. He awoke several times with an erection, having dreamed of her fucking other men.

Sunday, the doubts began to creep in.

CHAPTER 8

Monday was a typical workday that resonated in Dylan with an alien feeling that wouldn't go away.

He had watched his wife taken. He had watched her enjoy it. Did she still love him? Would she want a divorce? Would Roy take her and laugh? What was she doing right now? Was she at home alone, or was Dan or Roy there, fucking her?

The unknown hovered over him like a malignant ghost. Doubts tickled his mind. Would she be at home when he returned? Would she be gone? Packed up and left? Had Roy's cock changed her?

Usually staying late and reviewing inventory figures and sales trends, Dylan could not bring his mind to stay longer than his salary demanded. He was on the freeway, speeding home after an aggravating day of worry. He had arranged insurance, finally, on his lunch hour. It had been so easy. Damn for not doing it sooner.

He pulled carefully into his parking spot in front of their home. Dan's motorcycle was gone, but Roy's truck was there - dented bumper and bent hitch.

He stamped off the snow and wondered if there were new footprints leading to the door. He wasn't sure. He entered to the smells of cooking.

Mia looked around the corner. "You're home early. Dinner's still cooking."

He looked down, seeing no other shoes or anything that might say someone was there or had been there. "Ah, well. Couldn't focus much. Got insurance today. We should get the initial bill in a week."

She nodded. "Hmm. That will delay our promise to Dan and Roy." She went back into the kitchen.

He followed. "Well, we can't rightly go without insurance. That's what got us into this mess to begin with."

She looked at him under eyelashes. "I don't know. Maybe it worked out the right way."

He coughed. "I don't think what happened Saturday was the right way."

She paused stirring. "I thought you liked it."

He sat heavily into his kitchen chair. It creaked. "It shouldn't have happened. Married people aren't supposed to cheat like that."

"It isn't cheating if we know about it."

Dylan rolled his eyes. "Let's not play word games over it."

She frowned. "What's gotten into you? First it's all hot and now you act as if everything's ruined."

"Well, I didn't marry you just to see some guy waltz in and steal you."

She put a hand on her hip. "No one's going to steal me. I love you."

He eyed her suspiciously. "Oh? Were you alone the whole day?"

She turned abruptly to the pan. "Why do you ask?"

He coughed. "Isn't it obvious? You're alone all day and the neighbor wants to have an affair with you."

"You're jealous."

"Damn right I am. You're my wife, not his. Did he come over?"

"Would you freak out if he did?"

"So he did. You fucked him again, didn't you?"

She sighed in exasperation. "Yes."

He threw up his hands. "Why?"

"What's your problem? You liked it. You came all over the place."

"I don't want you cheating on me."

"I'm not cheating. I'm doing something you liked."

Dylan fumed. "I don't like it anymore."

She turned to him, placing her fist on her hip. "What if I like it?"

"Are you saying you want a divorce?"

Her look was incredulous and angry. "What? No. I love you—"

"But you're going to fuck Roy."

She turned away. "I can't tell him no now."

"Why not?"

"Because maybe I don't want to. Maybe I like it."

Dylan stood up quickly and gripped her arm. "You're married to me."

She glared at him fiercely for a moment and then grabbed his crotch. "Are you mad because you didn't see it?" She rubbed.

He began firming, imagining Roy ramming his wife silly in their own home. He panted, "Where did he fuck you? On the couch? On the floor? In our bed?"

She rubbed more vigorously, a glint in her eyes. "Our bed."

Dylan growled.

She squeezed his erection through his pants. "Why don't you come see? I'll tell you all about it." She turned off the stove.

Their lovemaking was frantic.

He pumped her hard, lying on top of her. "You did it right here?"

She was gasping, fucking him back with vigorous hip movements. "Yes."

"Was it good?"

She moaned. "Yes."

"Did he cum in you?"

Her arms hugged him tightly. "Yes, twice."

He rammed her faster. "Oh, fuck. Twice?"

"Yes."

Dylan slowed, concerned. "Are you sore?"

Her eyes were closed. "A little, but don't stop. Make love to me."

"Did his cock feel good?"

She laughed, low and throaty – her playful laugh. "Very."

He felt the tingle begin. His orgasm was coming. "Do you want him to come back and fuck you again?"

She was quiet, her eyes squeezed shut.

"Do you? Do you want his cock ramming you again?"

Her mouth opened in a pant. "Yes..."

His orgasm ripped through his body and he thrust deep, squirting his passion into her.

~ ~ ~

And the doubts returned again. The jealousy flared in Dylan until he imagined every day that as soon as he left for work, Roy came over and pounded his wife until just before he came back.

He knew something was wrong. He knew he had been excited before. He knew when they were making love that both of them became very turned on.

Pacing in his office, he would harden thinking about the previous Saturday. He would burn with lust but also with jealousy.

What was different about what happened Saturday and now? Anxious to the point of snapping, he phoned home. It was Friday. The line rang and rang. He fumed. She should be home. And if she isn't answering, then she's busy. Getting fucked. Answer the phone, dammit!

He hung up.

She's my wife. Mine. Not his. The anger made him kick his wastepaper basket. He closed his briefcase and stormed out of his small office. It was located in one of the outlets and the manager, a thick man named Gary, gave him a questioning look.

Dylan dismissed the man without thought; it wasn't the manager's place to question him. "I'll be out in the field."

Gary nodded and looked away.

Being out in the field meant anything. Dylan could turn up at any one of the nine stores in the region.

Instead, he drove home.

He parked behind Roy's truck. Does the man ever work at his club? He got out to see Dan standing there on the sidewalk. "Oh, you startled me." He blew out a breath of fog in the icy cold.

The biker looked comfortable in the cold. "Yeah, just came out to say we wanted to bring over some ribs tomorrow."

"Huh?"

"Shirley and I. I asked Roy, too, but wanted to make sure with you."

"Ribs? Oh, uh..."

The biker gave him a friendly smile. "Mighty good ribs. Shirley will be doing them up tonight at the restaurant."

"Oh? She works...?"

"Waitress there. For a number of years. The owner lets her take some ribs once a month. More than we can eat in one night. We'll come over around five?"

Taken aback by the man's open generosity, he paused. "Well, uh... sure."

The biker's smile broadened. He gave a curt nod and turned away. "See ya tomorrow, then."

Dylan watched the man walking down the sidewalk. His curious look at the man's back turned into a furtive shift away as he recalled the man's hand and mouth on his cock. He's not gay? He sucked my dick! Maybe bikers are weird like that. He stomped up his walkway, trying to shed snow on his boots before he got inside.

Then he remembered his jealousy. Was she inside? With Roy? Was he in there stealing her? He unlocked and went inside.

He heard movement down the hall towards the master bedroom. He removed his boots, his hands shaking.

Roy came out first, holding a gun in the ready position. He was in his boxers, his bulge hanging engorged and heavy. He immediately shifted the gun up and clicked on the safety. "Oh, hey, it's you. Thought someone was breaking in. Sorry."

Mia looked over his shoulder. She was wearing one of Dylan's shirts. "Oh, you scared me." She came to him and tiptoed for a kiss. "You're home early."

"You didn't answer the phone."

She blushed. "Well..."

But Dylan's anger wasn't where it was supposed to be. He was at a total loss at its sudden absence. He frowned, trying to sort out what had just happened.

She looked concerned. "Is something wrong?"

"I came home mad that he might be here."

Roy gave him a funny look.

Dylan didn't know what to say. He frowned deeper and went into the kitchen to get some water. He wasn't thirsty; it was just something to do while he chewed his thoughts.

Seeing Roy had sparked his anger, but then it had vanished. Was it the gun? No, he wasn't scared. In a way, he felt good about that. If he had been an intruder, the big man would have protected Mia without a second thought.

Roy leaned against the counter, crossing his arms. "Mia's been saying you were okay with what's going on."

His wife came up next to him and hugged his arm, looking up with curiosity.

Dylan flushed in embarrassment. Those are private conversations, woman. To Roy, he said, "She's my wife. Not yours."

The big man frowned in thought. "I know that. Never thought otherwise."

I don't want to lose her. But he couldn't admit something so vulnerable. Men just don't do those sort of things. "I don't want you coming around after my wife anymore."

The big man gave him an oh-yeah eyebrow. "She's an adult and has other desires."

"It's not right; she's mine." He didn't know how to formulate what he intended without revealing his vulnerability – his fears.

But it was Roy who provided the answer – who settled that final piece in Dylan's mind. The boxer gave a slow nod and raised his eyebrows. He said, "I think I know. You're the possessive type."

Dylan shrugged. "Well, I'd think so; I married her. She's mine."

He nodded faster. "You liked it when you were there, but when you're not, it eats you."

Who are you? Freud? Is this going to be about my penis and my mother next?
Dylan grunted in response.

Roy tilted his head. "Sounds like the problem Morgan had."

He gave the boxer a questioning look.

"He's the husband who likes us filming when I'm with his wife. He's not there but he watches the video later and he's satisfied."

Video? "He likes watching it on video?"

Roy shrugged. "Since he's not there, it's the next best thing. He and his wife both enjoy it. Keeps him in the action, I guess. Like he's there. He gets to see it all, even if it's after the fact."

"That sounds odd..." But Dylan felt curious. Was that all that had bugged him? He remembered feeling right about it all when he had seen Roy's cock pushing into his wife. He had liked it and just the memory turned him on. In fact, he had really liked it. But the days that followed when Roy had come over while he was at work were the ones that bugged him. Bugged him until Mia told him about it and then their sex was passionate and fulfilling.

Was that really all it was? He wanted to be there? He wanted to be with his wife and experience it together? He wasn't sure if the realization was right, but he thought of nothing that felt wrong about it. He was married to her. He loved her. Wasn't it natural then that something so intimate should be shared? "Maybe..."

The boxer was studying his face. "Tell you what, when you're at work next week, I'll set up my camera. I'll leave the chip. If you like that, I'll keep doing it."

Dylan found nothing at which he could be angry. The big man was being thoughtful. "All right. I guess that sounds okay. Give it a shot?"

Roy nodded. "Dan wants to come over tomorrow. Bring some ribs—"

"He told me outside."

The boxer nodded faster.

"I said yes."

Roy gave a small smile. "Well, I'll see ya tomorrow then. I'll get out of your hair." He went back to the bedroom to dress.

Mia squeezed his arm. "Is that what's been bugging you? You weren't involved?"

He sighed. "Maybe." He felt the stress leave him and he gave her a hug. "We'll see."

CHAPTER 9

Saturday they finished unpacking. The broken-down boxes were stored in the small garage that was too small to hold the Jeep and their other garage gear. Dylan would put them out for trash hauling as he could without over-taxing the trash collectors.

The house looked like home, finally, and he was showered and relaxed when Dan knocked on the door.

Mia answered it. "Hi."

Dylan got up off the couch and turned off the TV. The news was all stupid anyway. The latest tit-flash by some celeb made up major international news. He waved as Dan and his woman entered. She moved in a funny way, as if overtaken by Parkinson's or something similar. Or like a meth-whore. Her iron-gray hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

Dan grinned. "Mia, this is Shirley. Shirley, Mia. And he's Dylan."

Shirley was carrying a tray topped with foil. She smiled, an eye twitching. "Hope you like ribs." Despite her odd behavior, she sounded nice.

Mia took the tray.

Dan said, "Roy will be along in about a half hour. He's getting his club ready for a round of bouts tomorrow."

He motioned for Dan to sit. Then he chose the opposite end of the couch. He said, "What do you do for work, anyway?"

"Manage a scrapyard." Nothing more.

"You got your tail light fixed?"

He nodded, thrusting a chin at Shirley. "Borrowed it from her. She borrowed it

from her boss."

"Shit, sorry. Got insurance now, but I'll still pay cash."

He flicked his head to the side. "All right. Long as it gets settled."

"How much was it?"

"Hundred-fifty. Not too bad. But they charge an arm and a leg for pieces of plastic now."

He nodded knowingly. He knew parts were going up in price – far faster than the government admitted in their fabricated inflation reports.

Shirley sat down next to him and patted his knee.

Dylan flinched but didn't jump up from the couch.

Mia sat down between Dan and Shirley.

The woman said, "About fifteen minutes in the oven should be enough, but we'll wait for Roy."

Dylan furrowed his brow in concentration. Her manner was very polite and she seemed nice. But what's with the meth-whore shaking? He put on his diplomatic managerial face. "I notice you shake...?"

She coughed a laugh. "Obvious, ain't it, hun?"

He said low and quiet, as if speaking of death at a funeral. "Parkinson's?"

"No, I worked on a farm back in 2001. Had a bucket of herbicide blow up in my face. They said it must have been over-pressurized due to the change in altitude here." She pointed to her face. "Developed this two days later."

Dylan's eyebrows climbed his head. "Did you sue?"

She tilted her head and smiled. "Honey, they're so tight; you can't sue them. The government has so many protections on those companies that they get away with everything."

"You got no restitution?" He was incredulous.

She shook her head. "Unless you count that the supply company replaced the bucket."

He coughed. "Wow. Great. I'm sorry to hear that."

She patted his knee. "It's all right. I've gotten used to the shaking." She laughed derisively. "Most people assume I'm a crack-whore or something."

Dylan felt a deep pang of shame. "No..."

She shrugged. "Life is full of all kinds of amusing surprises."

Mia said, "We wondered about the drug problem here."

Dan grunted. "It's everywhere. But the one you want to watch out for is that white-haired woman across the street."

Dylan frowned. "Huh?"

Shirley was shaking her head, her eyes round. "Oh, Diana." She made a twirling motion with her finger near her temple. "Look at her funny and the woman will stir up trouble. Something's not right up there."

Dylan said, "She seemed nice from a distance."

"Don't believe a second of it, hun."

Mia said, "Good to know."

~ ~ ~

Dylan felt at ease finishing his ribs. They all sat around the kitchen table, relaxing.

Roy gave Mia a wink. "Why don't you come sit on my lap for a few minutes?"

She rolled her eyes and blushed. But she got up and sat down on the boxer's lap.

He sighed contentedly. "There we go. Tanner's ribs and a beautiful girl."

Shirley gave a lopsided grin. "I can bring some again next month, if you all want to host us."

Dylan felt bad for thinking so poorly of the woman and the dinner had been nice. "Sure, if you're willing to share. Those were great."

Roy said, "Gimme a kiss."

Mia giggled and held her hand over her mouth. Her tongue worked to remove any bits of rib meat still stuck in her teeth.

Dylan chuckled. Women, always worried about how they look.

Shirley said to him, "So what do you do for work?"

"I'm a regional manager for Advantage Auto Supply."

Mia and Roy kissed.

Shirley, sitting next to Dylan, reached over and patted his knee. "It's nice to meet liberated people."

Dylan shook his head. "Huh?"

Her head twitched. "People that aren't so uptight about having a little fun."

He looked back and forth between Dan and Shirley. What hadn't the biker told her? "Well, it wasn't my idea, actually. But I guess I'm okay with it."

She looked at him curiously while Dan stifled a laugh.

Roy's hand was up, touching and rubbing Mia's blouse as they kissed.

Dylan shifted uncomfortably. While he wasn't bothered with them kissing, it seemed odd in front of guests.

Shirley grinned and shook her head. "Don't be bothered about them; Roy's a

masher."

"You, uh..."

She winked and leaned over close to him. Her voice shook a little, but was low and secretive. "That boy's a bit too much for me."

"Uh..." Does she mean what I think she means? Or does she think he's too forward? "Too much?"

Her eyes squinted a little. "Too big-like."

Mia's hand was down in Roy's lap, moving.

Dylan's eyes went big. "Oh... you and him...?"

She gave a raspy laugh. "Once was enough. I didn't need all that."

They were talking low enough that Dan couldn't hear. He frowned and thrust his chin in question.

Dylan rolled his eyes and gave a sheepish grin.

Roy said, "Up."

Mia giggled.

He carried her over to the recliner.

Dan grinned. "Looks like the action is heating up."

Dylan got up and cleaned the plates off the table. In the three minutes it took, Roy had undone his jeans and slid them down a little. Mia was on his lap, stroking his firming cock.

Shirley and Dan looked at Dylan and back and forth between them.

Dylan moved over to the couch and sat. He didn't normally sit in the recliner; they had one just to have one. Seemed like standard living room furniture. He hoped Grabby-Dan didn't come over wanting to handle him or top off the ribs with a bit of sausage-suck.

Instead, it was Shirley who sat next to him, snuggling close.

He felt a bit uncomfortable. "Oh, uh..."

"Don't worry. I don't bite."

Dan stretched back on the far end of the couch, leg crossed and foot swinging.

Dylan tilted his head. "Oh, well. I... uh..."

She leaned back a little, looking at his face. "Am I too old? Not young enough?" She said it without any edginess.

But Dylan felt the barb. "No, it's not that..."

"Too much gray in my hair? I don't like hair dyes."

"I like gray just fine. Natural is always better." He lied; he had never thought about it before.

She slumped a little. "I used to be young once. Filled out my jeans. Used to be referred to as hot."

"Oh, well, you're fine-looking."

She rasped a laugh. "No one's said that in years, hun, if you don't count Short-Stuff."

Dan grunted. "I ain't short."

Dylan looked at her. Her face had a fine sprinkling of wrinkles, but her skin was smooth and without blemish. He could imagine that she had been fine-looking in her youth.

She made a half-grimace, half-smile. "I guess time has passed some of us by." She settled back. "Seems to go faster every year."

He had heard many people say it. While it did seem as if the years were passing a little quicker, he attributed it to the progress of his career. Schedules met and passed. Goals attained. Have they gone by quicker? He made a dismissive sound. "You're not that old, are you?"

"Fifty-three, hun. I'm not thirty-nine and holding." She laughed.

There was a bitter brightness to her face that touched Dylan's sensibilities. She knew she was getting older and her day had passed. "That's not that old. I'm forty."

"That's young. I still had it going when I was forty. Now everything has deflated and sagged."

He reached over and squeezed her knee. "I hope when Mia hits fifty-three, she looks as good as you."

She rolled her eyes, but smiled. "I hear all kinds of come-ons at Tanner's. Yours needs a little work." She shook her head. "But I'll take the compliment, I suppose; they're harder to come by nowadays."

He squeezed her knee again.

Mia had leaned down and was slurping on Roy's cock. Her right hand fisted his shaft up and down beneath her lips.

Shirley leaned her head close. "I ain't torturing my mouth around that thing."

He chuckled. But he was firming in his pants at the sight even though his wife's hair obscured most of it. He felt none of the worry and jealousy he had felt all week. He shifted uncomfortably, trying to allow his cock the room to expand.

Roy smiled at him, a knowing twinkle in his eye. "She's good at this."

Shirley whispered, "He says that about all the women, I'm sure."

Dan had unfastened his pants and was watching, stroking.

Dylan whispered back, "Did he say that about Dan?"

She leaned back suddenly, clapping a hand over her mouth. Her laughter bubbled like a boiling pot of water. She calmed after a moment. Her answer was another whisper. "He's a little weird that way."

He smirked. "But he's not gay."

She laughed again, quieter. "Whatever..." She looked down at his bulge. "Undo your pants; no need to suffer."

"Hmm? Uh, yeah, I guess." He undid his pants under her expectant eye.

Her smile developed into a bright light. "Now that's more my speed."

"Huh? It's not big like his." He motioned with his chin to Roy.

She smirked. "No need for all that." She reached over.

He reflexively twisted away and blocked her hand.

She pouted. "I don't get to touch? Too old? I bet if I was eighteen you'd let me."

Dan chuckled. "You want me to do it?"

Dylan shook his head violently. He grabbed Shirley's hand and stuck it on his cock.

She giggled but started stroking him.

Mia had turned her head and was looking at him. She raised an eyebrow while sucking Roy. Then she pulled off her mouth and gave him a look that said he'd hear about it later.

Dylan scowled. What the fuck? It's hot to have Dan stroke me and suck my cock but not Shirley? He scooted down a little so his erection stood straight up.

Mia got that evil little tease look that had captured him years ago. She began licking up and down Roy's shaft, twirling her tongue around the head while looking him in the eye.

Dylan moaned softly, his cock swelling. The old woman's hand felt pretty good.

Roy eased the chair back and began man-handling Mia around. He brought her hips around until she was lying down on his chest sucking him. Her legs were open for his face and she moaned as he began eating her pussy. He hummed. "Nice, sweet married pussy."

Mia locked eyes with her husband again as she sucked the fat cock. She pulled

her mouth off and moaned, open-mouthed. She licked her lips at Dylan, a smoky look in her eyes. Then she started licking him again with slow strokes – never losing eye contact.

Dylan was surprised when Shirley leaned over and took him into her mouth. He gasped, not knowing what to do. He had never thought of her that way when he had seen her outside.

Mia was casting a suspicious glance at him, but Roy was moving her again. He twisted her around so she was facing and straddling him. His erection was aiming up at her pussy.

Dylan moaned happily as his cock received a nice licking. Not bad for an old gal, actually. He moaned louder as he watched his wife's pussy open up and slide down Roy's shaft from just five feet away.

She settled down on him slowly, taking his fat shaft up her pussy. She ground her hips around in a circular motion and looked over to Dylan. Her eyes were filled with satisfaction and lust. She glanced down at the gray-haired woman bobbing up and down on her husband's cock and watched for a few seconds in fascination. Then her eyes began to close as her movements on Roy's cock drove all thought from her mind.

Dylan watched the big man lift Mia up and down on his erection. The man's cock stood tall and hard, thick and engorged. Dylan panted, watching his wife ride the thing. There was no jealousy here and no worries. His wife's pussy and her intimacy were being loaned to Roy and the boxer treated her as if he were getting a great gift.

Dylan smiled. He is. It's a very special gift. Why is it so different when I'm at work? Why was I so worried and stressed out? Because she's mine and mine to give as a gift? Because I wasn't participating?

Shirley leaned up, holding his cock in her bony hand. "You've got a nice one there."

Dylan smiled, suddenly not feeling uncomfortable with the old woman sucking him. Better than Dan...

CHAPTER 10

Dylan listened to his wife's moans and Roy's gasps. He watched his wife's pussy bend in and out – her pussy lips wet with juices – as she fucked Roy's cock on their recliner. She was breathy with her moans, and her eyes were closed. She no longer looked over at him getting his dick handled by Shirley.

Dylan was at peace. He was also excited and proud. His wife was taking all of Roy's fat monster deep in her and loving it. He wanted her to like it and he wanted Roy to keep coming over.

Shirley had stopped. She was shrugging out of her worn jeans.

He glanced at Dan. The biker was grinning, stroking his cock while he watched Mia.

The old woman settled down next to him and grabbed his dick again. She stroked him and used her other hand to finger her pussy.

There was something so sexy and nasty about getting his dick stroked while watching his wife on another man's cock. He felt a connection of involvement with none of the expected jealousy. Sharing her in this way was easy and fun, adding an element to their marriage both of them would be enjoying.

Roy got up and lifted her off. He used his foot to scoot the coffee table over a bit. Then he put her down and moved her to hands and knees. She turned, moving to be able to look more directly at Dylan without turning her head back over her shoulder. She grinned at him and winked as Roy settled onto his knees behind her.

The big man grabbed her hip with one hand and positioned his cock with the other.

Dylan watched his wife's eyes close as if sleepy, then her mouth drop open as Roy pushed his hips against her butt.

Mia let out a long, breathy moan. She opened her eyes as if remembering and looked into her husband's eyes. She squirmed her butt back against the boxer as she gave her husband her playful-naughty look.

Shirley said, "Are you clean?"

Dylan looked down at his dick. "Clean? Yeah. I shower every day."

"I mean, no diseases?"

"Oh, me? Heck no. Never."

She twitched a smile and got up. "Good. So am I." She stepped to the side, blocking his view of Mia and Roy.

Dylan leaned back, unsure. Her butt was flat and scrawny, with small hanging sag-lines. Then she was settling down on him, facing out. "Oh, uh..." Ew, old woman?

Mia moaned louder and Roy's hips began slapping against hers loudly.

Shirley grabbed his dick and positioned it. Then she sat on him.

Dylan was frozen, thinking it would be all wrinkly inside. But as the woman's pussy slid over and down his erection, he realized it felt just like a normal pussy. She was very warm and wet and she slid her pussy down his shaft easily.

She let out a satisfied groan. "Very nice."

Dan had gotten up. "Take some of this, sugar."

Dylan looked around the older woman. The biker was on his knees near Mia's head.

His wife smiled up at him and opened her mouth, moving her head closer to the biker's cock. She sucked him in.

Dylan groaned with lust. She was made for this. Suck him good, Mia. Do it.

Her moans became muffled as her mouth moved on Dan's cock just by the force of Roy's thrusts alone.

Shirley moved her pussy up and down on him and Dylan found it felt good. His cock swelled inside the woman. She said, "She a good little cocksucker?"

The biker chuckled. "Yep, she's got a sweet mouth." He pulled back, drawing his cock out of her mouth.

Roy was pumping harder, grimacing.

Mia moaned loudly, looking dizzy. She hung her head down and gasped out, "Fuck me harder. Deeper. Yes, uhn..." She laid her head down on the carpet, her moans increasing with the approach of her orgasm.

Roy panted, his hips working feverishly. "You like that, little one? Like it in there?"

Mia whimpered. "Yes."

The boxer groaned and gripped her hips tightly. He thrust forward and began grunting, emptying his balls deep into Dylan's wife.

She went quiet, gasping for breath, and moved her hips against him, milking his squirting cock.

Dylan lost it, his erection swelled with a deep tickle and desperate streams of cum shot up into Shirley's pussy.

She twisted her head back to look at him. "Couldn't hold back, huh?"

He chuckled, his cock twitching inside her. "Uh, sorry."

"That's all right, hun. I had a good ride on it." She lifted off and sat back beside him. She moved her fingers down and began playing again.

Roy had pulled out and Dan was moving Mia to lay down flat. She looked over at Dylan and smiled happily, her hips moving with lust.

Dan climbed between her legs and teased her pussy with his erection.

Shirley said, "Give it to her; don't be a tease."

Mia's mouth was open and she was looking down her body.

Dan eased into her with no effort at all – his cock sliding smoothly in all the way.

At the first penetration, Mia cried out and tensed. She lifted her hips and began convulsing – her orgasm finally tipped over the edge.

Shirley moaned with her and moved her fingers faster on her pussy.

Dan's butt rose and fell, his erection sliding into her quivering pussy. He looked back at Dylan. "Your wife is an awesome little fuck, neighbor."

Mia was still shaking, her teeth clenched and her fingers digging into Dan's shirt.

Dylan watched them move together as they fucked. His wife wrapped her arms around Dan's neck and they kissed.

Roy was sitting in the recliner, his cock limp and large. He said to Dylan, "I'll leave a chip Wednesday."

Dylan said, "Uh, why not Monday?"

The boxer shook his head. "Got another woman to keep happy. And another on Friday. I was just getting used to yours. Can't drop the others; gotta pay them some attention."

Dan leaned up and arched his back. He groaned out and his butt started clenching between Mia's legs. She gasped and smiled, pulling her legs up to let him get deeper.

Shirley emitted a cry that startled Dylan; it was fast and very sudden. She moved her fingers furiously, her eyes locked on Dan and Mia.

Dylan's cock was twitching, still mostly swollen. He watched the biker pull out of Mia and he gazed at his wife's sloppy pussy. Sperm was everywhere.

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Dylan was in bed with her later, after a satisfying and passionate bout of love-making. He said, "You still love me?"

She coughed. "Yes, you dingus. What about you?"

"What? Me? Of course. Why do you ask?"

She gave him a wary eye. "I saw you doing Shirley. You can't hide it."

Dylan made a face. "Hide it? It was right in front of you."

"So, you like her better than me?"

"Of course not."

She looked away. "I'm not wanting some free-for-all lifestyle."

He chuckled ruefully. "Wasn't it you who said you wanted it?"

"Yes, Roy and maybe Dan. But I don't want to start adding in other people."

"Yeah, she's kinda old."

"No, she's nice. I just meant I don't want every neighbor on the block coming in here—"

"Neither do I."

She lifted an eyebrow. "Then we're agreed. No expansion."

Dylan nodded. "No expansion. But I want to be involved."

She smiled that mischievous smile that had captured him years before. "Done."

He would make room for Roy and even Dan. They could enjoy his wife's pussy whenever they wanted. He would look forward to being there or seeing it. At night and in bed, she was his. Sharing her would be one of the deepest gifts he could give to his nicer neighbors.

As long as Dan doesn't try to grab my dick again...

Thank you for reading I'm Going to Ram Your Wife. Reviews are always appreciated.