



THE
FLOOR
GUYS

A Shared Wife Adventure

KIRSTEN MCCURRAN



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Preface

I want to set expectations accordingly before you read this book. This story was born of a quick and dirty idea. A friend had a floor installed and commented on how hunky the contractors were. My dirty mind did the rest. Hardly an original idea, I know. But I'd like to think that I put my own fun, filthy spin on it.

I also must confess that after working on other complex, deep books lately, I wanted something less weighty. Something simpler, and hopefully fun. Not to say this one is all sunshine and rainbows. I also took the opportunity to take my characters to a darker, twistier place. I tried some cuckold shades in this story I don't usually play with. But this isn't a story with chapter after chapter of build up, and characters working up their nerve to do something naughty. Jen and Brian are already there. This is all about their raw feelings in the moment, and how an outsider sees Jen and the game she's playing. It's also me playing with writing about different kinds of couples, not just upper-middle-class professionals leading Pottery Barn lives. Working class people are kinky too!

I hope you all enjoying reading this novella as much as I enjoyed writing it. It was fun to get to know Jen and Brian. I think you'll like them too.

KM

November 2020

Frank

I knew Mrs. Radcliffe was looking for trouble the moment we walked into her house. She was overly friendly—all smiles, extra bubbly—and then there was her outfit. Mrs. Radcliffe wore a loose gray tank top and yoga pants that showed off her round, ample ass. It was the kind of top that needed a sports bra under it, like she might wear to work out, but the lady of the house was not working out and she wasn't wearing a bra at all. When she moved, her tits bounced and swayed freely under the soft, thin gray cotton, and threatened to spill out of the sides. They were big and had a nice hang, but still looked nice and firm. It's a miracle she didn't flash us within the first five minutes we were in her house.

Mrs. Radcliffe showed us back to the family room, where Ricky and I would be installing the new flooring her husband had ordered. She introduced herself as Jen then. Only her husband's name, Brian Radcliffe, was on the work order. I introduced myself and Ricky, bringing another smile from Mrs. Radcliffe—Jen.

“Please, call me Jen,” she said, when I called her Mrs. Radcliffe again. She smiled again. Jen had a pretty, warm smile, painted with red lipstick, even though she appeared to be home for the day. Her hair was done too—deep brown and worn down past her shoulders. Was she one of those women who just always wears makeup, or was this for us?

“Sure, Jen. This will only take a few hours and then we'll be out of your hair. I hope you don't mind if we're in and out.”

“That's no problem. Just please keep the door closed so the cats don't get out.”

“Of course.”

“I'll be working over there if you need anything.”

She gestured to the small, bar-height kitchen table, which was in clear view of the family room where we'd be working. The house was a big, mid-century

split-level, the kind they built in the suburbs back in the 1950s and 1960s. I grew up in one of them just a few towns over. Jen turned away and went off to her work, whatever it was. An open laptop and stacks of papers awaited her on the table. I admired her sweet ass as she walked away. That was a nice, MILF ass right there—plump and juicy, just the way I like it. Fuck those guys who only want the skinny twigs. Mrs. Radcliffe had hips, a nice pear shape a man like me can appreciate. I didn't know for sure, but I guessed Mrs. Radcliffe was in her early forties. She had the nice, thick, lived-in curves of a sexy mom. I knew Mrs. Radcliffe had a kid, a boy, from the pictures on the walls. If they were current, the boy was probably around ten and obviously at school. Thinking of her being a mom made me think of her as Mrs. Radcliffe instead of Jen, and that got my motor running almost as much as the bounce in that sweet ass. The husband, Brian, didn't seem to be around. There was only the one car in the driveway, so I assumed he was off at work. That had my antenna up. Jen's enthusiasm, the outfit, and the kid and husband out of the house all added up to an interesting afternoon, if I was reading the situation right. I was pretty sure I was.

Here's the thing. Stories of horny housewives getting fucked by the delivery guy or the plumber are so clichéd no one thinks they really happen, especially in this day and age. There's too much liability, too much corporate mentality, and it just seems too far-fetched. You'd read about it in Penthouse Letters—back when that was a thing—or see it as a plotline in a thousand porn videos. I'm not saying it happens all the time. Or that it even happens often. I've been doing installations and general contracting work for over twenty-five years and I've only fucked a client maybe three or four times. Even then, it only happened on the job once. That was about ten years ago and the woman, a curvy Italian widow in her early fifties, came right out and invited me to her bedroom. The other times I was slipped a phone number and we met up at a more convenient time when they could get away from their families. Yes, they've been married every other time. The more common situation is that the client wears something sexy—just like Jen—flirts heavily, maybe a soft, curvy body part accidentally gets exposed, but it doesn't go farther than that. The woman doesn't have the nerve to push it further than that, and I need a strong, affirmative sign that I can do more than look. I'm not looking to make anyone do anything, and I'm certainly not looking to get into trouble. But sometimes the stars align, and the shit goes down. Mrs. Jen Radcliffe gave me that vibe. Call it intuition. I just knew she wanted something to go down. I hoped she had the nerve to go for it, or make it clear I should.

I sent Ricky to the van to start bringing in our tools and materials. As the junior guy, that was his gig. Ricky was in his mid-twenties and young enough to be my son. I tried to look after him like he was my kid, but he was one of those cocky young guys who can't be told anything. The Puerto Rican kid was kind of a hothead and a ladies' man. His phone chirped with texts from the ladies all day while we were working, and I had to constantly remind him to keep his head in the game. He liked to get me distracted too, showing the latest sexy photos texted by the girl of the week. One thing I didn't have to tell Ricky was how hot Jen Radcliffe was. We both checked out her ass and exchanged looks. I didn't know the kid was into older women, but what young guy doesn't have a MILF fantasy these days? Good for him.

I surveyed the room but was distracted by glancing back through the doorway to watch Jen. She'd pulled her thick walnut hair up into a plastic clip and slipped on dark-framed, cat-eyeglasses to see her screen. She looked even hotter that way. Her body was angled in profile to me and when she moved her arms, I spied the side of her tit peeking out from the tank top. No way a woman dresses like that with workmen coming to the house unless she's looking for attention. I was ready to give Jen all the attention she needed.

The family room was 19x18, pretty much a square except where the fireplace jutted it. It looked like an addition to the original house. The carpet was ripped up before we arrived, which I appreciated. We made more when we had to rip out the old carpet or flooring, but it was a dirty job I didn't mind leaving to others. If it hadn't already been done, Ricky would have been all over that. The entertainment center, tables, and kid's toys had been cleared from the room. We passed them in the living room on the way into the house. The large sectional remained. It looked too big to easily get out of the room. That was fine. We could move it around as we needed to. I lifted some pieces and put them on top of the others to clear space. Jen watched me work. I spied her from the corner of my eye. I bet she appreciated the way my thick arms flexed when I lifted her couch like it was nothing. I'm a big guy, not fat, but thick all around, and my arms are like telephone poles. I took my time, letting Jen get a good show. As I finished, I looked over. She blushed when our eyes met, and I gave her the knowing smile. Yeah, we both know you were looking, and that's okay. Your husband isn't around to see it. Jen went back to her work and stared at that screen like it was hypnotizing her.

Ricky kept carrying in tools and materials and I got to work preparing the

underlayment. The Radcliffes chose relatively cheap vinyl flooring planks. I'd have advised they chose something better, but I didn't know their budget. The house was nice, and Jen kept it well, but it wasn't flashy. This was a middle-class family, not well-off. They probably couldn't afford the really good stuff we laid down in the quarter-million-dollar McMansions. The underlayment would help with comfort and sound. They didn't cheap out there.

I was on my hands and knees, cutting the underlayment to size when I caught Jen looking again. My ass wasn't much to admire—is any guy's—but she seemed to like it. Jen seemed to like watching men at work. I finished cutting the piece I was working on before I met her gaze again. She flushed again, but didn't look right away this time, like she was working up her nerve. She even smiled shyly. I liked the way those red, bow-tie lips moved, couldn't help imagining them on my dick. I held her green eyes for a moment then trailed down her body, let her know I could see how she was exposed and that I appreciated it. My gaze lingered on her tits before I looked up again, and Jen was deeper crimson. Maybe she thought she'd been subtle. How many outfits had she gone through before we arrived that morning, trying to find the right balance of sexy and normal, without crossing the line into slutty and desperate? Was she all twisted up waiting for the kid to get on the bus and Brian to leave for work? I wondered if lingerie had entered into consideration—if maybe she'd thought of just going for it. Nah, Jen Radcliffe was too classy for that. She needed to suggest—strongly suggest—what she wanted, not beg for it. This was the perfect outfit for me. I like a woman in workout wear. It made me wonder how flexible she was.

Ricky walked through our eyeline and ruined the moment. That was okay, I had to get to work anyway, and my growing joint was getting uncomfortable in my jeans. I know Jen was still watching when I reached between my legs to adjust it. Yeah, she was primed. I just needed to know how we were going to get there.

We fell into our usual rhythm working on the floor. Ricky and I were a good team. He took one side of the room and we worked toward each other. Once the underlayment was in place, we started pulling planks from the boxes. We worked closer together now and we could converse in low tones without Jen overhearing us, although I didn't mind if she overheard our discussion. The big, empty family room was echoey and I'm sure she caught some of it.

“Can you believe her?” Ricky asked, his voice tinged with an accent. We were on our knees, clicking the vinyl boards together. He looked over at Jen hungrily.

“Yeah, she’s hot as a pistol alright.”

“I mean, shit, she’s married, right? What does her husband think, her dressed like that with us coming over?”

“Maybe she doesn’t care what he thinks. She wants attention, right?”

“Yeah. I know some girls need attention, but I’m not used to it from ones like her.”

“What do you mean, ones like her?”

“Y’know, married, a mom. I see ‘em at the bars, playing games, but this is different. There’s no one else around to show off to.”

“There’s us, boy. Did you consider she’s looking for more than our attention?”

“What?” he asked, drawing the word out as his tone rose in disbelief. He got louder too. Jen didn’t look over, but she had to have heard him. “What do you mean?”

“You’re a kid, but you’re not stupid. I think Mrs. Radcliffe over there is looking for some action.”

“No way, man.”

I just stared at him. It was time to school the kid. “You ever heard of a woman’s sexual peak?” Ricky shook his head. He probably didn’t know shit about any girl over twenty-five. Maybe he should be the one to fuck Jen Radcliffe. A woman like that could teach him a thing or two. Or maybe we should both do her. That would be fun. “A woman gets to a certain age, right around her age, and their bodies kick into overdrive. They’re comfortable with their bodies, expressing what they need, and their hormones push them to want it more, or something like that. I’m not a doctor. But anyway, yeah, women her age fucking need it, man. They need it, and they need guys who know how to handle themselves to give it to them. She’s probably been married like, what, fifteen, twenty years? You think her old man is still hitting that the way he used to? If he was, she wouldn’t be sitting there like that. It’s a fucking signal, Ricky.”

“What should we do?” His eyes were wide. I’d blown his mind.

“Let me feel her out, make sure I’m right about where she wants this to go. Just follow my lead, kid.”

We worked on for a few minutes, until I had a natural reason to go into Jen. I pushed off the floor with a grunt—even with kneepads this wasn’t as easy as it had been twenty-five years ago—and walked through to the other room. Jen glanced up from her work, looking at me over the rim of her glasses. Damn, she was cute. I wanted to grab her right there. I wore my admiration plainly and first her cheeks flushed, then those bow lips smiled.

“What is it, Frank?”

I paused, watching her, feeding her my lust. She didn’t shrink away. It was a sign she welcomed it. That was my first green light. “There’s something I need to show you.” I let that hang, let her think about it before I went on. Cheeks went a hint redder. My turn to smile. I told her, “Come into the other room.” I liked the way she followed my orders right away. I liked the way her tits bounced when she hopped off the bar-height chair even more. I’m a big man—over six feet—and my bulk dwarfed her. Jen just about came to my chin, if that.

Jen followed me back into the family room. I crouched down by the fireplace and motioned for her to do the same. Ricky watched from the corner of the room. She did as I asked, balancing on the balls of her bare feet. Jen had nice feet, pretty toes painted to match her lipstick and her fingernails. I like a woman who takes care of herself.

“See this here,” I said, pointing to where the planks met the edge of the fireplace. “I can just go up to the edge with the floor, but it’s going to kind of look like shit because it’s not quite even. I can put moulding around it, but I wanted your go-ahead first. What do you think?”

While Jen looked at the fireplace, I stared at her tits. The tank top was loose, which allowed her to really move in it, but the thin material still clung to her big breasts. Her nipples were thick and stood out through the gray cotton like bullets. Guess the air conditioning was too high for her. She leaned forward and I look right down her top at the fantastic hang of her tits. They were really nice and swayed ever-so-slightly, even with the smallest movement. Jen looked away from the fireplace and caught me, which was what I wanted. We shared an awkward moment while my eyes leisurely drifted back up to hers. I smiled in

approval, and she smiled, too. I don't think she was accustomed to this game. Jen liked the attention, but her cheeks were still heated by it. Being bad wasn't her normal state. I'd fix that, given the chance.

"Uh, yeah, whatever you think is best," she stammered. "You're the expert."

"You leave it to me, Mrs. Radcliffe. I'll take care of everything you need."

"Jen, remember."

"Right. Jen. I've got you covered, Jen."

"Thanks, Frank."

Jen stood, putting her tits right in my face. I wanted to motorboat them. I watched her hips swish out of the room and glanced to Ricky. The kid loved the show. He was ready to go off. I gave him a watch this look and followed Jen back to the kitchen table, where she stood shuffling papers. I was uncomfortably close, and she started.

"Do you need something else, Frank?"

"Just taking a break. Thought I'd see what you were doing. You didn't say what your work is."

"You didn't ask."

"I'm asking now. What do you do, Jen?"

"I'm in marketing. I do a lot of online stuff for local businesses."

"That social media stuff."

"Yes, that's it. It takes a lot of strategy to get noticed these days."

"Like those girls on Instagram, posing in bikinis and holding up products?"
Don't be so shocked. I may be a fossil, but I know Instagram, and I know what I like on it.

Jen giggled. "Not like that, but yes, you need a hook to be noticed."

“How about you, Jen? Do you have Instagram?”

“I do, but it’s mostly family pictures, memes I like, nature, stuff like that. Not the kind of account it sounds like you follow.”

“I’d follow you, Jen. I’d love to see what you’re up to. I bet you’re fun.”

“I, uh, really should get back to work. I, hm, have a lot to get done.”

I moved an inch closer and she tried to shift back but bumped into her tall chair. Nowhere to escape. Fear flickered across her eyes. Her lips twitched. She was enjoying playing this game. Jen had a plan, but now that I was so close, now that something might actually happen, she wasn’t so sure. She was afraid to cross that line. I got it. Like I said, I could tell she wasn’t used to being bad. But she wanted to be. I bet she needed to be bad. When was the last time she’d colored outside the lines? Jen needed to blow off some steam. I’d give her the nudge she needed.

“How about a kiss first?” I just laid it out there.

“What?” It was like she didn’t believe I’d said it.

“How about a kiss, Jen? We’re working hard in there. Show your appreciation for the fine job we’re doing.”

“Uh, what?”

“Kiss me, Jen.”

“I’m married, Frank. I don’t go around just kissing strange men. You should go back to work.”

“Kiss me, and I’ll go. It’s just a kiss, right? What’s the harm in a kiss?”

Silence hung between us. She could have pushed the chair out from behind her and slipped away. She could have pushed me away. She could have really told me to get lost. Jen didn’t do any of those things. We both stood our ground. I saw the decision in her green eyes before she voiced it.

“Fine. A kiss and you’ll let me get back to work?”

“Sure.”

“This is crazy, Frank. Do you do this at every house you go to?”

“Only with women like you, Jen. Come on.”

Jen looked heavenward, like she couldn't believe she was doing this, trying to play it off like a joke. I was deadly serious. She'd find that out one way or the other. She stood on her tiptoes and just about reached my face. She tried to peck me on the cheek, but I turned. She bussed me right on the lips. Her lips were soft and warm. Jen lingered a beat longer than she'd kiss her uncle, long enough to show intent, but not long enough to find real trouble. It wasn't long enough for me.

“That was sweet, Jen. But I meant a real kiss.”

“That was a real kiss.”

I chuckled and shook my head. “A woman like you, I bet you know how to kiss better than that. Give me a real kiss so I can get back to work, hon.”

I waited for her to process it. Propriety still held her back, but she still wanted to do this. That first little kiss put a crack in the dam. It made the second kiss easier. Every crack would make the next come easier, until her dam burst.

Jen looked back to the family room to check on Ricky, but he'd looked away like he was focused on his work. She rose up again and delivered a real kiss. She palmed the side of my face, her eyes fluttered closed, and her lips softly met mine. The soft, light kiss slowly grew in intensity, her lips pulling at mine, her tongue slipping out and probing. Jen was being coy, but the kiss betrayed her true desires. I palmed that round ass and pulled her into me, letting my dick press into her stomach so she could feel what she was doing to me. That made her kiss me harder. It might have only been a minute or so, but Jen kissed me like a woman who wanted to fuck, and it felt both too quick and like a lost eternity. She peeled back from me and smiled like she was very proud of herself.

“Is that what you had in mind?” she asked.

“It's a good start.”

I gave her ass a nice squeeze and went back to work as promised, although having that soft, curvy body pressed against me had my blood flowing and made walking difficult. Jen was right to be proud of herself. I felt her watching me as I walked back to the family room, then heard her scamper upstairs, probably shocked by her own behavior. Ricky stared at me like I was his hero. He hadn't seen anything yet.

Brian

Mind. Fucking. Blown. My tablet rested in my trembling hands and I stared at it almost confused, like it was a window into an alternate reality that made no sense. How could it make sense? I'd just watched my beautiful, loving, caring wife of fourteen years kissing another man. Even though I knew—hoped!—it was coming, it wasn't any easier to watch. I don't know what I expected to feel when this moment finally came, but I wasn't prepared.

I fought to control my breathing, hoping my heart would slow the fuck down. It felt like it was about to explode out of my chest. I'd hardly eaten that morning, too nervous and excited to force food down, but the toast I did have with my coffee hours ago threatened to come up as my stomach endlessly knotted itself. My entire body was rebelling against the wrong unreality I'd just watched. I squirmed in the seat of my SUV, unable to find comfort. But my dick was harder than it had ever been. I hadn't even gotten hard-ons like this when I was a teenager. I'm not a huge man—I've had no complaints—but it felt it was going to tear itself out of my khakis. I'd dressed for work when I left home that morning—even though I'd called off—carrying this weird feeling that everything had to appear normal to the neighbors, or they would know what Jen and I were up to, and I couldn't have that. I didn't want to be branded a freak. I couldn't have people knowing that my most fervent wish was seeing my sweet wife fuck another man.

My blood still pounded in my ears as I considered how that kiss I'd just watched had been a long time in coming. I don't know if I really thought it would ever happen. It seemed as likely as aliens landing on the White House lawn. Jen and I had been toying with my freaky new fantasy in the bedroom for months. It made her uncomfortable at first, but guilt nudged her into playing along. The guilt receded and the forbidden naughtiness of it took over, and soon Jen was just as into it as I was.

It all started when I noticed Jen was increasingly obsessed with her phone. She'd always been attached to it, but over the span of a month it became like an

appendage—always in her hand. If she wasn't holding it, the thing was right by her side, and she never left it unattended. It had a lock screen, but I had a pretty good idea what her PIN code was. When I joked with her about it, Jen laughed it off, but I'd known this woman for the better part of twenty years, and I could see she was nervous. I let it slide, but then my own fears crept in.

We have a great marriage. Our teamwork is top notch. Even when we disagree about a parenting decision, we always present a united front until we can hash it out behind closed doors, which can be a challenge with a kid with behavioral issues. Our boy is smart as a whip and charming when he wants to be, but the flip side is that when his issues surface every moment is a challenge. Too many days just have to be slogged through as we try to guide him through his issues. In many ways, it's consumed our lives, and one of the problems it's created is that we're both exhausted at the end of the day. Jen and I just want to fall into bed and sleep. I love my wife and I want to make love to her, but too often I'm just too physically and emotionally drained. And in the moments I do try to get something going, she's consumed by whatever's going on. Our marriage was strong, but our sex life had grown stagnant. It was in that context that I feared all of Jen's time on her phone was texting with another guy. It hurt, but I didn't blame her if she was seeking stress relief somewhere else.

I started with the jokes about Jen texting with her boyfriend, and she laughed, but her eyes were mirthless. When she ran to the store, I commented that she was sneaking out for a quickie. Jen chuckled and said if she had a boyfriend, she would, which stung more than it should have. My wife is a woman of strong sexual appetites, and I knew our stalled love life bothered her even more than it did me. Her addiction to her phone grew, and when she started putting it down every time I walked into the room my paranoia kicked into high gear.

I had no proof of anything, just this sinking feeling that Jen was up to something. It would be so out of character for my loving, loyal wife to cheat on me, but I couldn't shake it. When she ran to the store for milk, or to pick up dinner, I imagined her meeting some faceless man in a parking lot to get a quick fuck in the back of her minivan. It made me nauseous, but my pulse also raced. I finally couldn't take it anymore and confronted her.

It was late and our son was already in bed and fast asleep. Jen always used to go to bed early, right after our son, while I tried to stay up and watch television—usually to fall asleep on the couch and stumble to bed later. But I came up to bed

one too many times to find my wife in bed, in the dark, tapping away on her phone. She jumped when I flicked on the light.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” She closed her phone and laid it aside.

“What were you doing?”

“Nothing, just killing time. I couldn’t sleep.”

“You were just sitting there staring at Twitter?”

“Instagram, but yes.”

“At eleven at night? I don’t believe you.”

“What are you accusing me of, Brian? Do you think I was watching porn?”

“I wouldn’t mind that. That would be hot.”

“Of course, you’d say that. Maybe I do look at porn from time to time.”

Jen almost got me. I was sidetracked, thinking about her watching porn and getting off. I knew she played with herself. I knew about the toy in her nightstand drawer, a short, stubby thing with ridges on top. We had other toys, kept in a bag at the top of our closet that hadn’t been brought down in ages. Before all of life’s distractions, Jen and I were pretty wild. There were handcuffs in that bag too. I longed for those days, and as I thought about them, my cock swelled, and I nearly dropped my interrogation to jump on top of Jen. But I stayed focused.

“Are you cheating on me?”

She gaped at me. Stared as if I’d lost my mind. “When would I have time to have an affair, Brian? I’m either working or taking care of this house or taking care of our son. If I had that kind of free time, I’d go get a massage, or hell, just to a bookstore like I used to.”

“We hardly fuck anymore.”

“Is that my fault?” she challenged. It was fair.

“No, but you’re always on that goddam phone. I know you’re up to something.”

“I told you what I was doing, Brian. This is ridiculous. I’m going to sleep.”

“Show me.”

“What?”

“Show me, Jen. Let me see your phone and you can call me a prick and I’ll apologize.”

“I’m not humoring you, Brian. I’m going to sleep.” She rolled onto her side, away from me.

I came around to her side of our small bedroom and grabbed for her phone on the nightstand. Jen snatched it up and rolled away. I fell on her scrambling to take it from her hand.

“Brian! Stop it! Get off me!”

“Show me your damned phone!”

“Fuck you.”

“Yeah, fuck me.”

I climbed off her and sat on the other side of the bed. We glared at each other. The silence was deafening. My eyes bored into her and she shrank away from the heat of my anger. Suddenly, she was looking everywhere, but at me.

“I’m not cheating,” she finally said, almost a whisper.

I took a deep breath and calmed my temper. “Then what are you hiding?”

“I’m not cheating. Not really.”

“What does that mean, Jen?”

“I’ve just been chatting with someone. It’s just talking, on Messenger. It’s

nothing. It doesn't mean anything."

She gripped her phone like she was trying to crush it, wringing it in her hands, like it was malleable clay she could shape into something else. Her obvious guilt undermined her words.

"Show me, then. If it's nothing, there's no reason I can't see it."

Defiance flared. "Would you show me any text chain on your phone I wanted to see?"

Jen had me there. I had a few text chains with the guys I wouldn't want her reading. I wasn't cheating, but you know how guys can be. We talk about women, we bitch about our wives, we blow off steam. It was harmless, but it might hurt Jen's feelings, and I didn't want to do that. But this wasn't just bitching with her girlfriends, I knew that much.

"It's with a guy, right?"

She nodded curtly.

"Then I want to see it. I'm your husband, Jen. I have the right to see it."

"We both have private things, Brian. Do you want to tell me why you suddenly switch screens on your computer when I walk into the room?"

I didn't, but that really was porn. I could have told her what I was looking at, but I was embarrassed because of the state of our sex life. I didn't want her feeling like it was about her. I just liked to look at stuff. I'm a man.

"I'm not comfortable with this, Jen. I'm not comfortable you having chats with another man that I can't see. I can't let this go."

"You don't trust me?"

"It sounds like maybe I shouldn't."

Another stretching silence. I knew if I waited her out, she would crack. Jen was a good person. She might have stumbled into doing wrong, but she couldn't just hide it. Her conscience wouldn't let her.

“I’ll stop, okay. I swear I am not cheating, and I have not crossed any lines, but if it makes you uncomfortable, I’ll stop.”

“I still want to see. I need to see, Jen. If I don’t, it’ll eat me alive. You know how I am. I’m going to build this up in my mind until I can’t stand it. I’ll make it so much worse in my head than it is, if it’s as innocent as you say it is.”

Jen squirmed, her internal struggle manifested. She desperately wanted to keep this hidden, but she couldn’t. She knew I was right and that this thing would live in my head if she didn’t extinguish it.

“I really don’t want you to see it. I don’t want you to get the wrong idea, Brian.”

“I promise I’ll keep an open mind.”

More squirming, more pleading with her eyes to let her off the hook. I didn’t budge.

“Okay, but you have to let me explain.”

Jen sighed and unlocked her phone. She placed it in my hand like a primed hand grenade.

Jen

I was frantic. I paced in the small bedroom, covering the eight feet of open space over and over like I was locked onto a track. I shook out my hands—nearly dropping my phone—but couldn't shake the pins and needles feeling plaguing me. It wasn't just my hands. My entire body itched with anticipation and fear. Fear of what I might do. Fear of what I wanted. I knew I was going to scratch that itch, even if it was dangerous and wrong and dirty. The worst part was that all those things made me want it more. I cursed Brian for putting this idea in my head, even if I was the person who kicked it all off in the first place.

Brian's reaction to my digital indiscretion shocked me. I didn't think he had any surprises left in him after so many years together, but his reaction was right out of left field. He could be kinky and creative in bed—back when we had regular sex—but he'd never even suggested he wanted something like this.

I braced myself that night in our bedroom when I handed over my phone with the message chain open. Neal's name at the top stabbed at me like an accusing finger. Brian knew who Neal was. Brian's face set in stone when he saw Neal's name. I heard his teeth grinding when he started reading.

Neal was my first college boyfriend. If every red-blooded woman has an ex who opened her sexual horizons, Neal was mine. I wasn't a prude back in high school, but my experiences were run-of-the-mill. The couple of boyfriends I'd slept with didn't try anything wild, except spanking my ass a couple times—something I really took to. It was Neal, the cute, edgy boy in my freshman Comp class, who opened up my world with his dark fantasies and experimentation. He introduced me to things I'd never heard of, let alone thought I could like. I'd never gone out in public in a skirt without panties before Neal. The freedom and perceived danger were thrilling. Neal liked testing me like that. The first time he made me flash my boobs on a highway I thought I'd die when the trucker honked his horn. I'd never been tied down or blindfolded before either, and when Neal did those things to me, I thought I'd pass out from excitement. Neal made me come so hard I questioned if I'd ever had an orgasm before him. I'd

done it to myself, but no boy had come close to making me feel the way Neal did.

Like all young relationships as intense and thrilling as ours, it was like a car careening down a mountain road with no brakes and it was inevitable we would crash and burn. It was ugly when we finally went over the edge and exploded in a ball of flames. I was left ashamed that while I knew Neal was terrible for me, I couldn't help but crave the way he made me feel in bed. I tried recapturing that with other guys—a lot of them over the next year—but the others didn't hold a candle to Neal. Brian was the first one who came close—when things were good.

Brian knew all about my past with Neal. He seemed strangely fascinated by it and begged for stories of my wilder days. In hindsight, maybe this turn in our marriage wasn't so surprising after all.

I immediately regretted handing over my phone. The last two messages were damning.

[Jen] I wish you were here right now. I'm so wet

[Neal] you'd be screaming if I was

Brian looked up from the screen and stared at me. "What the fuck, Jen? What the actual fuck?" I recoiled from his hostility.

He scrolled back, reading the rest of that evening's chat. It began innocently enough, two bored, middle-aged married people texting about their boring lives, reliving our old glory days, but it quickly devolved the way it always did when we chatted. Neal started with innuendo, I rose to it, and the dirty talk that followed was as inevitable as day following night. Next thing I knew, I was touching myself when Neal told me to and telling him the filthy things I wanted to do with him. It was like a drug.

"Please don't keep reading," I pleaded, knowing he would anyway. He just grunted and kept going.

Brian smoldered when he saw the photos I'd sent to Neal. Since he was working backward, he saw the worst ones first, photos of my wet pussy and me touching it. Lots of photos of my boobs. Neal loved them as much as my husband did.

Really, all men did. Almost no one looked me in the eyes anymore. It was disconcerting until I decided to enjoy it. They were much bigger now than when I was with Neal. My boobs were cute and firm then, not small, but not huge. They grew with pregnancy and stayed larger. I've put on ten or fifteen pounds over the last few years and they had really blown up. I hate the weight gain—really hate my butt—but I don't hate the attention my boobs bring me. Neal couldn't get enough of them and always demanded photos. At first, I refused to send anything but clothed photos. Last time Neal saw my boobs, they were eighteen years old, tight and perky. They're still in pretty good shape now—in my humble opinion—but they don't sit up like a coed's. I wanted Neal to remember my young, tight body, not my fortysomething, given-birth body. But he was nothing but lust and praise, and frankly, I needed the confidence boost, given the state of my sex life with Brian. It's been hard to fight the feeling my husband just isn't interested anymore, especially when I know he's looking at porn and jerking off. It feels like he's still horny, just not for me. I'm not a woman who can live with a dead bedroom.

“I can't believe you've been doing this. It's been going on for months,” Brian marveled.

“It started innocently. He just reached out to catch up after finding me on Facebook.”

“This shit isn't innocent, Jen.”

“No, not now,” I conceded. “It's just gotten out of control.”

“Fuck, Jen.”

I wanted to be defensive. I wanted to tell him if he was paying more attention, I wouldn't have been susceptible to Neal's magic. I felt like I was sending out signals that I wanted it from Brian. But I knew I was wrong to blame him. He didn't make me say those things to Neal. I didn't really feel like I'd cheated, but I knew I was way over the line.

That night started us down this strange road, a road that led to me making out with some contractor who came to our house. A virtual stranger. Frank wasn't even much my type. He and Brian were nothing alike. Frank was big and rough and coarse, where Brian was the definition of a soft suburban dad. I liked the safety my husband represented. He was my rock and the reason my life made

sense. But I won't deny the electric thrill I felt when I answered the door and Frank and that kid stared at me. My morning was all anxiety and doubt and fear—I must have put on a bra and a sweater three times before leaving it off—but that evaporated the moment Frank looked at me like that. Okay, maybe the fear didn't evaporate, but the doubt was gone. When Frank looked at me like he wanted to fuck me, I knew I wanted it too. I didn't know if it would happen. I didn't know how it would happen—especially with the other guy there—but I knew I wanted it to happen.

I froze when Frank told me to kiss him, and I felt like a silly girl after all the signals I'd been throwing at him. I wanted to be a confident woman and grab what I wanted, but I still needed to be coy. I needed to play at being a decent, respectable wife and mother. But Frank had my number. Guys like him and Neal just seem to know. Yeah, he gave me that Neal vibe, like he knew exactly what I wanted and how to give it to me. I knew it would be a wild ride with Frank. He knew I just needed a little push. He gave it, and there I was making out with him. I knew that kid was watching and that just made my heart pound harder. But it was knowing my husband was watching on those little cameras he'd seeded around the house that got me downright wet. I squeezed my thighs together while I kissed Frank, and it sent currents of pleasure throughout my body. I could still taste Frank on my lips. He tasted of coffee and cigarettes. It should have disgusted me, but it energized me. The difference from my husband made it so much more exciting. I didn't want more of what I had. I wanted a man who was rough and ready, and that was Frank.

I'd finally done it, after months of Brian pushing and manipulating. I'd kissed another man. Manipulation isn't fair. It may have started out that way, but he had a creative mind and when he got me into bed and started pouring erotic honey in my ear, telling me how exciting it would be to see me with another man, how hot my chats with Neal were, it tickled something deep inside of me—something that had been long dormant. Neal may have cracked that door open again after twenty years, but it was my husband who threw it open wide. Brian buzzed that vibrator around my slick lips and told me he knew I wanted more than chat with Neal. He said he knew I wanted what Neal had. He asked me how big Neal was and I told him. Neal was a big man, bigger than my husband anyway. Size isn't everything—not even close—but Neal brandished that thing with a confidence Brian never showed. Brian pushed the thick vibrator inside me and told me he knew I wanted to sneak off and fuck Neal in the back of my minivan, right behind our spouses' backs, and I moaned yes. It wasn't true at first. It was just a

dirty, illicit fantasy, but Brian made it true with persistence. He made me want it just as much as he did. Brian led me to the trough, and I buried my head in it and drank. I didn't care about the risk or the morality, or Neal's wife. I wanted him to make me feel the way he did in college. There was just one hitch. It couldn't be Neal. Brian made that clear, and I knew he was right. Neal was too dangerous. I couldn't risk going there, and Brian wasn't quite insane enough to want that. He'd decided he wanted me to fool around with other men—just not my ex.

In bed, Brian shifted the fantasy to other men. Sometimes strangers, sometimes men in our lives, in our social circle. I found it excited me just as much as fantasizing about Neal. That was a revelation, and I wasn't sure how I felt about the implications. It turns out it wasn't just about Neal, I just wanted to fuck another man. It turns out I was really just kind of a slut. I had no idea there was an inner slut in me, dying to get out, but my husband found her and freed her.

After months of fantasies and long, deep conversations about doing it for real, I agreed, and Brian lit up. I still didn't know if it was a good idea, but it was something we both wanted to try. We just had to figure out how to make it happen.

I stopped pacing the bedroom and turned to face the camera Brian had stashed on our dresser. It was a boxy, little black thing hidden among the tray of perfumes and potions atop my dresser. It's cold, unblinking eye peeked out from between two dark glass bottles. I hoped it wasn't obvious. I bent down and looked right into it, knowing I was staring at my husband.

“Are you sure you want this?”

I stared at my phone, expecting a text or call from Brian telling me to call it off. He would come home, and it would be over. Frank wouldn't push anything with my husband in the house. My phone stayed dormant. Brian wasn't going to stop this. It was really going to happen.

Brian

“Are you sure you want this?”

Jen’s words echoed in my brain, making my stomach lurch with doubt. I thought I did, but all it took was her asking the question to make me second-guess what we’d spent the better part of a year working up to. I was sure I was prepared. Watching Jen kiss another man was seared into my brain and I was still off-kilter, but I loved it. I wanted more. But what if my dick was doing all the thinking and leading me to my doom?

I did consider calling her and calling it off—for a second. But I left my phone on the passenger seat and instead stared at Jen through the tablet. Her intense stare through the camera seemed to dare me to stop her. I had a sudden perverse thought—would she think I was less of a man if I pussied out or if I went through with it and let her fuck another man?

There was no real question of what I’d do. I was past the point of no return. Unless Jen stopped it, this was happening. My cock throbbed in my khakis, banishing my doubts. I stared at my wife through the tablet and willed her to go back downstairs and keep teasing the floor guy.

We should have known there would be more than one guy there, and that gave me pause. Our plan—such as it was—was all about Jen being with one guy. I had no idea if she had any desire to be double-teamed, and I wasn’t sure I could handle seeing that—almost thinking about it tickled the reptile part of my brain. I did want to see my wife playing the slut. But two guys just seemed so dangerous. Don’t ask me why that was the line, when I was already prepared for Jen to fuck one stranger. I don’t have an answer, but Jen doing both of them just felt too far. The problem was, I had no control over what was going to happen.

My desire for Jen to be with another man was my deepest, darkest secret. I had a small cadre of friends I played cards with, but I would never confess such a thing to them—even though I was dying to tell someone so they could reassure me that I hadn’t lost my mind. I went online and found plenty of support from my

fellow perverts there, but it wasn't the same. Strangers telling me it was cool was not going to make it okay.

I'd never been more confused than I was that night I read Jen's messages with Neal. I was truly enraged. How could she do such a thing? I knew things weren't perfect in our marriage, but I didn't think she was capable of such a thing. Even through my suspicions, I prayed I was wrong. But then I saw those messages and it was all laid out for me. My sweet Jen wanted to fuck another man.

Why did it have to be Neal of all people? I knew the things he'd done to her. I knew the way he'd fucked with her head, and it had always angered me. I also knew the things he'd done to her in bed—and out of it—and I'd always marveled at the things he'd gotten my wife to do. I both hated and admired him. He was the one man who had the ability to make me feel threatened in my marriage. If Jen had been doing this with anyone else, I could have taken it in stride. I don't think I'd have had the same reaction if it had been anyone else, at least not the foul, perverse reaction that I despised deep down. Neal opened up possibilities for Jen, and I couldn't help fixating on those possibilities.

I read her messages with the man and looked at the pictures they exchanged. It wasn't just photos of Jen's beautiful, curvy body, but Neal sent photos too. I told myself it had to be a trick of the camera. It was all angles. The guy was huge. His tool was fucking massive. Jen had told me Neal was big back when I asked about him, but I never really thought he was pornstar big. How did she take that thing? That horsecock would rip her in half. Jen always told me she loved what I had, but seeing what Neal was packing made me doubt it. If she wanted that thing, how could she truly be satisfied with me?

The messages detailed what Neal and my wife wanted to do to each other and I imagined it as I read them. I saw it as if they were doing it right in front of me. I was rock solid, and if I hadn't been so ashamed, I probably would have thrown down her phone and fucked Jen then and there. But I didn't want her to know the effect the exchange had on me, so I handed back her phone and went off to sleep in the guest room. Sleep only came after I beat off twice, imagining the mother of my son begging for Neal's monster cock.

I prayed my feelings would go away with time. I knew Jen and I would talk, and we'd deal with the Neal thing, but I didn't know what to do with this other thing I felt. The harder I tried to put it out of mind, the stronger it became. Imagining

Jen with Neal became something of an obsession. I'd sit in my office and try to pull up the old stories she told me about their time together. I always got off on those stories, but that never concerned me because they were her past. My sick fantasies were all about what I wanted Jen to do now. Their power grew until I couldn't ignore them.

Jen was contrite and I forgave her. I told her I knew our spark had dimmed with everything going on in our lives and I understood how she may have been weak. We dedicated ourselves to getting that spark back and she promised to ignore Neal. It was a fine plan—except deep down that wasn't what I wanted. I had no idea how to tell my wife I hated her slutty behavior, but that I wanted more of it.

We promised at least one night of lovemaking every week, and it started with a sweet reunion after a much too long dry spell. The promised one night a week turned into three or four—even when we were tired—and that's when my new fetish began to creep in. It started in my head before I said anything. We'd be making love and I'd start to imagine her with Neal. I prayed she didn't notice how fast I came. Soon the fantasies slipped from my head and I started whispering things to her during sex. I started asking Jen about those old days with Neal. I know she thought it was weird, given what happened, but I think her guilt made her play along. It turned out to be hot for both of us. Jen would tell me stories while stroking my cock, and I'd relay them back to her while I used her thickest toy on her.

“You miss it, don't you?” I'd whisper, teasing her slick entrance with the buzzing tip of the toy.

Jen nodded, biting her bottom lip. Our bedroom door was closed, and the boy was asleep down the hall, but we didn't want to wake him.

“That's why you did it, isn't it? You saw him and it made you want it again. You realized what you'd been missing all these years.”

“Brian, no. I love you.” Her protest was a moan as I pushed the vibrator past her lips.

“I know, baby. I know. But I also know what a dirty girl you were. I know you have to miss it. It's okay. You can let it out, Jen. I want it to come out.”

“Brian...”

I buried half the toy in her, the thick shaft spread Jen open, its buzz muffled by her gripping canal. Her hips lurched as she sought more. Her moans were pleas.

“Tell me, baby. Tell me you miss it. Tell me you want it, Jen.”

“I...I...”

I withdrew it until just the tip teased her lips, taunting her. She whimpered. I thrust it back in and she cried out, grabbing the sheets, and twisting her body.

“It’s good. It’s hot, baby. I want it too. I want him to fuck you. I want to see Neal fuck you, Jen,” I growled, my lips so close they brushed her ear, pouring my sick fantasy into her brain.

“Oh fuck,” she mewled. “Oh fuck, yes. I want it. I want it, babe.”

“Tell me what you want, Jen.”

“You know...”

“You want Neal? You want that huge dick again?”

“Yeah...”

“Say it, Jen. Tell me, baby.”

My cock ached between my legs. I wasn’t even touching it, and I feared it still might explode. I didn’t want that humiliation, but I couldn’t stop. “Tell me, Jen,” I demanded.

“I want it, bad. I want his dick. I want him to fuck me. Oh god, I want it.”

I pumped the vibrator into her, fucking my wife and picturing it was Neal splitting her open. I knew she had the same thought. The toy was bigger than me, but I doubted it was as big as her former lover, but it would have to do. Jen opened her legs wide and took it, pumping her hips back up at the invasion, trying to capture it deeper. She was all quivers and ragged breaths.

“I want to watch him fuck you, Jen. I want to see what he does to you,” I grunted. I was fisting my own cock now. I couldn’t help it.

“Oh fuck...yeah...fuck...”

I weakly panted her name and exploded, shooting my embarrassment all over her thighs and stomach, while still cranking that toy into her pussy. Jen wailed when she felt my hot semen on her skin and curled toward me, locking her thighs over the vibrator, trapping it inside her. She trembled and whined, grabbing my wrist and pulling the toy from her. Her long, dark hair hid her face, until she recovered enough to brush it aside and fix me with an intense, questioning gaze.

“Brian?”

Fuck. I had some explaining to do.

Frank

Gotta admit, I thought Jen Radcliffe lost her nerve. She was gone so long, I was sure she'd hide upstairs until we called her down to inspect our work when we finished. I was cool with that. I was cool with whatever happened. Yeah, it would suck if I left that house with blue balls after her little tease, but I got it. Maybe Mrs. Radcliffe's eyes were too big for her appetite. She was probably upstairs flogging herself for being such a tramp. I'd had fun either way, and it was another story for the guys at the bar.

“Was that it?” Ricky asked. We were almost done laying the planks. Once you have them cut, they go together pretty quickly.

I chuckled. “You sound more disappointed than I am, kid.”

“I just thought, y’know...”

“That I was going to fuck her? Yeah, I thought I might, too. But that’s a big leap for a woman like her. I’m guessing she doesn’t screw every workman who comes into the house. You’ve been watching too much porn, kid.”

“I know that, Frank. I’m not stupid.”

“Not saying you’re stupid,” I told him. He was a little stupid, but that’s just part of being that young. “Just saying you need to be casual about things. When you want it too bad it doesn’t come to you.”

“So, you think she’s done? She got scared?”

“Why don’t you go ask her, kid? Go on up there and ask her if she’d ready to fuck. Maybe she’ll let you take my place.”

Ricky’s eyes lit up as he considered the possibility. I’m surprised he didn’t jump up and do it. His little head was clearly doing the thinking.

“Just chill, kid. If I get into her pants, I promise you can watch.”

Watching another guy fuck isn't my thing, but I didn't judge the kid if that was his thing. And I didn't mind if he watched. It wouldn't be the first time. He could even jump in if Jen Radcliffe didn't mind, as long as he left me room to work.

Mrs. Radcliffe came down the steps then. She looked in on us and when I winked back at her she shyly looked away. I felt the energy coming off her, even from so far away. She wanted to play with fire. It wasn't out of her system. Jen Radcliffe was scared of it, but she wanted it. I half-wondered if she'd been jerking off up there. That would be hot. My hog lurched in my pants. She was my favorite kind. It wouldn't have been nearly as much fun if she just jumped into my lap. I liked working for it. She settled back into her chair and I got back to work, eager to finish her floor and get to what came next.

We finished laying the planks and I set Ricky to installing the new trim. I got to my feet and dusted off my pants before calling her back into the room. "Can you come here, Jen?"

She started in her chair and waited. I knew she was making a decision. Sure, it was just coming in to inspect the work, but we both knew it was more than that. Jen's tits jiggled when she hopped off the chair and I openly stared at them as she walked toward me. When I met her eyes, she was smiling.

"I want you to come in and have a look before we go any further. What do you think?"

Jen walked deeper into the room and glanced around. I moved in behind her, closer than I would be to any normal client. She sensed it and bumped into me. Intentional or not, it pushed my bulge into the small of her back. I dropped my hands to her hips, casually resting them there, and she didn't move away. Her hair smelled like strawberries.

"It's good," she said.

"You like what you see?" I flexed just enough to grind my bulge into her back. I felt her breath catch. My hands on her hips moved her against me until she moved of her own accord. It was subtle, but it was there. She liked what she felt.

"Yeah, it's great. You do a great job."

We stood like that for a moment, and Ricky watched us. He couldn't help

himself. He stared at Mrs. Radcliffe like she was a nice, juicy steak. The kid needed to rein it in a bit. He did not get playing it cool.

“Are you guys just about done?” she asked.

“We need to get the trim in and go over everything. Clean up our mess. It won’t be too much longer now,” I replied. I felt a shiver go through her. She knew she had to make a decision.

“Okay, great. I’ll be in the other room for anything you need,” she said brightly.

I let her go and Jen moved away slowly, like she was walking through a dream. She sat back at the table and I stared at the side boob poking from her tank top, dying to get my mouth on those things. I went back to helping Ricky and waited for a sign. I didn’t know what Jen would do. She probably didn’t either. I doubted she had any idea how to signal she wanted me to screw her.

I didn’t wait long. Mrs. Radcliffe slipped out of her chair and disappeared around the corner into the kitchen. “You finish up in here,” I told Ricky.

“Yeah?” he eagerly replied.

“Yeah, kid. Get this job done while I take care of the other thing. Stay out of my way. I’ll kick your ass if you queer this up for me.”

Ricky was disappointed to be left behind, but I knew he’d listen. He knew I could kick his ass, and I would too, if he fucked this up for me. At this point, I wasn’t leaving without throwing a screw into this housewife.

Jen Radcliffe leaned against the kitchen counter, sipping a glass of water like she was waiting for me. It was a long, galley-style kitchen, with a narrow space between the fridge and the opposite counter. She leaned into the back corner, trapped when I stopped just before her. She wanted to be trapped. It was easier for her if there was no escape.

“Can I help you? Do you need something?” she asked, her voice tinged with mirth. She was nervous, but part of her enjoyed this.

I smirked. “I think I should be asking you that, Jen.” I liked using her first name now. It felt intimate in that tight space.

“What do you mean?” she stammered. I felt her confidence drain as she was confronted with the moment of truth. Jen Radcliffe was passive. She needed a man to take charge. I had to guess Mr. Radcliffe wasn't that guy, or we wouldn't be there.

“I think there's something you need from me, Jen. You're gonna tell me before we're done.”

“I...I...maybe you should go, Frank.”

“Kiss me, Jen. Stop playing fucking games and kiss me. Kiss me, and I'll give you what you need.”

Bless her, she did it. She found her spine, grabbed me, and pulled me down into a kiss. Jen kissed me hard and deep, thrusting her tongue into my mouth and flattening those great tits against my chest. I gripped her round, ample ass and pulled her in even tighter, kneading that supple flesh. She moaned into our kiss. She gyrated against me, rubbing her tummy into my bulge, feeling it grow. I squeezed that ass so hard I practically lifted her off the ground.

Jen pulled harder on me, like she was trying to climb me. I kept a hand on that ass, but my other slipped up under her loose tank top and grabbed at those titties. A fat nipple burrowed into my palm and I pinched the puckered bullet, pulling it. Jen yelped, then moaned, biting my bottom lip.

I lifted her and dropped that ass onto the countertop with a thud, shoving cereal boxes aside. Those thick thighs parted for me when I moved in. I bit my way down the side of her neck, and she gasped, ruffling my hair with her fingers. Jen was gasping like she was so out of control she couldn't breathe. I chuckled to myself. This was nothing, baby. She leaned back when I pulled up her top, then held it up for me. There was no resistance left in Jen Radcliffe. Now that I'd broken the ice, she was ready to go.

Her tits tasted sweet, like some kind of special body wash or lotion. I had to think that was for me. This married vixen knew she would be doing this and wanted to present herself best as possible. Those tits were just as nice as I hoped. Pale, round and full, with a sexy hang, but her nipples still tilted up. They had a nice heft when they filled my hands. Those plump nipples were a dark rose color and she quivered when my tongue lashed at them. I closed in sucking one, then the other. Jen moaned deep in her chest and pulled me tighter to her. I crammed

as much of that plump orb as I could into my mouth and sucked it, flicking my tongue. My teeth sank into her pale flesh and she yelped, but it hardly slowed me down. I felt her heart hammering in her chest, and I knew she liked it. Jen liked the rough treatment. I could just tell. I went from one to the other feasting on the naughty wife, slurping at her flesh, licking, sucking and kissing.

“Mmm, baby, not too rough,” she cooed, stroking my hair while pushing her flesh into my hungry maw.

I came up for air and kissed her. “Can’t blame me, Jen. You’re sexy as fuck.”

Jen glowed, her eyes shined when she looked at me. “Take me upstairs, Frank.”

“I should take you right into that other room and bend you over the fucking couch. It’s what you deserve, you fucking tease.”

She trembled, fearing I may actually do it. She wanted this, but she wasn’t ready to do it in front of an audience. Or was she afraid Ricky would jump in, and she wasn’t ready for that? The kid did deserve some kind of treat. I was her target, but Jen had been teasing him too.

“Take me upstairs, Frank. Please.”

“Why, Mrs. Radcliffe?”

“I want you to fuck me,” she softly admitted. I saw this was a milestone for her. I’d give it to her.

“Lead the way, honey.”

I boosted her off the counter and Jen took my hand and led me up the stairs to her bedroom. I pushed it closed behind us but left it ajar in case Ricky came looking.

Jen

You can do this! I repeated it over and over again in my head. I wanted it. God, did I want it! My heart fluttered out of control and I thought I'd go to the floor when Frank lifted me off the counter. I was dizzy with desire. My thighs pressed together, and I was surprised there wasn't a wet spot on my yoga pants. I pulled it together and led Frank to my bedroom, giving the illusion I was in charge, but I felt anything but in control. I didn't want him to know, but Frank was in charge now. I was ready to do just about anything he wanted. His power captivated me. He was so strong when he lifted me onto the counter. His arms were thick and hairy, decorated with tattoos. When I touched them, they felt like his skin was stretched over rock. Frank handled me like I weighed nothing. It made me want to drop to my knees and blow him in the kitchen, but I couldn't do that—not with that kid in the next room.

I wasn't fooling myself. Ricky—that was his name—knew what was happening. The kid wasn't blind—or deaf. I must've been the stereotypical horny housewife to him. I didn't want to be seen like that, like some unhappy wife getting her kicks with the help. I could tell him, and Frank, that my husband knew all about this and blessed it, but Brian didn't want that. He knew others wouldn't understand, and he didn't want to be judged as some weak, soft wretch who wanted to see his wife taken. Brian would rather my lover thought I was cheating. I'll admit, that made it hotter, but I still feared being judged as a faithless wife. Ricky's judgement didn't bother me enough to stop. He could sit downstairs and jerk off to the sound of his boss taking me if he liked. I was going to get what I wanted.

Frank closed the bedroom door and I turned to face him. We stood in the narrow space between the foot of the bed and the dresser. The curtains were open, light streaming into the room behind me so Brian's cameras could capture the action. I would have preferred to turn the lights out. I was frightened to expose myself to Frank. Brian didn't understand how difficult it was to make myself vulnerable like that. I hadn't shown myself to anyone but my husband in almost two decades, and I had a very different body back then. The sexting with Neal had boosted my confidence, as had Brian's head games that told me I was desirable,

but I was still grappling with the fact I was not thrilled with my body and deep down I thought Frank would take one look and turn away. I wished I had a few glasses of wine in me to bolster my confidence, but I couldn't justify drinking at ten in the morning.

"Relax, honey. This is going to be good," Frank said, reaching for me. He held my face and kissed me. I surrendered to that kiss and let it drown my insecurities.

"I don't do this every day," I whispered between kisses.

"Maybe you should," he answered, pulling at the hem of my shirt. "You're a sexy lady, Jen. You could have it anytime you want it." That devil knew just what to say to make my head swell.

My top was whipped over my head, exposing me in the light. My arms came up to cover my breasts, but Frank pushed them down. He wanted to see me. Frank grinned wolfishly and hefted my breasts in his hands, using them to draw me to him. His thumbs strummed my nipples and my body vibrated with joy. My breasts have always been so sensitive, and I swear they're more sensitive now. He mashed my breasts in his hands, and when my nipples poked between his fingers, Frank pinched them. The hint of pain made me gasp, and I threw my head back. He bit my neck and mauled my breasts. His hands were so big, so rough. His callouses scratched my nipples, giving me strange new tingles. There was no mistaking those hands for my husband's. The illicit touch of a strange man seared my soul. This was so wrong. I felt it in every cell of my body. That very wrongness was intoxicating.

I reached for his belt. Frank's jeans came open and I shoved my hand inside. His thin, cotton boxers were strained by his size. I found him lying down along his right leg. It gripped it and it jerked in my hand. I kneaded it and felt it grow in my grasp. Frank was thick. That was a big hog in his pants. I didn't want to compare other men to my husband—especially if they were bigger—but I couldn't help it. Brian is about average, and I have no complaints, but feeling something that big made my heart flutter. A big man like that just causes a reaction in a girl. I stroked it down his leg and it just kept growing, like dough stretching out as I worked it.

"You like that, don't you, Jen?" Frank asked.

“It’s something,” I replied, feeling silly. I didn’t know what to say.

“Take it out, honey. Get a good look at it. Don’t be shy.”

His jeans fought me when I tried to push them over his hips. It wasn’t easy maneuvering with his hands on my breasts. I couldn’t think clearly, and my hands were clumsy. I got his jeans down, hauling his boxers with them. Frank didn’t exactly spring up, but he wasn’t soft either. It half-hung, twitching with his pulse. It was like I could see the blood pumping in through the big vein on the top. The thick root was dark, extending from a nest of brown hair. Frank didn’t have a beautiful cock, like the shaved thing you might find on a male stripper, but it looked strong and masculine, and I knew it would get the job down.

I stared at his cock like I didn’t know what to do with it. Being confronted with his blunt tool paralyzed me. I felt silly and immature staring at it, like a young girl seeing a boy for the first time. I knew my way around a dick, but all of that knowledge went right out of my head. That tool was like an alien thing in front of me.

Frank tilted my face up, made me look into his eyes. I don’t know if any other man had ever looked at me that way. He was amused by my sudden bout of shyness. This wasn’t his first rodeo, and he knew how to handle a conflicted woman like me. But beneath his amusement was a hunger and aggression. He wanted to fuck the hell out of me, but he was holding it back—for now. He was a racing engine, waiting to be shifted into gear.

“Do you want this, Jen?”

I nodded, whispered, “Yes.”

“Show me, honey. Let’s go.”

Frank gently pressed my shoulder, and I sank to my knees, only pausing to slip off my glasses, fumbling to place them on the dresser beside me. His thick cock stared at me and it was the moment of truth. It was time to get serious.

Frank

Nothing I love more than a pretty wife going to her knees and grabbing my dick. It's a sight to behold, let me tell ya. Not my wife. No. The two Mrs. Morettis are long gone. In my experience, marriage is great in the beginning. You're crazy in love, you're hot for each other. You still get blowjobs in the first couple years of marriage. But the tide turns. Those blowjobs go away, replaced by arguments about money and how much time you're spending at the bar on Friday nights. Next thing you know, you're spending more time at the bar because you don't want to be home. And the more time you spend at the bar, the more you notice the pretty things hanging around there. They don't even have to be that pretty, after a couple drinks. Next thing you know, you're packing your shit and looking for a new place to live. There will never be a third Mrs. Moretti, but I still love wives. Other men's wives are the best lays out there. They're bored with what they've got, they feel ignored, and they're eager to prove themselves.

Case in point, Jen Radcliffe, on her knees in her bedroom, grabbing my cock with both hands like it's her lifeline. Jen wouldn't be all over my joint if Mr. Radcliffe was still her dreamboat. She held it with both hands, staring with that sweet mouth hanging open. My snake was charming her. Her breathing was shallow, and she was flushed, from those beautiful, well-formed cheeks down to her heaving chest. And what a chest! Those tits were every bit as sexy as I expected. Damn, I love a set of big, mature tits. Jen's really were perfect. I loved playing with those fat, rosy nipples, and she loved it too. She sounded like she was creaming her panties when I pulled on them. I didn't want to let them go, but she had work to do.

Her grip was tight, and my cock was throbbing in it. She couldn't cover it with both hands. Her fingers didn't quite close around it, but she worked that thing like a pro, and I bet she was a fun date back in her single days. Jen pumped it until a big drop formed on the head and dripped onto her wrist. I grunted when her thumb smeared the stuff around my head, tracing the flared edges. She teased that sensitive spot the way I teased her nips. Jen licked her lips and took a little breath before moving forward. Here we go.

I grunted when her lips closed around the tip. They were so soft, so warm, so perfect. Some of the women I meet at the bar just attack it, going like a Hoover the second they get it. I liked Jen's hesitancy. If I believed her, this was her first new cock in a long time, and she needed to adjust to it. And I did believe her. She didn't suck me like a chick who's doing it every day. Her lips pushed past my flared tip, and her tongue swirled around it, while she sucked. I held onto the dresser beside me and groaned. That was one sweet mouth. I hoped Mr. Radcliffe was still getting that sometimes. It was a shame to waste. Her eyes closed and she took a couple more inches, her lips stretching around my girth. Yeah, I've got a big one. That's not being cocky, I can just tell by the way women react to it. And I know how to use it. I was going to turn Jen Radcliffe inside out, and she was going to beg me to do it.

Jen clenched it tightly at the base, milking the part that didn't fit into her mouth. The sweet massage pumped more sticky precum into her mouth, which she swabbed up with her tongue. Her cheeks bulged with the effort of pleasing me, and those familiar wet, sucking sounds filled the bedroom. I was rock hard now, full steel in my shaft. Jen sucked me like she'd been waiting all her life to do this.

More and more dark hair escaped from her clip, shaken loose as she bobbed on me. I pulled out the clip, tossed it onto the dresser, letting all her hair tumble free. It fell halfway down her back and veiled her face. Jen had beautiful hair. It should have been down all morning. I gathered it back so I could see her face, affectionately stroking her cheek. Her eyes fluttered open and she looked up at me, like she was surprised that dick in her mouth was attached to a human being.

I was captivated by those fetching green eyes while she pulled me out of her mouth and rubbed her lips up and down my shaft. She licked it like a popsicle, going low to the base near my balls. I thought she might suck my balls, which is awesome, but she didn't. She licked and kissed my cock for a while, really getting into it, staring at me the whole time. It was fucking hot. I was rock hard and ready to go, but I wanted to enjoy that sweet mouth more. I wrapped her hair around my fist and used it to guide her lips back onto me.

"Come on, Jen. Take it deep. Suck that thing like you want it, honey," I growled.

I pushed deep, deeper than she'd taken it before. Jen's eyes went wide, and she looked like she was going to choke, but she didn't stop me. My fat head plugged

the back of her throat and I held it there while she sucked like she'd get air from it. The look of total submission in her eyes made my balls tingle. I held it there until she looked woozy before pulling back. Jen was relieved when I let her breathe, but I didn't give her a break. I used my grip on her hair to fuck her mouth. She moaned and whimpered around me, doing her best to keep up. I bet Mr. Radcliffe never used her like this, but the fire in her eyes told me this was what she needed. When I pulled myself from her, her lips were puffy, and her lipstick smeared. Jen looked a bit dazed.

"You're a fuckin' pistol, aren't ya?" I said, taking her hands and pulling her to her feet.

Jen hardly had time to react before I tossed her onto the bed. She landed with a surprised gasp and squirmed when I pulled her back to the edge by her legs. I took a moment to massage and kiss her pretty, bare feet then ripped those yoga pants off her. She kicked her legs to help me along. The sexy wife lay on her back fully nude, ready for me. I stroked myself as I looked down on her soft, sexy body. Those big tits spread to the sides and I scooped them up, pulling them by the nipples. Jen whimpered and bit her lip. She didn't want to show how much she wanted this. I could let her have her pride for now. She'd be screaming for it later.

I pushed her legs back to her chest, spreading them wide, exposing her sweet, split fruit to me. Jen had shaved, leaving just a little landing strip, I bet in anticipation for this. I didn't think she did it for the old man anymore. I was glad there was still hair there. I don't like the smooth shaved look. A woman should be a woman. If I was going to screw Jen Radcliffe on the regular, I'd tell her to keep a trimmed bush. But it did give me a perfect view of her pretty pussy. Her mound was red and swollen, her lips glistened. She looked good enough to eat.

Brian

The emotional swings were disorienting. One moment I was pounding the steering wheel with my fist in frustration because I couldn't quite see what was going on, the next I was so hard I ached, and then it felt like my guts were shredding. I cycled through all that over about five minutes. And then it began again. I wondered, Why the fuck does anyone do this? Next, I marveled at my wife and thought it was the hottest thing I'd ever seen. If I kept going like that, I was going to have a stroke.

I had two cameras in the bedroom, one on the dresser at the foot of the bed, the other on the higher dresser to the side. I'd taken great pains to disguise their presence. I had no idea how this guy would react if he saw them. He could do anything, and I didn't want Jen at risk. I also didn't want to be exposed as the dirty, cuckold pervert I knew I was.

The view when Jen sucked the guy off was imperfect, leading to the frustrated pounding of my steering wheel. It didn't occur to me she would blow the guy on her knees at the foot of the bed, or I would have positioned the cameras better. I thought she'd go right onto the bed and they'd get busy. That was based on nothing, except the way I'd been picturing this in my head, and I'd endlessly done that before today.

My look from the low dresser was tight because they were so close. All I saw at first was their middles. Jen's tits looked good in profile when her top came off and I loved having that view of Frank mauling them. Alarm spiked when I saw how rough he was. I was gentle and teasing with her, but this guy was kneading those things like pizza dough. I didn't want him to hurt her, but when I heard the moans, I knew my wife liked it. I know the kinds of sounds Jen makes when she's really turned on. He stretched out her nipples and I thought that's gotta hurt, but the sounds from her were like pleas for more.

The sound from the tiny camera was tinny, but it was enough with my headphones in. He ordered my wife to take his dick out and my heart seized in my chest. Fear spiked through me and my fists clenched as I realized this was

the moment that would determine everything. As much as I wanted Jen to do this, part of me wished she wouldn't. That decent part of me that craved normalcy wanted her to stop this and return to me unsullied. But Jen was as depraved as I was, and she took that guy's dick out. I was flooded with anger and jealousy. I shouted slut! in my car as she took it out and fondled it. All unfair, but I was out of control. The jealousy burned through me like acid when I saw how big Frank was. The fact that I could see his cock at all meant he was huge. Jen pulled it up into view and the thing looked gigantic in her little hands. No way she'd be able to take that. She'd be torn apart. But my wife went after it like she'd been dying for it. I think I actually growled in the car.

Jen went to her knees and my fury turned to my bad view. I saw about the top half of her head, so I saw my wife bobbing on that cock, but I didn't see her sucking it. How nuts is that? I was mad because I couldn't actually see my wife sucking another guy off, just her head moving. I tried switching to the other camera, but I saw nothing on that one but Frank's side. I went back to the first view and my mind filled in the blanks—imagining Jen's lips sucking that big tool in.

Frank let her hair down and then used it to fuck her mouth. This guy was in charge of my wife, and she was his willing slave. The hurt was a throbbing in my gut like my appendix had burst, but the thrill was indescribable. He told Jen, Take it deep. Suck that thing like you want it, honey, and she did just that. She slurped and sucked and licked and kissed that cock like it was her world. Jen made love to the cock and I just about exploded in my pants watching it. As pissed as I was at my view, maybe I was being spared. If I saw it all, I might just pass out.

I was sure Frank was going to blow his load. When Jen gives a blowjob, she likes to swallow, and I knew she wanted her reward. I wanted to see him come all over her face. Yeah! Take it, slut! He was fucking her mouth hard, and when I heard her gag on his shaft my cock swelled with excitement. Seeing my wife's mouth used like that—even imperfectly—was so good. But Frank didn't give either of us what we wanted. He must've had incredible willpower to pull his cock out of her perfect sucking mouth.

Jen was tossed on the bed and I switched cameras just in time to see her tits bounce when she landed. This view was perfect—above them and at an angle. I'd see everything that happened on that bed. She looked hot on her back with

Frank's big weapon bobbing over her. He was about to shove that thing into my wife and give her what she deserved. It was weird to be so fixated on another guy's junk, but he was huge, and I couldn't stop staring at it and thinking about how it was going to tear Jen up. She wasn't prepared for that, certainly not from me. I knew me using a toy on her would not be the same as Jen getting the real thing. Frank wasn't the gentle kind. He was going to use her body the way it was meant to be used, the way I hadn't given it to her in such a long time. I already knew Frank was going to best me, and it made my cock deflate for a second, but I was still dying to see it.

Frank ripped her pants off but didn't shove it in her. He went to his knees instead and feasted on her. Jen responded with a deep groan and grabbed behind her knees, pulling her legs back to give her lover plenty of room. She had no shyness about fully exposing herself to him. Her eyes closed and her tits jiggled with every little shiver that shot through her body. This guy had to be good because Jen was gasping and moaning from his feasting. He gave her what she craved. I'll confess, I don't go down on my wife as often as I should. Just like she doesn't blow me much, eating her pussy has fallen to the wayside. Watching how Frank pleased her made me regret it. Jen trembled and flexed her hips up at his mouth. I heard the wet sounds of his licking and sucking her. She was ripe and juicy for him. She squished when he pushed two digits into her and aggressively fingered her. Did Jen want this because she wanted a real man who would do the things I didn't anymore?

"Oh...oh...oh fuck..."

"Yeah? You like that, Jenny?" he asked, lifting his face from her. His tongue darted down to her clit and his fingers pistoned into her.

"Yeah...don't stop...please..."

Frank chuckled. "I'm not stopping, Jenny. Don't worry, hon."

She hates being called Jenny, but I guess Frank won that right when he took control. His mouth pressed back to her sex and he slurped away. Jen grabbed at his head with one hand, forcing it down to her sweetness, while the other extended above her head, grabbing for our pillows. Her eyes popped open and she stared right at me, her mouth agape with her moans. Jen's stare was like an accusation, See what a real man can do? I nearly doubled over from the stab to

my gut, and barely staved off coming in my pants.

“Oh...oh...ohhh fuck!”

Jen’s words twisted like a whine as she came, her chest heaving and her body trying to twist to the side, away from me. But Frank held her fast and kept drinking of her and working those fingers. Her whine turned to a screech as her climax extended, going on and on while he worked her pussy.

“Oh...oh...oh fuck...ohh fuck...fuck!” she cried.

I was sure she never made those sounds for me, but it was just a trick of my mind. My twisted guilt wanted me to believe that. I set the tablet on the passenger seat and wrapped my arms around myself, rocking as I watched another man make my wife come. She was in the throes of ecstasy. Did Jen even remember she had a husband, or was she Frank’s now?”

“Stop...stop...Frank...please...” she begged, pushing his head away from her lap.

Frank sat back, looking very pleased with himself. He stared down at my quivering wife like he might appraise a choice cut of meat he was about to devour. He licked her juice from his lips, a predator ready to pounce.

“You’re not quitting on me, are you, Jen? I’m just getting started,” he said.

His words echoed in my brain. I’m just getting started. What was this stud going to do to my wife?

Frank

“You’re not quitting on me, are you, Jen? I’m just getting started.”

The sexy wife smiled and shook her head. “No, I just need a second.” She giggled.

“Not used to getting your world rocked, are you?” I teased and pushed to my feet.

Seeing Jen Radcliffe shaking and soaked in front of me like that made my dick surge. I lived for these moments. I’d already made her come harder than her husband ever did, and I hadn’t even given it to her yet. I stroked my cock in anticipation, but I didn’t need it. Jen had me ready to go.

I tossed my shirt away and smirked when I saw the horny wife drinking me in. Morning gym sessions before sunrise keep me solid, and reactions like Jen’s make it all worthwhile. I gave her a little arm flex but didn’t make it obvious. Her eyes ate me up. No way her old man looked like this with his shirt off. Her gaze trailed back down to my cock. It bobbed between my legs as I kicked out of my boots and shed my jeans. She bit her lip as she stared. Jen wanted it badly. It couldn’t have been more obvious unless she just begged for it—which she would be in a few minutes.

Jen sat up—still quivering—and fondled my chest, fingers tracing the lines of definition of my muscles. I don’t quite have a six-pack, but I have plenty for her to enjoy. She touched me and stared like she was trying to memorize me. Jen wanted this memory when she went back to her husband. How would that sap feel seeing his wife worshipping me like this? Almost felt bad for him, but not bad enough to keep from fucking his wife. I swept my hand under her hair, grabbed her neck and pulled her to a kiss. The taste of her own cunt drove her crazy, and she kissed me with a renewed hunger. Both hands wrapped around my shaft, and she stroked it while pouring herself into our kiss. I palmed one of those pillowy tits and twisted the nipple. Jen yelped into the kiss and tried to bite my lip. A tug of her hair got her back into line.

“Oh!”

It was a surprised sound she made when I flipped her around and tossed her face down on the bed. Their mattress was high, and her dangling feet didn't quite touch the floor. I pushed her knees up onto the edge of the bed, hiking that nice, thick ass into the air. Her labia were red and swollen, waiting to receive me. Jen kept her face passively pressed to the bed, waiting for me. I swatted her ass and enjoyed its jiggle.

“Ow!” she whined. I spanked her harder. Her ass wiggled. Yeah, she liked this. My fingers pressed between her lip, running up and down her slickness. Spanked her again and was rewarded with a deep, pleading groan. I'd toyed with her enough.

I grasped one of those meaty, wide hips and held my weapon with the other, threatening her dripping sex with it. I pressed and she squished, opening for me. Pressed harder and her lips folded around me, pulling me inside her. I had about a quarter of it in her and grabbed her other haunch. I loved those wide, womanly hips. I was tempted to just slam it home, but I didn't want to hurt her. I didn't think Jen Radcliffe was used to all this. I flexed and fed her another couple inches. Her moan was swallowed by the mattress, but I wanted to hear it. I captured her hair and wrenched her head back as I pressed deeper.

“Oh...oh fuck...ohhh...”

“Don't worry, Jenny, you can handle it all,” I taunted.

“Ohh...”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah...yes...ohhh yes!”

Jen sounded pained but didn't pause me. Her sleeve was stretched around me like a second skin. This wife had not been opened up in a while. No wonder she was so ready. Her husband was going to come home and fall in—if Jen let him fuck her. She was going to be pretty sore when I was done with her.

“Fuck, that's a sweet pussy, Jen. That's fucking hot.”

I was fully engulfed by her and took a moment to just enjoy her throbbing around me. I felt her tremble as she adjusted to his big invasion. I love that feeling. I have this little trick when I can flex my dick, and I did it inside her. Jen's breath heaved and squeezed me. We played that little game for a bit, me flexing and her milking me and I'll be damned if she didn't nearly have me coming. Jen Radcliffe was a grade-A piece of ass. If she wasn't careful, I'd be coming back for more. This might not be a one-time thing. I whacked her ass hard, leaving a big red palm print.

“Ow!”

“Take it easy on me, Jen. You're gonna pull my dick right off.” I laughed.

“Stop...fucking...teasing...me...”

“You ready?”

She nodded vigorously. “Yeah...”

“You want this dick?”

“Yeah?”

I swatted her ass again. She yelped. I ordered, “Tell me.”

“I want your dick. Give it to me. Give me that big dick, baby. Please!”

I spanked her again but gave her what she wanted. I unsheathed it and slammed her home. Jen yelped and that ass shook. I loved her ass shake, so I did it again. Pretty soon, my power thrusts turned into a solid, steady fucking. I grabbed onto those haunches and went to town on her. Jen pushed up on her elbows and thrust back at me, hanging her head. I knotted her hair in my fist and yanked her around to look at me. Her mouth was wide, filled with savage, animal sounds and her green eyes flashed wildly. Jen was rutting back at me, desperate for every inch I could give her. I couldn't remember a woman so wild.

Jen

I was possessed. It was like this other, animal thing inside me took over, and all I could think about was reveling in this virtual stranger behind me. I felt that thick muscle spread me open and something just clicked. I'd thought about this moment a lot since all this started, but I never anticipated feeling like that. Frank brought out something in me that I hadn't felt for so long. Brian was fun, but I couldn't recall him ever bringing out that animal in me.

The bed rocked beneath us and the headboard loudly slammed the wall. My neck burned from the way Frank had it wrenched around, and it felt like he was going to rip my hair out, but I welcomed the pain. He spanked me so hard it stung down to my toes and I yelled, "Yes!" I wanted more. I wanted this huge, powerful beast of a man to punish me. I wanted him to make me his slut, and then punish me for being a slut. I could never be like this with my husband. I could never unleash myself like this. I wanted that thick root inside me to rip me in two.

Frank liked to shoot off his mouth, but he wasn't so chatty when he got down to the fucking. His teeth were gritted, and he grunted with the effort. His forehead dripped with sweat. His balls slapped the backs of my thighs with a mighty force. Those muscular thighs slamming me hurt, but it was a good hurt. It was what I needed. God help me, I needed this! I silently apologized to Brian for being such a whore.

Brian! I wasn't thinking of my husband at all. But he was watching. He was watching me debase myself to this man. My body clenched, and I might have stopped if I'd been a stronger person, but Frank possessed me, and he wanted me, and I needed to be that for him. Whatever my husband thought of this performance, I'd deal with it later. Brian wanted this, pushed me to do this, insisted he wanted it. Now we would find out if he could handle it.

I pulled free from Frank's grasp of my hair. My neck needed a break. I hung my head and rolled my neck, then I looked up at Brian's hidden camera. My face

was veiled by my hair, but what did my husband see? Did he see a wild, uncontrolled slut rutting with a stranger? Did it sicken him, or make his blood boil? I wanted him to be jerking off. I wished he was there, so I could see him beating his dick while he watched this stud take me from behind. This is what you wanted! Watch me! Watch it! Jerk that thing and watch me come! The feeling was so strong I almost said the actual words. How could Brian not hate me after seeing me like this? I almost wanted him to. I wanted my husband to hate it and be a slave to it, just like I was.

I tossed my hair back and stared at Brian through his camera, almost daring him to try and stop me. Frank's huge cock felt so good that nothing would stop me. I performed for my husband.

“Fuck me! Ohh...goddam it...fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME!”

“Yeah? You're a little fucking whore, aren't you?” Frank spat, pounding me from behind.

“Yes! Treat me like a whore!”

Performing for Brian heightened it for me. Now that I thought of my husband, I was doing it as much for him as I was for myself. Well, that's not true, but it was for him too. I spat obscenities and pleaded with Frank and felt a tremor of orgasm roll through me—like a little pre-come.

Frank pulled out and I deflated to the bed, desperate to have him back inside me. I was ready to beg for it with every ounce of my soul. I didn't come yet, not really. I wasn't done. He flipped me over again and crawled up onto the bed as I crabbed back away from him, opening my legs, inviting him to my body. He lifted my legs, putting my ankles on his shoulders and fed his big log to me again. This time, he slipped right into me like I was made for him. My body sculpted itself around him, and I welcomed his manhood with a satisfied groan.

“You like a good, hard fucking,” he said.

“Yeah, I do. You feel so good. Give it to me, baby,” I cooed, my eyes flicking back to the camera.

I couldn't focus on my husband any longer. Frank demanded my full attention with his cock. He knelt above me and held my ankles, forcing my legs into a

wide V. He took me that way, flexing his cock down into me. I tilted my hips up, and it was perfect. That wonderful, thick cock stroked all the right places inside me. I couldn't play any tricks with my pussy, because I was lost in bliss. Frank didn't have the same power like that, but his finesse drove me right over the edge. He had a beautiful cock and knew exactly how to use it.

“Ohh..ohh...oh Frank...ohh...oh Frank...ohh fuck!”

The orgasm curled my toes and emptied out my brain. The currents of pleasure swept through me and swept me away. Frank kept gliding in and out of me, and I kept coming. That sweet cock of his took me to a whole new place. He pressed my legs together and back, shifting his angle, and drove it down into me harder. It lit a new, brighter spark inside me. My first orgasm ebbed, but a new fire raged in me. Frank dropped my legs, and he was over me, hovering. His piston churned inside me and I wrapped my legs around those powerful hips. My hands were on his chest and when I opened my eyes and saw the way he looked down at me, I fell in lust with him. Not love—like I have for Brian—but its cousin. I pulled him down to kiss me and wrapped my arms around his back, wanting to pull all of him into me. Being so close, so intimate, felt so wrong. And I loved it.

Brian

My pathetic seed dripped from the steering wheel. I held the tablet with one hand, while my sad, flaccid manhood flopped in the other. Alpha-male Frank was making love to my wife—getting the real thing—and I was already done. There was no way I could measure up. Yes, making love. The way Jen pulled him to her and kissed him, the way their bodies pressed together, it looked like making love to me. And he did it bareback. Jen and I had an explicit agreement that they would use a condom. She swore she wanted it too. She couldn't go fucking strange men without a condom, but she never brought it up to Frank. He took her and used her as he pleased, and she never so much as asked him to use protection. It was like she couldn't take one second to honor our agreement. It just went right out of her head because she needed Frank now. My heart seized and agony replaced the blood in my veins, and I still watched because I loved that weird, sick feeling.

Frank was fucking Jen when he was behind her. There was no question that was fucking, and seeing it was the biggest high I've ever had. Nothing's come close to that strange feeling. When Jen got up and started pushing back, it was an incredible show. I loved watching her tits hang and bounce under her. I loved seeing her work that ass. This was it. This was everything I pictured when I fantasized about it.

My wife was a wild, sexual creature. My Jen letting it all out. And when she looked right at me and begged him, I started jerking off. Fuck me! Ohh... goddam it...fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME! She was hotter than any porn star, and I abused my dick. Yes! Treat me like a whore! Jen said that and I lost it, shooting my load all over the steering wheel. There wasn't much. We'd been fucking a lot as we led up to this. I bet Frank had a huge load in those big balls. I wanted to see him blast it all over her face.

It all changed when he turned her around. First, he made her come. Jen came in a way I'd never seen. I doubted it before, but now I was sure that I'd never seen my wife come like that in all our years of marriage. And why shouldn't she?

Frank was a real man, and he'd mastered her in a way I never could. Jen's eyes rolled up into the back of her head. And she just kept coming. It was magical to watch, but it made me feel very small. I loved seeing her like that, but I hated that I wasn't the one causing it.

Jen pulled him to her, and that was even harder to watch. She kissed him and it was so intimate. I almost wretched and looked away. I couldn't watch this. It felt private, as perverse as that sounds after everything else. But I couldn't stay away. The sounds of their coupling filled my ears through the buds there. I heard Jen's soft, satisfied moans, her breathing urging him on. Frank's quieter, almost tender groans, and the wet sounds of their kissing in between. I heard the rocking of the bed, and slick sounds of their bodies coming together.

I looked again and Frank churned his big piece of meat into my wife. Her body undulated under him like she was trying to milk the cum right out of him. She ran her fingers through his hair and kissed him, stared into his eyes.

“Yes...yes...ohh...Frank...yes...ohh...Frank...yes...yes...”

The moment he came inside her was obvious. He froze, pinned deep inside her, and tensed with a grunt. Jen gasped, eyes wide, and clenched around him, quivering. Frank emptied his balls inside my wife, and it gave her the kind of sweet, soft climax I never wanted to see her get from another man. This was the definition of be careful what you wish for. I wanted it, but I wasn't ready for it. There was no way to be ready for that. And yet, my soft cock surged. My mind recoiled, but my body responded, saying, This is the stuff. This is what we wanted. Jen kissed him and clung to him, and I was so disgusted with myself that I barely noticed they weren't alone.

Ricky stood just at the edge of the frame, at the foot of the bed. I could see enough of him that I saw his cock was out, and he was stroking it. He liked Jen's show as much as I did. Of course, he was bigger than me too. By that point, I didn't mind that. I kind of expected it. When I was done looking at his young, strong cock, horror filled me. What was about to happen to my wife?

Jen didn't see him until Frank rolled off her. His meat wetly slipped from her sheath and he lay back on the bed—our bed—in my usual space. It belonged to him now, just like my Jen. She saw Ricky then and scrambled to cover herself. It was a futile effort. Her arms going over her tits just plumped them up from her

sides. She pressed her legs together and turned her hips, trying to hide her sex. She didn't realize that he'd now just see her swollen pink from behind, a more alluring sight.

My heart pounded and I was so tense I thought my bones would snap. Everything in the bedroom seemed to freeze and I got this crazy thought that I could start the car and race home in the frozen moment. I could save my wife. Of course, that was a crazy thought. Jen didn't need—or want—to be saved. Time started again.

“Hey, kid,” Frank said, amused to find Ricky beating off at the foot of the bed.

“What the fuck? What the fuck?” Jen repeated. She pulled at the sheets to hide her sex-flushed body, but they were pinned beneath them, inaccessible. Jen was exposed.

“Calm down, Jen. What did you expect, Ricky was just going to hang out downstairs while I dipped my wick? He's a red-blooded young man. You can't blame him for coming up, not with those noises you were making.”

Frank was enjoying this way too much. Jen was freaked out and so was I. I wanted to save the day, but I was miles away, impotent. Jen was going to have to solve this on her own.

Jen

I was reeling. It was naïve to think I could take Frank up to my bedroom and Ricky would sit downstairs like a good boy until we finished, but I was still reeling. This wasn't part of the plan. Brian and I had gone through this so many times, but we never thought of this. We were blinded by our fantasy. Reality was here, taking the form of a handsome young Hispanic kid with a nice, plump dick in his hand. I was freaked out, but I still noticed. It should have been the last thing on my mind, but my eyes kept drifting back to it.

“What the fuck? What the fuck?” I shouted.

Ricky stared at me, and I liked it way more than I should've. I was appropriately furious that he invited himself into my bedroom during a private moment, but I felt his gaze sweeping my freshly-fucked body and I couldn't help liking the excitement I found in his face. Here was some kid in his twenties, looking at my mom-bod and he was hard. Brian always tells me I'm too critical of myself, and Frank's attention proved that as true, but I still don't expect to elicit that reaction from someone like Ricky. I knew he was looking downstairs, but this felt very different. It felt dangerous. I was teasing the kid downstairs, but I was clothed, and we were alone. It felt relatively safe. Now I felt like something could happen.

Covering my body was futile, but I tried to do it anyway. I needed both my arms to cover my boobs, so I half-turned from him to hide my kitty. That only flashed him another view. I don't love my butt, so I kind of turned back and tried to use my thighs to hide. It was a silly time to be vain about my ass, but I couldn't help myself.

“Calm down, Jen,” Frank said. “What did you expect, Ricky was just going to hang out downstairs while I dipped my wick? He's a red-blooded young man. You can't blame him for coming up, not with those noises you were making.”

Frank looked like he was on the verge of cracking up, and that pissed me off. I

wasn't there for Frank's amusement. Was I that loud? Yeah, I was, but I didn't want to admit that, not with Ricky there. I tried to calm myself, remember yoga breathing, and tried to pry the sheet loose from under me. That didn't cover me, and only made my bits shake, so I stopped. Ricky still stood there quietly with his thing in his hand, watching me.

"You didn't set this up, did you?" I asked.

Frank did laugh now. I really didn't like it. "How could I have done that? We came here to lay your floor, not fuck you. You're the one who took me upstairs. You're the one who wanted to fuck. I was just obliging you."

"You make it sound like good customer service."

Frank grinned. "I think I serviced the customer pretty well."

Even I had to smile at that. It lightened me up but didn't change the situation. I didn't know what to say. What does one say in that situation? I had no experience dragging workmen up to my bedroom, let alone being walked-in-on by a second one. I knew I should kick them both out of my bedroom and get dressed. Get them out of my house as quickly as possible. So why didn't I?

"Guys, can I have a little privacy here?"

Ricky looked at Frank like he was in charge, like this wasn't my bedroom, or my house. It dawned on me that Ricky sensed that I'd surrendered control to Frank. I could take it back at any time, but I didn't speak up.

"I don't know, Jen. Don't think it's fair to leave Ricky in the lurch like that?" Frank asked.

"What do you mean?"

He nodded toward his co-worker, nodded down. "Like that."

Ricky had a handsome cock. He wasn't huge like his co-worker, but he was still bigger than my husband. I'd always considered Brian to be about average, but these two guys had me wondering. The smooth, dark brown dick stood out at a sharp upward angle. It was the first shaved one I'd ever seen, and I kind of liked it. Going down on that thing seemed like it would be fun. Ricky was so smooth

and perfect, he seemed more like a toy than an actual dick. The longer I stared at it, the more I wanted to touch it. I stared too long to pretend I wasn't interested, but that didn't mean I should do something.

Brian had to be freaking out seeing this. He'd been an emotional pendulum as we got closer this, so I could imagine how he felt seeing me nude in a room with two men. The idea of me being with one man drove him crazy enough. We hadn't discussed this possibility and I felt strange doing something my husband hadn't approved, yet I felt like it was my body, and I should feel free to do with it as I pleased. I didn't want to hurt Brian, but Ricky was right there, and he looked so good. My phone was on the nightstand. If Brian didn't want me to do this, he could call and interrupt us.

"You just going to stare at it all day?" Frank asked.

I glanced to Frank, quirking a smile. "What do you think I should do?"

"You should at least blow the kid. Come on, it's obvious you want to."

"Is it?"

"Stop playing games, Jen. You want to play games, I know some rough ones," Frank said.

I liked being told what to do. I shouldn't in 2020, but I did. Outside of the bedroom, I would have told Frank to fuck off, but in the bedroom, it electrified me. I looked to his cock, and it was still at half-mast. He liked seeing me naked, and I bet he wanted to watch me be bad, just like my husband. This was not the Jen Radcliffe everyone knew: classroom mom, den mother, soccer mom, dutiful wife. I was Jen Radcliffe the sultry slut and can't seem to get enough attention from men and want to please. How did Brian feel about this version of his wife? I hoped he liked it, because he helped create me.

A quick twist up onto my knees and I crawled across the bed to Ricky, his eyes glued to my swaying breasts. I cupped them for him, presenting them, and he reached out and touched them. He didn't have the finesse of Frank, but I still liked being touched. His hands weren't as rough as Frank's either, but still more masculine than my husband's. He stared at me as he fondled me, gauging my reaction. He wanted me to enjoy myself, which was a plus for him. I hissed and moaned when he teased my nipples and reached from him.

Ricky was hot to the touch. It was like his body was on fire. My fingers just closed around him as I stroked up and down that smooth shaft. I loved how he felt, soft and smooth, like it was constructed to just slip right inside me. His balls were high and tight, not big danglers like Frank's sac, and I cupped them. Ricky quivered when I massaged them, and they became my target. I never got women who kissed a guy's balls—not when they were big, hairy, ugly things, but Ricky's shaved balls were almost pretty. I wanted to get down there. I lifted his shaft higher and dove down.

It was hot and damp down there. He wasn't unclean, but Ricky had been working long enough for his musk to grow strong. The taste wrinkled my nose, but I sucked that sexy sac into my mouth and rolled his marbles around with my tongue. His body jerked and he cursed softly in Spanish. Both his hands landed on my head, and he more held me there than stroked my hair. His shaft laid along my cheek and I felt a drop of thick, clear nectar, which smeared when I rubbed him on my smooth face. He nudged me lower and widened his stance. My tongue darted below his balls, catching the spicy taste of his taint. I felt so dirty, so wrong being down there. I'd never considered doing this for my husband, but I was digging into Ricky's area like it was my deepest desire. My tongue traced a line up the center of his sac then sucked it in again. Ricky moaned and shook so hard I thought he might finish before I even got him in my mouth. That would be a shame.

"Fuck, kid, she's really into it. Look at her go. Jen loves it, man. You must bring out the cougar in her," Frank said, laughing. I wanted to tell him Fuck you for the cougar reference, but my mouth was busy. I'd been enjoying the quiet and Ricky's heavy breathing and moans. I didn't need Frank's commentary.

"Get in there, girl," Frank said.

Frank swatted my ass, and I lurched forward, sucking Ricky's sac hard as I yelped around it. Ricky groaned, his fingers tightening in my hair. Frank spanked me again, harder this time. A shiver of excitement ran up and down my spine, tickling my brain and my pussy. The danger of my situation suddenly became real. I assumed these men would respect my boundaries, but I didn't know them. They could really do anything they wanted with me, and I couldn't stop them. I don't know which frightened me more, that I couldn't stop them, or that maybe I wouldn't want to.

Ricky pulled my head back and fed his cock to me. At my other end, Frank's fingers slipped down between my thighs while my red cheeks still stung from his assault. Those fingers squished into my swollen, slippery peach and I moaned into my mouthful. I couldn't help encouraging him, even though I knew I shouldn't.

My eyes closed as I enjoyed the sensation of two men touching me for the first time. It was so strange, disorienting. There was no mistaking it for the same person touching me in different places. It was two hands on my head, urging me to suck cock, and another between my thighs. Like a lot of women, I'd thought about being with two men at once before, but it wasn't anything I thought would ever happen. I didn't know if it was anything I really wanted. It seemed it would be overwhelming, and far too slutty. But there I was in my bedroom with two virtual strangers enjoying my body. And it was overwhelming.

I had trouble focusing on the man in my mouth with Frank so expertly stroking my soaked, throbbing sex. Ricky took care of that, pushing his length in and out of my mouth, going deeper with every stroke. He hit the back of my throat, and I tried to relax as I had for his co-worker. But Frank slipped two thick, calloused fingers inside me, and I gasped. Ricky plugged my throat, and I choked. He seemed to like the sensation of my throat closed around his smooth head, because he kept it there. My eyes watered and my vision blurred. Frank added another finger to my pussy, filling me up, and the pleasure pulsed up to my brain like a crashing wave as I fought to breathe. Dizziness swept in and I feared Ricky was going to kill me with his cock. I should have fought him off, but Frank's fingers in my other end kept me from thinking clearly. I sank deeper into that murky pleasure, losing myself.

Brian

Watching two men use my wife was better than any little blue dick pill. I hadn't gotten a second hard-on that fast since I was a teen beating off to the Victoria's Secret catalogues that came to my house in the mail. I don't know that I liked what I saw. Anger ripped through me like a forest fire, threatening to consume me as it burned out of control. I was angry at Jen for just submitting to those men. Angry that she obviously wanted Ricky to fuck her too—one man wasn't enough for her anymore. Slut! Whore! And angry at myself, not only because I made all it happen, but because I liked it as much as I hated it. The only thing that burned hotter than my anger was my sick, depraved lust. I watched my beautiful wife take on two men and all I could think was, Give it to her! Make her fucking scream!

Jen was not going to scream because her mouth was stuffed full of young cock. Ricky was young, fit, and handsome. He was just as threatening as Frank, just in different ways. Of course, Jen wanted him. She wanted Frank because he was a real man—rugged and experienced—and she wanted Ricky because he was a handsome, hung young stud. Jen always claimed she couldn't even think about a younger man like him—they're kids, she'd insisted—but she'd obviously been lying. She couldn't get that dick in her mouth fast enough.

At first, I thought Frank would just hang back while his young friend used Jen. The guy was older than me and he just came inside my wife. He had to be done, right? But her sweet ass in the air like that was too tempting. I couldn't blame him. I couldn't resist that either if I were in that room. He spanked her hard and the swirling conflict twisted my gut. What kind of man would let Frank abuse his wife like that? I hated myself for my weakness. And then I thought, Yeah, spank that ass. She fucking deserves it!

I was hard and I was stroking it again. Ricky shoved his cock deep in her throat and kept it there. Frank's hand pumped her from behind. Jen shook and went red in the face.

“Get it in there, kid. This one loves choking on it. She went wild on me before,”

Frank urged.

Jen scrambled, trying to pull back, but Ricky had a tight grip on her head, forcing her to take it. My dick throbbed in my hand, and I grunted through gritted teeth. It was so dangerous. These bastards were choking out my wife. I was awful for making her do this. Jen was going to choke out on this guy's dick. I tossed the tablet onto the passenger seat and pushed the button to start the engine. I had to get home and save her.

Before I could shift into drive, Jen coughed violently, and I looked back to the tablet. She coughed and spat, drool running from her lips while her wild hair hung around her face. Her ass was still in the air and it moved with Frank's fingers. These guys almost made her pass out, but she still wanted what they had. Jen still offered herself to Frank. I turned off the engine. She didn't need me. She had what she wanted. What she needed.

"Oh fuck," Jen groaned between gasps. "Ohh...fuck..."

"You can take it, Jenny, can't you?" Frank said.

"I...I...ohh..."

"Come on, kid, get after it. Or are you ready for that puss?"

Ricky's eyes lit up at that. It was exactly what he was ready for. "Yeah?" he asked.

"Yeah, kid. Jenny's good, aren't ya, girl?"

My wife's only response was a moan. Frank had answered for her. She wasn't going to contradict him. He was her man right then. She rocked back on her knees, shoving herself at his invading fingers. Jen was getting close again. I could see it. Here's the thing about my wife, once she gets that first O, they keep coming and coming. I've never met another woman who can keep coming like she can—as her new friends were discovering.

"Let's get her turned over," Frank said. Jen whimpered with disappointment when he took his fingers away. She was denied, for now.

Jen was flipped on her back before being pulled onto her side. Providence had

her facing my camera at the foot of the bed. Ricky's pants constricted his legs and he waddled to one side, pulling her legs apart, while Frank went to the other. He pulsed and jumped as he looked down at my sexy, used wife. Jen looked right into the camera, her eyes glazed. She hadn't been drinking, but she was drunk with lust. The wife I'd known all these years had checked out and a new thing had taken her place, a creature of pure lust. Jen wasn't doing this for me. I wasn't even in the picture anymore—or so I thought. Ricky pushed inside her, and Jen smiled. She smiled right at me and her eyes sparkled. She hadn't lost control at all. She was taking what she wanted.

I don't think I knew what I wanted until I saw that look. I thought it was about me watching her or Jen playing the role of the slutty housewife, but what I really wanted to see was Jen finding that inner slut and letting her out to play. I was certain this lurked inside her, a pure sexual being who'd throw away propriety and morality and just take what she needed. Yes, Frank had used her, dominated her, but only because that's what Jen craved. He didn't take anything. She'd given herself to him. Jen was in her full power, and it was the most incredible thing I'd ever seen. Most men don't get to see their wife like that—maybe they shouldn't—but I loved it. It was everything. Jen was in her full power, and it was glorious.

Frank was at her head, stroking her hair back from her face, his dick bobbing right by it. Jen's eyes flicked from my hidden camera to the thing she really wanted. Seeing my wife's obvious desire for that big piece of meat had me questioning my manhood and sanity once again. No real man would let his wife anywhere near something like that. I love Jen and think she's the sexiest woman on the planet, but I don't think I'm capable of giving her the pounding Frank gave her earlier. I certainly couldn't give that to her and be ready to go again a few minutes later. Jen was just as impressed by his recovery as I was. It was written all over her face.

“C'mon, Jenny, get in there,” he grunted, tilting her head back and tipping his balls into her mouth.

Jen jolted with every thrust from the young stud taking her other end, but Frank still got his sac into her mouth. She ignored the hair and sucked those big orbs between her lips, moaning around her new mouthful. I only had a restricted sideview, but I saw enough. I saw my wife's eyes closed in concentration as she tried to please Frank while taking a solid fucking. His thick rod dropped across

her cheek and the dark, round head poked her ear as it slid along her smooth, perfect skin.

“Mmm, take it easy, honey. No teeth,” Frank directed.

Ricky was grunting and sweating as he put it to Jen. He held one leg up and drove his hips into her like a jackhammer, drilling her deep. Jen’s tits sagged down toward the bed and bounded wildly as her body shook from the attack. Her moan grew louder around Frank’s sac as young Ricky brought her closer and closer to a climax. Frank took his sac from her mouth and Jen gasped for air, crying out.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck...ohhh...”

Frank twisted and my view at the top was cut off, but from her gagging sounds I know what he did. All I could see was Frank’s ass squeezing in and out as he used my wife’s mouth. A quick switch to the other camera gave me a better angle on the action. Just past Ricky’s shoulder, I saw Jen’s body bounce between the floor guys, Ricky jamming his joint into her pussy while Frank abused her mouth with his thick hog. Frank cradled the back of her head and fed himself to Jen, pushing the meat down her throat. The kid was moving faster now, getting closer to losing it. Frank took it easy, but he didn’t have to do much. Every time Ricky thrust it into her, Frank’s cock was jammed down Jen’s throat. My wife was out of control, completely at the mercy of the floor guys using her.

Ricky gave a soft curse in Spanish and jammed it in one last time. I knew he was pumping his load into my wife. Here was the second guy of the afternoon filling Jen with his seed, shooting it deep inside her. She has an IUD, so I wasn’t worried about her getting pregnant, but this was against the ground rules we’d discussed. Acid burned a hole in my gut as I thought about Jen throwing all that out the second she saw Frank’s big dick. Nothing mattered, except getting that thing inside her.

Frank took the lead again, looking down at her and driving his cock into her throat. He was abusing Jen’s mouth and she took it all. She rolled onto her back when Ricky pulled out, and Frank hung her head over the side of the bed. I could barely see it. Her face was lost between his muscular, hairy thighs as he fucked down into her mouth. I heard her, though. Jen gagged and struggled. Her legs kicked, and she grabbed at him, but Frank showed no mercy. My arms went

numb with fear as I watched this man brazenly use my wife and choke her with her cock. It made the earlier times look like patty cake. Frank looked determined to kill Jen with his cock.

“C’mon, Jenny. Finish strong. You can do it! You fucking need it, honey,” he growled, one hand on her throat. Did he feel his cock sliding into it?

I beat my dick furiously and hated myself for it. I didn’t deserve Jen. Frank should take her. I was watching him choke her out, and instead of rushing to her defense, I was trying to get off. I wanted to get off, but my dick was done. I had nothing left to give. Frank was the man. I was not.

Jen’s body spasmed with violent coughing when he ripped his cock from her throat. She tried to roll onto her side, but Frank gripped her shoulder and kept her in place, beating his dick over her. The hand slid down her flushed, sweaty body and shoved her legs apart. He furiously rubbed her clit, engorged and slick with the two loads dripping out of her.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck...ohhh fuuuck...” she moaned, half out of her mind, staring at Frank’s meat.

“Here it is, Jenny! Here it comes!”

Frank cranked it until it spit its venom all over Jen’s tits. He had a lot left for it being his second time. Jen smiled and rubbed her sticky reward all over her tits, like it was expensive lotion. She behaved like the sluttiest porn star I’d ever seen. Jen had never been like that for me, even when we fantasized about this. It was a sword run right through me, but it energized me. She cried out and locked her thighs around his hand—a sure sign she was coming again.

Jen went limp on the bed and laughed. It’s a strange laugh she gives when she’s fully sated. It was strange to hear her doing it with someone else.

Frank

Jen Radcliffe was a screwy broad. We'd used her as good as any broad I'd seen, and she was laying there laughing. I laughed too. I didn't know what else to do. "You like that, hon? You have a good time?"

"Wow. You guys....You guys. I'm exhausted."

"That's because you're not used to getting it from a real man," I replied.

I should have said men. Ricky was standing right there, and he'd acquitted himself well. He'd put his dick away and now he stood there like he didn't know what to do. I was still exposed—like Mrs. Radcliffe—but it wasn't my first rodeo. I was comfortable. Ricky looked a little shocked, like he couldn't believe we'd just double-teamed this sexy wife. Not all guys can handle the freaky stuff. Maybe he couldn't.

"Why don't you go on downstairs and finish up the job, kid? I'll be right down."

Ricky left without a word. Jen rolled off her back and sat up, looking around the bedroom for something to cover herself. I don't think she wanted to pull on her shirt with my jizz all over her chest. I checked it out. I could stare at those tits all day, and I'd done a good job painting them. I began pulling on my clothes.

"Y'know, you need any more work done, Jenny, I'm always available," I said, pulling up my pants.

She smiled wide. I know she was thinking about it. I didn't think once would be enough for this one. "I'll keep that in mind. Thanks, Frank."

I pulled my shirt on. "I'm going to head down and help the kid wrap things up. You come down and inspect it when you're ready."

"Yes, sir," she said, giggling.

I came closer and palmed that round ass, giving it a nice shake. Then I gave it

one more swat for the road. Jen yelped and giggled. “I could get used to you calling me sir, hon.”

“Yes, sir,” she answered, soft and sultry.

I felt my balls tingle and thought I might just have a third round in me. But I let her go. We did have to wrap it up. I kissed her cheek and left Jen Radcliffe there on her destroyed bed. I wondered if her husband would notice she changed the sheets when he got home.

Ricky and I finished the floor, gathered our equipment, and tidied up. Jen didn’t come down until the last minute. Maybe reality was setting in and she didn’t want to face what she’d done. I was cool with that. When she appeared, she was in the same clothes as earlier. Still braless. She’d taken the time to brush her hair, but otherwise still looked like the freshly fucked, adulterous wife she was. That was a new one. Usually they run right for the shower to clean up the evidence.

Jen Radcliffe nodded at our work, signing off on it without really looking at it. I guessed if her husband had a problem with it when he came home, we’d hear about it. But I do good work, even with a sexy distraction like Jen. And little did Mr. Radcliffe know, but floors were the least of his worries.

I sent Ricky out to the truck while she walked me to the door. She was still flushed and smelled of sex. She needed to clean up before the husband and kid got home. I slipped her a card with my cell number written on it.

“Anytime you need something taken care of, call me, hon.”

Jen took the card and tucked it between her tits. “I promise, I’ll call if I need you.”

I grinned wolfishly. “We both know what you need, hon.” I kissed her forehead. I wasn’t going to kiss her mouth, not after Ricky’s dick had been there. “See ya around.”

“See ya around,” she echoed.

Another happy customer.

Jen

I pressed my back against the closed door and slid down to sit on the floor with my legs tucked up, listening to the loud truck pull out of the driveway and go. I laughed again. I couldn't help myself. Nothing seemed real. Surely that whole afternoon was some wild hallucination—something funny in my tea. It couldn't be that I just fucked the floor guys in my marital bed. Good mothers don't do that. Good wives don't bring strange men into their beds. It just couldn't be real.

But it was real. My sore body, sore throat, sticky breasts, and the wet spot on my yoga pants—the cum of two virtual strangers seeping from me—were proof that it all happened. I was the harlot I looked to be. I laughed again. I needed the tension relief. I'd had my fun, but the reckoning was coming. Brian was surely rushing home.

Brian swore he wanted this. He swore it would be the hottest thing ever, but I had no assurances he was going to feel that way now that it happened. How would Brian look at me the same after what I'd done? I could hardly look at myself in the mirror when I was finally alone upstairs. I saw my smeared makeup, flushed, blotchy skin, crazy hair, and it all screamed one thing—slut! The gold band and diamond on my finger felt like an accusation. Brian saw everything I did. He had to be freaked out. He had to regret his decision. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if some crazy, dirty fantasy destroyed my family.

It was easy to blame my husband, but he didn't force me to do anything. This started with my bad behavior, which led Brian down this weird, twisted path. His strange obsession with me being with another man started there. It was a virus, and it infected me, too. Brian convinced me it would be hot. He convinced me I wanted it. Maybe I did, but I knew it was wrong. What I'd just done went against everything I'd always believed was right. It felt good. Lord, did it feel good. But I knew it was wrong. I knew it in my bones. It didn't stop me from wanting it. I couldn't understand wanting something so destructive so badly.

I closed my eyes and hugged myself, and I could feel all those hands on me. I felt both men impaling me like they were still there. Having two men inside me at the same time was overwhelming. I had no choice but to hang on for the ride and just feel—feel all the things happening to me, feel the sensations flooding my consciousness. There were moments I thought they might use me all up and leave me a spent husk, and yet I craved their attention. I wanted them to use me. It was dark and twisted and I didn't see how I could ever confess it to my husband, but it left an aching need to be used in me—a need I didn't think Brian was capable of filling on his own.

Brian was not home as quickly as I expected, which fed into all my fears. If all he saw was too much for him, he might have started the car and driven in the other direction. The longer he delayed, the more the fear grew, and it was paralyzing. I sat in the same chair where I teased the floor guys and stared at the door, waiting for my husband to come home to me.

Brian

I didn't expect to see Jen sitting at the table waiting for me when I came home, and I froze in the doorway. I don't know what I expected. I shouldn't have expected anything. We were through the looking glass and anything was possible. Our reality had been blown open, and I had to be ready for anything.

Jen looked like the same woman I'd known all these years, the woman I'd taken as my wife, the mother of my son. But she was different. Something inside her had changed, and I saw it right away. She was tense as she sat there waiting for me, that was clear, but that wasn't it. No, that afternoon had changed something deep in my wife. Her energy was different. She had a sensual power—just sitting there—that she hadn't had when I left that morning. And she looked the same, but I'd never seen her like that—used like that. Jen had brushed her hair, but it was still messy. Her lips looked swollen and pouty. Her nipples were thick bullets through her top, like they might never go down again. She looked like she'd been ridden hard and put up wet.

“Hi,” she said softly.

“Hi,” I replied, closing the door and coming into the living room. I crossed through into the dining room to her and she smelled musty, like sex. Sex I'd had no part in. Jen had the smell of other men on her. My body crackled with fresh energy from it.

Jen tenderly touched my chest. “Are you okay?”

I nodded, not sure what to say. I didn't know what to say. So many of my thoughts seemed unshareable.

“Was that what you wanted? Did you get what you needed?”

What a loaded question! I had so many answers. I caressed her cheek, wanted to kiss her, but I was suddenly shy. Shy with my own wife. Jen didn't entirely

belong to me anymore, and I felt like we both sensed it.

“It was hot, Jen. Jeez...”

“And that’s good?” Her need for reassurance was a flashing light.

“You were better than good, sweetheart. You were incredible.”

Jen smiled and pulled me into a kiss. She tasted minty. I don’t know if I was relieved or disappointed. My tongue slipped into her mouth, searching for some trace of evidence of how it had been used that afternoon. I swear her kiss felt and tasted different after her mouth had been stretched by two other men, but it was probably all in my head. That was ridiculous. Jen clung to my shirt, kissing me ferociously. We finished and her forehead pressed to mine while she breathed huskily.

“We don’t have much time before Charlie is home. Take me upstairs, Brian. I need you,” she whispered.

“Jen...”

It wasn’t that I didn’t want her. I did have doubts that I’d be able to reclaim her while driving home. My coming twice by my own hand in the car, I didn’t think I had anything left. But when I saw Jen and smelled the scent of sex and men on her, my cock began to rise. That wasn’t the problem now. I was intimidated. I knew I wouldn’t measure up. It was all I thought about on that drive home, and it was why I took the long way. I didn’t know how I was going to face my wife. Not because of what she’d done, but because I didn’t think she’d still see me as a deserving husband, as a man. There was no way I could give her what the floor guys gave her. I knew it was a danger before that day. I knew the hazards of sharing my wife with another man. Of course, I didn’t consider the possibility of men plural. But I knew once Jen had done it, she might not consider me worthy because I was willing to share her. And she might get it so good that I’d be useless to her afterward. Jen told me that wasn’t possible. She insisted she loved me, and nothing would change that, but those feelings of inadequacy were strong, and only growing stronger as she led me to our bedroom. It was the second time that day she’d taken a man there.

I stared at the scene of the crime. The sheets were all torn up, and the wet spots were not dried out. I imagined I could see the impression where Frank drove her

into the mattress with his pile-driving cock in those rumpled sheets. I looked at the foot of the bed, where Frank hung her head and fucked her mouth. The room reeked of what they done.

“Brian?”

Jen looked up at me, expectant and worried. I stared at her and all I could see was her in Frank’s arms, sinking to her knees right where we stood and swallowing his big slab of meat. My heart seized in my chest and my cock surged in my pants. I grabbed for her and we wrestled with each other’s clothing.

I wanted to throw Jen onto the bed like Frank had, but I couldn’t. She crawled onto the bed and I followed, staring at that ass, remembering the way it jiggled when Frank drilled it. Her sex was puffy and distended from behind, already well-used before I even started with her. I tried to have sex with her that morning, but Jen insisted she wanted to be fresh in case something happened. She told me I had to wait. Jen didn’t say it, but the message was plain: I had to wait to be with my wife until another man was done with her. My shame smoldered.

“Come here, sweetheart. Come to me,” she cooed, taking my dick, and drawing me to her.

I was impressed I was hard at all, but it wasn’t the steel rod Frank or Ricky had. Jen pulled on it, stretching it, but she could pull it all day and I’d never have what the floor guys had. I grabbed her tits. I was usually gentle and teasing, the way I knew she liked it, but I tried to handle her the way Frank had, mashing those pillowy orbs, and pulling her nipples.

“Ow, not too rough, baby. I’m sore,” she breathed, squeezing my cock harder so I got the message.

I burned with jealousy. She didn’t complain when Frank manhandled her. She welcomed his attack. I couldn’t be him, why did I try? I strummed her nipples the way that always made her squirm and Jen cooed and moaned.

“That’s it, that’s my baby, touch me, Brian,” she moaned.

“Jen, I…”

Words failed me. I stared at this woman I'd been married to for almost fifteen years and I suddenly didn't know what to do or what to say. Jen was different now and I didn't know if I could be what she needed. She seemed to sense it and took charge the way Frank had taken charge of her. It was almost like he was still in that room, laughing at me and directing my wife on how to treat me. Shame and arousal scorched up and down my spine, driving energy through my cock, energy I needed to put into my wife.

Jen had other plans. She fell onto her back, pulling me with her. I wasn't pulled on top of her, but she pushed my face toward her fragrant lap. I resisted. She couldn't mean for me to do that, not after what she'd done, but it was exactly what she intended. Jen pulled harder, burying my face between her powerful thighs. I closed my eyes and braced myself.

The aroma of my wife's earlier coupling hit me before I tasted it. It was a pungent blend of her excitement and the deposits the floor guys left inside of her—mostly inside of her. Their loads had run from her pussy, and I felt it sticky on my cheeks when they brushed her thighs. I knew Jen's tangy scent well, but I was not used to it blended with that bleachy smell of a man's product. She was supposed to make her lover—lovers—use condoms. Jen didn't care about that. I bet she wanted that all along—to feel their naked cocks and have them fill her with their loads. I wrinkled my nose but didn't stop her from pressing me to her flesh. The taste disgusted and aroused me. I was disgusted with myself for even doing it and disgusted with my wife for making me. My tongue dipped inside Jen as I intimately kissed her there. The wave of revulsion turned. I was enthusiastically lapping at my wife's well-used cunt. Yes, it was her cunt—the only way to describe it after what she'd done with the floor guys.

“Ahh...ahh...yes Brian...yesss...feels so good. I'm so sore and you're making it feel so good, sweetheart. Ahh...don't stop...”

Jen was so sore because she'd spent the afternoon getting railed by two hung strangers, and here I was, the loyal, weak husband cleaning up after them. I knew what it made me, but God help me it was incredible. Cleaning my wife after those men made me feel connected to it in a way that I didn't feel from just watching. I felt like I was showing Jen how much I loved her by doing it for her.

“Ohh...ahh...ohh...ohh fuck Brian! Yeah...yeah...”

I was sure I was going to get her off. I wanted to make her come. I needed to prove I could still do it after the floor guys made her orgasm so easily, over and over. But Jen yanked me away from her pussy by the hair. I looked up at her confused, but she smiled down at me. She was radiant.

“Sorry, sweetheart. Just too sensitive down there. Besides, we only have a little time left and I want you.”

“Me, too, baby. Me too,” I agreed.

I did want it. I thought I was ready to go. Licking her dirty cunt energized my dick. But staring at her wrecked sex up close intimidated me again. I couldn't keep up with my confusing, swirling emotions. Jen saw my hesitation and took the lead again. She deftly tucked her legs back and pulled my shoulders to roll me over. Jen crawled on all fours to get over me, her hair hanging down to veil our faces. She gripped my shaft, pumping life into it as she kissed me, tongue plunging deep to taste what I had. To taste her lovers' cum once again. I know it drove her wild because she kissed me like a demon. Jen rubbed my head against her puffy lips, and I groaned into our kiss. I was so ready. It was fitting she took the lead after everything that had happened. I wasn't going to fuck my wife. She was going to fuck me.

Jen

The look in my husband's eyes was haunting. I wondered if I'd broken him. Brian wasn't exactly a he-man, but he was a confident guy. He didn't have trouble expressing himself in bed. The Brian in front of me looked lost. He looked at my naked body like he didn't know what to do. Brian knew what he wanted but was too timid to ask for it. His erection said he was turned on by my used body, but he was afraid of it. My first reaction was to back away. A timid man wasn't exactly a turn-on, not after being with a real man like Frank, but Brian was my husband and I loved him. I had to figure out how to give him what he needed. I owed it to him after the afternoon he'd allowed me to have.

It was a perverse thrill to pull Brian's face to my pussy and make him eat me out. Even I couldn't believe I did it, but it was kind of a test. If he shoved me away, I was reading him wrong. Brian dove in. I can't explain the perverse thrill I got from my husband licking my stretched, jizz-filled pussy. It wasn't about humiliating him, but seeing him in service to me, doing something that should cause him revulsion, showed me how dedicated Brian was to me. He proved he'd do anything to make me happy. And not just that, he loved it. Brian never licked me the way he did it when he was tasting my worn-out pussy. He got deep in there. I had to push him away to stop him. I was just too sensitive and too sore to let him keep going.

Brian needed me to be in control, and I kept the train rolling. I straddled him and teased his head with my slick, dripping lips. It was strange to hold him after my hands had been filled by my hung lovers. I've never had complaints about my husband's cock. He's always been enough for me, but the difference between Brian and Frank was stark. My fingers easily wrapped around my husband and my grasp felt empty after holding Frank's big tool.

I enveloped my husband's shaft and he felt slim inside me. His eyes rolled back in his head when he slipped inside me. He had to feel the difference from before. I did. It wasn't permanent, but I was stretched by the two men who hammered me earlier and I couldn't sculpt myself to my husband the way I would in the

past. Brian didn't complain. He looked like he was in nirvana. Brian loved the feeling of my loose pussy around him.

"Mmm, sweetheart, do you feel it? Do you feel me around you?" I cooed.

"Yeah...Jen...yeah...it's so..."

I leaned into his dirty fetish. "They stretched me out. They were so big, Brian. I know you feel it."

"I do, baby. God, I do."

"You like it, don't you?"

"Yeah..."

"You liked seeing them fuck me?"

"Yeah, Jen. Fuck yeah. It was so hot."

I rocked my hips on him, rolling them and squeezing to feel him inside me. I planted my hands on his chest, my boobs hanging down toward him. Brian stared at them the way he always does when I'm on top, but this time they were red and swollen from Frank's abuse. Brian touched my swaying breasts like he had to be sure they were real. His soothing touch felt nice after the way Frank manhandled me. The rough stuff was amazing, but a girl likes variety, and I couldn't handle that all the time anyway. I'd need days to recover from my afternoon with the floor guys.

"Frank was so big. I thought he was going to rip me in half."

"You fucking loved it, Jen," he grunted.

"I did. He was huge and I loved it. I loved being filled by a real man."

Brian groaned in pleasure and torment.

"Did you see how he made me come, Brian?"

"Yeah...he...he fucking used you good, baby. You loved it. You wanted it."

“I did. I did, Brian.”

“You pulled him on you. You...you needed him...wanted him...loved...loved...it...”

Brian’s brow furrowed he looked so troubled, but he thrust up at me. I knew what he almost said, and it was insane. I didn’t love Frank—not even for a second. I loved what he did to me. We shared an intimate moment, but that was all it was. If Brian saw something different there it was all in his head. Did he want to see it? Was that why?

I drove my hips down hard on Brian. The bed creaked in protest. He lay under me with his hands at his sides, letting me control it, except for lifting his hips from the mattress. I rode him fast and hard. I looked down on my helpless, surrendered husband and took perverse pleasure in his weakness. It was a thrill I never expected, like when he went down on me—or when he first suggested I accept another man. Brian’s weird fetish really was insane, but I was finding I was just as into it as he was. He’d better be okay with that. He’d have to be.

“I loved it! I loved it so much. I loved having a real man fill me. He used me like a dirty, dirty whore...” I panted, riding him harder and harder. I thought I was done for the day, but this twisted new dynamic with my husband sent licks of flame down my spine, from my sick brain to my enflamed sex.

“They both...both used you...dirty...dirty...slut...”

“You made me a slut, Brian! You gave me to them to use...you gave them your wife...you made me a slut...”

“A whore...two guys...fucked two guys...”

“I loved it, sweetheart. Loved their cocks in me...choking me...filling me...I needed it...”

“Slut...they filled you with their cum...”

“And I loved it! I still feel it inside me! They came so much, baby. Oh my god!”

“You didn’t make them wear condoms, Jen,” I panted.

“I couldn’t stop them...I couldn’t...”

“You didn’t want to! You needed them too much!”

“You made me a slut who needs cocks! You know it!”

“Yeah, Jen...”

“You wanted a whore!”

“Yes!” he cried sharply.

“Frank gave me his number. He wants to fuck me again.”

“Oh fuck, Jen.”

“You want it. You want me to fuck him!”

“Yeah...yeah Jen...I want it...fuck him...”

“I’ll be his slut...give it up...”

“Yeah...yeah...fuck him Jen...”

“Can’t wait to take his load again and feed it to you!”

“Fuck, Jen!” Brian cried.

His fists pounded the bed and his prick strained inside me. He shot a weak stream that I barely felt. I might not have felt his cum at all if I hadn’t been hit with my own orgasm, which made me milk him inside me. It wasn’t the thick wads Frank and Ricky deposited in me. But I was thrilled I made my husband come. I wanted him to love this as much as I did. I rocked my hips on him until Brian shrank so much his button cock slipped out of me. He’s always been more of a grower than a shower. When Brian goes soft, he kind of disappears.

“Oh fuck, Jen. Oh fuck,” Brian wheezed, struggling to catch his breath.

I rubbed his chest, still sitting astride him. I leaked down, soaking him beneath me. “Are you okay, sweetheart? Was that good?”

Brian looked troubled, but he smiled. “Yeah, Jen. It was strange, but it was incredible.”

“It wasn’t too much? I didn’t push it too far?”

“You were perfect, Jen. You are perfect, babe. My feelings about all this are complex, but not my feelings about you. I know how I feel about you.”

“You’re sure you’re okay?”

Brian laughed. “Stop asking me! I’ll make up a different answer if you want me to.”

“No, I don’t. Sorry. About the condom thing...”

“Yeah, I guess I’m not thrilled about that. I mean, we had rules, Jen.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I really am. I promise, it was just a heat of the moment thing. I had every intention of making him wear one.”

Brian’s look suggested he wanted to believe me, but he had doubts. This was the kind of problem I was afraid of and I didn’t know what to say to him about it.

“Really, it’s okay, Jen. It’s not my big takeaway from today. How do you feel about everything that happened?”

If Brian was going to let it go, I would to.

“Ask me again tomorrow and I might have a difference answer, but I kind of loved it. I didn’t think I could do it.” I beamed. “I mean, it’s insane, right? How could I do something like that? I didn’t even think it would work. I thought those guys would ignore me.”

“That’s insane, Jen,” Brian said, hefting my breasts. “No one is ignoring you without a bra.”

“Stop it. You don’t understand. I’m over forty, I’m a mom, I don’t have the body of a twenty-year-old anymore. You don’t get how that makes a woman feel invisible. I felt silly for even trying. But then they started looking at me, like really looking at me the way men used to look at me. And it’s not just about sex.

I can't fully explain it. I feel like it's wrong to admit in 2020, but I loved their attention. I'd forgotten how good it feels to have men look at you like that."

"You deserve all the attention, Jen."

"Of course, you think that. You're my husband. It's different to have other men look at me like that. When they looked at me like that, I knew I could do it. I wanted it."

"I could tell, babe."

I smacked his chest. "Stop it."

"Seriously, Jen. I could tell how much you want it, from both of them. It was magical to watch."

"We didn't consider more than one guy would be here. We didn't discuss it."

"It's okay. It was hot."

"But is it? It was hot, but was it too much? Was it too...slutty?"

Brian nudged me off him and sat up. He kissed me, pouring his passion into me.

"You're the perfect amount of slutty, Jen."

"Brian! I'm serious!"

"So am I. Don't doubt yourself. We're the only people who have a right to judge us. If we're okay with it, it's good. It was a bit shocking, but I won't lie and say I didn't love seeing it. Don't pretend you didn't like getting it."

I smiled bashfully—weird considering the topic. "I did. I didn't know I was capable of that, but I did love it. It was so...so...I don't know."

"Then it's good, Jen. Don't overthink it."

We sat quietly for a moment, then I saw the time. "Shit, I need to get dressed. Charlie will be home any minute."

"Jump in the shower. I'll get him off the bus."

“Thanks.” I kissed him again and hopped off the bed.

“Did Frank really give you his number?” Brian asked.

I paused at the door, looked back over my shoulder. “He did.”

“Do you want to use it?”

“Do you want me to?”

“I don’t know. It scares me,” he admitted.

“It scares me too.”

“But you want to call him.”

I fixed him with my eyes. “I think I do, if that’s okay.”

Brian took a moment to answer. “It’s your body, Jen. I’m just along for the ride.” It was the most loving thing he could say. I never loved him more. He asked, “Will you call him?”

I smiled and said, “We’ll see.”

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Also by Kirsten McCurran

Carol's Trinity:

A Hotwife's Reverse Harem Series

It was a birthday surprise Carol didn't ask for, but she would never forget. Carol had a feeling that things wouldn't be the same after that magical night her husband, John, shared her with three sexy, younger men. She just couldn't anticipate all the ways it would change her. At 40, she feels like a new woman, with powerful new desires.

Conner, Noah and Matteo are never far from her mind in the months afterward, but Carol doesn't quite know how to tell her husband she wants another round with "her guys". Was her 40th birthday present a onetime thing? Isn't it safer if it's left that way? She doesn't want to hurt John's feelings, and she doesn't to come off as a wanton woman. But after a moment of honesty with John, Carol comes home from a morning of yoga to find an incredible surprise waiting for her!

Fiona's Summer Vacation

Fiona was at loose ends with her kid at camp and her husband working endless hours. Faced with all that time and nothing to do, Fiona takes on a project:

drawing nerdy young Sam out of his shell and away from his video games. What seems like a harmless distraction at first, becomes something more as Fiona discovers the young man's crush on her. Surprisingly, Fiona finds herself crushing back as she revels in Sam's attention.

Fiona's husband, Josh, sees no threat and encourages his wife to indulge the young man's crush. He even suggests his wife play Mrs. Robinson to the awkward young man. But it all gets real when Fiona's feelings deepen, and lines are crossed. Fiona is worried by her behavior and annoyed that her husband is not. Can Fiona be a good and loyal wife AND luxuriate in Sam's attention? Can she come to terms with her husband's willingness to share her? The only thing Fiona knows for sure is that she will never be the same after this summer.

Gentrified:

A Hotwife Seduced

Jessica is a fish out of water when her husband, Kyle, moves their family from the cushy suburbs to a fixer-upper in an up-and-coming neighborhood. The new arrivals get the cold shoulder from most of the neighborhood old-timers, except for one. Winston has designs on Jessica the moment he sees her on the street. After deciding he must have her, Winston sets about seducing the pretty young mom, and making sure he has her husband's blessing.

But no great plan comes off without a hitch, and when Winston meets Jessica's best friend Nicole he finds his attention split. Can Winston seduce Jessica while romancing her best friend? Will Nicole be a wrench in his plans, or become an unexpected ally?

Stephanie's Hotwife Seduction

Stephanie is on a rare date night with her husband Andy when they spy a curious sight. Her coworker Dez, an attractive younger black man, is out with an older white couple. Curiosity gets the better of her and Stephanie asks Dez what his deal is. Dez explains he's a Bull and a whole new world is opened to Stephanie and Andy.

Stephanie can't help but be tempted by the hotwife lifestyle...and her handsome coworker. Will Stephanie lose herself to her new lifestyle or can Andy reel her back in and keep the woman he fell in love with?

Shoot the Messenger: A Hotwife Adventure

A favor to his wife Haley turns Matt's life upside down. Matt is fixing her computer when an instant message comes through from an old flame, Travis, her college boyfriend. Haley and Travis had a wild, crazy time together, and their affair burned so hot, it had to burn out. It's a time in her life that Matt has always been obsessed with, so seeing Travis pop up in their lives again sends Matt into a tailspin.

Matt watches in fascinated horror as Travis digitally seduces Haley. The old Haley, up for anything, comes out again, and Matt feels that old obsession return. Thoughts of Haley being with Travis again drive arouse and tear him apart. And Travis will get a chance to have his way when they all attend a

wedding together. Can Haley resist her ultimate temptation? And will Matt stand by and let her go through with it just to satisfy his own twisted fantasies?

Hawaiian Swing

After 10 years of marriage the flame isn't quite gone, but it's flickering, so Kristen and Steve head off on a second honeymoon to find the magic again. But some things are easier said than done. The demands of being a wife and mother—physical and mental—have Kristen wondering if she can ever again be the passionate, exciting woman Steve met back in college. Just when she thinks getting her mojo back is out of reach, they meet a sexy younger couple intent on turning their world upside down. Kristen doesn't mind that her husband is infatuated with pretty blonde Ambyr, because when she sees herself through the eyes of tall, hunky and tattooed Riley, Kristen finds her passion burning hotter than ever.

These and other titles are available.

About the Author

Kirsten McCurran is the nom de plume of an average fortysomething woman with a dirty mind and the drive to share her vivid fantasies. She is especially interested in tales of women like her, who are tempted by the forbidden and give in—only to discover the complications that can cause. Like many of her characters, Kirsten lives in the ‘burbs with her loving husband and children, so she understands how difficult it might be for one of her characters to balance a real life with her erotic adventures. Her neighbors may be scandalized to discover what is going on in her head, but Kirsten’s husband fully approves, and even lends a hand in the creative process where he can.

Kirsten has written over 40 ebooks. She loves to hear from her fans and can be reached by email at kmccurran@gmail.com.

