

Led by the Nose (and loving it)



Sasha Vogue

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# **Led by the Nose (And Loving It!)**

**by**

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Be sure to check out a sizzling excerpt from one of my latest stories:

"A Bride's Bounty, Part 1".

He should have known Linda was bad news before he married her. More than one person had accused him of thinking with his "little head", and the moment he walked in his door to find the tall blonde naked and bent over the couch with another man pounding her furiously from behind, Dustin would have agreed with them.

Dustin really should have seen it coming. It wasn't that he was a bad husband, or a bad provider, in fact, the twenty-six year old had a great job and positively doted on his bride. He'd done so since the night he'd met her, in fact, just two short years before. He'd seen her dancing at his local club, grinding her curvy body between two hulking black guys. When she'd stopped to catch her breath, he'd swooped in and did his best to charm the panties right off her. He the epitome of tall, dark, and handsome, and hadn't been intimidated by her dance partners like most white guys would have been. That fact had seemed to impress

her, and she'd come home with him that night.

After that, they dated every chance they got. She was energetic, bright, and saw the world as one big adventure. No matter the activity, sport, or game, Linda was up to give it a try. Her attitude was infectious, and before a week was out, Dustin had fallen for her, hard. She worked as a leg and foot model, and had a lot of time to explore her hobbies of painting, graphic design, and reading books on a hundred different subjects. The woman was bright, and seemed to know just about everything about everything. His family thought she was delightful, but it his friends had other opinions. Whether they'd seen her around town, or just got a feeling from the sexy way she dressed or the brazen way she flirted, most seemed to think she was a slut.

When it came to sex, Dustin had to concede his friends may have had a point. He'd never had such an eager, experienced lover. She had tricks he'd only read about in mens' magazines, and a few he was sure were all original. Linda was insatiable, coaxing his cock to erection after erection, as if she were starving for his seed. Though a couple years older, she had the energy of a teenager, wrapping her long legs around his face or body at the slightest provocation. Dustin had fallen instantly in lust with her.

It wasn't long after they'd moved in together that they started watching porn together. Once or twice a week they'd sit side by side on their couch, watching one racy flick after another. She'd introduced him to interracial porn almost right away, claiming to love the contrast of the male actors' ebony skin against the porn stars' creamy white bodies. He'd felt strange about it, of course, and said so. After all there was more to interracial porn than skin tone; those actors were enormous!

"Every girl wants a big black cock from time to time!" she'd giggled at the time, between slurps of his hard cock. She'd finally gotten him to admit it was sexy to see those huge, chocolate dicks spearing busty blondes, brunettes and redheads,

and before long, interracial porn was the only porn they ever put in their DVD. Over time, he found himself liking it more and more himself. Those black guys really were impressive, and the actresses didn't seem like they had to fake it their screams! The thought of going back to plain vanilla left him feeling flat.

Still, Dustin couldn't forget who'd he'd seen her dancing with that first night, two big black studs. It was obvious that his perfect, bubbly blonde girlfriend had a thing for black guys, especially their BBC's, or Big Black Cocks. Still, when he got down on one knee and proposed at their favorite Indian restaurant, she'd squealed in glee and shouted "YES!" so loudly they'd almost gotten kicked out!

Three months after the wedding, the young couple's sex life was still as frenzied as ever. Sure they watched a lot of porn featuring black men on white women, and sure a lot of that porn even featured a whimpering cuckold watching his "wife" get her first taste of black dick. He looked forward to their mutual evenings of interracial porn as much as she did, but he couldn't help but worry that she'd stray. It was just a fantasy, he kept telling himself. Surely she really wouldn't go back to black guys, would she?

"Oh my God, Linda!" he cried, dropping his briefcase by the door. "You really did it!" Linda bent over the back of the couch, perched on sky red stilettos. She pushed her round little rump up as the naked black man standing behind her slapped her ass as he ground his pelvis into her body.

"Honey!" Linda yelped. "You're home early! Meet Jerome!" Her breathe came in sharp little pants, and it was obvious they'd been at it for a while. Her pale golden tan skin glistened with a thin sheen of sweat. The black man, Jerome, seemed to have been carved from deep brown stone. His muscles flexed taught on his powerful body as he pulled back and slammed in hard.

"You must be the hubby," he grunted and nodded at Dustin.

"What the hell is going on here?" Dustin cried. He didn't know what to do. Should he belt the guy in the mouth? Should he yell and scream? Or should he just leave and never come back? He stood as if poleaxed as the big man kept at it, working his muscular rump back and forth.

"Your birthday present," Linda said excitedly. She gave him a sheepish look. Her big, round breasts wobbled back and forth, her long, pink nipples hard as pebbles. Neither of them looked like they were planning on stopping any time soon!

"What are you talking about?" Dustin shook his head, his eyes glued to the scene. He could just make out the thick black shaft, glistening with his wife's juices, as he pummelled her hot pussy from behind. Dark as licorice, it looked as thick as his wrist!

"Well," she gasped suddenly as Jerome's cock seemed to touch something particularly sensitive inside her. "Jesus, keep that up, just like that, you big stud!" she moaned at her lover, her voice throaty and full of lust.

"Linda!" Dustin protested.

"Sorry, honey, his cock just feels so damn good!" she licked her lips slowly, seeming lost in the moment. Her whole body shuddered, her back arching. She shook her head, her long blond hair swishing around her shoulders in golden waves.

"I don't think your old man likes his present, Linda baby," Jerome snorted. He paused deep inside of her and gave Dustin an apologetic look. "Shit, she said you'd be into it. I wouldn't have messed with your lady if I knew she was just cheating!"

"Oh Dustin," Linda gasped. She pulled herself together, taking a deep breath and pushing her ass against her black lover to force him back. She pulled away from him with a deep sigh. She crossed the room quickly, her heels clicking on the hardwood floor.

"Linda," he began, but she cut him off by covering his face and mouth with kisses. In her four inch heels she was a bit taller than him, and she pressed her lean, naked body against his. She pulled his jacked off his broad shoulders and quickly unbuttoned his shirt.

"I'm sorry this happened, honey," she cooed as her slim hand fondled the growing stiffness in his pants. "I was going to ask you first, but I wanted to have everything set up and ready to go when you said yes," she explained between kisses.

"Ask me what?" he whispered, wishing he wasn't sporting such a throbbing hard on moments after catching his wife with another man.

"I know how much you love interracial porn," she whispered as she nibbled his ear. "I thought I'd arrange a live show just for you. I dated Jerome before I met you, and he said he'd do it. One thing led to another though..."

"And you started fucking right here?" he pulled away from her seductive lips and hands, but it wasn't easy. Even after two years, he still couldn't get enough of her amazing body.

"I'm sorry, honey. I really thought you'd like to see your favorite fetish in the flesh, you know?" she bit her lip and lowered her head, giving him that little girl look that always shattered his resistance.

"But it's really your favorite fetish, Linda! You're the one who wanted to watch that kind of stuff!" Dustin pulled his shirt closed, hoping the loose tails would hide the size of his erection.

"Really? Didn't you thank me not too long ago for introducing you to it?" she asked with a giggled.

"Yes, well, that doesn't mean-"

"And didn't you tell me that you never wanted to watch white on white porn again?" she closed the distance between them, backing him into the front door. She unbuckled his pants and slipped her hand into his shorts. Dustin had had his share of lovers, but none of them seemed to know what to do with a cock in their hands, none but her anyway. She squeezed and pumped him inside his pants, her fingers applying just the right amount of pressure to just the right spot.

"Sure, but, that doesn't mean I actually wanted you to fuck a black guy!" His voice trembled, and as his brown eyes met her sparkling blue, he felt himself start to give in.

"You know I love you, honey," she purred as she nuzzled his neck. Her little tongue flicked against his neck, just touching his earlobe.

"You say that now?" he wondered, "when there's another man in our house?"

"Oh honey, that's just sex!" she rubbed her nose against his, looking into his eyes. "Nothing would ever replace what I have in here, for you," she took his hand and guided it to her bosom. Her skin was so soft, he had to stop himself from moving lower to grope her big, firm breast.

"Well, that's good to know," he said softly. "I love you too, baby."

"So let me do this for you," she offered, watching his face.

"Oh it's just for me, is it?" he chuckled.

"Well, and for me too. I really do love Big Black Cock," she actually blushed a little when she said it. "That's why I thought you'd like it so much. You always comment on how the girls in porn really seem to love it."

"Yeah, that's true."

"Think of it as another adventure. Don't you want to go on an adventure with

me?" she pleaded.

"Jesus, what the hell are you doing to me, woman!" he growled.

"Turning you on? Letting you experience your darkest fantasies?" she suggested as she tugged expertly at his cock, nearly brining him to the brink.

"You're some kind of witch, aren't you?" he shook his head and gave in with a laugh. "Fine, go fuck Jerome, Linda. What do you want me to do?"

"Happy Early Birthday, Dustin!" she squealed in glee. She clapped her hands. "I hope you don't mind that it's a few days early? Oh well, come on, just have a seat right here," she pulled her hand his cock to pull him by his pants to a big soft easy chair.

"I guess you were right, Linda," Jerome rumbled in his deep bass. He gave Dustin a huge grin as he paused in pulling up his boxers.

"Oh I know my baby boy's deepest desires!" she giggled. With Dustin firmly in place, she turned her attention to the hulking black man. "Get those shorts off again, Jerome! We're starting over!"

"I'll leave that to you, girl," Jerome nodded. He rounded the couch, several inches taller than the leggy blonde, even in her staggering heels. Dustin took a closer at his body. He looked like a damn football player, or maybe a bodybuilder. He'd never seen such a muscular man. It made his wife look even

more slender and delicate by comparison.

"All right!" she smiled and pushed the coffee table out of the way to give Dustin a good view in profile. She sank to her knees on the thick white rug. She pulled her hair over her shoulders and looked up at the ebony god. "I can't wait to get your cock in my mouth again," she cooed.

"Go for it," Jerome growled, patting the woman's cheek with his huge brown hand. Linda pulled his shorts down slowly, letting out a happy little sigh as the man's enormous black cock came into view.

"Jesus," Dustin muttered as he watched his wife confront the penis that had so recently filled her. He'd seen his fair of black ones in movies of course, but on DVD was one thing, in person was another. The fat shaft was the color of dark chocolate, the texture smooth and uniform. The heavy tube ended in a blunt, squared off head only a little paler than the rest of him. Dustin gulped. Even soft as he was, Jerome had a couple of inches on him!

"I know, right? Black guys are so fucking big!" Linda looked back at her husband as if checking on him. She nodded to his bulging pants. "Stroke yourself as you watch us, Dusty. Show me how much you're enjoying your present!"

"All right," Dustin said. He felt a little sheepish pulling out his cock in front of another man. Sure, Jerome was technically in the same situation, but the two men were only a few feet apart, and it would be hard not to compare. He stroked his seven inch cock slowly, his fist tight around his pink, rock-hard shaft.

"That's better, honey!" Linda winked. She looked up at her lover and opened her mouth, showing the man her long, nimble tongue. Her hands curled around that black snake, her big diamond wedding ring glittering in the sunlight streaming through the bay windows. She pumped her slender arms, and the great black beast came to life. It grew and grew, thrusting out from his loins like a battering ram. Dustin nearly came all over himself at his wife's reaction. Her bright blue eyes glazed over with lust as she gazed at the black cock filling her hands.

"I guess the porn didn't lie, huh, babe?" Dustin grunted. Now that he was hard, Jerome's cock positively dwarfed his own, and his lovely wife was poised to swallow it. The thought turned him on more than he thought possible, even as he came to a sinking realization that his Linda may in fact be the slut that his friends had warned him about.

"They never did, Dusty! I'm just glad you seem to appreciate them!" she looked back at him. "Isn't his cock beautiful? So huge and dark! So much sexier than white cock, don't you think?"

"Uh, I guess," Dustin blushed.

"You guess?" she gave him a pouty look before a thought seemed to occur to her. "Oh Dustin, I know you're not gay or anything! I'd never try to get you to do stuff with another guy!"

"Thank God!" Dustin exclaimed.

"But, really, you have to admit," she pushed the cock up against Jerome's muscular six pack. His balls hung low in their dark sac, each the size of lemons.

She opened her pink lips wide and dragged her long, wet tongue up the underside from the base to the tip.

"Fuck," Jerome shuddered, his thick fingers sliding through Linda's blonde locks.

"Black cock is just sexier, honey. I know you agree, but I'd like to hear you say it!" Linda met her husband's eyes, a small smile quirking her lips.

"All right, fine. Big Black Cock is sexier, you're right," Dustin spit out the words in a rush, feeling a knot form in the pit of his stomach. He had to pull his hand away from his dick. If he'd kept stroking for even a second, he'd have shot his load all over himself.

"You said it!" she giggled in response. With no further ado, she flicked her hair over her shoulders and stuffed that black monster past her lips. Jerome groaned and swayed on his feet. Dustin understood just what the big man was experiencing. Linda's tongue could win awards! She slurped noisily as sucked him. Her lips stretched wide around his girth, seemingly barely able to handle him. She bobbed up and down, faster and faster.

"I've missed your mouth, girl!" Jerome said through grit teeth. Linda sucked him with her characteristic gusto, moving her whole body into it as she devoured his manhood greedily.

"You mean, she hasn't been cheating on me?" Dustin asked hopefully. Linda glanced at him as she worshipped that slab of black meat.

"Hell no! And Lord knows me and a lot of other brothers tried!" he laughed.  
"She's only got eyes for you," Jerome nodded.

"Apparently not," Dustin said wryly.

"Naw, you heard her. She's doing this for you too!" Jerome grinned, flashing his big white teeth.

"I guess," Dustin blushed. Her wife's lover had a point. He'd hadn't felt this turned on since the first time he'd pushed his wife's impossibly long legs open wide and feasted on her hot blonde snatch. He shrugged and gripped his cock again. If she was going to give him a show for his benefit, by God he was going to enjoy it. "Suck him deeper, Linda. Like you suck me," he urged.

"Oh I'm too thick for...FUCK!" Jerome growled and looked down in shock as Linda's lips lurched several inches down his cock. Her throat bulged outward and she made muffled choking sounds. Both men watched in awe as she stuffed that black monster deep into her throat over and over, each time sinking lower.

"She deep throats me all the time, but fuck!" Dustin grunted.

"She's been using you for training!" Jermone grinned. He squeezed his eyes tight as Linda's face pushed up against his stomach. The sounds of her gags grew louder and louder as she slammed her faced up and down. Her pretty face turned red as a lobster's, and tears welled in her big blue eyes, mascara streaking down her cheeks.

"Gawd!" she gasped at last as she pulled off. She blinked rapidly, then turned her head to cough, her voice rough.

"Oh baby, you're better than any porn star!" Dustin said proudly.

"Oh, thanks, sweetie!" she said when she recovered her breath. She stood up, her slender legs only a little wobbly. Her hands flew to that huge, spit-soaked cock, stroking it as she shared a hot, passionate kiss with her black lover. Dustin's heart sank, watching that. It was somehow worse than watching them fuck. More intimate. Yet for that same reason, it was sexier too. His wife was the epitome of sex appeal, blonde and thin, but with big, round tits and a healthy, squeezable ass. She melted into the arms of that Nubian god, and it just seemed...right.

"I've got to fuck that married pussy," Jerome said as he gripped her arms and pulled her away.

"Oh, yes please!" Linda swiveled where she stood and dropped smoothly back onto the rug, this time on hands and knees with her delicious bottom in the air.

"Gonna fuck you like a bitch in heat!" Jerome said as he got back behind her. He smacked his wet cock against those pale, soft globes, making her flesh wobble and leaving long wet streaks.

"I think she kind of is," Dustin chuckled, his hand flying up and down on his own shaft.

"Whatever guys," Linda snorted. She spread her knees and arched her back, giving the big black stud a clear shot at her dripping pink pussy. Jerome lined himself up and nestled his cock between her folds. With one smooth motion of his hips, he buried himself to the hilt inside her. Linda closed her eyes, her jaw dropping open and her tongue lolling out of her mouth.

"Shit, I know she hasn't been messing around on you with brothers, Dustin," Jerome said smugly as he ground his pelvis into her rump. "She's too fucking tight! Been on a steady diet of white dick!"

"Not any more, Jerome!" she whipped her head around, a savage look on her pretty face. "Now fuck the shit out of me, you big black bastard!" she ordered.

"No need to get nasty!" Jerome chuckled, spanking her ass for good measure. He took hold of her slender waist his hands looking truly massive against her white flesh. He rocked his hips back and forth, only bothering to go slow for a few strokes before he turned up the heat. Linda braced herself and took it, her big tits swaying under her slender body.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! So Good!" Linda screamed. She tossed her head to and fro like a bronco, pushing her slender body back into her lover. Her skin flushed around her neck. Her tongue curled out of her mouth, the tip just touching her upper lip. Her eyes screwed tightly shut. Dustin knew the signs. She was cumming. Cumming hard.

"Take it, baby, take that Big Black Cock!" Dustin cried as his cock erupted like a volcano. Fat globs of cum shot up from his steely manhood, landing with wet plops on his toned belly and rapidly pumping fist. He'd never seen anything so

damn sexy in his life!

"Yes, I love it, give me more!" Linda screamed. Jerome did just that. His mighty body flexed as he drove his enormous cock to the hilt into her body faster and faster. Dustin watched, rapt to the scene, idly stroking his half-hard, sticky member. Even with his own orgasm come and gone, he couldn't look away. The sight of their bodies together filled him with lust, but the scene couldn't last.

"Gonna fill you up!" Jerome grunted. He slammed his body into Dustin's wife hard enough to make the blonde yelp in pain. Those huge black balls pulled up tight against the stud's body, and Dustin could only imagine just how much potent seed he was pouring into her womb.

"Oh, I've missed this so much!" Linda purred. She moved like a cat, crawling forward. Jerome's cock came free of her sopping cunt with a loud slurp. Still hard, his midnight tool dripped with a thick coating of their mixed juices. Linda spun on her knees, pushing Jerome onto his back on the rug.

"I almost forgot what a greedy bitch you were for dick," Jerome chuckled as he let the much smaller woman guide him. His cock stood straight up from his body like a black tower.

"I want you in my ass," she whispered. Her eyes shone with a fevered light as she climbed atop the muscle-bound man. Dustin could see the thick cum matting her soft patch of golden pubic hair, and he licked his lips at the sight of that sticky mess. Linda only reserved anal for special occasions, but as his cock surged back to life and he resumed stroking himself he knew that today certainly qualified as special.

"That's right you nasty white slut, stuff your ass on my dick!" Jerome reached up, holding her big round tits in his massive hands as she positioned herself over him. She hummed to herself, her eyes closed, as she reached back and guided the wet pole between her cheeks.

"Hurts so good," she sighed as let her weight drop. Dustin nearly came again as he watched his wanton wife take every inch of that black monster cock in one swift stroke. She rode him slowly for a long while, moaning and tossing her head back, lost in the pleasure of BBC filling her backside.

"I love you, baby," Dustin muttered to himself. Linda gave him a weak little smile before she spread her hands on Jerome's broad chest and really began to bounce. Her tits jiggled as she slammed her hips up and down astride her lover. She moaned and screamed, clearly loving it every time her soft ass came to rest.

Jerome lasted much longer this time, and Dustin spilled his load long before the black stud was finished with his wife. His second load was nearly as big as the first, and once again, with his eyes glued to the lovers, his passion only continued to rise. Jerome was one hell of a stud, Linda had chosen well.

Jerome let the tall blonde fuck herself on his lap for ages before he couldn't take it any more. He folded the woman into his arms, pulling her down until her firm white tits mashed against his ebony chest. Clutching her tight, he sat up, then slowly pushed himself up to his feet.

"You're so deep! I can feel you in my belly!" Linda gasped. She whipped her legs around his waist, losing a stiletto as she did. She wrapped her arms around his neck as the big black stud began to move her body up and down, fucking her like a doll. He carried her around the room, Dustin's eyes following them, loving the sight of their white and black bodies entwined.

Jerome slammed her up against the wall so hard, one of the photographs of their honeymoon came crashing to the floor. He stabbed up into her, filling her tight pink asshole with nearly a foot of black dick each time. Linda screamed and raked her long fingernails across his brawny shoulders, lost in the pleasure of yet another orgasm.

"Where do you want my cum, Slut?" Jerome panted. Sweat dripped from his dark skin, but his powerful rump never stopped moving. Dustin felt himself grow hard once more as he watched his wife's toes curl from pleasure.

"In my mouth, I wanna drink it!" she begged.

"You got it!" Jerome moved back to the couch and pulled the exhausted woman from his cock. Dustin leaned to the side to see her pink, wet ass gaping and wet.

"Give me your black seed!" she whined as she sat up, opening her mouth and licking her lips. Jerome obligingly stuffed his cock into her mouth. He'd been balls-deep in her ass for over a half an hour, but Dustin's slutty wife sucked at that black dick as hungrily as if it really were made of chocolate!

"Oh shit!" Jerome grunted. He wrapped a beefy fist around his cock, pumping for all he was worth. His cock lurched, spewing shot after shot of heavy cum all over his wife's upturned face.

"Oh yes, so tasty!" Linda lapped it up, her tongue sliding around her lips to scoop more into her waiting mouth.

"Good God," Dustin groaned, and came one last time at the spectacle. Jerome staggered back, his huge body slumping into the chair next to Dustin.

"Happy Birthday, honey!" Linda giggled, and Dustin joined in. They rested a moment, and Jerome gave his thanks before quickly getting dressed and letting himself out. When the door closed, Linda peeled her slinky body off the couch and straddled her husband in the chair.

"You were amazing, baby," he smiled up at her. His hands drifted over her slender curves, loving the feel of her on him.

"I'm so proud of you, honey!" she leaned down to kiss his cheek. "If you weren't spent, I'd make you cum a couple more times myself!"

"Damn, are you still horny?" he asked, his cock stirring slightly.

"Uh huh, nothing makes me horny than black guys. You should have figured that out by now!" she rubbed her big breasts in his face, her fingers in his hair.

"Yeah, I really should have. If you're still horny, I'd like to help!" he reached around her to slap her soft bottom gently.

"Oh, would you? That would be so nice!" She clambered up the chair, draping her legs over his shoulders. Dustin stuttered in surprise, but found himself between her legs, his face inches from her sticky, wet pussy. He could smell her tangy feminine scent, but stronger was the heady musk of Jerome's seed.

"But you're full of his cum," he gulped nervously.

"Yes, but it's a black man's cum!" she pushed her pussy closer, and her soft wet hairs brushed against his lips. "I thought you said black cock was sexy?"

"Well, yeah, but..." his cock came to life between his legs, throbbing so hard it hurt.

"Please baby? It will almost be like we shared a black man, you and me!" she moaned.

"Oh, fuck it!" Dustin said, and pressed his face into her dripping sex. He groaned in perverse pleasure as his agile tongue scooped out wad after wad of another man's cum. He rolled it on his tongue, nearly cumming yet again as he savored the taste.

"Oh you and I are going to have so many adventures, Dusty!" Linda giggled as she mashed her sodden pussy against his lips. "Say, have you ever heard of girls who go black and never go back?"

"Fuck me!" Dustin groaned as he swallowed even more of that big black man's cum. His cock lurched between his legs, spewing yet another load of cum straight into the air, some of it splashing onto his wife's perfect little ass. He had no idea how far that slutty little minx would lead him, but he knew he'd come willingly, no eagerly, every step of the way!

THE END

### **Excerpt from "A Bride's Bounty, Part 1"**

"Dan," Mark began as he stepped around her to address her husband. "I think it's time we retire to my yacht. We should discuss business at little."

"All right," the big man coughed. Wendy looked at him out of the corner of her eye. He was blushing, and holding his hands in front of his bulging trousers. Mark didn't seem to bother with his own, even though it was quite a bit more obvious, even in the dim light.

"Wendy?" Mark asked, holding out his hand. She bit her lip, but took it. Together they left the dancing locals behind and headed down the pier. Dan was quiet as he walked behind her, her tiny hand clutching Mark's. The billionaire helped her up the gangplank and drew them inside a large study, complete with leather sofas and and full bar.

"Nice yacht," Dan commented quietly.

"Constance is a fine ship," Mark agreed proudly. Still holding Wendy's hand, he leaned down and added quietly, "Named for Lady Chatterley of course." Wendy blushed as she nodded, Constance Chatterley was, of course, a character from literature. And famously unfaithful.

"Yes, well," Dan shuffled his feet.

"But where are my manners? Please, have a seat!" he gestured for Dan to sit on one end of the cozy love seat, and guided Wendy down next to him. She let go of his hand and smoothed her dress over her legs. Mark sat across from them, pulling a chair close.

"It's all right, honey," Dan whispered, patting her leg. She finally looked at him, and his big brown eyes were so full of love that she sighed in relief. She grinned and leaned up to kiss his bearded cheek. It seems their mutual indiscretions were forgiven.

"You two really do make a great couple," Mark grinned, leaning forward in his chair. "That's why I'm going to make you an offer. Dan, how much money would you need to completely fund your research for say, the next five years?"

"Five years?" Dan laughed. "I'd probably need around fifty million on top of University resources and other donors. I know that is a lot of money, but you did say five years. If properly funded, I could have meaningful results much faster than that," he said confidently.

"How much without any other funding. Grand total," Mark asked.

"Look, that's a tricky question. There's the matter of graduate student assistance, lab facilities, access to the school's telescopes and sensors--"

"Ballpark it for me. I'm very serious about this, Doctor Jacobson."

"A little over a thirty million a year, probably. But like I said, five years is probably a lot more time than I'd actually need." The huge man shook his head. "Who am I fooling, you're not going to shell out a hundred million dollars, or more, on my account! But any little bit would help."

"A hundred million dollars is less than one percent of my net worth, Dan," Mark grinned and leaned back in the chair. Wendy sat listening as they talked. All the dancing in four inch heels had taken its toll on her feet. She slipped the strappy heels off.

"Dan do you mind giving me a foot rub?" she asked sweetly.

"Of course not, honey," he said graciously.

"No. Let me," Mark said abruptly. Sitting across from them, and so close, Wendy realized that it would be quite a bit easier, but still.

"Dan?" she asked her husband.

"Sure, go ahead," he gulped. Despite what gangsters may argue about in movies, foot rubs were a fairly intimate. She lifted her small, tan feet and lay them on Mark's lap as he leaned back. His hands went to work immediately, rubbing her soles in slow, firm circles. She sighed as the tension evaporated.

"I'm willing to fully fund your research, Dan. I can provide all the engineers and scientists you need to assist you. Plus, as you know, Anson Aviation has access to state of the art equipment and laboratories of all kinds. Money isn't an object." Mark continued. His fingers kept working too, and Wendy surprised herself as a low, contented purr escaped her lips. His touch was gentler than her husband's, and more sensitive. She felt her body temperature begin to rise.

"That's a lot of money you're offering," Dan said warily.

"For all my money there's one thing I've always wanted to own," Mark said carefully as he toyed with Wendy's toes. "You have the most exquisite legs and feet, Wendy Jacobson," he commented happily.

"And what's that?" Wendy asked. She drew a long breath and held it.

"I've always wanted a wife. Not to get married, you understand. I don't want or need that headache. What I want is something different entirely. I've always wanted to possess, to control, to own another man's wife," His green eyes went to theirs in turn, unblinking and deadly serious.

"And you think you can buy me for a hundred million dollars?" Wendy asked incredulously. She was tempted to pull her feet away from his hands, grab Dan and walk right out of there. Instead, she wiggled her toes as a delicious thrill crept up her spine. She wanted to hear more.

"That's silly," Dan said half-heartedly. Wendy reached over, rubbing his trousers. His hardness told her that he was as aroused as she was!

"Not for the money," Mark shook his head. "For the science. Think what you could do with an unlimited budget and complete freedom, Doctor Jacobson!"

"And what? Wendy becomes your slave? Or do you expect us to divorce," he shook his shaggy head violently. "I love science, Mister Anson, but I love Wendy more. I won't not have her in my life!"

"Oh, I don't want a slave. And I certainly don't want to steal her heart and marry her myself!" Mark laughed. His fingertips glided up and down her soft soles, and she shivered in delight.

"What do you want, then?" Wendy asked breathlessly.

"I want to be her lover, her only lover. I want her to be exclusive and faithful sexually to me and only me. You have no idea how long I've fantasized about this. I've been looking for the right couple to approach for two years. I've had staff researching candidates," he chuckled. "It was your wedding announcement in your local paper that did it. Or rather your picture. The two of you looked so good together. Clearly very much in love. And I have to say, Dan, your wife took my breath away even in that photo," Mark explained.

"I'm glad you approve, but this research will take a few years at least! We've only just been married for God's sake! You're asking us to give up an awful lot!" Dan said.

"I've never been unfaithful to anyone, least of all Dan. I won't risk losing what we have!" Wendy said. Once again, she found herself unable to pull herself away from Mark's wonderful hands.

"A wise choice, but you handled the island girl and the dance floor very well. You both are mature and intelligent. I think both of you know the difference between love and sex. You shouldn't decide anything now of course, but a little more information could help you make up your mind." Mark said.

"Information?" Dan asked. "What do you mean?"

"A trial. Let me have Wendy tonight. I suspect, from the way you haven't punched me out for kissing, fondling, and massaging your wife, and by the hard on you're sporting there, that you're not completely opposed to the idea of Wendy having a fling," he smirked.

"Well, I-" Dan blushed, but Wendy rubbed his cock through his pants with a naughty grin.

"You're right, he's hard as a rock!" she giggled. She remembered the way Dan had looked at her, as she had danced with the billionaire on the beach. She'd loved showing off for him, almost as much as she was, she had to admit, curious about what the handsome Mark had in his trousers. She whispered in her husband's ear, "I really think it would be fun, for both of us." Especially for herself, she realized.

"I don't know what's wrong with me, but I'm actually considering this," Dan grumbled.

"As you can see, Wendy and I seem to have some chemistry. Wouldn't you like to see just how much?" he smiled at her, his hands idle on her ankles.

"Please Dan?" she batted her eyelashes at him. He never could resist her when she did that. "I'd only do something like this if you say it's okay," she said as she gave her husband a firm squeeze through his pants.

"One night," Dan grunted. He was starting to sweat. "What do we get out of it, then? You seem to be all about making this a bargain!"

"Fair point," Mark laughed. "Consider your honeymoon paid. Send me your receipts and I'll cover every expense. Deal?" He offered the man a hand.

"Wendy, do you want to go through with this? I mean, sure it was, erotic I guess is the word, seeing you dancing with Mark. But kissing and groping are quite different than, well, sex." Dan said, his deep voice dropping low.

"I think we're both enjoying it, my love. And frankly, the way Mark moves, and from what I felt in his pants, I'm in for a real treat!" she said and turned to kiss him. Their lips met and their tongues tangled for a long moment as they sat on the leather couch. Her small hand rubbed his stiff bulge all the while, making him groan into her mouth. She finally pulled away, her blue eyes were alight with carefree exuberance. "What the heck, Dan, if it gets weird we'll go back to the mainland and forget this ever happened!" she grinned.

"When you put it that way, what do we really have to lose?" Dan said. She felt him throb through his pants, the way he did when he was about to cum good and hard. She pulled her hand away quickly. She didn't want him to lose control, and perhaps his desire, before things even got started.

"We'll do it, Mister Anson!" she told the dashing young billionaire cheerfully. "But I want Dan there in case, well in case things get-"

"I understand. He's a part of this arrangement too. He really does need to watch," Mark smirked. He was a cocky one! He pulled her feet from his lap and stood. "I've had the crew prepare my state room."

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"I can do this," Wendy said, taking a deep breath. She'd left her dress and underwear in a neat pile by the sink in the yacht's little bathroom. She looked at

herself in the mirror. She knew she was pretty but she didn't have the kind of figure that typically graced magazine covers or men's fantasies. Barely over five feet tall and not quite a hundred pounds, she had cute teacup breasts, just large enough to appear rounded against her chest, a waist her husband could wrap his hands around, and slim, almost boyish hips. She twisted in front of the mirror to get a look at her small, but bubbly little bottom. A lot of guys did like that, as well as her toned, smooth legs, slender for a woman her height. She pulled her panties from her waist, her last vestige of clothing. She had had a full wax for the first time before getting married, and her sex was as still smooth and hairless. She hoped Mark liked that.

She nodded to herself and slipped out the door, turning off the light behind her. The men were waiting for her in the adjoining bedroom. A pair of lamps on tables at each side of the bed were dimmed down to fill the small room with soft golden light.

"Exquisite," Mark muttered as he rose from the bed. He'd stripped down to black silk boxers, and Wendy filled her eyes with the sight of him. Young, athletic, with toned muscles and that too-handsome face, he could make male models jealous. She glanced at his boxers, the material seemed stretched to bursting over the fat penis stuffed into them. She smiled shyly and gulped.

"Thanks, I guess?" Dan rumbled. Wendy glanced at her husband where he sat on a cozy chair, not three feet from the bed. He was going to have a front row seat!

"Tell him to be quiet, Wendy" Mark said. His flashing green eyes never left her body. His nostrils flared as they roamed over her slim figure.

"Hush, Dan. Just watch tonight, okay," she said softly. Almost before she could finish, Mark swooped in, pulling her into his strong arms. He lifted her onto her

tip toes as he bent to kiss her. Once again their lips and tongues met, and Wendy found herself melting into his passionate embrace. She felt in a trance as he led her to the bed, laying her out while he hovered over her. His talented mouth teased her neck, her chest, her tiny breasts and nipples. He tickled her navel before moving down, pushing her slim thighs wide as he crouched on the edge of the mattress.

"You did this for your husband?" he asked her quietly as he traced her delicate pink lips with the tip of one long finger, barely touching her. She shivered in delight.

"Yes, I thought he'd like the look," Wendy blushed as the young man examined her exposed sex.

"What color is your pubic hair?" Mark asked, leaning close enough that she could feel his hot breath against her clit. She wanted to pull that smirking mouth lower, feel his amazing tongue on her pussy.

"Not quite blonde, but close," she said instead.

"You'll grow it back out for me. Oh you should trim it, but leave a little for me to admire," he said. It was clearly not a request.

"Yes, Mark," she said. No sooner had she agreed than the man began to kiss her pussy, kissed, as if he were making love to it. His lips and tongue teased her lower lips sensually, finding her clit but never quite touching it directly before wiggling into her tight, wet sex. She arched her back, thrusting her gumdrop nipples toward the ceiling as Mark expertly worked her pussy into a frenzy. His

mouth seemed tireless, and just when she thought she couldn't take it anymore, his tongue flicked upward, homing in on her swollen little clitoris.

"You found it, finally," Dan muttered wryly. Wendy turned her head to see her big, strong husband rubbing himself through his pants, panting and flushed as he watched another man lick her pussy.

"Oh Gosh!" she cried, her eyes screwing shut. She beat her heels against the mattress and clutched at Mark's head as his expert tongue sent her right over the edge. She screamed finally, a great groaning rush of breath escaping her lungs. Mark kept at her, feeding more and more pleasure into the bursting well of her clit, until she pulled at his hair so hard, he had no choice but to pull away.

"You taste fantastic," Mark smirked, wiping his chin. "How'd I do, Wendy?"

"Oh. My. God." Wendy panted when she could speak. She sat up on her elbows, rubbing a bare foot against the young man's bronzed chest. "Amazing!"

"Better than Dan?"

"What?" Wendy blushed and look at her husband, who nearly growled. The big man prided himself on his oral skills. While he had never failed to bring her off with his enthusiastic tongue, Mark simply seemed to know what she wanted, what she felt, and what she needed, before she did herself.

"Go ahead, tell the truth. I don't want to have to cut this night short before the

fun really begins," Mark said, sitting back on the edge of the bed and crossing his legs.

"Yes, better than Dan," Wendy said quickly. She watched her husband wince, and she felt a stab of guilt.

"Don't feel bad, it's just sex," Mark chuckled. "And I'm glad you were honest."

"Yeah, so happy about that," Dan muttered.

"Please, Dan. We agreed to this, remember?" Wendy pleaded with him. "It's just a one-night fling."

"You're right, I'm sorry, honey," Dan nodded, seeming to recover his confidence.

"Lay back on the bed again, Wendy," Mark said. As she scooted her little ass back on the mattress, the young man stood, stripping off his silk boxers. His massive cock flopped free, and Wendy and Dan gasped in unison. She glanced to her side, giving her husband a look of exaggerated fear. He burst out laughing.

"Something funny?" Mark demanded, his hands on his hips.

"Is that a dagger I see before me, or a battleship?" Wendy giggled.

"I think that thing has its own gravitational field," Dan quipped. They shared a look, Dan's eyes warm and full of mirth, Wendy's sparkling with fun. It was a game, and they both knew it. A raunchy, dirty, forbidden sex game, but a game nonetheless.

"If you two are done joking," Mark cleared his throat, flushing and looking quite sheepish. Wendy took pity on him. She sat up, taking Mark's hands and pulling him onto the bed. He rested on his knees. He seemed out of place, unsure of himself, for the first time that night. Wendy took his cock in hand, and gasped a little at the feeling of his warm member.

"You're really, really, big," she whispered. Even soft, the young man's endowment dwarfed any hard cock she'd ever played with. Smooth and well-formed, the massive tube drooped over her tiny hand, hanging over a pair of equally impressive balls in a smooth sac. He kept himself neatly trimmed and all in all, he was quite the sight. She chewed her lower lip nervously as she began to stroke. She could feel the blood rushing to his organ, swelling and coming to life.

"Am I the biggest you've ever seen?" Mark prompted, seeming a bit more comfortable. He sighed as his huge cock grew and grew, soon becoming far too thick for Wendy's small hand to grasp. She sat up on her heels and used both, watching in awe as his mighty staff rose to full size.

"By a mile," she nodded up at the handsome man.

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