

FROM THE BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF **HOW TO TURN YOUR TRAD WIFE INTO A HOTWIFE IN 10 DAYS**

THE
MODERN HUSBAND'S
— GUIDE TO —
WIFE SHARING

A HOTWIFE STORY: PART FOUR

PAUL GARLAND

The Modern Husband's Guide to Wife Sharing: Part Four

A Hotwife Story

The Modern Husband's Guide to Wife Sharing

Paul Garland

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Foreword

Thanks for picking up this book, Part Four of The Modern Husband's Guide To Wife Sharing.

If you've followed Jordan and Daisy's journey this far, no doubt you've been waiting for the continuation of the car park scene. Well, that's where the book starts, and from there, things escalate quickly.

Part Four is the last book in the series, so I hope you enjoy the continuation of Daisy's development into a shared wife as she gets deeper and more closely involved with Far Bridge's Rise's Neighbourhood Watch.

Chapter 1

Secrets and Bargains

“Doctor Patterson?”

The exchange hung in the freezing air between them, sharp and disbelieving, as if neither of them could quite process what they were seeing.

My brain stalled completely. Time seemed to slow, every detail magnifying into painful clarity: the snow melting on the fogged glass, the condensation dripping down the inside of Elia’s car windows, the cum still glistening on my wife’s lips. The man standing outside Daisy’s half-open window, his glasses dotted with snowflakes, his hand falling away from his exposed cock, which was still hard, as recognition flooded his features.

This was Dr Patterson. Daisy’s dissertation supervisor. The man who held her academic future in his hands. The professor she’d mentioned dozens of times over dinner, quoted in her essays, the one whose approval she needed to complete her master’s degree.

And he’d just watched her swallow another man’s cum in the back seat of a car at a dogging site.

Fuck.

Daisy made a strangled sound, her hand flying to her mouth, the same mouth that had been wrapped around Spencer’s cock thirty seconds ago. She was still completely naked, her pale skin flushed pink from orgasm and cold, her strawberry-blonde hair wild, her breasts rising and falling with panicked breaths. Spencer sat frozen beside her in the back seat, his softening cock still out, trousers bunched around his thighs, looking like he’d been caught stealing from the collection plate at church.

In the driver's seat, Elia had gone very still, her eyes flicking between Daisy and Patterson like she was watching a car crash in slow motion.

"I..." Patterson started, then stopped. His gaze swept the interior of the car, once more taking in Daisy's nakedness, Spencer's state of undress, Elia sitting there topless with her small breasts on full display, and me with my chinos still undone. His throat worked as he swallowed. "I didn't... I wasn't..."

"What are you doing here?" Daisy's voice came out high and tight, almost accusing, which was rich considering the circumstances.

Patterson's face cycled through several shades of red. "I could ask you the same thing."

For a moment, nobody moved. The only sound in the car was the soft patter of snow against the glass. Outside, I could hear the distant grunts and moans from the other cars, oblivious to our little crisis.

Then Daisy seemed to snap into motion. She grabbed her coat from where it had fallen on the floor, yanking it around herself, covering her nakedness even though it was way too late for modesty. "I'm getting out," she said, her voice steadier now, controlled in that way she got when she was forcing herself to be professional. "I need to talk to him. Properly. Not like this."

"Daisy — " I started, reaching for her.

"It's fine," she cut me off, not looking at me. "Just... stay here. Let me handle this."

She shoved the door open, cold air rushing in like a slap, and climbed out into the snow in nothing but her coat and bare feet. Patterson took several awkward steps back as the door swung his way, and she gestured for him to follow her, clutching the coat closed with white-knuckled fists. I watched through the fogged windscreen as they moved away from the vehicle, putting distance between them and us, their figures becoming blurred silhouettes in the falling snow.

“Shit,” Spencer breathed from the back seat. “Shit, shit, shit. That’s her professor, right? The one who — “

“Yes,” I said, my throat dry as sandpaper.

“Can he... I mean, can he get her kicked out? For this?” Spencer was hastily pulling his trousers up, tucking himself away, trying to make himself presentable even though it didn’t matter anymore.

“I don’t know,” I admitted. My hands were shaking. I reached for the door handle. “I should go out there. She shouldn’t have to — “

Elia’s hand caught my wrist. “Wait,” she said quietly. “Give her a minute. She knows what she’s doing.”

“Does she?” I challenged, but I didn’t pull away.

Through the windscreen, I could just make out Daisy and Patterson standing perhaps twenty yards from the car, their breath clouding between them in the frigid air. He’d put his cock away at least, zipping up his jeans with fumbling fingers. They were talking, heads close together, their voices too low to hear over the idling engine.

“He was watching,” Elia murmured, almost to herself. “The whole time. He saw everything.”

“Yeah,” I said hollowly. “Everything.”

Spencer made a frustrated noise. “Fuck. I’m sorry, Jordan. I didn’t check if anyone was — “

“It’s not your fault,” I cut him off, though part of me wanted to blame someone, anyone. “None of us checked properly. We were all too... caught up.”

That was putting it mildly. Caught up in watching my wife suck my best friend’s cock while his wife wanked me off in the front seat. Very caught up.

Outside, Patterson gesticulated with one hand, saying something that made Daisy's spine stiffen. She shook her head sharply, then said something back that made him go very still. Even from this distance, I could see the tension crackling between them.

"What do you think she's saying?" Spencer asked.

"Probably negotiating her academic survival," I muttered.

But as I watched, something shifted in Patterson's posture. His shoulders dropped slightly. He nodded slowly, then said something else. Daisy's response was briefer this time. Another nod from Patterson. Then they stood there for a long moment, just looking at each other, the snow falling between them like a curtain.

Finally, Daisy turned and walked back toward the car, her bare feet leaving footprints in the thin layer of snow that had accumulated on the gravel. Patterson remained where he was for a few seconds longer, then turned and headed toward his own vehicle, parked in the shadows at the far side of the car park.

Daisy yanked the rear door open and climbed back in, slamming it shut behind her with more force than necessary. She was shivering violently now, whether from cold or shock or both, I couldn't tell.

"Well?" I asked, twisting in my seat to look at her. "What did he say?"

She pulled the coat tighter, drawing her knees up to her chest, making herself small. For a moment, she didn't answer, just stared out the window at Patterson's retreating figure.

"He apologised," she said finally, her voice distant. "For... interrupting. For being here." A humourless laugh escaped her. "Like he walked in on us having a private conversation instead of..." She gestured vaguely at the car's interior.

"What did you tell him?" Elia asked gently.

Daisy's eyes finally focused, meeting mine in the dim light. "The truth. That we're here for my research. That I'm studying non-monogamous relationship dynamics and community-based sexual behaviour." She looked at the three of us as if daring anyone to challenge her on that being the real reason we'd done what we'd done. "He understood. He's been studying human sexual behaviour for twenty years. Apparently, he's done his own... field work."

"Field work," Spencer repeated flatly. "Is that what we're calling it?"

"That's what he called it," Daisy shot back. "And it's not entirely inaccurate, is it? I'm literally writing my dissertation on this." She took a shuddering breath. "In the end, he said... he said my secret is safe with him. As long as his is safe with me."

"Mutually assured destruction," I said.

"Essentially." She wouldn't quite meet my eyes now. "We agreed to discuss it properly tomorrow. After my seminar. In his office. Away from..." She gestured at the car park, the other vehicles, the men still prowling between them. "All of this."

"And you believe him?" I pressed. "That he won't use this against you?"

"He can't," Daisy said, and there was steel in her voice now. "Why would he? What does he have to gain? And even if he did, if he reported me for some reason, he has to explain how he knows, where he saw me. What he was doing there. A senior professor wanking off while watching students sucking cock in car parks? That's career suicide. He knows it. I know it. We're okay."

She said it matter-of-factly, but I could hear the tremor underneath. More had been said between them, but I decided to let it go for now.

Patterson's car headlights flared as he reversed carefully out of his spot. For a moment, the beams swept across our car, illuminating us all in harsh white light, then they were gone, swallowed by the falling snow and the dark lane leading away from this place.

“Are you okay?” I asked quietly.

Daisy let out a long, shaky breath. “Ask me tomorrow after I’ve talked to him.” She finally looked at me properly. “But yes. I think so. He’s not going to kick me out. And I’m not going to ruin him. We’ll come to an understanding.”

“What kind of understanding?” Spencer asked carefully.

“I don’t know yet.” She started gathering her discarded clothing from the floor: her blouse, her bra, her panties. “But we’ll figure it out. I’m good at negotiating.” She pulled on her underwear without ceremony, wriggling in the cramped space beside the quiet Spencer. “He suggested we might even be able to help each other. Share observations. Collaborate, possibly.”

“Collaborate,” I echoed. “On what?”

“On understanding all of this.” She gestured around us again. “The psychology of it. The community dynamics. He’s been studying it theoretically for decades. I’m studying it practically for my dissertation. We both just discovered we’re doing field research in the same... field.”

“More of a car park than a field,” Elia joked, and Daisy smiled at the pun. She’d been quiet throughout this whole exchange, watching Daisy dress with an expression I couldn’t quite read. “For what it’s worth, I don’t think he’ll cause trouble. He looked more embarrassed than anything. Like he’d been caught doing something shameful.”

“He was,” Spencer pointed out. “Same as us.”

“Exactly,” Daisy said, fastening her bra and pulling on her blouse. “We’re all equally compromised. Which means we’re all equally safe.” She found her trousers and pulled them on, finishing getting dressed. “But the mood is definitely dead now. Can we go home?”

“Yeah,” I agreed immediately. “This was fun, but let’s get out of here now.”

Spencer and Elia exchanged a glance, some wordless communication passing between them. Then Elia nodded. “Of course. We can follow up on this anyother time.”

“Absolutely,” Spencer said firmly. “And... Daisy, I’m really sorry. About all of this. If I’d known your professor was going to be here — “

“You didn’t know,” Daisy interrupted, doing up her coat buttons with fingers that still trembled slightly. “None of us did. It was just... incredibly bad luck. Wrong place, wrong time.” She paused, pulling on her coat properly now. “Or right place, right time, depending on how you look at it.”

“How are you looking at it?” I asked.

She was quiet for a moment, considering. “Because I enjoyed it. We had fun. It’s too late to pretend that I didn’t.” She reached for the door handle. “Can we call you tomorrow evening? After uni? Maybe we can all... debrief. Talk about what happened. All of it. Not just the Patterson part, once I’ve had time to get my head around it all.”

“Of course,” Elia said. “We’ll be home all evening. Call whenever.”

Spencer nodded his agreement. “And seriously, if there’s anything we can do to help with the professor situation — “

“There’s not,” Daisy said, but not unkindly. “This is between him and me. But thank you.”

She climbed out into the snow again, this time fully dressed, and I followed, my legs unsteady as I stood on the frozen gravel. The cold hit me like a physical force after the warmth of the car, biting through my clothes, stealing my breath.

Around us, the car park continued its illicit business as though nothing had happened. The couple in the saloon were still fucking, the woman’s moans carrying across the clearing. The men continued their prowling, some watching, some participating. The van’s doors were closed now, but it

rocked gently on its suspension, suggesting whatever was happening inside was vigorous.

None of them knew what had just transpired. None of them cared.

I walked Daisy to our car, my arm around her shoulders. She was shaking properly now, her teeth chattering. I unlocked the doors and helped her into the driver's seat, then rounded to the passenger's side, brushing snow off the windscreen with numb fingers before climbing in.

The engine turned over smoothly as Daisy started it up, and I cranked the heat as high as it would go. Behind us, Spencer and Elia's Audi started up, headlights flashing once in acknowledgement.

"Are you really okay?" I asked again, turning to look at Daisy properly.

She stared straight ahead through the windscreen at the falling snow. "I had Spencer's cock in my mouth," she said quietly. "I came on his fingers. I swallowed his cum. And my dissertation supervisor watched me do it while he wanked himself off." She laughed, a broken sound. "So no, Jordan. I'm not really okay. But I will be."

I didn't know what to say to that, so I just reached across and took her hand. She squeezed my fingers hard enough to hurt.

"Can we just go home?" she whispered.

"Yeah," I said. "Let's go home."

She put the car in reverse and backed carefully out of our spot, the tyres slipping slightly on the snow-dusted gravel. Spencer followed as we navigated out of the car park, his headlights steady in the rearview mirror as we turned onto the dark lane leading back toward civilisation.

The drive back was silent. I didn't want to talk just yet either. I'd let Elia suck and wank my cock. She'd made me cum. How did Daisy feel about that? It wasn't something we'd ever discussed doing.

It wasn't until we were turning onto Far Bridge Rise, our quiet cul-de-sac bathed in the familiar faint glow of the streetlamps, that Daisy finally spoke.

"Did you mean what you said?" she asked, her voice a little stronger. "That you had fun?"

"Did you?" I deflected, not knowing if she was referring to what I'd done with Elia, or what she'd done with Spencer. "You said the same."

"We both came," She turned to look at me for the first time since we'd left the car park. "So, I guess we'd be lying if we pretended we didn't enjoy it."

She pulled into our driveway and killed the engine. The house was dark, waiting. Safe. Home.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked, tentatively. "About what happened? Before Patterson showed up?"

Daisy unbuckled her seatbelt but didn't move to get out. "Spencer?" she asked quietly. "You want to know how I feel about what I did with Spencer? Or what you did with Elia?"

"Both."

She was quiet for a long moment, her hands folded in her lap. "With Spencer... I don't regret it," she said finally. "Is that what you want to hear?"

"I want to hear the truth."

"That is the truth." She turned to face me, her brown eyes serious in the dim light from the streetlamps. "I don't regret it. He made me cum, and I returned the favour. It was... hot. And wrong in all the ways that made it feel right."

"And Elia? Are you angry at me?"

“No. I can’t begrudge you some fun, considering what I did,” she replied quietly.

“I didn’t mean for that to happen.”

“I know. She wanked you off. Sucked you. Made you cum.” Daisy’s voice was carefully neutral, like she was asking about the weather.

I swallowed. “Yeah. She did.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“I can’t say I didn’t,” I admitted, choosing honesty over self-preservation. “Elia’s sexy. She’s beautiful. And what she did felt... good. Of course it did.”

Daisy pulled back slightly, enough to look at me. “But?”

“But it’s not what this is about for me,” I said, meeting her eyes. “Not really. Elia could be anyone. It’s you I want to watch, Daisy. You with other men. That’s what really turns me on. Not me with other women. Watching you discover what you like, what you want, seeing other men desire you the way I do... that’s the fantasy. That’s what made tonight so intense.”

She paused. “I’m not ready to talk about all of this yet, Jordan. I’m scared. Scared about what it means. Not about Patterson, but about where this goes next. About...” She didn’t finish the sentence.

“What happened tonight just... it just happened,” I shrugged. “We didn’t plan it, and maybe that’s a good thing. I know you were insisting back there that you’re doing all of this for research, but I think tonight showed that perhaps we’re both more interested in this than we want to admit.”

“You say that, but... where does it end?” she whispered. “Tonight it was Spencer’s fingers. His cock in my mouth. What’s next? Do I fuck him? Do I fuck Paul? Tyler? Apparently, every man on Far Bridge Rise wants a piece of me, so where does it end?”

“That’s up to you,” I said. “We decide together. But Daisy, you need to know,” I swallowed hard. “I loved watching you tonight. Seeing you with Spencer. Knowing he wanted you and that you wanted him back. It was... God, it was the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced.”

Her eyes searched mine. “Really?”

“Really.” I kissed her forehead. “I’d love to take this further. Experiment, one step at a time. But only if you want it too. Only if it makes you feel good. Not just physically. Emotionally. The moment it stops being that, we stop. Completely. No questions.”

She leaned into me, her head on my shoulder. “Ask me again tomorrow,” she murmured. “After I’ve talked to Patterson. After I know whether my academic career is going to survive this. Then maybe I can think about what comes next.”

“Okay,” I agreed. “Tomorrow.”

“Okay.” She opened her door. “Come on, my modern husband. Let’s go inside before we freeze.”

I followed her up the path to our front door, my arm around her waist, the snow crunching under our feet, the house waiting warm and safe. I fumbled with the keys, my fingers numb from the cold, and finally got the door open, ushering her inside.

The warmth hit us immediately, the heating still on from earlier. Daisy kicked off her shoes and moved into the hallway, shrugging out of her coat. I closed the door behind us, locking it, sealing out the night and everything that had happened in it.

“You wanted the truth,” Daisy said suddenly, not turning around. Her voice was different now, harder, more deliberate. “Earlier. You said you wanted to hear the truth.”

“I did. I do.”

She turned to face me, her arms crossed over her chest. “Then let’s talk about the... what’s it called? The Husband’s Guide To Wife Sharing, isn’t it?”

My stomach dropped. “What?”

“The little handbook I found in your studio.” Her eyes locked onto mine, not angry exactly, but intense. Focused. “The one you’ve been reading. The one you never told me about.”

Fuck. “Daisy, listen...”

“Don’t lie to me,” she cut me off. “I’ve been waiting for you to tell me about it all day, but you never did.”

I felt my face flush hot with shame, and a mild panic swept through me. How long had she known? Then I cursed inwardly, remembering how I’d left it on my desk last night. “I was going to tell you, I just didn’t get around to it.”

“When?” she challenged. “After I’d already done everything it suggested? After I’d already crossed every line it told you to push me toward?”

“It wasn’t like that.” I ran a hand through my hair, my mind racing. Half-truths, I needed half-truths. The full truth could break us. “Look, I found out about the Neighbourhood Watch before you. Morgan figured out I was curious, and she gave me that handbook to read. To help me understand what it all meant.”

Daisy’s eyebrows rose. “Morgan gave it to you? You already knew about her and Tyler?”

“Yeah. She... Look, I made them promise not to tell you. I thought it might freak you out, considering that you’ve always been against it, and you were enjoying playing detective and figuring...” I trailed off.

“Figuring it out for myself,” Daisy finished, her voice flat.

“Yes.” I took a step toward her. “I was trying to protect you, to not scare you off. I was trying to let you discover things at your own pace without feeling pressured or — “

“Manipulated?” she supplied. “Because that’s what it feels like, Jordan. Like you’ve been following some kind of instruction manual on how to turn your wife into a hotwife. Like I’m a project you’ve been working on.”

“That’s not fair,” I said, heat rising in my voice now. “What about you? What about what you’ve been hiding?”

“What have I been hiding?” she shot back. “What do you mean?”

“Spencer.” The name hung between us like an accusation. “What almost happened at Jake’s party all those years ago. You wanted to fuck him back then, and some part of you has been thinking about it ever since.”

She flinched. “That was years ago — “

“So, tonight, when you had his cock in your mouth, you weren’t thinking about research, were you?” I pressed. “You were thinking about finishing what you started. About finally knowing what it would be like.”

“Stop it — “

“I saw your notes, Daisy.”

The words came out before I could stop them. Her face went white.

“What?”

“Your notes,” I repeated, quieter now. “After you fell asleep the other night, I put you into bed, and when I came back downstairs, your laptop was open. I saw what you’d written.”

She stared at me, frozen. “You read my private notes?”

“I didn’t mean to. It was just… there. And once I started reading, I couldn’t stop.” I took another step toward her. “You wrote about wanting to know

what Spencer's cock would feel like in your mouth. In your pussy. About being curious and awake now. About not knowing how to put that curiosity back to sleep."

"Jordan — "

"So, don't talk to me about manipulation," I said, my voice rougher than I intended. "Don't act like I've been pulling strings while you've been some innocent victim. You wanted this too. Maybe you needed permission to want it, maybe you needed me to make it okay, but you wanted it."

Tears welled in her eyes. "You had no right to read that."

"You're right. I didn't." The anger drained out of me as quickly as it had come. "I'm sorry. I should have told you."

"Yes, you should have." She wiped at her eyes with the back of her hand. "Both things. The handbook and the blog. You should have told me."

We stood there in the hallway, the warmth of the house suddenly feeling stifling, both of us breathing hard.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked finally. "About your father. About him allowing your mother to take lovers. You always made me think she just cheated on him, behind his back."

Daisy's face crumpled slightly. "Because it's humiliating," she whispered. "My father loved her so much that he let other men fuck her, and it still wasn't enough. She always wanted more, even when he wanted her to stop. She destroyed him, Jordan. And everyone in the family knew. My brother knew. I knew. We all watched him try to hold onto something that was already dead." She swallowed hard. "That's not something you tell people. That's not something you want anyone to know."

"But I'm not anyone," I said quietly. "I'm your husband."

"And that's exactly why I couldn't tell you." She looked at me, her brown eyes swimming with tears. "Because what if we're doing the same thing?"

What if I end up like her and you end up like him? What if this thing you think you want, watching me with other men, what if it destroys you the same way it destroyed him?"

I closed the distance between us, pulling her into my arms. She resisted for a second, then collapsed against me, her face buried in my chest.

"I'm not your father," I said into her hair. "And you're not your mother. We're different. This is different."

"How?" Her voice was muffled against my shirt. "How is it different?"

"Because we're talking about it. Because I know what I want, and I'm telling you. Because you're not sneaking around behind my back, we're exploring this together, with permission, with encouragement. That's not betrayal, Daisy. That's trust."

She pulled back enough to look up at me. "Is it? Or are we just lying to ourselves?"

I didn't have an answer for that. Not one that would satisfy her. Not one that would satisfy me.

"I don't know," I admitted. "Maybe we are. But I'd rather find out together than pretend this isn't happening. I'd rather this than go back to how things were before and spend the rest of our lives wondering what if."

She studied my face for a long moment, then nodded slowly. "Me too," she whispered. "Even though it terrifies me."

We stood there in the hallway, holding each other, the house silent around us. Outside the windows, the snow continued to fall, blanketing Far Bridge Rise in white, covering everything in a layer of false innocence.

"I'm upset with you," Daisy said finally. "About the handbook. About reading my notes. About not telling me what you knew."

"I know. I'm sorry."

“And I’m upset with myself,” she continued. “About keeping secrets. About not being honest. About... about enjoying what I did tonight and feeling guilty about enjoying it.”

“That’s allowed,” I said. “Both things can be true.”

“I know.” She pulled away, wiping her eyes properly now. “But I can’t deal with all of this tonight, Jordan. Patterson, Spencer, the handbook, my parents... It’s too much. I need to sleep. I need to think.”

“Okay.”

“Tomorrow,” she said. “After I’ve talked to Patterson. After we’ve both had time to process. Then we can talk properly. About all of it. But not tonight.”

“Tomorrow,” I agreed.

She nodded, then turned and headed for the stairs, leaving me standing alone in the hallway. I didn’t follow her right away. I locked the front door, drank some water, turned off the downstairs lights, and followed her up to bed. She was already under the covers when I came in, her back to me, her breathing steady but not quite the rhythm of sleep. I undressed quietly, climbed in beside her, and lay there staring at the ceiling.

“Truce?” I said softly. “Until tomorrow?”

A long pause. Then, “Truce.”

I reached across the space between us, finding her hand under the covers. She squeezed my fingers once, then let go.

We lay there in the darkness, not touching, both awake, both thinking about truths told and truths withheld, about lines crossed and lines yet to be discovered. Tomorrow, I thought. Tomorrow we’ll figure it out.

But as I finally drifted toward sleep, I couldn’t stop thinking about Patterson and what deal they’d strike. About Spencer and Elia and the lines we’d crossed tonight. About the handbook and her notes and all the secrets we’d been keeping from each other.

And beneath the anxiety and uncertainty and the fragile truce we'd negotiated, buried deep but undeniable, was the thrill of not knowing what came next.

AN EXCERPT FROM THE HUSBAND'S GUIDE TO WIFE SHARING: PART TWO

"The Confession" from chapter four

There will come a moment, perhaps after the first shared experience, perhaps before, when you and your wife must face each other with complete honesty. No more hints. No more careful suggestions disguised as hypotheticals. No more testing the waters. Just the raw, terrifying truth of what you want and what she's discovered she wants too.

This moment is both necessary and dangerous.

Necessary because a marriage built on unspoken desires is like a house built on sand. You cannot guide her toward sexual liberation while hiding your own motivations. She cannot explore her sexuality authentically while wondering if you're secretly judging her for the very things you claim to encourage.

Dangerous because once you say the words out loud, once you admit "I want to watch other men fuck you" or she admits "I enjoyed touching him, I want to go further," you cannot unsay them. The knowledge becomes permanent. The fantasy becomes reality. The marriage you had before is gone, replaced by something new and uncertain.

Many men reach this crossroads and retreat. They've gotten their wife to flirt with a stranger at a bar, maybe even let another man touch her, and suddenly the fear overwhelms the arousal. What if she likes him more than me? What if this changes everything? What if I've made a terrible mistake?

These fears are valid. But they cannot be navigated through silence.

The confession, the real, honest conversation about desires that live outside the traditional bounds of marriage, requires courage from both partners. You

must be brave enough to admit what turns you on, even knowing she might judge you for it, might see you as less of a man, might use it against you in anger later. She must be brave enough to admit her own curiosity, her own desires, knowing that society will call her a slut, a bad wife, a woman who doesn't respect her marriage.

This is the leap of faith that the lifestyle demands.

You are asking each other: Can we be honest about the darkest, most shameful parts of our sexuality and still love each other? Can we admit that we want things society says we shouldn't want, and trust that this honesty will make us stronger rather than tear us apart?

Most marriages never face this test because most couples never dare to ask these questions. They bury their desires, pretend they don't exist, and wonder why their sex life feels stale and performative.

You and your wife are different. You've begun the journey. But the confession is where many couples falter, where one partner admits too much or too little, where old wounds resurface, where fear masquerades as anger.

When the confession comes, remember:

- She may be angry that you've been thinking about this for longer than she realised. Let her be angry. Anger is often fear in disguise.
- You may discover she's been harbouring her own secrets, desires she's ashamed of, attractions she's tried to suppress. Don't punish her for finally being honest.
- Past trauma will surface. If her mother cheated, if your father left, if either of you has been betrayed before, those wounds will bleed again. Acknowledge them. They are valid. But don't let them dictate your future.
- Confession is not the same as resolution. You may need days, weeks, even months to fully process what you've shared with each other. That's normal. Give yourselves time.

The morning after the confession, you may both feel raw, exposed, and uncertain whether you've made a terrible mistake. This is the most dangerous time, the time when couples retreat into silence, when shame reasserts itself, when the walls go back up.

Don't let that happen.

The confession is not the end. It's the beginning of building something new: a marriage where desire isn't shameful, where honesty isn't dangerous, where both of you can be fully yourselves, including the parts that society says you should hide.

Turn the page. You're onto the final stretch in this journey. Good luck.

Chapter 2

Whatever Happens, Happens

I rinsed the mug twice before I realised it was already clean, then placed it on the work surface just a little bit too hard. I checked the clock over the cooker. 10:52.

She'd be on campus now. Her meeting with Dr Patterson was in eight minutes, so she was probably walking down some corridor in the Psychology building toward Dr Patterson's office. I pictured her, long grey coat over her sweater and jeans, satchel strap across her chest, fiddling with her sleeve like she does when she's trying to stay calm, mouth tightening up before a tricky talk.

I needed something normal to do. I switched on the coffee machine and leaned against the counter while it brewed. I looked around the kitchen. I'd emptied the bin, wiped down the counters and put away the breakfast things. The vacuum cleaner sat in the front-room doorway, cable looped over the handle, waiting for me to finish the skirting boards.

It was standard Monday morning stuff. Floors, laundry, dishes. Usually, it left me feeling sorted before I headed down to the studio.

Not today. It wasn't a regular Monday morning. Nothing was normal.

I took a big sip of black coffee too soon and burned my tongue. I swore quietly, swallowed, and carried the mug through to the front room. I stepped over the vacuum cleaner cable and switched it off at the wall. There was no point pretending I'd get back to it. My mind was too scatter-brained and filled with anxiety.

I sat down, a little too hard and hot coffee sloshed over my hand. I cursed again, set the mug on a coaster, then wiped the small amount of coffee from my hand and picked up my phone, finding the Trad Wife blog I enjoyed and skimming through Millie's latest entries. That finished, I started to search

for the Hotwife blog, but stopped myself. I needed to focus. I checked my messages, but there was nothing new.

Daisy's last one sat there.

I asked Dr Patterson if I could come by before my seminar. He said eleven o'clock would be fine. I'll handle this, so don't worry. Love you x

"Don't worry," I said aloud to myself, but that was easier said than done. She was the one heading into his office with her Master's degree on the line, but she was my wife. Of course I was worried.

I closed my messages and checked my emails instead. I had the usual number of spam emails, which I cleared, then scrolled to a new one near the top.

It was from Sarah.

Hi Jordan,

I hope you had a good weekend. Just checking in to see how the three character concepts are progressing. Marketing wants first-pass visuals this week if you can manage it. I totally get it if you're still tweaking, but rough WIPs would help a lot.

Best,

Sarah

The 'hope you had a good weekend' line made me wince a little. She had no idea what a strange weekend it had been.

I looked toward the conservatory door and the studio. I was going to spend a couple of hours on the project once I'd done my Monday morning stuff. I should probably start now. Get some actual work done instead of pacing around.

Then it came back to me.

Kendall.

Shit.

We'd set it up for her to pose for me this morning. Monday, while Daisy was at uni. Almost as if she was telepathic, my phone buzzed in my hand, Kendall's name flashing up on the screen with a new message.

Hey Jordan, just checking we're still on for this morning? Your place in twenty minutes?

A smiley face emoji at the end made the message appear friendly and casual, but after the time she'd shown me her panties and flirted so heavily, right there in my studio, I knew it would be anything but.

Twenty minutes.

Daisy had encouraged me to draw Kendall, but it was part of the plan to uncover the secrets of Far Bridge Rise. Now, after everything that had happened since, had the plan changed? Was a modelling session with Kendall still necessary?

I called Daisy, standing up and walking to the window, looking out at the snowy landscape with the phone to my ear.

One ring. Two. Three. Then her voicemail kicked in. "Hi, it's Daisy. Leave a message, and I'll get back to you."

I hung up and typed a message instead.

Hey. We completely forgot we invited Kendall to model today. She just texted. Are you okay with me still doing it, given... everything? Call if you can. If not, text. Love you x

I hit send and waited for a reply, but nothing came back. Kendall's message waited below mine, the cursor blinking in the empty box as I clicked into it.

My phone buzzed again before I could even start typing to Kendall.

It was another email, a reply from Sarah.

Hi again!

A random aside – my aunt Kamol just told me you were at the restaurant the other night with some friends! I'm glad you enjoyed it enough to go back! She said you looked like you were having a great time. Where was my invite?

S x

'It looked like you were having a great time.' I stared at that line for a moment. Had Kamol heard something she shouldn't have? She'd given me a knowing smile at the end of the night. Or was I just being paranoid?

I forced my fingers to move, trying to sound casual.

Our friends picked it. If I'd known where we were going, I'd have invited you along. The food was incredible. Please tell her thanks from us. Oh, and the project is coming on nicely. I have someone coming to model for the Zara character today.

I hit send before I could overthink every word, though 'incredible' suddenly felt like too much, like I was trying to distract from the fact that her aunt's dining room had become the catalyst for the four of us going to a dogging spot and almost swapping partners.

The phone rang in my hand before I could put it down.

"What the fuck is going on?" I muttered to myself as Kendall's name lit up the screen. "Jeez. Can everyone just give me a minute?"

I stared at the screen for three rings, my thumb hovering over the answer icon. I could let it go to voicemail and text her later with some excuse about Daisy coming home early, about anything that would postpone this decision I wasn't ready to make. Or I could answer like a normal human being and deal with it.

I swiped to accept the call.

“Hey, Kendall.”

“Jordan! Hi.” Her voice was bright, easy, like she was just calling to see if we needed anything from the shop. “I wasn’t sure you’d seen my text. I hope you don’t think I’m being pushy or anything, but I’d really like to do this modelling thing. I’m dressed and ready to go if you still want to do this?”

I glanced at the conservatory door leading to my studio. Sarah’s email was sitting in my inbox, asking for updates on characters I’d barely touched in days because my head had been full of everything else.

“Yeah, I saw it,” I said. “Sorry, I was just busy doing some chores around the house. The joys of being a house husband and all that.”

“Oh, right. Sure. I can come another day,” she said immediately, disappointment evident in her tone. “Honestly, it’s no problem at all. I don’t want to get in the way if it’s not convenient. I just thought...”

She sounded like she meant it, no coyness or hidden agenda in her tone. She just sounded like the pretty girl from number fourteen who’d let me clean her scraped elbow that day with the accident.

And I did need a model. Sarah’s Zara character wasn’t going to draw herself. I could draw from a reference photo, but having a live model in the studio would help.

But after last night in the car park, watching Daisy in the backseat with Spencer, with Elia’s mouth and hand around my cock, Spencer’s fingers in my wife’s pussy, his cum shooting down her throat, I no longer knew where the boundaries were, or what Daisy wanted from this.

The thought of Kendall in my studio, alone with me, while Daisy was at the university with Dr Patterson, made me doubly nervous, but here she was on the phone, waiting for an answer.

I heard myself speak before I’d finished the thought.

“No, it’s fine,” I said, trying to sound more certain than I felt. “Come over. I do actually need to get working on the commission, I need a model, and you’re already ready, so... yeah. Let’s do it.”

“Are you sure?” she pressed, and I could hear the question beneath the question, the same one I was asking myself.

“Yeah. I’m sure.”

Her smile was audible through the phone. “Okay! I’ll head over now. Give me twenty minutes?”

“Twenty’s good. See you soon.”

We hung up, and I stood there staring out of the window again for a moment, wondering how this would play out. I pulled up Daisy’s messages again, hoping she’d replied while I was on the call. Still nothing. No text back about Kendall, no ‘seen’ notification under my message. She was probably still in Dr Patterson’s office right now, phone buried in her bag while he peered over his glasses and discussed what had happened in the car park. Or perhaps they didn’t. Maybe they simply talked about her dissertation, agreeing to forget what they’d seen in the snow last night.

I typed quickly, my thumbs moving before I could second-guess the wording.

I tried calling, but you must be busy. Kendall’s on her way over. I’ll keep it strictly to modelling, don’t worry. If you’re not okay with it, say so, and I’ll cancel. Love you x

I sent it and watched it appear beneath my first unanswered text. Two blue bubbles from me now, sitting there in the thread without acknowledgement.

Exactly twenty minutes later, the doorbell rang. I’d been watching the time creep forward ever since sending the still-unanswered message to Daisy, unable to settle. I’d tidied the studio, repositioned the two easels—one for the tablet, one for the sketchpad—changed the lighting setup and then sat down with a coffee to wait.

When I opened the door, Kendall stood on the step looking more like the sporty cyclist that I'd first met than the flirty twenty-one-year-old I'd gotten to know of late. She wore a close-fitting grey tracksuit, the kind of expensive athletic wear that looked more fashion than function. The top hugged her slim frame, and the leggings emphasised her long legs. Her black hair fell in loose waves to her shoulders, clearly styled with care, and her makeup was subtle but sexy. She looked, I had to admit, exceptionally attractive.

"Morning," she said brightly, stepping inside without waiting for an invitation. "Ready to make me famous?"

"Something like that," I managed, closing the door behind her. "Though I should warn you, it's just for a video game character. Not exactly Hollywood."

"That still counts." She glanced around the hallway, taking in the space with obvious curiosity. "Is Daisy around? I was hoping to say hello."

"No, she's at university," I said, then immediately felt my stomach tighten. "We've got the house to ourselves for a few hours."

The words hung in the air awkwardly. I cursed inwardly. That sounded like flirting, like I was suggesting something.

"Oh. Never mind," Kendall said, apparently oblivious to my discomfort. "I guess we just can get straight on with it then."

"Right. Yes. Exactly." I moved toward the kitchen, grateful for her eagerness to get on with it. "But can I get you something to drink first? Tea, coffee, water?"

"Water would be great, thanks."

I filled a glass from the tap while she leaned against the counter, watching me with that easy confidence she seemed to naturally possess. She didn't appear nervous at all about the prospect of modelling, which I found both reassuring and slightly unsettling at the same time.

“Last time I did this,” she asked, accepting the glass. “I was lying on a bed half-naked. What do you have in store for me?”

“Let me show you the brief,” I said, leading her to the dining table where I’d laid out the character description and the preliminary sketches I’d done already. “This is Zara, the second character in the series. She’s a tech specialist in a fantasy sci-fi game. Cool and athletic. So... no lying on beds half-naked required this time.”

Kendall leaned over the papers, her hair falling forward as she studied the sketches. “Hmm. That’s a shame.”

I laughed off the obvious flirtation. “I just need some basic poses to start with. Standing positions, different angles. Nothing too complicated.” I picked the materials from the table and pointed towards the conservatory. “The studio is through here, if you recall.”

I led her down the hallway to the converted workspace. The morning light was exceptional for December, streaming through the large window in broad, clear beams that would be perfect for figure work. I’d positioned the easels to take advantage of it, and the whole room seemed to glow with a soft, natural brightness.

Kendall walked slowly around the perimeter of the studio, examining everything with genuine interest again. She paused at the worktop where I’d laid out a couple of figure sketches and my colour swatches, then moved to the easel with me, watching me place my sketchbook down, ready to go.

I checked my phone one more time, the screen showing that Daisy had seen my messages now, but still there wasn’t any reply. She must be deep in that meeting with Dr Patterson. I slipped it back into my pocket, trying to focus.

Kendall stood by the easel now, watching me with that direct gaze of hers. “So, where do you want me?”

“Right there by the window works perfectly,” I said, gesturing to the spot where the light fell cleanest. “Maybe hands on hips, looking toward the park path? A nice, simple, relaxed stance.”

She moved into position easily, settling her weight onto one leg, her hip cocking out naturally. The grey leggings caught the light beautifully, tracing every curve of her thighs and the tight line of her backside. I picked up my pencil and started with loose gesture lines, capturing the basic proportions.

“You’re good at this,” she said after a few minutes, holding the pose without any sign of discomfort. “Natural, I mean. Not tense like some people get.”

“Thanks. As I said, this isn’t my first art model rodeo.” My pencil moved steadily, blocking in the shoulders, the slight curve of her waist. The tracksuit left very little to the imagination, which was exactly what I needed.

She smiled, shifting her weight slightly. “You know, I was hoping we might pick up where we left off last time. Do you remember?” Her voice dropped lower, more intimate. “Before Daisy walked in and interrupted things.”

Heat crept under my collar. I kept my eyes on the paper, focusing on the line of her jaw. “Of course I remember. But we’re working today. This is... professional. For a real commission.”

“Oh, I know.” She turned her head toward me, still holding the pose. “But I haven’t been able to forget the look on your face when I showed you under my skirt. I wonder what would have happened if Daisy hadn’t arrived home right at that moment. Don’t you?”

I paused my sketching, meeting her gaze for the first time. “Kendall—”

“I’m serious,” she pressed on, straightening up now, her hands moving to the zipper of her tracksuit top. “I know you like me, Jordan. What don’t I pose nude for you? Show you what’s under this tracksuit? It’s no big deal. You’ve seen it anyway, when you saw me with Jake.”

“Kendall—”

“Plus, it’ll give you better references. Clothes just get in the way.”

“There’s no need,” I said quickly, though my voice came out rougher than intended. “What you’re wearing shows more than enough of your body. Really. The lines are perfect as they are.”

She pulled the zipper down an inch anyway, revealing the smooth line of her collarbone. “Are you sure? I don’t mind. And Daisy doesn’t have to know, it’ll be our little secret.”

I swallowed hard, pencil hovering over the page. “I’m sure. It’ll be too... distracting.”

She held my gaze a moment longer, then shrugged with a giggle, zipping back up. “Okay, your loss. But if you change your mind...”

We worked for another fifteen minutes, me filling in details of Zara’s pose, the angle of the shoulders, asking Kendall to shift her weight from one leg to the other, noting how it changed the stresses on her lean body. She followed directions easily, turning for three-quarter views, then profile. Her confidence made the session flow smoothly, even though the shape of her ass and her pert breasts was still a distraction, clothed or not.

My phone finally buzzed in my pocket. Daisy’s name on the screen when I pulled it out. “Excuse me one second,” I told Kendall, holding up a finger. “I need to take this.”

She nodded, taking a moment to lean back against the deck, stretching her arms overhead casually. “No worries.”

I stepped out to the kitchen, closing the studio door behind me. “Hey. I was starting to worry about you.”

“I’m sorry,” Daisy said, her voice hushed. “The meeting with Dr Patterson ran longer than I thought it would. We talked about what happened last night and came to an agreement. One I’m sure you’ll like.”

“That’s good. What sort of agreement?”

“I can’t talk details right now,” Daisy whispered. “There are students everywhere. I’ve got my seminar next, but I’ll head home right after this and tell you everything.”

“Okay...” I leaned against the counter, glancing toward the studio door. “But everything is alright? Promise?”

“I promise.” Daisy hesitated. “I saw your messages. What’s happened with Kendall? I take it she came over?”

“She’s here now, and she’s flirting pretty hard. She volunteered to pose nude for me! I said I was fine with her in the tracksuit she’s wearing.”

“Hmm.” The line went silent for a moment, then Daisy surprised me completely. “Why don’t you play along?”

“What?”

“You heard me. Play along. I still want to get on the inside of the Neighbourhood Watch, Jordan.”

“Play along? How?”

“Let her pose nude for you. Flirt back some. I think we convinced Paul and Kelly that I’m serious the other night. This could be your chance to convince the Watch that you’re in it for real, too.”

“But... we’re already...” I swallowed deeply. “You’ve got access to whatever you need for research purposes with Spencer and Elia.”

“Maybe I want to be on the inside of the Watch for... more than research.”

“What?” I gripped the phone tighter. “Are you serious?”

“Deadly serious.” Another pause, her voice dropping even lower. “I wasn’t ready to talk about it last night because I hadn’t had time to process everything. And then, this morning, we haven’t had a proper opportunity to talk. But Jordan? I’ve had time to think since then. I have to go now, but I need to tell you something... I liked watching Elia make you cum. When I

looked up and saw her suck you.... It made me horny. I loved making Spencer cum. I want to go further, I think..."

I didn't know what to say. The line was quiet again for so long that I began to think we'd been disconnected.

"Whatever you want to do with Kendall," Daisy said eventually, her voice soft. "Handjob, blow job... even sex... You have my blessing."

"D-Daisy," I stammered, "I'm not sure. I—"

"I have to go," she said in a hushed tone. "I love you."

Then the line went dead. I stared at the phone, stunned, my pulse hammering in my ears. Daisy. My Daisy. Saying that I could do whatever I wanted. With Kendall. How had we come to this?

I pushed off the counter and walked back to the studio. My legs felt unsteady, and it didn't help to find Kendall waiting in the centre of the studio wearing nothing but barely-there underwear. A black see-through bra cupped her small breasts perfectly, and matching panties rode high on her slim hips, the cleft of her shaved pussy visible through the thin material. Her tracksuit was folded on the chair nearby. She gave me a slow smile, entirely at ease in her near-nakedness.

"I figured I'd save you the trouble of changing your mind," she said simply. "Now where were we?"

My phone buzzed loudly in my pocket, and I pulled it out again, the screen showing a new text from Daisy. I started to open it, then paused, my heart still pounding from her call.

"Is everything okay?" Kendall asked from across the studio, her voice soft but curious. She hadn't moved, standing confidently in her sexy underwear, the morning light tracing clean lines down her slim frame.

"Yes. All good," I managed, though my voice sounded distant even to me. "It's just Daisy checking in."

The text repeated what she'd said on the phone.

I'm sorry I had to go. They were ushering us into the seminar room. But Jordan, I meant what I said. Whatever happens today, happens. I know you find Kendall attractive. She's beautiful. You can explore that if you want. I need to know what being in the lifestyle means for you, as well as what it means for me. I trust you to tell me whatever happens. We need to talk anyway. A lot's happened, and as I said, I've had time to think about it.

Love you.

'Love you.' Like nothing was out of the ordinary. Like she hadn't just given me permission to sleep with our neighbour's daughter.

I stared at the screen, disbelief washing over me in waves. This was Daisy. My Daisy. The woman who had always drawn firm lines, hard boundaries, every time I ever mentioned anything like this.

Before I could process it or put the phone away, Kendall crossed the room in three smooth strides. She'd kicked off her trainers, her feet in a pair of white ankle socks, silent on the studio floor. "What's she saying that's got you looking like you've seen a ghost?"

I fumbled to lock the screen, but she was too quick and my fingers too numb from shock, and she snatched the phone from my hand with a playful laugh. Her eyes scanned the message, her eyebrows climbing higher with each line. She read it silently once, then her eyes moved back up to read it again, her lips parting slightly.

"Well," she said finally, handing the phone back with a slow, knowing smile. "This is... interesting."

"Yeah," I croaked, taking it from her numb fingers. "I'm not sure how much you know, but things have kind of progressed."

She stepped closer, close enough that I could smell her perfume, something light and citrusy. The curves of her small breasts hovered in front of me, the

thin straps cutting delicate lines across her shoulders. “So she’s really okay with this? With me being here, alone with you? With us... exploring?”

“Apparently. It’s just...” My mouth felt dry. Daisy’s words echoed in my head. Whatever happens happens. I rubbed the back of my neck, glancing at the phone in her hand. “It’s just all happening so fast.”

“Fast can be good sometimes.” Kendall’s fingers brushed my arm lightly, making the little hairs on it stand on end. “Sometimes it stops you from overthinking things.”

Her hand lingered there, warm against my skin, doing nothing for the growing tension in my shoulders.

“Are you going to keep fighting this?” she murmured. The studio felt smaller somehow as she stepped even closer. Too close. “You wouldn’t let me stand here, almost naked, if you weren’t interested, Jordan.”

I swallowed hard. The easel waited behind her, the half-finished sketches of Zara mocking me from the page. But all I could see was Kendall, standing there waiting, Daisy’s words ringing in my ears.

You can explore that if you want.

Kendall sighed at my inaction. “Why don’t you start by telling me what’s happened to get you and Daisy to this point? You said things have progressed. How?”

“Okay. I guess there’s no point pretending anymore,” I said, the words tumbling out before I could stop them. “Daisy knows about the Neighbourhood Watch. All of it. We went to a party, a swingers’ get-together at our friends’ house. Paul and Corinne were there.”

Kendall’s smile widened, not surprised at all. She leaned back against the worktop, still holding my phone loosely in one hand. “I know. Paul told us. Go on.”

“We met Jake and Alex there. Daisy already knew Jake from years ago, but she didn’t know he was a... what do you call it? A bull? Anyway, we found out a lot that night. Then, to convince Paul and Kelly she was really into joining the Watch, she let them see her naked on Saturday night. That was another step forward and then yesterday...” I hesitated, but the momentum carried me forward. “We went to see our friends to talk this stuff over, and one thing somehow led to another.”

Her eyebrows shot up, genuinely intrigued now. “Oh, yeah? What happened? Did she fuck someone?”

I swallowed, the memory still raw. “Almost. We ended up in a car park out in the middle of nowhere. Daisy sucked my friend’s cock, made him cum right there in the car while he fingered her. And then his wife... And me... We did stuff too.”

Kendall let out a low whistle, genuinely impressed. “Fuck. That’s hot. Daisy’s full of surprises.”

“She’s surprised me, too. And now she wants to keep going.”

“Well, I can help with that,” Kendall said, smiling at me. Her fingers moved to the clasp of her bra as she spoke, so casually she might as well be discussing the weather. She shrugged the straps off her shoulders, letting the bra fall to the floor.

Her small breasts were perfect. Pert, with dark nipples that tightened in the cool studio air. I couldn’t look away, completely glued to the sight of her as she continued talking.

“You know what my role is in the watch?” she asked, tossing her hair back. “I bring in new people from outside the Rise. Younger people, around my age, to have fun with the older couples. Jake? I met him on a night out. He brought his brother Alex into it, and that definitely worked out nicely.”

She stretched her arms overhead, making no attempt to cover herself. I glanced out of the tall conservatory windows, wondering if anyone was

watching from the snowy back path, if Kendall had set this up as a show for someone.

“No one is observing,” Kendall said, catching my look. “Though I’m sure a lot of them would love to see us together. You know Frank isn’t my real father, don’t you? Tyler is. He’s been fucking my mother for years. Frank can’t have kids. Michael’s only my half-brother, too. My mum has a liking for black men.”

I nodded slowly, trying to process it all while my eyes kept drifting back to her bare breasts. “I knew about you being Tyler’s biological daughter. But not about the other stuff.”

“Well, you do now.” She stepped closer, her body pressing against mine, her voice dropping. “I have another half-brother, through Tyler and his first wife. He’s called Lewis. He runs a car showroom in Birmingham, but you might meet him at the Christmas party this weekend when he comes home for the holidays.”

I could feel Kendall’s breasts pressing through my thin T-shirt. Her lips were inches from mine. I wanted to kiss her, but didn’t. She stood there, leaning into me, completely bare from the waist up, waiting for my next move.

“So,” Kendall said, so close I could smell the sweetness of her breath, “What position do you want me in?”

“I—uh—”

She giggled, the sound light and knowing. “What pose, Jordan. For the drawing?”

“Right. Yes.” I swallowed, forcing my brain back to work, a sense of relief flooding through me as she finally stepped back. “Maybe... hands on hips again, turned three-quarters to me? Looking toward the window?”

“Like this?” She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and shimmied them down her long legs in one smooth motion, stepping out of

them and leaving them on the floor. Now she was completely naked. Her pussy was shaved smooth, a perfect line between her slim thighs. She assumed the pose exactly as I'd asked, one hip cocked, her dark hair spilling over one shoulder.

I stared for a moment too long, then grabbed my pencil with shaking hands. My cock throbbed painfully against my jeans, but somehow I started drawing. A new outline complete, I reached for the colour pencils, adding warm peach tones to her skin, cool blues to the shadows. The work came out better than I expected, every line crisp despite my trembling fingers.

She held the pose for a few more minutes after I'd done, then bent slowly at the waist, picking up her panties. Her pussy was fully exposed to me, her tight-looking slit pink and glistening, just like Daisy had teased Paul. She glanced over her shoulder at me, a twinkle in her dark eyes. "How about this angle, Jordan?"

"Okay, I get it. You're teasing me," I managed, my voice thick.

"Am I?" She straightened, grinning wickedly, and walked over. Her hand found the bulge in my jeans without hesitation, grabbing me boldly, rubbing the erection she found through the denim. "You don't seem to mind."

"Kendall—"

Her fingers worked my zipper down efficiently, tugging my jeans down to my hips along with my boxers and fishing my cock out into the sunlight. It sprang free, standing proud in front of me. She didn't wait for permission, wrapping her slender fingers around me, stroking with perfect pressure. "Remember what Daisy said. You can explore. Whatever happens, happens."

I groaned as her thumb circled the head, spreading a trickle pre-cum that leaked from the tip. She giggled, then sank gracefully to her knees, her dark eyes locked on mine. Her mouth was warm, wet perfection as she took me between her lips, her tongue swirling against me. She took me deep, her nose burying itself into the short tuft of hair on my lower belly, one hand cupping my balls while the other gripped the base. Wet sounds filled the

studio, mixing with my ragged breathing as she worked me with her mouth. She looked up at me the whole time, mascara-dark lashes fluttering, completely in control, holding me in place even when I sagged backwards, my knees weakening, until my backside found the edge of the desk.

I felt her finger against my asshole, pushing against it tentatively. I groaned as it slipped in, the feeling making my cock tense in her mouth. She'd only been sucking me for a couple of minutes, but I was already close to the edge.

"Frank and Paul are going to love hearing about this when I tell them," she murmured around me.

Then something snapped inside me.

My conviction gone, I hauled her up roughly by the arms, spinning her toward the desk, enjoying the startled look on her face. The easel, sketchbook and pencils scattered across the floor in a clattering crash as I swept them out of the way with one hand. Then I bent her over, her slim body arching perfectly, her tits pressed to the wooden surface, her arse up and waiting. Her skin was silk under my hands, warm and yielding as I pushed her thighs apart, then gripped her narrow hips—her perfect, athletic hips—and thrust into her pussy in one brutal motion.

"Oh, fuck," she moaned as I drove into her. "Go on then. Fuck me, Jordan."

Her pussy was impossibly tight, velvet-soft, wet and hot, gripping me like a fist. Our bodies met as I buried myself completely, and she gasped, fingers scrabbling at the desk edge, but pushed back eagerly. Then I fucked her hard, slamming against the desk, which creaked beneath us. I looked down, enjoying the sight of her pink folds stretching out around my cock as I pulled out, then shoved back in.

"You feel so good, Jordan," she moaned. "Please, don't stop."

I grabbed her hair, pulling her head back, ramming into her fast and hard now. I looked out of the window, almost wishing someone was watching.

Almost wishing someone was there to witness me fucking this gorgeous woman.

“Yes, that’s it. Fuck me hard.”

I couldn’t help but look down again. My cock was slick with her juices as it worked in and out of her, and her asshole was pink and tight. I let my thumb graze over it, enjoying the shiver that ran through her, then pushed it into her, savouring the feeling of her tight little asshole as my cock drove deep into her.

“Dirty boy,” she teased me, looking over her shoulder with a wicked grin,

I fucked Kendall like that for a while, then rolled her onto her back, letting her wrap her legs around my back while enjoying the sight of my cock head resting between her pussy lips, nudging her swollen clit with the tip until she sighed.

“I’ve wanted you since I first set eyes on you, Jordan.” She bit her lip sexily. “Don’t tease me. Just fucking give it to me. Fuck me like you fuck Daisy.”

I did as she asked, pushing forward slowly, watching every inch disappear inside her wet little hole. Then I took hold of her legs and fucked her, her face tipping back, her small breasts swaying with each slamming thrust. Her body looked and felt like sculpted perfection, her firm thighs flexing under my palms, her flat stomach hollowing as she moaned. I pounded her so hard that I soon felt sweat trickling down my back from the exertion, even though it was cool in the studio.

I lost myself in the sex, pounding faster, deeper, the soft slap of my balls against her ass filling the room. She came suddenly, unexpectedly, with a sharp cry, pussy clenching rhythmically around me, pulling me right to the edge. Control flickered back to me just in time, and I pulled out, grabbing my cock and moving to the side, tugging quickly until several thick streaks of cum painted her small tits, dripping down the peaks, pooling between them, white against her dusky skin.

She lay there panting, spent, a slow, satisfied smile spreading across her face. Then she looked down at my cum, and rubbed it with one finger, smearing it over her tits and onto her nipples. “That was fucking awesome,” she murmured. “The watch are going to love hearing about this.”

“Do you have to tell them?” I said, still catching my breath, stepping back to admire Kendall for a moment.

She propped herself up on her elbows, still sprawled across the desk, enjoying me staring at her. My cum still glistened on her tits as she continued to play with it, tracing lazy circles through it with one finger, completely uninhibited. “Yes, I do. I hope you know Frank wants to fuck Daisy, and you’re not going to be able to say no after this.”

The realisation of what I’d just done hit me like iced water. Panic clawed up my throat. Regret came, as fast and hard as I’d fucked Kendall.

What the hell had I done?

I’d lost complete control, I’d fucked our neighbour’s daughter on my desk while Daisy was out at university. I knew she’d given me her blessing, but she’d not explicitly said I should fuck her. She hadn’t said I had to go all the way. What if she went crazy? This could destroy everything.

Kendall watched the anxiety cross my face, her expression not softening at all. “And Frank’s not the only one. Tyler, Paul, they all want her. You’ve opened the door by fucking me. It’s going to happen. The quicker you accept it, the better.”

I had nothing. No defence, no clever comeback. Just the sick weight of what I’d done settling in my stomach.

“Don’t worry. Daisy wants it as much as they do,” she went on, her tone all matter-of-fact. “Everyone can see it. If you tell her what we just did, I’m sure she’ll be fine. Trust me. I know other women like Daisy. Full of pent-up desires, unable to act on them because society says it’s wrong.”

She slid off the desk, graceful even covered in sweat and cum, and picked up her discarded bra. I was simply standing there, still unsure how to respond, until I managed to move, tucking my cock into my trousers and zipping them up.

“Kendall, I... I didn’t mean for that to happen—”

“Oh, shush. I enjoyed it. We both did.” She flashed me a genuine smile, clipping the bra back into place. “Daisy’s fine with it. Whatever happens happens, that’s what she said. And don’t worry about me either. It’s not like you’re my first or anything. You know that.”

“I know, but that’s not what I was... Kendall, I’m married. This was new for me.”

She stepped into her panties, pulling them up her long legs, frowning at me. “Have you only ever been with Daisy?”

“No... I... It’s just—”

Kendall nodded, then smiled gently. “Relax. Believe it or not, you’re my tenth different cock. I’m only twenty-one and enjoying being young and single. I’m hoping for plenty more before I ever settle down, too. Oh, and this, between us? Chill. I don’t want a relationship or anything. I just wanted some fun. And this was fun.”

My phone buzzed on the floor amidst the scattered pencils and sheets of paper. I must have swept it to the floor when I cleared the desk. I picked it up, my hands still shaking.

“It’s from Daisy,” I announced as I read it.

The seminar is done. I’m supposed to be doing some on-site study with a couple of the other students, but I’m going to pass and come home now. We need to talk, don’t we? I hope you and Kendall had fun modelling. Or whatever you did.

Or whatever you did. Oh, fuck. How was I going to tell her?

I glanced at the time. It was past lunch, nearly one o'clock. Christ. How long had we fucked for? Every frantic minute had blurred into the next.

Kendall walked over and glanced at the message. She tugged her tracksuit top back on, zipping it halfway. "If Daisy is on her way home, then that's my cue to leave. I'll get out of your way. Give you space to talk."

"Okay," I managed to rasp, my throat dry. "Thank you. For coming over and posing.... And everything else."

"You're welcome. We should do this again sometime. Let me know if you need more poses." She leaned in, brushing a light kiss across my cheek, cum still drying on her chest beneath the fabric. "Tell Daisy 'hi' from me."

She left me with a lingering look, her perfume still hanging in the air as the front door clicked shut behind her. I stood there alone, my cock aching with that aftersex feeling, art supplies still scattered around the floor, and my phone with Daisy's text feeling heavy in my hand.

HOME AND HEART: ON TRUST AND MODERN MARRIAGES

A blog by DemureMillieGrace

I've been doing rather a lot of reading lately about different types of marriages. Traditional ones like mine, where I keep the home fires burning while Mr Heart provides. But also these new 'progressive' arrangements, modern husbands who cook and clean, wives who climb career ladders, all sorts of unconventional dynamics.

What strikes me most isn't the differences, though. It's the similarities.

Every marriage, whether traditional or modern, trad wife or progressive partnership, hinges on the same fragile thing: trust. The belief that your spouse has your best interests at heart, even when they're out of sight. Especially when they're out of sight.

A traditional wife trusts her husband won't stray during long business trips. A modern husband trusts his career-focused wife with late nights at the

office. We all make these small acts of faith daily, don't we?

But here's what my research has shown me: trust isn't about naivety. It's not about closing your eyes and hoping for the best. Real trust means seeing clearly, knowing your partner's desires and weaknesses, and choosing to build something together anyway.

Sometimes, the most traditional values, honesty, transparency, unconditional support, manifest themselves in the most unexpected ways.

Perhaps that's the real secret. Not what kind of marriage you have, but whether you're brave enough to be honest about what you both truly want.

Yours in trust and discovery,

Millie Grace

Chapter 3

Pulling The Strings

I sat at the studio desk, colour pencil in hand, adding warmth to the sketches of Kendall. Burnt sienna for the shadows along her collarbone. Raw umber for the deeper tones where her waist curved in. My hand moved mechanically, filling in the lines while my mind spun in anxious circles. I'd add in the tech later. They'd be cybernetics, all metals and glowing lights, reds and greens and blues.

Daisy should be home any moment. I'd cleaned the studio, tidied the scattered supplies back onto the desk, opened the window to air out the lingering scent of sex and sweat. Everything looked normal again. As if I hadn't just fucked our neighbour's daughter on this very surface an hour ago.

The master sketch looked good, I had to admit. Kendall's slim figure was captured perfectly in graphite and colour, her athletic build ideal for Zara's character design. But every time I admitted the curving lines of her, it reminded me of how Kendall's skin had felt under my hands, how tight her pussy was, the moaning sounds she'd made.

I set the pencil down, wiping my palms on my jeans. The anxiety was building, coiling tighter in my chest with each passing minute.

A worrying thought had crept in sometime after Kendall left, taking root and growing as I waited for Daisy to come home. What if she'd done something with Dr Patterson? The timing made a horrible kind of sense. That long meeting she'd mentioned. The agreement she was sure I'd like. Her sudden permission for me to 'explore' things with Kendall. Was that guilt talking? Was she letting me get even with her? Had she given me a pass because she'd already crossed a line herself?

We need to talk.

Those four words in her text felt ominous now. People didn't say "we need to talk" about good news. They said it before confessions or before bad tidings. Before revelations that changed everything.

I picked up another sketch, this one of Kendall in profile, and tried to focus on blending the shadows properly. But my hands were shaking too much. Was that why she'd been so understanding about the Neighbourhood Watch, about Spencer, about everything? Because she'd already stepped outside our marriage herself. Maybe today wasn't her first time. Perhaps she'd done this before, with her professor, of all people?

Stop. You're being paranoid, Jordan.

Shortly afterwards, I heard her key in the lock, then footsteps in the hallway. My heart hammered against my ribs as I stood, trying to compose myself. The sketches of Kendall lay spread across the desk, where she herself had been spread just an hour or so ago.

"Jordan?" Daisy's voice carried from the kitchen. "I'm home."

"I'm in the studio," I called back, trying to keep my voice steady.

She appeared in the doorway a moment later, still in her long grey coat, though she was unbuttoning it to reveal her tight cream sweater and snug jeans. Her hair was pulled back in the practical ponytail she kept for studying, and her makeup was everyday, but she still looked gorgeous to me. She also looked tired, but somehow energised at the same time, her brown eyes bright as she smiled my way.

"How did it go with Kendall?" she asked, setting her bag down by the door.

I opened my mouth, then closed it again. How the hell was I supposed to answer that? My mind raced through possibilities, half-truths, ways to soften what had happened. "It was... productive. The sketches came out well."

She hung her coat on the back of the door, stretching so that her breasts jutted through the sweater, then stepped into the studio, moving past me to

the desk. Her fingers traced over the drawings, lingering on the colour work I'd just finished. "These are really good, Jordan. You've captured her perfectly."

"Thanks." I watched her face for any sign of suspicion, accusation, or anything.

"Kendall has a lovely figure," Daisy continued, picking up one of the profile sketches. "Slim and sporty. She's perfect for what you needed."

The words hung between us, loaded with meaning I couldn't quite parse. Did she know? Was this some kind of test?

"Daisy—"

She turned to me, cutting me off with a gentle hand on my arm. "It looks like you've been working hard today. You need to get out of this studio and chill out for a bit. Come sit with me in the kitchen. We need to talk properly, and I need coffee for this."

"Why?" I asked, as I followed her down the hallway, my stomach in knots. "That sounds serious."

Daisy filled the kettle, pulled down two mugs and went through the buttons on the coffee machine while I sat at the kitchen table. She didn't say anything while the nozzles hissed and gurgled the steaming brown fluid into the two mugs.

Finally, she brought the drinks over and sat across from me, wrapping her hands around the warmth of hers, sliding the other to me. "So... everything's cool with Dr Patterson."

I blinked, thrown by the casual opening. "But..." I gestured for her to tell me the rest.

"Fine. Yes, it's serious but in a good way." Daisy took a sip of the hot coffee, her eyes examining the woodgrain of the table top.

“Good for who?” I heard myself say, then took my own sip of coffee for something to do with my shaking hands.

“Well, first of all, let me tell you about Peter.” She saw my frown and added, “Dr Patterson. After everything that happened yesterday, he saw me naked, I saw him, using first names seems kind of the minimum we could do to relax.”

“Okay,” I nodded, then shut up, letting her continue.

“We met alone, in his office. He was nervous, more than me, if I’m honest.” Daisy blew on the coffee to cool it down. “He admitted that his situation is precarious. If I were to report him—report that he was at a dogging site and saw me there—he’d potentially be sacked. Maybe his marriage would be ruined, his reputation destroyed.”

“Jesus, Daisy— You wouldn’t do that. He knows that, right?”

“Well, I could get into trouble too,” she said matter-of-factly. “It could make our working relationship difficult, impossible even. So we had a very honest conversation.” She took a sip. “We went over what we said last night. If his secret is safe with me, if I’m not offended by him being there or embarrassed about working with him anymore, then he’s happy to continue helping me with my dissertation.”

I stared at her, trying to process where this was going.

A sly smile played at her lips. “And I realised I had leverage. Real leverage. So I got him to agree to something.”

“What kind of something?”

“He’ll help me with my grades,” she said simply. “Nothing too obvious, but enough to ensure my dissertation gets the marks it deserves.”

It couldn’t be as easy as that, could it?

“In exchange for what?”

“One: I keep everything secret.” She paused, her deep brown eyes meeting mine directly. “Two: I get him into the club. Not into the watch, he doesn’t live her, but into their group, like Jake and Alex are.”

I observed my wife for a moment. She shifted in her seat, restless, uncomfortable. There was more.

“Is there a number three?”

“And... three: I let him watch me.”

My mouth went dry. “Watch you... Like how Paul, Frank and Tyler have watched you?”

Daisy nodded, then reached behind her head, shaking her hair out of the loose ponytail, tossing the bobble onto the table.

“Peter told me his marriage is sexless, has been for years. His wife is wealthy, they have kids, a joint mortgage, and he doesn’t want to split the family. So he’s found other outlets. Sex clubs. Dogging sites. He plays as a third with couples sometimes. She leaned forward slightly. “All with her permission, I should add. She’d rather he get his rocks off with someone else than have to do it herself.”

“He could just be saying that.” I looked out of the window. The thin layer of snow was beginning to melt in the bright afternoon sun. “And can we call him Patterson? Peter feels... I don’t know. Weird.”

“He’s seen everything, Jordan, even though he didn’t know it was me until he got a proper look at my face. He’s seen my boobs, my pussy. He’s seen me orgasm, for fucks’ sake. He watched another man get me off while I swallowed his cum, and I saw him wanking off like... well, like someone watching a foursome.” She sighed. “Using his first name isn’t a big deal.”

“Whatever,” I conceded, though it still sounded wrong to me. He was her lecturer. “Anyway, what else did he say?”

“We did talk a bit about my course, about my degree. I told him this started as research, but that it’s kind of... developed into something more.” She reached across the table, her fingers finding mine. “He told me about his marriage. I told him about us. About the Neighbourhood Watch. Everything we’ve done. Then he asked me about... About me. About what’s next for me. For us.”

“And?”

“I told him I wanted to go all the way.” Daisy saw my eyes widen, and she squeezed my hands tighter. “I told him you want it too. It was... liberating, Jordan. Being able to talk like that to someone. Someone who doesn’t know me. Spencer and Elia, they’re close, it’s like they’re telling me things to make me happy. Telling me what I want to hear, or what suits them for Spencer to get into my pants. With Peter, it felt more... honest.”

“So...” I couldn’t hold back any longer. “You just talked. That’s all?”

Now it was Daisy’s turn to widen her eyes in surprise. “Yes. Of course. I’ll be honest, the conversation got heated. He got excited, I could tell, as I told him everything, but nothing happened, Jordan. Not physically. You can relax on that. But mentally, emotionally... it left me incredibly turned on. I won’t lie.”

“When you told him... everything,” I hesitated, trying to read if she was telling me the truth. “What did he say?”

“He didn’t judge.” Daisy’s eyes locked on mine. “He gets it. He’s studied this, Jordan. He understands why you feel the way you do. The same with me. But he wants to know more. He said he kind of sees me now as a case study. The same way I see the members of the watch.”

“Which is why he wants to get involved and watch?”

“Yes.” Daisy took a long drink of the coffee and licked her lips. “That’s when I decided to use my... leverage. I suggested he make this agreement with me, and he got really excited about it. He really wants to join the watch’s circle somehow and be involved, and I said I’d see what I can do.”

“So what then?”

“So I told him about the watch’s Christmas party. Jordan, maybe I can get him in as our guest. There must be more to it than just a party, right? He’ll be able to meet everyone, to see if it’s something that could work. And in return, I get the results I want.” She took another sip from the mug, looking over the rim at me triumphantly.

But something had just registered. Something she’d said.

“Wait.” I put my mug down. “Going back on what you just said. You told him you want to go all the way. Is that true? You said you’d had time to think.”

“Yes,” Daisy nodded, her lips tightening nervously. “Talking to Peter... To Dr Patterson, today made me realise something.”

I waited, but she looked down at the kitchen table once more.

“On the phone,” I began, searching for the right words, “You said you wanted to go further. But you didn’t say how far.”

Daisy’s brown eyes lifted, found mine.

“I want this,” she said simply. “I want to try your fantasy. At least once. I guess it’s my fantasy now, too.”

“My fantasy of seeing you with someone else?” I could barely breathe. My cock was aching in my jeans.

“Yes. When I saw you with Elia, watching her make you cum, I began to understand why it’s so erotic. I was jealous. Some part of me wanted to climb into the front seat and beat the crap out of her. But also... it was really fucking horny watching you cum, because I knew it wasn’t just Elia. It was because you’d just seen Spencer finger fuck me. You’d just seen me with his cock in my mouth, watched me swallow his load. And now I’d seen you with Elia, I understood. That feeling of jealousy, of possessiveness mixed with arousal, with lust, with the feeling of doing something you’re

not supposed to. The conflict between all of those things. And so, I want to go all the way. I want to know what it feels like when it's more than just oral sex. I want to know what it's like to actually fuck someone else. And to see how that feels for the other person." She took a moment, pulling in a deep breath. Her cheeks flushed slightly. "But I need you to go first."

"What?" I almost spat coffee all over myself. "Go first?"

"Yes. You with someone else. So I can feel it properly. Process it. See if I can handle you being with another woman before I..." She trailed off, but the implication was clear.

My mind spun. Kendall's body bent over the desk. The guilt. The panic. And now Daisy sitting here, essentially giving me permission for exactly what I'd already done.

I took a moment, trying to compose myself, my hands trembling slightly around the warm mug. "Is that why you said whatever happens happens? Why you gave me the green light with Kendall? Because you were horny from talking to Patterson and because you want me to go first?"

Daisy nodded slowly, her brown eyes steady on mine. "Yes. Both those things."

"Daisy, I need to tell you something."

"About Kendall?"

I nodded, and she licked her lips again nervously. "Tell me."

I swallowed hard, then started talking. The words came slowly at first, then faster. "Kendall was wearing a tracksuit to do the poses in. She offered to pose nude, I told you, but I said no. However, when I came back from the phone call with you... She was in her bra and panties. Just standing there waiting for me."

Daisy leaned forward slightly, listening.

“Then she took those off, saying it was better to pose nude for the character work. But there wasn’t much posing.” I couldn’t meet her eyes now, focusing instead on the dark surface of my coffee. A small dot of milk froth was rotating slowly in the mug, gradually dissolving.

“Did you fuck her?” Daisy asked softly.

“Yes.”

The kitchen was silent for a long moment until I forced myself to continue, still unable to meet my wife’s eyes.

“I lost control. She was teasing me, bending over, showing me everything. Then she just came over, got my cock out and started sucking me. I was so horny, I just... I took over. I’m sorry, Daisy, but yes, I fucked her. Right there in the studio, on the desk.”

I waited for the explosion. For anger, tears, accusations. It was one thing to say you’re fine with these things in theory, in the abstract—a completely different thing when they actually happen. I’d read that much in the guide that Morgan had given me.

But Daisy didn’t explode.

“Fuck,” she said quietly, her voice thick. “That’s so fucking hot. I’m so horny right now, Jordan. I can’t even begin to tell you how much.”

I looked up, stunned.

“Really? You’re not angry?”

Daisy ran a hand through her blonde hair. She was breathing deeply. Obviously, this was a lot for her to take in—a lot to absorb and process.

“Did you fuck her good?” she continued, ignoring my question, but her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed. “Did she cum?”

“Yes,” I managed. “She came on my cock. It all happened in the studio, on the desk. We didn’t go upstairs or anything. It was... impulsive. It happened

so fast.”

Daisy’s breath hitched. She pressed her thighs together slightly, an unconscious movement. “So you fucked her bent over the desk? Was she... good?”

“Yes.” There was no point in lying. We were both all-in on this now. It was make-or-break, so I might as well just tell her everything. “I came on her tits. She said it was fun. Just fun. Nothing more. Daisy, please tell me you’re not angry.”

My wife gazed at me for a minute, then slowly smiled, her full lips curving into a slight bow. “I’m kind of... stunned,” she admitted. “But also... I half-expected it. I set it up to happen, after all.” Her hand slid across the tabletop again, found mine, and squeezed. “Part of me wanted you to do it. Part of me needed you to. So that I can do it, too.”

Relief flooded through me, followed immediately by the weight of what came next. I’d deal with the part about her doing it too in a moment. First, I needed to tell her the rest. “There’s a problem though.”

“What?”

“Kendall said something at the end. Before she left, she said that Frank really wants to fuck you and that I have no way of stopping it now. They’ve got all the power now, leverage, as you called it. Just like you have with Patterson.” I met her eyes. “I’ve gone first. Now it’s their turn. With you.”

Daisy was quiet for a long moment, processing. Then a slow smile spread across her face, not innocent, sweet, or shy. No, this smile was... calculating. “They’ve got the power? That’s what they think. Let them think that.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m the one they all want, Jordan. Frank, Tyler, Paul, Russell, whoever else.” She leaned closer, her voice brimming with mischief. “But if I’m

going to let them have it, if you still want to try this, then we'll do it on our terms. I'm the one pulling the strings now."

My heart thumped in my chest. My cock was throbbing beneath the kitchen table. "You're serious, aren't you?"

"I am," she said firmly, with an exaggerated nod as if trying to convince herself as much as me. "One time. Sex with another man while you watch. One try. If either of us hates it, we stop. But I need to know what this feels like. Otherwise, I know I'll regret never doing it." Her fingers tightened on mine. "If we don't do it... It'll always be there. No, I want to do it. I need to understand it properly... before it consumes us both."

I stared at my wife, this woman I thought I knew completely, and realised she'd evolved far beyond the boundaries she'd made so clear to me years ago. The academic, the researcher, the careful planner, Daisy was still all those things. But she was also someone willing to step into the fire to see how it burned.

"One time," I echoed.

"One time," she confirmed. "And then we decide together where it goes after that."

FANTASY VERSUS REALITY

An Excerpt from Chapter 5 of The Husband's Guide To Wife Sharing, Part Two.

The moment another man enters your wife will never match the fantasy you've constructed in your head. Accept this now.

Reality is messier, more intense, and completely unpredictable. She might make the exact same sounds she makes with you as another man fucks her, but they'll sound different. Her body might respond the same way with him as she does with you. But it will feel different. She might orgasm the same, she might do the same positions. But it will look different.

Because it's not with you.

The jealousy may hit you harder than expected, or not at all. You might find yourself aroused by details you never considered. His hands on her tits, her tongue in her folds, his cock in her mouth. It's not all about the penetrative vaginal sex.

So, prepare yourself for sensory overload. It will look different, sound different, smell different. Even if it's the same, get ready for the emotional whiplash. Arousal mixed with possessiveness. Pride battling insecurity. The urge to stop it warring with the need to see it through.

Your job isn't to control these feelings. It's to ride them out, communicate honestly, and remember why you started this journey. The fantasy got you here. The reality will reshape your marriage completely.

There's no going back once it happens. If you've gotten this far, you're probably telling yourself that you're ready. But are you?

Reading this guide should help. The more forewarned you are, the more armed and ready you'll be. But remember, no one is ever 100% ready. It's impossible to be.

Nothing can truly prepare you for watching your wife get fucked by someone else.

Just ride the highs and the lows and remember why you're here. Why you're reading this guide. You need this.

Now enjoy it.

Chapter 4

A Debrief and a Plan

The afternoon sun was dipping low over Far Bridge Rise, casting long orange shadows across the melting snow outside. Through the studio window, I could see the drips falling from the eaves, the white patches on lawns turning to grey slush. But inside, the room was warm, almost stifling.

“Right here,” Daisy gasped, bent over the studio desk exactly where Kendall had been hours before. Her jeans and panties were pooled around her ankles, her cream sweater pushed up to expose her firm breasts, nipples hard in the warm air. “This is where you fucked her?”

“Yes,” I groaned, gripping her hips, my cock buried deep inside her. The light caught the curve of her spine, highlighting the dip as she arched her back. “Right here on this desk.”

“Was she as wet as me?” Her voice was breathy, demanding. She pushed back against me, taking me deeper, her blonde hair spilling down her shoulders.

“Yes,” I admitted, slamming into her harder. “She was soaking wet. Just like you, dripping down your thighs.”

She moaned, her fingers scrabbling at the desk edge, knocking pencils and colour swatches to the floor. Through the window behind her, I could see the darkening street, the glow of streetlights beginning to flicker on. “Did she feel this good?”

“Different,” I managed, my rhythm increasing. “Tighter, but not better. Nothing’s better than you.”

“Liar,” she breathed, but she was smiling. “She was tighter than me? Fuck, that turns me on. Tell me how tight she was. Tell me what her pussy felt like around your cock.”

The dirty talk sent electricity through me. “So fucking tight. Young. Shaved, just a neat slit. She gripped me like a vice when she came.”

“Mine won’t be as tight after I’ve had a big cock inside me,” Daisy teased, looking over her shoulder. “Are you ready for that, Jordan?”

“I’m ready,” I said through gritted teeth, ramming my cock into her harder. “I can’t believe you’re going to fuck another man.”

“I’m going to have another cock in me,” Daisy gasped, then she cried out, her back arching further, the fading sunlight painting her flushed skin gold. “Did you make her scream?”

“Yes. She was loud. She couldn’t help it.”

“Make me louder,” she commanded, grinding back against me. “Fuck me harder than you fucked her, Jordan. I want to feel you lose control with me like you did with Kendall.”

I pulled almost all the way out, then slammed back in, the desk creaking under us. She gasped, her whole body shuddering. I did it again, harder, my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips roughly.

“That’s it,” she panted. “Just like that. Did she beg for it?”

“No,” I growled, pounding into her relentlessly now. “She just kept telling me not to stop. She wanted me to show her how I fuck you”

“Then make me beg,” she challenged, looking back at me over her shoulder, her brown eyes dark with lust, pupils blown wide. “Make me beg for your cum, Jordan.”

I pressed my thumb against the small pink star of her arsehole, not entering, just pressure. She gasped, her whole body tensing. “What the fuck... Did you do that to her?”

“Yes,” I admitted, pushing inside slowly, feeling her tighten around both my cock and my thumb. “She loved it.”

“Fuck,” Daisy whimpered, her voice breaking. “Show me.”

I fucked her brutally, my thumb working in rhythm with my cock, the wet slap of skin against skin filling the studio. Her tits bounced against the desk with each thrust, shadows dancing across her body as the last of the daylight faded outside.

“Daisy, I’m going to cum.”

“Do it. Where did you finish with her?” she demanded through gritted teeth, her thighs trembling violently now.

“On her tits. All over them.”

“Not inside her?”

“No. I could never cum inside anyone but you.”

That pushed her over the edge. She came with a sharp cry, her whole body convulsing, pussy and arse clenching around me so tight it almost hurt. The sensation dragged me with her. I pulled out just in time, wanting to see my cum on her, spilling hot white fluid across the curve of her arse, watching it drip down onto her pussy, white against her pink, swollen folds in the dim light.

She collapsed fully against the desk, sweaty and spent, breathing hard. I leaned back against the worktop, panting, fighting to get my breath back, cum dripping from the tip of my softening cock.

After a long moment, Daisy straightened, reaching back to feel the mess I’d made, bringing her fingers to her lips and tasting.

“I’m on the pill,” she said, her voice still rough, “You could have finished inside me. I wanted to feel it.”

“I know,” I confessed, my heart still racing. “I just wanted to cum on you because you looked so fucking sexy.”

She turned to face me, pulling her sweater back down but leaving her jeans where they were. “When someone else fucks me. I want you to reclaim me after. Whether they’ve cum inside me or not. I want you to fuck me full of your cum, so I remember who I belong to.”

The dirty talk and the mental image of what she was describing sent fresh arousal through me despite having just finished. Daisy, freshly fucked by another man, still wet from him, and me taking her immediately after.

“I think I can do that, Daisy.”

She kissed me hard, her tongue demanding, then pulled back with a satisfied smile. “Come on. I’m going to take a shower to clean up. You should, too. Then we need to call Spencer and Elia. I promised her that we would, so we can clear the air properly about last night and tell them what’s happening about Peter.”

“Dr Patterson.”

“Sorry,” Daisy giggled. “Dr Patterson.”

The hot water felt incredible against my skin, washing away the sweat and the lingering scent of sex with both Daisy and Kendall. I stood under the spray, letting it rain against my shoulders, my mind still spinning from everything that had happened today. Daisy’s meeting with her professor, her confession that she wanted to go through with this. Kendall, naked in the studio, fucking her and then fucking Daisy in the same space.

The bathroom door opened, steam billowing out as my wife stepped into the shower behind me. Her arms wrapped around my waist, her small breasts pressing against my back.

“Room for two?” she murmured against my neck.

I turned in her arms, pulling her close under the water. Her blonde hair darkened instantly, plastering to her head and shoulders. I kissed her slowly, properly, without the frantic urgency of the studio. This embrace was different, intimate, reconnecting after everything we’d just shared.

“I love you,” I said against her lips.

“I love you too,” she replied, her hands sliding up my chest. “Even when you fuck our neighbours.”

I laughed despite myself, and she grinned, reaching for the shower gel. We washed each other slowly, hands exploring each other with new appreciation. By the time we stepped out, wrapping ourselves in towels, the sky outside was fully dark, the streetlights casting their familiar orange glow across what remained of the melting snow.

We dressed in comfortable clothes for the evening ahead, me in joggers and a T-shirt, Daisy in leggings and one of my old hoodies that hung loose on her frame. Downstairs, I threw together a quick dinner while she set the table—pasta with a simple tomato sauce, some garlic bread from the freezer. Nothing fancy, but we were both starving.

“This is nice,” Daisy said between mouthfuls, gesturing with her fork at the food laid out in front of us, two glasses of juice. “Normal. After everything today, it’s nice to just... be us for a bit.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, reaching across to squeeze her hand. “Though I’m not sure what normal means anymore.”

She smiled, that mischievous curve of her lips I was learning to love even more than ever. “Normal is whatever we decide it is.”

After we’d cleared the plates, Daisy pulled out her phone, scrolling to Elia’s contact. Her thumbs moved quickly across the screen.

“What are you texting?” I asked, loading the dishwasher.

“I’m just asking if they’re free to talk. We promised to talk about last night. A... de... what was the word?”

“A debrief,” I reminded her, and she nodded, typing in the word.

She hit send, then looked up at me. “You should text Kendall too.”

I hesitated, a plate in my hands. “What?”

“Thank her for this afternoon. Make sure she doesn’t think you’re having regrets or feeling weird about it.” Daisy’s voice was casual, relaxed. There wasn’t any tension in her. “The last thing we need is her thinking you’re avoiding her or feeling guilty.”

“Are you sure?”

“Jordan, we’ve just agreed I’m going to fuck someone else while you watch. I think I can handle you texting the girl you already slept with.” She raised an eyebrow. “Besides, she’s part of the watch. We need to keep things smooth, right?”

I dried my hands, pulled out my phone, and typed carefully:

Hi Kendall. Thanks for this afternoon. The sketches came out great. Hope you had fun too, and that everything’s cool?

I showed it to Daisy before sending. She nodded approval, and I hit send.

The reply came almost immediately.

I swear I was just going to text you when this popped up! I had a great time! Was fun ;) BTW I ran into Corinne earlier walking Bluebell, and I told her. Oops. Hope you don’t mind!

My stomach dropped. I showed the message to Daisy, expecting... I wasn’t sure what. Anger? Concern?

Instead, she smiled. “Actually, that helps us.”

“How?”

“Paul and Corinne will tell the others. Word will spread through the watch that you’ve fucked Kendall.” She set her phone down on the kitchen table. “They’ll know we’re not just playing around anymore. That we’re serious.”

I typed back to Kendall:

That's okay, I guess. I told Daisy, and you were right. She's cool with it, so no need to feel awkward around each other, okay?

"Ask her if they've set a date for the Christmas party yet," Daisy nudged me before I could hit send, her own fingers busy messaging with Elia. "And ask if we can bring a guest. Tell her he's in a budding swinger, good-looking with a decent cock."

"I'm not typing that," I laughed. "But I'll ask. In my own way."

Also, I meant to ask earlier about the Neighbourhood Watch Christmas party that was mentioned. Is it going ahead? Tyler said it would be this weekend when they're back. We'd love to attend, seeing as we're part of the watch properly now, if you know what I mean. And we'd like to bring a guest. A guy that Daisy knows.

I showed it to Daisy, and she nodded her approval. "A bit long-winded, but it will do," she laughed. She turned her phone screen my way. "Elia suggests a Zoom call. They're free now if we are."

"Now?"

"There's no time like the present." She stood, heading toward the living room. "Come on. I'll get the laptop."

I finished putting the last few dishes in the dishwasher and hit the start button, then followed her through. She set the laptop on the coffee table and settled onto the sofa, patting the cushion beside her. I sat close, opening the computer and navigating to Zoom. Within moments, we were connected, Spencer and Elia's friendly faces filling the screen.

They were in their living room, sitting close together on their cream sofa. Spencer wore a casual button-down shirt, his perfectly groomed dark hair and short beard framing his square, handsome face. Elia was wearing a black vest top that showed off her toned arms, her platinum-blond hair pink-tipped again, falling loose around her shoulders.

“There they are,” Spencer said warmly, grinning. “Our favourite adventurous couple.”

“Hi, guys,” Daisy giggled, her hand finding mine on the sofa between us. “Thanks for making time.”

“Of course,” Elia replied, leaning forward slightly, her blue-green eyes twinkling happily. “We’ve been waiting for you to call. Last night was... intense, and we wanted to make sure you’re okay.”

“Intense is putting it mildly,” I added, and everyone laughed, breaking some of the tension.

“I’d call it horny.” More laughter. Daisy squeezed my hand, then took a breath. “Anyway, I need to tell you about Dr Patterson.”

Spencer’s eyebrows rose. “You said you were going to talk to him. Is everything okay at uni?”

“Everything’s fine,” Daisy reassured them, her thumb stroking the back of my hand. “We had a meeting in his office where he explained. He’s in a sexless marriage, wealthy wife, kids, mortgage. He doesn’t want to split up, so his wife lets him get his kicks elsewhere. He goes to sex clubs, dogging sites, and meets women online. Couples, too.”

Spencer whistled low. “Academic by day, stud by night. Respect.”

“I told him my side of the story, why I was there with you two and Jordan. That it was for research, but also that we were... trying things out,” Daisy continued, “And to say he was interested would be understating it. By the time we finished talking, I had him horny as hell and eating out of my hand.”

“You did?” I whispered into her ear, too quietly for the laptop microphone to pick up.

Daisy turned to me and flashed me a look that said, ‘shut up,’ then turned back to the laptop.

“So, it was a productive meeting, you could say,” she told Spencer and Elia with a sly smile. “In the end, I got him to agree to help with my grades, if you know what I mean.” She paused, her voice dropping lower, more intimate. “In return for me keeping his secret... and getting him involved with the swingers on Far Bridge Rise.”

“Oh, wow!” Elia giggled sexily.

“And that’s not all.” Daisy hesitated. “He wants to watch me.”

“Watch you?” Spencer’s voice was rough, clearly aroused by all of this. “As in... watch you have sex?”

“Exactly.” Daisy’s free hand rested on my thigh, fingers pressing slightly into the fabric of her joggers. “So, we’re going to invite him to the Neighbourhood Watch Christmas party as our guest. He can meet the locals and see how it operates. Jordan has already told them that he’s interested in the lifestyle.”

“And that’s where he’s going to see you and Jordan fuck?” Elia asked, leaning forward interestedly.

“Not exactly.” Daisy looked at me, her brown eyes seeking my approval to continue. I gave it with a slight nod. “He doesn’t want to watch me with Jordan. I mean... he probably would, but no. He wants to watch me with... someone else.”

“Someone else?” Spencer and Elia said at precisely the same time, their voices combining through the laptop speakers. “As in—”

“Yes,” Daisy said quickly as though she wanted to get this out into the open before she changed her mind, “Jordan and I have decided to try this thing out. I’m going to sleep with someone, and he’s going to watch.”

Spencer leaned back into his sofa, his hands going to the top of his head, his eyes wide. Elia grinned, nodding and clapping enthusiastically. “Good for you,” she said, looking almost proud. “You know we’re here to help you take your first steps, right?”

Spencer cleared his throat, leaning forward again, closer to the camera. “We’ve been talking, Elia. We were going to suggest taking things further if you enjoyed last night.”

“Oh, I did,” Daisy said, her cheeks flushing now, “It’s not an easy thing to admit, but you made me orgasm, so I suppose there’s no point in denying that I enjoyed it.”

“So did we,” Elia said immediately, her hand disappearing below the camera frame, in the direction of Spencer’s lap, making him shift slightly. “Watching you suck Spencer’s cock... then swallowing his cum. Watching him finger you while I sucked Jordan off. Fuck. It’s getting me horny just thinking about it.”

“I could barely drive straight after,” Spencer added, his voice thick. “I’ve waited years to see you naked, Daisy. Getting to do what we did was... beyond my wildest dreams.”

Daisy went quiet, her cheeks flushed bright red. I felt myself hardening again and became aware of her hand climbing my thigh, closer to my cock. “I enjoyed it too,” I managed to say, knowing I should speak at some point; I couldn’t leave this all to Daisy. “Not just watching you and Daisy, but what we did too, Elia. It was incredible.”

“Our only regret is that it didn’t go all the way,” Elia teased, licking her lips deliberately. “Can you imagine if I’d gotten to ride your cock? While you watched Spencer fuck Daisy in the back seat?”

“We weren’t quite ready for that,” Daisy stepped in before I could reply, her hand finding my erection and squeezing it through the cotton joggers, silencing me so she could take over. “But after what we did—that was a big step for me—Jordan and I are ready to go all the way.”

“Okay, this is great.” Spencer was rubbing his hands together now, but then stopped. I saw Elia give him a look, similar to the one Daisy had flashed at me. Her arm was moving slightly. Was she holding his cock the same way, too?

“We were going to suggest we get together next week,” Elia said, her expression all business now. “A good thing to try first is same-room sex. All four of us fucking side by side, watching each other. Then, if it feels right, we swap partners. But only if it feels right. That way, you’re taking things to the next level but without diving in feet first.”

Daisy held up the hand that wasn’t restraining me by the dick, stopping her, though her breathing was slightly elevated. “That’s... tempting. Really tempting, and I think that maybe I’d like to try that. But... I don’t want this first try to be with Spencer. If I’m going to do this, I don’t want to do it with someone I already know, someone I’ve already done something with. I want it to be with someone new.”

Spencer’s face fell, but he soon regained his composure. “I get it,” he said with a rueful smile. “You want it to be with a stranger. Someone from the Neighbourhood Watch, maybe?”

“Yes,” Daisy soothed, her voice husky. “You’re gorgeous, Spencer. We have history there. I’m not saying never. In fact, it’s probably inevitable at this point, but right now, I kind of want to finish what I’ve started with these men in the watch.”

“Paul.” Elia nodded eagerly. “If you’re going to choose someone from the party, you’d have fun with Paul. He’s got a nice cock, and he fucks like he means it.”

“Well, there’s kind of a bigger plan,” I cut in. “The men on the Rise, Frank, Tyler, Paul, maybe Russell too, they’re practically competing with each other. They all want to be first to fuck Daisy.”

“Seriously?” Spencer’s eyes darkened with lust. Elia’s hand was definitely moving now. She was jerking him off slowly, out of view of the camera. “Fuck, this is horny.”

“So, let me get this right,” Elia frowned, pushing her pretty hair behind her elfin ears. “I’m guessing you’re going to play them against each other? Maybe at this Christmas party you mentioned? And let your professor watch you fuck the winner?”

“And Jordan?” Spencer’s gaze flicked to me. “You get to watch too?”

“Yes.” I could feel the heat in my cheeks at admitting that. “It was hot, watching her suck your cock, but the thought of seeing her actually have sex with someone...”

“You don’t have to explain.” My best friend stroked his beard with one hand, giving me a meaningful look through the screen. “I get it, Jordan. I love seeing Elia get fucked. But I’ll warn you, it’s kind of addictive.”

“It is,” Elia agreed, looking down into his lap, then back at us. “If you’re wondering, yes, I am wanking him off right now. He’s been horny as hell since last night.”

Daisy glanced at me, heat in her eyes. “I’ve got Jordan’s dick in my hand as well. My husband is the same, barely holding on to any sort of composure all day.”

“Fuck yes,” Spencer groaned, sliding down the sofa a little. The tip of his cock came into view, Elia’s hand moving up and down it. Elia bit her lip, clearly turned on and looked at us.

“Do you want to watch us fuck again?” she asked. “We’d love to watch you go at it.”

“Maybe sometime in the future,” Daisy cleared her throat. She was turned on, I could tell. “We just wanted to let you know what was going on and how things were between us after last night.”

“Fair enough.” Elia reached down and lifted the vest over her head, exposing her small, round breasts with those gorgeous, soft-looking nipples. “Well, if you don’t mind, I’m going to ride my husband’s cock now.”

“Keep us updated on what happens,” Spencer added, taking off his shirt to reveal his muscular shoulders and chest. Then he disappeared from view as Elia straddled him, her short skirt lifted to briefly show her pussy slide onto his enormous cock.

“I promise I will,” Daisy said, already squirming beside me, then she disconnected the call with a wave before slamming down the lid of the laptop.

“Upstairs,” she growled, pure arousal in her tone, still holding me firmly by my erection. “Now.”

DAISY’S PRIVATE NOTES - DECEMBER 14TH

So, we just fucked again. Right after the Zoom call with Spencer and Elia. They wanted to fuck live for us and watch us do the same. I almost said yes. Almost.

Jordan’s asleep beside me. I think I fucked all the energy out of him today, lol. I need to get these words out of my head so I can re-read them tomorrow, remind myself where I’m at. How I feel right now, after everything that’s happened. I must remember to delete it later, once I’ve come to terms with the fact that my husband fucked someone else.

Kendall. She’s beautiful. Younger than us. Tighter, Jordan said. I encouraged him to do it. I told him he could. Whatever happens, happens, I said. And it happened. How do I feel about it? I’m strangely turned on. It hurts, and yet it’s the kind of pain that feeds something inside me. A darkness that I think I’ve always hidden away ever since seeing my mother that day. I’m glad he did it. I can do what I want now and not feel any shame for being the first to break the vows we made in church.

I should be talking about Dr P, too. The meeting today was electric. He’s twice my age, married, my professor. The meeting should’ve been academic, professional, about my dissertation. Instead I got soaking wet describing how it felt to let Spencer cum in my mouth while my husband watched. And while he watched, too. My professor. The taboo of that—his position, his age, knowing he saw everything. My tits bouncing, my fingers in my pussy, me orgasming, Spencer’s cock emptying his load down my throat. Peter stroked himself to that. To me.

Why does that make me horny? The power he has? That I have over him? The risk we’re both taking? The wrongness of an older man, authority

figure, seeing me like that, naked, cheating on my husband while he watches, while the wife of the man I'm with plays with his cock? It's a filthy student fantasy playing out in reverse somehow.

And soon, I'm going to fuck someone new. I'm going to fuck another man for the first time since I met Jordan. God, I want it. I'm craving different hands on my body, different lips on mine, a different voice moaning in my ear, a different cock in my pussy. I love Jordan desperately, he's my world, but this hunger for risky sex has beaten me. Am I becoming my mother?

Thinking about which, I haven't told Jordan yet that Mum's coming over soon with her latest lover, Dad, and my brother. She got in touch, set it all up, wanting to try to reconcile with me. It's a nice thought, combining an official housewarming with our first Christmas in our new house. But it'll be as awkward as hell with her boyfriend there, whoever he is.

Considering what I'm doing, it's also maybe strangely apt. I could ask her for tips. She's never had any problems finding fresh cock, even at her age. No. That's a crazy idea, Daisy May Hoyland. No.

I'll tell Jordan tomorrow. I doubt he'll be thrilled about my family coming over, but it is what it is. He's completely distracted by what's going on, with his long-time fantasy coming true.

I just hope it's everything he dreams it will be. And that it doesn't do to him what it did to my father.

Chapter 5

Seeking Advice

a beautiful piece. Is it for someone special?”

The sales assistant hovered near my elbow, all bright smiles and festive enthusiasm. I was standing in front of a glass case in the jewellery store, halogen lighting reflecting off gold and silver, diamonds catching the overhead spots. Outside, London shoppers bustled past in the December cold, arms laden with bags. Christmas music drifted from every storefront.

“My wife,” I said. “I’m looking for something special. A gift.”

The rest of the week had been shockingly routine and uneventful, passing in a blur of normality mixed with anticipation for what the future might hold. Kendall had texted back after the chat with Spencer and Elia, on Sunday night.

I’m glad Daisy is cool with us. I told you she would be. Ask Russell and Charlotte about the party. They’re handling everything. I’m looking forward to seeing you there ;)

We’d called around the next day, expecting to be interrogated on our car park adventure and my afternoon sex with Kendall, but the chat was very casual. Perhaps Russell and Charlotte didn’t know about what was going on with Daisy and me, but the way news usually spread through Far Bridge Rise like wildfire, I’d be surprised if that was true.

Then Daisy dropped the bombshell that her mother had reached out, wanting to reconcile some of their differences at a family Christmas together. Not just her, but her new boyfriend, and to my surprise, Daisy’s mum and brother. Naturally, we always saw family at Christmas, and this year was special — our first Christmas in our new house — but even so, it was another complication in an already complicated situation.

I'd finished the artwork for Zara, and Sarah had loved it. I just had the third character, the male, Drake, to do next. I hadn't made much progress on him, but I'd make a good start on him this week, I promised.

Work was uneventful for Daisy, and university remained blessedly normal. Peter—Dr Patterson—hadn't been around much, so she'd been able to avoid any awkward tutorials and lessons.

Altogether, it was an unexpectedly humdrum week. But now Frank, Tyler, Morgan and Linda were back from their cruise, landing back this morning, and that meant our normality was about to come to an end.

"A Christmas gift?" the assistant asked, gesturing to a delicate pendant, pulling me back to the present. "Or an anniversary, or birthday?"

"Christmas," I confirmed and studied the other necklace she showed me, white gold, tasteful, expensive. I checked the price. Yes, definitely too expensive. The kind of thing Frank or Tyler could buy without checking their account balance first, judging by their fancy cars, but too rich for me.

I shook my head. "It's lovely, but I'll keep looking. Thank you."

The high street was packed. I pushed through crowds, past window displays draped in tinsel and fairy lights. A boutique caught my attention, its window full of silk scarves, cashmere, and elegant dresses on mannequins. I wandered inside, looking at some of the gorgeous clothes, but nothing 'clicked' as being right.

A lingerie shop beckoned me in, and I let myself peruse some of the sexy underwear, but every item made me think of Daisy wearing it for someone else first. For Paul, whose thick cock Elia had praised, or for Frank or Tyler, both experienced and confident. For any of the men competing for the privilege of being the first to take my wife in front of me.

I left empty-handed, unable to think clearly because of my stiffening cock and quickening pulse.

I'd find her something special at some point, but the bookshop on the corner felt safer for one of her smaller gifts. This place was familiar territory. We'd met in a bookstore, her working the register as a young student, me browsing art books. But those were simpler times, years before Far Bridge Rise, before the watch, before Dr Patterson saw her swallow Spencer's cum in a car park. I picked up a book called 'The Psychology of Marriage and Divorce,' considered it, and put it back. It seemed too boring.

"Jordan?"

I turned at the sound of my name to find Sarah standing at the next bookshelf, a bursting-at-the-seams shopping bag in one hand, phone in the other. Her black hair was tied in a bun atop her head, revealing the graceful lines of her neck.

"Sarah. Hi."

"Fancy running into you here." She approached, smiling. "How's Drake coming along? I've been dying to see concepts."

"Slowly," I admitted. The nagging feeling that her Aunt Kamol had heard something in the restaurant, and Sarah knew about us, popped into my head, and I cleared my throat nervously. "Since I finished Zara, I've been a bit distracted, but I'm on with him next, I promise."

Her eyes narrowed slightly, assessing me. "Is everything okay? You seem... off."

"Yes. Fine. I was just looking for something for my wife. For Christmas, you know?" I forced a smile. "I'll have something to show you next week."

The Thai woman studied my face for a beat, head tilted. Then she glanced toward the window, where a neon sign pulsed in the grey light. "Do you have five minutes? I was just about to grab a tea next door."

"I really don't have time. I need to, um—"

"One drink. My treat. I wanted to talk to you about something."

I hesitated, then nodded. I needed to keep Sarah on side for future work.
“Sure. As long as you understand that I might need to rush off.”

Sarah’s brown eyes wrinkled at the edges, and she smiled. Then she led me from the shop to the boba place next door. The bubble tea shop was warm and overbright, all plastic plants and pastel menus. We ordered, then took a small table by the window. Condensation fogged the glass, turning the high street into a smear of colour and movement.

“So,” she said, stirring her drink more than necessary, eyes on the straw. “I wanted to say again, the Zara piece you sent is as brilliant as the Nova piece. The women are perfect. If you can get Drake right, I think you’ve got a future with this company I’m working with.”

“I’m glad you liked her. I really will get working on Drake this week, once this... Christmas stuff is out of the way.”

“I can’t wait.” She looked up, really looked at me, then tucked a lock of black hair that had fallen out of the bun behind her ear. “What I wanted to talk to you about is... Well... my aunt has been talking.”

My pulse ticked up. “Yeah?”

“She mentioned she overheard you and Daisy talking with some friends.” Sarah’s voice dropped a little, not quite a whisper but meant only for us. “At the restaurant last weekend. Kamol’s English isn’t perfect, but she was pretty sure you were... talking with the other couple...”

“Well, obviously.” I laughed nervously when she paused. Was this going where I thought it was?

“Talking... about open relationship stuff. Something like that.”

There it was. I forced a breath. “Your aunt shouldn’t have been eavesdropping. But, no, I think she must have misunderstood.”

“She wasn’t trying to eavesdrop,” Sarah said quickly. “She just... overheard certain things. And then she told me because...” She gave a tiny,

embarrassed laugh. “Because I’ve been talking to her about my own mess.”

“Mess?” I frowned. Did this affect my commissions? “Is everything okay?”

“Not really.” She took a sip of her passion fruit boba, buying herself a second. “I’ll just come out with it. One of my closest friends and her husband have just started swinging. Like properly swinging. Sex clubs, partner-swapping, all of it. She keeps telling me how it’s the best thing they’ve ever done for their marriage. More fun, more sex, more... everything.”

“Right. And what’s that got to do with me?”

“As I mentioned, my aunt overheard you talking. Anyway, to explain... my husband is...” She searched for the right word. “Prudish. Boring, if I’m being unkind. We have sex once a month, if that. Under the covers, with the lights off, him on top, the same routine every time. He’s older than me, and I guess he’s just... not bothered anymore. But I am. I don’t want to never have sex again. I’m only in my thirties.”

She met my eyes then, and there was no mistaking the frustration. I was going to ask a second time what this had to do with me, but she cut me off as I was about to repeat the question.

“Jordan, I’m not judging. I want your help. Please. When Kamol said you and Daisy might know something about that world, I thought...” She grimaced. “Well, I thought maybe you could give me some advice. Or Daisy. Or your friends. Anyone, really.”

I sighed. “Advice on...?”

“How to talk him into it without blowing everything up,” she said bluntly. “How to even start that conversation. How do you handle jealousy? How do you stop it from turning into an affair or a disaster?”

“Daisy and I aren’t in that world, Sarah.” I sat back, the plastic chair creaking. “At least, not yet. But our friends are. They might be able to help

you better than me, but I need to ask this first. Why are you asking me, instead of asking your swinging friends?”

“Kamol says she overheard the four of you talking about what you’d already done together. Made each other... you know. Orgasm and stuff.” She twisted the straw wrapper between her fingers. “And, as for my friend, it’s already... complicated.”

“Complicated how?”

She watched the crumpled paper for a moment, then dropped it, as if deciding to jump. “I slept with my friend’s husband.”

Silence pressed in, the café soundtrack a dull thump behind it.

“Your swinging friend? Or another friend?” I asked.

“My swinging friend. Yeah.” Her laugh was humourless. “Before they started swinging. He cheated on her, with me. It was... one stupid night. We’d had a drink, just as friends, too much wine, too many stories about what he wished he could do to me, and then he walked me to a cab and we...” She shook her head. “It was good. Really good. And that’s the problem.”

“Does she know?”

“No.” Her voice was small now. “I think what I did with him led to them having this open thing that they’ve got now. They’re off having this amazing, honest, shared sex life, and I’m stuck with a man who thinks oral is some kind of special treat twice a year, and I’ve got this... secret with her husband hanging over me like a raincloud.”

I didn’t know where to look. Sarah took another sip, then leaned in slightly, the table suddenly feeling smaller.

“I’m not asking you to fix my marriage,” she said. “I just... hearing about you and Daisy, it made me think maybe someone who’s actually doing it — swinging, or whatever you call it — might know how you stop it becoming

what I've already done. Sneaking around. Lying to everyone. Having sex with your partner while imagining you're with someone else. Wanting it to be someone else. I spoke to my aunt, who's someone I feel like I can talk to about anything. But she doesn't know anything about this sort of thing. Then she heard you talking, and told me, and I thought... Well, here we are."

"It's not exactly simple on our side either," I said quietly. "Daisy and I... we're still figuring things out ourselves. But I do know a few people who are... more experienced. Who might be able to help."

"I appreciate that." She gave a wry smile. "I don't like the thought of talking to a total stranger, though. I don't know you that well, but... oh, to hell with it. I've already told you worse... When we met up, I thought you were handsome. So, when Kamol told me... I thought... Ah, I don't know what I thought. This isn't easy to talk about. I'm not used to it. I can't even get my husband to say the word 'porn' without blushing. Meanwhile, I'm hearing about my friend watching her husband with another woman and cumming so hard she thought she'd black out, and I'm sitting there nodding like I have even the first clue what it's like to cum with someone else. I only ever orgasm by myself now."

The image hit hard, and my cock twitched traitorously. I shifted in my seat.

"I've been thinking," she continued, voice dropping lower, "Maybe the best way forward for me is just... something casual. Something no strings. A friend with benefits. Find a man, or men, who understand what that means. Keep it simple, separate from my marriage, until I can figure out if I even have a marriage worth trying to open up."

"That's... that sounds like a good idea," I said carefully.

"I think I need it, Jordan." She held my gaze. "I need to feel wanted. Properly wanted, not just tolerated once a month. But I don't know where to start."

I cleared my throat. "Well, there are guys who... specialise in that sort of thing. Bulls, they're called. I know a couple. One called Jake, his brother

Alex. I'm sure they must be good at keeping things discreet, which it sounds like you need. I could get their numbers for you."

Sarah's expression shifted, something between amusement and exasperation crossing her face. "Jordan."

"What?"

"Are you being deliberately obtuse?" She leaned forward, elbows on the table. "I'm not asking you to set me up with strangers. I'm hitting on you."

Heat crept under my collar. "Sarah — "

"Sariya," she interrupted softly. "That's my real name. Sarah's just... easier for work, for English people who can't quite get their mouths around it. But my name is Sariya."

It was only a name, but that moment felt unexpectedly intimate.

"Sariya," I repeated.

"Better." Her smile was slow, deliberate. "And now that we're being honest... I'm not looking for bulls or strangers or some faceless arrangement. I'm looking for someone I actually like. Someone I trust. Someone who understands what this is without making it complicated."

My mouth went dry. "I don't think — "

"You don't have to think right now," she said, her voice gentle but firm. "I'm not asking for an answer. I'm just... putting it out there. Because I think you're attractive, and I think we get along, and I think... that if you help me with what I need, I can help you with what you need. In terms of work. Commissions. Jobs. You scratch my back..."

She sat back, giving me space, but her eyes stayed on mine.

"And I scratch yours," I finished for her, holding her gaze. She was good-looking. Exotic and attractive.

“So have a think about it, and if you’re interested,” she continued, “Let me know. If not, we pretend this never happened, and I go back to being your commissions editor who’s a little too invested in whether Drake is sexy enough.”

My phone buzzed on the table. I apologised and picked it up. Daisy:

Morgan and Linda just called around. They invited us over tonight for a drink and a chat. About joining the Neighbourhood Watch. Fully. I said yes. When are you home?

Sariya couldn’t see the text from where she was, but she didn’t need to. She must have been able to read enough in my face.

“Something important?” she asked. “Everything okay at home?”

“Just a... big conversation we need to have,” I said, voice rough.

“Then good luck.” She drained the last few drops of her boba, then stood, collecting her bag. “I’ll let you finish your shopping. Pro tip: when in doubt, always go for jewellery. No woman hates receiving jewellery. It doesn’t have to be expensive. Just something pretty and thoughtful.”

“Thanks, Sarah. I mean, Sariya.”

She paused at the door, looking back over her shoulder and smiled. “Think about what I said. No pressure. But I meant it.”

Then she was gone, leaving me with the dregs of my bubble tea and a head full of images: Sariya with another woman’s husband, her own prudish partner at home, fucking in the dark, Sariya masturbating, wishing she was being fucked by someone new, and now — somehow — the suggestion of her underneath me, her real name on my lips as I fucked her.

By the time I stepped back onto the street, the idea of buying a necklace felt almost laughably simple compared to the knots people tied themselves into just trying to get fucked the way they needed.

I sat on the edge of our bed, the velvet box open in my palm. The necklace glimmered in the lamplight. A delicate white gold chain with a single teardrop diamond that refracted tiny rainbows across my fingers. The matching bracelet lay nestled beside it, understated but elegant. It was expensive. More than I'd planned to spend, more than I should've spent, but I'd gone back to that shop after leaving the boba place and bought it anyway.

Daisy was worth it.

My phone sat face-up beside me, Kendall's text still visible:

Get this silk robe set for Margaret and Robert. They'll love it. Go over £20 if you have to, everyone does anyway and those two deserve it x

She's attached a link, and I'd gone and got it after picking up Daisy's gifts. The robes were already wrapped up downstairs, matching burgundy silk, his and hers, closer to forty quid than twenty. What the hell. Secret Santa caps were more like guidelines anyway, and it wouldn't hurt to make a good impression at our first Far Bridge Rise Christmas party.

"Jordan!" Daisy's voice floated up the stairs. "It's seven. We need to go."

I snapped the box shut, tucked it into the back of my sock drawer beneath the winter layers she'd never touch. I stood up and checked my reflection in the wardrobe mirror. Grey T-shirt, dark jeans, my everyday trainers. Should I have got dressed for the meeting that Frank, Linda, Tyler and Morgan had requested just hours ago? No. I'd be fine as I was. It was only a chat.

Downstairs, Daisy waited by the door, and my stomach tightened when I saw her.

She'd dressed up. Properly dressed up. A fitted black dress that hugged her waist and stopped mid-thigh, sheer tights catching the hallway light, heeled ankle boots that added three inches and made her legs look endless. Her hair was loose, soft blonde waves framing her face, and she'd done her makeup — nothing heavy, just enough to make her eyes look wider, her lips

fuller. Even so, she looked like she was heading to a dinner party, not a casual chat with neighbours.

“Wow,” I muttered.

She glanced down at herself, then at me, biting her lip. “Too much?”

“You look incredible. I look like I’m about to mow the lawn.”

“You look fine.” She reached for my hand and squeezed it. “I’m nervous. I wanted to feel... confident.”

“Well, you should be.” I pulled her closer and kissed her forehead. “You’re stunning.”

Her fingers tightened around mine. “This is just a chat, right? We go over, we explain what’s been happening, we set some boundaries. Frank and Linda will probably just listen, Tyler will make a bad joke, Morgan will roll her eyes, and then we all have a drink and go home.”

I wanted to believe that. I did. But the memory of Tyler and Morgan’s ‘accidental’ encounter when I’d walked into their house to find Morgan and Tyler fucking in their front room weighed heavily on my mind.

“Maybe,” I said carefully. “But be ready for it to be more than that.”

Daisy frowned. “What do you mean?”

“I mean... Tyler and Morgan have a way of pushing things. They might try something, just to see how we react.”

“Like what?”

“I think they might see this as an opportunity.” I stroked her hand with my thumb. “Just... think on your feet. We just need to not let them corner us into anything we’re not ready for.”

She studied my face for a moment, then nodded slowly. “I’m good at thinking quickly. We’ll be fine. Surely, if they’re going to try something,

they'll wait for the party."

"That's what you'd expect," I nodded, "But these people aren't what we expected when we first moved here, are they?"

"True. If you want to bail — "

"No." I shook my head. "We need to do this. It'll be good to see where we stand with the watch. Officially, I mean, before the party. We might be able to get an idea of what to expect."

Daisy exhaled, shoulders dropping slightly. "Okay. Then let's go."

She grabbed her long grey coat, slipping it over the dress but leaving it unbuttoned. I pulled on my denim jacket, pocketed my phone and keys, and followed her out into the cold December evening.

The walk to Frank and Linda's took less than five minutes, but it felt longer. Our breath misted in the air, streetlights casting long shadows across the pavement. I held onto Daisy's hand, her heels precarious in the stubbornly enduring thin coating of snow, and I wondered if she could feel my pulse hammering through our joined hands.

Their house glowed warm against the dark, the windows lit, curtains half-drawn, the faint sound of a TV show drifting out. Everything looked normal. No traps set that I could see.

Daisy stopped at the door and looked up at me. "Ready?"

I wasn't. But I nodded anyway.

She knocked.

Daisy knocked.

The door opened almost immediately. Linda smiled at us, her normally pale skin glowing from two weeks of Caribbean sun, blonde highlights catching in the hallway light. She wore a soft grey cashmere sweater that clung to her full breasts, her nipples faintly visible through the lack of a bra, paired

with high-waisted black trousers that hugged her voluptuous hips. A glass of red wine in hand, her smile was wide and welcoming, manicured nails glinting as she pulled Daisy into a quick hug. “You two! Come in from the cold.”

She waved us through to the living room. Frank stood by the drinks table, broad-shouldered and also well-tanned, his white button-down shirt stretched across a barrel chest lightly dusted with grey chest hair where the top two buttons were undone. He poured a glass of amber whisky with steady hands, his lips curving into a friendly smile as we stepped through the door.

Tyler was sprawled on one end of the sofa, built like an ex-athlete, his dark skin glowing with that post-vacation sheen. Morgan was tucked beside him, her hair down, her oversized cream sweater slipping off one shoulder to reveal the slope of her collarbone and the edge of a black lace bra. Leggings clung to her curvy thighs and arse like a second skin, her bare feet with red-polished toes curled possessively over Tyler’s lap. Her shoes lay discarded nearby on the deep-pile rug.

It felt like a normal, almost-Christmas scene, the fire crackling low, fairy lights twinkling along the mantel, cinnamon candle scent filling the air. Just neighbours back from holiday, welcoming friends, but we all knew it was more than that.

“Bang on time”, Frank rumbled, handing me a tumbler, his callused fingers brushing mine. “Whisky for you, Jordan. Glass of wine, Daisy?”

“Please.” Daisy shed her coat, smoothing her fitted black dress, mid-thigh hem riding up slightly to show more thigh than necessary, the fabric of the dress hugging her breasts.

“Did you have a good vacation?” I asked as I took a sip of whisky, and sat on the sofa opposite Tyler and Morgan. Daisy followed, settling beside me, legs crossing elegantly, her heeled ankle boots flexing her calf muscles.

“Oh, it was bliss,” Linda sighed, passing a glass of crimson wine to Daisy before sinking on the other side of her from me, her trousers pulling taut

across her thighs. “A couple of weeks of Caribbean sun, cocktails and sex. Tyler and Frank had a game of who could get the most pussy.”

Tyler grinned, white teeth flashing against his dark skin, one hand sliding higher on Morgan’s thigh. “And I won. It was a hotwife cruise. A boat called The Princess of Adventure. You should try it one day.”

Morgan nudged him with her elbow, sweater gaping further to show the inner curve of her breast. “Don’t rush them into anything. We can share details later. You two look tense. Please relax. Have a drink.”

We clinked glasses between us all, the mood easy for exactly ten seconds. Then Tyler’s grin sharpened, his dark eyes locking on Daisy. “Morgan is right. Our vacation stories can wait. You probably know why we asked you over.”

Daisy sipped her wine, steady, lips staining red on the rim. “I imagine it’s to discuss what’s happened while you were gone. We also wanted to talk about the Christmas party. And what happens next, regarding the secret side of the Neighbourhood Watch.”

Frank leaned forward, forearms flexing, shirt straining across his shoulders. “Yes. Kendall, Paul and Corinne have kept us informed. We know about your naughty show around the Christmas Tree. Your foursome fun in the car park.” His voice was casual, but his gaze raked Daisy’s body. “We also know Jordan fucked Kendall in his studio. She says he was good, too.”

Daisy’s fingers tightened on her glass, but she didn’t blink. Her thigh pressed warm and firm against mine, the heat of her rising.

Linda licked her lips, gloss gleaming, leaning in so her sweater neckline dipped to show the shadowed valley between her breasts. “Paul couldn’t shut up about how good your body is, Daisy. He says your breasts were hanging out of your Miss Santa suit.”

“And your pussy looked tight,” Frank added. “Kelly told me she fingered later, herself thinking about licking you clean after you’ve been fucked by the men of the watch.”

Morgan shifted, sweater fully off her shoulder now, lace bra cupping her round tits as she traced a nail down Tyler's arm. "Tyler's been rock hard since hearing how you sucked your friend's husband's cock while Jordan watched."

"That's true. I enjoyed watching you guys fuck, so that would have been something to see. You sucking a new cock for the first time." Tyler met Daisy's gaze directly, his hand squeezing Morgan's thigh. "So, are you ready for the next step?" His eyes swept from Daisy to me, then back again. "Do you want to go all the way? Because you have quite the set of admirers here, all ready to be the first to induct you fully into the hotwife lifestyle."

"I meant to ask," Linda added softly, before Daisy or I could reply, uncrossing her legs slowly, the seam of her trousers outlining her cameltoe. "Did you enjoy watching Paul and Tyler fuck me that evening a couple of weeks back?"

"It was interesting," Daisy nodded, taking another sip of wine. "I'd never seen people have sex before. And certainly not under these circumstances, people sleeping with other people's partners. It opened my eyes to what fun you guys have."

"We enjoyed it," I decided to add. I didn't want Daisy to go back to pretending this was all for her studies. The watch wouldn't like that. "And yes, we're ready. We've talked it through, and we want to try it for ourselves."

"That's right," Daisy confirmed, her voice husky, unflinching, eyes flicking across each of them. I glanced at her. Her nipples were peaking hard against her dress, betraying her lack of a bra. Her breath quickened, chest rising faster, but she set her glass down, crossed her legs slower, higher, the dress hem sliding to expose more sheer-stockinged thigh. "So, yes. We're ready to play."

"And this isn't all just a front?" Morgan asked, her eyes narrowing, appraising her. "It's not just research for your university course? You're not going to tease the men, then back out at the last moment, just to get information on us all?"

“No,” Daisy shook her head, then let her legs fall open slowly. I saw Tyler and Frank both stare between her legs. She giggled. “Like what you see?”

I frowned and bent to look up my wife’s skirt, just as she closed her legs, but I got a flash of bare pussy. She wasn’t wearing any panties.

Frank and Tyler both grunted their approval, their eyes returning to Daisy as she continued.

“We want to join the watch fully. We’re serious about this, and we’re ready. I want to fuck someone in front of Jordan,” my wife purred. “Though talking about my studies... I do have something to ask. Would I be okay to invite a friend of mine to the Christmas party?”

“A friend?” Morgan raised an eyebrow. “Tell us about them. You know we like to be discreet here on the Rise.”

Daisy’s eyes met mine for a moment, and I nodded, giving her the go-ahead to tell them. “At the car park, something unexpected happened. One of the men watching me and Spencer turned out to be someone I know. My university professor.”

“Oh, boy,” Frank clapped his hands together while Tyler chuckled in the background. “How did you handle that?”

“We had a talk,” Daisy replied. “Right there in the car park, then the following day at university. We made a deal that we’ll keep each other’s secrets to ourselves, with the caveat that he helps me with my grades and I allow him to watch me again.”

“He wants to watch you again?” Linda repeated, her gaze moving around the room to the other three, then back to Daisy. “Watch you... get fucked?”

“Yes,” Daisy nodded, her cheeks colouring. “So... would that be okay? He’ll be discreet, I assure you. I have him in my back pocket.”

“I’m sure you do,” Morgan nodded slowly. “Fine. Bring him. We’ll see what happens.”

“Cool.” Daisy tapped her fingers on the edge of her glass. “I know we said we’re ready, but we are new to this. I’ve read the Husband’s Guide that you gave to Jordan, but it doesn’t go into specifics on how the watch operates. So, I’m asking you. How does it work?”

“How does it work?” Frank rumbled, approval thickening his voice as he adjusted himself openly. “Come dressed just as you are now to the Christmas party, and you’ll see exactly how it works.”

“Oh, yes,” Tyler chuckled, flashing white teeth as he grinned at us. “You’ll get shown the ropes, alright.”

“Just relax.” Linda put her arm on Daisy’s, a reassuring touch against the mirth of the two men. “Morgan and I will look after you. There will be drinks, dancing. Icebreakers, if you want to put it that way. There aren’t any hard-and-fast rules. Everything is consensual, with the focus being on fun. If anything isn’t fun, if you’re not enjoying the direction the party is taking, you can stop things at any time.”

“We’re neighbours,” Morgan added. “We care about you two. Just trust us to make sure it goes the way you want it to, and we’ll do our best to make sure you have a good time.”

“If you want it to just be a Christmas get-together,” Frank explained, “Then it can be just that. You can go home before it develops into anything more.”

“But if you want it to be a night of crazy sex,” Tyler took over, “If you really do want to get fucked while Jordan watches, by as many men as you want, then it can be that too.”

“Just keep an open mind, and you’ll have a good time.” Morgan’s eyes found mine. “All kinds of festive fun will be on the table.” She licked her lips seductively, holding my gaze the whole time.

I was reminded of what I’d done with Kendall. Was Morgan... jealous?

“So... we come to the Christmas party,” Daisy glanced at me, then back at Morgan, registering the exchange but not commenting on it. “And we

just... see what happens?”

“Yes. Look, let’s cut to the chase. I want to fuck you, Daisy,” Frank said bluntly. “So does Tyler, Paul, Russell, most of the other men in the watch. If you want to play with us, we’re all willing and ready. Heck, if you want to go upstairs now, I’m sure our wives would be happy to keep Jordan occupied while Tyler and I give you that first experience you’re looking for.”

My heart skipped a beat, but Daisy reacted smoothly, uncrossing and crossing her legs again, flashing them a second time. Her confidence shook me, but at the same time, I felt a surge of pride. “No, I’m good, thanks. We’ll do as you suggest and see what’s on offer at the Christmas party.”

Both Morgan and Linda smiled, enjoying the way Daisy handled that. Their husbands nodded, and then for the next half hour, we let them tell us about their hotwife cruise while finishing our drinks. Tyler had bedded one more wife than Frank, while the two women talked openly and candidly about their favourite lovers, one an Irish bartender with an eight-inch cock, the other a hunky lifeguard with a body like a Greek god.

With our glasses empty, we said our goodbyes, and Linda walked us to the door, her hand lingering on Daisy’s arm as she murmured, “Remember, wear what you’ve come in tonight, and I guarantee things will just progress naturally.”

“I might,” Daisy shrugged. “Or maybe I’ll wear something even sexier.”

Linda laughed, and with that, we headed back home. Once inside, the door closed behind us, Daisy turned to me, pushing me back against the wall, her brown eyes wild and bright. “That was... hotter than I expected.” Her voice was breathy, cheeks flushed from wine or arousal or both. She kicked off her boots, dress riding up as she took my hand and led me toward the stairs, glancing back. “Now take me to bed and fuck me.”

My cock throbbed in response to her words, and I did as she asked, almost ripping the black dress in my haste to get it off. I undressed, kicking my

boxer shorts across the bedroom and joined her on the bed, but she slowed me down with a hand on my chest.

“It’s real now, Jordan. It’s going to happen. I’m going to cheat on you.” Her free hand trailed down my chest, finding my cock, taking hold of it and stroking it slowly. “Are you ready for that?”

“It’s not cheating if I know about it.” My pulse hammered as I let her guide the head of my cock between her soaking wet folds, pushing into her heat, hearing her moan softly. “And yes, I’m ready. I can’t wait to see you take another man’s dick,” I said, voice rough, pulling her against me, burying myself fully inside her. Her body melted into mine as our mouths met, kissing and fucking passionately, both of us excited at the thought of whatever gifts the Christmas party was going to bring us.

PREPARING FOR THE BIG NIGHT

An Extract from Chapter 6 of The Husband’s Guide to Wife Sharing, Part 2

So, it’s happening. The date is set, the bull is chosen, and your wife is about to cross the threshold from fantasy into reality. You’ve done the emotional work, communicated, negotiated boundaries, processed your fears. Now comes the practical side that nobody talks about in polite company but can make or break the experience.

Emotional Preparation: Release the Valve

Here’s an uncomfortable truth: if you show up rock-hard and leaking with months of pent-up fantasy fuel, you’ll likely blow your load before she’s even started. That kills the experience for everyone. Your wife feels pressured to rush back to you, the bull feels awkward, and you’re stuck in post-nut clarity wondering why you spent six months building up to thirty seconds of enjoyment.

Solution? Masturbate earlier in the day. Not an hour before. Give yourself three to six hours minimum. Take the edge off. Let that desperate urgency out so when the moment arrives, you’re present, controlled, able to watch

rather than just survive. You want stamina for this. You want to be hard when she needs to see it, not deflated and guilty in the corner.

Physical Preparation: Dress Her for Success

Your wife needs to feel like the most desirable woman in the room. Work with her on outfit selection days before, not the morning of when nerves are raw. Buy some lingerie she feels confident in. A dress that makes her feel powerful, not exposed. Heels if she likes them, flats if she doesn't. This isn't performantive for you or him; it's armour for her vulnerability.

Small details matter. Have a fresh shave (or wax if that's her preference), get her nails done, hair styled, perfume she associates with feeling sexy. She should look in the mirror and think "I'm worth this." If she's second-guessing her body or outfit when the bull arrives, everything might go wrong.

The Boring Essentials No One Mentions

Bring condoms. Even if you've negotiated bareback after testing, bring backups. People are unpredictable, what felt safe Tuesday might feel reckless by Saturday.

Bring lube. A different cock, a different angle, creates different friction. Even if she's dripping wet from anticipation, session number two might need assistance. Get a water-based, hypoallergenic lube and keep it in easy reach of the bed.

You should have the logistics worked out, such as where's this happening, your bed, hotel, his place? But make sure you think of the small stuff too. Who arrives first? What's the exit strategy if someone panics? These aren't sexy questions, but fumbling through them mid-arousal is worse.

The Unspoken Truth

You're allowed to be nervous. You're allowed to need a moment. But if you've prepared — emotionally, physically and practically — you'll waste less time managing a crisis and more time experiencing the raw,

complicated, extraordinary reality of watching your wife get pleased by another man.

That's what you've been building toward. Don't let a lack of preparation (or lube) ruin it.

Chapter 6

The Christmas Party, Part 1

The bathroom mirror was fogging at the edge nearest Daisy's hair straightener. She picked it up and worked through the last section of her strawberry blonde hair, smoothing it into sleek, glossy waves that fell just past her shoulders. Her phone sat propped against the soap dispenser, and she was reading something on the screen as she worked, her eyes flicking between her reflection and the text.

"This is really interesting," she said, not looking up. "How did you find this blog again?"

"I just stumbled across it," I said, leaning against the doorframe. "And thought you might find it useful. For your research."

She smiled at that, the lie we both pretended to believe, that this was all for her course. I'd been reading Sinner Minnie's Sultry Whispers blog obsessively lately and was fully caught up. It was real, genuine stories from a real hotwife, detailing her first experiences in the lifestyle. Her journey from curiosity to acceptance to active participation. It was raw and honest in a way that made my cock hard every time I read it.

"I've just read about her first time," Daisy said, tilting her head as she straightened another section of hair. "How it wasn't the person she expected. She says it was scary at first, but how liberated she felt afterwards." She trailed off, her cheeks flushing slightly. "It's very honest."

"That's why I thought you'd like it."

"I do." She set down the straightener and picked up her phone, scrolling through the next post. The pink tube dress she wore clung to every curve, the stretchy fabric leaving nothing to the imagination. It stopped mid-thigh, showing off her legs in the sheer stockings that disappeared beneath the hem. A pair of matching pink heels sat by the bathroom door, waiting.

She caught my eye in the mirror and smiled, nervous energy radiating from her. The dress was strapless, held up by the swell of her breasts, and I could see the faint outline of her small pink bra underneath. She'd chosen pink deliberately because it was pretty and feminine. Not the sultry red or mysterious black she could have worn. Pink said she was approachable, available, but still sweet. Still my Daisy.

"I'm almost done," she said, unplugging the straightener and setting it on the counter to cool. She turned to face me properly, smoothing the dress down over her hips. The movement made the fabric ride up slightly, revealing the lacy edge of her stockings where they met the pale skin of her thighs. "What do you think?"

"You look incredible."

She did. Her makeup was subtle but effective. Dark mascara made her brown eyes stand out, with a touch of blush on her cheeks, and a soft pink lipstick that matched the dress. She'd kept her jewellery minimal. Just some small silver earrings and the delicate bracelet I'd given her for our anniversary last year.

She walked past me into the bedroom and picked up her handbag from the bed, checking inside it one more time. I saw her phone, her lipstick, tissues, and then she pulled out a small bundle of fabric and held it up.

"Charlotte texted me earlier. She said to bring swimwear because they have a hot tub."

I recognised the bikini she was holding. It was white, simple, with triangular cups and string ties. She'd bought it last summer but had never worn it, claiming it was too revealing. Now she was folding it carefully and tucking it back into her bag alongside a pair of swim shorts for me.

"I packed yours too," she said, then pulled out some shiny silver packets from the drawer, throwing them into the bag too, "And condoms. Just in case."

“Just in case,” I repeated, unable to believe what we were planning to do tonight. It was real. This was happening.

Daisy set the bag down and turned to face me properly. Her hands smoothed down the front of her dress again, a nervous habit. We stood there in our bedroom, the same bedroom where we’d made love so many times, where we’d talked about our future, our dreams and fears. Where she’d used that big black vibrator just weeks ago, while admitting to being curious about other men.

“Are you ready?” I asked.

She took a breath. “I think so. Are you?”

“Yeah.”

“We don’t have to do this,” she said quickly. “We can still back out. We can go to the party, have a few drinks, and come home. Nobody would think less of us.”

“Do you want to back out?”

She was quiet for a moment, brown eyes searching mine. Then she shook her head. “No. I want to do this.”

“Me too.”

She crossed the room to me for a hug. I pulled her into my arms as she melted against me, her head resting on my chest. I could feel her heartbeat, fast and nervous, matching my own.

She tilted her chin up so she was looking at me. “After tonight, everything will be different. You know that, right?”

“I know,” I replied softly.

“And you’re certain this is what you want?”

“Yes.” My voice was steadier than I expected it to be. The truth was, I’d never been more certain of anything in my life. The fear was there, the anxiety, the worry about what might happen. But underneath all of that was a deep, undeniable excitement. I wanted this. I wanted to see her with another man. I wanted to watch her experience pleasure I couldn’t give her. I wanted to reclaim her afterwards, to feel her body still warm from someone else’s touch.

“I love you,” I said. “No matter what happens tonight, that doesn’t change. You’re my Daisy. You’ll always be my Daisy.”

“I love you too.” She kissed me, soft and lingering. When she pulled back, there were tears in her eyes, but she was smiling. “Always. No matter what.”

She picked up her heels and slipped them on, adding three inches to her height. The shoes made her legs look impossibly long, the muscles in her calves tightening as she adjusted to the height. She checked herself one last time in the full-length mirror by the wardrobe, turning sideways to see her profile.

The pink thong was invisible under the dress, but I knew it was there. I’d watched her put it on earlier, the tiny scrap of lace barely covering anything. The matching strapless bra was doing its job, lifting and supporting her breasts so they filled out the top of the dress perfectly.

“Okay,” she said, more to herself than to me. “Let’s go.”

She grabbed her handbag, and I followed her downstairs. The house suddenly felt too quiet, too normal. In a few hours, we’d be back here, but if all went to plan, everything would have changed. Daisy would have crossed a line we couldn’t uncross. She’d have been with another man.

At the front door, she paused with her hand on the handle.

“Jordan?”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you,” she said. “For letting me do this. For wanting this with me. I know it’s not... normal.”

“Something I’ve learned,” I smiled, “Is that normal is overrated.”

She laughed, and some of the tension broke. “True.”

Russell and Charlotte’s house blazed with light, every window glowing warm against the cold December night. Through the bay window at the front, I could see people moving, glasses in hand, the party already in full swing.

Daisy hesitated at the end of the drive, her hand tightening around mine.

“Ready?” I asked.

“No. But let’s do it anyway.”

We walked up to the front door. Before I could knock, it swung open, and Charlotte stood there, backlit by the warm glow of the hallway. She looked stunning. Her blonde hair was swept up in an elegant twist, showing off her long neck and a delicate gold necklace resting just above her collarbone. She wore a red dress that hugged her athletic figure, the neckline modest but the hemline daring, stopping well above her knees. I couldn’t help but remember the time I’d seen her naked, bent over a sofa with Frank behind her, fucking her with his thick cock.

“Daisy! Jordan! Come in, come in.” Charlotte’s smile was genuine and welcoming. She stepped aside, ushering us into the warmth. “I’m so glad you could make it. Here, let me take your coats.”

Daisy unbuttoned her coat and slipped it off. Charlotte’s eyes widened slightly as she took in the pink dress, the way it clung to Daisy’s curves, the expanse of pale skin on display.

“Wow,” Charlotte said. “You look absolutely gorgeous, Daisy. That dress is perfect on you.”

She hung our coats in the hallway cupboard and gestured toward the living room. “Everyone’s through there. Drinks are on the side table, help yourselves. We’ll do Secret Santa in a bit, once everyone’s arrived and loosened up a little.”

The living room was larger than I’d expected, running the full depth of the house with French doors at the back that opened onto a patio. The space was packed with people, maybe twenty or so, all holding drinks and chatting in small groups. The Christmas tree in the corner was tastefully decorated with silver and gold ornaments, white lights twinkling. There was tinsel draped along the mantelpiece, and someone had hung mistletoe over the kitchen doorway.

I recognised most of the faces immediately. Robert and Margaret stood near the fireplace, both dressed smartly, looking every inch the respectable older couple. Robert wore a navy blazer, Margaret a sensible dress in forest green. They were chatting with Eleanor and Geoffrey, who looked frail but content, Eleanor’s hand resting on her husband’s arm.

Frank and Linda were near the patio doors, Frank standing with his usual relaxed authority, dressed in dark trousers and a simple white shirt with the sleeves rolled up, exposing his thick, tattooed forearms. Linda stood beside him in a fitted black dress, her dark blonde bob perfectly styled. They were talking to Tyler and Morgan, the four of them clearly comfortable together, the core of the Rise’s social hierarchy.

Tyler saw us first. He raised his glass in greeting, a knowing smile on his face. Morgan followed his gaze, and her expression lit up. She excused herself from the conversation and crossed the room toward us, wine glass in hand.

“Daisy, darling, you look incredible.” Morgan kissed Daisy on both cheeks, European-style, then stepped back to admire her. “That dress is perfect. You’re going to break hearts tonight.”

“Thank you,” Daisy said, smiling happily. “You look wonderful, too.”

Morgan did look wonderful. She wore a silver cocktail dress that shimmered when she moved, the fabric draped to accentuate her still-trim figure. Her dark hair was styled in loose waves, diamond earrings catching the light.

“Come on, let me introduce you to a few people you might not have met properly yet.” Morgan linked her arm through Daisy’s and began steering her deeper into the room. I followed, feeling suddenly like a spare part.

Kendall was perched on the arm of the sofa, laughing at something with Corinne. She wore a green dress that showed off her olive skin and athletic build, her dark hair loose around her shoulders. When she saw Daisy, she waved enthusiastically.

“Daisy! You made it!” She hopped down from the sofa arm and hugged Daisy warmly. “God, you look hot. Very sexy Barbie vibes.”

Daisy’s face fell slightly. “Oh. Like a bimbo?”

“No, no!” Kendall laughed, touching Daisy’s arm reassuringly. “Not at all. Like a sexy, pretty pink Barbie. Trust me, it’s a compliment. You look incredible.”

I had to agree. The pink tube dress, the stockings, the heels, her glossy strawberry blonde hair. There was something deliberately doll-like about the aesthetic, but in the best possible way, feminine and desirable.

“Thank you,” Daisy said, finally accepting the compliment with a smile.

Michael appeared from the kitchen carrying two bottles of beer. He had a young woman with him, pretty in a girl-next-door way, with light brown hair and a shy smile. She wore jeans and a nice top, dressed more casually than most of the other women.

“Jordan. Daisy. Good to see you,” Michael said, handing one of the beers to the woman beside him. “This is Sophie. We met last week at a friend’s party.”

“Hi,” Sophie said, her voice quiet. “Nice to meet you.”

“You too,” Daisy said warmly. “First time at one of these parties?”

“Yeah. Michael’s been telling me about the neighbourhood. Everyone seems really nice.”

Michael smiled at her, clearly smitten, then turned to Daisy, flashing a look that suggested that young Sophie might not know the truth about the Neighbourhood Watch. “They are. It’s a good community here.”

Morgan guided us away, moving toward a couple I didn’t recognise who stood near the drinks table. The woman was beautiful, with dark skin and long black hair pulled into a sleek ponytail. She wore a blue dress that was modest but elegant blue dress, her nervous energy palpable. The man beside her was tall and handsome, with dark hair and glasses, dressed smartly in a white shirt and black trousers. He had his hand on the small of her back, protective.

“Daisy, Jordan, this is Sharma and Rahul,” Morgan said. “They’re from number twelve. Friends of James and Emma.”

“Nice to meet you,” Sharma said, her voice soft with a slight accent. “We’ve heard you mentioned.”

“All good things, I hope,” Daisy said.

“Very good things.” Rahul smiled, but there was tension in his shoulders. “This is our first... party like this.”

“Ours too,” Daisy admitted. “Are you as nervous as I am?”

“Yes!” Sharma’s expression relaxed slightly, relief visible. “I feel a little better that we’re not the only newbies here. We were worried we’d be the only ones who didn’t know what to do.”

“You’ll be fine,” Morgan assured them. “Just relax, have a drink, enjoy yourselves. There’s no pressure or expectations on you. Tonight is about having fun.”

James and Emma appeared from the kitchen, both holding wine glasses. James looked older than I remembered from the first neighbourhood watch meeting, with thinning hair and a kind face. Emma was younger, late twenties, pretty in an understated way, with mousy brown hair and a shy smile. They waved at us.

“Good to see you again,” James said. “Looking forward to tonight.”

Simon, the IT contractor, lurked near the Christmas tree, holding what looked like a gin and tonic. He gave us a brief nod but didn’t approach. He wore dark jeans and a graphic t-shirt, looking uncomfortable in the social setting.

Paul and Corinne were by the fireplace now, Corinne in a burgundy dress that displayed her impressive cleavage, her red hair falling in curls around her shoulders. She caught Daisy’s eye and smiled warmly, raising her glass in greeting. Paul’s gaze travelled slowly down Daisy’s body, lingering on her legs first, then her boobs, before meeting her eyes. His smile was wolfish.

Another couple I vaguely recognised from seeing them around the Rise stood near the patio doors. I thought they lived at number eight or nine, but I’d never spoken to them. They looked to be in their fifties, both attractive and well-dressed, comfortable in the party atmosphere.

“Angelina and Marco will be here soon. Kelly, too.” Morgan said. “She texted earlier to say she’d be here later. She’s bringing someone, apparently. A new partner she wants us to meet.”

“Oh, that’s exciting,” Daisy said.

“Indeed.” Morgan’s expression was knowing. “Now, let me get you both a drink. Wine? Beer? There are drinks on the side table, but Russell has set up a proper bar in the kitchen.”

“Wine would be lovely,” Daisy said.

“Beer for me,” I added.

Tyler approached, beer in hand. He looked good, dressed in dark jeans and a grey shirt that fit well across his strong but slim build.

“Daisy,” he said, his eyes travelling over her appreciatively. “You look stunning. Pink suits you.”

“Thank you, Tyler.” Daisy’s voice carried a hint of flirtation that made my cock twitch. “You’re looking sharp yourself.”

“I try.” He glanced at me. “Good to see you, Jordan. Excited for tonight?”

“Nervous,” I admitted.

“That’s normal. But trust me, once things get going, the nerves disappear. You just... go with it.”

Frank appeared beside Tyler, his presence commanding even though he wasn’t trying to dominate the space. Up close, he was as imposing as ever, his shoulders broad, his chest thick with muscle.

“Evening,” he said, his voice deep. He nodded to me, then turned his attention to Daisy. His expression shifted into something more appreciative. “Daisy. You look beautiful tonight.”

“Thank you, Frank.” Daisy’s cheeks flushed, and I noticed she held his gaze longer than necessary.

Morgan returned with drinks, handing Daisy a large glass of white wine and me a cold bottle of beer. “Charlotte’s about to serve food,” she announced. “Then we’ll do Secret Santa, and after that...” She left the sentence hanging, but her meaning was clear.

After that, the real party would begin.

The food came out in waves. Russell manned the barbecue on the patio, bringing in platters of sausages and burgers while Charlotte laid out salads and bread rolls on the dining table. People helped themselves, the atmosphere relaxed and social. I watched Daisy navigate conversations with Morgan and Linda, her wine glass rarely empty, her laugh genuine. The

nervousness from earlier was fading, replaced by the confidence of being around people you know and the ease that alcohol brings.

The doorbell rang just as people were finishing their food. Charlotte went to answer it, and I heard her voice in the hallway, bright and welcoming. A moment later, she reappeared with a man I recognised immediately.

Dr Patterson. Daisy's supervisor from university. Peter.

He looked uncomfortable, dressed in a shirt and tie with jeans, his thinning hair neatly combed. He carried a bottle of wine and what looked like a wrapped gift. His eyes scanned the room nervously until they found Daisy, and his expression shifted to something like relief mixed with anxiety.

Daisy's face went through a series of expressions. Surprise, then pleasure, then a flash of concern. She excused herself from her conversation with Linda and crossed the room to greet him.

"Dr Patterson," she said, her voice slightly strained. "I was starting to think you weren't coming."

"Peter, please," he said, his accent crisp and academic. "I almost didn't make it. A couple of students asked for extra tuition right before our Christmas break."

With the context of knowing that he hung around dogging spots, I wondered what extra tuition he'd been giving them.

Daisy nodded, her professional smile still in place. "Well, I'm glad you're here now. It's lovely to see you. Let me introduce you to my husband properly." She beckoned me over. "Jordan, this is Dr Peter Patterson, my thesis supervisor. Peter, my husband Jordan."

I shook his hand. His palm was slightly damp, his grip weak. "Nice to meet you."

"And you," Patterson said, his eyes already drifting back to Daisy, lingering on the pink dress, the pale skin of her shoulders. "Your wife is doing

exceptional work. Her research is... excellent.”

“I’m lucky to have such a supportive supervisor,” Daisy said, but there was tension in her voice.

Charlotte brought Patterson a glass of wine, and Daisy introduced him to our host. Then she lowered her voice so that only those close could hear. “When I told Peter about the Neighbourhood Watch as part of my course, he was curious as to what goes on at parties like this. He’s already seen me suck Spencer off, so I thought it was time he came to see what else I can do.”

Charlotte raised an eyebrow and giggled, then turned to the professor. “Mingle, Peter. Everyone here is lovely.”

But Patterson didn’t mingle. He stayed close to Daisy, following her as she moved through the party, hovering at her elbow like an anxious puppy. When she talked to Frank and Linda, Patterson stood just behind her, his eyes on my wife the whole time. When she laughed at something Tyler said, Patterson laughed too, as if it was the funniest thing he’d ever heard.

After the food, someone turned up the music. Not loud enough to be obnoxious, but loud enough to fill the spaces between conversations. Disco beats that had people swaying where they stood. Charlotte cleared some space in the middle of the living room, pushing furniture back against the walls.

“Come on,” she said, grabbing Daisy’s hand. “Let’s dance.”

Daisy laughed but didn’t resist. She set down her wine glass and followed Charlotte into the makeshift dance floor. A few other women joined them. Morgan, Corinne, and Sharma, looking nervous but game. The men mostly watched from the sides, drinks in hand, appreciating the view, Patterson included.

Charlotte moved well, her body fluid and unselfconscious. She pulled Daisy close, hands on her hips, guiding her into the rhythm. Daisy moved with her, less confident but trying. The pink dress rode up slightly with each

movement, showing more of her thighs, the lacy tops of her stockings just barely visible. Charlotte said something in her ear that made Daisy laugh and throw her head back.

Then the song changed to something slower. Russell appeared from the kitchen, wiping his hands on a tea towel. He said something to Charlotte, who smiled and stepped back, yielding the dance floor. Russell took Daisy's hand and pulled her close, one hand on her lower back, the other holding her hand properly like they were at a formal dance.

Daisy looked tiny next to him as they swayed together. Russell was of average height but broader than me, and there was something possessive in the way he held her. He said something that made her smile, and then his hand slid lower on her back, fingers splaying across the pink fabric just above the curve of her ass.

My cock hardened watching them. This was it. This was the beginning. Another man's hands on my wife, holding her close, and she wasn't pulling away.

Patterson stood a few feet away, his face flushed. He was watching Russell's hand on Daisy's ass as it moved lower, pulling him against her. He turned to me, about to ask a question, but we were interrupted.

"Jordan."

I turned. Kendall stood beside me, a young man hovering just behind her. He was in his early twenties with dark hair and blue eyes, and he looked utterly lost.

"This is Declan. My boyfriend," Kendall said, loud enough for me to hear over the music, then leaned in close. "He knows about the Rise, about what goes on here, but he doesn't know about you and me last week. So keep that quiet, yeah?"

I blinked, still processing what she'd just told me. "You have a boyfriend?"

“I’ve only been seeing him for a couple of months. It’s nothing serious yet.” She smiled at Declan, who smiled back uncertainly. “He’s brand new to all this. Be nice to him.”

Declan extended his hand, and I shook it. “Nice to meet you, Jordan. Kendall’s told me a lot about you. You’re the artist, right?”

“That’s right.”

“Must be interesting work.”

“It has its moments. I get to work with some hot models.”

Kendall grinned at the comment, then tugged on my arm. “Come dance with me. Declan can watch. We’ll see if he likes watching.” She said it casually, but there was an edge to it. A test, maybe, to see how Declan would react.

I glanced at Declan, who nodded slightly. “Go ahead. I don’t do dancing.”

Kendall pulled me onto the dance floor. The song was still slow, and she pressed herself against me immediately, arms around my neck, body flush against mine. I could feel her breasts through the thin fabric of her green dress, her hips moving against me. I couldn’t help but remember the sex we’d enjoyed in the studio.

“Relax,” she murmured in my ear. “You’re so tense.”

“I’m nervous.”

“There’s no need.” She pulled back slightly to look at me, a playful smile on her lips. “Daisy looks gorgeous tonight, by the way. Russell’s enjoying himself.”

I glanced over. Russell’s hand had definitely moved lower, cupping the curve of Daisy’s ass through the pink dress. She didn’t stop him. Her arms were around his neck, her body pressed close. It felt weird, dancing like this with Kendall while Daisy did the same with another man.

“Michael and Sophie aren’t in the lifestyle,” Kendall said, pulling my attention back. “Neither is Declan, really. Not yet, anyway. We’re all going clubbing soon, in about half an hour. So they won’t be here when the party turns crazy.”

“Right. That’s probably for the best if they’re not quite ready for it.”

The song ended, and Frank’s voice boomed across the room. “Alright, everyone! Time for the Far Bridge Rise Secret Santa! Gather around the tree.”

Kendall stepped back, giving me a final smile before returning to Declan’s side. I made my way back to Daisy, who had disentangled herself from Russell. Her cheeks were flushed, her skin lightly coated with a sheen of sweat. Russell gave me a knowing nod before heading back to Charlotte.

Patterson immediately appeared at Daisy’s side, handing her wine glass back to her. “You’re a wonderful dancer,” he said, his voice slightly breathless.

“Thank you, Peter,” Daisy said, but her attention was on me. “Russell’s a good dancer, too.”

“I saw,” I replied wryly.

“Can I ask something?” Peter stepped closer, his attention switching between the two of us. “Did it bother either of you, just now? Seeing that guy’s hand on your wife’s ass? Or seeing your husband dancing closely with that pretty girl?”

“No,” we both answered together, causing us both to laugh.

“Jordan has seen me suck his best friend’s cock.” She kissed my cheek. “And that girl he was dancing with? He fucked her a few days ago.”

Patterson’s expression tightened, but he said nothing.

People gathered around the Christmas tree. The dining table beside it was covered with wrapped gifts in various shapes and sizes, anonymous

presents stacked in colourful piles. I recognised the silver wrapping paper on the gift I had brought earlier. Patterson added his gift to the pile, a small box wrapped in tasteful green paper. “It’s just a bit of something for the hosts,” he murmured when he returned to Daisy’s side.

Charlotte and Kendall stood by the table, taking charge of the distribution. Charlotte picked up the first gift, a small square box wrapped in red paper with a gold bow.

“This one’s for... Simon,” she read from the tag.

Simon came forward, looking awkward as always, and took the gift. He unwrapped it carefully to reveal a USB drive and some cable organisers. His face lit up with genuine pleasure.

“Perfect,” he said. “Thank you, whoever got me this.”

Kendall picked up the next gift, a larger box in green paper. “Tyler.”

Tyler strode forward and tore into the wrapping with enthusiasm. Inside was a bottle of expensive single malt whisky. He raised it appreciatively. “Brilliant. Cheers to whoever picked this.”

The gifts continued. Morgan received a silk scarf in deep purple. Russell got a set of craft beers. Emma unwrapped a scented candle set and looked pleased. James received a leather-bound notebook.

Charlotte picked up our gift, the one wrapped in silver paper. “Robert and Margaret.”

My stomach tightened as the older couple came forward together. Robert took the package and carefully removed the wrapping paper, revealing the box. Margaret opened it, pulling out the his-and-her silk robes, and her face softened with delight. “Oh, these are lovely. Look at the quality, Robert.”

Robert examined his robe, running his fingers over the fabric. “Very nice indeed. Very thoughtful. Whoever chose these has excellent taste.”

They looked around the room as if trying to guess who might have given such a perfect gift. I kept my expression neutral, not wanting to give it away, but I felt a warm satisfaction seeing them so pleased.

Kendall caught my eye from across the room and made her way over, weaving through the crowd. She leaned in close, her voice low.

“Told you that would go down well with them,” she murmured. “Perfect choice.”

“Thanks for the advice.”

“I bought yours and Daisy’s gifts,” she said, a mischievous glint in her eye. “I won’t be here later, but Linda is going to give it to you.” She winked. “Trust me, the timing is important.”

Before I could ask what she meant, she was gone, back to helping Charlotte distribute the remaining gifts.

Sharma received a cookbook that made her smile. Rahul unwrapped a bottle of wine. Corinne got a set of luxury bath products. Paul received a leather wallet. The pile of gifts gradually diminished as each person claimed their present.

Frank was given a cigar case by someone who clearly knew his tastes. Linda received diamond stud earrings that made her gasp. Geoffrey and Eleanor got a gardening book that they seemed genuinely excited about.

When the last gift had been distributed, Charlotte clapped her hands together. “Right then! That’s Secret Santa done. Now, let’s take this out into the back garden? We’ve got the patio heaters going, and Russell’s set up the fire pit.”

People drifted outside, and we followed, with Patterson in tow. The back garden was impressive, larger than ours, with a proper stone patio that extended from the house. Russell had set up outdoor heaters that glowed orange in the darkness, throwing warmth into the cold December night. There was no snow in the garden, probably melted away by the fire pit

crackling in the centre of the lawn, flames dancing into the night. String lights had been hung between the two at the foot of the garden, creating a soft ambient glow. The huge hot tub that had been mentioned was in the far corner, on a raised stone level.

Russell was fiddling with a speaker system he'd set up near the side gate, and after unplugging and replugging a cable, the music soon began playing. He looked pleased with himself, seemingly playing DJ for the evening.

Charlotte appeared beside me, another glass of wine in her hand. "I saw you dancing with Kendall and got jealous. Are you going to treat your hostess to a dance?" she said. It wasn't a question.

I glanced at Daisy, who was talking with Sharma and Morgan near the fire pit. Patterson stood just behind her, hovering. She caught my eye and gave me a slight nod to let me know she was okay.

Charlotte pulled me onto the patio where a few other couples were already swaying to the music. She pressed herself close immediately, her body warm against mine despite the cold air. Her hands went around my neck, fingers playing with my hair.

"You're sexy, Jordan," she said, her breath warm against my ear. "Has anyone told you that tonight?"

"Not yet."

"Well, you are." I could feel her breasts, firm against my chest. "Russell wants you to fuck me one night. While he watches. Would you like that?"

My cock stirred despite my nervousness. "I... I'd need to talk to Daisy about it."

"Of course. But Kendall told me you were fun last week." Her lips brushed my earlobe. "I'd like to find out for myself."

"I'm still finding my feet in all this," I admitted.

“I know. That’s part of what makes it exciting.” Her hand slid down my back, fingers tracing my spine. “But take your time. There’s no rush. We’re all friends here.”

A car pulled up in the driveway, visible through the side gate. Charlotte’s attention shifted immediately.

“Oh, that’ll be Angelica and Marco,” she said, stepping back. “I should go say hello. Think about what I said, Jordan.”

She was gone before I could respond, heading back through the house to greet the new arrivals. I stood on the patio for a moment, trying to process what had just happened. Charlotte wanted me to fuck her while Russell watched. Kendall had apparently given me a good review.

I made my way over to the fire pit, where Daisy stood with Morgan and Sharma. Patterson was still there, standing close enough to be part of the conversation but not really participating. Daisy’s cheeks were flushed from the wine and the warmth of the fire. She looked beautiful in the flickering light, the pink dress clinging to her curves.

“So, Charlotte just propositioned me,” I murmured into her ear.

“Did she?” Daisy’s eyes sparkled with interest rather than jealousy. “What did she say?”

“That Russell wants me to fuck her while he watches.”

“And what did you say?”

“That I’d talk to you about it.”

Daisy laughed, the sound light and happy. “Good answer.” She kissed my cheek. “We can talk about it later. Right now, I’m just enjoying the party.”

She turned to Peter and took his hand, telling him to loosen up and demanding he dance with her. I watched as he gave in, letting her lead him to the patio where they started dancing together, the professor finally cracking a smile at how bad a dancer he was. Other couples joined them,

Frank and Linda, Tyler and Morgan, their bodies perfectly in sync. Rahul held Sharma close, protective but allowing her to enjoy herself.

Angelica and Marco appeared with Charlotte guiding them to the patio with drinks in hand, and Jake and Alex arrived not long after, the two bulls making their presence known immediately. Jake was loud and charming, already laughing with Kendall. Alex was quieter but no less confident, his eyes scanning the crowd with interest.

The party was reaching critical mass now. Everyone who was coming had arrived except Kelly. Michael and Sophie, and Declan and Kendall left around ten, heading to their club, taking Declan with them.

Daisy dragged me to dance as Patterson went to get fresh drinks, but we'd only been together on the patio, Paul appeared beside us, his smile easy. "Mind if I join you?"

"Not at all," she said.

I went to leave, but Paul caught me by the hand. "Stay. Dance with us."

Then he moved Daisy between us, one hand finding her waist, the other pulling me closer, so that my wife was sandwiched between us. The three of us danced together, the music slower now, a heavy bass line pulsing through the cold air.

By the time the next song started, Daisy was pressed into both of us, her back against Paul's chest, her front against mine. I could feel the heat of her body and smell her perfume, something smoky and sexy. Paul's hand slid from her waist to her hip, then higher, fingers sliding up her ribcage.

He made eye contact with me over Daisy's shoulder and winked. Then his hand moved higher still, cupping her breast through the pink fabric of her dress. Daisy's breath caught, but she didn't pull away. His fingers squeezed gently, feeling the firmness of her through the thin material.

"Your body drives me crazy," Paul murmured in her ear, loud enough for me to hear.

His other hand slid down between us, finding the hem of her dress and pushing it up slightly. I glanced down to see his fingers brushing the front of her thong, pressing against the thin pink lace. Daisy's hips jerked forward involuntarily, pressing into his touch.

"Paul," she breathed. "You're getting me very turned on."

"Good."

"But you need to stop. Save it for later."

"Why later?" His fingers pressed harder, rubbing her through the lace.

"Why not now?"

"Because..." Daisy's voice was unsteady. "Because I can feel how hard you are." Her ass pressed back against him, grinding against his cock. "And if you keep touching me like this, I'm not going to be able to stop."

"Maybe that's the point."

"Paul." She pulled his hand away from between her legs, though she let him keep the other one on her breast. "Later. Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Definitely... maybe." She turned in his arms to face him properly, her body still pressed close. "I want you, Paul. But not yet. Not here."

"You're killing me, Daisy."

She laughed and kissed his cheek. "Good."

Patterson had returned with a tray of drinks, beers for us and wine for Daisy. He'd seen it all and looked like he might cum on the spot, a visible lump in his trousers.

Tyler appeared then, seemingly from nowhere. "My turn," he said, his tone light but his eyes intense. He looked at Paul. "You don't mind, do you?"

Paul stepped back with obvious reluctance. “She’s all yours. For now.”

Tyler took Daisy’s hand and pulled her away from both of us, deeper onto the patio, where the light was dimmer. I watched them start to dance, Tyler’s hands immediately finding her hips, pulling her close. She went willingly, her arms going around his neck. They moved together, their bodies pressed close but not as intimate as she’d been with Paul.

“Daisy is...” Patterson started, then stopped, as if unsure what word to use. “Really fucking hot. And also... very surprising.”

“Trust me, Peter,” I replied, his name feeling strange in my mouth. “She’s surprising to me, too.”

“This is... quite a club you’ve joined.” His voice was strained. “I knew communities like this existed. But I had no idea there was one so close.”

I didn’t respond. The hot tub had suddenly become the centrepiece of the party. Steam rose from its surface, catching the string lights overhead and creating an almost magical atmosphere. Russell had turned on the jets, the water bubbling and churning. Charlotte was already in, her bikini top bright red against the dark water. Linda joined her, followed by Frank, bubbles breaking the surface around his broad shoulders.

I watched it all from the edge of the patio, nursing my beer alongside Patterson. Daisy was still on the makeshift dance floor with Tyler, the two of them moving to a slower song now. This wasn’t like their first dance, which had been relatively innocent. Now Tyler’s hands were firmly on her ass, gripping her through the pink fabric, pulling her hips against his. She didn’t stop him.

Then Tyler’s hands slid under the hem of her dress, lifting it slowly. The pink thong came into view, the tiny scrap of lace barely covering anything. Her ass was completely exposed now, pale skin catching the firelight. People nearby noticed, a few whistles and appreciative comments drifting over the music.

Tyler's hands roamed over her bare skin, squeezing, spreading her slightly. Then his fingers went lower, sliding under her ass, touching her most intimate place. Daisy's face was against his chest, so I couldn't see her expression, but she made no move to stop him.

Morgan appeared beside me, a glass of wine in her hand. "I think Tyler might end up being the first," she said conversationally, as if discussing the weather.

"Maybe."

"He's wanted her since that night he watched you two through the window. He's been patient, but he's not going to wait much longer."

I couldn't respond. My cock was painfully hard watching Tyler's hands on my wife's exposed ass. Then a sound cut through the music, loud enough to make me turn my head.

Moaning. A woman's voice, high and breathy, clearly in the throes of pleasure. It was coming from an open bedroom window upstairs, the unmistakable rhythm of sex audible even over the party noise.

"That'll be Emma," Morgan said casually. "Or maybe Angelica. I saw them both go upstairs, so I'm not sure."

I was still processing that when movement in the corner of the garden caught my eye. Near the fence, partially hidden by shadows, I saw Alex. He had Sharma pressed against the wall, her blue dress hiked up around her waist, her legs wrapped around him. He was fucking her, hard and deliberate, his hips driving forward in a steady rhythm.

Rahul stood nearby, watching intently. His trousers were tented, his hand absently rubbing the bulge, but he made no move to stop it. Sharma's head was thrown back, her mouth open in pleasure.

"Jesus," I breathed.

Morgan followed my gaze and smiled. “Alex works fast. Sharma’s been curious for months, apparently. Rahul finally agreed to let her try some new cock.” She sipped her wine. “The night is still young, Jordan. It might get even hornier later.”

I turned back to the dance floor. Tyler had pulled Daisy even closer now, their bodies pressed together from chest to thigh. Then he kissed her. Not a peck, not a friendly kiss, but a deep, possessive kiss. His mouth covered hers, his tongue pushing between her lips. His hands moved from her ass to her breasts, groping them through the pink fabric.

Daisy kissed him back. Her arms went around his neck, pulling him closer. Tyler’s hands found the top of her dress and pulled it down, exposing her bra. The small pink lingerie piece was visible for only a moment before he pushed that down too, her tits spilling free. His hands cupped them, thumbs rubbing over her nipples.

This was it. It was happening.

THE WOMAN IN THE MIRROR

SULTRY WHISPERS

A blog by @SinnerMinnie

I don’t recognise the woman in the mirror anymore.

That sounds dramatic, I know. But it’s true. I catch glimpses of her throughout the day—in bathroom mirrors, shop windows, the rearview mirror of my car—and I have to do a double-take. Who is that? Then I remember. It’s me. The new me. The shared me.

Three months ago, I was a traditional wife. I know some of you reading this will roll your eyes at that phrase, but it’s accurate. I was monogamous, faithful, devoted to my husband in every conventional sense. I’d never kissed another man since our wedding day. The idea of sleeping with someone else would have horrified me.

Now? Now I'm a hotwife. A shared wife. A woman who spreads her legs for other men while my husband watches, participates, and encourages. A woman who wears an anklet that signals to those in the know exactly what I am.

The transition hasn't been smooth. Nobody tells you how disorienting it is, this shift from one identity to another. Everyone focuses on the sex—and yes, the sex is incredible, mind-blowing, life-changing—but nobody talks about the quieter moments. The morning after. The days between encounters. The slow realisation that you've fundamentally altered who you are.

Let me tell you about last Tuesday.

I was at the supermarket, doing the weekly shop. Completely mundane. I was in the produce section, selecting avocados, when I saw her. A woman from my book club. Eleanor. We're not close friends, but we're friendly. She's much older than me, but we chat about novels and recipes and the weather.

She came over, smiling. "Minnie! How are you? I haven't seen you at the book club for ages."

I'd stopped going. Not consciously, not as a decision, but my Tuesday evenings had become... occupied. With other things. Other men. Other experiences that left me too exhausted and satisfied to sit in someone's living room discussing literary themes.

"I've been busy," I said. "Work and... life, you know."

"Of course." She was selecting her own avocados and having a casual conversation. "How's everything? How's Mr Stag?"

Of course, she didn't call him Mr Stag. She called my husband by his real name, but for this blog, I call him Mr Stag. Mr Stag is the man who now watches me fuck other men. The man who reclaims me afterwards, his cock sliding through another man's cum. The man who whispers in my ear that

I'm beautiful, that I'm perfect, that watching me with bulls makes him harder than he's ever been.

"He's great," I said. "Really great."

And he is. Our marriage has never been stronger. But Eleanor doesn't know that. She doesn't know what we do. What I am. She still sees the old me, the traditional wife, the woman who matched her in conventional respectability.

I was wearing the anklet. It's delicate, easy to miss under trousers, but it was there. A mark of ownership that isn't really ownership. A symbol of my transformation. I wondered if Eleanor would notice, if she'd known what it meant. If she'd look at me differently.

She didn't notice. We finished our small talk and went our separate ways. But I couldn't stop thinking about it for the rest of the day. The disconnect between who Eleanor thinks I am and who I actually am now.

That's the strangest part of this transition. The secret of it. Most people in my life have no idea I've changed. My family, most of my friends, my neighbours—they all still relate to me as the woman I used to be. Only a select few know the truth. Only Mr Stag and the men I fuck and the small community we've joined know who I really am now.

It's like living two lives. The public one and the private one. And the gap between them feels vast.

To you, in the mirror, and to all of you reading this, I love you for reading this, and don't forget, if you're going through this transition, feel free to reach out. I love hearing from my readers.

Minnie x

Chapter 7

The Christmas Party, Part 2

I should have felt jealous, watching Tyler kiss my wife and groping her tits. I should have felt angry. Instead, I was harder than I'd ever been in my life. I looked to my side to see Peter staring at Daisy too, his mouth open.

"This is crazy," he muttered, and I couldn't disagree with him.

Then Daisy pulled away. She was breathing hard, her chest heaving, her exposed breasts rising and falling. Tyler tried to pull her back, but she shook her head, laughing.

"The hot tub," she said, loud enough for me to hear. "I want to get in the hot tub."

She pulled her dress back up, covering her breasts, and made her way toward the house. She found her handbag where she'd left it on one of the garden chairs, dug out the white bikini, and disappeared inside.

Tyler stood on the dance floor, looking frustrated but amused. He caught my eye and shrugged, as if to say "almost."

A few minutes later, Daisy emerged from the house in her white bikini. The triangular cups barely contained her breasts, tied with thin strings at her neck and back. The bottoms were equally minimal, with string ties at her hips, the small triangle of fabric barely covering her pussy. She looked good. Really good. She ran across the patio, laughing, and vaulted into the hot tub with a splash. The water surged up, soaking Russel, who was sitting on the edge. Charlotte squealed with laughter. Frank grinned. Linda clapped.

Daisy surfaced, pushing her wet hair back from her face, her smile bright and uninhibited. She settled into the water between Frank and Charlotte, the jets churning around her.

“This is amazing!” she called out, her voice full of delight.

Tyler wasted no time stripping off his shirt and trousers, revealing he had trunks on beneath, and climbed in after her. The tub was getting crowded now, bodies pressed close together in the steaming water.

Morgan looked at me. “Are you going in?”

“I don’t know.”

“You should. Things are about to get interesting.”

She was right. I could see it in the way Tyler was positioning himself near Daisy, the way Frank was watching her with quiet interest. This was the moment. This was when it could happen. I set down my beer and went to find my swim shorts from Daisy’s handbag, then changed quickly in the downstairs bathroom, pulling them on with trembling hands.

When I returned to the garden, the hot tub still held six people. Frank and Linda sat on one side, his broad shoulders dominating the space. Russell had slid in now, sitting next to Charlotte. Tyler had positioned himself nearest to me as I approached, and Daisy was settling in beside him, the water churning around her.

Patterson stood near the hot tub, looking uncertain. He was still in his trousers and shirt, clearly not having brought swimwear. But as I watched, he kicked off his shoes and socks, rolled up his trouser legs and sat on the edge of the tub, dipping his feet in the water. His eyes were locked on Daisy, on her white bikini clinging to her body, on the water lapping at her breasts.

I climbed onto the edge of the tub on the opposite side, sitting with my feet dangling in the hot water. Close enough to be part of things, but separate, Dr Patterson and I bookending the scene, both observers in different ways.

Daisy smiled at me, her face flushed from the heat and the wine. Her white bikini was already soaked through, clinging to her breasts, the pink circles of her nipples visible through the thin fabric.

Tyler moved closer to her, close enough that their thighs touched underwater. Frank was directly across from them, his gaze steady and assessing. Linda, beside him, looked relaxed, comfortable. Charlotte and Russell watched with interest.

“This is perfect,” Charlotte said, stretching her arms above her head. “But you know what would make it better?”

She reached behind her back and untied her bikini top. The red fabric fell away, exposing her breasts. They were firm and full with pale pink nipples that hardened in the cool air above the water. She tossed the bikini top onto the patio with a laugh.

Patterson’s breath caught audibly.

Linda immediately followed suit, untying her black bikini top and discarding it over her shoulder. Her breasts were larger, her nipples dark, white tan lines visible from the cruise. “Much better,” she agreed.

The energy in the hot tub shifted immediately, and all eyes turned to Daisy.

“Your turn,” Charlotte said playfully.

Daisy laughed nervously, her arms crossing over her chest. “I think I need another drink first.”

“I’ll get drinks,” I said quickly, seizing the opportunity to do something useful. “What does everyone want?”

A chorus of orders came back. Wine for Daisy and the women, beers for the men. I climbed out of the hot tub, my feet squelching on the patio stones. Patterson remained where he was, feet still in the water, eyes still on Daisy.

I headed into the house. The kitchen was busy. Paul had Corinne bent over the counter, his hand up her skirt, Morgan watching with an amused smile. They barely noticed me as I gathered bottles and glasses, loading everything onto a tray. Upstairs, I could hear the unmistakable sounds of sex, rhythmic thumping and muffled moans.

When I returned to the garden, the tray loaded with drinks, the scene in the hot tub had changed. Daisy's white bikini top was gone, her breasts exposed, floating just beneath the surface of the churning water. She looked selfconscious but also exhilarated, her cheeks flushed pink.

Patterson smiled at me as I handed him a beer. "What did I miss?" I asked him.

"Just your wife going topless," he grinned, clinking bottles with Russell as I handed the drinks out. Frank had moved closer to Daisy. As I handed him his beer, he leaned in and said something quietly in her ear. Daisy bit her lip and nodded, and Frank's hand went around her shoulder, dipping down to cup her breast beneath the water, his thumb brushing over her nipple.

"The rest of the drinks," I announced, setting the tray down with the remaining glasses and bottles on the edge of the hot tub.

Linda climbed out partially to grab glasses, her naked, swinging breasts on full display. She handed wine to Daisy and Charlotte, and the last beer to Tyler. Then she turned to me with a mischievous smile.

"Get in properly, Jordan. Don't just sit on the edge like a spectator."

Before I could protest, she grabbed my arm and pulled me into the hot tub, almost taking the tray with me. I stumbled in with a splash, the warm water soaking me instantly. Linda pressed against me, her naked breasts against my chest, her hand finding my thigh under the water.

Russell, meanwhile, climbed out and took my place on the edge, sitting with his feet in the water, watching. His swim shorts were still on, but his semi-hard cock was obvious, hanging down the inside of his thigh. He looked pretty big, which surprised me. I'd pictured him as small because of his preference for watching. He sat near Dr Patterson, the two of them side by side, both observers now.

Tyler shifted position, moving directly beside Charlotte. His hand slid under the water, making her scream and then laugh. A moment later, he held his hand aloft, her red bikini bottoms hanging from his fingers triumphantly.

“Tyler!” she squealed, trying to grab them, but he held them out of reach.
“You’re so bad.”

“I’ll even things up,” he chuckled, throwing the red garment across the garden. Then he reached down and wriggled out of his swim shorts, tossing them aside too, before he settled back onto the seat. Charlotte giggled and immediately moved onto his lap, facing him, her legs straddling his thighs. The water hid the details, but the intimacy of the position was unmistakable.

Frank’s voice cut through the sound of the jets. “Isn’t this fun?”

The question was directed at Daisy, still tucked under his arm, her breast in his large hand. But she looked at me, a question in her eyes. I nodded, unable to speak.

“I’m having a great time,” she nodded, then took a sip from her wine. Frank watched her drink, then took the glass from her and placed it back on the tray. Then he guided her onto his lap, her back against his chest. His arms came around her waist, holding her close. His hands were both below the water. I wondered what he was doing.

“Is this okay?” Frank murmured in her ear, loud enough for those of us nearby to hear.

“Yes,” Daisy breathed.

The conversation continued, but it felt surreal. Linda was pressed against my side, her hand moving higher on my thigh, dangerously close to my cock. Russell sat on the edge above us, watching his wife on Tyler’s lap, the two of them talking quietly. Patterson sat beside him, silently observing, his eyes darting between Daisy and Charlotte. And Daisy was in Frank’s arms, his hands still hidden under the churning water.

“What about you, Jordan?” Linda asked conversationally, as if the situation were completely normal. “Are you enjoying yourself?”

“It’s... a lot,” I replied, aware that my voice was slightly unsteady. Frank’s hands were moving beneath the water.

“A lot? As in good or bad?” Linda’s hand slipped under the waistband of my swim shorts, her fingers wrapping around my cock. I tried not to react, but my hips jerked involuntarily.

“Good,” I said, my voice tight. “Definitely good.”

Frank’s hands were between Daisy’s thighs. I could just make out enough through the tumbling bubbles to see that much. Daisy’s eyes widened slightly, her breath catching.

Then I was distracted by Charlotte and Tyler. They were kissing now, deep and passionate, her hands on his shoulders, his hands below the water, near her backside. The water moved with them, rhythmic and deliberate. They were fucking. Right there in the hot tub, Charlotte riding Tyler while Russell and Patterson watched.

“You’re very hard,” Linda murmured to me, her hand stroking slowly beneath the water. “Does it turn you on, watching people fuck?”

“Yes,” I managed.

Daisy gasped suddenly, her back arching against Frank’s chest. Again, I could see the rough shape of his hands between her legs, probably beneath her bikini bottoms. She reached behind her, her hand disappearing underwater, clearly finding his cock.

“You’re very hard,” Daisy said to Frank, her voice breathy.

“I’ve been hard since you walked into this party in that pink dress,” Frank replied, his voice a low rumble.

I watched, mesmerised, as Frank’s hands moved underwater again, this time lifting Daisy up, so that her tits were on view to everyone for a moment, then lowered back down, and Daisy’s body suddenly went rigid. Her mouth opened in a loud gasp, her eyes finding mine across the tub.

“Frank,” she whispered.

What was happening? I could see the tension in Daisy’s body, the way she’d gone completely still, the way her breathing had changed. Frank’s hips shifted beneath her.

Daisy’s hands went to the edge of the tub, steadying herself, her knuckles white with tension. “Oh god.”

Had Frank pushed inside her?

Then Daisy moved suddenly, pulling forward, breaking the moment. She stood up in the hot tub, water streaming off her naked breasts, her breathing ragged.

“I need to get out,” she said, her voice shaky, quickly adjusting the bikini bottoms that were stuck to the soft skin of her pussy. “My skin’s turning wrinkly. I need to dry off with a drink.”

She climbed out of the hot tub, grabbed her bikini top from the edge and tied it back on with fumbling fingers. One of the large towels was draped over a nearby chair, and she wrapped it around herself against the cold December air, then she collected her wine glass from the tray.

“Jordan?” she said, not quite meeting my eyes.

“Coming.” Linda released my cock with a knowing smile, and I climbed out, water dripping from my swim shorts. Patterson watched us go, but didn’t move to follow us right away, probably giving us space to talk.

We walked across the patio and into the house. The party had died down a little. The living room was nearly empty, just the new couple finishing their drink, talking to Jake. The music was quieter now. Upstairs had gone silent.

Daisy headed straight for the downstairs bathroom where we’d both changed earlier. I followed her in and locked the door behind us.

She dropped the towel and stood there in her wet bikini, her body trembling. “He got his dick inside me,” she said quietly, staring at her

reflection in the mirror.

“I know.”

“He pulled my bikini bottoms to one side and fingered me. Then I felt his cock rubbing against my pussy, just rubbing, and I thought that was it, that’s all he’d do. But then he lifted me up and pushed it in.” She turned to look at me, her brown eyes wide. “It went in, Jordan. He was inside me.”

My cock was painfully hard. “Did it feel good?”

She nodded slowly. “Yes. He’s only a bit longer, but a lot thicker than you. The head is bigger. I thought it might not fit, for a moment.” Her hand moved to her stomach, as if she could still feel him there. “But it did. It was only for a minute, maybe two, but it was inside me.”

“You’ve had your first new cock.” I stepped closer, my hands finding her waist, a euphoric sense of excitement buzzing through me. “What do you want to do now?”

She leaned against me, her wet bikini top pressing against my chest. “I don’t know. I need a minute. I need to think.”

“We can go home. Right now. We can leave.”

“Do you want to leave?” she asked.

“I want what you want,” I replied, though that wasn’t the truth. I wanted to see her get fucked. We’d come this far. I didn’t want to go home without doing it properly. My cock throbbed in my wet shorts.

She was quiet for a moment, her forehead resting against my chest. Then she pulled back and started untying her bikini top. “Help me get dressed.”

I helped her out of the wet bikini, both pieces dropping to the bathroom floor. She stood there naked for a moment, goosebumps covering her skin. Her pussy looked the same as always, pink and perfect, but I knew another man’s cock had just been inside it.

She found her pink thong in her handbag and stepped into it, pulling it up. The pink bra followed. Then the tube dress, which she pulled on over her head, smoothing it down over her hips. She slipped her feet back into the pink heels.

I dried off quickly and pulled my jeans and shirt back on. When I was dressed, she turned to face me.

“I’ll finish my wine. Maybe have one more drink,” she said. “Then we’ll see what happens.”

“You want to stay?”

“I think so. Maybe. I don’t know.” She touched my face, her fingers trembling. “Frank started something. I think... I think I want to finish it.”

My cock throbbed again, almost painfully now. “Are you sure?”

“No. But I think I need to. I need to know what it’s like. All the way.” She kissed me, soft and lingering. “Is that okay?”

“Yes.”

We left the bathroom and headed into the kitchen. The house was still fairly quiet. Charlotte was refilling wine glasses at the counter, back in her red bikini, her body and hair damp from the hot tub.

“There you are,” she said warmly. “Is everything okay?”

“Fine,” Daisy said, taking a glass of wine gratefully. “I just needed to warm up a little.”

Charlotte smiled knowingly. “Of course.”

Through the patio doors, I could see the hot tub still bubbling. Linda and Tyler were still in it, joined again by Russell, their conversation drifting in through the open patio doors. Frank had climbed out and was standing near the fire pit, talking to Patterson, a towel wrapped around his waist. The bottom of Patterson’s trousers were soaked through, but he looked less

anxious than he had all night, smiling at whatever Frank was saying. The big man had a way of putting people at ease.

Daisy drank the remainder of her wine in one go, then picked up another glass recently refilled by Charlotte. Her hand was shaking slightly.

Frank noticed us through the window and caught Daisy's eye. He said something to Patterson, then headed toward the house. He walked through the patio doors, closing them behind him to keep the warmth in.

"Are you feeling better now?" he asked Daisy. "Less wrinkled?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"Good." He moved closer, his presence commanding without even having to try. Standing before Daisy, he towered over her, making her look tiny.

"I think we started something out there that we didn't finish," my wife said softly, surprising me in her boldness.

I saw Frank's eyes widen slightly. She'd caught him off guard, too. "Do you want to finish it? Properly? Upstairs?"

The question hung in the air. Charlotte busied herself at the counter, pretending not to listen but clearly interested. I stood frozen, my heart pounding.

Daisy looked at me. "Jordan?"

"It's your choice," I said. "But I think you know what I want."

She smiled gently at me, then turned back to Frank. "Yes. I want to finish it."

"Good." Frank's hand found hers. "Come on."

He led her toward the stairs. I followed automatically. Patterson appeared in the doorway from the patio, his eyes questioning. Frank glanced at him.

“Are you coming?” Frank asked. “You just told me you want to watch.”

Patterson’s eyes widened. “May I?”

“Ask her.”

Patterson looked at Daisy. “Would you... Would you mind? As we discussed, I’ll give you whatever help you need at university.”

Daisy hesitated, then nodded. “No. I don’t mind. Stand with Jordan.”

Then the four of us climbed the stairs in silence, anticipation hanging heavily in the air. Frank led us to one of the two guest bedrooms at the end of the hall. It was tastefully decorated, a large bed dominating the space, soft lighting from bedside lamps creating an intimate atmosphere. The curtains were drawn, shutting out the December night.

Frank closed the door behind us. Patterson and I stood near the wall, uncertain where to position ourselves. Frank paid us no attention. His focus was entirely on Daisy.

She stood in the middle of the room, her pink dress clinging to her body, her heels making her legs look impossibly long. She looked nervous but determined.

“Your cock felt good,” she murmured, suddenly shy. Her cheeks were a vivid red. “I want to know what it feels like properly.”

“Then come here,” Frank said. “And get it.”

She walked to him. He cupped her face in his hands and kissed her. Not rushed, not aggressive, but deep and thorough. Her hands came up to his chest, feeling his chest through his damp shirt. His tongue pushed between her lips, and she opened for him, kissing him back.

When he pulled back, Daisy was breathing hard.

“Undress for us,” Frank said.

She did. She found the top of her tube dress and peeled it down, slowly, revealing her pink bra, then her flat stomach, then her hips. Then she pushed the dress down to her thighs and let gravity take it the rest of the way. It pooled around her heels.

Daisy stepped out of it, now standing in just her pink lingerie and heels.

“Do a twirl for us. Slowly,” Frank commanded, and she did, turning 360 degrees, letting us all enjoy the view. “Now take off the rest.”

She reached behind her, fingers finding the clasp of her bra, unhooking it and letting it fall away. Her breasts came into view once again, pale and perfect, her nipples already hard.

“Beautiful,” Frank murmured. “Let me do the next part.”

He stepped closer, his hands moving to her hips, hooking into the sides of her pink thong. He pulled it down slowly, revealing the soft, smooth mound between her legs. She stepped out of the thong, now completely naked except for her pink heels.

Frank guided her to the bed. “Lie down.”

She did, lying back on the white duvet, her legs together, her arms at her sides. She looked vulnerable and beautiful and terrified.

Frank knelt at the foot of the bed. His hands found her knees and gently pushed them apart. For a moment, he just looked at her, lying there, totally exposed to all three men in the room. Her pussy looked perfect, just a soft, pink slit, glistening in the soft light.

Without warning, Frank leaned forward and put his mouth on her. He kept her thighs pushed open with large hands, immediately licking her slit, invading her with his tongue.

Daisy gasped, her back arching off the bed. Frank’s fingers parted her pussy, his mouth beginning to work her clit, slow and methodical. Daisy’s hands found his head, fingers tangling in his short, greying hair.

“Oh god,” she breathed. “Oh fuck. I did not expect this.”

Patterson stood against the wall, his hands clenched at his sides, his cock visibly hard in his trousers. I stood beside him, my own cock still throbbing, watching another man eat my wife’s pussy.

Frank worked her for what felt like hours but was probably only minutes. Daisy writhed on the bed, her hips grinding against his face, her moans getting louder, her hands going to her tits, kneading them hard. When she came, it was with a cry that must have carried through the whole house. Her thighs clamped around Frank’s head, her body convulsing.

When she finally relaxed, Frank stood. He unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it aside, revealing his broad chest, muscular and covered in short hair. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his trousers, and pushed them down along with his boxers, which clung to him damply for a moment.

His cock sprang free. It was thick and veiny, slightly longer than mine, the head pronounced and swollen, already leaking precum. It was maybe six and a half inches, not huge, but the girth was impressive. It looked rock hard, jutting out angrily in front of him.

Daisy stared at it, her chest heaving as Frank climbed onto the bed, positioning himself between her legs. He took his cock in his hand and rubbed the head against her pussy, coating it in her wetness. Daisy’s hips jerked at the contact.

“Ready?” Frank asked.

“Yes.”

I stepped closer, leaning against the bed for a better view. I wanted to see this. No. I needed to see this. The moment of penetration.

He pushed against her. The head stretched her entrance, then sank between her lips, which clung to his shaft as he slid deeper. Daisy’s mouth opened in a silent cry, her hands gripping the duvet beneath her. Frank kept pushing until he was fully seated, his hips flush against hers.

“Fuck,” Daisy breathed. “You’re so big. I feel... full.”

Frank held still for a moment, letting her adjust. Then he started to move. A slow, deliberate thrust, pulling almost all the way out before sliding back in. Daisy gasped, then her legs wrapped around his waist, her heels digging into his lower back, and she pulled him into her again.

Frank leaned over, settled his weight onto her, his body dwarfing my petite wife. He kissed her again, deep and possessive, and she kissed him back with desperate need. Her arms wrapped around his back, and he began to fuck her, his ass cheeks bunching as he pushed in.

“Go on,” Daisy moaned, “I can take you. Fuck me.”

Frank began to thrust into her, getting faster, harder, the bed starting to creak with the force. Daisy was moaning into his mouth as they kissed again, her fingernails raking down his back.

“Harder,” she gasped. “Do it harder. Don’t hold back. It feels good.”

Frank obliged. He braced himself on his forearms, putting some air between their bodies and slammed into her, each thrust driving her up the bed. The headboard banged against the wall. Daisy’s moans turned to screams. Her tits rocked back and forth with every hard pounding that he gave her.

“Yes! Fuck! Yes!”

Her body went rigid, her pussy clenching around Frank’s cock as she came again. Frank didn’t slow down, fucking her through her orgasm, chasing his own. For a few minutes, Patterson and I had the perfect view of his cock ramming in and out, coated in her wetness, her pussy lips clinging to his shaft with every stroke.

“Turn over,” Frank growled, finally slowing down.

Daisy’s breathing was ragged, her chest flushed pink from her orgasm, but she scrambled to obey, rolling onto her stomach. Frank pulled her hips up

so her ass was in the air, her face pressed into the duvet. He positioned himself behind her and thrust back in with one hard stroke.

Daisy screamed into the bed.

My wife's first lover grabbed her hips and fucked her doggy style, brutal and relentless. His balls made wet slapping sounds against her pussy as he pounded into her powerfully. Daisy's hands clawed at the duvet, her whole body shaking with each impact.

"Fuck yes," Frank grunted. "Take it. Take my cock."

"I'm taking it," Daisy sobbed. "I'm taking your cock. Oh God, I'm coming again."

She came with a wail, her whole body convulsing. Frank kept fucking her, harder and faster, his own orgasm approaching. His hands tightened on her hips, his thrusts becoming erratic.

"Where do you want it?" he asked, his voice strained.

"Inside," Daisy gasped. "Come inside me. Fill me up. I'm on the pill. Just do it."

Frank slammed into her one last time and held still, his cock buried deep inside her pussy as he came. I could see his balls clench, his ass cheeks tighten as he emptied himself into my wife. His body shuddered for a full minute, his fingers digging into her hips.

When he finally pulled out, his cum flooded from Daisy's pussy, running down her thigh in a thick, white stream. She collapsed onto the bed, boneless and lay there, still for a long moment, her breathing ragged.

Frank stood, his cock still semi-hard, glistening with their combined juices. He pulled his boxers and trousers back on, then his shirt.

"Thank you," he said simply. "You were incredible. That pussy is so fucking tight, it was pure heaven to fuck."

Daisy didn't respond. She just lay there, still trying to get her breath back, naked except for her heels, used, leaking cum from her ravaged pussy.

"I'll let you have a moment," Frank said, clapping me on the shoulder with a heavy hand and grinning, then left the room, closing the door behind him.

Patterson stood frozen against the wall, his face flushed, a wet spot visible on the front of his trousers. Had he cum in his pants while watching?

I sat on the edge of the bed. "Daisy? Are you okay?"

Daisy looked up at me with glazed eyes. "Jordan," she whispered.

"I'm here."

"I need you. Please. I need you inside me."

I climbed onto the bed beside Daisy. She rolled onto her back, legs spread wide, Frank's cum smeared all over her pussy. Her pink heels were still on her feet. Her makeup was smudged, her hair a mess, but she'd never looked more beautiful to me.

"Please," she whispered again. "I need you."

I unbuckled my belt and pushed my jeans and boxers down, freeing my cock. I was painfully hard, like I had been for the past hour or longer. I positioned myself between her legs, my cock pressing against her entrance. The tip went straight in with zero resistance. She was soaked, stretched out, gaping and filled with another man's cum.

I pushed inside easily. She was hot and wet and loose around me, not the tight grip I was used to. Frank had opened her up, claimed her first. But she wrapped her legs around me anyway, pulling me deep.

"I love you," she said, her brown eyes finding mine. "Only you. Always you."

"I love you too."

“Still?”

I nodded.

“Even though I’m a slut?”

“Yes.”

“Then fuck me.”

I started to move, slow at first, then faster. The sensation was different. Wetter, slicker, easier. Frank’s cum provided lubrication, making everything slide effortlessly. I could feel it coating my cock, the coolness of it, mixing with Daisy’s own wetness and the heat inside her.

She pulled me close, clung to me, her nails digging into my back through my shirt. “Kiss me.”

I kissed her. She smelled of Frank’s aftershave and tasted of wine. My hips drove forward harder, fucking her into the mattress. The bed creaked beneath us, the same sounds it had made when Frank was taking her.

Patterson was still against the wall, watching. His hands were at his sides now, his breathing controlled, but his eyes were locked on us. On Daisy’s breasts bouncing with each thrust, on my cock sliding in and out of her used pussy.

“You feel so good,” Daisy moaned. “Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

I fucked her harder. My cock was sliding through Frank’s cum, pushing it deeper inside her. The wet sounds filled the room, obscene and perfect. Daisy’s pussy made squelching noises with each thrust, the evidence of what she’d done impossible to ignore.

Daisy’s head turned toward Patterson. “Peter,” she gasped. “Come here.”

Patterson’s eyes widened. “I... what?”

“Come here. Get your dick out.”

“Daisy, I...” His face flushed deeper. “I already came. In my trousers. Watching you with Frank. It’s embarrassing.”

“I don’t care.” She reached out her hand toward him. “Come here anyway. I want to suck you.”

Patterson stood frozen for a moment, then slowly pushed himself off the wall. He walked to the bed, his movements uncertain. His hands went to his belt, fumbling with the buckle. He unbuttoned his trousers and pushed them down along with his boxers.

His cock hung there, flaccid and glistening with his own cum. It was decently sized, even soft, maybe five inches and circumcised, the tip still sticky. A wet patch stained his boxers where he’d come watching Frank fuck my wife.

Daisy reached out and wrapped her hand around his soft cock. Patterson gasped at the contact. She stroked him slowly, coaxing him back to life while I continued fucking her, my rhythm never breaking.

“That’s it,” Daisy murmured. “Get hard for me, Peter.”

She leaned forward and took him in her mouth. Her lips wrapped around his soft cock, her tongue working the sensitive head. Patterson’s hands drifted to her blonde hair, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

I watched, mesmerised, as my wife sucked her professor’s cock while I fucked her pussy filled with another man’s cum. Patterson responded to her attention, growing harder with each stroke of her tongue. Within a few minutes, he was erect, maybe seven inches now, not as rock hard as he could be, but hard enough for Daisy to enjoy sucking on.

She worked him expertly, her head bobbing, taking him deep into her throat. Patterson’s eyes rolled back, his hips beginning to thrust involuntarily.

“Oh god,” he moaned. “Daisy, I’m going to... I can’t...”

She didn't pull away. She took him deeper, her hand cupping his balls, encouraging him. Patterson came with a strangled cry, his cock pulsing in her mouth. Daisy swallowed, her throat working, taking everything he gave her.

The sight pushed me over the edge. "I'm going to cum," I gasped.

"Yes," Daisy said, releasing Patterson's cock from her mouth. "Come inside me. Fill me up more. I want both of you inside me."

That did it. The idea of my cum mixing with Frank's, reclaiming her, my wife, with Patterson's cum in her stomach and Frank's in her pussy, pushed me over the edge. I slammed into her one last time and came hard, my cock pulsing, adding my cum to the mess already inside her.

When I finally stopped shaking, I collapsed on top of her. She held me close, her legs still wrapped around me, keeping me inside her.

"I love you," she whispered in my ear. "That will never change. Never."

"I know."

We lay there for a long moment, my cock softening inside her, our combined fluids leaking out around me. Patterson stood beside the bed, pulling his boxers and trousers back up, his face flushed with shame and satisfaction.

"That was... unexpected," he said, making both Daisy and me laugh at his awkwardness. He grinned back at the pair of us.

Then there was a knock at the door.

"Can I come in?" Linda said, cheerful and unconcerned.

Daisy laughed weakly. "Yes."

I pulled out and rolled off her. My cock was slick with cum, both mine and Frank's. Daisy lay there with her legs still spread, too exhausted to close

them or care about modesty. Cum ran out of her pussy, soaking into the white duvet beneath her.

Linda opened the door and walked in, carrying two small wrapped boxes. She was dressed again, her hair still damp from the hot tub. She glanced at Patterson tucking his shirt back in, then at me standing beside the bed with my cock out, then at Daisy spread-eagled and dripping.

“It looks like you had fun,” Linda said with a grin. “Everyone wanted to come and watch Frank fuck you, but I told them to give you some privacy on your first time.”

“Everyone knows?” Daisy asked, finally closing her legs and pushing herself to a sitting position.

“We heard everything. You were very vocal.” Linda pointed towards the windows. “The curtains are closed, but the windows are open. Everyone in the garden got quite the earful.”

“Oh, shit,” I cursed quietly. “I guess it’s too late to ask Frank to keep this between us, then?”

“Way too late,” Linda chuckled. “Anyway, Kendall made me promise to give you your Secret Santa gifts when the time was right. Which is now.”

She handed one box to Daisy, who took it, still not bothering to cover up. Her hands were still shaky as she opened it. Inside was a delicate silver anklet with a small charm dangling from it. A key.

“That’s from all of us,” Linda explained. “It’s tradition, after you’ve first had sex with one of us. You’ve earned it, Daisy. Welcome to the Neighbourhood Watch properly.”

Daisy held it up, the silver catching the light. “It’s beautiful.”

“Here, let me.” Linda took the anklet and fastened it around Daisy’s left ankle, just above her pink high-heel shoe. It sat there perfectly, delicate and meaningful. A mark of what had happened. Of what Daisy had become.

Linda turned to me and handed me the second box. “And this is your Secret Santa.”

I unwrapped it. Inside was a Polaroid camera, the modern version of the old-fashioned kind that spits out instant photos. And a pack of film.

“For taking photos without leaving digital traces,” Linda said simply. “You’ll want memories. Trust me. Take pictures always. You’ll treasure them.”

I stared at the camera, understanding what she meant. Physical photos of being in the lifestyle were less risky than those that could be shared on the internet.

“Thank you,” I managed.

“Thank your Secret Santa.” Linda looked at Daisy again, sprawled on the bed with cum leaking from her pussy, the anklet glinting on her ankle. “Frank says you were a good fuck, and he doesn’t compliment everyone, so that is high praise indeed. You’re a lucky man, Jordan.”

She left, closing the door behind her.

Daisy looked at me, then at the camera in my hands. “Will you take a picture? I want to remember this. How I look right now.”

My hands were shaking as I loaded the film. Patterson had stepped back slightly, trying to make himself invisible. I raised the camera.

Daisy lay back on the bed, her legs spreading, her pink heels pointing toward the ceiling. The anklet caught the light. Cum glistened on her inner thighs, her pussy swollen and used. Her breasts were flushed from her orgasms, and her hair was a mess, her makeup smudged, but she was smiling. Sated. Beautiful.

I pressed the button. The flash went off. The camera whirled and spat out a photo.

I set the camera down and watched as the image slowly developed. Daisy climbed off the bed, walking to me on unsteady legs. We watched together as the picture materialised.

There she was. My wife. A hotwife now. Marked and claimed and perfect.

Patterson cleared his throat. "I should go," he said quietly. "Let you talk. But... Thank you. Both of you. This has been... one of the most exciting nights of my life. I'll speak to you at university, Daisy."

He left through the bedroom door, so that Daisy and I were alone. She looked up at me, the anklet on her ankle, still naked apart from the pink heels.

"Are you okay?" she asked nervously.

I pulled her close, kissing her forehead. "I've never been happier. Are you?"

"Yes." She pressed against me. "That was everything I'd hoped for. And more."

We stood there for a long moment, holding each other in Russell and Charlotte's guest bedroom, our old life behind us, our new life just beginning.

Then we heard voices downstairs. The party wasn't over, by the sounds of it. But first, we needed to clean up and get dressed. Then we could fully process what had just happened.

Daisy found tissues on the bedside table and cleaned herself up as best she could. She pulled her pink thong back on, though it would be soaked through in minutes. The bra followed, then the tube dress. She smoothed it down over her hips and slipped her feet back into her heels. The anklet stayed on. She touched it, smiling.

"Ready to go back downstairs?" I asked.

"Almost." She picked up the Polaroid camera and handed it to me. "Take one more. Of me dressed. With the anklet showing."

I did. She posed with one leg slightly forward, showing off the anklet above her pink heel. The picture developed, showing my wife in her party dress, freshly fucked, marked as a hotwife. Perfect.

We headed downstairs to find the kitchen still busy. Tyler and Morgan stood near the counter, drinks in hand. Frank and Linda were by the sink, Frank's arm around his wife's waist. Alex leaned against the doorframe, talking to James and Emma. A few others were visible through the patio doors, still out in the garden by the fire pit.

And there, near the kitchen island, stood Kelly, who'd finally arrived. She looked radiant in a deep blue dress that showed off her curves, her auburn hair falling in waves around her shoulders. She was laughing at something, her hand resting on the arm of the man beside her.

He was tall, well over six feet, and black, with a commanding presence that drew the eye. He looked to be in his fifties, distinguished, with close-cropped hair greying at the temples and a neatly trimmed beard.

Kelly saw us first. "Daisy! Jordan! There you are!" She crossed the kitchen and hugged Daisy warmly. "I'm so sorry we're late. Traffic was a nightmare coming from London. How are you? Have you had a good time?"

"Yes," Daisy said, her voice bright. "It's been... quite a night."

Morgan laughed. "I'll say. We could hear you upstairs, darling. It sounded like Frank showed you a very good time."

Daisy's cheeks flushed pink, but she was smiling. "He did."

Linda noticed the anklet immediately. "Oh, you're wearing it already. It looks perfect on you."

Daisy lifted her foot slightly, showing off the silver anklet above her pink heel. "Thank you. I love it."

Tyler raised his beer. "To Daisy. Welcome to our little club."

"To Daisy," the others echoed.

Kelly pulled her boyfriend forward. “I haven’t introduced my new man yet. Everyone, this is Kelvin. Kelvin, this is... well, everyone.” She laughed. “I’ve been seeing him for a few months now. He’s wonderful. I wanted you all to meet him.”

“It’s nice to meet you all,” Kelvin said. His voice was deep and smooth, with a slight London accent. He shook hands with Tyler, then Frank, nodding politely to the women.

Then his eyes landed on Daisy.

His expression changed. The polite smile faltered. His eyebrows drew together, a frown creasing his forehead. He stared at her, his gaze intense, searching.

Daisy had gone completely still beside me. Her hand tightened around mine, her fingers suddenly cold. The colour had drained from her face.

“Daisy?” Morgan asked, noticing. “Are you alright?”

“I...” Daisy’s voice was barely audible. She cleared her throat, forcing brightness back into her tone, but it sounded hollow. “Yes. Sorry. I’m fine. It’s just... It’s been a long night.”

Kelly was oblivious, still beaming. “I’ve been telling Kelvin about the Rise. He’s heard of communities like this in London. He’s got some experience in the lifestyle.”

Kelvin was still staring at Daisy, not with recognition exactly, but with something close to it. As if he was trying to place her, but couldn’t quite manage it.

Daisy took a step back, her hand pulling me with her. “Actually, Jordan and I need to get going.”

“Already?” Charlotte appeared from the living room. “You don’t have to leave yet. The night’s still young.”

“I know, and thank you so much for tonight. Really. It’s been amazing.” Daisy’s words came quickly, tumbling over each other. “But I’m exhausted. Overwhelmed. I just... I need to go home now and spend some time with Jordan to process everything.”

I nodded, picking up on her distress even if I didn’t understand it. “Yeah. It’s been a big night. We need to have some ‘us time’ now.”

Morgan stepped forward, her expression understanding. “Of course, darling. That’s completely normal. The first time is a lot. If you need to talk tomorrow, Linda and I are here.”

“Thank you,” Daisy said. She was already moving toward the hallway where our coats were hung. “Charlotte, Russell, thank you for hosting. It was wonderful. Really.”

“Our pleasure,” Russell said, appearing from somewhere. “You were the star of the night, Daisy.”

Daisy managed a weak smile. She found her coat and pulled it on with shaking hands. I grabbed mine and her bag. The Polaroid camera was safely tucked inside Daisy’s handbag along with the photos we’d taken.

Linda hugged her. “Call me tomorrow if you need anything.”

“I will.”

We made our way to the front door. Kelvin was still in the kitchen, watching Daisy leave, that frown still on his face. Kelly was chatting happily with Morgan, oblivious to the tension.

The cold December air hit us as we stepped outside. Daisy immediately started walking fast, almost running, her heels clicking rapidly on the pavement. I followed, confused.

“Daisy, what’s wrong?”

She didn’t answer until we were back at our own front door, fumbling with her keys. Her hands were shaking so badly that she dropped them. I picked

them up and unlocked the door, ushering her inside.

She leaned against the wall in the hallway, her coat still on, her breathing rapid.

“Daisy. What happened? Talk to me.”

She looked at me, her brown eyes wide with shock. “It’s Kelvin.”

“Okay. Kelly’s boyfriend. What about him?”

“Jordan.” Her voice was barely a whisper. “That’s Kelvin. The Kelvin.”

I stared at her, not understanding. “What do you mean, the Kelvin?”

“The man I walked in on.” Her voice broke. “All those years ago. The black man who was fucking my mother. That’s him. That’s Kelvin.”

The words hung in the air between us.

The man who had destroyed Daisy’s childhood. The man whose face had haunted her for years. The man who represented everything she feared about her mother’s lifestyle, about infidelity, about losing herself.

He was here. On the Rise. With Kelly.

And now he knew that Daisy wasn’t so different from her mother.

AFTER THE EVENT

An Excerpt from Chapter 7 of The Husband’s Guide to Wife Sharing

The moments and hours following your wife’s first encounter with another man are among the most important in your journey together. How you handle this period will significantly impact her emotional well-being and the future of your arrangement.

Immediate Aftercare (First Hour)

Your wife has just experienced something profound and potentially overwhelming. Regardless of how enthusiastic she was beforehand, she will likely be processing complex emotions: exhilaration, guilt, vulnerability, confusion, and everything in between.

Physical reassurance is paramount. Hold her. Touch her. Be physically present. Many wives report feeling emotionally raw and needing the grounding presence of their husbands immediately after.

Verbal affirmation matters more than you think. Tell her:

- “I love you”
- “You were beautiful”
- “I’m so proud of you”
- “You’re still mine”
- “We’re still us”

Avoid asking detailed questions immediately. She may not be ready to process or articulate what just happened. Let her lead the conversation.

Reclaiming intimacy is often beneficial. Many couples report that having sex immediately after her encounter creates a powerful bonding experience. This isn’t about erasing what happened, it’s about affirming your connection.

The Next 24 Hours

The day after is often more emotionally volatile than the night itself. Reality sets in. The enormity of what she’s done becomes clear. This is when doubt, guilt, and fear are most likely to surface.

Be available. Clear your schedule if possible. Stay home with her. Be present, emotionally and physically.

Check in frequently. “How are you feeling?” “What do you need?” “Do you want to talk about it?” These simple questions signal that you’re attuned to her emotional state.

Normalise her feelings. Whatever she’s experiencing, guilt, excitement, shame, desire for more, validate it. “It’s completely normal to feel that way” is a powerful statement. Many wives fear their emotional response means something is wrong with them or with your relationship. Reassure her that complicated feelings are expected and healthy.

Don’t pressure her to repeat the experience. Even if the encounter went beautifully, even if she seemed to love it, don’t immediately start planning the next one. Give her space to process. Let her decide when (and if) she wants to do it again.

Maintain routine. Do normal couple things. Watch television together. Cook a meal. Go for a walk. These mundane activities ground her, reminding her that your relationship hasn’t fundamentally altered despite this new dimension.

What NOT to Say

Certain phrases, however well-intentioned, can be deeply damaging in these vulnerable hours:

- “Did you like his cock better than mine?” (feeds insecurity rather than addressing it)
- “I can’t believe you actually did it” (implies judgment or surprise at her “capacity” for this)
- “You were like a different person” (suggests she became someone unrecognisable, which can be frightening)
- “So when can we do it again?” (dismisses the magnitude of what just happened)

Remember: You’re a Team

Your wife has just done something incredibly brave and vulnerable. She's exposed herself, physically, emotionally, psychologically, in ways that required immense trust in you and your relationship.

Honour that trust. Protect her. Support her. Love her.

The aftercare you provide in these critical hours will shape not only her experience of the lifestyle but the strength and resilience of your marriage going forward.

Do not underestimate its importance, and most of all, let her know how much you enjoyed it.

Chapter 8

Dinner With The In-Laws

The turkey was perfect. Golden brown, crispy skin, the meat thermometer reading exactly 165 degrees Fahrenheit. I pulled it from the oven at seven in the morning, the house still dark and quiet, and set it on the counter to rest.

I'd been up since five, unable to sleep properly. Ever since the Christmas party, I'd been constantly thinking about what happened. Daisy in the hot tub with Frank, the moment she'd been penetrated by another man for the first time. Charlotte telling me that Russell wanting me to fuck her. Then Frank and Daisy in the bedroom, the way he fucked her, hard and raw, Dr Patterson watching alongside me. And then Kelvin, frowning, staring at Daisy like he was trying to place her face.

I'd followed the Husband's Guide to the letter over the last two days. I'd given Daisy as much physical reassurance as I could, cuddling, kissing, making love to her. I'd ensured to give her verbal assurances too, telling her I loved her, that she was beautiful, that nothing between us had changed. And I checked in frequently about how she was feeling.

It had worked. Daisy had processed everything well. The initial vulnerability had shifted into confidence, then excitement. We'd talked openly about Frank, about how different it had felt, and the honesty between us had made everything easier.

The reclaiming sex had been intense. Each time we'd made love since the party felt different, like we were more connected somehow. It had been good. Really good. Everything the Guide said it would be.

Linda, Morgan and even Kendall had stopped by in the days after the party, checking that everything was fine and that we'd enjoyed ourselves. Weirdly, I felt closer to them now. Obviously, the sex between Kendall and me had bonded us, but just being so open in front of Linda and Morgan had created the same type of closeness. Daisy reported feeling the same.

We hadn't heard from Kelly since the party, which was probably a good thing, as it allowed us to avoid any potentially awkward conversations about Kelvin and his links to Daisy's past. Maybe he hadn't recognised her. Maybe we'd dodged it entirely.

I turned my attention to the potatoes, peeling them methodically. The broccoli, carrots and brussels sprouts were already prepped. I liked to be organised and have everything on schedule.

I heard footsteps on the stairs and turned to see Daisy appear in the kitchen doorway in her fluffy white dressing gown, her blonde hair messy from sleep. She stretched, pulling the hem of the gown high enough to see her thighs.

"You're up early," she said.

"I couldn't sleep, so I thought I might as well get a head start on things."

She crossed to me and wrapped her arms around my waist from behind. "You didn't have to do it all yourself."

"I wanted to. Besides, you've got enough to deal with today."

"Urgh." She tensed slightly. "Don't remind me."

Today was the family Christmas dinner. Daisy's mother, Diane, was coming along with her latest boyfriend. Her father, Mark, would be there too, and then there was Will, Daisy's younger brother. I had no idea what the group's dynamics would be like. I'd met them all, but always separately. Never in a family group like this. How awkward would it be?

"It'll be fine," I said. "We get through it, do the usual Christmas stuff, and they go home. Easy."

"Easy," she repeated, unconvinced. "Apart from Mum and Dad being in the same room with her latest boyfriend there. And Will being weird about everything like he always is. Simple."

I laughed despite myself. Diane's taste in men tended to skew younger. It always had, apparently. It was one of the things that had destroyed her marriage, not just the cheating, but the pattern of it. The younger men. The lack of discretion. The way she'd paraded them in front of Mark and the two kids.

And now Daisy had slept with another man. It was different, our arrangement was consensual, discussed beforehand, and we had rules, but the surface similarities weren't lost on us. Especially not today, with Diane about to walk through our door.

"At least your dad isn't bringing his girlfriend. That would make it even worse, right?"

"There is that, I guess." Daisy leaned into me and sighed dramatically.

"They're all arriving at noon. They're all bringing wine, so at least if it's unbearable, I can just get drunk."

I glanced at the clock. Half past seven. We had plenty of time to get everything ready.

"Go back to bed," I said. "I'll wake you when I need help."

But Daisy didn't move. Instead, she pressed closer, her hand sliding down my stomach. "Why don't you come with me?"

"I've got to finish the potatoes."

"The potatoes can wait. You've done everything you need to do. Stop worrying."

"I'm not worrying. I'm being a good husband and being organised."

"Jordan." Her voice dropped lower. "I'm horny."

That got my attention. I turned to look at her. She smiled, biting her lower lip.

“The turkey’s resting,” she said. “Everything else is prepped. We’ve got hours before anyone arrives. Come back to bed. That’s an order, not a request.”

I hesitated for approximately half a second before turning off the tap and wiping my hands on the tea towel. Daisy laughed and headed for the stairs, discarding the dressing gown as she went. She was naked beneath. I laughed and followed her up.

The doorbell rang at eleven fifty-five. Early. Of course they were early.

I smoothed down my shirt and opened the door. Mark stood on the doorstep with Will beside him. Mark was in his early fifties, with grey hair neatly trimmed, wearing an outrageously bad Christmas jumper and jeans. He looked slightly nervous but smiled when he saw me.

“Jordan. Good to see you.”

“Mark. Come in. Will.”

Will nodded at me, not quite making eye contact. He had the same blond hair as Daisy, but none of her warmth. He stepped inside without a word, already looking uncomfortable.

“How was the traffic?” I made conversation as I closed the door behind them.

“Not bad,” Mark said, handing me a bottle of wine, then wiping his boots on the doormat before kicking them off. “I thought we might be late, but we made good time.”

“Daisy’s just finishing up in the kitchen. Go through to the living room. I’ll let her know you’re here.”

They headed down the hallway, and I stepped into the kitchen. Daisy was getting the plates and wine glasses out and looked up as she saw me.

“Are they here?”

“Just your dad and Will,” I nodded.

She put the glasses and crockery on the table, then came over and kissed me softly on the lips. “Let’s do this. Remember, best behaviour, and if that doesn’t work, we get drunk.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I laughed.

When we went through, Mark had settled into the armchair, already flicking through the TV channels with the remote while Will stood awkwardly by the fireplace, hands in his pockets. Daisy crossed to Mark and kissed his cheek, then nodded at her brother.

“You look well, love,” Mark said. “The house looks great. I love what you’ve done with it.”

“Thanks. How was the drive?”

“Not bad. What time’s your mother arriving?”

The doorbell rang again. I glanced at Daisy. She took a breath.

“I’d say around... now?” she answered her father’s question.

I opened the door. Diane stood on the step in a long coat, her long blonde hair perfectly styled, and her makeup immaculate. She looked younger than her years, late forties, but she could pass for mid-thirties. Behind her stood a man, at least a decade younger than her. He was black, with very dark skin, well-built, wearing a leather jacket and dark jeans, and nodded at me in a friendly manner.

“Jordan, darling.” Diane kissed both my cheeks, probably leaving lipstick marks. “It’s so lovely to see you. This is Freddie, my boyfriend.”

“Freddie. Hi. Please, come in, both of you.”

Diane swept past me, her musky perfume lingering in the air. Freddie shook my hand as he stepped inside, his grip firm. “Nice to meet you, Jordan. Nice place you got here.”

“Thanks.”

Diane strutted into the living room on her four-inch heels, handing Daisy two bottles of wine—expensive ones, judging by the labels—that she produced from her bag, and immediately eyed the room, her gaze sweeping from one side to the other, appraising everything while seeming to ignore her ex-husband.

“Diane. You’re looking well.”

“Mark,” she nodded, her brown eyes resting on him finally. “You’re looking... old.”

“Well, this is going to be fun.” Will grinned at me, then walked over to his mother, kissing her on the cheek. “Hi, mum.”

Daisy followed her brother in giving her mother a hug and a kiss. Diane had already removed her coat, revealing a rich brown dress that hugged her curvy figure. She looked good and knew it. Daisy took the coat, collected Freddie’s and picked up the coats that her father and brother had discarded over the backs of the chairs.

“Everyone, this is Freddie,” Diane announced. “Freddie, that’s my ex-husband Mark, my useless son, Will, and you’ve met Jordan. Where’s my daughter gone?”

“I’m in the hallway,” Daisy called. “Just hanging the coats up.”

“I’ll help.” Diane disappeared before anyone could stop her.

Freddie looked around the room. “So, Mark, I hope this isn’t too awkward for you.”

Mark laughed despite himself. “It is a bit, but it’s fine. Diane and I have been divorced for years.”

“But she told me you two still get on all right, yes?”

“Hmm... that depends on the day,” Mark said. “And how much she’s had to drink.”

“That’s fair.” Freddie grinned and dropped onto the sofa, completely at ease. “She said you’ve got a lady friend. Is she coming?”

“No. I thought things were probably going to be complicated enough.” Mark looked up at me and winked. “And I didn’t want to make Jordan and Daisy’s day any harder than it had to be.”

“Probably smart,” Freddie nodded.

I opened the wine and poured a couple of glasses, handing one to Freddie and Mark. Will shook his head when I offered him a glass, finally moving from his corner to sit in the other armchair, pulling out his phone, while the other two men made conversation.

Dinner was less awkward than I’d expected. The wine certainly helped. Diane held court at one end of the table, telling stories about her recent holiday in Portugal with Freddie. who added details she had left out, his hand occasionally resting affectionately on hers. Mark sat at the other end, making dry comments along the way that made Daisy laugh as if she was clearly on her father’s side through the meal. Meanwhile, Will picked at his food and said almost nothing.

“This turkey is perfect, Jordan,” Diane said. “You’re a wonderful cook. Daisy, you’re a lucky lady having a modern husband like this.”

“He cooks, cleans, looks after me,” Daisy said. “I’m blessed with the best man on earth.”

Her eyes met mine, and she smiled, pride radiating from her.

“A man who cooks and cooks well,” Diane mused, her gaze drifting from me to her ex-husband. “Mark never cooked, did you?”

“I did,” Mark said, “Sometimes. I used to make toast for you in the morning.”

“Burnt toast.”

“I preferred to call it well-done.”

Everyone laughed, but there was still a weird tension in the room. It was almost as if Daisy was trying to put her husband down at times, and yet it felt like there was still some affection between them.

“So, Daisy,” Diane continued. “How’s the PhD going? What is it you’re studying again?”

Daisy rolled her eyes at her father, as if unsurprised that her mother didn’t even know what she was doing. “It’s a Master’s, not a PhD, but it’s going well. On track to finish next year.”

“And you’re still enjoying it?”

“Most days.”

“That’s good. You always were the clever one.” Diane glanced at Will.

“Unlike some people.”

“Leave him alone,” Mark said mildly.

“I’m just saying. Will could’ve gone to university if he’d applied himself.”

Will finally looked up from his plate. “I’ve got a job. I’m doing fine.”

“Fine isn’t great, darling.”

“Diane,” Mark warned.

She waved a hand. “Alright, alright. I’m just proud of Daisy, that’s all. PhD, lovely house, lovely husband. You’ve done well for yourself.”

“Masters,” Daisy repeated, smiling tightly. “But thanks, Mum.”

The conversation moved on. Freddie asked about the neighbourhood, about the Rise, and whether we liked living here. I kept my answers vague. Daisy

did the same. The last thing we needed was to get into the details of anything that might spark Diane's interest.

After the main course was done, everyone nursing full bellies with Christmas party hats on their heads, I headed into the kitchen to begin the clean-up operation. As I was putting the plates into the dishwasher, Daisy entered, followed by Will. I was loading the dishwasher when I heard him speak quietly, the two of them close together at the far end of the room.

"So... Elia told me."

I paused, plate in hand, but didn't turn around, so they wouldn't know I could hear. Daisy's voice was careful as she replied. "Told you what?"

"About you and Spencer."

There was a silence. I continued stacking the plates, acting as normally as I could.

"What about me and Spencer?"

"Don't act dumb, Daisy. You heard mum, I'm supposed to be the dumb one."

I stood, putting the glasses into the sink and turning on the hot tap to fill it.

"I didn't know you two were that close," Daisy said finally.

"We're not. But we stay in touch, and we ran into each other last week in the pub."

I turned, looking over my shoulder at Daisy. She and Will were standing close together, keeping their voices hushed. She didn't look my way.

"We've slept together a few times, actually," Will continued explaining. "I was seeing her friend, remember? Lucy?"

Another pause. "Right."

“Spencer and I swapped girlfriends. I know what they’re into, Daisy. I’ve known for a while. She said you and Spencer hooked up at some dogging spot. That you and Jordan have some kind of arrangement.”

“Will—”

“I’m not judging. I don’t care what you do. I just thought you should know that people talk.”

“Does Dad know?”

“Of course he doesn’t know. I’m not telling him or anyone else. That’s your business.”

“Thanks.”

“Yeah. Just be careful, alright? People aren’t always discreet.”

He walked back into the dining room. Daisy stayed in the kitchen for a moment, then followed. I tried to catch her eye as she left, but she was too deep in her own thoughts. I wondered if they’d even seen me there. Will and Elia? I didn’t see them coming. How entangled was their goddamn family? No wonder Daisy was the way she was. I finished loading the dishwasher and brought out dessert, the trifle I’d made the night before, the prepared modern husband.

By nine o’clock, everyone apart from me and Will were drunk. Mark was telling a story about a disastrous camping trip he’d taken Daisy and Will on when they were kids. Diane was laughing, leaning against Freddie. Despite not partaking in the wine being passed around, Will had finally loosened up and was smiling. The tension from earlier had dissolved since he’d gotten the knowledge of Daisy and Spencer off his chest.

“Do you remember,” Diane said, “when we went to Cornwall that summer? And Will fell into that rockpool?”

“I was five,” Will protested.

“You were screaming like you were going to drown in six inches of water, or that the crabs were going to eat you. Mark had run over and carry you out.”

“The crabs were massive.”

“They were tiny.”

Mark grinned. “You were terrified of them for years after that.”

“I still am, actually,” Will finished, with a rueful grin.

Everyone laughed. Freddie refilled the wine glasses. Diane’s hand was on his thigh now, higher than before. Mark noticed but said nothing, just sipped his wine.

“You know,” Diane said, her voice slightly slurred, “I do miss you sometimes, Mark.”

Her ex-husband gazed at her in the dim light of the living room lamp. “Even though... You know what?”

“Well, yes, we do see each other from time to time,” Diane shrugged. “But you know what I mean. The good times we had.”

“Wait...” Daisy frowned at her parents, eyes switching from one to the other. “I thought you said you hadn’t seen each other for ages.”

“Oh, Daisy.” Diane adjusted the neckline of her dress, pulling it slightly lower. “Mark and I still get together sometimes. But just for sex.”

Daisy choked on her drink, red wine splashing across the table. “What?”

“Oh, don’t look so shocked, darling. We’re adults. Mark has needs. I tend to them for him.”

“Diane—” Mark started.

“What? It’s true. We’re not together, but we’re not enemies either. Sometimes we scratch an itch. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

All eyes turned to Freddie, but she merely shrugged. He didn’t look surprised as he turned to Daisy. “She told me. I don’t mind. Mark has a specific... kink and only Diane can satisfy it. I’m cool with it. “

“This fucking family...” Will stood up abruptly. “I’m going outside for a cigarette.”

He left. Mark rubbed his face. “Did you need to bring that up? For fucks’ sake, Diane.”

“Why shouldn’t they know?” Diane brushed her blonde hair from her eyes. “It’s the truth. They’re our children, Mark. They should know that their parents still get together occasionally. I think it’s rather nice.”

Rather nice. I almost laughed out loud at the choice of words.

“No one wants to hear about their parents having sex!” Mark shook his head.

“They’re all grown up now, Mark. There’s nothing wrong with the open relationship thing,” Diane crossed her arms, pushing her ample breasts upwards. “I know you have a low opinion of it because it didn’t work between us, but that was only because you couldn’t handle it.”

“I couldn’t handle it because I couldn’t keep up,” Mark threw his hands in the air in despair. “You were bringing different men home every week, sometimes while the kids were there. Having noisy sex in the other room while me and them were trying to sleep.”

“Oh, here we go,” Daisy’s mum rolled her eyes.

“I’m just saying that it wasn’t all on me.” Mark’s cheeks were fiery red. “We were both to blame. It should never have gotten to that.”

Diane’s expression hardened. “But you still get off on fucking me while I tease you about... You know what.”

“Diane,” Mark said, his voice calm now. “That’s enough. Please. We’re guests at Jordan and Daisy’s house. It’s Christmas. We shouldn’t be arguing.”

“We’re not arguing.” Diane’s voice had gone very quiet now, realising the conversation had gotten out of hand. “I bet Daisy and Jordan understand, right? Jordan’s a modern husband, after all.”

She looked at me, but I didn’t reply. It wasn’t my place to. The room went quiet. Daisy looked between her parents. Freddie drank his wine, a wistful smile on his face. I wished I was anywhere else but here.

Diane stood. “Daisy, help me find the bathroom.”

“You know where it is, Mum.”

“I want to talk to you. Come on.”

Daisy glanced at me, mouthing that she wouldn’t be long, then followed her mother out. I heard them go upstairs. Mark sighed heavily.

“I’m sorry about that,” he said to Freddie.

“No worries, Mark. I know what I signed up for.” Freddie grinned again, his teeth white against his dark lips. “Maybe she’s right. Maybe it’s best that Daisy and Will know that you and their mother are cool. That you have a relationship, even if it’s not a conventional one.”

I excused myself, letting them talk as Will came back in from his cigarette. From the hallway, I could hear voices from upstairs, Diane’s was raised, though I couldn’t make out the words. I climbed the stairs quietly and stood outside the bathroom, pressing my ear to the door.

“—thought you’d be happy,” Diane was saying. “If your father and I can make something work, I thought we could work on being a family again. I don’t want to be estranged from you and Will forever.”

“But you embarrassed Will,” I heard Daisy reply. “There are times and places to talk about these sorts of things.”

“But I didn’t embarrass you and Jordan?”

“Well, yes,” Daisy replied quickly. Too quickly. “But you know I’m more... understanding of these things. That’s what I’m doing my Master’s in, extramarital relationships.”

“More... understanding. I see.” It went quiet for a moment, and I took my ear from the door, ready to move quickly if it opened. Then I heard Diane speak again, a sharpness in her tone.

“Do you remember Kelvin?” she asked. My heart skipped a beat. “We’re still friends. He’s recently started seeing someone new. A woman called Kelly. She lives on your street, actually.”

“Kelly?” Daisy’s voice was tight. My pulse was pounding in my temple. This conversation had taken a bad turn.

“He says he went to a party with her just the other day. Some kind of sex party, apparently.”

“Mum—”

“And he thought I should know that he saw you there, Daisy. Apparently, you were in one of the bedrooms with Jordan when he arrived. And two other men were in there with you. He didn’t know it was you until you came out, but he heard you. Afterwards, the guy told him that Jordan and the other guy, whoever he was, watched while he fucked you.”

Silence, apart from the sound of my own rapid breathing.

“He said he didn’t recognise you at first. It took him until after you’d gone for the penny to drop. Don’t worry, I don’t know who the men were or anything more than that. Kelly made him promise not to talk about it, something about discretion, so he only told me the minimum. And he only did it out of concern, knowing what happened to your father.”

More silence. I could hear Will, Mark and Freddie talking downstairs, so I stayed where I was, ear pressed to the bathroom door.

“Well, you’re not denying it, Daisy,” her mother said, her voice still hard.
“So I’m guessing it’s true.”

“Mum, I don’t—”

“Is it true?”

Another pause. Then, quietly, “Yes.”

“Oh, Daisy.”

“Don’t. Don’t do that.”

“Do what?”

“Judge me. You don’t get to judge me, whether you’re my mother or not.”

“I’m not judging you. I’m worried about you. So is Kelvin.”

“Kelvin doesn’t even know me.” Daisy’s voice rose in pitch. “And why would you worry now? You never worried about it all these years, when you were doing the same thing.”

“It’s not the same.”

“Isn’t it?”

Diane’s voice softened. “No, darling. It’s not. Your father and I tried to make it work, letting me see other men. But I didn’t respect him. I didn’t respect our marriage. I let it consume everything. I was selfish. I hurt him, and I hurt you kids. Is that what you want for your future?”

“It’s different with us. Jordan wants this as much as I do “

“Does he? Or did he just say yes because he was afraid of losing you?”

“He enjoys it. He’s always had the fantasy of watching me with someone else.”

“And you? Do you want it? Is it your fantasy too? Or are you doing this because you think it’s what he needs?”

“I want it. It was fun. We’re going to do it again, whether you approve or not.”

“Why?”

“Because... because it feels good. Because it’s exciting. Because it’s made Jordan and me closer than we’ve ever been.”

“For now. But what happens when that changes? What happens when you meet someone you actually have feelings for? Or when Jordan realises he can’t handle watching you with other men?”

“That won’t happen.”

“How do you know?”

“Because we communicate. We talk, constantly. We have rules, and we stick to them. He’s had sex with someone, too. A girl on the street, and I’m cool with it. We’re not like you and Dad.”

“No. You’re not. You’re smarter than I was. But you’re still walking the same path, Daisy. And I’m telling you, as someone who’s been there, it’s easy to lose yourself. It’s easy to let the excitement become more important than the relationship.”

There was a long pause. I heard a creak of floorboards and moved away from the door, thinking they were going to step out.

“Does Jordan have a small cock?” Diane asked suddenly.

“What?”

“Your father does. Three inches, fully hard. He could never satisfy me. That’s part of why I needed other men. Big, rough men, real men, who could actually fuck me properly. Is that Jordan’s problem, too?”

I felt my face burn.

“No,” Daisy said firmly. “Jordan doesn’t have that problem. His cock is fine. I love it.”

“Then why—”

“Because we both wanted to explore this. Together. It’s not about inadequacy. It’s about wanting something different.”

“Right.” Diane sounded sceptical. “You know, I do still fuck your father sometimes, but not because of the sex. We do have sex, but only because I enjoy teasing him, telling him how much bigger other men are. Telling him how good they fuck me, compared to his inadequate little pee-pee. He gets off on it. And that’s fine. I get it, so if that’s what Jordan’s into, I’m not judging.”

I’d heard enough. I pushed open the door. They both turned.

“Jordan—” Daisy started.

“I heard everything,” I said. “And no, Diane, I don’t have a small cock. I made a very pretty girl down the road orgasm with it, and I have other women want some too.” I was rambling, I knew I was, but I continued. “And yes, I wanted this. Daisy’s not doing this for me or because I can’t satisfy her. We’re doing it because we both want it. And it’s fucking awesome.”

Diane looked me up and down. “Well. At least you’ve got a spine.”

“Mum,” Daisy warned.

“I’m serious. Mark never defended himself. Never defended me, either. He was so passive... so submissive. He just let things happen.” She crossed to Daisy and took her hands. “I’m not trying to ruin this for you, darling. I’m just trying to warn you. I made mistakes. Big ones. I didn’t respect boundaries, I didn’t respect your father or my family, and I hurt you all. It’s my greatest regret. If you’re going to do this, do it better than I did.”

Daisy's eyes were suddenly wet. "I know, Mum."

"Good." Diane pulled her into a hug. "I'm proud of you. Even if I don't fully approve, I'm still proud of you. You're twice the woman I am."

They held each other for a moment. I stood in the doorway, feeling like an intruder but unable to look away. When they separated, Diane wiped her eyes.

"Right. Enough crying. Let's go back downstairs and finish getting drunk."

She swept past me, then paused, turning to me. Before I could say anything, she grabbed my dick through my jeans, finding it and squeezing it before I could stop.

"Hmm," she smirked. "Not bad."

As soon as she left, heading back down the stairs, Daisy looked at me, her expression unreadable.

"I didn't know that was going to happen," I explained. "And I'm sorry. I didn't mean to overhear. I came upstairs to see if you were okay because your dad started this awkward conversation with Freddie, and Will came back in and—"

"It's okay." Daisy exhaled loudly. "We don't have secrets anymore, do we? I'd have told you afterwards. That must have been a lot to hear. Are you okay?"

"Your mum just asked if I had a small cock, then felt me up, so I've been better."

She laughed, a slightly hysterical sound. "Welcome to my family."

Mark and Will left around eleven. Mark was too drunk to drive, so he let Will drive. Daisy's brother helped him into his coat while Diane watched from the sofa, Freddie's arm around her shoulders.

"Thanks for dinner," Mark said. "It was good to see you both."

“You too, Dad,” Daisy said, hugging him. “Maybe we do this again, regularly. Not just every Christmas.”

“It beats walking in the park when it’s freezing outside,” Will added.

“Look after her,” Mark said quietly to me.

“I will.”

Will nodded at us and followed Mark out, the car pulling away as I closed the door.

“Well,” Freddie said, his voice slurred from the wine. “Thank you for a wonderful dinner and an... interesting evening, but we should make a move too.”

“Shall I order you a taxi?” Daisy asked. “You’re both too drunk to drive.”

“Yes, please.” Diane stood up, then immediately lost her balance, tripping over her own feet. I managed to leap forward, catching her before she crashed into the table.

“Are you okay?” I asked. Freddie had got up from the couch, but he, too, was unsteady on his feet, giggling to himself as he grabbed the arm of the sofa.

“Course, I am,” Diane replied, but her eyes were glazed as she leaned into me. Then she stood on her tiptoes as if to kiss me, and I subtly pulled back, sitting her back on the sofa.

“We can’t send them home like this,” I murmured to Daisy as she came over to stop her mother from getting up and falling over again. “They’re both absolutely wrecked.”

Daisy’s eyes met mine. “We’ve made up the spare room. They could stay.”

I nodded, but before I could speak, Diane tried to get up again. “Staying over sounds perfect. Come on, Freddie. I need you to help me upstairs.”

Daisy helped Diane to stand, unsteadily. Freddie managed to get to his feet, laughing at how drunk the pair of them were. With mine and Daisy's help, they headed upstairs and into the spare room.

"Okay, get some sleep, the pair of you," Daisy said, closing the door behind them. The sound of their drunken laughing muffled as the door clicked shut.

"Overall, a successful day and night?" I enquired as we headed downstairs to tidy up and enjoy a bit of peace and quiet before bed.

"We got through it, as you said we would," Daisy nodded, leaning into me for a kiss. We spent an hour finishing tidying up and watching some TV, but only a few minutes after retiring to bed, I heard a moan from the next room.

Daisy and I looked at each other.

Another moan, And a male grunt. Then the bedsprings started, the unmistakable sounds of them fucking.

"Seriously?" Daisy said softly into the darkness. "This is so embarrassing."

"People have needs, apparently."

We lay in the darkness for a while, trying to sleep, until Diane's voice carried through the walls, loud and uninhibited. "Yes, fuck me. Harder. Oh God, Freddie, your cock is so fucking big—"

Daisy covered her face with her hands. "I hate my life."

"Come on." I took her hand under the covers and guided it to my cock. "If we have to listen to this, we might as well join in."

"What?" Daisy's face turned to look at me, her eyes shining in the dark.

"Why are you hard?"

"I don't know," I shrugged, unwilling to admit even to myself that I was getting turned on at the thought of her mother being fucked by a big black cock in the next bedroom. "Does it matter?"

Daisy's fingers curled around my erection through my boxer shorts, then she helped me slide them off. Diane's moans were still audible, theatrical and unrestrained. I pulled Daisy to me and kissed her.

"Think we can be louder than them?" I asked.

"What?" she whispered back. "Jordan... I don't know about this."

I pushed the covers back and pulled down her pyjama shorts, then spread her legs and went down on her, making her gasp. Her pussy tasted sweet and musky, like it always did, and for a weird moment, I wondered what it would have tasted like with Frank's cum inside her.

From the spare room, Diane cried out again, the bed frame hitting the wall rhythmically.

"Moan for me," I said against Daisy's thighs, my tongue flicking over her swollen clit. "Loudly."

She laughed breathlessly. "You're ridiculous."

"Do it." I kept going until she couldn't help but moan. "Louder, Daisy."

I slid two fingers into her wet heat, pressing my tongue against her hard, and she did moan, much louder this time, her voice rising higher. I climbed up and pushed my rock-hard cock inside her, and she wrapped her legs around me.

"Now let's show her I don't have a small cock," I grinned down at her, enjoying the feeling of her warm tightness around me.

"Fuck me," she said loudly, almost a shout. "Jordan, fuck me."

I did. The headboard of our bed started hitting the wall in counterpoint to the one in the spare room. Daisy was moaning louder now, deliberately theatrical, matching her mother. I should've felt embarrassed. Instead, I felt exhilarated.

“You feel so good,” Daisy said, her voice carrying. “Your cock feels so good inside me.”

From the other room, Diane’s voice echoed out, “Yes, yes, don’t stop!”

From our room, Daisy: “Harder! Make me cum, Jordan!”

It was absurd. Competitive fucking with her mother in the next room. But Daisy was laughing beneath me even as she moaned, and I was grinning, and somehow it was exactly what we both needed.

I unbuttoned her pyjama top, opening up so I could see her tits bouncing. The sight of my wife beneath me, a light sheen of sweat covering her chest, was arousing, but at the same time, I imagined what Diane looked like, with her bigger tits, her mature body.

Then Daisy came loudly, her fingers clutching at my back, her voice breaking. “Fuck! Yes! Oh, fuck!”

It had gone quiet in the other room. Diane and Freddie must have finished, and I followed moments later, burying my cock as deep as I could inside Daisy and moaning loudly as I filled her with cum, making sure anyone still awake next door would hear.

Then we collapsed together, breathing hard. From the spare room, the silence continued for a long moment. Then we heard Freddie laugh, and Diane say something we couldn’t make out. They must have heard us.

Daisy started giggling. “Do you think we won?”

“I think it was a draw.”

“We should’ve gone for longer. Shown them how it’s done.”

“Maybe next time,” I chuckled. “I just had to let her know that I’m not a three-inch beta like your dad. I don’t mean that in a bad way.”

“I know.” Daisy curled against me, sighing contentedly. I thought about the anklet in our bedside drawer, wondering if Diane owned one. Then, I pulled

Daisy into my arms, holding her close, listening to her breathe, and felt something settle inside me.

Her mother was right. We weren't like her and Mark. We were doing this differently. We were going to be better than them at it.

And we were going to be fine.

EXCERPT FROM: PARTICIPANT INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPTS

Research Study: Female Sexual Agency in Consensual Non-Monogamy

Participant D, Age 20-something, Married

[Names redacted for confidentiality]

Interviewer: Can you describe your first experience with consensual non-monogamy?

Participant D: It was at a party. My husband was there, watching. The man—F—was experienced and confident. Physically, the sex was incredible. He was more aggressive than my husband, more commanding, bigger, stronger. He fucked me in the same positions I do with my husband, but it was totally different because of his size and physicality. But what made it truly intense wasn't just the physical sensation. It was psychological.

Interviewer: Can you elaborate?

Participant D: I'm talking about being watched. My husband seeing another man inside me. Seeing me respond to someone else. There was shame in that, but also power. I felt desired in a way I'd never experienced. And not only was my husband there, but a stranger watched too—P—that intensified everything. He also watched me being fucked. He saw me take another man's cock in my mouth while my husband reclaimed me. I should have been mortified. Instead, I was aroused beyond belief. Being seen like that, so exposed and sexual, being desired by multiple men simultaneously, it unlocked something I didn't know existed in me. At the end, after the sex with F, I sucked P while letting my husband reclaim me. It was incredible.

Interviewer: That sounds complex emotionally.

Participant D: It was. Afterwards, I felt vulnerable, raw. My husband followed all the aftercare guidelines perfectly. He held me, reassured me, and made love to me tenderly. That grounding was essential. Without it, I think I would have spiralled into guilt.

Interviewer: Your mother practised non-monogamy during your childhood. How has that influenced your current choices?

Participant D: For years, I saw my mother as selfish and destructive. She cheated on my father repeatedly. They tried opening their marriage, but she had no boundaries, no respect for him. She paraded younger men through our house. I walked in on her once, being fucked by someone who wasn't my father. That image haunted me. It created enormous shame around female sexuality, around desire.

Interviewer: Yet you've chosen a similar path.

Participant D: Superficially, yes. But the context is entirely different. My mother did this to my father. I'm doing this with my husband. We communicate constantly. We have explicit rules. We respect each other. She let the excitement consume her marriage. I'm determined not to make that mistake. Speaking with her recently, hearing her admit her faults and warn me about the pitfalls, that was transformative. I realised I'm not her. I can do this differently. Better.

Interviewer: What did you learn from that conversation?

Participant D: That boundaries matter. That the relationship has to remain central, not the sex. That communication and respect are everything. She lost herself in the pursuit of physical satisfaction. I won't. My husband and I are a team.

Interviewer: Some would argue you're seeking validation through male attention.

Participant D: Perhaps. But isn't that true of most sexual behaviour? I spent years suppressing my sexuality because of shame inherited from my mother's choices. Now I'm reclaiming it. Yes, I enjoy being desired. I enjoy feeling powerful and sexual. I don't think that's pathological. I think it's human.

Interviewer: Do you intend to continue exploring non-monogamy?

Participant D: Yes. Absolutely. I want to experience more. F was wonderful, but he was barely more than average in size. I'm curious about being with someone significantly larger. I want to feel that physical difference in my vagina and mouth. And psychologically, I want to explore the exhibitionist aspect further. Being watched makes me feel powerful. Desired. I want my husband to see me with different men, different body types, different sexual styles.

Interviewer: And how do you find such men?

Participant D: I already have someone in mind. Participant P. He watched me that night, and I saw the way he looked at me. I want him. I want to know what it's like to have that power dynamic inverted from last time, him fucking me while someone else watches. My husband is supportive. I want to fuck him. If he wants me, all he has to do is say yes.

Interviewer: That's quite direct.

Participant DN: I'm done being indirect. I know what I want now.

Chapter 9

An Epilogue And A Beginning

The Rise was quiet tonight as I gazed out of the front window. It was the day before New Year's Eve, so everyone was probably chilling out, waiting for the big street party tomorrow. The Christmas tree and fairy lights were still up in the front window, their reflections twinkling in the glass as I kept an eye on the road, waiting.

My throat was dry. I left the window, passing Daisy, who was watching TV, and got a drink of water. I'd just turned off the tap and took a sip when the doorbell rang. I looked at the clock. Eight-twenty. They were late.

"Jordan?" Daisy called out. "The door?"

I took a long gulp of water, wiped my hands on a tea towel and went to answer it.

Tyler and Paul were on the doorstep, hands in their coat pockets, breath visible in the cold air. It had snowed again, a thin layer of crystalline white glittering in the light of the porch. Tyler gave me a relaxed grin, but Paul looked revved up, his eyes bright, like he was trying not to show how eager he was.

"Good evening," I said. "What can I do for you two fine gentlemen?"

"Good evening," Tyler replied, stepping inside, not waiting for an invite. "We're here to see your wife, actually."

Paul glanced past me, down the hallway as he stomped the snow from his boots onto the welcome mat. "Is she in?"

"In the living room," I said. "Go through."

I took their coats and hung them up. In the living room, Daisy was sitting on the sofa, one leg tucked under her, the other crossed, her dress pushed up

high on her thigh. It was the little black dress she'd worn before. Same as last time, I knew she had no bra or panties beneath it, and she wore the shiny silver anklet on her ankle. She'd done her hair and makeup like she was going out. But we weren't going anywhere.

She stood when they walked in. "Hey," she said. "You're late. We said eight o'clock."

Tyler's eyes ran over her slowly. "We had... other commitments," he said. "But we're here now."

"I promise, we'll be worth the wait," Paul replied with a grin, then shook his head. "Besides, you've kept us waiting. It's been weeks since the Christmas Party. Since Frank. Has it taken you that long to recover?"

Daisy smiled a little. Her smoky eye makeup made her look so sexy. "We're really opening with Frank?"

"We are," Paul said, pointing to the silver jewellery hanging from her ankle. She was also wearing the white-gold necklace and bracelet set I'd bought for Christmas. They twinkled at her throat and wrist. "I still think it's a crime that you let him be your first. I've been pissed off about that. It ruined my Christmas, if I'm honest with you."

Daisy giggled, that soft, sexy sound I loved. "Well, maybe tonight's about fixing that."

"Tonight's about making you forget he ever existed," Tyler commented with a lewd smile in my direction.

The words hit me hard, but I didn't flinch. I sat down in the armchair beside Daisy, facing them. Tyler and Paul took the sofa opposite. To the outside world, it might look like a normal evening, a group of friends having a chat, watching TV, perhaps preparing to head out. But tonight wasn't a normal evening, far from it.

Daisy looked between them, judging the mood. "So," she said calmly, "I hate to always ask this question, but how does this work? Do you want a

drink first, or are we going straight to business?”

She said it like she was asking about snacks, but everyone knew what she meant.

Paul let out a short laugh. “I had a beer before I came. I think I can have one more without it affecting my performance.”

Tyler agreed. “A beer would be good,” he said, “As long as we can take them upstairs.”

“That sounds like a good idea. Let me ask my modern husband to get us four drinks.” Daisy turned to me, fixing me with a smile that asked the question.

“You head up,” I replied, my cock stiffening already in my shorts. “I’ll bring the drinks to the bedroom.”

Daisy gave Tyler and Paul a quick, bright smile and pushed herself up from the sofa. “Come on then,” she said. “Let’s go and get comfortable.”

I watched the three of them leave the room, Daisy in the middle, bare legs, a short dress, shiny jewellery, Tyler and Paul following as if it were the most natural thing in the world. When they disappeared up the stairs, the living room felt suddenly very still.

I went into the kitchen and took four bottles from the fridge, the cold glass sharp against my palms. A couple of days ago, this had just been an idea Daisy brought up in bed. After everything with Frank, she’d said she wanted the next thing to be a threesome. Not an accident at a party, but something planned and set up. She’d picked Tyler and Paul herself, the two obvious candidates and the men who wanted her the most. I’d watched her type the first message, watched the three of them talk about what they wanted and when. Tonight had been circled on the calendar, and now here we were.

I opened the beers, set them on a tray, and stood there for a moment, listening. I could hear faint voices from upstairs, the creak of the bedroom

floorboards as they moved around. I was surprised that I didn't feel as nervous this time as I did the first time. Instead, I just had a tight, hot excitement sitting under my ribs.

I carried the tray up the stairs, each step making my shorts feel tighter at the thought of what was going to happen. At the top, the bedroom door was open. Daisy was on the edge of the bed, still in her dress, bare legs crossed at the ankle. Tyler and Paul were standing on the other side of the room, talking quietly while Paul looked through my small vinyl collection, pulling out a record and putting it on the turntable in the corner. They both looked up when I came in.

"Drinks," I said, setting the tray down on the chest of drawers.

"Perfect," Tyler said.

"I thought we could have some music," Paul added, placing the needle on the vinyl, the soft sounds of Luther Vandross coming from the speakers on the wall.

Daisy watched me closely. When the others reached for their bottles, she stood and crossed to me, taking mine and hers from the tray and setting them aside on the bedside cabinet. For a moment, it was just the two of us in our little bubble at the side of the room, the other men giving us that space without needing to be told.

She slid her hand up my arm. "So, are you okay?" she asked under her breath. "Really okay? We don't have to do this if you've changed your mind."

I looked at her, from her face down to her bare feet, the anklet on her ankle, then back up, enjoying the curves of her body under the dress, the flush in her cheeks that spoke of her excitement and anticipation. This was exactly what I'd always fantasised about, something I'd never dreamed would actually happen. We'd planned this. There was no surprise here, only the reality catching up with the fantasy.

“I want to see you with them,” I said. “I’ve been thinking about it all week.”

“You’ve been thinking about it forever,” she giggled, then held my eye for a moment, checking I was telling the truth. Finally, she nodded, then leaned close enough to my ear to whisper, “This is going to be fun. I love you.”

“I love you too,” I whispered back.

“Right,” she said, stepping back. She collected her beer, downing half of it in one long pull, then picked her phone up from beside it. “Peter’s waiting,” she added.

She unlocked it, opened the app, and tapped his name. He answered the call right away, his face appearing on screen, headphones in, afternoon light behind him. It was still daylight in the U.S., where he was vacationing. He smiled when he saw us.

“There you are,” he said. “I was starting to think you’d chickened out.”

Daisy smiled back. “That was never going to happen,” she said. “Now say hello. You’re live with two members of the infamous Far Bridge Rise Neighbourhood Watch.”

Tyler leaned in. “Hello,” he said, a knowing grin on his face.

Paul nodded. “You must really be into this if you’re making time while on your holidays.”

Peter laughed. “Make it worth it. I want a proper show. Let’s see what the men of the watch can do.”

Daisy switched to the rear camera and propped the phone up against a stack of books on the bookshelf, angled towards the centre of the room and our bed.

“Can you see okay?” she asked.

“I can see and hear great,” Peter said. “The bed, everything. Just don’t turn the lights off.”

Daisy looked around the room, then cracked her knuckles, the first sign from her of any nerves. “Okay, so... The rules again,” she said. “If I say stop, you stop. No surprises. No anal sex, not even ‘accidents’, okay? Jordan just wants to watch. He might join in if he changes his mind, but tonight is mainly you two with me, as discussed.”

“And nobody says Frank’s name,” Paul added, making us all laugh, for which Daisy appeared grateful, lightening the sudden tension in the air.

Tyler nodded. “Got it. No anal. No Frank.”

Paul’s grin widened. “Agreed.”

Daisy pointed towards the chair that we’d already set up in the corner, one of the dining chairs from the kitchen. “Make yourself comfortable, Jordan,” she said, then she walked right up to Tyler, stood on her tiptoes, and kissed him on the mouth.

Tyler met the kiss, kissing her back passionately, his hands holding her against him. Then he pulled away, holding her at arm’s length and looking her up and down. “I told you if you wore this dress again, you’d soon learn how this works.”

Paul moved in on the other side of her. “Tyler told me about that. He said you came to their house, with Frank and Linda and Morgan there, wearing this tiny little black dress.” He lifted the hem with one hand, exposing her bare ass cheeks. “He also said you had nothing on underneath.”

“I never wear anything under this dress.” Daisy reached behind her and pulled down the zip on the back. “Have a look, if you don’t believe me.”

Paul slid the straps off her shoulders, and she let it fall to the floor. She was completely naked apart from the anklet. She showed no awkwardness, no attempt to cover herself. She stood there and let them look at her pert, firm

breasts, her stiffened nipples. She'd shaved her pussy again, completely smooth and bald.

From the bookshelf, I heard Peter say, "Fuck," under his breath.

Tyler stared at her nakedness for a second. "You're stunning," he said. "I'm going to fuck you so good."

"Then do it." Daisy brushed her hair away from her face. "But first, it's your turn to strip," she said. "I want to see those big cocks of yours for myself, not through a window this time."

Tyler and Paul took off their T-shirts. Then they opened their jeans, stepped out of them and dropped their underwear. Like Daisy, I'd seen them both naked, plus I'd seen Tyler up close when he fucked Morgan with me present. However, now, in the proximity I was in, seeing them standing next to my wife, it felt different. I felt almost out of place, being the only one wearing clothes. Tyler's body was lean and defined, his skin dark and glossy, his long, thick cock already hard, standing out in front of him like a lance. Paul's body was thicker, less athletic, but he had broad shoulders and strong-looking legs. His cock was only semi-hard, but already dwarfed mine.

I watched Daisy as she enjoyed the sight of the two naked men before her. Her gaze dropped, then came back up, first with Tyler, then with Paul. Her throat moved as she swallowed. There may have been a little trepidation in her expression, but it wasn't really fear. It was desire.

She stepped back until her legs touched the mattress and sat down, her knees slightly apart. She looked at the phone on the bookshelf, then at me, then at them.

"Come here," she said. "Who wants to be the first in my mouth, and who wants my pussy first?"

They stepped in close, one either side of her. She lifted both hands, wrapped one around each cock, feeling them properly for the first time. Her fingers didn't quite meet around the thickest part of Tyler's erection, I noticed.

“I guess Tyler’s more ready than me,” Paul admitted. “So, as much as it galls me to finish third in this race, maybe you need to take me in your mouth.”

Daisy looked up at him. “I feel like you both deserve my mouth,” she said quietly, then she slid off the bed and went down onto her knees between them.

From the chair where I was sitting on the far side of the bed, I could only see her shoulders, the line of her back, the way her head moved to take Paul in her mouth first. It was jarring to see her like this, naked, two cocks in her hands, one of them in her mouth as she stroked the shaft. Paul moaned at the feeling, the base of his dick visibly stiffening and thickening. Then she switched, her lips leaving Paul with an audible ‘pop before wrapping around Tyler’s large, black head. I watched as she worked between them steadily, switching back and forth, getting them both fully hard, jerking one while sucking the other, using her hands and mouth equally.

Then Tyler put a hand lightly on the back of her head. Paul rested his fingers on her shoulder.

“Come here,” the black man said, bending and lifting her onto the bed in his strong arms.

Daisy glanced at the phone once, then up at me, and I could see how turned on she was, her cheeks pink, her breathing rapid, her chest flushed. She moved into the middle of the bed, turning onto all fours without being told. Her body knew the position. She spread her knees, put her hands on the mattress, and looked over her shoulder at me. “I love you. Are you going to wank off? You look kind of out of place, sitting there fully dressed.”

“Let Jordan do as he feels comfortable,” Tyler said, climbing onto the side of the bed nearest to me. Paul joined him from the other side, setting himself in front of her. Then Tyler shuffled up behind her, placing his hands firmly on her hips.

“This might hurt,” he murmured, “If you’ve never had a real cock before.”

She nodded, eyes on him over her shoulder. "I'm ready," she said.

He pushed into her slowly. I moved from the chair for this moment, kneeling next to the bed for a better view. I saw the large black swell of the head of his cock push past her pretty pink pussy lips, watched her back tense and then relax as he went deeper, watched her fingers dig into the bedsheets. She let out a low sound as he filled her and held still once he was fully inside.

"Is she tight?" Paul asked, a smirk on his face.

"So fucking tight," Tyler replied, his voice low and appreciative. "Tight and wet."

Daisy's eyes closed for a moment. "You're so big," she said. "I can feel it deep. Wow, that feels so good."

Paul moved closer, holding his own impressive cock in his hand. He cupped her jaw, drawing her attention forward again. "Don't forget about me," he said.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. "Oh, don't worry, I'm not going to forget about this," she said, wrapping her fingers around his now fully hard cock. Then she wrapped her lips around it, and Paul moaned in pleasure.

I watched from just a foot away as Tyler withdrew his cock, already shining darkly with her wetness, then slid it back in, faster this time. I heard Daisy let out another small gasp around the dick in her mouth as he invaded her so deeply.

"Go on, Daisy," Paul encouraged her, "Suck my fucking cock while Tyler fucks you."

"Yeah, she can take it," Tyler said, ramming into her again, harder this time, causing another gasp of shock at his size, but she did as she was told, lovingly licking and sucking Paul's thick, long cock as Tyler began to fuck her steadily.

They found a rhythm quickly. Tyler set a steady pace behind her, his hips meeting hers again and again, his black balls slapping against her freshly shaved pale pussy. Paul guided her forward at his own pace, his hands in her blonde hair. Her body moved between them, pushed, pulled, filled, her sounds getting louder, fewer gasps of surprise and more moans of pure pleasure.

I stood by the side of the bed, close enough to see the way her stomach tightened, the way her thighs shook now and then, the way sweat began to drip down her spine. Every few minutes, she glanced sideways at me, making sure I was still there, still watching. Each time she saw my face, she relaxed a fraction more.

At one point, Paul looked down at her, voice low. "Tell me the truth," he said. "Have we got the biggest dicks you've had?"

She hesitated. She didn't have to answer. Then she did anyway. "Yes," she said. "Much bigger. I like big ones now. They feel so good, and they're better to suck."

The word hit all three of us. Tyler's jaw tightened in satisfaction. Paul smiled. My chest tightened, and my dick twitched at the same time. It hurt a little, but it turned me on more.

Paul eased her onto her back, one hand guiding her hip until she was flat on the mattress, hair spread out, knees falling open for him. He moved between her legs and took a second to look down at her, then at the soaking wet pussy he was about to push into, before he angled himself, positioning the head of his cock just between her folds, letting it sit there for a moment.

"I've wanted this for so damn long," he purred, looking sideways at me, a smirk on his lips.

"Then take it," Daisy said softly, spreading her legs further, giving him a good look at the prize she was offering.

He leaned forward on both arms and slid all the way in one movement. It was a different angle on all fours, her hips came up off the bed to meet him,

her toes pointing to the ceiling, fingers scrabbling for the sheets, a soft, shocked sound escaping her as he sank all the way in.

At the top of the bed, Tyler knelt by her head, his knees flat to the bed, his cock close enough for her to reach. She turned her face toward him, hand sliding up his thigh, taking him into her mouth while Paul began to move inside her. Her body tried to answer both of them at once, mouth working around Tyler, hips rolling up into Paul, breath breaking into uneven gasps between strokes and muffled sounds. The bed creaked steadily, the room filled with the slap of skin against skin, and the low, satisfied moans from both men, until her legs suddenly curled and tensed around Paul's waist. Her back arched hard off the mattress, and she came with a rough, helpless cry that made the two men pause for a moment to let her ride it out.

When she'd calmed, Tyler and Paul shifted her carefully onto her side, Paul lifting one of her legs while Tyler slid in behind her, slotting his body along the length of hers. She hooked her top leg over Tyler's hip, opening herself to him, and he guided himself back into her from behind, his chest pressed tight to her back, one arm banded under her, his hand cupping her breast. His other hand found her hip and held her there as he started to move, shorter, heavier strokes that made her whole body rock against him.

His mouth was right by her ear now, his breath hot on her skin. "Your tits are fucking perfect," he murmured, voice rough.

In front of her, Paul slid down the bed, lying on his side, taking the nipple of her other breast into his mouth. Daisy's eyes closed as he sucked it while Tyler fucked her from behind.

After a while, Paul shifted again, standing by the edge of the bed, close enough that she could suck him again. Paul held her head, feeding her his cock deeper, making her gag on it, but she didn't object. He fucked her throat while Tyler enjoyed sliding his thick cock in and out of her pussy, and in this position, I could see everything, the way his black shaft stretched out her delicate pink pussy folds, the juices covering his dark skin, the swollenness of her clit.

She came differently this time, the slow, steady rhythm from Tyler building a tension in her body that broke out into a long, rolling peak that had her whole body trembling. Her hand tightened on the base of Paul's dick, her noises broke into short, helpless bursts, and she shuddered against Tyler's chest as another orgasm moved through her in waves, leaving her shaking and half-buried in both of them.

"Fuck," she gasped after a long shuddering moment. "I have never cum like that before."

From the corner chair, I watched Tyler slide his cock out of her and saw how her pussy was gaping slightly, a void left by his thickness. The tall black man collected his beer, taking a long swig while Paul joined Daisy on the bed, lying flat on his back.

"Get on top," he instructed my wife. "Let's see how you ride."

Daisy didn't say anything. She just nodded, swung a delicate thigh over his hips and sat up, both of them looking down at his cock as he held it upright for her. As she settled her pussy over the head and then slid down, she took him surprisingly easily, then lifted her eyes to meet Paul's.

"Fuck, that's deep," she moaned softly. For the first time that night, she set the pace herself, lifting and dropping her hips in steady, testing movements that quickly turned into longer, more confident strokes as she found the angle she liked. From where I sat, I could see everything: the flex of her thighs as she rode him, the way her back arched, the tension in her stomach, the way Paul's hands locked around her hips and tightened every time she drove down harder. He didn't speak now. He just enjoyed the sensation of her pussy riding him, his eyes heavy, mouth open, little groans of appreciation when she hit just right.

Tyler put down his bottle, moving back onto the bed, and Daisy reached for him without breaking her rhythm, dragging him in so she could put her mouth back around his cock while she bounced on Paul.

It was apparent now that she wasn't just letting things happen to her, she was actively getting what she wanted from both of them, setting the speed,

chasing the next orgasm. Sweat dripped down the valley between her tits, which bounced beautifully up and down, making me unable to take my eyes off her,

When she came the third time, it was the big one. Her movements faltered for a second, her hands flew to Paul's chest to steady herself, her mouth releasing Tyler, and she let out a series of raw, unfiltered groans that made it very clear this was the one that emptied her out totally.

Paul's hands slid from her hips to her waist as she let her weight sink down on him, catching her breath, her hair sticking to her cheeks and neck.

"You're as slutty as I hoped you'd be," Tyler grinned, jerking his cock as he looked down at her. "Now let me cum all over you."

Daisy nodded as Tyler positioned his cock near her face, his fist pumping his length quickly and urgently.

"Open your pretty little mouth," our next-door neighbour told her. "Let me get some in your mouth, some on your face and tits."

"Do it," Daisy said softly, doing as instructed and sticking her tongue out. When Tyler finally let go, his whole body shuddered. He grabbed her head by the hair with his free hand, his eyes locked on hers, and shot a massive, thick stream of cum straight down her throat.

Daisy's reaction was immediate: her eyes widened, she gagged slightly, but held still for him, taking a second rope of cum, this time onto her forehead.

Tyler let go of her head, and she took a deep breath, then looked down as he pointed his cock south, his third and subsequent pulses of white seed hitting her chest, covering her in sticky cum, hanging from her nipple in a long string.

As Tyler shifted away, spent, Paul guided her off his cock and eased her down flat on the sweat-marked bed sheets, then shoved her legs apart roughly. Her pussy was puffy, swollen, gaping open slightly as he moved between her thighs again, holding her there with firm hands and sliding

back into her with a low, strained sound. There was no finesse now, just a handful of deep, deliberate strokes, his weight driving her down into the bed, her body jolting with each one. Daisy watched his face, saw the point where control snapped, and clutched at his forearms as he pushed through the last few thrusts and then pulled back, his cock springing from her, curving upwards slightly, and a spurt of cum erupted from the tip and landed on her belly.

“Fuck, yeah,” he grunted, his hand pumping up and down his length, milking out more and more cum all over her mound. “Your wife looks so fucking good covered in other men’s jizz, Jordan.”

Then he rubbed the head of his wilting cock into the spattered cum on her mound, and ran the head of it down over her clit, spreading the white sticky liquid over her pussy lips.

Daisy whimpered as he teased her like that for a few moments.

“Please, don’t,” she whispered, then her back arched one more time as she had another smaller orgasm, her thighs quivering, her hand finding Paul’s chest to push him away from her oversensitive clit. “Fuck. I can’t take any more.”

It was done, and the room lapsed into silence. The sounds of sex dropped away, leaving only the sound of breathing, Daisy’s quick and ragged, the men’s heavy and uneven, as they all came down from their highs. My wife lay sprawled on the bed, skin flushed, hair wild, her face, tits and pussy covered in cum. Little twitches still ran through her muscles now and then, like aftershocks. From my chair in the corner, I took in the whole scene: my wife exhausted and satisfied, two men spent and loose-limbed around her. There was a twist low in my stomach at the sight, a mix of possessiveness and pride and raw hunger.

This was what I’d always wanted to see, my gorgeous blonde wife letting go of her inhibitions and being fucked to orgasm right in front of me. My cock felt like it might burst from my jeans, but I resisted the temptation to pull it out and get myself off.

I got up, adjusting myself, then sat on the edge of the bed and leaned over her. “Are you alright?”

She turned her head, looked at me, and smiled. “I think so,” she said. “I feel... good. Although I might not be able to walk tomorrow.”

Tyler laughed. He was already moving, getting dressed while Paul had a long pull from his beer, still naked, his cock flaccid now, swinging between his legs.

“So?” the black man asked. “How was your first threesome?”

She huffed out a laugh. “Let’s just say you made your point,” she said. “Frank might have been the first. But you two were better.”

Paul let out a long breath and chuckled. “We know,” he said. “But don’t tell Frank. You’ll hurt his feelings.”

I bent and kissed her, fighting the urge to recoil when I tasted the salty tang of Tyler’s cum on her lips. She kissed me back with more strength than I expected, her hand coming up to the back of my neck, pulling me down. There was nothing distant in it. Her tongue invaded my mouth hungrily, a kiss that was as full of heat and passion as any kiss she’d ever given me before. Whatever she’d just done with them, she was still mine, and I was still hers.

“Bravo.” The voice came from the phone on the bookshelf. I’d forgotten Patterson was even watching. Daisy got up, somewhat tenderly and walked over, picking it up and returning to the bed to sit beside me. Peter’s face filled the screen again, flushed, eyes wide.

“That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen,” he said. “I made myself cum twice. And now I need a lie down.”

Daisy laughed, her voice rough. “Happy New Year, Dr Patterson.”

“The same to you,” he replied. “I read your latest notes. We’ll talk about your... desires, when uni starts up in January.”

She said goodbye for now, ended the call and put the phone on the dresser. “I need a drink,” she said, her voice beginning to become croaky from all the moaning. “Right now.”

“And food,” Tyler said. “That sex has made me really fucking hungry.”

We all got off the bed. Paul reached for his clothes and slid into his jeans before we went out onto the landing and down the stairs. Tyler was dressed, Paul was just in his jeans, I was still fully clothed, but Daisy was still fully naked, her body covered in a mixture of cum and sweat, her blonde hair a matted mess. In another life, it might have felt ridiculous. In this one, it felt natural.

In the living room, the lamp was on, and the fairy lights still glowed in the window, bright against the dark skies outside, but as we stepped through to the kitchen, we all stopped suddenly. Corinne and Morgan were standing in there, cups of coffee or tea in hand, near the front window with a man I didn’t recognise. He was in jeans and a shirt, looked like he’d made an effort, hands in his pockets.

All three of them turned when we came in.

The new man blinked. His eyes went from Daisy’s face to her body to the two hurriedly and partially dressed men behind her, then to me. He didn’t move.

Morgan smiled. “The door was open,” she said. “I hope you didn’t mind us coming in from the cold and making a hot drink to warm us up while we waited for you to finish.”

Corinne looked us over and grinned. “Looks like you had a good night,” she said.

Daisy laughed under her breath, one arm looping across her breasts, the other covering her pussy instinctively in front of the male stranger. “It was,” she said. “I didn’t expect... Just let me get dressed.”

As she turned to leave, Morgan stopped her, reaching out to pause her with a hand on her shoulder, nodding towards the new man. “We were just stopping by while doing the patrol to collect our husbands. We’ll let you clean up, but before you go, this is Tom.”

“He and his wife, Claudia, have just moved into number seventeen, opposite your house,” Corinne continued. “We’re giving him the tour and explaining how things work around here.”

Tom managed a small wave, ridiculous in this situation. “Hi,” he said, a tremor in his voice. “I know about the swinging stuff... When the realtor let me look around the house a few weeks ago, there was a pair of binoculars in the bedroom. I picked them up and looked... and there you were. Naked... Doing things. I’m sorry. But that made me curious, so when we bid for the house, I decided to ask a few of the neighbours about you, and they said they’d show me, rather than tell me. However, I wasn’t expecting... this.”

Tom had been the one I’d seen watching us all those weeks ago. No wonder he’d decided to move in.

“This is normal for the Rise,” Corinne chuckled. “You’ll get used to it.”

“Is your wife not with you?” I asked.

“She’s at home,” he said. “She’s interested in all this. Curious. But she’s shy. I said I’d come first, see what you’re really like.”

Tyler looked at Daisy, then at Tom. “If she’s nervous,” he said, “You should let Daisy talk to her. She’s an expert in the psychology of extramarital relationships. She’s studying at university.”

Everyone looked at Daisy, standing there naked, trying vainly to cover herself. She met Tom’s eyes and smiled awkwardly but genuinely.

“I’d be happy to talk to her,” she said. “Sometimes it helps to hear from another woman who’s already done it. She can ask me anything she wants. But I should really get dressed first.”

Tom laughed, the tension easing from his shoulders a little. "I think that might be helpful," he said. "I'd love to learn more about... what do you call it? The lifestyle?"

"That's right," Corinne said, ushering him towards the door as Paul pulled his shirt over his head and then the two husbands fastened on their shoes. "Tomorrow is New Year's Eve, and we're having a street party. Food, fireworks, that sort of thing. The two of you should totally come. We'll start with a drink and a chat. She can talk to Daisy. You can talk to Jordan and the other men in the watch, and then we'll take it from there."

With that, the five people left with a mixture of 'thanks for an incredible night' and 'see you tomorrow' and kisses on cheeks and handshakes. Then I turned and looked at my wife, naked in our kitchen, fresh from being roughly fucked by two men that weren't me, then calmly talking about bringing a stranger's wife into this life.

Tomorrow, there would be tables on the street laden with food, fireworks in the sky, neighbours with drinks in their hands, toasting to the year ahead, whatever it might hold. The appearance of Tom had made me realise that we wouldn't be the last couple walk into a revelatory and transformational year like the one we'd just had.

"Shall I even bother getting dressed?" Daisy's hand found mine, leading me back to the bottom of the stairs and then up them, towards the bedroom. She was looking down at my groin. "From that bulge in your trousers, I imagine you're desperate for your turn. Do you want to cum on me too? I need you to reclaim me now, Jordan."

I nodded and let her guide me into the bedroom, where she unbuckled my belt and pulled down my boxer shorts, my rock-hard erection springing out, dripping with pre-cum.

As she knelt before me, I looked down at my freshly fucked hotwife. This year might be almost over, but standing there, watching her start to suck my dick enthusiastically, I knew that this wasn't the end of anything. We were only just getting started.

REFLECTIONS OF WHO I AM

Home & Heart

A New Year's Eve Blog by @DemureMillieGrace

Sometimes I don't recognise the woman in the mirror.

I catch glimpses of her throughout the day, in bathroom mirrors as I braid Sweetpea's hair, in shop windows while shopping for the groceries, even in the reflection of the oven door as I pull out fresh bread for Mr Heart's dinner. I do a double-take. Who is that? Then I remember. It's me. The new me.

This past year has changed everything. Three months ago, I was the traditional wife I always wanted to be. Modest. Devoted to my marriage in every conventional way. Anything beyond that would have horrified me. Change is scary.

But this past year opened my eyes in ways I could never have imagined. Not everything needs to be shared here—some things remain sacred between husband, wife, and God—but I will say this: we've discovered deeper intimacy, stronger trust, and a kind of joyful surrender that has made our marriage unshakably strong. He leads. I follow. And in following him into these new waters, I've found the happiest place I've ever been.

I still love everything that makes a home a haven. You'll continue to find my favourite recipes here (sourdough tips coming next week!), my thoughts on homemaking, my simple joys in raising Sweetpea and Sunbeam and in serving Mr Heart. My traditional values haven't changed, they're the foundation of everything I am. But the woman living them has. When I look in the mirror now, I see someone bolder, more generous, more fully alive. And I like her.

I'm sorry I haven't shared book recommendations lately. Life got... full. But I'm returning to book club in the New Year, ready to discuss novels again with my dear friends. That's not the only way I'm spreading my wings, though.

Mr Heart has discovered a wonderful group of people, a new community across town. They've invited us to join them with stories of marriage, trust, and new ways of staying close as couples. He says it's a place where neighbours truly look out for one another, where wives support wives, and husbands lead with wisdom. We're planning to visit soon, God willing. I'm nervous, of course. But also eager to make new friends who understand this shift I've felt. Women who might see the new me too.

To the wife in the mirror, and to all of you reading who feel that same pull in your heart, I wish you all a very happy New Year. A good wife is a generous wife. May the twelve months ahead bring you deeper joy as you follow where your husband leads.

With much love and the promise of a brand new adventure,

Millie Grace

Afterword

I know what you're thinking.

Wait. What? You can't end it there!

First of all, thank you for reading *The Modern Husband's Guide to Wife*. You've followed Jordan and Daisy's transformation from nervous beginners to confident participants in the world of consensual non-monogamy. But you're probably wondering about the loose ends we left dangling, and I acknowledge there are quite a few.

What happened with Spencer? Daisy and he had that moment in the car, but we never saw her take it further. Jordan didn't get to enjoy Elia either. And Patterson, her academic supervisor, who watched her first time. Did she ever invert that power dynamic as she hinted in her interview transcript? Then there's Lewis, the intriguing car salesman from the *Trad Wife* series we teased but never brought fully onstage. Did Jordan complete his commission involving Drake's picture? Sariya's flirtation with Jordan felt unfinished, full of potential we haven't explored. Charlotte made it clear Russell wants to watch her fuck Jordan, did that ever happen? And Tom and

Claudia, the new neighbours at number 17, did Daisy welcome Claudia into the watch as she promised?

Don't worry. Daisy's journey as a hotwife is just beginning. She's spread her wings, but there are plenty more bedrooms, more partners, and more revelations ahead. Jordan's role as the modern husband is evolving, too.

Their story doesn't end here. It continues next month in *The Hotwife Diaries: Sinner* where we'll dive into a whole new world of dual identities, secret communities, and unexpected connections. And then in *The Hotwife Diaries: Racy Daisy* in March, picking up right where we left off.

Yes, the *Trad Wife* series and our *Rise* watch universe will collide. *Demure Millie Grace* and *Sinner Minnie*, *Mr Heart/Mr Stag* and *Daisy and Jordan* and the *Far Bridge Rise Neighbourhood Watch*... It's all coming together.

Thank you for joining this journey. If you're excited to see these worlds crash into each other, and to finally tie up all those delicious loose ends, drop me a line or leave a review. I love hearing what you're most looking forward to.

Until next month, stay horny,

Paul

About the Author

Paul Garland is an author of erotic novels and short stories, guaranteed to keep you turning the lust-filled pages until the early hours of the night. He lives with his wife and two children in a small house in the suburbs of Sheffield, England along with a lazy green budgerigar, an African Grey parrot that curses and a tubby tabby cat which would love to eat either. (Preferably the vulgar-tongued parrot.)

He has been writing since the turn of the millennium but only turned to the erotica genre in 2018 with his *Cerulean Erotica Presents* series and *No Angels* series of books which rapidly gained him a following. In 2020, he began 'The Cuckold' a brand new collection of cuckold-themed books and

two new series of shorter stories: The No Angels Stories, The Sexy Season Stories and The Cerulean Archives. 2022 began two series, Holiday Hotwives and A Size Queen Story and 2023 introduced a new series, Improper Investigations and the return to the Cerulean Archives with I Found A Box Of Photos Of My Wife... And Her 2024 saw the My Wife series and the I Know Who You Did Last Summer series reach huge success. 2025 introduced us to his best selling Trad Wife series, the follow up Modern Husband, and his sci-fi erotica series, Cheat Codes.

2026 brings the return of the Detective Hotwife, a new superhero hotwife erotica and the climax of the Holiday Hotwives books, along with his highly anticipated and biggest series to date, The Hotwife Diaries.

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