

MY GIRL LOVES **PORN**



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By

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Over 65% of married women masturbate.

Over 10% of women indulge in porn every day.

It relieves stress.

It's private.

It's a fast way to orgasm.

Women find increased sexual satisfaction.

The majority of women who view porn view it as a compulsive habit, not an addiction.

CHAPTER 1

Ricco, May 2019

"Fuck she's hot." Ricco muttered to no one.

From the street, his friend waved one hand boisterously, the other hand clinging to his backpack. The high schoolers filed out of the gate and began spreading out on the sidewalks and crossing the street. With a raised voice, Tristan shouted, "Ricco Sax!" He yelled the two names as if they were all one word, rising and drawing out on Ricco's last name.

Ricco flashed devil's horns in acknowledgment. He unlocked the door for Tristan.

His friend got in, slinging his backpack into the backseat. "Hey, bro."

"Who's the chick?"

Tristan settled down and wriggled to get comfortable. Toyota Rav4 seats were simple. "Who? The blonde in shorts?"

Ricco wrinkled his nose and shook his head vigorously. "No. Her. That one." He pointed.

His friend gazed out the window at the oncoming girls. "With the crazy hair?"

"Yeah."

"Kelsey. Kelsey Philips. Geek extraordinaire."

"Geek?"

"Look at her glasses, bro."

"So?"

The girl happened to look up right at that moment and see both looking and pointing at her. She lifted both eyebrows and scrunched her mouth to the side.

Tristan lowered the passenger window and leaned out.

Ricco's eyes widened. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Hey, Kelsey, come meet my friend."

The girl shifted her backpack to the side and pointed to herself with a puzzled expression.

Tristan waved impatiently. "Come on..."

Ricco swallowed hard. "Dammit, Tristan..."

His friend chuckled wickedly. He shook his head at Ricco and turned back to hang out the window. He said to her, "Hey, you know Ricco?"

Kelsey made a face of confusion and revulsion. "No, should I?" But her voice caught in uncertainty.

"He graduated last year."

The girl bent down and peered at Ricco.

He shivered, and swallowed hard. His dick began to swell in his pants. "Hi..."

Her smile was instant, but not all too wide. Just subtle enough to excite Ricco further. "Hey."

Tristan motioned with his hand. "Need a ride?"

She started to shake her head with total disinterest, but suddenly stopped with a light in her eyes. "Sure, okay."

Tristan wriggled his eyebrows at Ricco.

He sighed and shrugged. With a flip, he unlocked the back door.

She shoved Tristan's backpack to the side and slid in, adding her own to the other seat. "Thanks..."

"Not a problem..." His voice held a tiny amount of sarcasm.

She must have detected it. "I can walk if you want, but a ride gets me home faster. I'd really appreciate it."

Tristan was grinning. "So you can look at porn?"

She sniffed out in a huff. "Yeah, so?"

Ricco looked askance at his friend.

Tristan held up his hands.

She repeated with more challenge, "So?"

Ricco started the Toyota. "You look at porn?"

She tilted her head in annoyance. "Who doesn't?"

He steered out of the parking spot and into the street. "Just asking. No offense."

She looked away and out the window. "Whatever. It's just aggravating that people pretend they don't look at it."

"I look."

"What do you like?"

Ricco stammered, "W-well..."

"See? Like it's all some big secret."

Tristan snickered. "I like severe anal insertions."

Kelsey instantly asked, "Was that so hard?"

Ricco cleared his throat. "Insertions?"

His friend bobbed his head and waggled his eyebrows. "Yeah, you know... Like bottles and softballs—"

He muttered in disgust, "Fuck..."

Kelsey admonished, "To each his own..."

Ricco shifted uncomfortably in his seat over imagined anal stretching. "So what's yours? Lesbian licking?"

She rolled her eyes and he caught it in the rearview mirror. "Sure, whatever."

"No, really."

Tristan said, "Yeah, come on, spill."

Her eyes darted upwards, but she said, "Fine. I like dick videos and gangbang stuff."

Ricco asked quizzically, "Dick videos?"

"Yeah... You know... guys masturbating and blowing loads."

Ricco swerved the Toyota back straight into the lane and pulled to a stop at the light. "Really? Which way do I go?"

She ignored his first question. "Straight. I live a block from the hospital."

"All right."

She said, "I like watching how guys play with themselves."

Tristan snickered.

She kicked the seat.

Ricco asked, "Are you old enough to look at porn?"

She coughed in annoyance and rolled her eyes. "My birthday was in January. I'm eighteen and I've been looking at porn since I was twelve."

His eyebrows lifted. "No kidding?"

"My brother got me hooked on it."

Tristan hooted. "Your brother?"

Ricco considered the girl in his rearview mirror. Her hair definitely was crazy, but not unbrushed. There was a haphazard care about it that suggested she had other things on her mind.

Like dick videos? He tried not to smile at the thought, but it wasn't that hard; he was more interested in the line of her jaw, the curve of her lips, and the captivating depth of the light brown eyes behind her glasses.

He was getting wildly uncomfortable in his jeans glancing at her.

She firmed her mouth before answering. "It wasn't anything weird. He showed me one day and thought my expression was hilarious. But... I got hooked. He thought it was a big joke." She took out her phone and began tapping and swiping.

For a moment, Ricco thought she was going to show them something, but her head remained bent and she was obviously texting.

Tristan was grinning at him.

Ricco cleared his throat, feeling an urge to say something before it was too late. "So... you..."

She didn't look up right away, but when she finally did, she smiled at him quizzically.

His dick hardened further and the blood began pounding in his head. "You'd like a ride home every day?"

"Are you offering?" She tilted her head.

Tristan butted in. "He gives me a ride and the hospital is on the way..."

Ricco nodded into the rearview mirror. He tried to sound indifferent. "Yeah, it'd

be no problem."

She lifted her eyebrows and blew out a dramatic breath. "That'd be great."

He slid his phone up and tapped. He handed it back to her. "Put your contact in there."

She smiled slyly, looking at him from under her eyelashes. "Yeah... all right." She tapped and handed his phone back.

He thumbed the contact and texted. "There you go. It's Ricco Sax."

She entered the info. "R-I-C-O?"

"Two Cs."

"Cool, got it." She looked out the window, not saying anything more. After they crossed an intersection, she said, "Next block, on the right."

Ricco slowed.

She pointed past his head. "White house with the red shutters."

He pulled to the side and parked. He watched her get out, admiring the sexy shape of her legs and butt through her jeans. His dick throbbed painfully.

She leaned back in and smiled. Her breath came fast and almost frantic. "Hey, thanks for the ride. Tomorrow after school?"

Ricco smiled his best smile. "We'll wait for you."

She winked and shut the door.

He watched her swing the backpack onto one shoulder and trot up the lawn to the front door. He almost drooled at the way she moved.

Tristan chuckled. "Not the hottest babe in school, but the porn thing slays. You gonna run that?"

Ricco had to jump back a year into the Gen Z school lingo. "Yeah, that's pretty cool she likes porn. I might, yeah."

"Go for it, bro. She's a little clapped, but she's a snack."

Ricco blinked. "Clapped? What's wrong with her?"

"Well, nothing, really. I mean, the porn thing, you know. But it's cool. You can tell she doesn't beat up her face."

He hadn't noticed any makeup. "Eh, so what? She looks good as she is."

Tristan smiled. "I think so, too."

"How come you didn't go for her?"

"Not my speed, exactly. I like 'em more like Taylor Swift."

Ricco snorted. "Like she'd ever go out with you."

Tristan held out his hands in mock outrage. "Bruh!"

And that was how Ricco met Kelsey.

CHAPTER 2

Kelsey, June 2019

She leaned back in the chair fingering herself frantically. She was close – the twisted tension inside her tight and coiled. Her chest heaved under her t-shirt and her knees trembled occasionally to the close surges of her orgasm.

On the monitor, a man's hand slid up and down a thick shaft.

She appreciated his technique: no two fingertip grip, this was his entire grip in full contact. On the downstroke, the bulbous head of the man's cock swelled deliciously and thrust upward.

Kelsey moaned with satisfaction. Nothing pleased her more than seeing such a fine sample of male flesh – especially fully excited and pleased. She leaned over quickly and grabbed her mouse. She maneuvered the sound off of mute and slid the sound button up to a very low setting.

Settling back, she relished the gasps and groans of the man on the video. Hearing his utterings drove that strained coil in her tighter. Her body began to shake.

A quick glance at the stack of books reminded her that she needed to study for finals.

But they could wait... just a few seconds more...

A louder groan came out of the speakers and a rushing fountain of cum burst from the man's dick. Up and out it flew in two really nice squirts, followed by several pulses of dribbles.

Ah yeah... Her shoulders quaked as the tension knotted and then spread. Hotness unwound in her pussy and flew outward. Endorphins flooded her in a crushing rush as she jerked in her chair to the first wave. Her breath flew out of

her and then she was being lifted and dropped again.

Her phone chimed with a text message.

She ignored it with disdain. Fuck! Not now! She rode the rest of the waves until she settled into a trembling, tingling posture of stupor and pleasure.

She felt alive and relaxed – energized and relieved. She panted breathily for a moment before clicking out of the video. Then she brought up a long recording of two men and some guy's wife and put it on mute. She liked to play it while she studied. The three went at it for so long that she was able to study and occasionally look over and catch some action.

She didn't need to see it, but it felt good to see it when she wanted to take a short break from studying.

Picking up her phone, she checked her texts.

Ricco: Cramming?

She sighed happily and texted back.

Kelsey: Yes

Ricco: Pizza before I go to bed?

She looked at her books. He worked the night shift at Albertsons stocking shelves until the early morning. He slept in the late afternoons until work.

Kelsey: Sorry a lot to study

He texted a heart.

She smiled whimsically. It gave her a very warm feeling to have a guy love her. There were certainly better looking girls around.

She regarded the woman in the video. She was a brunette, like herself, but maybe cuter. What really captured Kelsey's imagination was that the woman took both men as easily as if both were her husband. But her husband was the one filming it. The woman was not awkward or nervous at all and was smiling

through much of it. The look of contentment on her face as one or the other entered her bareback was heavenly.

Just looking over and seeing that made Kelsey's nipples ache.

She opened her English Lit book and angled it so she could see the screen just by shifting her eyes. She didn't want to feel she was missing anything. It was almost as if the woman was performing just for Kelsey and she wanted to give the woman her utmost attention – even if having to study.

But... She scrunched her mouth over to the side. No, this needed just a touch more. She moused into a folder and opened up a gif of a man jacking his erection. She sized it over to the side of the video and nodded. She could imagine the husband filming was the guy jacking in the gif. That way, everyone was involved.

Much nicer.

She frowned and looked at the door of her bedroom. Her brother had moved out two years before. Her father was working and wouldn't be home until after six. Mom was dead... She was alone in the house. She took the video off mute and turned it up.

In a much more relaxed mood, she slipped into the vagaries of Oscar Wilde's, the Picture of Dorian Gray. Ricco had let her know that Mister Cramer loved to ask on the final for a thoughtful composition on Lord Henry's proclamation that a book is morally blameless contrasted with Dorian's assertion that he has been poisoned by the yellow tome.

Yes, it was wonderful having a boyfriend. She looked forward to the grad party being thrown the following week by some classmate with whom she had never spoken: Ricco was going to be there.

Maybe she would let him be the first.

CHAPTER 3

Ricco, June 2019

"Ahh..." He leaned his head back against the exterior stucco wall. Next to him, some grad who smelled heavily of pot was also getting blown.

Ricco ignored the kid next to him and concentrated on Kelsey's golden-brown hair. Individual strands shined brightly in the glare of the side-yard light. But it was her mouth that captured his entire attention. At nineteen, he was getting his first blowjob – not that he would ever admit that first to anyone.

Pot kid moaned nasally and said, "Suck it, bitch."

Kelsey pulled off Ricco in annoyance. "Could you, like, shut up or go somewhere else?"

"Whoa... fuck off—" That was as far as the kid got.

Ricco shoved him hard with his left hand in a reflexive reaction to the verbal attack on his girlfriend.

The kid stumbled, his dick waving wetly in the air. "Bruh!" His tone was offended and incensed. But his features wilted into submission and he bobbed his head a few times. "Come on, Cindy, let's ditch these losers." He put enough scorn into the last word to puff up his own image and save enough face to make an escape.

Ricco snorted at the kid's back.

Kelsey said, "Jerk."

The kid heard and held up his hand high in the air, middle finger pointing up like a victorious stab against God and man.

Ricco sighed, but still felt wrapped up in the sensation of her hand on the base of his dick. The cool night air washed his wet dick with caresses that sent a tremor through him. Her mouth was back on it now and warming the skin with sure and slick motions. He had never felt anything so wonderful.

He had dated a few girls – real dates, not the more common text-dating most seemed to think meant a real relationship. He had kissed and even fondled twice, getting his first feels of soft female tit-flesh. He had been groped in return once – through his jeans – in a hard exploration that pinched more than felt sexual. Still, he counted those for sex. But real sex... he was still short on that count.

Kelsey sucked him as good as any porn star he had seen on the internet. Oh yes, he knew all about sex from watching it. He considered himself an expert. In that moment, in that very second, he felt as if no other guy could ever know as much as he did about the most essential of acts. He instantly recognized that his girlfriend's adoration of porn was a direct benefit to his current experience and could only add to the realization of his expertise rather than detract.

Back and forth she moved her mouth on him. It was heavenly. Again, he relaxed enough of his upper body to sag against the wall. His hips and thighs were tight with tension and excitement. His knees wobbled and shook. His feet were numb. His arms were cold, but he didn't think about them. All he could focus on was the smooth back and forth total mouth massage he was receiving.

The tickle that started began in his feet and sent tendrils of warning up his legs. Trembling, he felt the onrush of orgasm.

He gasped, "I'm going to cum."

She sucked harder. Taking her phone out, she aimed to capture what she was doing.

His mind reeled that she was going to suck it down rather than aim him away. With a grunt, the first blast left a scalding trail along his shaft and burst out into her mouth. She worked his erection like a machine and he began moaning louder and louder as her sucking increased the hyper-sensitive explosions.

She pulled off when his moans and gasps turned to harsh coughs. She stood up and ran her hands up her jeans, pressing the material over her crotch. She leaned to his side, whispering hotly into his ear, "You taste good..."

He detected something lacking there: conviction? But it was nice to hear and sensations of success and euphoria erased any doubts within him. "Yeah?"

She murmured a giggle and kissed his ear. Then she checked her phone and the act she had recorded.

Ricco smiled. "Can you send me a copy?"

Her eyes sparkled in delight. "Sure. I usually do."

"Huh?"

She motioned with the phone dismissively. "You know, share a copy? I figure the guys want to have one, too."

He felt a little let down. "Oh, you've done this before?"

Something wary crossed her eyes, but then they cleared and her tone became light – teasing. "Haven't you?"

That shut him up.

She tapped and put her phone away. "Sent."

Slowly, the euphoria turned to drowsiness and apathy. Post orgasm, his electrolytes dipped and he wanted nothing more than to be alone – just like all the times he masturbated by himself. Having shared it with Kelsey still left a badge of success on him, though, and he felt good about her despite the revelation she had done it before.

She wiped at her lips and pressed them together. "I'm going to circulate..." As if she knew he wanted to be left alone.

He nodded weakly and fixed his jeans. Right now he wanted nothing more than to lie down on his own bed and relax. He watched her walk away – her feminine shape drawing out several twitches from his shrinking dick. The waft of her soap scent left him reeling and wanting her. Maybe after I recover I'll get some of that... He closed his eyes.

The party was unchaperoned as it should be. No self-respecting senior wanted to

hang around parents on this most special of nights. Having graduated, they were full adults, newly admitted to the ranks of the wise and powerful. More than ever, their youth-experience set them far and above all the previous ignorant and backward generations that had gone before.

Ricco had felt that the previous year. It had blunted a lot since then, but he saw it evident in the faces of those at the party. They knew more, were smarter, wiser, more adept at social function. They mocked older adults because the more aged versions were so obviously dumber and inferior.

The future was theirs and theirs alone; old people were just an obstacle that needed to be removed.

Ricco found a spot on the couch next to three giggling girls who were guzzling beer as if it were second nature. In reality, they held the bottles as if never having touched one before.

First one, then the second, and soon after the third all took out their phones in response to chimes and buzzes. In the span of four seconds, they were all three head down and swiping and tapping.

For want of anything else to do, Ricco took his phone out and checked his messages. The text was finally there from Kelsey, along with the attached video. He opened it and watched, making sure his screen was positioned so no one else could see it. It was strange seeing his familiar dick from this angle. Did it really look that thick from the side? He smiled in admiration of his own package.

He saw Kelsey talking to Tristan, both of them waving beers as expertly as their parents. They walked out back. A small slice of that surety and superiority returned to him and made him feel as if the world needed to bow before him. He sat expansively on the couch and lifted his chin, phone held forgotten in one hand.

A thick girl with blue hair and a very round face mocked him in insulting tones, "Are you manspreading? Seriously?"

Ricco closed his knees reflexively at her aggression; he didn't need to trigger her.

She was already incensed, though. She spat, "What an asshole."

He suppressed a sigh and wanted nothing more than to get away from her. Always best when you did something wrong. He got up and tried to get past her, but she puffed out her chest. He twisted sideways and darted away.

The girl growled, "Fucking loser."

His shame was evident in the heat that rose from his collar. People were looking at him with disapproval. Fuck, how did that happen? I need to be more careful. He went out back - his former mood of victory and power destroyed in an instant by a more virtuous social justice warrior. How could he have been so careless? Had Kelsey noticed?

Suddenly he worried about what she thought and went looking for her.

Yes, he worried. He had a good thing and he knew it. His parents had freaked out about porn, but they hadn't convinced him anything was wrong about it. However, their incessant wheedling about it wore on him to the point he despaired of ever being able to jerk off with a clear conscience. Kelsey facilitated the simplest of his desires: to engage in porn whenever he wanted, without the guilt trip. He needed to secure that avenue to justify his interests.

It was at that moment, looking at the plastic girls in the pool, that he felt something much stronger than a physical attraction to Kelsey.

Much more.

Immediately dismissive of the beat-up makeup and overdone hair, his eyes left the pool.

He had no interest in phony facades of superiority and arrogance. He wanted what was real: he wanted Kelsey.

Maybe she wasn't the prettiest chick in the bunch, but she had a good body and a face that wasn't hard on the eyes. More importantly, she loved porn.

What more can I ask for? I want...

His breathing quickened and he felt sick to his stomach. Tension wracked his shoulders so that he twitched them back and forth to relieve his anxiety.

I want...

He swallowed, feeling light-headed and faint.

I want... to marry her. She's perfect.

Yes, that would guarantee him permanent blowjobs, someone to do his laundry, and clean his apartment. Maybe she was a good cook, too?

Yes, perfect; she's mine. She loves porn; I have to have her. An instant vision of masturbating to interracial porn while she handed him a plate of Hot Pockets sealed the deal.

With a purpose, he went back into the house looking for her. He avoided the thick blue-haired girl, though he saw the hate glared at him even if he refused to look at her. No, he didn't need to signal his better virtues – or try – with the gal when he had a much better mission at hand. He would ignore the lure of putting the girl in her place and reach out to Kelsey to secure his future.

She wasn't in the house. Had she left?

He took out his phone and texted her.

Ricco: Where are you

No answer.

He went outside again and wandered around, eventually taking a peek at the side of the house where he had received his baptism of oral sex.

She was there, on her knees, sucking Tristan.

At first, as his eyes met his friend's, he thought it couldn't be Kelsey blowing him. But the glistening highlights of her hair were unmistakable. The lips that had so expertly sucked him were now gliding back and forth on his friend's shaft. She even had her phone out, capturing it all.

Ricco stood there, open-mouthed, momentarily struck dumb with indecision.

CHAPTER 4

Kelsey

She saw Ricco on the screen on the other side of her. Startled, she almost dropped her phone. Feeling an instant flush of embarrassed heat, she pulled off Tristan's erection and gripped it with her free hand. She smiled up at Ricco, hoping he wouldn't be mad. "Oh, uh..." She felt the burning bloom on her cheeks.

Tristan said, "Hey, bro. Hope you don't mind..."

Ricco's face was a mask of uncertainty and confusion. His eyebrows danced between question and concern.

Kelsey shrugged and said, "He needed it, and... it's not like I haven't done this for him before." She wanted him to understand that it wasn't something serious.

That made Ricco blink. "You've...? Wait... You're his girlfriend? I thought—"

"Girlfriend? Me? No, I'm your girlfriend."

"But you did—"

Tristan interrupted. "We never went out..."

"But you—"

Kelsey said, "It's just a thing, is all. I've done this for a lot of guys." Not knowing what else to say, she took Tristan's cock back into her mouth to be busy and be done with it. Surely, Ricco would understand?

Tristan said the right thing. "It's not like I have any claims on her or anything."

She sucked more forcefully, hoping to get it all over with. Despite the heat between her legs, she wanted nothing more than to be with Ricco at that moment, and even more strongly to just go home so she could relax and look at porn.

Ricco sagged a little, as if the fight had gone out of him. "Oh..."

Tristan said, "I mean, she's just really good at it, you know?"

"Yeah... I know. So you two have done this... before?"

"A few times... Nothing serious."

Ricco looked like he had a ton of questions but didn't know how to ask them.

Kelsey sucked harder, stroking the base of Tristan's cock and balls. She was rewarded with an increase in his tension and a breathy sigh.

Work, work, work. I just want to be home with my dildo shoved deep in my hole...

Ricco coughed and cleared his throat. "Oh... okay."

Tristan grunted, "She's so good—"

"Yeah, I know."

He smiled. "So you've gotten her to—"

"A little earlier." Ricco sounded uncertain.

Kelsey pulled off. "About twenty minutes ago." She licked the head with a swirl and popped it back into her mouth.

Tristan sighed, "Nice... Sometimes – no offense – I wish she was my girlfriend."

Ricco looked dubious.

Tristan nodded. "No shit, bro. She's fantastic – just... not blonde."

She pulled off again. "Do you want me to bite you?"

"No."

"Then shut the fuck up."

Tristan chuckled.

Ricco laughed, but it was nervous and strange. "Well, uh..."

She sucked Tristan back in and gave it her best effort. The heat in her cheeks and neck was going away. The sooner this was done, the sooner she could be with her boyfriend.

Ricco blurted out as if it had all been building pressure, "I was looking for her to ask her to marry me."

Tristan coughed, choked, and burst out laughing. "Bro! That's... great!" Then he caught a groan halfway through and thrust his hips forward.

Kelsey wanted nothing more than to pull off and clarify what she had heard. But Tristan was cumming. She brought her phone back up and sucked hard and fast, taking his squirts at the back of her throat and swallowing. Come on, hurry up...

Tristan pumped his hips and gripped her head, forcing his spurting cock deeper in her mouth. "Fuck! Yeah, she's great... She'd be the perfect... wife for you, bro..."

The hot splashes at the back of her throat punctuated Tristan's encouragement. His orgasm pulsed into her mouth and she swallowed as he gave his approval to Ricco.

Tristan panted, "You're so lucky..."

Ricco nodded. "If she wants to...that is..."

She made a noise of protest as she swallowed the last of Tristan's sperm. She pulled off and smacked her lips, holding onto his cock in case it squirted any more. "Of course I do!" She pocketed her phone and stood up, still holding Tristan's dick. She reached for Ricco with her other hand.

Embracing her, he looked a little hesitant.

His friend said, "I guess I'll have to be satisfied with this last blowjob."

She instantly affirmed the notion. "Yeah, for sure. I don't think I should be handing them out now that—"

Ricco interrupted them both. "Have you two...um?"

She said, "What...?"

Tristan had a knowing look. "Oh, no, bro. Just a few blowjobs."

She felt Ricco relax in her right arm. Then she grasped his meaning. She rushed in, "No, we haven't. I haven't. I'm... still a virgin. Just don't fucking tell anyone..."

Tristan chuckled.

Ricco laughed with a bit of weak relief. "Oh... really?"

She felt a sense of success at the exchange, though she wasn't sure how or why. She asked Ricco, "So... were you serious about the marriage thing?"

He smiled shyly. "If you want to."

She felt Tristan's dick twitch in her hand and she let go, wiping her fingers on her jeans. She said, "Am I going to get a ring and a romantic proposal?"

Ricco snorted. "What are we? Our grandparents?"

She laughed. "I didn't expect one."

Her boyfriend nodded once, with certainty. "Cool."

For the first time, Kelsey felt as if she was close enough to a man to give him everything. She hugged Ricco closer and relished the warmth and affection of his embrace. She turned to him and wrapped both her arms around his neck.

CHAPTER 5

Ricco

He climbed over Kelsey's naked form on his bed. The immense sensation of authority provided by his current maneuvering not only established his adulthood, but proved it. Now all that was required was the ultimate act of insertion, sheathed in a condom, to fully find real independence from his parents.

Not that he relied on them much at all. His income stocking grocery shelves in the wee hours was enough for his car and apartment expenses. Not much was left over, but it was his life. In another week, Tristan would be coming to live for a short time as his roommate. Then, Ricco could save a little money, possibly, if his friend had a job. That would end a few months later when Tristan entered the service, as his friend had planned.

Kelsey?

He looked at the girl below him. Her face was nice, but not great. Her hair was a mess that he wished she would style or something, but it wasn't ugly. But her body... that was where she shined. She had nice little tits that were round and evenly formed – little handfuls that were just full enough to be something. Her skin was smooth and clean, even-colored, and soft. She had a little mole above the clavicle on her right side that kept drawing his attention as the only dark spot on her immaculate skin. Well, her nipples, navel, and clit drew his attention, too.

He was rigid, throbbing, and ready.

She looked certain, and smiled with encouragement.

He knew all about sex from watching porn.

He inserted.

In a flash of inspiration and epiphany, he realized he knew nothing about sex.

The heat of her pussy permeated the condom instantly, warming further his already hot dick. His eyes shot open in surprise. This was so very different from his hand or his fleshlight.

Wow...

He slid it in as far as the lubed latex allowed and then began pumping madly. He hadn't wanted to fuck so fast. No, he had imagined he was going to be the super-stud of sex and demonstrate how expertly he could satisfy Kelsey with slow and deeply emotional thrusts.

Instead, he went nuts. He tried to hold back but just went faster, heaving and panting with wild abandon. Gone was the measured intention of making this something meaningful and pleasurable for both of them; he pumped frantically in open-mouthed astonishment.

Kelsey gasped beneath him at the fury of his onslaught. Her eyes were wide and staring at him, shock on her face, and her hands trembled with uncertainty.

To Ricco, she wasn't really there – only her pussy. He filled the condom in a rushing mash of gasps and grunts. Realizing he had wrecked his master plan of romance as the last of his squirts bulged the condom, he fell off and to the side with a weak laugh.

Kelsey sat up on one elbow and peered critically at him. "Are you laughing at me?" There was a tone of amazement and effrontery in her voice that startled him.

"Huh? No..."

She sagged a little, looking disappointed.

He offered, "That was good."

She didn't answer.

He knew his very first time wasn't anything to be proud of, but he hadn't been able to help himself. Despite the rapid downer of post-orgasmic energy levels, he

felt somewhat sorry for Kelsey that he hadn't given her what he had planned. He murmured, "Sorry, I'll be slower next time."

Something in her eyes brightened and she laid her head on his shoulder.

Not wanting to lie there with her, he had to resist moving away. Instead, he focused his mind on the events of the evening: his first blowjob; his intention to marry Kelsey; her blowing Tristan. He asked her, "Why did you save... what you did with Tristan?"

The breath from her answer washed across the skin of his neck: it felt fantastic. "I always save blowjobs."

He laughed derisively. "How many have you done?"

"I don't know; a lot."

He was incensed, but tried to hide it. Someone a year younger than him had already broken the sex barrier? "Like, how many?"

With a scornful sigh, she rolled away and twisted. The bed dipped in the darkness and then she came back. Turning on her phone, she began tapping and swiping. "That many."

He looked at the screen. It was filled with little video icons. Trying to hide his agony, he asked, "Why?"

"Why save them or why the blowjobs? The answer to both is simple: I made them because it proves I didn't sleep with them. I'm... I was a virgin. A blowjob was the quickest way to get a guy to cum and leave my pussy alone. I didn't need to be carrying around some guy's baby who didn't give a shit. And I saved them because I like seeing them." She pressed one and showed him.

Her face on the screen was all Kelsey. A cock was stuffed in her mouth and her lips slid back and forth on it.

Ricco cringed; he didn't want to see that, especially with a cum-filled condom wrapping his cock. His dick twitched in response and he swiped off the used condom in disgust. Something about the wetness of the guy's shaft on her screen and the wet touch of the condom as it slid off his dick resonated together in an

unsettling way.

She said, "I wasn't going to be a whore; I wanted to save it for someone special, like you."

He still didn't want to be next to her right after the act, but he forced himself to lie still. This was the girl he was going to marry. He tried to look away from the screen, but ended up looking back. Of course, she couldn't be an expert if she didn't do anything. He clenched his jaw and asked, "Who was that, anyway? Are all those videos the same guy?" He hoped for a yes answer.

She disappointed him. "No. This was," she tapped on the screen, "Daltry." She paused for a second. "My cousin's boyfriend."

Ricco laughed in a questioning burst. "Did she know about it?"

"Well, yeah. We were bragging about who blew better and... you know..."

"No, I don't know. What happened? Did he like you or her better?"

She put her phone away. "It doesn't matter." Something in her voice was final.

He wanted to ask more, but that danger-tone was there and he barely restrained himself. Did it really matter, anyway? It was in the past and she was here now, naked next to him. He let out a long, silent sigh. How else was he going to enjoy her sexual ability if she hadn't practiced? And what other girl would be so experienced and love porn on top of it all?

He was lucky, and he knew it.

CHAPTER 6

Kelsey

She ground her teeth together. Her dad had kicked her out to make her own life; he was moving to Texas for work. He agreed to continue paying her cell phone, but that was it.

What good are parents?

She was developing a headache watching Ricco and Tristan move her boxed things out of her room. All she really wanted to be doing right now was sitting back watching a porn video and shoving a dildo deep into her pussy. She ached to be doing it.

Yearned with an unquenchable burning desire.

Craved.

Move faster, dammit! Fuck!

Ricco, tall and handsome, kept looking at her hopefully as he passed.

She knew what he wanted; boys were all the same. They just wanted to get off. At least he didn't throw shade over her porn hobby. Some girls did sports. Some jogged. Some rode horses. Some played piano. Some sang and danced. Some got scholarships and put their parents into crushing debt at a four year university. Or took all that debt on themselves and effectively enslaved themselves for life to the banks.

Not her.

Her hobby wasn't the usual girlie things that cost a lot of money. Hers was widely available and mostly free: porn. So what if she liked it? Didn't everyone?

Even the girls who rode horses? Sure, they'd never admit it that they watched with feigned disgust but hid the fact they got wet. No, never admit to porn.

Well, she wasn't like those other girls.

Tristan smiled at her suggestively.

She grimaced back with a twist of her lips that wiped away his expression. His face fell comically and almost made her laugh.

Predictable.

But she was Ricco's girlfriend now and also engaged to be married. She was moving in with him and they were going to be a real thing.

A heavy, rough hand came down on her shoulder.

Father.

She looked up at him in annoyance, fully expecting him to want to rush them out.

His face was lined, old, and tanned. However, the expression she expected wasn't there.

He said, "Hey."

She rolled her eyes in an affectionate way. "Hey."

He held up an envelope. "A little something to boost you for your marriage. Sorry I can't be there." His job opening was immediate and couldn't be delayed. "There's also your mother's ring. I think she'd want you to have it."

She took the envelope gingerly. It was thick and soft – filled with cash. Instantly, her mind thought of the various sites she could subscribe to and get some of her favorite videos in High Definition. There was also a hard lump at the bottom on one side.

Mother's wedding ring.

Kelsey's heart melted.

He was passing mom's mantle on to her, for her new life.

She firmed her lips and pressed them together. "Thank you."

His eyes sought out and followed the boys' movements. "I'm sorry this was so sudden, too."

She didn't feel it, but she said, "It's okay." She didn't want to bitch at her father after he had given her the gift.

He kissed the top of her head. "From me and... mom."

She lowered her eyes and nodded.

"If the ring doesn't fit, a jewelry shop can resize it for you. Cheap. Your fingers are pretty close to..." He didn't like talking about mom.

Kelsey thought she understood. Despite their seemingly loveless life, he had been pretty broken up at the funeral. He probably missed that mom had done the laundry.

Laundry.

She would have to do her own now that she was moving out: dad wouldn't be around to do it for her.

It was with much relief that the last piece of furniture – her dresser – was hauled out by the boys. She was already sitting in the cab of Tristan's little truck while they roped down everything in the back.

She pressed her hands down between her legs and squeezed her thighs together. With a quick look over her shoulder, she reached up the leg of her shorts and swiped a finger over her clit – a promise to herself that she would make sure she was back in the swing of her hobby before she went to sleep tonight. First priority: hook up her computer to Ricco's internet. Maybe she could even do a little surfing to find the best deals on porn subscriptions. She had a fat envelope of hundred dollar bills.

CHAPTER 7

Ricco

He touched his fingers to his chest subconsciously. For the last month, he had been in a constant state of arousal. His heart thumped thunderously whenever he saw Kelsey doing even the simplest and most mundane of things.

Bent over the sink brushing her teeth? Hard-on. Wriggling as she scrubbed the frying pan in the kitchen? Hard on. Sitting cross-legged on the bed looking at her porn sites? Raging. Unbelievable. Hard. On.

The first week was hell.

Due to his odd work schedule, he spent several sleepless evenings being uncontestably turned on. Trying to sleep in the early evening as he was used to was impossible when she was awake and ramming a dildo into her sweet pussy just a few feet away in the bedroom. Sleep with a throbbing, aching erection was totally out of the question. Forget her stifled moans and quiet pants; just knowing she was looking at porn had him erect and ready.

At the same time, he wondered if she really thought of him as much as he thought of her.

He watched her scurry to their bedroom, head down.

He knew the sign: she was intent, focused, and oblivious of all except opening her laptop to peruse her sites. It had become her habit since she moved in. During the day, she exercised a little, watched TV, or tried to play a computer game. Late in the day, however, all pretenses at resisting came to an end and she put her head down and bull-charged into the bedroom, shutting the door, and powering up her laptop. Soon she would be panting, eyes glazed over, and fucking herself while watching a video of either some guy jacking his cock or a woman being sexed by two or three guys.

He nudged Tristan. "There she goes..." He was looking for sympathy and accord. He got none.

Tristan grunted, "Fucking lucky dog."

He turned to his friend. "She has a problem, bro."

His friend face-slapped himself. "Uh, no, you have a problem."

"Fuck off."

"I'm serious, Ricco. I'd kill to have a girl like her."

"But we're married now, and, like, she does this every day. Every fucking day."

Tristan shook his head in disbelief. "And you think she needs to become a fucking prude? What the fuck is wrong with you, bro?"

"No, it's just..."

"Someday, my dream is to find someone exactly like her, just blonde."

"You'd really want to marry a girl who looks at other guys masturbating?"

Tristan coughed in annoyance. "Fuck yeah? Are you crazy? Kelsey is perfect. She even makes me think I should've taken her instead of—"

"Back the fuck off." Ricco said it with zero threat.

His friend laughed. "But the blonde thing..."

He sighed with relief.

Tristan muttered, "Fuck, though, I can still feel her mouth on my cock."

Ricco coughed. "Bro, she's my wife now."

"And you're fucking lucky." He pressed the point with finality.

He went quiet. His friend was right. Kelsey was way better than Chandra-Marie had been. And Carissa-Ann. They had been flighty and demanding – believing

porn was sick and wrong. He had it good with Kelsey, and he knew it. No other girl he had dated would ever have approved of his porn fetish. His love of interracial porn was accepted by Kelsey without question.

Unfortunately, she didn't share his love for looking at interracial porn.

A fast knock on the door followed by receding footsteps startled them both out of their reverie.

Tristan answered the door and picked up the package. He read the label and tossed it to Ricco. "Yours."

He caught it in surprise, but felt the squishy contents of cloth and not something harder and breakable. "Oh..." His eyes lit up with interest.

"What is it?"

"Clothing for Kelsey."

"Boring."

Not to Ricco. He got up and went into the bathroom to open it. Shutting the door, he sat on the closed toilet lid and scissored open the package. He pulled out four plastic-wrapped articles of clothing. Two pairs of tight shorts, one yoga pants, and one pair of very loose workout shorts.

With trembling fingers, he went to work. Working at the grocery store he had been inspired by a sight he would never forget. In the back receiving area, he had seen Theresa, in her forties and still somewhat sexy, bent over. The seam of her stretch pants at the crotch had been stressed.

It was a sight he would never forget and had driven his imagination despite Theresa's advanced age. He wanted nothing more than Kelsey to wear the same thing, always in danger of her clothing ripping open and exposing her pussy so Ricco could ram her in her dismay.

Pure fantasy, sure, but still...

He picked at the stitching in a few places, severing and cutting just a few spots. Hopefully, it would survive several washings and slowly separate, creating those

multiple tiny hole gaps that he had seen on Theresa's crotch.

He had no interest in someone twice his age. She was nice, but fuck - way too old. However, he wanted Kelsey started early. The earlier the better.

He picked up the loose shorts.

Not loose enough, by the looks of them. He began stretching the material, making the leg openings much larger. When they wouldn't open any further, he used the small scissors to remove some of the seam-stitching so they could really flap open.

More access. More skin. More pussy.

Sexy.

Uber-sexy.

And she was all his.

He would parade her around and make sure everyone knew how lucky he was.

His cock throbbed in his jeans, crammed awkwardly and painfully sideways. He was panting again, breathing heavy with excitement. The sexier she dressed, the more he got turned on. He would've been much more comfortable doing this naked so that his erection could stand up free, but he wanted to do this fast.

The tight yoga shorts were much the same as the pants – not much he could do except work at removing a few spaces of stitching at the crotch.

He bent to the task, licking his lips, cock throbbing away in his jeans.

CHAPTER 8

Kelsey

She shoved the dildo deep and held it there as the guy in the video shot his first squirts into the air. She grunted quietly, rocking her hips to his thrusts and squirts.

So very hot...

She loved seeing a man stroking himself. She had loved it since she was twelve, though she had only touched herself then, not inserted anything.

The door opened and Ricco squeezed in.

She scowled at him for interrupting, but he closed the door fast enough for her satisfaction. She sighed to herself.

Her new husband held some clothing. "I got you some things."

Her shoulders drooped. She instantly felt bad for being annoyed at the intrusion. "Oh?" She shut down the video and pulled the dildo from her pussy.

He displayed what he had bought. "You said you were thinking of yoga?"

Not that she had really wanted to, but with Tristan hanging around all day giving her expectant looks when Ricco wasn't around she wanted to be anywhere but here. She was married now and he shouldn't be expecting blowjobs every day.

That she had given him a final farewell blowjob the day before the wedding was a secret she wouldn't share – and over which she hoped Tristan could keep his mouth shut.

But, technically, it was before she married Ricco, so...

Still, it was as if Tristan didn't care if she was married now. She had to find something to do in the mornings when her husband was dead asleep after work. She wanted to be a good wife to him; she was very lucky to have found a guy who understood her porn hobby. She was able to finger herself over other guys' dicks and he approved.

Though sometimes he looked like he didn't.

She wasn't sure if she was good to go, or needed to be more discreet. But right now, he said nothing about her hobby. He appeared delighted and excited despite her having shoved her dildo deep into her hole a moment ago.

It is good. Life is good. Shut up and go along.

She considered the colors he had chosen, even though he had asked her beforehand. The shorts looked great. "Yeah, Ginger said I could come along to her classes. I think it's just a way to lure in people to pay."

He nodded.

She said, "These will work."

His smile was extra-extra.

She frowned at him, smiling in the contorted process, and squinting at his exuberance. She had never known a guy who was as interested in her clothes as her tits.

Strange, but somehow wonderful. Yes, these are cute. She gave him a more obvious nod of approval.

He asked, "So, what are you looking at?"

As if you can't see? "Just a video..."

"Ever thought about a chat site?"

"Huh?"

"You know..."

"Yeah, but I like watching the videos. I don't care for text chat."

He sat on the bed and took a deep breath. He looked very nervous and his pulse quivered at his throat. He said, "I was checking around and found a site where you create a profile – you know, list what you like and then people message you based on that."

"I like videos."

"Of guys masturbating. Right, I know. But I mean, like, you could ask for videos in the interracial section—"

"I like white guys."

"But black guys have really big dicks."

She was warmed at the idea that he cared and she did like big dicks. The bigger the better in the videos.

Not that she could ever handle one, but...

He said, "Let me show you." He pulled the laptop over. "I found one and made you a test profile."

Curiosity overwhelmed her. "You what? What did you say? What did you put? What site was this? I don't know if I want—"

"Chillax. It's just a profile."

His usage of the colloquial mix of 'chill out' and 'relax' to shut down her objections did little to assuage her apprehensions.

He tapped into a page and logged in. Popping up was a profile with her picture. Just a face picture.

She murmured, "When did you do this?"

"Yesterday. Look, you already have some comments."

She sighed loudly. "Great. How ugly I am? How small my tits are?" She bent over beside him and looked, in spite of her scoffing.

"You aren't ugly and you have great tits."

"They're small."

"They're a nice handful."

She felt better whenever he said that, but she knew she didn't have the big whomping tits that guys drooled over. In the online games she had played, she knew guys were all about heaving tits that whomped and moved even when girls were standing still. It was as if they waved on their own, swelling and falling like the tides of the ocean.

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

She didn't have that and never would.

But she still felt better.

At least she wasn't flat.

Her eyes widened at the number of comments. "Thirty-one? What are they saying? Let me see."

His hand shook as he shifted the laptop more her way. He tapped into the message section and selected the first one.

She pursed her lips at the message.

**I'd love to cum on your face.*

Ricco chuckled with uncertainty.

She feigned irritation. "Great..." But inside she felt immensely different. As if a switch had been thrown, she warmed to the idea that someone found her so attractive that they would do that to her. "What do the others—"

He shifted the laptop fully her way. "Here. Check them out."

"Are they all this gross?" Visions of a big cock in her face spitting cum at her made her voice catch and her heart pound. She had never liked the videos of facials she had skimmed past, but right now she was getting wet thinking that

she could be a target. Some guy would do that over me?

She tapped into more messages. Several contained dick pics. She swallowed reflexively and licked her lips. She opened the third and breathed, "Wow..."

The picture was a very impressive black cock, circumcised, clean, and erect. It was oiled and shiny with a hand on it. She almost swooned to touch it.

Definitely, she was going to have to change her profile from interracial preference to white, but for the moment, she was entranced.

Ricco's hand moved down and began stroking her.

She closed her eyes briefly, savoring the sensation of his fingers instead of her own massaging her clit and lips.

He whispered harshly, "You like that cock?"

She nodded, afraid to admit to her husband that she was really liking it. It is good. Life is good. Shut up and go along.

He picked up her dildo and pushed her down onto her side.

She groaned with lust inwardly. She had shown him her support when he was jacking to interracial porn by patting his shoulder or giving him a few handstrokes – primarily so that he would show support for her hobby of looking at dick videos in return. But he hadn't reciprocated until now.

She lifted one leg and planted her foot on the mattress, exposing her pussy. She closed her eyes and stifled a moan as he inserted the dildo.

He said in a low, quavering voice, "Look at his dick and imagine it's going in you."

Alarm swept over her and froze her. She suddenly felt as if she was treading on very thin, treacherous ice. She was married to him now and he knew her hobby was cumming to videos of guys stroking their dicks. But he had never questioned her about what she was thinking. Of course, she imagined fucking those guys. She envisioned touching their dicks and sucking them – and fucking them. But she had never admitted that to Ricco.

It was a comfortable open secret that they hadn't talked about: was she just getting off? Or was she actually fantasizing about fucking these other guys?

A deep, squirming ache twisted and turned within her, driving up her pussy to her chest and head. She very definitely was turned on thinking of fucking them and now, hearing his encouragement to do just that, made her instantly hot and wet. Excitement flooded her and overwhelmed her with joy.

Hearing her new husband encourage her to think of fucking another man was beyond anything she could have imagined. She soared inside with exultation and keen interest. She gasped, "You want me to pretend he's doing me?"

He coughed harshly, then she understood he had said, "Yes."

She looked longingly at the beautiful cock on the screen, only wishing that the hand was moving – a real video instead of a still picture. "You'd want me to fuck him?"

He sighed savagely, "Yes, I want to see it. I want to see his big black cock entering you."

Swirls of sexy delight turned faster inside of her. "Really? That's," she panted faster and faster, "so... nasty..." The mere idea that her husband would sit here and watch some guy fuck her - and like it - was mind-blowing. The coil inside was too tight. It burst outward explosively and she cried out.

Instantly, Ricco was on her, stifling her sounds with a full-mouthed kiss.

Apparently, so Tristan wouldn't hear.

She didn't care. Waves of explosive release jerked her convulsively into a state of bliss and peace.

CHAPTER 9

Ricco

He licked his lips at Kelsey parading the yoga pants.

Unbelievably sexy.

He wanted Tristan to see.

No, he wanted to show her off to him.

This is mine.

She asked, "Can you tell I'm not wearing anything underneath?"

He shook his head. "It's smooth, but nah, you can't tell." He was lying and tried to hide his grin. He didn't want her ruining a perfectly good sexy yoga pant experience with panties and lines. "Bend over and that'll really be the test."

She gave him a wry look.

He immediately asserted, "I'm not kidding. You'll be doing all kinds of stretches in front of people. Best let me see if you're safe."

She nodded thoughtfully and bent over.

He could see everything. The whole outline was there as if she was naked. Unfortunately, the seam was still tight and not stressed.

I'm going to have to work on that some more. He said, "Looks fine."

"But can you tell?"

He decided to try a little bit of honesty, but he sure didn't want to wreck his fantasy. "It's very nicely moulded, but no, you can't tell. Let's have Tristan take a look."

"I don't want him looking."

"Why not? You don't like him anymore?"

"I like him just fine, it's just that..."

"What?"

She rolled her eyes. "You know..."

"Know what?" Ricco frowned.

She lifted her eyes to the ceiling in aggravation and said pedantically, "I've had his dick in my mouth."

He knew if he acted offended, she might never take a black dick. "Nothing wrong with that..."

"You don't mind that I sucked off your best friend?"

"No, why? Haven't you blown like twenty guys?"

"Twenty-two, including you."

He felt his dick hardening further. "That's pretty nice. If you're ever going to suck a black one, you're going to need all that experience."

She put a fist on her hip and scowled at him.

He bit his lower lip to keep from making an argument. Over the past week, he knew she had changed her profile to list white preference and videos. He needed to keep that door open if she was ever going to fulfill his fantasy.

She tossed her head over with irritation. "Fine, let's go see if he even notices."

Ricco followed her out and winked over her shoulder to Tristan.

His friend was on the couch, still wrapped in a blanket, early morning. He scrubbed at his face and muted the TV. Instantly after, his eyes found Kelsey's yoga pants and his face lit up in a bright smile. He said, "Nice..." and drew it out long and loud.

Kelsey stumbled and turned to Ricco. Her face was growing a deep shade of red.

He didn't want her chickening out. He asked his friend quickly, "She looks okay in it?"

"Yeah, very." While she wasn't looking, he made a motion under the blanket like he was masturbating.

She turned back and caught him before he could stop. She put fists on hips. "Oh come on."

His friend tried to look incredulous to cover his own embarrassment. "No kidding, Kelsey."

"I thought you liked blondes?" Her face was still red, but lessening.

He made a quick motion under the blanket again. "Yeah, but, you look good in those."

She giggled. "Afraid of doing that in the open?"

He played along. "Who? Me? Are you kidding?" He threw back the blanket dramatically, exposing his boxer shorts. His dick was safely tucked away. However, his boxers were tented a little.

Kelsey turned away, towards Ricco, unsure what to say.

He said to his friend, "Tristan..."

"What? She looks good in them. And guess who's going into the service next month? I mean, come on. It's not like she hasn't seen my stuff before."

Ricco, wanting to smooth it all over so his young wife would be more open to black dick, said, "He's right, you know..."

Tristan, however, went too far. "Now we're talking. I could really use one of those impressive blowjobs—"

Kelsey coughed.

Ricco almost yelled at his friend, but stopped himself. What if Tristan had been black? That would've been perfect. Instead, he said to her, "You know..."

She pursed her lips. "What?"

He bent to her ear and whispered, "If you're ever going to deep throat a black cock, you're going to need practice."

Her eyelids fluttered with uncertainty and... something else. She swallowed convulsively. She whispered back fiercely, "Are you hinting I should practice on Tristan?"

Ricco couldn't hide his relief and excitement. He nodded immediately, then added as an afterthought, "He's right. He's going into the service. Months and years without a good—"

She patted her palm against his chest. "All right, all right, I get it." But her eyes narrowed. "Are you sure?"

He felt as if she was asking something else, but what could it be? He nodded with uncertainty coloring his thought process. He offered, "You've sucked him before..."

She didn't look at Tristan, she looked at him, her husband. She lifted her chin in challenge but said nothing – just considered his expression.

Ricco said helplessly, "It would be good for you." It came out wrong and weird, but he thought she caught the drift.

She muttered, "Deep throat practice, huh? I guess it can't hurt..."

Relief made Ricco's knees buckle and hope flooded his chest.

CHAPTER 10

Kelsey

Her hobby had taken on a whole new vista of opportunity and fulfillment. New doors were opened that promised excitement beyond her previous imagining.

She thrilled to the idea that she might actually hold another man's cock in her hand. Before she got married, it was just something to do to get the guy to cum. It never really offered her anything. Sucking a guy off was just a way to keep him from impregnating her – a safe dating practice that had kept her a virgin for years. Her first blowjob had been next to the bleachers in her freshman year.

She hadn't liked it then.

It was a job.

Her jaws had hurt.

Only the guy had received any pleasure.

Other than it being forbidden and nasty for her first sex act, it hadn't done anything for her.

Now, however, the prospect tweaked a certain level of satisfaction inside her. Her fascination for cock had become something alive and vital. It was a vast relief that she didn't have to give it up for her marriage. More now than ever before, she wanted to hold hot cock. She wanted to feel the trembling and throbbing of the pulse filling the erection. She wanted it in her mouth.

But not just Ricco's.

She loved Ricco. He was everything she wanted. He supported her hobby and didn't judge her.

He empowered her.

And now she craved cock even if it wasn't his.

Maybe especially if it wasn't his.

Certainly, he wasn't small and he did a great job satisfying her. But she had areas of need and demand that he fortunately seemed willing to help fill.

She had become... almost... obsessed with the idea that more than his cock was essential to her overall happiness. She thought about it in the morning, in the shower, while eating, during the afternoon, while checking out videos, and while drifting off to sleep at night.

Cock.

More cock.

If she could play cock videos in her head all day, she would. In a perfect life, she would always be able to look up or away or close her eyes and see a man jacking his cock. Of even more interest were the offerings on the chat site in private messages: guys willing to send her videos of them jacking off. She had begun picking out guys with the idea of taking them up on their offers.

Right now, though, she needed to make sure Ricco saw her sucking Tristan. Up and down she moved her head while she heard him shutting the cabinet in the bathroom. Tristan had a fine cock - just not overly big. Same size as Ricco's maybe, but thicker.

Another big relief she enjoyed was that now she wouldn't have to worry about Tristan's passive pushing for her to suck him. Instead of anxiety over Ricco finding out, her husband had encouraged her to practice.

She didn't need the practice.

Sure, maybe she wasn't a deep throat queen – she never had been. But she knew how to suck. That her husband wanted her to on the pretense of ever taking a huge black cock was enough to solve the issues she faced. She wanted more cock. She needed it. Now she had it, even if she never sucked a black man.

Ricco came out.

She put on a show of sucking his friend's shaft up and down as slow and deep as possible. She heard Ricco pause in the hall between the bedrooms and the living room.

Tristan said, "Hey, bro."

"Hey." His voice sounded subdued and maybe indifferent.

No, not indifferent.

No, something... tempered by suppression, maybe.

Well, she was doing what he had suggested. She pulled off and looked over at him. His eyes held the clues, though she didn't know how to read them. There was a touch of interest there, a smidge of disappointment, and perhaps a faint undertone of anxiety.

She said quickly, "I'm getting deeper on him..."

Instantly, the somewhat negative undertones evaporated from his expression. A grin lit on his face and his eyes smoldered.

With an inward sigh, she gave up trying to figure him out. He liked it, but maybe some part of him didn't. She went back to sucking Tristan's erection. She held the shaft of his cock in her hand, savoring the heat, until she went down for a deep dip.

Tristan panted, "Thanks, bro, for letting her do this. I really appreciate it."

"It's not a problem." He sounded certain.

"I don't know when I'll get to have any of this during the service..."

"Get it now while you can."

"Thanks."

She pulled off long enough to ask, "Are you going to talk, or cum?"

Her husband chuckled wickedly.

Tristan coughed in annoyance and said playfully, "Suck it, bitch."

She play-bit his dick and he yelped. Giggling, she licked around the head and kissed it. Then she sucked him down again, going for the deepest sucks she could manage without choking. She really was getting close to being able to dip down past her gag reflex without reacting. But every second or third attempt caused her chest to heave.

She would reward herself after this with as much a session of porn as she could fit in before going to meet Ginger for yoga. She didn't really need to go to the classes anymore since she didn't need to escape Tristan's constant begging for blowjobs. But she had come to like the stretching and relaxation very much: they made her orgasms much more complete and fulfilling.

Yes, she would work herself up with a pre-yoga porn session, then do the yoga, then come home and cap the day off with a marathon porn session and orgasm.

She trembled thinking of the explosive waves of release while looking at cock videos. Maybe she would even look at the two that were sent overnight by real men.

Ricco didn't know about those, but she would tell him casually before he left for work – that way he couldn't argue with her if he disapproved. And anyway, it was his idea to register a profile at the chat site and read the messages of horny men who wanted to share pics and videos.

Two guys had sent her attachments she saw were videos. After a little chatting over the past week, she had admitted preferring videos to a handful of the guys. She chatted separately and privately with each of them, and two had really caught her attention. One was a guy who claimed his name was Damien. He seemed a little intense, although his profile picture was hot-looking. Something about his eyes made her wary. His dick was very nice.

The other guy was someone who struck her as quiet: Connor Wright. Honest, simple, and a man of few words, his profile picture wasn't as handsome, but not ugly. He was neat and tidy, clean-shaven, with very clean teeth. His dick was not as long as Damien's, but it was bigger than Tristan's or Ricco's by a good two inches – and thick.

Tristan's panting and motions produced squirts in her mouth that surprised her out of her reverie. She sucked down hard and began swallowing.

He growled loudly, head back, "Oh yeah... yeah..."

Kelsey knew happiness.

But she also knew this was just the beginning.

CHAPTER 11

Ricco

He swallowed.

And swallowed again.

Kelsey had told him before he had to leave for work that she was going to watch a couple of jacking videos of the guys who had talked to her on the chat site.

He knew she had changed her profile public preferences. She wasn't getting black guys messaging her now, but white.

He loaded the box on the cart and grabbed another for the baking and spice aisle. He initialed off the checklist and pushed the cart out of the back and onto the floor. The brighter lights of the grocery store sales floor always blinded him compared to the relative gloom of the receiving area.

But it wasn't the light that bothered him.

His wife was still steering her way on the porn issue and not his. She resisted his efforts to change her porn habits to something more comfortable and appealing. Instead of chatting up hot, hung black dudes, she was chatting with white guys and was now going to be watching videos of them stroking their dicks for her.

His dick hardened in his pants, despite his dire disappointment.

She was his wife!

She should be going black: it's what all the hot Gen Z chicks did. Was his wife racist or something?

He savagely tore the lid back on a box, even though it had already been razored

open to count the contents against the packing slip.

What was his role? He was supposed to understand her and support her sexual choices, but her gender normative behavior was not cool. Heterosexual cisgender identity was great but only if it was interracial. Everyone knew that. However, Kelsey was so backwards that she only liked white guys.

Stereotypical.

Uncivilized.

Shameful.

Why couldn't she just fuck black guys for him and be done with it? Why did she have to like white guys, of all things? Why did someone who loved porn have to be so offensive with her preferences?

It was obnoxious.

Whereas Ricco was progressive and socially civilized to submit his wife for domination by superior black men, his younger wife was more backward than even his grandparents had been.

Incredible.

His dick throbbed with worry.

Was she looking at those white guys right now? Watching them jack their dicks? Worse, just for her and specifically just for her? Was she fingering to them? Cumming?

His cramped erection twitched and ached. A sick gut cramp twisted deep inside. His chest hurt. It felt as if he was dying inside and it hurt like hell – and the more it hurt, the more his dick pulsed painfully.

Maybe I should go jack off in the restroom? Relieve it? He knew he had time and just a few minutes wouldn't raise attention. A quick jerk-off would really help.

Limping awkwardly, he went into the back and into the restroom. Shutting the stall door, he whipped out his dick and freed it to the cool air. He leaned his head

back and fast-jacked his aching stiffness. His hand was a blur and rough on his cock. He didn't care. A good cum would ease the pressure and then he could work.

Visions of Kelsey, legs wide on the bed and ramming the dildo deep while she watched a guy jacking his dick made him tremble. His gut twisted and wrenched and, for a moment, he thought he was going to throw up.

Angry at her failure to be a good social justice warrior, he jacked his frustration onto his dick. Why did she have to cum to white guys? Why couldn't she be perfect and cum to black guys? He gritted his teeth, knowing she was watching videos right this moment. He growled quietly and shot hot bursts of cum into the toilet. Swaying with instant relief and dizziness, he emptied his balls in painful contractions. The squirts burned out of his dick and splashed in the toilet water. Slower and slower, gobs came out until he shook it to finish. Panting madly, he felt the downer of depleted electrolytes quelling his rage.

He felt sickened that she was cumming to white men. But there wasn't much he could do about it. She was becoming even more addicted to porn than before. It was all she wanted to do now. If she wasn't watching some white guy jacking his dick, she was searching for more sites. More videos. More cock.

A black dick porn addiction? No one would care. Perfect. But a white dick porn addiction? Awful. Shameful.

What was wrong with her?

He shook his head and slowly zipped up his jeans. He'd be able to work now, but he knew he would be plagued by her... problem.

He was irritated.

Disappointed in her.

Petulant.

CHAPTER 12

Ricco

Kelsey had watched their videos for almost a week now. She had begun chatting with them more than watching. She kept mentioning some white guy named Connor.

Tristan kept getting his blowjobs, so at least his wife was good for something.

Otherwise, Ricco was supremely disgusted. How could such a young, modern girl be so socially inept that she liked white cock? It was impossible today, but here she was. It was just his luck that he had to land the only porn-obsessed girl for a wife only to find she really had some serious social issues.

Could he ever get over it?

Would she ever change?

Tristan nudged him, "What's crawled up your ass, bro? Trouble at work?"

He grunted. "Nah..."

"What?"

He tossed his head to the side. "You know, Kelsey." He motioned to the closed bedroom door. She was in there now, watching videos. Or searching for new porn sites. Or chatting with Connor. He didn't know. He was so disgusted and ashamed of her that he didn't care.

"What about her?"

He said plaintively, "She only likes white cock."

Tristan burst out laughing. He said loudly, incredulously, "So?"

"She's racist, bro. This isn't right."

Tristan scratched his chin. "She's a nazi?"

"I guess."

His friend shook his head. "You're a little extra on this, I'm telling you."

"Me? Extra?"

"Yep. Relax, would you?"

"She doesn't like black guys." He held out his hands like a lawyer providing the smoking gun.

"So? Ever heard her use the n-word?"

"No."

"Then she's probably not a racist – or a nazi."

"I don't know. Would you want your wife hungering after white cock?"

"No; she'll be blonde. No problem with her lusting for black cock." It was that obvious to all in life.

Ricco bobbed his head in tacit agreement.

Tristan sighed, "My wife will be like Kelsey with porn, but she'll be the whitest blonde I can find. And when I get her a black guy, he'll be the blackest – not this phony chocolate color. I'll want to see total contrast when he slides his big black snake in her."

Ricco sighed wistfully. "Nice."

His friend shifted suddenly, uncomfortably.

"Problems?" He felt sympathy for his friend, knowing they agreed so perfectly on the obvious.

Tristan clutched at his jeans and pulled. "Yeah... been seeing Kelsey going in and out all week in those yoga pants. Fuck."

Ricco felt a small pang of pride. "Hot, huh?"

"Yeah. She makes me so hard... You're lucky."

"How?"

"This is your day off and you two are going to..." He rolled his eyes. "And I'll be out here listening, knowing I have to report to the Military Entry Processing Station on Monday. No pussy for four years."

"Sorry, bro."

"Yeah... just wish I'd had a taste of Kelsey before you married her."

Ricco looked at him and frowned in total understanding. He wanted to give his friend an indication of support for his faithfulness in agreeing with him about Kelsey's aversion to blacks. "Maybe..."

"What, bro? Not go in? I've already signed."

"No, I mean Kelsey..."

"What?"

"Maybe she'd let you..." Ricco trailed off, mouth dry, afraid to speak what was on his mind. Disgusted with her white fetish, he felt as if she owed him for being so backward. Maybe she would let Tristan get a piece before he left for four years? What else good was she?

He tried again. "I'll see if she'd be willing to let you have a go at her."

His friend's eyes got wide and hungry. "Yeah? That would be cool, bro. Really uber-cool."

Ricco bobbed his head in affirmation. He wanted to be cool for his friend. This would be perfect. He got up and went into the bedroom.

Kelsey was lying on her stomach, hand down underneath her and fingering her

crotch. She was reading a chat log. She looked back at him. "Oh, hey." She kept playing with her pussy. On the screen was an open picture of the guy Connor, naked. He had taken it in a mirror, phone held up at face level. His dick was large and erect.

Irritated that she was chatting with the white guy, he said, "Tristan's going into the MEPS-thing Monday."

"Yeah?" They had all talked about it before.

"If you aren't going to talk to black guys, could you at least give him a going away present?" His frustration came out in a rush. You need to be useful for something!

She looked confused. "Going away present?"

"He says you've been teasing him in your yoga pants."

She shrugged.

Ricco said, "He's regretting not having you before we got married. Maybe let him fuck you before he goes away for four years."

Her eyebrows climbed. "Let him...?"

"It's the least you could do." He let his irritation and petulance flavor his words.

She blinked and held her mouth open, searching for words. "I..."

The heat made his demand all the more insistent. "Just let him, okay?"

A small burst of annoyance fired back at him. "Fine, whatever. If that's what you want."

He nodded; it was settled.

He went out and beckoned to Tristan.

His friend got up, wide-eyed and eager. "Dude, are you serious?"

He nodded.

Tristan bobbed his head in victory. "Fuck yeah!" His smile was as wide as his whole face.

Ricco ushered him into the room.

Kelsey scrambled up, hiding her nakedness. She sputtered, "Wh-what? Now?"

"Yes, now." He handed his friend a condom.

"But—"

"He goes in Monday."

Tristan said, "Just to MEPS. I go twice."

Ricco didn't want to hear arguments. "Whatever. Anyway, right now." He began undressing, his cock hardening at the idea that his friend was going to be naked around his wife. He was already accustomed to seeing his friend get blown, why not the rest of it?

Kelsey coughed in annoyance, but said nothing. Instead, she watched Tristan warily.

His friend tore open the package. "I really need to wear one?"

Ricco said, "Yeah."

"But she's married. It's not like she's going to get pregnant."

Kelsey said, "Being married doesn't stop me from getting pregnant."

Tristan colored in embarrassment. "Oh, right. What was I thinking? Of course you can get... I mean... Um..." He took off his clothes and rolled the condom on his dick.

Ricco climbed onto the bed and forced Kelsey's legs open, prepared to hold her down.

She reacted instantly. "Hey, don't be a dick. I know what to do."

He said helplessly, "Well, fine. Do it." He wasn't sure what he was supposed to

do with another guy in the room.

She pushed him away with a scowl. "I can handle him just fine."

He settled down next to her, not knowing if he should or whether he should get dressed and leave the room. Neither she nor his friend said anything, so he remained.

Tristan climbed up and mounted her, shoving his condom-wrapped dick against her pussy. His hips shifted and descended.

Ricco's heart began hammering at his friend's approach. Right next to him, he watched the gap between his friend's and his wife's hips disappear. Suddenly, his friend was pulling back and stabbing forward – thrusting like he was fucking her.

He realized that was exactly what was happening. His mouth went dry as his friend fucked Kelsey right in front of him. It had happened so quickly. There was no preparation and part of Ricco wailed in shock at how fast it had happened.

Wait, what? It's really happening. Shit, man, they're fucking! His head swam as his friend humped his wife quickly.

The bed rocked and Kelsey looked over at him from a few inches away. Her eyes were large and questioning – uncertain. Her breath came in measured pants in time with Tristan's thrusting.

Wait, maybe...

But it was too late; his friend's cock was already inside his wife.

Tristan gasped rapidly, "Thanks, bro. This is great..."

Ricco felt sick to his stomach. If the bed rocked anymore, he was going to blow a massive pizza. He closed his eyes wanting it all to go away, but his wife's moans made him open them again. And he saw his friend's hips, humping madly and fast, fucking the girl Ricco had married.

He couldn't stop it now and... he didn't want to. His dick pulsed powerfully with one mighty twitch. It erected halfway with the one pulse. Another pulse followed right after, erecting his dick the rest of the way. A third made it throb painfully.

He was rock hard.

Kelsey looked down at it, mouth open, but he knew she wasn't offering. Her open-mouthed expression was one of wonder.

Tristan humped on her like a mad beast and Kelsey's looks grew ever more bewildered. She didn't do much except lay there, and for that, Ricco was happy. It was so very different lying there watching his wife being fucked by his friend. He knew what to do when he was alone with Kelsey, but this was... awkward.

Did the bed move this much when they did it? Why wasn't she moving her hips? She usually moaned quite a bit more...

Suddenly Tristan's eyes went wide.

Kelsey's hands clenched on his arms.

His friend was still, mouth open in alarm.

His wife was holding her breath.

What's going on? Ricco squinted at them.

Tristan's hips moved a little and he sighed, "Oh wow..."

Kelsey giggled, but it sounded very uncertain. "Um..."

His friend began moving again, pumping slowly, deeply. In and out, once, twice.

Kelsey's fingers clawed at Tristan's arms. "Hey. It feels good, but I think..."

His friend's eyes closed. "Oh man..." His hips drove again, a third time, deep and hard.

She said louder, "That's enough, okay? Fix it."

He pulled out. "Sorry."

Ricco saw the problem: the condom had ripped. His friend's cock was bare, throbbing, and wet with Kelsey's juices. He gasped in alarm, his heart doing a strange side-skipping in his chest. He almost lurched off the bed. He said,

"Whoa, hey!"

His friend was already opening another package. "Sorry, it broke, and it felt so good..." He unrolled the fresh one and moved back to Kelsey.

She let him.

Ricco had nothing to say. His wife had taken his friend's bare dick with at least a few thrusts, and both of them had said it had felt good. He couldn't blame Tristan for thinking so and Kelsey had stopped him... after a few thrusts. If anything, he was mad at her for letting his friend pump a few times.

Already, Tristan was back inside her and thrusting. But this time, he bent down and kissed Kelsey. Seeing his wife accepting his friend's kiss was nice. It felt close and sharing.

Ricco's dick throbbed back to life from its half-flaccid state of shock. It twitched in time to Tristan's hips diving into his wife. This is... not as bad as I imagined. What had I imagined?

Kelsey looked at him with worry in her eyes, and then back to Tristan. She held onto his arms and moved her hips, just a little.

A large drop of ooze burned its way out of Ricco's dick at the sight. With a shaking hand, he wiped the pre-cum off and then smeared it all over his shaft.

Tristan looked at him doing it and opened his mouth. "That looks so good, bro. Do it."

Encouraged, Ricco stroked himself and watched his wife's hips move with more energy against his friend's thrusts.

Tristan fucked faster and squeezed his eyes shut. He opened his mouth in effort and panted quietly. Then he groaned. "Oh yeah..."

Kelsey stopped moving and just looked at him.

His friend pulled out, condom hanging heavily and filled with cum. He whispered, "Thank you, thank you. Oh man..."

She giggled with delight. "All better now?"

His friend sighed happily. "Yeah, definitely. Thank you."

She said oddly, "You're welcome."

CHAPTER 13

Kelsey

Her husband kept looking at her strangely – quiet since she had let Tristan do her the day before.

She finally asked in their bedroom, "What's going on?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your looks, your silence, your attitude."

He got defensive in that annoying male way. "My attitude?"

"Yes, your attitude. I do what you ask and you act like you're mad at me."

He put on a determined face. "I am mad at you."

She coughed in frustration. "Exactly why? I did what you asked. That's all I ever do."

"You won't talk to black guys."

This, again? She blew out a breath. "I've talked to some on the site. I've said before, interracial isn't my thing. I don't complain about your fetish."

"No, why should you?"

"Not everyone is into interracial."

"Bullshit."

She tried to be patient. "The world doesn't revolve around you, Ricco. No more

than it revolves around me."

"What's that got to do with—"

"Just because you like something doesn't mean everyone else has to."

"But all chicks dig black dicks."

She laughed. "Um, no they don't."

"Right, the weird ones don't."

"Oh, I'm weird now?"

"Yes, you are. Why do you hate black men?"

Now she got mad. "I don't hate anyone, and I certainly don't hate black men."

"I think you're racist."

"Eat a dick, Ricco. If you're making this about color, you're the one who's racist."

He went quiet, just shaking his head as if she didn't understand. "Why did you let Tristan fuck you with a torn condom?"

Her shoulders dropped. "So that's what this is all about?"

He glowered at her like a butt-hurt child. "You let him—"

"Stop!"

He scowled.

She said, "I stopped him when I was sure it had torn."

His voice elevated. "Oh, right. After several good pumps. You even said it felt good."

She was sitting next to her laptop on the bed. She crossed her arms and ignored the new message symbol on the chat site application. "Yes, it felt good."

He threw up his arms.

She stalled whatever argument he was formulating. "I wasn't sure it had broken. It felt different."

"Oh, come on. You felt it and you know it."

"To a point, yes. It's not like I can feel it when it rips. I don't feel anything deep in there except pressure and heat. It's only at the entrance—"

"What are you talking about?"

She said, "You don't know much about female anatomy, do you?"

He looked offended but looked away. "Of course I do."

"Then you'd know that the sliding sensation that feels really good is only at the entrance."

He peered at her with disbelief. "Wait, you can't feel it inside? I call bullshit."

She sighed wearily. "Ricco, do some research." She used the phrase guaranteed to put someone to shame.

He shook his head. "How can you not feel it? I feel everything along my entire length."

"That's great; you have a dick. I don't; I have a hole. All the tactile nerves are bundled here," she pointed, "and inside the entrance. Other than feeling pressure and fullness and heat, I don't feel anything farther in. That's a fact of anatomy, Einstein."

Now he looked even more butt-hurt.

She rolled from a sitting position onto her side, facing the laptop, and ultimately dismissing him.

He wasn't done. "But you said it felt good, so you knew—"

"After he moved, yes, I could feel it. It felt great. That's how I knew the stupid condom had ripped. And then I stopped him."

He heaved breaths for a moment in anger, then he asked with petulance, "Did it feel better than me?"

She glared at him. "No."

"But you said it felt good."

"Yes, it did. What exactly do you want? You asked me – no, you told me – to fuck him. I did what you wanted and now you're mad?"

He looked one way, then the other, as if searching for a way out. Finally, he sat down on the bed.

She reached over and grabbed his crotch through his sweats. She squeezed the semi-hardness there. "I seem to recall this being very excited."

He grunted.

She reached in, determined to make him chill out. She pulled out his cock and he let her. She put her mouth on it and sucked a little. She said, "I think Tristan wanted to taste you."

His dick flexed in her hand. "Yeah?"

"Seemed obvious to me."

Ricco relaxed as if all the tension had fled. "Did you really like how it felt? When the condom ripped?"

"Yeah..."

"But you stopped him."

"I'm married to you, dummy. I didn't think he should be fucking me bare..."

Her husband panted heavily for a moment.

She sucked him down, coaxing whatever was being left unsaid to the surface.

He gasped, "So it felt good. Did you like it? Feeling it?"

She sucked greedily for a few seconds, really giving his cock the treatment. When he was moaning and tense, she pulled off and said, "Yes, I liked it. I like his cock. I like it in my hand and in my mouth. I like sucking him. I also liked it in my pussy when I felt it bare."

He groaned heavily in anguish and cum erupted in a geyser from his erection.

She put her mouth over it and slurped it all down. Making him cum like this had energized her pussy. She writhed on the bed to the overwhelming lust and ache of craving inside her soul.

CHAPTER 14

Ricco

He got over his anger and felt ashamed. He had a very pretty wife and she was everything he could've dreamed of, except for liking black cock.

But surely, there was still hope. If she didn't hate black guys, she might eventually meet one she could fuck.

And what she had done for Tristan was just based as hell. She was a true treasure.

Sunday, he made a decision to be more involved with her in her hobby. If he made moves for her, she would make moves for him, right? He had picked up on the subtle implication from her about his selfishness.

He climbed onto the bed with her. "Whatcha doing?"

She was toying with her pussy and staring at Connor's picture. "Reading his latest message."

"Yeah? Anything good?"

"Just about where he works. Did you know he lives just across the state line?"

"Less than an hour away? No kidding?" He wondered if he should feel threatened. But it was he to whom she was married, not Connor. He reached to her pussy and she shifted so he could get to it. She was wet. "You like his picture?"

Connor was lightly muscular and very even-colored. No tanlines and very creamy. His skin was without blemish and his chest hair was light. His cock in the picture was erect and large. The circumcision was perfect, as was the shaft

and head. It looked beautiful to Ricco.

She breathed, "Yeah..."

He pushed his fingers in. "Have you imagined sucking him?"

"Yeah..."

That made his cock jump. He felt the churning inside him and got up to remove his sweats. His cock sprang free and erected. He got back onto the bed. "Didn't he send you a video?"

She colored a little and said in a small voice, "Yes..."

"Let me see it." He put his fingers back and moved them in and out of her wet hole.

She tapped into her personal folders and played one of several videos. Popping up on the media player was Connor, stroking himself.

Ricco had to admit, the guy might not have been stunningly handsome, but he was sexy as anything he had ever seen. The guy's hand made love to his own cock and his gaze at the camera was glazed and lusting. He had been stroking for Kelsey. "Fuck, that's hot." He grabbed Kelsey's dildo and pushed it into her pussy.

She gasped in surprise and thrust her hips. "Yeah? You think so?"

"Yep. Very nice." He moved the dildo in and out.

She saw his erection and moaned. "Ricco..."

"Hmm?"

Her eyes danced back and forth between his erection and his face. "Are you excited that I like seeing him stroke?"

"Yeah."

"You like playing with my dildo in me while we look?"

"Yeah, it's pretty hot." It was. His cock was aching and leaking. That she was so turned on by this awesome-looking cock was truly exciting.

She moaned heavily and thrust her hips. "Fuck me with it, Ricco. Fuck me."

He pushed harder and faster, in and out, until she groaned long and loud with pleasure. "Totally hot..."

She gasped, "Hey..."

"What?"

She thrust her hips up in time with his manipulation of the toy. "Would you be just as turned on if this toy was a real dick?"

Ricco moaned suddenly as his dick convulsed with a close-orgasmic spasm. He ripped the dildo from her and twisted off the bed. Grabbing a condom, he tore open the package and rolled it down. Properly covered, he mounted her in a rush.

She moved her hand down to play with her clit while he pumped.

He asked, "Have you imagined Connor fucking you?"

She moaned loudly. "Yes."

He gave her several hard thrusts, hoping to tear the condom like Tristan had. It held.

She added, "I... have also imagined him fucking me when we're together..."

He thrust harder and faster, overcome with the erotic epiphany. "You have?" He rammed her in desperation – whether to assert his ownership of her or to try reminding her that she was his wife, he wasn't sure.

She nodded, gasping heavily to the fucking. "I'm... sorry. I can't help but think about other guys when we make love. It helps me cum... I think of the porn and the videos and the cock-stroking and I cum... and I think of Connor..."

In a rush of lust, he said, "Are you thinking of him right now?"

She grabbed his ass and pulled. "Yes!"

His vision swam. "Fuck him! Fuck him, Kelsey. Look at his video while I fuck you."

She looked over and moaned so low and loud that he thought she was dying.

He rammed her deep. "Fuck him, baby! Feel that hot cock in you."

Her eyes rolled up in her head. She grunted gutturally and said, "Oh. Fuck. Yes." Her trembling body writhed and heaved up at him, shaking through an orgasm that left her quivering.

Ricco saw stars, or something. Lights went off in his head and sparkles of brilliance blinded him. His orgasm was hot, heavy, and hard. His dick was coated all the way to the base with cum when he pulled out.

She breathed heavily as if just having run a mile. Her skin was flushed and hot. Her thighs quivered occasionally with aftershocks.

He panted, "Oh fuck. That was awesome..." He had never had desperate sex before and it felt complete.

CHAPTER 15

Ricco

He left her lying on the bed and she drifted to sleep.

Energized and feeling somewhat unfinished and desperate, he grabbed up his clothing. He also grabbed the top pairs of her yoga stuff from the clean clothes stack. He went out to the hall and the bathroom.

Tristan was back from wherever he had gone. He gazed wistfully at Ricco's nakedness. "Bro, it isn't fair, I tell ya."

Ricco hid her clothing against his chest amongst his own things. He didn't bother covering his dick. "Oh, uh... if you want to take a peek at her, she's sleeping..." He motioned over his shoulder. "Naked."

His friend was up in a flash. "Oh hell yeah..."

Chuckling with satisfaction and pride, he went into the bathroom. Whatever was vexing him made him drop all the clothes and grab the scissors. He attacked her clothing like a delicate surgeon but with moves driven by need and reckless speed.

He felt in a way that his wife was out-sexing him. She was a year younger and the imbalance could not be allowed to stand. Irritated that her clothing had yet to display any stress or provide any good peeks, he worked at slicing more of the seam stitching. He pulled and yanked, testing, then cut some more. When he finally produced what looked like the beginnings of a small hole, he switched to her loose shorts. The leg openings weren't loose enough. He put effort into stretching the material until he heard a seam begin to rip. Then he worked on the other leg to make it the same.

He had to make her clothing sexier or risk being left behind in the mutual race to

a sexy and fulfilling marriage.

He had to do his part.

She definitely looked good in the yoga pants and shorts.

Didn't she?

Curious as to what Tristan really thought, he wondered what his friend was doing. Admiring his wife's ass? Stroking himself to her prone, naked form? Was she really asleep like he had left her? Or had she awakened? Suddenly burning with the need to know, he dressed and collected her things.

He went out.

Tristan was standing in the doorway to the bedroom, stroking his cock.

Instead of poking fun at his friend, he felt a swell of pride and magnanimity. He whispered, "She's pretty, huh?"

Tristan whispered shakily back, "Yeah..." His hand didn't stop stroking. "Sorry, I can't help it."

Ricco tossed the folded yoga things back on the pile and nudged his friend out. He led him back to the living room couch. "Hey, uh..."

Tristan misread him. "Look bro, I'm really sorry about... perving on your girl."

"What? No, I don't mind that—"

"You don't?"

Ricco shook his head, wondering if he was really feeling what he was conveying. He felt it to be true and went with it. "I... really like that you find my wife sexy." It made him feel good.

"Oh... so we can fuck?"

Ricco wasn't sure he wanted to go that far. "Well..."

"It's all right, bro. I can contain myself." He looked away, then back and asked

sheepishly, "Do I still get blowjobs?"

He laughed heartily. "Sure thing." Why not? She's good at it and it takes her off the computer and her porn addiction. "As much as you want, bro."

"You're awesome." He was quiet for a moment while he rearranged himself in his jeans. "Hey, uh... I know she's practicing deep throating and all, but..."

"Yeah?"

"Is it okay if I play with her a little? You know, maybe finger her?"

Ricco lifted his eyebrows. Why not? "Yeah, I guess so..."

"You know what I'd love to do..."

"Hmm?"

"I'd love to eat her pussy."

He laughed. "Are you serious?" Ricco didn't do that all that much; he didn't get anything out of it.

"Yeah, man. Would it be all right? Do you think she'd let me?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. You could try."

Tristan sounded a little disappointed. "You wouldn't talk to her first...?"

He smiled wide. "And take all the fun out of watching you flail around with her?"

"Asshole."

"Dickwad."

They both laughed and bobbed their heads.

Ricco said, "I'll ask her." He considered her addiction. "Listen, until you leave..."

"Yeah?"

"Try to get her to practice as much as possible."

"You mean, the deep throating thing?"

"Yeah." If his friend's dick was in her mouth, she wouldn't be talking much to Connor. That wouldn't last, but maybe she would lose interest in him in that time. Who knows? Anything is worth a shot. He didn't mind Kelsey having an online boyfriend all that much; many girls had extra boyfriends and guys were expected to accept sexuality choices without judgment. But maybe he could shift her his way quietly without raising sexist, patriarchal alarms.

Tristan was going in for his first MEPS appointment. The second one a few days later would be his last and then he'd be gone.

CHAPTER 16

Kelsey

She groaned quietly reading the chat.

ConnorW: I'd like to meet you

Her heart thumped with excitement and thrill. Here was a sexy guy who found her attractive and he wanted to meet her! She felt like a lucky girl who had won a huge lottery. Some successes came rarely in life, if not at all, and this felt like one of them.

On her own merit, with her own charm, she had attracted Connor Wright and made him hard for her. He had masturbated for her. That kind of sexual attention was a heady aphrodisiac that inflamed her passions and emotions. It gave her power of a sort that she had rarely felt before.

Sure, sucking a guy's cock put her in a position of ultimate power. She sucked a man helpless and pliable. With proper sucking, she could get almost anything she wanted. Up to now, she had wisely used that power to escape pregnancy and a ruined childhood.

With her own talent and personality, she had connected with someone she had never met face-to-face and made him cum. It made her feel supreme and she wanted more of it.

More than ever.

Kelsey18: I'd like that

ConnorW: Trade cells?

Kelsey18: Sure

ConnorW: Your husband won't mind?

She thought about Ricco's participation in her fantasy and how he had told her to fuck him.

Kelsey18: No he's cool. He wants us to fuck

ConnorW: Are you serious? When can we meet? I need you

Kelsey18: I don't have a car

ConnorW: I do I can drive out to meet you

Kelsey18: Really? When?

ConnorW: I'm free this coming Saturday

Kelsey18: I'd love that

He gave her his cell and she typed in hers.

Ricco came into the bedroom. He sounded a little disappointed. "Chatting with Connor? Or Damien?"

"Connor." She scanned the new message.

ConnorW: Could I see you masturbate on cam for me? It would hold me over.

She turned excitedly to Ricco. "He wants to see me masturbate on webcam. Is that okay?"

Her husband frowned and looked petulant, but he was thinking. Then the anxious look left his expression as if he had thought of something. "I guess so..."

She set up the connection with shaking fingers. She said to Ricco as Connor's image popped up on the videochat, "He wants to come visit next Saturday. That's okay, right?"

Connor's face went through a hopeful shift of expressions as he caught the question she had asked her husband.

Ricco frowned again. "Saturday? I work in the evening."

"So?"

"You probably shouldn't be meeting someone alone..."

"Oh, you'd want to be here?"

"Here in our apartment?"

She felt around the topic with uncertainty. "Would you... want us to meet somewhere, like a motel or something?"

Ricco brushed his hand across his shirt and gripped the fabric, deep in consideration. His eyebrows were furrowed in the middle. "I... no. I think it should be here and I should..."

"Meet him?"

"Yeah, after all, I'm your husband."

She nodded with enthusiasm. "Right."

"This is just a meeting?" Something sounded odd in his question.

She decided it wasn't the time for the whole truth. "Yeah, just a meeting." She didn't want to hit him with the idea that it was a definite fuck. Her body needed the meeting. It needed the fuck. It needed Connor's cock. She didn't want to risk Ricco canceling it all.

He blew out a breath. "Sure, Saturday. I guess I should meet him."

Connor waved on the videochat interface. "I'd like to meet you, too."

Ricco moved over to face it more squarely. He bent down and waved. "Hey..."

Kelsey bounced on the bed. She took control immediately to keep either of them from saying anything to ruin it. She held up her dildo and said, "So..."

CHAPTER 17

Ricco

Tuesday morning coming home from work, Tristan was getting blown in the living room.

He admired the back of his wife's head as she held her mouth down on his friend's erection. She really was getting good at deep-throating.

His friend gave him a thumb's up. His mouth was open in a quiet pant of excitement.

Kelsey stopped long enough to say, "Hey, babe." She swirled her tongue around the head of Tristan's dick as she looked over at Ricco.

He almost swooned right there. I definitely got the best girl... Maybe her porn addiction is a good thing. He fluctuated and flopped back and forth on that opinion as the moods came and went, but, more and more, he was starting to side with his friend.

He reached down and ran his hand up her yoga pants.

She hummed with need on Tristan's dick. The sound sent a vibration through Ricco's shaft and hardened it.

He said, "This isn't your yoga day..."

She stopped sucking his friend. "I like the attention I get in these from you two."

He laughed. "Oh, you're teasing us?"

She giggled.

Tristan groaned in torture. "You horrible girl."

She laughed with delight.

His friend pushed her back and got onto the floor with her. "Come here..." He maneuvered her around until she was kneeling, her butt towards him. "Look at that pussy..."

She said, "You can't really see anything."

Ricco hoped his friend wouldn't say anything.

Tristan disappointed him. "Like fuck I can't. It's all perfectly moulded..." He ran his fingers up her covered slit, then he rubbed his erection there.

She gasped and pushed back, wriggling her ass.

Ricco wanted to get comfortable. He hurried to the bedroom and tore off his jeans. In a rush he pulled on his sweats but his foot went in wrong and hit the crotch. In danger of falling over, he struggled to get his foot down and through the leg. It didn't work that way and there was quite a rip. Falling over against the bed, he barely kept from crashing face-first into the floor. Unfortunately, his only pair of sweats was now gaping at the crotch with a huge flapping hole.

He shrugged them up anyway and coughed in annoyance at them. His dick was poking down and out, totally visible. Who cares? Fuck, now I need new ones. He went out to sit and enjoy Kelsey's teasing. Well, shit, these work out just great after all.

Tristan was pushing his straight erection right at her pussy. The stretchy material of the yoga pants allowed a lot of movement and Ricco was surprised to see his wife's pussy accept a few inches of his friend's cock.

Whoa, fucking through the yoga pants! Who woulda thought? At least the material acted as a condom. He pulled back the torn flap of his sweats and began stroking. Seeing his friend's cock pushing the material into Kelsey's pussy was arousing.

In and out, half of his friend's cock disappeared into Kelsey's covered hole. It was hot.

Ricco jacked with interest. It was almost like his fantasy, but backwards. The white skin of Tristan's erection pushed into the utter blackness of his wife's yoga pants.

Kelsey loved it. She pushed back harder and harder, beginning to groan with effort and lust.

Ricco stroked faster, enjoying the show and his wife's lewd sounds.

Tristan grunted and whispered, "Fuck, you're so lucky, Ricco... Fuck!" He shoved hard, holding onto Kelsey's hips. More of his cock pushed into her, dragging the material deeper inside.

Kelsey made a pained noise, but continued pushing back against Ricco's friend.

Ricco sympathized suddenly, realizing the material rubbing her pussy probably didn't feel comfortable. But they were both in desperate movements, semi-fucking despite the yoga pants. He said nothing; it was too hot.

There was a sound immediately followed by groans from both Tristan and Kelsey. His friend shoved forward, hard. She pushed back harder. Ricco marveled that his friend's hips were against her backside. He definitely had gotten the material to stretch enough to allow almost full insertion.

Tristan pulled back and then rammed forward, again and again. Kelsey responded likewise, driving her body back hard against Tristan's thrusts. She wailed quietly, "Oh... fuck that feels so good..."

Ricco heard wet sounds.

Tristan gave her several more intense thrusts, deep, then pulled out.

He stroked, immensely aroused that it had really looked like they were fucking. This was much better than the fumbling condom attempt of the previous week. Watching his wife do something so sexy with his friend had Ricco's cock so hard that it hurt. He said, "Those yoga pants are great, huh? It totally looked like you two were really doing it."

Kelsey was in the act of flipping over to sit.

Tristan fisted his cock, staring hungrily at Ricco's wife. "Uh... we were. They ripped."

Kelsey gasped, "I'll need a new pair." There was a hole in the seam of her yoga pants that exposed her pussy. It had ripped clean open along the seam.

Ricco stared, hand frozen on his cock. He was responsible for that. And for how good it had looked just a few seconds ago. He stared dumbly as Kelsey slid the mangled pants off and sat naked on the floor, legs spread, and pussy wide open.

Tristan couldn't take his eyes away. He crawled over her and angled his cock back into her.

Ricco said nothing as he watched his friend insert his bare cock back into the girl he had married. He couldn't say anything; it was too late. And yet, it seemed only natural that Tristan should stick it in without a condom. The last time, the rubber had ripped and his friend and his wife had enjoyed the feeling bare. If his friend was heading out into the service in a couple of days, then why not? Maybe it was a good going away gift.

Ricco's hand hadn't moved on his erection, but it trembled as if he had the shakes really bad. He watched his friend's cock slide in and out of his wife's pussy. He listened to his wife's moans and groans as she licked at Tristan's ear while they fucked.

Up and down, his friend's butt humped between her hips.

She whispered to his friend, "Do you like it in there?"

Tristan groaned, "Oh yeah..."

"Too bad you're leaving..."

"Oh, I'll be back when I get leave, definitely."

"You'll save it all up for me?"

"Yeah." He thrust deep, driving his cock fully in and out of Kelsey's pussy.

Ricco watched his wife get fucked by his friend and began stroking. Yes, maybe

this is really good, after all.

With several heaving grunts, Tristan came, squirting his savage orgasm deep inside Ricco's wife. She moaned loudly under him, bucking as best she could and accepting his cum.

Ricco loved it.

CHAPTER 18

Kelsey

She was a bundle of nerves. She twisted this way and that, bouncing on her feet. "Does this look too slutty?"

It was Saturday and Connor was due to arrive within the hour, if traffic permitted.

Her husband sat in his torn sweats, jacking his dick. He stared dumbly at her exposed ass and lack of panties. "No..."

"I hope no one else knocks on the door because they'll see my pussy." She looked down; it was very exposed. It was the longest t-shirt she had and more of the dress-type, but it didn't fully cover her crotch.

Ricco breathed, "It looks great. Maybe you can sit on me—"

She scolded him with a look and her finger. "Later. I don't want to be all wore out for him. I want Connor to experience me fresh."

He sounded disappointed, "Yeah, I guess so..."

She posed the question she had before, "Come on, if you were going to fuck someone for the first time, would you want it to be sloppy seconds?"

"No, definitely not."

"All right then, don't ruin this for me." Her heart was beating madly. A guy, a real guy, was interested in her sexually and was coming here to meet and fuck her. It drove her crazy mad in a great way. Never before had she been given so much attention. Her pussy was alive and aching desperately to please Connor's cock. "Maybe you should go out and visit a friend or something?"

"No... I want... to be here." He stroked and then stopped. "I'm your husband, after all."

She pouted and hoped he behaved. "Just don't interfere, okay? This day is for me and him."

"I got it." He began stroking again.

She felt a wave of sympathy for him. "You're going to get it all raw. Do you want some oil?" She grabbed up the bottle of oil from the dresser and poured some in her palm. "Let me lube it up for you."

He looked at her feverishly. "Yeah... okay..."

She stroked oil down onto his erection. She made exactly one downward slide when there was a knock on their door. She jumped, surprised that he could be here so early. With a fast swipe and a yelp, she smeared the oil off of her hand onto the leg of his sweats. Then she fled the bedroom to run for the front door.

Her pussy throbbed, hoping it was him. She tried to control her gasping breaths in case it was just UPS or someone else. Calm down, Kelsey, You'll be fine... I hope. Talking to herself didn't help and she pulled open the door without thought. If it was UPS, she realized that her pussy was going to be fully on display as the door opened.

It wasn't UPS.

It was Connor Wright.

She gasped breathlessly, "Connor!"

His dark, sharp eyes considered her face, then fell right down to the hem of her t-shirt dress and lower to her pussy. His lips stretched in a smile and he stepped inside.

She let him come close and then his mouth was pressed to hers. She opened in surprise and they were kissing. His tongue felt so different than Tristan's or her husband's. It was soft, forceful, and demanding. She let out a moaning yelp in his mouth as she felt his fingers slide up and find her hot slit. Tingles danced along her lips as she felt his touch slide though her wet labia. She trembled as a finger

curled upwards and penetrated. Her nipples were already hard and now ached.

He broke the kiss and smiled mysteriously. "Do you want to go somewhere and get a bite to eat?"

From behind her, Ricco said, "Forget about that. She's too turned on to eat."

She sagged against Connor's hard and unyielding frame. On the one hand, she didn't like her husband's crude comment, but on the other, she was relieved that he pretty much had her figured out. There was no way she could sit through a lunch waiting to be fucked.

She felt Connor leaning.

He said, "I'm Connor Wright." There was a movement she felt through her closed eyes as she clung to her man. She realized he was shaking hands with her husband.

"Ricco," said her husband, "Ricco Sax, and I think you know my wife, Kelsey."

"I do, yes." He hesitated. "You do know I'm here to fuck your wife, right?"

Ricco sounded confused. "Right. Of course."

"And you're okay with that?"

"It's not a problem, bro. I let my friend have a little before he shipped out."

Connor shook his head. "Okay then. I see you're expecting it..."

"Yeah," he laughed, "I stuck my foot through them."

"Nice dick. Not small."

Ricco sounded offended. "Nah, I don't share her for a bigger dick and all that..."

"Well, let's see if I can make your wife cum."

She opened her eyes and allowed herself to be led past her husband to the bedroom. She felt so nervous now that she wasn't sure she could go through with it. She didn't want to disappoint Connor at all. He was so handsome and quiet.

Everything he did and said was economical and direct. She thrilled to his command and confidence.

She hoped she could be everything he wanted.

He stripped and she feasted her eyes on his package in person. Immediately, she was on her knees and handling his growing shaft. She had stared at it endlessly for weeks and seen it up close in videos and webcams. But this was different. She breathed his scent into her nose and sucked the large head into her mouth.

Endorphins coursed through her, lifting her with a sexual elation as good as any orgasm. She sucked and licked the beautiful shaft until it was hard. Then she showed him and her watching husband how deep she could go. She gripped Connor's small butt and pulled. She strained her mouth open as far as it would go and moved her head forward. The pressure on her jaws was intense. The head reached to the back of her throat and she pushed her head. Past her gag reflex and she was good. She angled her neck and pushed farther. She strained to reach the base of his cock, but he was too stiff for it to bend with the contours of her throat. She was short a couple inches.

She pulled off.

Connor groaned appreciatively.

She gripped his hips and slurped on the head of his beautiful dick. She wanted to prove how much she loved cock. She looked over at her husband, suddenly remembering him. He was leaning against the wall, stroking his shaft, jaw open and slack. Happy that he wasn't being a nuisance, she went back to pleasuring Connor.

He wasn't going to allow it, though. He lifted her and tossed her back onto the bed with an ease that bespoke his wiry strength. In less than a heartbeat, his tongue found her clit and licked.

Instantly, she was transported away, drifting somewhere puffy and white as her tingling clit received the most wonderful licks of his tongue. As if she were on a fast elevator ride upwards, her breathing became faster and shallower.

Her world teetered on Connor Wright's tongue.

Then he stuck his fingers in her.

Everything turned inside of her and tightened. His tongue stroked her wetly and her labia thrilled to his sliding, stroking fingers. It started as a growing heat in her belly and then a tremble. In a rushing burst, the tightness in her exploded outwards. Heat as hot as lava scorched up from her pussy in one huge wave.

Kelsey cried out and bucked her hips against Connor's face. Wave after wave ripped through her, rushing through her and leaving a steaming, tingling wake.

His face and fingers left her pussy.

Shamelessly, uncontrollably, her hips heaved as if in the act of fucking. She thrust her pussy up and down as it quivered and convulsed in whole-body aftershocks.

Connor's gaze was intense and focused. "Open that pussy."

She spread her legs wider.

He moved up and pressed the super thick head of his incredible cock against her trembling pussy.

She groaned in desperate anticipation and threw her legs as wide as they would go.

Pressure increased and pushed. Her lips parted easily enough, but her pussy was all contracted and still convulsing from her orgasm. Although still very wet, it was now all tight and clamping.

Connor forced his cock into her. He groaned heavily, "So fucking... tight..."

Slowly, her pussy opened. She cried out and lifted her butt off the bed. There was no question of condoms. In a flash, she pointed to the dresser. "Get the oil..." She wasn't sure who she said it to, but her husband instantly reached for it.

Thank you, Ricco... She grabbed the bottle with shaking hands. "Let me oil you, Connor." She wanted him to get it inside. She didn't want her body denying his cock. Thankfully, he understood and allowed her to smear oil all over it.

Without looking, she handed the bottle off. Her husband must have been right there because it left her hand. Her eyes were on Connor's cock. She whispered desperately, pleading, "Put it back in."

Connor stroked himself, staring at her hole. "Yeah..." His eyes shifted over to Ricco. "I'm going to fuck your wife now, okay?"

"Okay..."

"I'm only here for her. I don't suck dick. I'm not here for you, I'm here to fuck her."

"Yeah..."

"You realize that after having me, your wife probably won't feel you..."

Ricco moaned dreadfully with lust and craving. "Do it. Wreck her pussy, bro."

Connor smiled, pleased. "You know, I think I like you."

Kelsey thrust her hips up.

Her man didn't miss it. He pushed again, pressing his cock inward.

She grunted with effort, trying to relax. Slowly, she felt the pressure increase and move. It felt as if a telephone pole was being shoved up her crotch. She squeezed her eyes shut and bit back a long cry of effort and strain.

The pressure pushed deeper.

She cried out, clawing on Connor's wiry arms. "Ungh! F-fuck... me!" Her pussy was stretched open from the inside out. She wailed loudly as the stretching went deeper. Nevertheless, she pulled on Connor, wanting all of his cock inside her pussy.

When Connor stopped to readjust, she took the opportunity to gasp for air. Her chest heaved, nipples erect and aching.

He was looking down at her, dark eyes intense and piercing. He whispered harshly, "Almost there..."

She begged him, "Fuck me, please..."

He laughed shakily, "I'm trying..."

Never had she felt so full. Her dildo was big, too, but this was different. The dildo might have been smooth, but it was hard and unbending. Connor's cock was real flesh and it felt so good.

So very good.

She opened her eyes, dizzy from holding her breath. Time had passed; she felt it.

He was smiling. "We're there; you took it all."

"I did? Really?" She had never felt the depth and pressure like this before. Different than the dildo, it was astronomically better.

He whispered, "Now I'm going to fuck you."

She relaxed in a rush, moaning loudly, "Do it..."

He moved forcefully, thrusting and humping. His cock drove in and out of her, and his hips slammed down onto hers. In and out, her world was pounded to pleasure. His cock was a piston in her pussy and slowly everything dissolved – all the nervous cares and worries were lifted from her and flew off elsewhere.

Much time passed.

She knew that he moved her several times, changing positions.

Dizzy and reeling, she let this sexy man own her pussy. If this was what fucking was all about, she was never going to stop. Tingles coursed through her with each of his thrusts, driving away all doubts and fears. She floated, happy and delirious, until she felt the scalding spurts deep inside her.

She knew joy and satisfaction.

EPILOGUE

Ricco

He jacked his dick frantically and stopped. Several times.

Many times.

The fucking went on and on.

Connor fucked Ricco's wife for almost two and a half hours.

He knew exactly what sex was like with Connor now. He had watched the guy's cock thrust in and out, smoothly acquiring ownership of his wife's pussy. The man was a machine.

He had cum in a dribbling rush when he saw Connor finally work his entire cock into his wife's pussy. In that post-orgasmic male depletion of electrolytes, he had felt hatred for Connor. He wanted him gone. He hated his bigger cock. He hated that his own wife had obviously fallen in love with it. She had sucked and kissed it and even smiled at him while doing it!

He hated it all.

But Connor had kept on going. His cock became a blur – a moving muscle of masculine domination. Ricco wasn't small, but Connor was impressive. Of course, Kelsey was entranced with his cock; it was only natural.

Then he had felt his cock stirring, madly tingling and raw, ticklish and sensitive. He had gripped it again, forced to hold it while it throbbed and swelled. The sensations made him want to laugh and cry at the same time. It tickled and hurt. It was too sensitive to hold, but too demanding to leave alone. He began stroking it as he watched Connor's cock continue to slide in and out of his delirious wife, over and over again.

That Kelsey was lost and cock-drunk was obvious. It only added to the excitement.

He felt sick to his stomach.

He felt elated beyond belief.

He hated it, but then he loved it.

When Connor began grunting, leaning back and forcing his cock deeper, Ricco had shot his second load. It burned out of his dick in a hot trail of assent and harmony with Connor's orgasm in his wife.

Twice in the same week, his wife had taken another guy's load deep in her pussy. Only once had Ricco ever had sex with her without a condom.

But Tristan had cum in her bare.

She had loved it.

Now Connor had dumped a load in her and it was leaking out even before he pulled out.

And she loved it.

And now he did, too.

Yes, we're definitely having Connor back. And when Tristan comes home on leave, we'll get them together and wreck all her holes.

He jacked his spent dick slowly, lovingly as Connor pulled out.

Kelsey looked over and saw him. She smiled as cum ran out of her gaping pussy.

That caused another jolt to Ricco and a lone spurt of cum arched out of his dick. Yes, I'm going to buy her even sexier, more revealing clothes. I'll make her dress like a slut and make sure all her seams are loosened... so she can attract cock. More cock for my wife.

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