

A woman with blonde, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a white lace top and denim shorts. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a textured, grey wall.

My

Neighbor

Took my Wife

(And all I did was watch)

Emilia Steele

MY NEIGHBOR TOOK MY WIFE
AND ALL I DID WAS WATCH

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

Want to be kept up to date with my newest releases? Sign up for my newsletter! You'll get an exclusive **free story**, and I'll drop you a line when I launch a new book. All you got to do is sign up here:

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

"I'm going to take your wife. And you're going to watch, neighbor."

When Eric and Kim meet their new neighbor — **a stern old man named Frank Johnson** — they have absolutely no idea Frank is going to change their lives.

The **inexperienced and naive couple** invite their neighbor over for dinner. **Frank makes himself at home** and **takes charge** of the couple.

Frank knows exactly what Eric and Kim need but are too afraid to admit.

Eric wants to watch as Frank claims his hot wife. He just doesn't know it yet... **but Frank is going to give them a lesson they'll never forget.**

CHAPTER ONE

It all started with a knock on our door.

We'd just moved into a new neighborhood, Kim and I. Our first entry into suburbia. After living in a small apartment in the middle of the city for the last five years, we both decided it was time to get out.

The city was no place to raise a child, after all. Not that Kim was expecting, but we definitely had plans to start a family together.

We would only start trying for real when we were completely settled in our new life. We were like that: Always planning everything. Every little detail of our life we had thought about, deliberated over, and brainstormed.

But no plan of ours could've ever accounted for Frank Johnson.

It all started innocently enough: With a firm knock on our door.

"I'll get it," I said as I lowered one of our many, *many* boxes. Only when you move do realize how much crap you've really got in your house. I opened the door to find a tall, black man standing there.

He was old enough to be my dad — I'd say he was around fifty years old, but it was hard to tell, for he was in great shape. The shirt he was wearing could barely contain his massive biceps. But, his

grey hair and wrinkles gave away that this man was most definitely my senior.

In his hands he was holding a package.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I think a package for you was accidentally delivered to my address," he said. "Name's Frank, by the way. I live next door. You're moving in?"

"Oh, sorry about that!" I said as I accepted the package. I didn't remember ordering anything, but Kim had been ordering a lot online lately. "Yes, we're right in the middle of moving. I'm Eric."

"And are you alone, Eric?"

"Oh no, my wife's, Kim, she's upstairs. Should I call her down?"

"Maybe not quite yet," Frank whispered as he gently grasped my lower arm and leaned in. His touch was surprisingly firm. "You see, I didn't realize the package wasn't meant for me, so I opened it. Again, I'm terribly sorry."

Still not understanding, I looked down at the package. It was a beige box, nothing spectacular about it. I opened it up and that's when heat instantly rose to my cheeks.

Jesus fuck, the box was filled to the brim with sex toys. Nipple clamps, chokers, butt plugs, and to top it off, a giant, big, black, dildo.

It came back to me in an instant. It was a week ago or so, and I was drunk, horny, and browsing the internet. I vaguely remember just adding everything that seemed remotely interesting to my basket.

When I awoke the next morning, I was sure I didn't *actually* press order. Turns out, I did. And in my drunken stupor, I even mistyped our address.

"Uh," I stammered, not knowing what to do or say.

Time seemed to stretch on and on.

I can't believe my old black neighbor knows I bought a BBC dildo for my wife.

That's it. We have to move.

Let's load everything back onto the truck and start fresh on the opposite coast.

"Relax," Frank said. "It's perfectly normal. Really, it's my mistake, I should have taken a better look before I opened it. That's why I also got you this bottle of wine," he said as he handed it to me. "As a peace offering. I hope you're not too upset. I don't want to start off on the wrong foot, after all."

I gratefully accepted the gift. "Are you crazy, no, it's *my* fault," I stammered. "I filled in the wrong address, I shouldn't have put you in this awkward position."

Frank leaned back and smiled.

"Trust me, it takes more than a few butt plugs to rattle old Frank. I'm older than you, Eric, by a few years I imagine. I've seen a thing or two in my day. No, I'm not embarrassed."

"Good," I said, pushing back my shoulders and taking a big breath. "Good. Let's just forget about it then and start fresh. Perhaps you'd want to come to dinner sometime?"

"Oh, I'd like that," Frank nodded.

"Is there a miss Johnson?"

Frank shook his head. "No, not anymore. I live alone."

"Oh. I'm sorry to hear that."

Frank just shrugged. "It is what it is, Eric. It is what it is."

"Whose there?" Kim asked as she bounced down the stairs.

I quickly closed the package before my wife could see what was inside, and Frank couldn't help but chuckle at me.

"Th-this is our new neighbor, Frank!" I said. "He brought us some wine."

"Oh, thank you!" My wife said as she shook hands with the old black man. Frank shook Kim's hand with both of his hands. I took the moment to quickly hide the package somewhere out of sight.

"You didn't tell me your wife was so beautiful, Eric!" Frank said. "You two are already brightening up this neighborhood!"

"Oh, stop," Kim laughed.

I thought she'd hate his flirtatious comments, but to my surprise, she didn't. It wasn't her polite laugh — this was her genuine laugh. I could tell by the way she threw her head back, and by how her blonde hair danced around her shoulders.

"I asked Frank if he wanted to come over for dinner sometime," I said.

"Good, how about tomorrow?" Kim offered.

"Oh, I don't want to impose," Frank said.

"Nonsense! The weather is supposed to be good, and Eric needs an audience to test his barbecue skills on. Right? Isn't that what being a suburban dad is all about?"

"Oh, there's a little one around?" Frank asked.

"Not yet." Kim said. "But who knows, right?"

"Yeah, I guess we could barbecue tomorrow," I said. "If you're up for it, Frank."

"Wouldn't miss it," Frank said. "See you tomorrow then! Take care now."

I closed the door and rested my back against it. That's not how I imagined our first meeting with the neighbors to go.

Something he said kept rattling in my mind. *It takes more than few butt plugs to rattle old Frank. I've seen a thing or two.*

What *would* rattle the old man? There's something about him, a quiet energy, composed, but it's there under the surface. Like an off-duty officer, or a retired sergeant. Something like that.

If I imbibe enough liquid courage during our barbecue I might ask him about it.

"Why are you so sweaty?" Kim asked. "Has meeting our new neighbor got you all fired up?"

"You're one to talk, he wasn't chatting *me* up," I say.

"He wasn't chatting me up!" Kim said, faking outrage. "He was just being polite. You know how old men are, that's just how they talk."

"Yeah, I know how old men are. They want to watch hot young little wives like you sunbathe nude," I say as I grab my wife's hips and pull her close "They want to peep through the blinds and watch the young couple next-door fuck like rabbits."

Kim smirked and placed her hand on my bulge.

"Why, if I didn't know any better, I'd say you want to let the old coot watch, mister," she whispered into my neck.

"Maybe I do," I say as I unbuttoned her jeans and tugged them down her hips, baring her wide, round ass to the world. "What do you say to that?"

"The blinds *are* open," Kim whispered back urgently, but the lust in her voice was clear. "We can't do it right here!"

"Why not? This is our home, isn't it?"

"I don't know what's gotten into you, mister," Kim said as she pulled her pants back up and walked up the stairs. At the top she turned around and looked at me.

"Are you coming to fuck me or what?"

Oh hell yes.

I practically ran up the stairs and threw my wife on the bed.

"Close the curtains," she giggled.

I made a half-hearted attempt at it, leaving a wide gap in the middle.

"Why not give the old man a show?" I growled as I yanked my wife's jeans down.

"You're so bad," she said, looking up at me with a sexy smile.

She didn't tell me to close the curtains completely.

I took a step back to admire the view. My beautiful wife, lying on the bed of her perfect new home, her naked legs spread wide, her gorgeous cunt glistening with juices — all the more visible because of all the natural light spilling into our room.

It made me hard as fuck.

"What will Frank think if he sees me like this, hm?"

"He'll think that you're a hot little slut, which you are," I said as I grabbed my cock and jerked off right in front of my wife. She always loves watching me play with myself.

Her hand slid down between her legs.

"I am a dirty little girl, aren't I?" She whispered. "Oh fuck, I'm so wet, baby. Come fuck me."

"Not yet," I said.

"Why not?"

"Be right back, don't move!"

My lust had taken control of me. I sprinted down the stairs, grabbed the box of toys I had hidden away, and raced back up. If Frank would've looked over to our house at this moment, he would have seen my naked cock bouncing around freely, but I didn't care.

Kim sat up and frowned. "What's gotten into you?"

"Hold on, you're going to love this," I said as I delved into the box and ripped open the packaging.

Kim howled in laughter when a big black dildo flopped out.

"Tada!" I said.

"Oh my god, Eric," she said. "Where the hell did you get that?"

"The wonders of the internet," I said as I held the dildo next to my own erect cock. It was much larger and much thicker, of course. "What do you think?"

"Hm, which one to choose," Kim said as she got on her hands and knees and crawled towards me.

She grabbed my cock and the black dildo and stroked us both.

The sight of her white hand wrapped around the black cock, her wedding ring clearly visible, sent a thrill unlike anything I've ever felt racing through my body.

Even though it was nothing but a toy, it made my heart hammer in my chest — and my cock pulse so hard I dribbled pre-cum all over my wife's hands.

"Oh, you like that, huh?" She said. "Just stroking it gets you this hard?"

I shrugged, not wanting my wife to know just how deeply I was enjoying this role-play.

"It's fun, yeah," I croaked.

"Fun, huh? What if I do this?"

She leaned in, opened her mouth, and wrapped her beautiful lips around the head of the black cock. She moaned lewdly, as if it was the best thing she's ever tasted, with her eyes closed, and I practically came on the spot.

Something had just been awoken inside of me.

"Oh yeah, it feels so good in my mouth," she said, fluttering her lashes at me. "I can feel your cock pulsing — you like watching your white wifey with a big black cock in her mouth, hm?"

"I, er, oh," I panted, suddenly unable to form sentences. I saw stars for a brief second, and I was worried about passing out.

"What if Frank saw me now?" Kim said, the giant head of the black cock resting against her lips. "What if he knew his new neighbor was secretly a slut for black cock?"

"Jesus Christ, Kim," I groaned. "I need to be inside of you right now."

She threw herself on the bed and I mounted her within a second, grabbing her ankles and slamming my throbbing hard cock into her, my cock sliding easily into her sopping wet cunt.

I pumped her hard and fast, slamming my cock into her with every thrust, sweat trickling down my entire body.

Kim moaned loudly, the black cock still in her hand. I leaned down and kissed her hard.

"Are you going to cum inside me?"

"Fuck yes," I groaned.

She placed the black cock on her lips. "Good — ah — I need to be filled — oh — by two cocks at the same time, baby."

"Fuck!"

"Is that okay, baby? Is it okay that your wifey wants a big black cock in her mouth?"

"Jesus!"

"Are you going to turn me into a slut for black cock, like in all the stories you like to read?"

Fuck, she knows?!

"YES!" I growled loudly. "I'm going to watch you take our neighbor's big black dick, and watch him fill you with his seed, and, and—"

"And then you're going to eat me out, right?"

"FUCK!"

My cock spurted cum suddenly and explosively, my body trembling fiercely as my balls pumped load after load of my seed deep into my wife's womb. Kim pulled me in close, her nails digging into my shoulders as we kissed, our tongues swirling around, as the last aftershocks of my tsunami-like orgasm made my heart jump.

I laid down next to my wife, panting for breath, as she hugged me tightly, her hand stroking my face.

"How did you know?" I stammered, still gasping for breath. "About the stories?"

"I'm sorry," she squealed. "I saw your browser history the other day. I didn't mean to snoop, but then I saw those titles, and I got... interested. And I read them all. I'm sorry! Are you mad at me?"

"No, not mad, but a little peeved. I don't know. It's private. But you read them all?"

"You're right, it's private. I did read them all, yes."

"And you liked them?"

"I thought they were hot."

"So you don't think I'm weird?" I ask.

Kim chuckled. "If I thought it was weird, I wouldn't have said all those things I just said, right?"

"*Touché.*"

"It's just role-play," she continued. "I want us to say whatever we want with each other, to be honest, and open. I'm sorry for snooping through your browser history, but also I'm not, because if I didn't we wouldn't have had such amazing sex."

"So... it was just role-play," I said. "You didn't mean any of it?"

"If that's what you want to hear, then sure, I didn't mean any of it," Kim said with a sneaky smile.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I laugh.

"It means I love you and I'm faithful to you," she said, suddenly very serious. "It also means I think those stories are seriously *hot*. Which does not mean I literally *want* to do those things. But they are still hot. So now I get to ask: Do you think *I'm* weird?"

"No, I think you're the best, hottest wife I could have ever asked for," I answer.

My head is swirling with all this new information. An hour ago I would have sheepishly admitted, if pressed, that I thought my sex was a little predictable. Maybe even boring. Now, I've just had the best sex of my life, and my wife, my sexy, gorgeous, adoring wife just told me she likes reading stories about big black cocks turning innocent housewives into their slutty playthings.

Jesus.

CHAPTER TWO

I awake the next morning with Kim already pressing her ass against me. I slip into her easily and we enjoy hot, slow morning sex. Neither of us speak, but my mind is still reeling from last night.

The rest of the day passes quickly. I unpack some boxing, do some drilling while Kim goes out to get the groceries. After a long day of work, I find myself behind the grill, nursing a beer as my old neighbor wanders over.

"Howdy, folks," he says as he hands me another bottle of fine wine.

"Another one?" I ask as I accept it. "We can start out own winery at this rate."

"You can never have enough quality wine, my friend," Frank says.

"Amen to that!" Kim says as she walks onto the patio. She changed into a stunning black dress that hugs her body in all the right places.

Frank and I are both silent as we stare at my gorgeous wife.

"Now I feel under-dressed," Frank says. He's wearing a shirt and shorts, nothing fancy.

"Don't be silly," Kim says. "I can dress up without you two boys feeling left out, can't I?"

"You sure can," I say.

"Well, I'm not complaining," Frank says.

The way his old brown eyes drink in my wife's body make me flushed all over. Luckily I'm standing behind the grill, or all the world could see the tent I'm pitching.

I make sure everyone is fed, while Kim ensures all our glasses are constantly topped off. It's like she's trying to get us all drunk.

"So, do you live alone?" Kim asks. "Divorced?"

"Widower, in fact," Frank says. "Wife passed away three years ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Oh, it is what it is. Don't look at me like that, Kim. I'm not some lonely old man who needs your pity."

"I'll pity whoever I like," Kim laughs. "Any children?"

"Yes, but they all live all over the globe."

"Sounds pretty lonely to me," Kim says.

"Trust me, when you're my age, you're happy your kids are not around 24/7. After raising them half your life, a little peace and quiet can be a good thing."

"What is your age, anyway?" Kim says.

Frank looks at me and raises his eyebrows. "Your wife is not afraid to ask questions, is she, Eric?"

"No, when she wants something she goes for it," I laugh.

"That's a good thing to have. How old do you think I am, woman?"

"Um," Kim hesitates, suddenly on the back foot.

Frank laughs, his voice a low, baritone sound that reverberates inside my chest. "I'm 57. And I'm retired. Early, I know, but after all

those years on the force, I think I deserved a little rest."

So I was right about his past. There's this quiet intensity to him. It's in the timbre of his voice, and in the way his dark eyes size you up. Like you just want to follow his orders instinctively.

"Enough about me, let's talk about you two." Frank says. "How did you two meet?"

Kim tells him our origin story, while I sit back and nurse my wine and enjoy their conversation.

We met through mutual friends as freshmen, and we've been inseparable ever since. Not the most original of stories, but its ours.

"So you two are young lovebirds then? Not high-school sweethearts, but practically so, yes?"

"Yes, sir," Kim says.

"Each others first as well?" Frank asks.

I exchange a glance with my wife.

Kim clears her throat, her cheeks turning rosy. "If you must know... yes."

Frank chuckles. "Kids these days, you are so traditional. Aren't you supposed to wild? And explore? You're so young, yet you two are already so *old*."

"That's a bit rich coming from the pensioner," I retort.

"Yeah, tell us about your youth then," my wife says. "What did you get up to when you were our age, hm?"

"You're going to need to open a new bottle of wine if you want to hear that story," Frank says. "And be careful what you ask for."

That last sentence sounds rather ominous. I know when to take a hint, and this is one. I get up and slap my knees. "Does anyone

want another burger?" I ask. "I've got some more." I know my wife doesn't care for sex talk. We rarely discuss our bedroom activities with friends.

"No, go fetch Frank that bottle, dear," Kim says to my surprise. "I want to hear what the old coot has to say."

"Really?" I ask.

Frank smirks. "Know what you're getting yourself into, girl."

"I'm a big girl, Frank. I can handle myself."

"Okay, it's your call. Eric. Wine?"

"Yes, sir," I say, as I walk back inside to grab a bottle of chilled wine. I top off all of our glasses, my hands trembling. It's a truly beautiful night, with cicadas buzzing in the distance, and even though it's dark it's still warm enough to sit on the patio. Our backyard is completely hidden from our neighbors view by trees and fences — moving here was an excellent move.

"So, Frank Johnson. Spill the beans," Kim says as she leans forward. "What's so lurid you're afraid to tell me?"

Frank leans back in his chair and stretches his arms behind his head. I can't help but notice how big his biceps are. For an old man, he's in excellent shape. "Ah, where to begin? Don't say I didn't warn you," he winks.

We listen as Frank tells us his story about his wild, young days. Turns out he was quite a stallion back in the day, diving deep into the world of sex clubs, swinging, and BDSM. I find myself shifting uncomfortably in my seat as he describes the sex clubs in vivid details, but Kim seems completely enthralled by him.

"That's where I first met my late wife, actually, if you can believe that — tied spread-eagle to a cross. Not that we ever told our families that — they'd have a heart attack or two if they knew all that we got up to!"

Kim laughs, and I join in, my palms sweaty. When Frank finally wraps up his long, sordid tale, Kim nods.

"Alright, I'll admit that you've lived quite a life... if all that is true," Kim says. "You could be making it all up."

"You don't believe me?" Frank says. "If you want, I'll show you two my basement. That'll prove everything."

There is a moment of silence, and an intense look shared between my old black neighbor and my young, white wife.

"That won't be necessary," I say, breaking the tension. I search for another topic to discuss, but Kim isn't done.

"Let's say I believe you," Kim says. "Would you recommend that lifestyle, then? Or do you have any regrets?"

"Regrets? None," Frank says decisively. "Would I recommend it? That depends. It's definitely not for everyone — and I've seen couples flame out spectacularly — but it worked wonderful for me and my Gloria. Communication is absolutely key, as well as trust. If you've got both of those in order, then I don't see a reason why you wouldn't want to try all that the world has to offer."

Another silence falls. Kim is nodding, and seemingly lost in thought, as my stomach cramps up. How did she get our old neighbor to start proselytizing swinging?! Not that I'm not interested myself, but I always thought that was something older couples did when they got bored of each other. Kim and I are in the primes of our lives.

"I didn't mean to share so much," Frank says, breaking the tense silence. "I apologize."

"No, we asked, didn't we?" Kim says.

"Yes, but it still wasn't polite for me to spring all this lurid talk on you two. We just met, after all. I think I should call it a night. Thank you for the lovely wine and the delicious food."

He gets up and I shake his hand. He's got a firm, tight grip. With a final wave he waddles over to his house.

"That was a load of bull, wasn't it?" I say when he's out of earshot.

"I don't know. It could be true."

"Yeah, right. Meeting your wife in a sex club? Come on. That just doesn't happen."

"The eighties were different. Wilder. I think it's true. Frank's intense, isn't he?"

I finish off my glass of wine. "He sure is."

An hour later, I walk into bedroom after having brushed my teeth so my wife laying naked on our marital bed, her trusty vibrator pressed against her clit.

"Getting started without me?"

She turns and offers her ass to me. "Come fuck me," she breathes heavily.

I don't need a second invitation. I'm hard instantly, and I slide in easily. Neither of speak as we fuck hard and fast, but I know what I'm thinking.

My wife, tied-up, naked. And Frank's strong hands running over her naked body.

That thought sends me right over the edge.

Neither of us mention it the next day, and our life returns to normal. I'm relieved for it. The dirty talk is hot, but I'm not sure how I would react if Kim asked me to take her to a sex club and share her with strangers. Imagining it is one thing, but doing it in reality? I'm not sure I could handle it.

A week later I run into Frank at the hardware store.

"Sorry about the other day," he says when he shakes my hand. "I got a little carried away. It must have been the wine."

"Oh, not at all. It was an interesting conversation. How about you come over for another barbecue? The weather is supposed to be good tonight."

The word just slipped out. I had no intention of inviting him, but it seemed the right thing to say.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to impose."

"Nonsense, you're our neighbor, isn't that what neighbors do?"

"If you insist."

"I do," I say firmly.

Frank's brown eyes twinkle. "Then I will see you and Kim tonight."

When I tell my wife I invited Frank over, she stiffens up for a moment.

"Is that okay? I could still cancel."

"No, it's fine," she says.

"I'll go set up the grill."

"I'll go get changed then," Kim says.

I'm already drinking a beer with Frank and grilling some burgers when Kim walks out onto the patio. Frank whistles, and I look up and drop my tongs.

She's wearing a tiny baby-blue bikini — nothing else. The small top barely contains her round, luscious breasts, and when she turns around to grab a bottle of wine, I can see the fabric sliding between the cheeks of her ass. My wife has never looked hotter.

Frank looks at me and gives me a cheeky smile. "What did I do to deserve this view?" he asks.

"You've seen it all already, haven't you?" Kim says. "Or were all your stories just tall tales?"

"No, I've seen my fair share," Frank answers.

"Then my outfit should bore you, right?"

"Looking at a beautiful woman is never boring, Kim," Frank says.

Kim lights up at his compliment, and I stand there, perplexed. We hadn't discussed this at all, but... I'm not complaining.

The wine flows freely as we dine, even more so than last week. Frank's an excellent conversationalist, and he's got many interesting stories to share from his time on the force. His dark eyes do seem to wander all over my wife's body every time she gets up to refill our drinks or grab some new snacks, and I allow it to happen.

"I do miss having a wife around," Frank says when Kim refills his glass.

"You want to borrow mine? It's the kinda thing you do, apparently," I say, the words just slipping out.

Kim and Frank both laugh, and to my surprise, Kim plops herself down in Frank's lap and wraps her arms around his neck. "Be careful what you wish for, mister," she says.

I'm sober in an instant. Her ass is barely covered by that small piece of cloth, and it's resting right on Frank's lap. She's got to be sitting right on his bulge.

"Excuse me, I need to use the bathroom," I say and I walk off quickly, trying to hide my own erection. I take my time in the bathroom, pacing around, my heart racing. What is happening outside? Are they making out? Will I walk back outside to see my wife spread out all over the table, her panties pulled to the side, Frank's head buried between her legs?

These thoughts race through my mind as I tip-toe my way back into the kitchen and glance out the window.

Frank and Kim are just talking. Kim's back in her seat. Her hair is a little tussled and her cheeks are rosy, but that's because of the copious amounts of wine we've been consuming. I'm an idiot — of course my wife isn't going to cheat with my senior neighbor at the drop of a hat. Get it together, Eric.

The rest of the night is pleasant, but there's no more sex talk. Not until I'm back in bed with my wife, and I slide my hand between her legs and find her dripping wet.

"It seems that whenever Frank comes around, you're soaking wet," I growl into Kim's ear. The alcohol has lowered my inhibitions.

She gropes my cock. "You're hard as a rock yourself," she says. "Did you like my outfit?"

"I fucking loved it."

"Did you see the way he looked at me? He wanted my body."

"Is that why you sat on his lap?" I say. "To feel his hardness?"

"Yes," she hisses. "I felt his big black cock pressing against my ass, baby."

"Did he grope you while I was away?" I ask, my heart now hammering in my throat. "Did our old neighbor squeeze your tits, and slide his fingers into your panties and finger that hot wet slutty little cunt of yours?"

"I wish," Kim moans as I finger her. "I wish he used me like the neighborhood slut I am. I wish he gave me that big black cock of his, that he used me like one of his whores!"

"Oh fuck, turn around," I moan.

My wife offers me her ass and I fuck her hard and fast.

"Oh Frank," Kim moans into her pillow. "Fill me quickly before my husband comes back!"

I come hard and empty my balls in wife, groaning into my wife's neck, my hand squeezing her ass hard.

"You liked that?" She chuckles.

"Hey, so did you," I moan with a smile.

"I'm not saying I didn't."

Kim rolls over and we kiss and hug tightly. We hold each other as we drift off to sleep, but I know one thing for sure.

Hearing her call out Frank's name is the hottest thing I've ever heard.

CHAPTER THREE

The weather changed, and barbecue season ended.

But Frank's tight grip on our marriage was only beginning.

It started with my dreams. I kept replaying that night, over and over again in my mind. Seeing my beautiful, blonde-haired wife sitting on old Frank's lap in nothing but a tiny bikini, his black hands resting on her pale, white thighs... every time I conjured forth that vision I'd be hard in an instant.

Every time I dreamt about it, it ended differently. Sometimes I pretended to go to sleep, and I'd watch from an upstairs window as Frank pumped my wife full with his cum right there on my patio. Other times he'd pull down her top right in front of me, and knead her big white tits, all the while staring right at me, daring me to say a thing.

Of course, I never gave a peep.

Nothing of the sort happened — but with every passing night, I kinda wish it did. And as the weeks passed, those fantasies became an obsession.

Our sex play didn't make things easier for me either.

Kim took to the big black dildo I bought her like a fish to water. She realized instantly how I'd be on the verge of cumming if she so

much as opened her drawer and grabbed the thing, let alone look me in the eye as she wrapped her tongue around the dark head. It became a standard part of our sex life, as did the dirty talk.

In the bedroom, we'd say the nastiest stuff to each other. We tried out all sorts of role-play, but we settled on the thing that got us both worked up the most: Me sharing her with other men. Mostly older black men. We didn't mention Frank by name, but he was on both our minds all the same.

That's why I started leaving the blinds open in our bedroom at night, hoping (and fearing) that Frank would look over to see us making love.

Then, one day, it finally happened.

It was a Sunday morning, and I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth when I heard Kim shriek. She ran into the bathroom, her arms wrapped around her naked chest, her face red.

"You bastard!" She said, half-laughing. "He saw me!"

"Who saw what now?"

"Frank, you idiot! I got up and stretched and when I looked up, Frank was looking right at me!"

"Really?" I said, trying to hide my excitement. "What did he do?"

"The bastard gave me a thumbs up if you can believe that!"

"Haha!" I laughed. "That's cheeky."

"Go ahead and laugh, it's not funny," Kim complained.

"Oh, he's already seen 98% of your tits, remember? You weren't complaining when you wore that bikini and nearly gave him a heart-attack," I teased.

"That was different."

"How exactly?"

"That was... voluntary."

"So was this. Come on, you knew the blinds were open. You have eyes. What are you complaining about? I thought this is what you wanted."

Kim's face was flushed bright red with embarrassment.

"Aren't you supposed to be jealous or something?!" She complained.

"I can be the possessive, angry husband if that's what you want. Do you think I should go over there and punch his lights out for looking at my girl? I'll do it if you want me to," I joked.

"Yeah, like you could take on Frank," she retorted. "He'd eat you for breakfast."

"You as well," I added, her quip making my cock tingle. If Frank challenged me to a wrestling match — winner takes my wife — he'd have my number for sure.

I grabbed her waist and pulled her in close. She resisted, jokingly, before letting me kiss her.

"All better?" I asked. "Frank's an old man, let him have his fun."

"So you don't think there's anything wrong with our senior neighbor checking me out? How about I go do my yoga stark-naked in front of our bedroom window, what would you think about that?"

I didn't have to say anything for her to get her answer — my own cock betrayed me. I was just about to head into the shower, so I was as naked as can be, and nothing could hide my growing erection.

Kim looked down and then her eyes widened.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I shrugged and tried to downplay it. "Maybe."

She reached down and squeezed my cock. I barely could stop myself from moaning.

"That's not what your cock is telling me. Jesus, you're hard as hell. So Frank looking at my tits really gets you going, huh?"

She started stroking me, and I got lightheaded for a moment as the sheer pleasure nearly overwhelmed me.

"It's hot, yeah," I stammered.

"I thought it was all bedroom talk, that you'd get super jealous if anything actually happened," Kim said as she continued stroking my cock. "Isn't that what guys are supposed to do?"

"I don't know what guys are supposed to do," I answered.

"Well, not let their wives flash their senior neighbors, that's for sure," Kim laughed.

"Who ever made that rule?" I answered. "We can do whatever we want, can't we?"

A mischievous smile formed on my wife's beautiful face. "We certainly can."

She got to her knees in front of me and jerked my cock against her hard nipples. "Come on my tits," she breathed. "And I'll show our neighbor what he should come do to me."

"Oh fuck," I moaned.

I came within seconds, covering my wife's big tits with my cum. She milked me dry and smeared my seed all over herself. I rested my back against the wall to catch my breath as she flashed me a wicked smile, and tip-toed back into the bedroom.

I expected the jealousy to be overwhelming, now with my balls drained and all, but instead I still felt butterflies in my stomach.

Kim turned to me and pouted. "He's gone. Oh well, his loss." She laid down on the bed, grabbed her vibrator, and placed it right on her clit. Instantly she moaned, her muscled twitched, her legs trembled.

Watching her play with herself like that, facing our window, made me as hard as a rock again, and as soon as she had come I pounced on top of her and slid into her, my cock entering her sopping wet pussy easily.

We kissed deeply as I pounded my wife, both of us thinking the same thing — *if Frank looked out his bedroom window now, he'd get a prime view of my cock and my balls slapping into my wife's needy cunt.*

It didn't take long after that wonderful session for Kim to raise the topic once more. It was during lunch — she was playing on her phone while I read the paper.

"So, are we going to talk about this like adults or are we going to keep dancing around this topic forever?" She suddenly said.

I looked up and feigned ignorance. Internally I was relieved she had the courage to raise the topic, because I was still too nervous to come to terms with it all.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think I mean, mister Galaxy Brain? The Frank of it all!"

I lowered the paper and stopped my hand from trembling. "What do you want me to say?"

"That you love me?" Kim said. "That, that, that we're not weird?"

"I love you, and I'm sorry so say it, but we are weird as hell, Kim. But so is everyone else, so it's okay," I said with a smile. "You heard Frank's stories. Apparently, back in the day, everyone and their mom was into swinging. What if we're the weird ones for being monogamous?"

"Are we monogamous?" Kim asked.

All the air was sucked out of the room in an instant. A heavy feeling pressed on my chest.

"What do you mean?" I asked, keeping my voice flat. "Have you cheated on me?"

"Of course not!" Kim said. "I'm just saying, all our... dirty talk, the roleplaying, the... whatever this morning was. It doesn't seem very monogamous to me to fantasize about our neighbor, is all I'm saying."

I take a moment to think. I have to choose my words carefully - it feels like we're at a crossroads. Perhaps I have underestimated the stress I've put on my wife as well.

Although she's very openminded now, she came from a strict household, and she always carried that burden of shame.

"I think that... as long as we're in this together... then we're monogamous."

Kim chuckles. "That's not how it works, is it?"

"Why not? This is just between you and me, right? No one else has to know. Hell, no one *needs* to know. What we do, together, is absolutely no one's fucking business. Right?"

Kim nods.

"Then, like, what does it even matter what it's called? Monogamy, non-monogamy, *whatever*. They're just words. My feelings, our feelings, are much more important than that."

I reach out and squeeze her hand.

"I know that I love you, babe. With all my heart. And I love fucking you. And I love watching you come. More than anything. And if there's anything that we can do to make our sex life better, to watch you come harder than you've ever done before, then I want to do

that. I want to walk that path with you. And I know that, if we stay honest and true to each other, then nothing could ever come between us."

Kim gets up and hugs me tightly. I wrap my arms protectively around my hot little wife, and enjoy the sensation for as long as it lasts.

"That's the most beautiful and yet dumbest thing I've ever heard," she laughs, her eyes welling up with emotion. "You love watching me come?"

"Yeah, I thought about using those lines for our vows, but decided against it in the end."

She hits my shoulder playfully. "You're too kind, Eric."

"No, I'm just horny, and so are you," I tease. "And I think it's about time we started being honest with each other instead of being too embarrassed to talk about it. Let's be adults, like you said."

"Okay," she said, wiping her tears away. "Okay, let's be honest. You go first."

"I..."

My voice trails off. What do I even want to say?

"I've been having these... dreams," I say.

"Go on."

"About you. And Frank."

Kim's eyes twinkle. "Go on."

I tell her all about my dreams, every sordid, lurid detail. Kim listens breathlessly, her nipples perking up, her ears taking on a red glow. When I'm done, she nods sheepishly.

"So, what do you think. Am I weird?"

"I think you were right earlier when you said were one horny bastard," she smiled. "Now I am, too. Feel."

She grabbed my hand and stuck it down the front of her pants. Her panties were soaked beyond belief, and my cock pulsed instantly.

"You know, at one point, we've got to stop fucking and actually walk through what this means for us, right?" I say.

"Probably. But not today," Kim said as she pulled down her pants. I fumble with my jeans, yanking them down, my cock flopping out.

Kim pushed me back onto my chair and sits down on top of me, my cock sliding easily into her dripping wet pussy. I hold onto her ass, the sheer pleasure of her velvety wetness making me moan.

"Now tell me about your dream again," Kim sighs as she slowly fucks herself on my hard cock. "You watch Frank fuck me right there on the table?"

"Yeah," I groan. "He whips out his big black dick, pulls your panties to the side and just fucks you right there and then."

"Oh god," Kim moans. She squeezes her own nipples, her eyes closed, lost in a sea of lust. "And do you watch?"

"Yes. It's all I can do when confronted with a dick that big."

"That's right. A cock like that deserves to fuck me," Kim says. "It deserves to fuck me bare."

"Oh fuck. I fucking love you, Kim," I groan. I have to bite down on my tongue to keep myself from exploding right there and then; I want to savor every last second of this.

"I love you too, baby. Almost as much as I love Frank's big black dick."

Her eyes open slightly, a wicked smile on her lips. "Too much?" She asks.

I shake my head, the twinge of angst both making my heart race and my cock leak. "It's fine," I answer. "That's fucking hot. If I knew you were such a slut for black cock, I would have invited Frank over to come fuck you weeks ago."

"What's stopping you now?" Kim moaned, picking up the pace as she bounced on my throbbing cock. "He's right over there. I can walk right now and offer my wet pussy to him right now, all you've got to do is ask me. Do you think you can handle that, baby? Can you handle your wife going over to your neighbor and begging him for his big black dick?"

I threw my head back and moaned. My heart raced so hard I feared it was going to explode right out my chest. Mustering all my strength, I grabbed my wife's waist and lifted her up. My cock fell out, our combined juices literally running down her soaking wet thighs.

"Do it," I hissed, making eye-contact with my wife. "Do it right now, before I change my mind."

Kim looked back at me with a crazed look in her blue eyes, a look of pure sex and lust. She leaned back, planting her naked ass on the dinner table, one hand rubbing her clit as the other one pulled my head between her legs.

"Go on," she moaned. "Tell me what you want to happen. And know that I'm not fantasizing or joking — anything you tell me now I'm going to go out there and do."

The musk of her wet cunt enveloped me as I plunged my tongue into her wetness. I've never eaten her out more passionately or more ferociously than in that moment.

"I want our neighbor to make you his slut," I growl into her sopping wetness. "I want him to use you like his fucktoy, for him to come over whenever he wants and use your body as a vessel for his cum."

"Oh yeah, that's so bad," Kim moaned. "Are you going to eat my pussy like this too when he's done with me? Are you going to eat me out even after he's left me overflowing with seed?"

"Fuck yeah," I moaned, my tongue darting back into her. I used my fingers to bang her pussy as my tongue focused on her clit. "I want to taste his seed inside of you, baby."

She grabs my hair and cums hard, grinding her pussy against my face, screaming obscenities. I cum right there on the spot, my load ending up on the floor, both our bodies trembling and writhing with pleasure.

Kim lays down on the dinner table, absolutely spent, her body heaving up and down with every breath.

I lean back and take a deep breath.

I have to talk to Frank.

The situation is too good to pass up. When does an experienced dom ever move next door?

First thing tomorrow I am marching down to his house and asking...

If the senior black man wants to train my wife.

CHAPTER FOUR

My knuckles rap on Frank's door. My legs shake, my stomach is doing somersaults, but I hold onto my lunch with sheer fucking will.

I have to face my neighbor.

After all the roleplaying Kim and I did, all the talking and fantasizing and checking in with one another, I have come to a conclusion.

We have to give this a shot.

It consumes my every waking thought — and the sex between Kim and I has never been hotter. This is the perfect opportunity. She still insists it's role-play when we come down from our sexual highs, but I know she's just saying that for my sake.

Now, it was time to tell Frank the big news.

My neighbor opens the door and smiles.

"Eric. What can I do for you?"

"Hey Frank. Mind if I come in?"

"Go on ahead."

I walk into his abode and dry my hands on my pants. I don't think I've ever been this nervous. Not even for my own fucking wedding.

"Drink?"

"Yes, please."

I don't know why I'm being so polite. It seemed the correct thing to say. Frank pours me a scotch and sits down in his lounge chair. I sit down as well and gulp the scotch down, the stuff burning all the way down.

"Damn, you want another?"

"Yeah."

Frank pours me a double, chuckles, and sits back down.

"This doesn't feel like just a social visit, neighbor. You've got something on your mind. What is it?"

I avoid his intense gaze and stare down at my shoes. How the hell am I going to ask him to fuck my wife? That's insane. I can't get the words past my lips.

The silence stretches out, and I fidget in my chair. Why the hell do I feel like a kid being called into the principal office?!

I have to say *something*.

"I was wondering if I could... see your basement?"

I unclench my fists and breathe. It was the first thing that popped into my mind. Frank did allude to having a sex-basement the other day.

"Hm."

Frank leans back in his chair, his dark eyes sizing me up.

"Of course you can, neighbor. Why the sudden interest?"

"No reason," I lie. "Just curious."

"Very well. Follow me, Eric."

Frank leads the way. He unlocks a door and I follow him down the rickety, creaking dark stairs, all the while praying he's not going to chop me up into bits down there. I didn't even tell Kim was I going to see Frank. No one might ever find my body...

Frank switches on the light and I gasp.

"It's a fucking sex club down here!"

There's leather everywhere, on the chairs, the beds, and there's whips and crops hanging on the wall — and chains from the ceiling.

Frank laughs. "Told you. What, did you think you could call my bluff?"

"Jesus Christ. Did you actually run a fucking sex club down here?"

"Something like that."

Frank runs his finger across the leather and smiles. "To tell you the truth, Eric, I haven't been down here in a while. There's dust everywhere, as you can see."

"Why haven't you?"

"That's a dumb fucking question, Eric. Because my wife died, obviously."

"Oh shit. Sorry!"

Frank laughs at my discomfort. "It's fine. I ought to be over it by now, but that's easier said than done. The pain doesn't go away, but it does get numbed by the passing of time. Anyway, I'm sure you didn't come down here because you want to hear about an old man's grief — you wanted to see something kinky, didn't you?"

His dark eyes twinkle and I feel like I got my hand caught in the cookie jar.

"Er, well, yes," I stammer. "I mean..."

"I get it. I was young once too, if you can imagine that. Here, I'm sure this will tickle your fancy."

He starts digging in boxes, while I take a moment and drink in the scene. It's hard to believe that this kinky sex dungeon is right below our neighbor's house — our seemingly friendly and normal neighbor.

I guess you can never tell from the outside what's really going on with someone. Does the same apply to Kim and me? Anyone who knows us, our friends and our family, will say that we're a completely normal couple.

And yet, the things we fantasize about, the things we role-play, the things we whisper to each other as we're about to climax — they are anything but ordinary. They are hot, sweaty, kinky, dirty, wrong.

Just like being here in my neighbor's sex dungeon feels a tiny bit wrong. Yet not wrong enough to walk away.

"Ah, here it is. Take a look."

Frank hands me a big old dusty tome.

"What's this? Are we going to summon Beelzebub or something?"

"Sit down and find out, smartass."

I take a seat in a leather chair, internally wincing at the thought that Frank most surely had this sweaty black ass on here at some time, and open the book.

My breath catches in my throat.

"Nice, huh? Most were shot by my wife. Good memories."

"It's, uh, something, yeah."

It's a photo book. I browse through it with my eyes nearly bulging out of my head, my mouth instantly dry as I take in one picture after another.

Every photograph features Frank.

Naked.

His giant, big black cock jutting up proudly.

It's as thick as a fucking eggplant!

White women surround him in every photo. They kneel in front of him. They look up at with sheer adoration. In some photos, their hot lips are wrapped around the purple head of his cock. In other they are tied spread-eagle to a bed while Frank towers over them.

The photographs are of extremely high quality — not even on the internet can I find such great photos.

"Jesus Christ," I mutter under my breath.

"Nothing beats home-made porn," Frank says proudly. "None of that professional, fake crap you see on the internet nowadays. This stuff is real. Raw. Honest."

"Yeah, this stuff is..."

My voice trails off. What do I even say? *Nice cock, Frank. Maybe you should put it in my wife sometime.*

"Do you need a moment alone?"

"What?"

"I'm just fucking with you, Eric." Frank laughs and slaps my shoulder.

"I'd tell you to whip it out if you like but we're not *that* close yet."

"Uh, thanks for the offer, but I'm good."

"You want to see some video, now that you're here?"

"I mean... I'm not saying no..."

"I shouldn't, but... you asked for it," Frank muses to himself. "And I haven't seen any of this stuff in years myself. It was a lot of fun

while it lasted. Yeah, let me see if I can find a good video.”

My senior neighbor returns to his boxes and rummages around while my eyes dart back to a photograph of Frank’s giant cock being stuffed down a young, white wife’s throat, her hand wrapped around his shaft, her wedding ring clearly visible.

I resist the urge to snap a quick pic with my phone — that would be too much, though I want nothing more than to share these photo’s with Kim. She’d lose her mind if she saw this.

“Yes! Found it! Sit back and relax, Eric. This is the good shit.”

He blows on a dusty tape and fires up an old, rickety looking VHS player.

“Jesus Frank, that thing is ancient.”

“The old shit still works, trust me, Eric. I’ll fast-forward a bit to get to the good stuff and hit play and... there we are.”

The TV springs to life, a grainy image filling up the screen. Frank sits down on a leather chair next to mine, right when the sound of hot, sweaty sex gets blasted into our eardrums.

“Ah yes! Yes Frank, give it to me!”

“You like that, huh? You fucking love that black dick, don’t you?”

“I do!”

“Tell the camera!”

That’s a female voice interjecting. It must be Frank’s wife. So she was the one filming her husband?

“Tell your husband!” The off-screen woman demands.

“Rick, I fucking love Frank’s black dick! He - uhh! — he fucks me so well, baby — ahh! — Thank you for letting him fuck me!”

My fingers dig into the armrests of the leather chair as the explicit video plays out in front of me and Frank both.

My neighbor is drilling a white wife from behind, every thrust of his powerful hips making her round ass clap. Sweat drips from his muscled chest. He slaps her ass between every thrust as she shouts obscenities at the camera.

"That was Lisa," Frank sighs. "A total knockout."

"And her husband was okay with this?" I ask as I shift in my seat.

"Oh yeah. I made this tape for him. He loved it."

I can feel Frank looking at me, but I don't return the glance. My eyes are glued to the screen, at the contrast between his dark skin and the white wife. He fucks with an intensity and passion I've rarely seen before. Watching this makes my stomach cramp up.

Is this really what I want? Do I want to see my wife like that? Used like that?

"And your wife was okay with that as well?"

"Hell yeah," Frank chuckles. "She got off on me dominating other women, if you can believe that. She's the one filming."

"Lucky bastard."

"You got that right. Gloria loved photography, and I was her favorite subject. I never complained."

I glance to my right. Frank pitches a giant tent, his hand gently resting on his bulge. He squeezes it and I gasp when I see it twitch.

"Sorry," Frank smiles sheepishly.

"It's fine," I say. "That's the whole point, right?"

"It is. I miss those days. You never know the good times are rolling until they've gone, Eric. There I go again, spouting ancient

wisdoms."

"Yeah, are your heydays behind you?"

"You're looking at them," Frank says. "Those days I was like a stallion. Unquenchable. Unstoppable. Since my wife passed, I haven't even gotten laid, if you can believe that."

"You gotta get out there, Frank. Play the field."

This is a strange conversation to have as, in the background, a young Frank fucks the everliving shit out of a pretty young thing.

"I have a type," Frank says. "Makes it hard for an old man like me to find willing partners. Gloria actually was the one who found playthings, if you can believe that. Worked her way through every yoga group she joined."

"What's your type, then?"

"Married white wives," Frank answers. "The younger the better. To a certain point, of course."

Heat rises to my cheeks instantly. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, there's nothing better than fucking a young white wife as her husband looks on. You should know, you're married to one. While, minus the husband watched then, haha."

Frank squeezes his bulge again. His sweats can barely contain his throbbing penis.

"Fuck, all this sex talk is awakening the beast. I know we're close and all, neighbor, but you might want to head out. Unless you want to watch me jerk off."

He didn't say it as a joke, but as a general question. It lingers in the air for a moment as I contemplate my answer.

What if I said yes right now?

"That's maybe pushing it," I say as I get up. "I might take you up on that offer later, though. That was a joke, by the way."

"Sure it was," Frank smiles. "You can see that I'm as open as a book. Nothing really fazes me. How did Kim enjoy those toys you got her, by the way?"

"They were fun, but..."

Am I really going to ask this? Fuck it. Let's go for it. No pussyfooting around.

"...I'm sure she'd enjoy this video as well," I finish my sentence quickly before I can change my mind.

Frank doesn't even flinch.

"Kim is welcome to come down here anytime," Frank says, the words rolling out his mouth slowly.

The room feels warm and cramped.

Frank's hand still rests on his thick bulge. Did his cock just twitch?
Am I staring? Jesus. Is it hot in here? Am I fainting?

"But I think you're asking if you can borrow a tape, right?" Frank continues, his expression still normal.

Like he didn't just invite my wife down into his sex dungeon.

"Uh, yeah, if that's okay with you. If it's not it's okay, too. I understand," I start to backpedal. "I should probably just head out."

I hurry my way up the stairs, desperate for some fresh air.

When I reach the front door Frank grabs my shoulder. His grip is firm.

"Here."

He thrusts a VHS tape into my hands.

"If you don't have a player, you'll have to come down there again," he says. "But I'm sure you'll figure something out."

"Uh. Thanks."

"Just promise me you won't make any copies and upload it to the internet. I'm not sure Lisa and her husband would like that. He's running for Congress last time I heard."

"Of course. Your secret is safe with me."

"Same here, buddy," Frank says. "Enjoy." He slaps me on my back and sends me on my way.

I reach my home in a daze. Kim looks up from her phone when I stumble into the living room.

"You okay, babe? You look like you just saw a ghost."

"Something like that," I say as I hold up the tape. "You're not going to believe what this is."

Her eyebrows rise up. "What is it, then? Don't make me guess."

"Go close the curtains while I go dig out our VHS player from one of the boxes in the attic. You're going to love this."

"We have one of those?"

"Yeah, that DVD player your mom got us when we moved in? It's a combo-device, it also plays tapes. Or it should. I can't explain right now."

I dig out the device and install it while Kim makes herself comfortable on our couch.

"Come on, tell me. You know I don't like surprises."

My finger hovers over the play button, my hand shaking from the nerves. I have no idea what'll pop up on screen when I hit that

button. Will Kim be ready for it? Perhaps going in cold is not such a good idea.

"Frank gave it to me," I say.

"Frank?" Her voice perks up instantly. "You went to see him?"

"I did."

"What did you two talk about?"

Her fingers twirl with one of her golden locks.

"You're not going to believe it."

"Try me."

I turn to my wife and look into her eyes.

"He told me has a type."

"What is it?"

"Married white wives."

Color rushes to my wife cheeks.

"Our neighbor told you that?" Her voice shakes ever so slightly.

"What the hell were you two talking about?!"

"I asked to see his basement he was bragging about. I thought he was full of shit."

"And?"

"He wasn't. He's got a goddamned sex club down there."

"No way."

"Yeah, and apparently he makes his own porn, too."

"What?!" Kim says. "Is that?"

I nod.

"Frank gave you one of his porn tapes. His *homemade* porn videos."

"Correct."

Kim shakes her head and laughs. "I don't believe you."

"Believe this, babe."

I hit play.

CHAPTER FIVE

Kim stares at the screen. Her mouth is agape and her eyes are wide-open, her pupils laser-focused on the lurid scene in front of her.

On the TV, in high definition, Frank's thick black cock spreads a white cunt wide open. The wanton moans from the unknown woman fill our entire living room.

My wife's hard nipples poke through her shirt as a red flush spreads across her skin. I reach out and grope her breasts, my fingers sinking into her skin.

I can't wait a moment longer; I *must* have her.

I try to kiss my wife, but she turns away, her eyes returning to the screen. She can't look away from Frank's cock. It fills up the entire screen. Every throbbing vein of his impressive manhood is perfectly visible.

I'm at once rejected and aroused.

My wife would rather stare at my old neighbor's cock than kiss me.

I kiss her neck, yank her shirt up, pull her bra to the side, and take her hard nipples into my mouth. Her pants end up around her ankles and my mouth finds her wet pussy. She holds my hair tightly and smothers me with her sex.

I look up only to see her eyes are still glued to the screen. She is absolutely mesmerized by the video, hypnotized by our neighbor's strength and stamina.

I've never been more jealous or horny.

My tongue delves in deep, flicking her clit as my fingers enter her easily.

"Come fuck me, I need to be fucked," Kim pants frantically.

I stand up, strip naked, and climb between my wife's legs when she places her hand on my chest.

"No, from behind."

She assumes the position, her knees on the couch, her naked ass up high in the air, her hands resting on the coffee table. Not a position we normally engage in in the living room, but okay. I take my place behind my wife, awestruck by her juices literally dripping down the lips of her cunt.

I place the head of my cock against her entrance and look up.

On screen, the mystery white woman is being fucked hard and deep by Frank — in the exact same position that we are in now. Doggy style.

My wife pushes back against me. My throbbing hard cock slips into her wet cunt and Kim moans deeply.

"Ah, yes, that's it," she groans.

The world spins around me for a moment. My vision is reduced to white stars as my blood pressure spikes through the fucking roof. I can barely believe this is really happening.

My wife is fucking herself with my cock as she imagines it's Frank. She's looking at his thick, wide cock and moaning like a bitch in heat. If he walked through the front door right now, she'd offer her wet cunt to him in a fucking heartbeat.

Jesus Christ.

My cock throbs violently.

"You like that?" I growl as I find my voice. "You like watching that white bitch taking Frank's big black cock?"

"Yes," Kim pants desperately. Her voice is high-pitched, her body moving all on its own, her hips slamming her ass back into me.

"You're a dirty slut, aren't you?"

"Yes!"

"Do you wish it was you in that video? Do you wish it was Frank's big black cock fucking you right now? Spreading you open? Filling you with his seed?!"

"YES YES OH YES!"

Kim grips the table hard. She slams her ass back into me and trembles hard as her orgasm hits her, her legs shaking so hard she nearly falls off the couch. The walls of her cunt grip my cock like a vice and all I can do is hold onto her ass and cum on the spot, spurting my seed deeply into her.

My wife lets herself drop down onto the living room floor, completely exhausted. My cum drips out of her quivering cunt, while on the TV, Frank is still fucking the shit out of the mystery woman.

I switch off the TV and sit down on the couch. My mind is still spinning from that massive orgasm, and I rub my eyes as my head pounds.

"You okay there, babe?" I ask.

Kim flashes me a thumbs-up. I've never fucked her so hard that she chooses to lie naked on the living-room floor with my seed dripping out of her, but somehow, I pulled it off.

I reach down and slap her ass. Kim grunts approvingly.

"That was fucking insane," I say.

My wife rolls over and smiles at me, her hair tussled, her face all red.

"It certainly was."

"So... what do we do now?" I ask.

My wife bites her bottom lip and looks at the remote. "Do you want to watch it again?"

My cock jumps involuntarily. Kim giggles.

"I'll take as a yes," she says.

Kim and I watch Franks homemade porn back-to-back, until every still, every image is burned into our retinas. I come three more times that evening alone, while I lose count of how many times my beautiful wife orgasms.

I want nothing more than to stay in our sex bubble forever, but real life calls, and the next morning I have to go to work. I come home that evening to find my wife wearing a stunningly beautiful black dress.

"Are we going out for dinner?" I ask.

I was looking forward to watching Frank's video *again*, and eating my wife's pussy as she tells me how beautiful she thinks Frank's black cock is.

"Frank invited us over for dinner," Kim says, biting her bottom lip.

My Fitbit instantly alerts me to my skyrocketing heart rate. "And you said yes?"

Kim nods. "Of course. Go get changed."

I nod and change as fast as I can. My hands are shaking so hard I barely manage to remove my tie. They are still shaking when I sit

down across from him at his dinner table, together with my wife.

We make small-talk as our neighbor serves us homemade lasagna, paired with a white wine. Well, my wife makes small-talk. I'm too nervous. I don't understand how Kim can talk about her job, about running and the latest season of Grey's Anatomy when we just spent the last twenty-four hours in a sex marathon studying Frank's thick cock obsessively.

The same Frank who nods politely, who listens, who guides the conversation. Sure, he's a bit older now than in the video. His hair is streaked with grey, and there's more lines on his face, but it's most definitely the same man alright.

The man with the huge cock my wife wants to worship.

I notice Kim and Frank both staring at me, and that the room has fallen silent. Frank's eyes are unwavering, while Kim's complexion is flushed.

"Sorry, I think I missed a question?" I ask.

"I asked you if you two liked the video, Eric," Frank says calmly.

All the oxygen is sucked out of the room in an instant. I look to Kim for guidance, but she's as dumbfounded as I am.

"I asked you a question, Eric. I expect an answer."

Gone is our friendly and smiling neighbor. It's like a flip has been switched. He's totally in control of the conversation now.

"Yes," I breathe.

"*Sir*," Frank corrects me.

"What?"

"You will both address me as sir when you are in my home. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," Kim says obediently.

My cock lurches at those words. The way she fell in line was instant, like it was her second nature.

"Eric?"

"Yes s-sir," I stammer.

"Good. I have given you something personal and private, and I am pleased you have enjoyed it. Am I correct in assuming that this is path you want to explore?"

I am at a loss for words. How do I even begin to answer that question? There's so many conversations that Kim and I still need to have, so many road-blocks to overcome, boundaries to set, baby steps to make.

"Yes, sir," Kim answers.

I turn to her in shock.

My wife stares down at her plate, a faint smile on her lips, her hard nipples damn near poking through her thin dress.

"Eric." Frank address me directly and my pulse jumps. "You look troubled. Do you have something you want to say, to me and to your wife?"

"I..."

I search for the right words, but nothing comes out.

"Let us retreat to the living room," Frank says. "Perhaps you will be more at ease there."

He leads and we follow. Our neighbor sits down in his large recliner, while Kim and I take the couch. My wife grabs my hand and squeezes it lovingly. The atmosphere is tense, even though Kim keeps looking at me and smiling.

She wants this.

Frank stares us down, his gaze steady and unflinching.

"I like you both," Frank says. His voice is booming and makes me feel small. "You are a beautiful young couple. Exactly how I like them."

Kim sucks in a small breath.

"You've seen the video. You know what I like and what I am capable of. My competence as a lover and as a Dom is out of the question. Now, it all comes down to you *two*. What do you two like? What are you two capable of?"

My wife squeezes my hand so hard it nearly hurts. A silence falls. He is waiting for us to answer, but I don't know what to say.

Kim finds her voice.

"I... don't really know... *sir*. This is all rather sudden, and new to us both, but I think I speak for the both of us when I say we are... intrigued? Right, Eric?"

I nod. My mouth is suddenly as dry as sandpaper.

Frank nods and turns his attention to me. "Is this true, Eric? Use your words."

"Yes, sir," I finally manage to utter. "It's appealing, but also... scary. You're asking some big questions here."

"So did you when you asked to borrow a private sex-tape," Frank points out. "I will give you two a taste, and help you make up your mind. Is that agreeable?"

I found myself nodding. "Yes, please," Kim whispers.

"Good. Bring your wife to me, Eric," Frank commands.

My breath stops. Kim smiles nervously and offers me her hand. I stand up, grab her hand, and lead my wife across the room, towards where Frank is sitting.

I lead my young wife to the dominant black man like a sheep being led to the slaughter. I barely feel my legs, and I suddenly understand what an out-of-body experience feels like.

"Well done, boy," Frank says as he grabs my wife's hand. "Sit down and watch."

"Yes, sir."

I take my place back on the couch. Kim stands in front of Frank, whose dark eyes scan her frame.

"You are beautiful."

"Thank you, sir."

"Look at your husband."

Kim turns and looks at me. I can tell her body is on fire.

"Thank your husband."

Kim's eyes glaze over. "Thank you, Eric."

Frank places his hand on her naked calf. Kim shivers instantly. His firm hand glides up excruciatingly slow. Kim and I both hold our breaths as our eyes meet.

Even though she's halfway across the room, I feel incredibly close to her. It's amazing how well Frank manages to involve me in this moment. His competence as a Dom is truly without question.

"Tell your husband what you are feeling."

Kim swallows the lump in her throat.

"Frank's hand is up my dress and on my, my.. thigh."

I nod.

"How does it feel?"

"Good," Kim breathes. "His touch is warm and firm and I... like it."

"How does it feel to have another man touch you in front of your husband?"

Kim sucks in a breath suddenly. Is his hand on her ass? I can barely tell. I want to move to get a better view, but I don't want to do anything without Frank's permission.

"Good," Kim says. Her voice shakes.

"Don't tell me. Tell your husband."

My wife bites her bottom lip. "It feels good to have another man touch me in front of you, Eric."

I reach down and squeeze my erection.

"Lift your dress," Frank commands. "Show your old neighbor your big white ass."

Kim reaches down, her entire body trembling like a leaf as she grabs the hem of her dress and lifts it until it's bunched around her waist.

My wife is now clutching her dress around her midriff. She is standing in the living room of our neighbor's house — who is old enough to be her father — in high heels, her big ass inches from his face. Only a thong separates her quivering pussy from Frank's face.

SLAP!

Without warning Frank suddenly strikes my wife's ass. He delivers a strong, open-palmed slap, right on her ass.

My wife yelps out of sheer surprise.

"Ah!"

"You're a slut, aren't you?" Frank roars, his voice booming. "Exposing your white, round ass to me like a wanton whore. You want my black cock, don't you?"

SLAP!

"Showing what true slut you are, right in front of your husband. Your pussy is dripping wet right now, isn't it, slut?!"

SLAP!

Kim's knees buckle. She nearly trips, and Frank catches her. For a second, I think the moment is over.

And then Frank pulls my wife across his lap like a child, her dress still bunched up around her waist, her ass raised up high in the air. My neighbor grabs my wife's soaked thong and yanks it down to her knees.

"A slut like you like needs a bare-bottom spanking," Frank roars. "Teasing an old man like me, offering your married, white pussy to me on a platter! You're a bad girl, aren't you? AREN'T YOU?!"

SLAP!

"Yes!" My wife pants, completely out of breath. "Yes, I'm a bad girl, sir, a really bad girl!"

SLAP!

I stare as Frank spans my wife right in front of me, my mouth agape, my hand on my throbbing cock. I thought I knew how to dominate my wife and how to make her submit.

I was wrong.

I now feel like a child playing at being dominant, while Frank truly *is*. He exudes confidence. Following his orders is the most natural thing to do.

SLAP!

Frank muffles my wife's loud moans by shoving two of his fingers into her mouth. She latches onto them, sucking on his large fingers lewdly.

"Look at you," Frank says. "You're my little pet now."

"Uh-huh," Kim moans, voice muffled. "*Yesh!*"

SLAP!

Frank continues spanking my wife until her ass is red and his hand is imprinted on her pale, white skin. My wife trembles so hard and so often I think she's cumming right there on his lap, with his fingers in her mouth and his hand on her naked ass. I can smell her wetness halfway across the room.

For a moment I both hope and fear that Frank whips out his cock and uses my wife right in front of me — there is no way she would have resisted — but he stays true to his word.

He only gives us a taste.

When he stops spanking, he gently caresses my wife's ass. Kim still shivers and trembles, and Frank's soothing touch calms her.

"You did well," Frank says. "Eric, get me a scotch."

"Yes, sir," I mumble as I do as he commanded. I pour him the drink and hand it to him. Up close I can see just how red my wife's ass is, and how wet her pussy is. He's got a perfect view of her red and swollen lips.

Frank catches me staring and runs a finger teasingly past her cunt. Kim shivers and pushes back, but Frank withdraws his hand. He's made his point. Frank practically owns my wife now.

Not knowing what to do, I return to my place on the couch. Frank sips on his scotch as he gently strokes my wife's ass for a minute or two, and then he sends her back over to me.

Kim wobbles across the room, her knees weak. I catch her and wrap my arms around her as we sit down. She rests her head on my shoulder, her arms hugging me tightly as Frank sips on his drink and observes us.

"You've now had a taste. This will be a lot to digest for the both of you. Take your time. Think about what this means and how you two have felt."

I nod. "Yes, sir."

"That is not all. I want an answer from you both. Not right now, but soon. Say *yes*, and I will make your wildest dreams come true — but I will demand complete obedience. Say *no*, and we go back to being neighbors and friends, and we can pretend this never happened. But, the door is shut. Forever."

I lick my dry lips. "That seems a little unfair?" I try. "What you're asking is..."

"I have emotions too, Eric. I am not a toy. I haven't played since my wife died. I am willing to break my fast for you, but I will not muck about. I have been straight and honest with you both, and I expect the same respect in return. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," Kim croaks to my surprise. "We understand."

"Good."

Frank reclines in his chair and smiles.

"That was fun. Now go home, you two. Come on. Get."

We both nod, thank Frank for his hospitality, and return to our house in a daze of lust and confusion.

But mostly lust.

Seconds after returning home I'm tonguing my wife's ass from behind, Frank's handprint still firmly visible on my wife's ass as she recounts me every little detail of what just happened. I barely

manage to enter her from behind before I come, the sheer hotness overwhelming me completely.

I collapse next to my beautiful, hot, young wife and we hug tightly, kissing, stroking, and caressing each other like we used to do when we just started dating.

“So what do you think?” Kim asks, her eyes searching mine.

That’s the million dollar question, isn’t it?

CHAPTER

SIX

The scene keeps replaying in my mind over and over again, all throughout the night. I barely get a moment of sleep. Every time I close my eyes, I see my wife bent over the powerful man's lap. I see her complete surrender to Frank, and I love it.

I love every micro-second of it.

To see my wife, my Kim, this beautiful and caring and amazing woman so completely turned on beyond belief — it's a sight I've always dreamed of.

To see her spanked, to see her white cheeks ripple with every slap from Frank's firm dark hand, to hearing her moan and pant and beg for more...

It's not something I could ever forget. I toss and turn and drift and out of sleep, and when I wake the next morning I'm exhausted.

And also completely and utterly convinced that this is the path I want to take. Now, to find out if my wife feels the same way...

"Morning," I croak as the first rays of sunlight filter into our room.

"Morning, baby," my wife answers. She cuddles up against me and I welcome her warmth.

"How did you sleep?"

"Poorly," I admit.

"Have you been thinking about last night?"

"Of course. You?"

"Of course," Kim admits sheepishly. "What do you think?"

I guide her hand to my hard and throbbing morning erection. That should answer her question.

"Oh," she giggles as she wraps her fingers around my hardness. "I take it you liked it?"

"I loved it," I admit.

"Good, because so did I."

I look up at her. God, she's beautiful like this, with her hair all tussled. "Really?"

"Yes," she answers with a tentative smile. "I was hoping you did too, because what that man did to me... it felt amazing. Don't get me wrong, I love you more than anything, but Frank is... firm."

"Oh yeah," I chuckle. "He's firm alright. You liked how stern he was, didn't you?"

My wife blushes as she nods. "Yes. He made me surrender to him, and to myself and my own desires, and it felt so... liberating. The fact that you were watching it all happen made it even better. I felt so safe, and loved, and... well, horny," Kim giggles. "Is that okay?"

"That's more than okay, honey. That's perfect. I think we have an amazing and unique opportunity in front of us. Let's not squander it."

"What do you mean?" Kim asks. Her voice trembles ever so slightly. She wants to hear me say it — she wants to know one hundred percent that I am on board with this wild, kinky adventure.

"I mean I'm going to eat your pussy while you tell me how it felt to be spanked by an old man right in front of your husband. Then, I'm going to make you the best breakfast in the world because you're the best wife in the world and you've earned it. And then? Then I'm going to call our neighbor and tell him I've made up my mind. I'm going to tell him that he should come over tonight... because I have an obedient wife housewife that could use his big black cock to stretch her married pussy out."

"Oh fuck yes," Kim pants as I slide my hand between her legs. She's absolutely dripping wet and my fingers enter her easily. "Yes, I need his cock baby, I need you to watch as he stretches me and uses me like the good little whore that I am."

My wife jerks me off and the sensations are overwhelming. Images flash into my mind and I kiss her deeply, my tongue entering her mouth as I come all too easily, my seed splashing onto her stomach as I grunt.

Luckily, as my orgasm abates, my lust does not. I still want this to happen, and I kiss my way down towards her pussy, eager to repay the orgasm.



"FRANK. WELCOME. PLEASE, COME IN."

My neighbor steps into my home and hands me his coat. I hang it up and guide him towards our living room.

All day long we've been a bundle of nerves, but now it's happening. Now Frank Johnson is inside our home, and there's no way back.

"Are you sure you made up your mind?" Frank asks me. "It's a big question, and I want to give you the time to think this through."

"Oh, we've thought about it a lot, don't you worry," I say. "We are crystal clear on our decision. Scotch?"

"Yes, please."

I offer my favorite recliner to Frank — it only feels right — and hand him his preferred brand of scotch. I sit down on the couch and fold my hands into my lap.

"Ah, you gave me the good stuff," Frank says as he takes a sip.

Oh, just you wait, mister. You're getting the best.

We make small-talk as we wait for my wife to make her entrance. After an excruciating ten minute wait my wife stands in the door-opening and clears her throat.

"Hello, boys."

"Holy smokes," I utter when I see what she's wearing.

A tight black dress hugs her curvy frame. It barely reaches past her hips, and the black stiletto's she's wearing only adds to her sex appeal. She looks hot enough to eat.

"Good evening, Kim," Frank says. "I take it you two are on-board? Are you just teasing an old man?" He smirks. "That would be cruel with a wife this beautiful."

"Oh no, we don't tease," I say, my mouth dry. "Right, honey?"

Kim ignores me and struts towards Frank. The look in her eyes makes my stomach drop. There's pure lust in them — it's a crazy look that I've only gotten once or twice in my life, and never quite this intense.

And now it's my old neighbor who is on the receiving end.

"What do you think?" Kim asks as she twirls in front of Frank. "Is it to your liking?"

Frank sips his Scotch and looks her up and down. My tongue would be on the floor if I were him, but Frank is cool and collected. He's taking his time.

And he's going to make my wife work his approval.

"I haven't made up my mind quite yet," he says coolly. "How about you bend over so I can see that big white ass of yours, Kim?"

"But Frank," Kim says huskily. "My husband is right there. I'm a married woman."

"You're also my obedient little pet," Frank says. "Show me your ass, bitch."

I flinch at the power in Frank's voice, and for a micro-second I feel he's going too far — but then Kim turns his back towards him and bends over at the waist in an instant so that the short dress rides up and her pale, round, white ass is exposed to our neighbor. She looks at me and smirks, and all my doubts are quickly forgotten.

"Nice," Frank says as he takes another sip. "I approve."

He slaps her ass hard. The sound echoes throughout our living room, and my cock is hard in an instant.

Kim doesn't move. She keeps bending over and looking at me, her mouth hanging open with lust as she lets our neighbor spank her.

"That's a good little slut," Frank says again as she slaps my wife's ass hard enough to leave the imprint of his hand on there. "I'm glad the two of you have decided to come to your senses and welcome a firm hand into your marriage. Kim, come park that big white ass of yours on my lap."

"Yes, sir," Kim replies.

I watch breathlessly as Kim sits down on Frank's lap. She rests her head against his chest, and my neighbor slides one arm around her waist, the other still casually holding his drink.

"Take a good look at this, Eric," he says. "The last time I asked you two a question. I asked you if *this* is what you wanted. I'm sure you remember."

"I do," I say, needlessly and eager to please.

"The time has come to answer that question. Kim has already done it through her actions, but that's not enough. I want to hear you say it, Eric, and I want to hear you say it, Kim."

I nod. "That's fair."

"Uh huh," Kim agrees. She already looks like she's in dreamland as Frank gently strokes her thigh.

Frank places his drink on a side-table and then grabs my wife's thighs with both hands. While looking right at me he spreads her legs wide, causing her short black dress to rise up and show off her dark, sheer, and clearly soaked panties.

Seeing his firm black hands on my wife's pale and creamy thighs makes my heart race and my eyes blur. Jesus, it's happening. It's really happening.

His left hand slides up her inner thigh while his right hand slides into her top. He pinches her sensitive nipple and Kim utter a throaty moan.

"Is this what you want, Eric? Do you want your wife to submit to me?"

"Yes," I say, my voice hoarse. I reply instantly. "Yes."

"Remember, there's no undoing this. Once I've fucked her, she will still be your wife but she will also be my fuck-toy. You cannot erase what you are about to see from your memory."

His hand slides into her panties. Kim bucks her hips wildly, desperate for his touch.

"I know," I say.

A total lie. I don't know shit. I have no idea what's going on, I only know that I'm hornier than ever and I want to see my alpha

neighbor destroy my wife's tight married pussy with his massive cock.

That's all I know right now.

"Say it!" Frank commands sharply. "You have to say it, Eric."

"Please fuck my wife, Frank," I hear myself say with a shaky voice.

"Please, I... I want to watch you fuck my wife!"

Frank gives me a devilish grin. "Excellent, boy. What about you, my horny little married slut?"

Frank brings his hand up from her panties to her mouth. I can clearly see the juices glistening on his fingers — and my wife wraps her mouth around his fingers instantly and sucks them like she were taking a cock.

"I am all yours," Kim says in a sultry voice. "You can do whatever you want with me, Frank."

"Do you want to be my plaything?"

"Yes. I want to be your plaything."

"Will you do whatever I tell you to do?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to get fucked in front of your husband?"

Kim's face flushed bright red. "Yes," she says quickly.

"Does it turn you on to act like a slut in front of your husband?"

"Yes."

"Tell him what you feel right now."

Kim looks at me, and her eyes take a moment to focus and find me. Frank's control of her is so strong she barely notices me when she's looking at him.

"I feel... Frank's cock pressing against my ass," my wife tells me. "I feel his hands all over my body, and I feel myself... losing control."

Frank grips her thighs and spreads them. His hands dip into her cunt and Kim groans.

"I feel his hands touching me, baby... our neighbor is fingering me... our neighbor is playing with my pussy while you're watching, babe... he's making me his little slut and all you can do is watch..."

"Get on your hands and knees," Frank commands.

Kim obeys him instantly, dropping to the floor in front of him.

"Turn around and show me that ass."

Kim turns her ass towards him and wiggles his hips. She lifts her dress over her ass and pulls down her panties.

I'm nailed to my chair as my old, black neighbor gazes at my wife's exposed cunt and asshole and smirks. He unclasps his belt, and I grip the cushions next to me tightly.

I'm on a roller coaster and all I can do right now is just hold on for dear life.

"Does your husband ever eat your ass?"

"Not enough," Kim says.

"Does your husband ever fuck your ass?"

"No," Kim breathes.

Frank looks at me and smirks cockily. "Then he's going to get a lesson in both. Bring that ass up here."

Kim back towards him and Frank grabs her hips and pulls them up, leaving her in a hand-stand type of position — only with her plump, round ass firmly in his face. Frank eats out my wife's pussy from

behind, his mouth devouring both her pussy and ass as Kim trembles with pleasure, barely holding on.

It's amazing to see. Sex with Kim has always been great, but Frank unleashes the beast inside of her. She's completely wanton for him.

Kim orgasms with a primal scream. Frank gently lowers her to our living room floor and lets her catch his breath for a moment.

"Eric, another Scotch."

"Yes, sir."

I stand up and fix him another drink. My hands tremble as I hand him a glass.

"Stay here for a moment, Eric. What do you think of your wife now?"

Kim sits at Frank's feet, her head resting his leg. Frank has got his hand on her cheek, and he's stroking her gently. He drags his finger across her thick lips, and her tongue darts out to lick him.

"Do you love her?" He asks.

"Of course!" I reply instantly. "She's my wife. I love her with all my heart."

Frank unbuttons his pants. My mouth goes dry as he looks straight at me and pulls his thick black cock out.

I saw it on the video, but in no way could that compare to seeing that monster cock in real life.

He's cock is as thick as a can of soda. I can see the bulging veins running up his impressive length, and I feel my legs going wobbly.

"Guide your wife's mouth to my cock, Eric," Frank commands me. "If you love her and if this is what you want, then guide your wife's lips to my cock."

I can't stand a moment longer — and so I fall to my knees next to my wife. She looks at me, her eyes glazed over with lust, and I find myself kissing her deeply, our tongues intertwining as I grab her cheeks.

When I pull back from our kiss I see Frank's thick cock pulsing from the corner of my eye. It looks even bigger from his vantage point. I tilt my wife's face towards Frank.

"Look at our neighbor's cock," I say.

My wife's mouth falls open and she licks her lips.

"It's so big," Kim says.

"Yes. And you're going to suck it," I say. "I want to see you suck Frank's cock, baby."

Kim nods and opens her mouth. Jesus, this is really happening. I grab a fistful of her hair and gently guide her towards our dom.

Kim has to stretch her lips as wide as she can to wrap them around the big, purple head of Frank's cock. I can't understand how she can fit the black man's cock in her mouth, but she's now sucking on it. Her eyes are closed and she moans approvingly as Frank's strong hand grabs her hair.

"You're doing excellent, Eric," Frank says. "Get between your wife's legs and lick her cunt, feel how wet she is."

I follow Frank's order and slide my head between my wife's legs. Seeing as she's kneeling in front of Frank this means laying down on the floor in front of the both of them and scooting between my wife's amazing thighs.

Frank was right — Kim is soaked. The moment my tongue touches her wet lips she practically smothers me with her pussy. I grab her thighs and hang on tight as I lick her as best I can while she grinds her hips onto my face.

"Oh god, oh yeah, oh this is so hot, so wrong, so hot," I hear my Kim pant before Frank shoves his cock back down her throat.

Then her moans turn to *glug-glug-glugs* as our dominant neighbor fucks my wife's face.

"That's it, take that cock you white slut," Frank shouts. "You filthy fucking whore. You feel how wet she is, don't you, Eric? You feel how wet this white bitch gets when she has a black cock down her throat? I haven't had a young white couple as hungry for black cock as you two for years! I'm going to enjoy turning the both of you into my big black cock addicted sluts," Frank roars.

Every word that leaves his lips only spurs my wife on. She cums hard, shaking her entire body as I lick her clit, and I only move away because I can't breathe while she's smothering me with her pussy.

My face is covered with her juices, and I lick my lips as I sit upright. She has never tasted sweeter.

"Are you ready to get fucked by a big black cock in front of your husband?" Frank asks.

"Oh fuck yes," my wife answers.

"Lie down on the couch and spread your legs, my little whore."

Kim stands up in front of the both of us completely naked except for her high heels. She lies down on the couch and pulls her legs up, exposing her pristine pussy to Frank completely.

Frank disrobes, his clothes forming a puddle on the floor as the old black man climbs between my wife's legs. Seeing his dark ass between my wife legs takes my breath away.

"Eric," he commands. "Guide me into your wife."

I approach him with trembling hands. I can't believe he's making me do this, but I also can't say not to him.

"That's it, Eric. Be a good cuck and guide my big black cock into your tight wife's slutty pussy," he says while looking straight at me.

I don't make eye contact and grab his cock. Fuck he's so big and hard.

"Yes baby, help him," Kim coos as she bucks her hips. "I want to feel him inside of me."

There's a need in her voice I've never heard before.

I place the head of Frank's cock against my wife's pussy. I guide his thick cock inside of her, and then Frank takes over. He thrusts his hips and I get a picture perfect view of my wife's cunt being stretched to accommodate my neighbor's big black cock.

I didn't think she could take him, but clearly I was wrong. Her pussy lips stretch out and grip him tightly, and then welcome Frank inside of her.

Without a condom, I realize with a jolt. He's fucking her raw. In the heat of the moment I didn't think twice about it.

Now it's too late. There's no stopping either of them — Frank's going to fuck my wife until he cums deep inside of her.

"Oh fuck," Kim pants. "You're so big... oh FUCK... you're so big baby... I never had a cock this big..."

"Am I bigger than your husband?" Frank sneers.

Kim almost laughs. "No contest... you know that baby, you're huge... I feel you so much more than my husband... you're reaching places I didn't know existed... oh fuck, fuck me Frank... fuck me!"

After giving my wife a moment to adjust to his immense size Frank starts fucking my wife in earnest.

It's a sight to behold.

He pounds my wife's cunt hard. His ass bounces up and down as he thrusts every inch of his cock into her, burying his manhood to the hilt inside of her with every deep, powerful thrust.

It drives Kim mad. She's moaning, crying and thrashing, her dirty talk going to new heights of depravity with every passing minute.

"You fuck me so good! You fuck me so good Frank! Oh fuck, keep fucking me, keep fucking me, you can always come fuck me baby!"

"Are you my whore?" Frank grows into her ear. "Are you my black-cock addicted whorish housewife?"

"YES!" Kim dreams at the top of her lungs. "I'm addicted to your cock Frank! You fuck me so much better than my husband! Ah... ah.. ah! You can come fuck me anytime, baby! ANYTIME! I'm yours to use! Come over whenever you need your big black balls drained baby, just bend me over the counter, just fuck me, just give me that big black cock baby!"

"Do you think you can feel your husband's cock after I'm done with you?"

"No way! You ruined my cunt for him, baby!"

"Fuck yes, take it all, take it all bitch! Oh yes, I'm going to knock you up!"

"Yes baby, cum inside me, fill me up, please, do it!"

Frank grunts as he buries himself to the hilt inside my wife and with one deep final roar he pumps my wife full of his cum.

All I can do is watch in shock as his big black balls pulse. My neighbor is breeding my wife — and I'm watching it.

My wife hooks her legs around his waist and pulls him in, eager for every last drop of his seed. Her body shudders with pleasure and it's clear she's cumming from the sensation of being filled with seed alone.

When Frank is done he pulls out, leaving her cunt gaping wide open. His thick jizz spills out.

My beautiful wife is my neighbor's cumdumpster.

I stare open-mouthed. Frank claps me on the back and chuckles.

"You got your wish, neighbor. Your wife just got fucked by a big black cock. What do you say to that?"

I'm at a loss for words. "Thank you?" I croak.

Frank laughs. "That's right, Eric. That's right. I'm going to take a shower... and then I'll be ready for part two. Go ahead and eat your wife out while I'm gone. I know guys like you — that's what you want, right?"

My entire body trembles as Frank walks up the stairs. I brush the hair out of my wife's face and make eye-contact with her.

"Are you okay, baby?" I ask gently.

Kim looks at me through her lashes. "I'm okay," she says as she catches her breath. "More than okay. That was... crazy."

I bring her a glass of water and she sits up. We both look down at her cunt. Frank's cum oozes out still.

Kim looks at me. I know that look. She wants something.

"What?" I ask.

She raises an eyebrow. "Don't you think you should do what Frank told you to do?"

My face grows red. "You want me to..."

"Eat me out? Yes, babe. Prove to me you still love me."

I swallow the lump in my throat. "Of course I still love you."

Kim pulls her knees up, and more thick, creamy seed spills out of her swollen cunt.

“Prove it, baby. Please?”

I lick my lips.

What the hell. In for a penny.. in for a pound. As I get between my wife’s legs and the smell of sex surrounds me, I sense that this is only the beginning...

Frank is now the alpha male in our relationship. I’m here to serve him and Kim...

This is my place.

And I love it.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

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