



HOTWIFE EROTICA

My Wife is
Dating
Him

LARAN MITHRAS

A man and a woman are shown in a close, intimate embrace. The man is leaning over the woman, his face partially visible as he looks down at her. The woman is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark, making the subjects stand out. The overall mood is sensual and romantic.

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Sexting is the new dating. But what happens when she wants to actually date?

CHAPTER 1

I shook my head. "Wait, what? Who?"

"Sawyer, Enrique. Sawyer." She stood, fist on hip and held up her phone. "He texted me."

"So?"

"He wants to see me."

I threw out my arms. "We're married!"

"I know, but..." Alissa shook her head, her light brunette hair swishing in the air.

"I thought the guy was married?" Sawyer had been my wife's lover for a time the previous year. The guy had cheated on his wife over a period of a year to have an affair with my current wife. But that was before I married her a month ago.

"He was. He got a divorce."

"So?" I repeated.

"He wants to see me. I have to go."

I got close and pointed my finger at her. "You're my wife." I couldn't believe we were even having this conversation.

Her eyebrows drew down. "You don't own me, Enrique. This isn't Mexico, this is America and I'm not property."

I threw out my hands again. "I thought you loved me. I thought we got married —"

Her hand touched my face and stroked the corner of my magnum mustache. Not many Mexicans could grow such a wonder and I was one of the few. I was proud of it.

But here was my newlywed wife telling me she had to go meet this loser. We had been married only a month. A month!

I exclaimed, "Why?"

Alissa was beautiful in a vulnerable way. Her mouth was almost always open and her look innocent. I had thought when she dumped this Sawyer-dude and warmed to me that her past was behind her. She said, "He was everything to me..."

"I thought I was."

"You are, but now Sawyer is divorced and he wants to see me. I have to go, don't you understand?"

"Understand? Understand? Let's understand this: you're my wife. You don't go see other men."

"This isn't a decision for you, Enrique. It's for me. I have to go."

"But why?"

"I... I have to see where this goes." She leaned and pecked my lips. "I love you, husband. Let me do this. Let me see what I turned down."

"Wha—Where are you going?" I demanded.

"I'm meeting him for drinks. That's all. You do understand, don't you?"

I stood there dumbfounded.

What had happened to our love? The marriage?

She stood there at the door, her hand clutching the edge and the wedding ring I had bought her shining against the wood. "I'll come home, don't worry."

Don't worry? What? I snarled, "You're my wife."

She shut the door and I heard her footsteps walking away from the apartment.

I blinked and shook my head. What the fuck?

I turned and surveyed the empty two bedroom apartment – furnished, but empty.
Without her here, it was just a hole in space and time.

I went to the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of Tequila.

What would my brothers say?

CHAPTER 2

I heard the door open three hours later. I rolled off the bed and almost fell over. Tequila is a serious ass-kicker.

I stumbled out into the short hall to the living room.

Alissa was there, looking beautiful... and ravaged.

My blood boiled and I spat, "What have you been doing?"

Her lipstick was smeared.

She shut the door and locked it. "Nothing."

"Bullshit."

She frowned at me. "You're drunk."

I swayed next to the couch. "I am not."

Her shoulders drooped and she came to me. Her hand reached up and stroked my cheek. "I'm sorry, Enrique. I had to go. I had to know."

Her sensitivity confused me. "What did you do?"

"We talked. He told me about the divorce. It's going to be final in four months. The court appearances are over."

"Woo—whoo—whopty fucking d-doo."

She hugged me fiercely. "Don't you understand I love you?"

The thing was, it radiated from her like heat from a roaring fireplace. I hugged her back. "Why did you go?"

She turned her face to me and her breath was hot with passion. "I had to know, is

all." She squeezed me. "Let's go to bed."

That was her subtle signal she wanted to have sex.

How could she go out and meet a man and then want to have sex? Did it not turn out well? Did it turn her on?

I was angry, but I loved her.

She pulled my arm. "Come on."

I followed Alissa into the bedroom and watched her undress. I asked, "Why did you even go?"

She dropped her shoulders and sighed. "We had a thing for a year. It was wonderful..."

"So?"

She came to me and began unbuttoning my shirt. "I just wanted to hear and understand all that had gone on with his divorce."

Was I being overly dominating? Oppressive? I took some deep breaths and let her strip my shirt off. "What was his story?"

She began working on my belt. "They divorced. It's final four months from now. He had promised me a year ago he would leave her for me, but he didn't."

"So when you disappear, he gets desperate?" I might have been slurring my words, but I knew what was what.

"Maybe, I don't know. But the first thing he did after the court appearance was text me." She slid my pants down.

My cock firmed, despite my inebriation and aggravation.

She pulled down my boxers. "Come to bed, Enrique. Make love to me."

The tension in my chest dissolved into fragments of worry that held no power over the reality of her presence in our bedroom. My cock firmed completely, standing straight out and throbbing.

She gripped it, smiled, and pulled me to the bed.

I climbed over her on the bed and got ready to enter her. I stopped, fixated on her lips. That's right; they're smeared. I asked, "Why is your lipstick smeared?"

She sighed. "He wanted to kiss me to remember what it was like, so I let him."

"You let a man kiss you?"

"He wasn't just any man – he had kissed me before. I let him."

I blew out a breath in exasperation.

She reached up and gripped my biceps. "I love you Enrique. I'm right here and I'm your wife."

I lowered myself onto her, watching her face. She genuinely looked like she was ready to make love. I entered her with a thrust, pushing my cock into her very wet pussy. "You're wet."

"I was thinking of you."

I laughed and humped into her. "While you were out with this Sawyer?"

"Okay, I'll admit he awakened memories in me..."

I fucked her hard, driving my cock in with vicious thrusts. "Did he try to convince you to fuck?"

She shuddered under me in desire. "Yes, he did..."

I gasped as an onrush of lust swelled my erection. "And is it all done now? He's going back to where he came from—"

"No, he wants to meet again. Tomorrow night. And I'm going to go meet him."

I blew my load in her in a rage of self-pity and doubt.

CHAPTER 3

I couldn't believe it.

I went to work Thursday and hustled lumber where it needed to go.

Alissa would be at work writing delivery tickets at the furniture store until noon. She would be home well before me. But when would she be in contact with this Sawyer? At work? On her break? At home?

Did this idiot meet her at the furniture store?

My jaw hurt by the time I got off of work from clenching my teeth so hard.

Our marriage had been perfect. She loved me. I loved her. We had spent our honeymoon in Seattle, driving out to see the beaches and lighthouses.

I had given her everything.

I entered the apartment expecting her to be gone: packed up and moved out.

Instead, I found her in our bathroom, applying makeup in her bra and panties.

I said, "What are you doing?"

"Getting ready to go out with Sawyer."

"I don't want you going anywhere."

She sighed. "We've been over this, Enrique. I need to know where this goes. I'm going to go meet him and talk. It's just a simple date."

"I can tell you where it goes, he wants in your pants!"

She stopped applying her makeup. "He's already been there, and far more times than you have."

I blinked several times. Somehow, that makes sense... "But you're married to me."

"And I'll be home right after."

"Don't you think going out on a date is wrong for a married woman?"

"Yes, but this is Sawyer, not a stranger. It's not like I'm out hunting for a one night stand."

"Are you going to kiss him again?"

She looked at me kindly in the mirror and sighed. "Yes, if he wants to."

I held up my hands. "You even admit it! Why are we married?"

"Because I love you."

"And you're going out to share hot kisses with another man tonight."

"It's not like that."

"Except that it is." I paced back and forth. "How would you like it if I went out on a hot date?"

"But you wouldn't; you love me."

"You're going out with Sawyer."

"And I love you. Sawyer isn't someone new. We made love in his bed—"

I groaned. "I don't want to hear that shit."

"But we did. Hundreds of times. We know each other. We did it right where his wife slept—"

"Alissa, enough. I forbid you to go out."

Her face scrunched in annoyance. "What am I, your daughter or your wife? I'm not a piece of property--"

"Quit saying that."

"But it's true. I'm not a TV set. I'm not a car. I'm an adult and a real person."

I wasn't getting through to her. "Maybe I should go with you. Show this Sawyer that you're mine."

"No. He came along long before you. This is my situation I have to deal with—"

"By kissing him."

"Don't be rude." She came to me and hugged me. I wanted it, and not. She said, "You're my husband and I love you more than anything—"

"Except Sawyer."

"It's not like that."

"Then tell me exactly what it is?"

She let go. "I just tried that and you told me it was shit."

"So, it's all about the sex."

"No, it isn't. You weren't listening."

"I was too, you bragged about the hundreds of times you fucked in his bed."

"I wasn't bragging, Enrique, I was trying to make a point." She picked up her skirt. It was her shortest.

I coughed. "Why that skirt? You have longer ones."

"He likes my legs."

I groaned and felt the heat of anger boiling up inside. "Yeah, wear that one." I got close and slid my hand up her skirt. "You probably shouldn't wear panties."

She gasped and looked at me in surprise. "Do you think I shouldn't?"

Unbelievable. Un-fucking-believable. Can this get any worse? "He doesn't want

to feel panties when he sticks his fingers up here. He wants to know your married pussy is open and available, just like a good married slut."

She wasn't getting the edge of my anger. She heaved in her breaths, excited. "That sounds so hot." She slid off her panties and tossed them down.

I looked down at the only armor she had against his probing fingers and it was as if the ruffled lace was a symbol of our marriage fallen with it.

But she rubbed up against me, her hot breath rapid and excited. "Should I let him finger me?"

"You were going to anyway, weren't you? You were going to let him stick his fingers up your pussy - that married pussy that belongs to me."

Her hands trembled with lust as they roamed over my chest. "Yes."

"That's what he wants – a married slut who will give him her pussy when he wants it."

She hummed happily and closed her eyes. "I like it."

I pushed her up against the wall and shoved my hand up her skirt. I shoved three fingers up into her. "You know what he really wants?"

She whimpered and I felt her pussy clamp on my fingers. "Wh-what?"

"He wants to fuck you right on our bed where I sleep. He wants to fuck you hard for hours right there."

She trembled and gasped.

I shoved my crotch into hers. "That's what he wants." I let go and walked out of the bathroom. I was done trying to convince her.

And I was hard.

CHAPTER 4

I didn't know what to do when she walked out the door. It was like she was walking out of our marriage.

Just before she left, she kissed me. I didn't kiss her back. Despite my anger, I felt her care and love. But this was just beyond belief.

I didn't know who to call. My buddies weren't going to understand. They would counsel divorce. Dump the cheating bitch. I had already decided that so calling them was pointless.

Rumors would spread.

What wife who loves her husband, like I felt she loved me, went out with another man? On a date?

This was insane.

But the insanity was only just beginning.

She came home less than two hours later, lipstick messed up, and breathing rapidly. She left the front door open.

I scowled. "What? Forgot to leave your bra off?"

She ran to me and clutched my shirt. "No, it happened like you said. He kissed me and stuck his fingers in me. I'm so wet..."

"That's great..."

"He got so hard and..."

"I don't want to hear this."

"But we couldn't do things in the restaurant."

"Small wonders never fail." I was disgusted.

"I need to feel him, Enrique. I brought him here."

I don't think I could've been any more gobsmacked than if I had a pallet of cinder blocks dropped on my head. I blinked many times.

She said, "Could you stay in the second bedroom? Just for a couple hours?"

"You brought him here?"

"There was nowhere else to go. He's staying with his parents—"

"You want to fuck him in our bedroom? On my bed?" I was flabbergasted.

"Yes, please. It's only for a couple hours, at the most."

I threw up my hands. "This is just fucking perfect."

She jumped on the balls of her feet. "Oh, thank you." She ran to the door and pulled him in. The man who had been kissing and fingering my wife.

I stared at him, overwhelmed inside over the audacity of my wife.

He was a handsome guy and his features were similar to mine. I could see what had attracted her to him. Or her to me. Was I the replacement for this white version of me? I stood there, open mouthed, brow furrowed, muscles tensed. I supposed I could beat the guy to a pulp, but he was the same size as me and there wasn't any fear in his eyes.

If anything, he just studied me. He gave a quick nod as if to say, "Everything's cool."

No it fucking isn't.

She led him by the hand down the hall and I heard the bedroom door shut.

Just like that.

One month ago, we had stood hand in hand at the altar, big Catholic wedding, and made promises. She had been beautiful – resplendent in her white wedding

gown.

We had made love that night and it had been special. She was everything I wanted and her love for me was a bond that attached our two hearts in such a way that it felt right now like half of me was ripping.

I paced.

No sounds came from the bedroom except some talking I couldn't make out. Then things got quiet.

My bedroom! My bed! My wife! My bride! And it was Alissa who was willingly spreading her legs so this guy could shove his dick into her. It's not like he had to try very hard or force her. She probably hadn't even taken off her wedding ring.

Alissa had never acted like a slut and now she was doing it right on my bed, knowing I was out here.

Was she even bothering with a condom? Oh no, she couldn't hurt Sawyer's feelings, right? I threw up my hands again, pacing faster.

What had gotten into her? Had she really held out for Sawyer all this time? She hadn't broken up with him, she had admitted. She had simply stopped seeing him – despairing that he would ever leave his rotten wife.

He had stuck his married dick into her for a year. That didn't really sound so bad.

I would've stuck my married dick in Alissa. No doubt. But now things were reversed. Alissa was my wife. She was married and this guy is stuffing his dick into her married pussy.

That's a totally different story.

But there had never been a breakup and now he was back.

Instead of a wedding ring on his finger, it was on hers. Now I would have to be the one getting a divorce.

And that guy was in there right now, hard, his dick probably shoved balls deep in my wife and loving it. While knowing I was outside the door.

I paced in the hall, but couldn't hear anything. What are they doing in there?

I got my answer a few seconds later when I heard Sawyer start panting and then groaning. He got louder and louder until he began a grunting growl that told me he was cumming.

In my wife!

I was furious.

I was going to beat the shit out of the guy - I don't care how hard it looked.

She was mine!

I flung open the door while he was grunting his release with my wife in my bedroom.

CHAPTER 5

I stood there, stunned, mouth open ready for a yell, but totally struck suddenly silent by the scene.

They weren't on the bed soiling it.

She was on her knees in front of him as he stood. His cock was in her hand and she was rubbing it around her lips as he grunted and ejaculated onto her face.

His cock was thick and pulsed with the power of his orgasm, each pulse sending a short stream of cum into her mouth, onto her nose, cheeks, and forehead. Crisp white puddles of cum rested on her skin and ran down to drip into her lap.

Her eyes moved to mine as she ran his bulbous head around her lips. She put her mouth over him as he finished jerking. Her suck was slow and sensuous.

He looked over at me and shrugged. "I couldn't do it like she wanted. Not after hearing you out there while I was outside the door. I could tell you didn't want this."

She pulled off his cock and licked her lips. She maintained a grip on his thick shaft as she just knelt there and looked at me.

She looked... beautiful... with cum on her face. I couldn't deny that - not with the hardening lump in my pants.

I didn't answer him – I was busy staring at her.

He pulled up his slacks. "I should go." He moved past me and put his hand on my shoulder. "Thanks... I think."

I looked at his hand.

He left.

My wife was using her finger to scrape her face clean. She licked her finger off each time. She was still looking at me, sheepishly. She put down her finger and her lower lip quivered. "He said he wanted to do me, but then decided not to."

I turned my head towards the door behind me, considering his departure. Where I might have boned a willing Alissa no matter who disapproved, Sawyer had declined.

Some kind of decency? But then he had blown all over my wife's face. Twenty seconds before, if anyone had asked, I would've said cumming on a chick's face was rude.

Now I had to rethink that.

She was decisively dazzling with dripping cum on her face.

No, not rude. He could've fucked her on my bed. That would've been rude. Instead, he had ejaculated on my wife's face. It was... a compliment.

Was I really looking at this like he had been more of a gentleman than a dick?

I shook my head.

She said, "Are you mad at me?" She licked cum from her wedding ring.

I burst into movement. I reached down and hauled her up. I threw her onto the bed. "You were going to fuck him wearing my wedding ring?"

She looked confused. "Of course..."

"You weren't even going to take it off?"

"No... why would I? I love you, Enrique."

I raised her skirt with a yank and exposed her pussy. "You were going to fuck him right here on our bed with your wedding ring on?"

She looked confused at my anger. "I'd... never take it off." She dropped her eyes and after a second focused. "Are you excited by this?"

I hauled at my belt and tore off my jeans. My cock stood out, rising to full

length. "You were going to fuck him with your wedding ring on. You slut." I yanked on her legs and pulled her to my cock.

"Well, yes..."

I rammed my erection into her, hard. "Just like this? Fuck him on our bed?"

She groaned and moaned, "Yes..."

I pushed with vicious thrusts, punishing her pussy for what hadn't happened. "While I was in the next room?"

She shuddered and panted.

I fucked her like I hated her. I rammed her like I wanted to ram my fist into Sawyer's face. I ravaged her pussy with the rage I would've felt if she had really fucked him.

I hissed, "Were you wanting him to fuck you in here and kiss you?"

She moaned uncontrollably. "Yes..." Her eyes rolled into her head and she bucked underneath me, almost throwing me off with her orgasm.

I mashed my lips onto hers and forced my tongue into her mouth. I smelled him then, where he had ejaculated onto her face. It was a faint aroma of tortillas. And I tasted him, too, reminiscent of fresh pasta.

She moaned through the kiss as she got off on my cock while thinking about cheating on me.

Married slut. I looked up and saw the streak of his cum still in her hair.

I roared my anger and exploded inside her, my cock throbbing with ire and power. I grunted with force as if I was pushing a truck up a hill. I slammed my cock in with each spurt driving my anger into her.

I panted and slowed, feeling dizzy with the extreme effort of squeezing out my orgasm. That drying stream in her hair made me grit my teeth and send a tickly thin stream into her in aftershock.

She reached up and touched my face. "I love you, Enrique."

CHAPTER 6

See, the thing is, Enrique Lopez doesn't go for married sluts unless they're someone else's. Then they were fair game. But my wife? No way was I going to allow something like this to go on.

I had to put an end to it.

Unfortunately, we only had Sunday off together and that was three days away. Our time together to work this out – where I made her understand I wasn't going to allow it – was a number of conflicting hours.

All day Thursday I paced, hustled, ranted in my head, and worked out my quick speech to tell her she couldn't see him anymore.

I drove home with determination after my shift.

She was home, like usual. I smelled dinner in the air when I came in, which was unusual. She usually didn't start until she knew I was home.

I found her in the bathroom, brushing out wet hair after a shower. My suspicion meter pegged and waved wildly. "What are you doing?"

"Brushing my hair...?"

"You never shower after work."

"I'm going out with Sawyer for drinks."

I leveled my finger and put an end to the bullshit immediately. "No, you're not."

She gave me a suffering look. "Yes, I am, Enrique. We've been over this already. I'm an adult."

"You're my wife."

"Stop it. Just because you're my husband doesn't mean you own me."

"Five weeks ago we stood and gave each—"

"Yes, we're married."

I wasn't getting anywhere. "Do you want a divorce? Then you can go be happy with Mister Supreme?"

"Why would I want a divorce? I love you."

"Apparently not enough to keep your legs closed."

She scowled furiously. For Alissa, that was unusual. "That's not fair—"

"The hell it ain't. Mister Supreme comes strolling along and suddenly your legs are all open."

"Not for anyone else."

I bugged out my eyes at her. "Oh! Oh! Like that makes all the difference?"

"Of course it does. It's Sawyer, not the cute college guy next door."

"You've been fucking him, too?"

One step and my face rang with the slap. "I'm not a slut." There was certainty and indignation in her voice.

I leaned at her. "But with Mister Supreme you sure as hell are."

She sighed and went back to brushing her hair. "Don't you understand? I've been with him like three or four hundred times. It's not like he's the guy next door."

"And five weeks ago you forsook him."

"I never had him."

"But that means you won't have him in the future, either."

She began applying her usual bare-minimum makeup. "That's why I'm going out

with him. To see where this all goes. Besides, he said he didn't want to be some guy who tears a marriage apart."

"But you're going out with him."

"I mean that he doesn't want to have sex."

I exaggerated a brow wipe. "Whew. I thought our marriage was over. I guess I have him to thank."

"Stop it, he's being fair."

"He asked you out."

"Yes, to talk."

"About what?"

She shook her head at me. "About us."

"There is no you and him; we're married."

"That's what he wants to talk about."

I threw up my hands. "I can't believe this shit. Just show him your ring. End of discussion."

"It's not that easy."

"Actually, it is."

"No. It. Isn't."

I said, "What's so hard to understand that you're married now. You're taken. Spoken for. You've been claimed. Your pussy is off-limits. How hard can that be?"

"Try to understand, he gave himself for me when he was married. The least I can do is offer the same to him."

"I didn't know Mister Supreme was part of my marriage to you. Was he up there

in front of four hundred people with us? I forgot."

She came to me, makeup done, and put her hands on my shoulders. "He's a part of me. Me. And he isn't going to go away. I don't want to lose you; I love you." She held up her ring. "This means everything to me."

"Not everything..." I muttered.

She grew hurt in the face again. "I'm trying to be understanding, Enrique. All you are doing is accusing."

I was doing the accusing. She was right and it made me angry. "Fine, you're right. I should be supportive."

"Exactly. Be understanding of my feelings and who I am."

Apparently she missed my sarcasm. "All right. I'll help. What are you wearing?"

She pointed.

"Slacks? No, wear a skirt."

"Why? It's just talking he said."

"Alissa, men want to see skin. Wear a skirt. The shortest one you got."

She did look at me suspiciously then.

I threw up my hands. "You want my understanding and help or not? Or should we do it my way and have you dump him by text?"

She frowned. "Why would you want me to dump him? I'm just exploring where this might go."

I held out my hands. "So. Let me help you... explore."

A ghost of a smile tried a tentative trek across her lips. "Really?"

I wanted to explode. Maybe if I illustrated the absurd, she'd get it. "Skirt."

She looked at me for a few seconds more, then put her slacks away. She brought

out a skirt.

"Is that your shortest?"

She nodded.

"Fine. No panties."

"But this is really short."

"He's a man. He wants skin and no panties."

"Okay..."

"The blouse is fine. No bra. Now get dressed."

"Are you sure about this?"

"I was right last night when I suggested no panties, wasn't I?" Some strange part of me enjoyed telling her how to be a slut.

"Yes, he fingered me."

It made me angry to hear the confirmation. It had led to them coming here, looking to fuck. Instead, it had led to her being given a facial.

And she had looked beautiful.

CHAPTER 7

I saw her out the door, seething with barely suppressed anger.

None of my arguments had mattered. My carefully constructed case had been shredded before I had even offered it.

It was as if deciding to eat a burrito, I was like wrapping everything in a tortilla that was shredded with holes. It fell apart before I could lift it. And Alissa had trampled the remains to the point where I was trying to pick up bits and pieces and use them against her. And, of course, I had shredded my own tortilla.

I had sent her out in a skirt with no panties. In a blouse with no bra. I had sent her out sexy. Or helped, anyway. I had specifically helped her to be the most appealing to Sawyer as possible.

If she was going to cheat, why not go all the way? If she was going to destroy our marriage, why not just do it right?

Go out with a bang.

But...

I closed the door as she left...

And I was hard.

The fact irritated me to no end. Was my bride in white going out to sigh happily as another man fingered her? The rage that boiled within me was vehement and vicious. But my cock was equally hot and hard.

I had no bridge between the two. The angrier I was, the harder my cock.

I was helpless in my anger and hate.

I wanted the dark side. I wanted to force-choke this Sawyer until he was dead. I

wanted my wife to come crawling at my feet begging for forgiveness I would never give. I wanted her wailing with regret and sobbing for the rest of her days until she threw herself off the highest lighthouse in Washington.

But then, I didn't want her to die or jump from some high place. I wanted her to be with me.

I wanted all of her. It was my right.

Even if Sawyer ejaculating onto her face had been so hot that my cock was the hardest I ever remember.

Can't admit that to any of my brothers. Wasn't macho.

They would take me, beat me to death, and bury me in a shallow grave as an honor killing. Even my own brothers. No Lopez allowed what I was allowing. Lopez men kept a hard hand on their women. The men led; the women followed silently behind.

Maybe that's what I got for marrying a Gringo woman. Mixed British-German Alissa was not the kind of wife a Lopez should have.

But...

I... loved her.

So pale and delicate and feminine – everything about her was soft. Her skin was silk. Her slender waist flared to feminine hips that looked incredible in her tiny shorts and skirts. Her gray eyes always looked at me with love and satisfaction. Our sex was fulfilling and hot.

And now my woman – my wife – was out on a date. She had let this former lover ejaculate on her face right in front of me.

Why had I been so hard seeing that? It just didn't make sense. I wanted Sawyer to go away. I wanted Alissa to forget him, not desperately rush out on a date to "see where it goes."

She said she loved me, but had I lost her?

I paced a little more at the door, knowing my previous plan was powerless against her. If I couldn't stop her, then what was the use in trying? If she really wanted Sawyer and I couldn't stop her, then maybe I should...

Just let her go.

An annulled marriage should be an easy thing.

Let him have her; he had already won.

No more arguing.

No more fights.

I didn't want any of it.

I would sit her down and talk to her this very night when she got back. Let her know she was free to be with him. I would move out.

If she really loved this man, I would get out of the way.

What else was there to do?

I sat and waited on the couch, not even bothering with the TV. The very idea seemed so empty to turn it on and watch brainless entertainment.

What kind of entertainment was she getting?

Was his finger up her pussy even right now? That sweet pussy I had claimed and owned just five weeks before?

But Sawyer had been there first. Hundreds of times. He knew her pussy better than me and that aggravated me. Of course I had no chance against him.

I did not stew while I waited. I did not boil in my juices of anger. In fact, I felt no anger now that I had made the decision – just a dull acceptance and feeling of futility and failure.

She came into the apartment.

With him.

Alissa looked nervous.

I had been calm. I had planned on talking quietly with her and letting her know I was bowing out.

But Sawyer's presence pushed me past that purpose. I was on my feet and moving towards him, determined to show him who was the boss of my wife.

I growled, "You motherfucker." My punch landed hard on his cheek and he went down in a satisfying crumple.

Alissa shouted, "No!"

I leaned over Sawyer. "Get up so I can hit you again." Victory flushed through my veins and I was ready for more.

He blinked at me and rubbed at his cheek. He slowly rolled over and got up.

I was ready when he turned.

Alissa tried grabbing my arm, but I shook her free and launched another stunning punch to Sawyer's face.

But it never connected.

His arm came up, sinuous, and twisted around my slug. My world tilted and the next thing I knew, I was on my back as he knelt down next to me.

I didn't feel any pain; he had just used some martial arts move or something to put me down. I started to get up but his hand on my chest stilled me.

He said, "I figure I owed you that punch." He rubbed at his cheek again. "But I'm not going to get into a fight with you and you won't be hitting me again."

I scowled at him. You let me punch you? Say what?

He rose and offered me his hand.

I slapped it away with a growl and got up.

He backed off a step and said, "I'll go."

Alissa clutched his arm. "Don't go."

"I'll call you tomorrow. Don't worry."

She sighed with exasperation.

I stood and fumed.

But he was good to his word and left.

My wife was anguished. "Why did you have to hit him?"

"Because he deserved it." I looked at her for a few seconds as I grabbed hold of my feelings again. "Look, Alissa, we have to talk—"

"We've already been over all this—"

"No, I mean talk. No fighting, no arguing. Sit."

She looked at me suspiciously, but sat.

I faced her on the couch, one elbow up on the backrest. "I think the only real option is to let you have him."

She looked hopeful. And happy.

It cemented my defeat. "I'll pack up and move out—"

"Why would you do that?"

"So he can have you. He was there long before me and I'm the newcomer."

She looked confused and laid a hand on my knee. "Why would you go? Where would you go?"

"Stay with one of my brothers or something. Until I can get the marriage annulled."

Now she looked hurt. "No... Why?"

"So he can have you. He's getting a divorce; that's why he's here."

"He doesn't want to break up our marriage."

"But he wants you. He wants sex with you. You want to date him and there's apparently nothing I can do about that. I'll bow out."

Her eyes were watering. "But... I don't want you to leave."

"I can't be a husband that just allows his wife to fuck other men—"

"I don't want to fuck other men."

"Except for Sawyer."

"Well, yes. I mean, no. It's not fucking, it's more than that."

I sighed and looked down. "He fingered you again tonight?"

"Um... yes."

I nodded, closing my eyes. That was the wrong thing to do because the image of Sawyer's proud cock pulsing streams of cum onto my wife's beautiful face was instant. I hardened. "Was he... here tonight to... do things with you?" I imagined his thick cock cumming again between her lips and onto her teeth.

She whispered, "Yes. But he wasn't sure about you."

His cum had landed in her hair and on her smooth cheek. "Do you... love him?"

She took a deep breath. "It's difficult... In a way I do, yes. But it's different than with you. I love you. With Sawyer, he was the center of my being for a year. Even though he was married, he became a part of me."

I saw her mouth on his cock in my mind – while she looked at me.

"It was fun and daring and dangerous to make love to him with his wife in the other room unknowing."

I remembered her licking his cum off the wedding ring I had slipped on her finger. My cock hardened so painfully that I had to shift and adjust.

She looked at me curiously. "Are you getting turned on by this again?"

"No," I lied. But the truth was, if my wife was going to be a cheap fucking slut, then I wanted to see Sawyer cum on her. I wanted to see his cock spit seed all over her face. I wanted his erection to ejaculate generous gushes of cum into her hair.

I wanted to see him hold her hand to his dick so his orgasm could coat her wedding ring.

I didn't tell her that.

If the marriage was over, it should be over, not me lingering around to watch her slut herself for this guy.

I just shook my head.

She put both hands on my knee. "I love you, Enrique. Don't leave."

"You love him more."

She shook her head looking lost. "No, that's not true—"

"If he had divorced his wife before you met me... you'd be married to him right now."

She pursed her lips. "Yes, probably. But he didn't, and I met you. I fell in love with you—"

"But now he's free."

"And that's why I need to see him. To see where all this goes."

"Divorce."

"No, I don't want that. I mean to see where it goes with him – to see what might have been if he was free. It's just dating."

"You can't have us both. You have to choose."

"That's not fair; he's a part of me. Just like you are but in a different way. He's making room for you."

"So I have to make room for this guy and let him fuck you because you think it's fair?"

"I was with him for a year."

"Yes, I know, hundreds of times. You don't need to rub it in."

"That wasn't what I'm trying to say when I say that. I'm trying to say he's not some stranger. He's not the neighbor kid. He's not your brother or something. There's nothing slutty about what I'm doing. He's already been inside me hundreds of times. It's not like it's some big deal."

"It is to me."

"He's a part of me," she said quietly. "I just need to see where it goes."

"So that's it? I'm supposed to sit here and let you date him?"

"Please?"

CHAPTER 8

I went to bed hard that night, unresolved. I wanted to leave and I wanted to stay. Another part of me wanted to see Sawyer treat her like a total fucking whore.

Five and a half weeks into my happy marriage, suddenly my angelic, beautiful wife wanted me to accept that she needs to fuck another man – to suck his cock and swallow his cum.

Why did I keep getting hard thinking about his cum all over her face? Why was the thought of his seed squirting all over her wedding ring so seductive?

Why on Friday was I in the restroom at work furiously jacking my shaft to the thought of his cock erupting into her mouth? I ignored the smell of urinal cakes and hand soap and just stroked.

I felt dirty and debauched – a degenerate in the men's restroom obsessed with the image of his beautiful bride corrupted to sluttiness by cock.

Was it the corruption that was a turn-on?

Was it that she had been beautiful in her wedding dress and was now wantonly begging for dick?

Was it that her dress had been as white as Sawyer's cum?

I hated him for having fucked her before I came along. But he was the past – I had been easily amenable to forgetting about it and moving forward together with her. But now he was back and she wanted him again. Had it been hopeless from the beginning?

It hadn't seemed like it. Five weeks of bliss had followed our wedding and many nights spent passionately showing each other our love.

Whether or not Alissa thought anything had changed, the dynamics of our relationship had changed to me. Despite her claims of love, there was a struggle

of respect. I demanded she respect me because of her vows. She demanded I respect who she was – including a part of her being her previous relationship with an adulterer.

That was why she had disappeared from his life – he had not been serious about divorcing his wife. Stalled her off for months until she decided to just stop seeing him.

Good for her.

But he had made the fateful decision to divorce and now he was... back in play.

My wife wanted – no, needed – to date him to see where things would go. Where did she think things would go?

I tugged at my intensely erect shaft as I thought about his cock on her lips. She had looked stunning, kneeling to him. Angelic face raised and the mouth I kissed open and accepting his powerful squirts.

I jacked faster. Yeah, do it Sawyer. Ejaculate into her married mouth. Violate the lips that kissed me on our wedding day. I groaned and panted desperately with release. I shot my load against the wall with several relieved grunts.

As the last of the convulsions squeezed my seed out of me, I dropped my head with weariness and defeat.

CHAPTER 9

I went home on a Friday night where I might have normally hoped for a passionate love-making evening.

Instead, she was preparing for another date. Again.

I looked at her for four seconds in the doorway to the bathroom and dropped my forehead against the frame. I turned away.

She called out. "Don't you want to help me choose what to wear?"

I was out of her sight and just shook my head. I answered, "Just wear something slutty with no panties."

"Is... it all right... if I bring him back here?"

This just keeps getting worse. "I don't care." If she was going to be a slut, she was going to be one and I was powerless to stop her. No amount of reason or persuasion was going to keep her legs closed.

I went into the second bedroom and slammed the door. I wasn't hungry, I wasn't interested in talk, and after cumming in the restroom was decidedly not feeling turned on – that infamous male disinterest in sex or cuddling after cumming.

Several minutes later I heard the floor creak and stop at the door. Her voice came through, normal and hopeful, "I love you."

Get the fuck out.

She waited for a few seconds, then left the apartment. She had sounded just like any other time the previous five and a half weeks. How had I missed her deception?

Had the entire marriage been a lie? Why was I getting the brunt of her obsession with this formerly married man?

If I had been expected to accept him coming back into her life, why hadn't she told me that she would spread for him? But, she had told me. At least as much that she had been consumed by him.

I had thought she meant it was over when she told me she had stopped seeing him - a week before we met.

Had I been foolish? Blind?

She really had appeared to fall in love with me. The heat and need to be with each other had been an anxiety neither of us could ignore.

A month before the wedding, we had rented the apartment. It had been a relief to us both. Yes, we definitely had loved each other.

But now?

I still loved her; I was just very hurt and knew that it was over. It made me want to hate women. Or maybe just Alissa. I wanted to see Sawyer shove his cock so far down her throat that she gagged.

And then pull out and cum on her face. Ejaculate all over my wife's eager face. I could get a video of it and watch her take load after load on replay.

Cheating slut.

I went to the liquor store and grabbed a bottle of Tequila. If I was going to be alone, I might as well have some fun.

The young guy behind the counter winked at me.

Fuck off, gay boy. I took my glass friend home.

I hated my apartment. I hated our front door. I hated the key in my fist.

I had no more closed the second bedroom door and changed into my sleep pants when the front door opened. I heard her voice, so I knew she was talking to Sawyer.

Footsteps creaked past my door and the door to our bedroom shut quietly.

I opened the Tequila and swigged. I capped it and dropped onto the single bed that had been mine at my parents' house. I covered my eyes with my arm and wished I was anywhere but here.

My wife was in the next room with some other man doing sexual things with him she should only be doing with me. The injustice of it all ground at my bones until I was gritting my teeth.

I was her husband, not him. I was thoroughly disgusted.

The slut was probably spread and naked right now, doing her best to give Sawyer a baby.

Fuck her.

I don't know when I did, but I drifted to sleep and tossed fitfully as I dreamt of her taking his loads on her face and in her hair.

At some point during the night, I awoke to a tentative knock on my door. I had a throbbing erection and I turned over away from the door. I didn't feel like talking about how great Sawyer was and how special it was to have him visit.

CHAPTER 10

I awoke Saturday feeling wore out. My old familiar bed hadn't provided any comfort. I wanted to get up and shower, like usual, but I didn't know if asshole was still here.

Why wouldn't he be? Successfully ejected from my bed, he could be lying in it without a care or concern in the world – ejaculating all over my wife.

My sleep pants began lifting.

Is he still here? I opened the door and looked out. The master bedroom door was open.

I stood in the doorway and looked in.

Alissa raised her head. She was alone in bed.

I glanced towards the bathroom, but the door was open and the light off.

She said, "Why didn't you come to bed last night?"

"I'm not sharing a bed with him."

"He was only here for an hour."

Anger flared and I advanced to the bed. "Long enough for a quick fuck?"

She blinked at me. "No, he didn't want to do that—"

"But you did."

"Well, yes. But he said it wouldn't be right."

"At least one of you has some common sense. My poor slut wife tried to fuck and couldn't."

"You're being mean. Sawyer was being nice."

"Oh? Did he break it off with you?"

"No, but he would only accept a blowjob."

The sharp image of his white cum hitting her lips and face flashed through my head. My sleep pants began rising.

Her eyes caught it. "So it really does turn you on."

I was on her so fast, tearing off covers that she looked at me with fear. She was naked under the sheets. "You know what turns me on? The idea that he can so easily make you the cheap slut you are."

"That's not fair—"

I rammed my cock into her cheating pussy. "How many times has he fucked your slutty pussy since we've been married?"

"None... Not once."

I thrust hard, grunting with all my anger. "How many blowjobs?"

She was gasping with the force of my assault. "Three..."

The image that had been haunting me flashed in my head: her head tilted up; her angelic eyes looking at me; her lips and tongue caressing the head of Sawyer's cock as it ejaculated onto her.

My orgasm erupted hot and fast - the pulses of cumshots so rapid that they tickled all the way out of my shaft.

Alissa must have been thinking of Sawyer – her eyes rolled up and she grunted through several waves of release.

I panted with exertion, feeling out of breath and drained. But it was a good feeling – not the emptiness of the previous day's dick jerk in the restroom. I smiled at the sensation of satisfaction.

She mistook it for happiness. She smiled back at me and put her arms around my

neck. "I love you, Enrique."

My expression melted into a frown. "I thought you loved Sawyer."

"I do, in a way. But you're my husband. I love you."

I pulled out. "Sure. That's why you kick me out of my own bedroom so you can fuck him."

"I did not."

"You did." I turned away in disgust. I grabbed clothing for the day.

She was quiet behind me until I was heading for the bathroom. "What was that we just did?"

I didn't answer her, but her question remained in my head for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER 11

I expected her home just after one o'clock and she did come home right on time.

I was on the couch trying to decide if I should call my brother Rocky and arrange a place to stay, and also trying to get the image out of my mind of Sawyer's cock spitting seed on Alissa's face. I asked, "Not going out with Sawyer?"

"Actually... I am."

The spike of anger twisted deep.

She recognized it right away and sat next to me. Her hands were trembling when she gripped my knee. "What's wrong, Enrique? I thought we were back on the right track this morning when we—"

"Nope, you're still stuck on Sawyer's track. My train's going the other way."

"But, this morning..." She sighed. "What is it you want? What are you looking for?"

"The woman I married."

"I'm right here."

"Without Sawyer involved."

"He's a part of me."

"He wasn't around two weeks ago."

She leaned in close, eye to eye. "But he was still a part of me. You married me."

"And got him."

"Yes."

Another flash of his sperm splashing into her hair made my breath catch. His cum being licked off the wedding ring I had put on her finger made my dick begin hardening.

I wanted to be angry, but...

Alissa made sense.

What did doctors call certain things? Congenital illnesses? Pre-existing conditions? Predisposition?

I had married her, in love, deliberately blind to the fact that she could no more cut off all attachment to Sawyer than hack off her own foot. She had simply despaired of him divorcing his wife.

She left him to have a future. With me.

I still didn't like it. Why couldn't she be Superwoman? Why couldn't she flip off the emotion switch and hate him? But she didn't; she was human.

Through my anger, I saw the logic in what she was saying. She wasn't trying to make excuses. She had told me the very first day he had texted her.

She had begged me to understand that she was going to see him – date him. She wasn't asking for my blessing or approval, she had been asking me to understand. She was going to date him no matter what I thought because she didn't really have a choice herself. If she didn't have a choice, neither did I.

Of course she has a choice. But she would have to be inhuman to make it. Superwoman.

If I left, and she came to me, I would feel the need to explore the feelings between us and we had only been together for a few months – married for almost six weeks.

How much more was her former relationship to Sawyer pulling at her?

While she did make sense, my bitterness did not go away. If anything, it

strengthened.

I said, "You know what I want?"

She looked at me, waiting.

"I want to see him turn you into a slut. I want to see him cum on you. I want to see you choke on his cock."

Maybe it wasn't fair. Maybe it was cruel. But it was what I felt.

She squeezed my knee. "I don't know what kind of dark place you're in, but I hope you come out of it. I hope you go back to being my husband again."

No chance of going back to anything, is there? "My marriage has turned into a nightmare."

"I'm sorry. But I do love you just as much as the day we married, if not more. You must understand that."

Maybe I did. Maybe I didn't. "I'm serious. You bring him here. Use the bedroom. Leave the doors open. This is my house, too. I come and go as I please – and I want to see him turn you into a slut." I could not keep the deep bitterness out of my voice. "Nothing would... please me more."

She sighed and got up without any more conversation. She went into the bathroom.

I followed her after a few minutes. I was mad. At the same time, I was pensive. I was sure someone looking in and spying on us would say I was taking it bad.

Well, I was.

No question about that.

I rested my shoulder against the doorframe as she washed her face and dried it. "Do you really believe you love me?"

She paused in patting her face, eyes searching me out in the mirror. Despite seeing me in the reflection, she turned her head to me and leaned on the sink.

"Why are you pushing me? This is hard enough—"

"It was just a question."

She went back to looking at me in the mirror.

A layer of protection? Or just efficiency?

She said, "As much as ever." She grabbed at her lipstick as if feeling some of that agitation that was raging through every cell of my body.

I didn't say anything right away. Another tormenting image of his cum on her cheek went through my mind. Could she really still love me while desperate to make her connection with Sawyer?

I had no basis on which to compare. I had no women in the wings waiting to rush forward when we were at our happiest to wave and make claims. "If... I had a woman, like you have Sawyer..."

Her composure slipped and she slapped her hand down on the sink. "I don't know."

I nodded. At least she was being honest. Had she been dishonest with anything since this started? "Is there anything you're not telling me?"

She lowered her eyes and shook her head. "Only that I would've made love to him on the very first date if he had wanted it."

I clenched my teeth together. "Have you since then?"

"No. He doesn't want to wreck things here with you."

But he was willing to ejaculate all over your face. I began to harden. "He let you give him a blowjob."

"A few now, yes. He doesn't consider that cheating."

Her lips had looked so beautiful drenched in his cum and moving across his cock – sucking the head of his erection. I had kissed her shortly after that. I said hoarsely, "The blowjob was hot."

She studied me in the mirror before applying her lipstick. "Would you be willing to talk to him? He's mentioned it. But the last time you two talked, you punched him."

"Talk about what?"

"He wants to determine his place here – between us."

My bitterness was still as hot as my excitement. "Between us is right where he is..."

"Will you talk to him?"

I sighed. "I suppose."

"Will you tell him it's okay to... be intimate with me?"

"Why is it so important to you and not to him?"

She was done with her makeup. She stood in front of me and pinched my shirt. "It is important to him. He's so concerned about you that he refuses..."

I stayed quiet.

She looked down at my feet. "I have to know. I have to know if what I feel inside is real or imagined. I spent a year with him and it drives me with a need like no other. Is it the same for him? Or am I imagining this in my mind? If I have him, does this all go away? Have I made something bigger of it than it really is? I have to know these things, Enrique. I have to know where this all goes."

I flipped my finger in the air as if I were rotating ideas. "So you're saying if you two fuck you might realize you don't want him?"

She looked to the side and pursed her lips. "If we're going to be crude about it, yes." She looked into my eyes. "I need to know if what's in my heart is real or this is all some fake thing in my head."

I blinked. It's still not getting better. But an image of his cock out and my bride on her knees in her wedding dress made my dick fully harden. "Yeah. I'll talk to him."

She gripped me in a hug so alarming that I froze. It was alarming because she was trembling so badly I was surprised her teeth weren't chattering. "Thank you. I don't want to suffer this anymore. I want to know where I am with all this. And I want us to love each other. I wear my ring because I can't bear to take it off."

That damned image of her licking his cum off her wedding ring made my dick throb with need. I gasped hoarsely, "I'll talk to him."

"No punching?"

There was no reason to punch him if he was taking the high road with fucking my Alissa. "No."

Her lips met mine – the same lips that had sucked his cock last night. She kissed me with passion and I... kissed her back. "Thank you..."

My erection in my jeans hurt and I wanted to lick her lips. I breathed, "Alissa..."

She broke off and stepped back. "I need to go."

I realized I was in a tug of war for her soul.

That was going to have to change.

CHAPTER 12

I spent Saturday alone.

Just me and the bottle. My good old friend Gran Centenario.

But I kept my friend at mostly arms distance.

Mostly.

I didn't want to be muddled if she came home with him.

After all. He wanted to talk.

Maybe about football. Soccer. Basketball. Politics. Globalism. Or my wife's pussy.

As the sun faded from the sky, I was hoping he would come. I was looking forward to it.

So maybe my brothers would beat me to death and bury me in a hole.

Not Lopez enough.

Don't need that stain on the family.

Well, they didn't need to know, did they?

I'd just see what Sawyer had to say. After all, hadn't she said they had fucked hundreds of times? Did that give him some kind of say in the matter?

I didn't know, but we were going to see.

When she opened the door and saw me, we just looked at each other. I was holding my glass friend in both hands.

To show her I was fine, I put the Tequila on the coffee table as easily as setting

down a glass of milk. I settled back and raised my eyebrows.

She backed out and motioned to the side.

Appearing in the doorway was Sawyer, looking as dashing as ever.

Another version of me.

I do look that good, don't I? But my mustache was king; Sawyer didn't have one. I motioned to the couch as if I was a magnanimous Viking king allowing one of my warriors to sit.

He gave her a glancing look, then settled on the couch next to me.

I lifted my chin at him – a signal that he had his audience. Truth was, I was eager.

Sawyer looked at my hand, but didn't move.

Smart man. I'm not ready to shake hands yet. If ever.

He said, "Alissa has talked a lot about you."

"Is that so?" Not about your dick?

"The better man got her and she wears his ring."

I sat, stunned, though I tried not to show it.

He said, "I was too stupid. Too slow. Too complacent." He looked at her. She was sitting on the floor on the other side of the coffee table. "I took the situation for granted. But I wised up... a little late."

I said, "Too late."

"That's the truth."

"You didn't come here to tell me how wonderful I was."

He scratched at the stubble on his chin. "No."

"So what is it?"

My wife glanced quietly back and forth between us - watching, weighing.

He took a deep breath. "I have... resisted getting too deep between you two."

"Looks like you're pretty well positioned between us."

"I'm sorry about that. I..." He looked at me fully, then away. "I find my resistance... crumbling."

So. It was out. He wanted to fuck my wife. He wanted to slam his bone into her married pussy and violate her marriage vows with a flood of his cum.

And being caught in a place from which I could not escape – and guarded by my ever-erect cock at the prospect – I gave him the answer we both wanted.

If for different reasons.

I said, "Go for it."

He might have wanted something special and cerebral.

I wanted to see her be a true slut if that was the only avenue she was going to allow for herself.

You want to be a slut? You're going to be one.

He squinted one eye at me. "Couple of days ago you punched me for that."

I inspected his face. "You didn't even have the decency to bruise."

He pointed. "Actually I did. You can see it. Right here - a bit of discoloration."

I grunted.

I didn't look at my wife. I wasn't giving her a present.

Sawyer asked, "Anything I... should be aware of? Rules?"

I pointed to my chest. "This is my house. I come and go as I please. Doors open.

I come, I go. My choice."

He didn't study me for more than a second before he nodded once. "Sounds right."

I pointed my finger at his chest. "Damn straight it sounds right. If I want to see her be a slut, I see it. She's my wife. If you don't like those conditions, we can throw down again right here."

He held up his hands. "I accept them."

We stared at each other for a few seconds, both breathing evenly and steady.

He nodded again.

I dipped my chin in assent. Not wanting to, I motioned to the Gran Centenario. "Tequila?"

He blinked and shook his head in rejection. "Uh... no, thanks. Can't stomach the stuff."

Fucking gringo. But I was born and raised here by immigrant parents. I spoke English. My Spanish was no bueno. I was a gringo, technically. Still, it felt good to have something over the man. He obviously packed a slightly better version of what I had.

I wasn't self-conscious about it; I had a good one.

He just... had a better one.

And I really wanted to see him turn her into the filthy slut she had always been by using it on her.

Squirting her face.

Flooding her mouth.

Defiling her ring.

The whole marriage was shot. Why not?

He looked at her. He looked at me. "So... now is...?"

I lifted my hand in Catholic benediction.

Alissa had been silent the entire time. Not a peep. Her eyes shined at me with a gratitude I hadn't seen since our wedding day. She rose and motioned with her hand.

I picked up my friend and unscrewed the cap. Was she really needing some kind of validation? Was this really going to be some big signal for her? A seminal event she needed to determine her place with him and me?

And what was she going to find? She had already taken his ejaculation with eager joy. Was she suddenly going to find that his familiar cock in her pussy was now not as good as her expectations?

She had given me no choice in the matter of her dating; she had informed me she would be dating him. Told me she was going to see him. Wanted to fuck him and had brought him back here. Had sucked him off in our bedroom and taken his cum on her face.

I had no choice in any of that.

She was determined to fuck him, but deferred to Sawyer's wishes to clear it with me first. It was Sawyer that had given me something resembling a choice. But if his resistance was crumbling, as he claimed, then this choice was just a token before the inevitable.

Still, it was more than my own wife had given me. At least now I was involved.

They were undressing in the bedroom. I watched my wife's clothing come off for another man. Her graceful figure bent over to slip out of her skirt. The move was so natural and familiar that it made me hard watching her do it for Sawyer.

She had done it with him far more than we had made love together. Her move was likely even more familiar to him. Her mouth and lips on his cock likely as welcomed and routine as I had hoped to be with her in five years. They had fucked hundreds of times. She and I had only been together... thirty times?

He had at least ten times the experience with her pussy than I did.

I might have claimed her, but his claim on her was far deeper and established. No, she couldn't help her attachments and I hadn't thought about all of this from her angle.

For the first time, I realized he had every right to be in there naked with her.

He had a right to kiss her. He had a right to finger her – to use her pussy any way he wanted. He had a right to show his claim superseded mine by shooting his sperm onto her wedding ring.

It was natural, simple, and appropriate.

I set my glass friend back down and wiped at my lips.

Actually, I was fortunate they had felt to include me.

And I was hard – so hard my dick hurt.

CHAPTER 13

I saw them kiss in the bedroom. Her arm was moving.

I got up because I had to. If I hadn't, my dick would have snapped in two from the unbearable angle in my erection.

I went into the bedroom and sat on the bed. My jeans were so lumped up I had to lean back and arrange my package. Her back was to me, but he saw.

Their heads moved together much like the kiss Alissa and I had shared on our wedding day. It was hot and deep. His hands stroked down her graceful back to the gentle feminine flare of her hips. He slid his hands down further, cupping her small, single-dimpled butt cheeks.

A gentle squeeze there and a pulling ended their kiss.

He looked at me and my pants. Hesitantly, he offered, "If you want, I'll suck you off. Or let you suck me—"

I waved a hand. "No, no. That's okay." Fuck you gay boy. But maybe I wasn't being fair. He didn't look like he wanted to do it and was just offering to be... inclusive. Maybe I should've thanked him, but...

Alissa lowered to her knees in front of him.

He smiled down at her with affection and his eyelids drooped as her head moved forward. After a few head moves, he gathered back her hair.

She pulled off and looked up. "Huh?"

He shook his head and shifted so his side was to me – forcing her to shift with him. "So your husband can see."

She glanced at me with eyes smoldering with heat and happiness. "Oh." Her right hand gripped his impressive shaft giving it little pumps and squeezes. she

tilted her head and kissed the other side of his erection so she could keep eye contact with me. Her lips were open and sliding and her tongue was out and licking.

I groaned spontaneously and without control.

Sawyer considered me again. "Get comfortable, Enrique. Don't be shy."

I thought that was a damned good invitation. I extricated myself from my jeans with relief. My dick stood tall and hard.

My wife opened wider and took the head of his cock into her mouth.

I sighed raggedly and gripped my erection. I began pumping. Seeing my wife's sexy lips sliding along his cock was the most natural and beautiful thing I had ever seen. His cock being worshipped by my bride's mouth was fitting and just.

There wasn't anything wrong with this, I realized. It wasn't just good, it was wholesome.

She tried to keep eye contact with me but began focusing on his cock. She sucked at the head and stroked on his shaft.

Sawyer kept her hair out of the way so I could see it all. He sighed with contentment and closed his eyes as my bride sucked and licked his manhood.

I had to let go of my dick as it dawned on me that I loved seeing my wife suck another man's cock.

He moved her head a little, and his hips too, as he breathed faster. The whole thing was so obviously familiar that it was done with no awkward motions. Yes, they had definitely done this hundreds of times before. It was so natural and upright that her sucking him was morally decent.

There was no wrongness about this and I was struck by his legitimately earned right to have my bride suck his dick. I was happy knowing my conscience was clear.

He lifted her with an uncomplicated motion. They kissed again, hungrily exploring each other's souls.

He broke off. "I want to taste you."

She sighed in disappointment. "Can we skip it this—"

"It's been too long. I want to taste you."

Her shoulders dropped.

He laid her back on the bed beside me and knelt between her legs. His moves were so smooth they could only come from those hundreds of times of practice. His tongue licked up my wife's clit in a tentative tease. She moaned and looked over at me, her mouth open and eyes glazed.

She reached for my dick.

I let her. A strange comfort descended on me that warmed some previously cold parts since this began.

I leaned over her and kissed her.

Her tongue pushed up at me eagerly and I tasted his cock on her tongue. I didn't want to be bi for the guy because I wasn't that way.

But he tasted good on her mouth. I could easily imagine tasting that in her kiss for the rest of my life - and being happy.

Very unbelievably happy.

CHAPTER 14

She moaned in my kiss as Sawyer tongued her.

I could tell she was getting anxious.

She broke our contact and looked down at him. "I can't wait any longer."

Sawyer didn't answer her, he looked at me.

I was panting, dick so hard I thought it would burst. Why is he looking at me for approval? He has every right to just stick it in her. Maybe I would appreciate his deference later. Right now, I just wanted to see my wife's pussy violated by another man's cock and Sawyer had every prerogative to be the one doing it. I said, "Do it."

He asked, "Condom?"

It wouldn't be right if he did. It would be a violation of their sanctity. I said, "No."

He looked neither pleased nor displeased. He simply moved up and gripped his dick. He rubbed it over her clit and lips, swirling it around and into the embrace of my wife's pussy lips.

Alissa moaned low with need, heaving her hips up at him with hunger.

I could see the ease with which he positioned himself to enter her. Yes, they had definitely done this hundreds of times – it was that obvious. He was like a male ballet dancer to my ballerina bride.

Sawyer rewarded my barely restrained patience by pushing and inserting the thick head of his cock into my wife's hole.

I marveled at the beauty of the initial insertion. I relished the sight of his very thick shaft fully hard and bridging the gap between his body and my wife's. The

head was inside; the shaft was the promise.

He eased forward, and his shaft slid straight, smooth, and true into my bride's pussy.

Alissa let out a lingering sigh and she closed her eyes.

He sighed too as his hips met hers and his butt flexed to push for full penetration. "Feeling you again is... fantastic."

My wife opened her eyes, looking up at him and just panting. She whispered, "I missed you."

He pulled back once and I saw his erection glistening with her juices. He slid back in with a little more force, a touch more finality.

Another man's cock had just moved in, out, and firmly back into my bride's pussy and it was supremely sensual and noble.

I could not have imagined on the day of our wedding my wife underneath another man so soon after our vows. But here we were and I was watching with rapt euphoria and jacking my cock as another man fucked my eager bride.

I watched his hips move and his shaft slide smoothly in and out of my wife's pussy. No, they weren't fucking. Definitely not. They were making love.

They kissed and he held his thrusts in closer, keeping his dick deep in the pussy I had selfishly thought was mine alone.

She looked over at me after their kiss – her lips red and wet – and watched me stroke my erection. Her eyes went large, glazed, and then wide open. She drew in a breath and squeezed her eyes shut, bucking up furiously under Sawyer. She let out a small cry and then another louder one. She was cumming on another man's cock and my heart soared inside my chest, tightening with excitement and pleasure.

He groaned louder, driven by her release. He looked over at me, his face flushed and his body trembling. "Pull out?"

It would be the wrong thing to do, and I knew it. I needed him to cum in her, as

deep as he could, and reestablish his claim to my wife's pussy. I needed to know his seed was in there. I said, "No."

He gave a nod and began pumping. It wasn't hard and forceful, it was long and deep. Even as she came down off her orgasm, they moved so perfectly together that it was almost a beautiful dance rather than a satisfying act of lust.

The mattress moved gently to his deep thrusts into my wife as he brought himself to consummating his passion.

He tensed and gasped. He pushed all the way in and began panting harshly. Sawyer let loose his orgasm deep inside my bride. He grunted for several seconds, squeezing and emptying his balls into my wife's welcoming womb.

I groaned with satisfaction. It was good. It was very good. It was perfect.

He had treated my bride with the respect she deserved. Their copulation – their communion – was complete. He kissed her again for several seconds.

I felt honored.

Really honored.

All macho before I grasped the reality of the situation, I realized now how fortunate I was that I hadn't wrecked everything.

Seeing him with his cock buried in my wife's pussy and their mouths locked together, my cock began drooling heavily. I wasn't even touching it. Precum oozed up, faster and faster until it was running out of my shaft like a weak water fountain stream. Then my cock jerked and flexed as I moaned. A large stream of watery cum shot upwards out of my dick.

Alissa looked over and saw it. With a small smile of satisfaction, she reached over and gently stroked my erupting erection. She said, "Enrique?"

I gasped, still shooting.

"Is it okay if Sawyer stays tonight? With me? It's been so long..."

My cock flexed again, swelling and spitting another stream up into the air in

response. I nodded without words.

I needed him to stay with my wife. She needed it. All of us needed it.

I got off the bed and grabbed a towel to clean myself up.

They were cuddling on the bed when I went to the second bedroom.

CHAPTER 15

I settled onto my old bed. All of the doors were open, so I heard them talking.

At one point, my wife sighed loudly with relief and said, "I hadn't realized how much I needed you." A few seconds later, "I'm sorry I stopped seeing you, but..." The rest was lost in murmurs.

I reflected on my serenity and satisfaction. It was so very different and better than the anxiety and anger that had agitated me for the past week.

I heard my name mentioned by Sawyer, but nothing else of what he said.

Not long after, their talking died out and I began hearing them panting and sighing. He was fucking her again, plunging his prick into my bride's pussy.

I was glad he was – they had some time to make up for and my wife deserved his best effort. I fell asleep to their sounds. I awoke four hours later and they were still in there fucking. But I had awoken because they were becoming more excited.

I heard the mattress move as he fucked my wife with passionate grunts.

I was erect; I couldn't help it. I began jacking myself in time with his grunts. Her moans told me she was tired but turned on – delirious from the sex she was getting.

Her sounds spurred me on and when Sawyer finished again, so did I. My spurts were hot and fast, though weaker because of my earlier orgasm.

I fell asleep.

I awoke sometime around five in the morning and laid there for about a half hour. It was Sunday and my lazy day. I began hearing murmurs and then sounds of sucking.

My dick rose.

Alissa had been like that our first week of marriage. She couldn't get enough. Now she couldn't get enough at her reunification with Sawyer.

I smiled.

And stroked.

A little bit later the sucking sounds went away. A minute later, I could hear her panting.

I got up quickly and peeked out the door.

She was riding him, her back to me. Her beautiful butt rose and fell with his cock sticking straight up into her pussy. It was such a great sight that I stood there for several minutes jacking to it.

Watching my wife ride another man's cock was sexier than anything I had ever done with her. My cock bulged and throbbed at what I was seeing. Seeing her pussy stretched around his shaft and sliding up and down was a sexual fulfillment deep in my soul.

I stepped back and grabbed the towel I had brought in with me last night. I held it to my dick and peeked around again. I stroked in time with her moves until I convulsed with my release. I shot hot, tickly pulses into the towel as I watched my bride ride his cock.

I knew then, this was something I would never grow tired of seeing.

He left a bit later when I was in the shower. I didn't know if he was trying to avoid me or not.

Alissa gripped me in a weary hug when I came out. "Thank you."

"Did you find what you were looking for?"

She bit her lip and looked up at me. Her nod was quick and over fast.

"So what's the verdict?"

She said, "I want to keep seeing him. I... need to keep seeing him. I'm going to keep dating him."

I just nodded, but inside I was pleased. There was no reason for her to cut him off from what I had seen.

She asked, "Are you mad?"

"No."

She looked surprised. "You're... staying, right? You're not leaving me, are you?"

I shook my head. "I'm staying. And he's welcome to come here after your dates."

"Are you serious?" She looked hopeful.

"Seeing your pussy on his cock last night was the sexiest thing I have ever seen – and I want more of that. As often as he wants. As much as you want."

She sobbed happily and planted a kiss on my lips. "Did you want to...?"

I sighed. "I wish I could, but I came twice last night and once this morning. I don't think a crane could lift my dick. Sorry."

She giggled. "That's okay. I'm all wore out and sore. I just offered because I didn't want you being left out." She pecked my lips. "I'll be out with him today and every night after work."

"Just bring him back here."

"I will."

I stopped her from turning away. "You said you needed to know, but didn't really answer, other than that you thought you found what you were looking for. What are you feeling inside?"

"That we did the right thing. That I never should've given up on him. That sex with him really is special and is still special even though I married you. It's like his return into my life has filled a hole I didn't know was there."

"You still want to be married to me?"

"Of course. You make me happy. I love you. Sawyer adds to it, making it better. I'm going to keep fucking him..."

Amusement bubbled inside me that she hadn't asked my permission. "That's fine."

She looked down. "Thank you. For everything. For understanding. For being my husband."

"If you had been patient, you could've had him."

She shook her head. "But it didn't work out that way. Our paths separated and then came back together. This is what we have now. We can't go back and alter those paths."

"But you could divorce me and bring yours and his even closer together."

She shook her head. "But I love you. As surely as I love him. That's not going to go away, either."

"So we're in agreement?"

She pursed her lips. "If you mean we love each other and I date him, yes."

"Yes."

Her smile was as bright as it was the day we were married. We hugged and kissed again.

CHAPTER 16

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed. Every night, Alissa brought Sawyer home. Every night, they made love in our bed.

I wanted to make love to my wife so bad it hurt – but that's the thing, I was so excited for her that I masturbated at work and shot my load every day. At night watching his cock slide in and out of my wife caused me to cum again. I couldn't save it to get it up.

It was maddening.

Infuriating.

Thursday, I kept going to the restroom to touch myself thinking of all the cum Sawyer was shooting into my wife, but I resisted after a stroke or two.

I was a walking hard-on that demanded immediate action.

By my estimation, he was getting close to shooting enough cum into her to equal all of my efforts during our short marriage.

I went home Thursday and showered. Alissa was already gone – he took her right after work most days.

When they came in later, I had already eaten. I waved at Sawyer.

He was pleasant – as he always was. "Hey, Enrique."

I liked him. He didn't try to bullshit me with "What's happening?" or "Hey, wazzup?" No condescension from him.

I said, "I'll join you two in a little bit."

He raised his eyebrows. "Come in now, if you want..."

I held up a hand. "I'll come in after you finish."

"All right..." He didn't appear to grasp why, but that wasn't my concern.

Waiting was not hard for me, not when I had witnessed them fucking every day since Saturday. They always started with hugging and kissing.

It was sweet.

Sometimes they did oral – not always. More often than not, she wanted to do it for him. Sometimes he let her. Seeing my bride's lips on his cock always got me hard.

Today, they went right into it after kissing. He had her on the bed, doggie style.

I resisted taking out my cock and stroking it. I will be strong!

Her moans tormented me and my hands and dick twitched. Her pants and sighs plagued me and I oozed in my jeans.

I could only see him and a little bit of her from the living room where I sat, but I could tell she was energetically fucking back against his pushes. That was where waiting got hard. My beautiful and delicate wife, pushing her pussy back against his pistoning cock, revved my fuck-engine to redline.

He pulled out of her and turned her over. I saw her ankles in his hands, held out high. His hips moved back and forth against her.

My wife groaned happily, taking all of his cock.

He bent down over her after several minutes and she wrapped her legs around his waist. He plunged deep. He said, "I love you, Alissa. Don't ever go away again."

I heard her response and I heard the promise in her voice. "I love you too, and I won't."

He moved into his finishing run, panting faster and louder. His feet were on the ground helping to push his cock into my wife. Her butt was half off the bed and angled for the best penetration. He had maximum leverage and stance for the

deepest fucking.

When he grunted his release, they clutched and trembled together as he strained to squirt as deep as possible.

I tore off my jeans and walked into the bedroom. I grinned at an exhausted Sawyer. "My turn."

He was gasping in breaths from his exertion and just nodded. He stepped back.

My bride's pussy was swollen and puffy – flushed red with excitement. She smiled at me with such welcome and cheer that I thought her cheeks would crack. She scooted back a bit on the bed to let me climb on.

I desperately wanted my cock in her. But before I did, I leaned down and gave her wet pussy lips and clit one large upward lick. I couldn't see his cum as it wasn't leaking out of her, but I did taste him. That pasta taste was on my tongue as I moved up her body. Her chest was heaving, nipples hard and I licked them as I came up. Then I kissed her, letting her taste both of their juices mingled on my tongue.

She moaned in the kiss as if fresh with need.

Her pussy felt different. Very different. As I slid my erection into my wife, I knew it instantly because I had never felt it before. Her pussy felt hot, soft, fleshy and fucked. My eyes widened at the vast difference in feel.

Making love to my wife maybe twice during a day had a certain feel because her pussy had time to recover during the time my cock recovered. So I had never felt this peculiar and very distinct sensation: freshly-fucked pussy.

I had never felt anything so amazingly spectacular.

I slid all the way in and felt the scorching flood of Sawyer's cum coating my cock. It had a tingling, electric effect that had my shaft swelling to the point I have never felt harder. My erection was so hard and engorged that it hurt – and his cum on my shaft was an astonishing aphrodisiac.

My eyes were open in shock as I experienced this new sensation I would never have known if I had not let them fuck.

I pushed as far as I could and the head of my cock was bathed in liquid heat at the deepest reach. I was poking into Sawyer's load and it felt phenomenal. I blinked rapidly in surprise. I could never have imagined this without the benefit of experience. There was no way I could relate this to another man adequately.

I pumped almost as if it were my first time feeling pussy. I was already panting with excitement because it felt that good. I pumped deep and fast, driving my erection into my wife's used pussy.

I loved this new feeling. It felt better on my shaft – more alive and responsive – than just regular fucking. I was addicted to this new feel of fucked pussy by the second stroke. Softer, smoother, sexier. I loved the feel of his slick cum covering my sliding cock. I was so hard from the sensation that I ached.

There was no going back for me. I knew right then that I would want Sawyer to always go first. Maybe that wasn't fair, but I was the one who had gotten lucky and gotten the ring on her finger first. I had to have some say.

I thrust deep and hard, loving that my wife had opened her pussy for another man. My energetic enthusiasm gave her the edge she needed and she came on my cock, clutching at me and quivering with her release.

Sawyer and I had done that to her. And I had something new to consider.

As I pounded deep into my wife, I realized that if he was a part of her, then he was a part of me. I shot my load hot and fast, so excited that I almost passed out from hyperventilating. I pushed and strained, prodding his flood deeper into her and adding mine to it.

She was a soft beauty and a goddess of sensuality. Sawyer and I had worshipped at her altar. We surrendered to her divinity and gave our offerings – our tokens of devotion – and prayed for her benefaction. We each gave everything we had and with all our male strength and virility and the offering was perfect and beautiful. She was everything we wanted and more.

There was no better love more pure or cherished that could be felt by man than the sharing of a woman.

Yes, I definitely had something to accomplish that remained unresolved.

CHAPTER 17

I pulled out of my wife, spent and satisfied like I had never been satisfied before. I had heard women say it was just cock. It was just sex. Maybe for them they couldn't feel it.

But I felt it and I think Sawyer did, too. It was something far beyond the act or words.

I panted looking at him as his cum and mine dropped from my dick. I said, "You and me, tomorrow after work. We'll go on our own little date."

His eyes searched and sought, finding nothing duplicitous. He gave me a nod. "I'll get your cell number and message you."

Alissa raised her head and said the wrong thing, "Are you two going gay?"

Fuck that faggot shit! I scowled at her. But my heart wasn't in it because the real barometer – my dick – had just been there.

She giggled at my look.

I scowled deeper. Did the woman not know how incredibly sexy and beautiful she looked with the cum of two men leaking out of her?

I shared a look with Sawyer that hinted he might feel the same way. I said, "I'll get my phone."

He twisted around and sat down on the bed. He blew out a long breath of air.

I got my phone from the second bedroom and returned. I handed him mine. He handed me his.

We entered our info.

We traded back phones and I held out my hand.

He looked at it in confusion and started to offer his phone, but then recognized the gesture. He looked up at me and gripped my hand in a handshake. There was no struggle.

Often there is a competition of strength in a handshake. Not here.

A less than firm grip, but far more than gentle. It was the kind of squeeze a man gives to his best friend's shoulder. We shook for a few seconds, then released.

There was a hint of satisfaction on his face as if he had just discovered a twenty dollar bill in the pocket of a jacket he hadn't worn in years.

He didn't stay the night, and I slept in my wife's embrace, comfortable, warm, and secure.

Did she even know she was an object of worship? Or did she assign her own interpretations to what we were doing?

Friday after work was exciting.

Not sexually.

I was meeting someone with a mutual interest: my wife.

I was going to be making the rest of the connection that bridged us all together. I had been looking forward to it the whole day.

We met at Bigby's Bar, as arranged. It was a cute little place, maybe a little pretentious for the neighborhood. But the owner kept it clean and appealing. Bright neons, halogen spotlights, and a fair-stocked liquor wall gave a cozy atmosphere. Sometimes I came in for a beer. It seemed like a good place to talk.

I was at the table already when he came in. I had a double shot of Espolon. Jimmy Bigby had started carrying it just for me, though I didn't come in much anymore since I had married Alissa.

He pulled out the chair opposite and sat. Neat, tidy, sharp – all of that was Sawyer. Me without a mustache.

I said, "You want something? I'm buying."

He gave me a hopeful side of neutral look and said, "Scotch is good."

I got up and ordered him a double on the rocks. I set it down before him and sat down. "I wanted to talk about Alissa."

He raised his glass. "She's a good subject."

I raised mine. "She's the best subject."

He grunted his assent and took a gulp. "I'm all ears."

"I was pleased you aren't trying to pry her away from me."

He scowled ferociously. "I wouldn't do that."

"As I've seen. Of course, I was still angry..."

He fiddled with his glass, not looking at me. "I know... and I'm sorry. She and I had much unfinished..."

"Trust me, I get it."

He looked back up to my eyes. "I wasn't going to take her from you, no matter what developed."

"I assumed that was the case. Alissa doesn't lie and she portrayed all this as a test of what could've been."

He sighed. "I was stupid..."

I slugged back my Espolon and tasted the hints of citrus and pineapple. "We do what we do. We think we do right. Sometimes it is, sometimes it isn't."

He nodded.

"I'm sort of sorry about the punch."

He waved a hand. "You deserved the right to throw it."

"Maybe, but I believe otherwise now. We're... connected... by the same woman. It would be silly to fight."

He raised his glass again. "I'll drink to that."

I drank with him. "I want you to know I'm comfortable. You have as much right to be there as I do—"

He tried to resist. "No, I wouldn't say that; you're married to her."

I motioned my hand as if trying to calm or silence him. "Sawyer, Sawyer, hold on. She told me that you two did it... a lot. More than I have with her. There's something there and it came before I slid that ring on her finger. Okay, I can admit that. I can accept that. But to... reject that... is something foolish."

He held his glass in both hands as if to warm and melt the ice. "What do you mean?"

I slugged most of the rest of my Tequila down. I placed the glass firmly on the table with an audible reinforcement of my point. "A foolish man would try to break up the relationship you have with her."

His eyes narrowed.

I said, "The wiser man realizes that it isn't just the man involved, but also the woman. I can no more banish you than I could banish her – because her relationship to you isn't one-sided. You don't force her to have sex with you—"

"Of course not."

"She has as much interest as you do and I married into that interest. If I were to banish you, I would be hurting her."

"And... you accept Alissa?"

"I do. And therefore I accept you, too."

He looked at me with suspicion – but it was the curiosity of discovery not deceit. "That's why you shook my hand."

I grunted and finished off my drink. I was feeling good. "You still living with your parents?"

"Yes, my wife is likely to get the house in the settlement."

"We have that second bedroom."

He lowered his chin, raised his eyebrows and gave me the strangest look of disbelief. "Are you serious?"

"I am, actually. If you aren't close, you want to date her. That takes my time away, too. Why not both of us date her? Why not realize that we're both central in her life? Makes sense to me, anyway."

He blinked, several times, slowly. "Have you asked Alissa about this?"

I leaned back and laughed, letting out a good amount of joviality. "You... know her at least as much as... I do." I wiped my eyes. "Do you think she'll object?"

He hesitated only a second - one second in the eternity of the rest of our lives. "I accept."

I extended my hand.

He extended his.

EPILOGUE

I was in the best position in the house. I was lying on my back on our bed reflecting on my silly assumptions of the past.

Alissa was over me, her pussy several inches above my face and her head at my hips, busy sucking and licking my erection.

Add to that, Sawyer was heaving and panting, his cock sliding in and out of my wife's pussy just above my head.

I had a close-up view of my bride taking another man's cock and I loved it. I saw his slick shaft gliding smoothly back and forth into her pussy. I saw her lips moving in and out with the passage of his thick cock.

I was positioned to catch whatever drips might erupt from her if he had an extra-large ejaculation.

She hummed with lust and the vibrations of her sound resonated in my erection in her mouth. It was as if each thrust of Sawyer's erection into my bride's pussy caused the most wonderful vibrations in my cock and soul.

It was perfect.

If my Lopez family brothers couldn't see or sense the beauty of this, they were ignorant fools. I knew it then, deep in my center and soul: nothing was more intimate and intense than sharing your spouse.

I felt it as sure as the love I had for her: every husband should have a man available to help worship his wife's pussy. Nothing was more intimate and caring than a husband who approved of one particular man violating his bride's vows. It was more than just his relationship to his bride. It was the special connection multiplied between all three.

It was an enrichment all husbands should know.

If the husband truly loved his wife, he should know that another man ejaculating on her face was a gift – cumming in her pussy a compliment above all others.

The bond of trust was strengthened. The intimacy intensified beyond imagination. The love nurtured to transcendence.

Sawyer, my friend now, thrust into my wife's pussy, his balls swinging back and forth above my eyes. They had yet to draw up and shoot his orgasm into her.

I was a lucky man. I had found on my own a truth often denied by all others: a wife was best shared. Nothing beat the sight of another man sliding his approval into your wife's pussy. Nothing beat it.

I was a very lucky man.

I got many videos over the coming weeks of Sawyer cumming on her face and covering her wedding ring with his cum.

It was beautiful and I looked forward to... hopefully... a lifetime of wife-worship. She deserved it and I wanted to give it to her.

When she was old and gray, I wanted to count on Sawyer to be with me, side-by-side, assuring my wife she was the most wonderful person in the world.

As he sped above me, ready to inject his worship into her altar, I opened my mouth – ready to receive the evidence of his devotion.

And I opened myself to the future.

Thank you for reading My Wife is Dating Him.

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