

Alex Skylar

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is lying on a black leather couch. She is wearing a black lace bra and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Behind her, a shirtless man is lying on the couch, his arms resting on the backrest. The scene is lit with soft, warm light, creating a sensual atmosphere.

My
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My Wife's Ex-Husband

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Written by Alex Skylar.

I was sitting at my desk in my home office, picking away at some work, when I heard the front door open and close. Today was Friday, which meant my step-daughter Maya was likely getting dropped off by her father. There was a murmuring of voices outside his window, and I paused for a moment to try and listen to them.

I could hear my wife Clara's soft voice, although it was too quiet to make out exactly what she was saying. Then I heard a second voice, the familiar booming tone of Clara's ex-husband, Carson. I moved closer to the window and saw the two of them talking on the front doorstep.

Every time I saw my wife's ex, my stomach tightened. Clara was a beautiful brunette, with a petite, muscular frame. Even though I had never doubted her love, I still couldn't help wondering how such a beauty could love an average guy like me. It didn't help that Carson was a ripped bodybuilder who could get pretty much any woman he wanted. When the two of them stood next to each other, he looked twice as big as her.

Despite my concerns, I wasn't overly worried that Clara would leave me to return to the hunk she was currently chatting with. She had made the decision to leave him, and despite many opportunities before she had even met me, she had never looked back. The truth was that she made me feel more loved than any other woman in my life, and there wasn't a single reason to doubt that.

The real root cause of my tension wasn't a fear of losing her to the man she had voluntarily removed from her life. In fact, the actual reason was the exact opposite. I wanted to see her fuck him.

My crazy fetish had started long before I met Clara. I would often fantasize about my girlfriends cheating on me. When they flirted with other men, I would get turned on instead of feeling jealous. Sometimes I would imagine one of them sneaking off with another guy, fucking him illicitly in some seedy motel room. The idea always made me harder when I was in bed with them, and that was even more true with Clara. She wasn't just some random girl floating in and out of my life. She was a part of me, yet the idea of her misbehaving still turned me on in the craziest way.

With Clara and Carson, though, the fantasy was much more intense. It wasn't just a faceless man taking my wife while I was at work. This was a man that she had actually had sex with on a regular basis at one point in her life. A man who was, truth be told, far superior to me in a physical sense. Even the size difference between them added another angle to the fantasy. How could such a small woman have sex with a man like that? Could she spread her legs wide enough to straddle his body, or were they limited in the positions they could fuck in?

As I watched them from my window, my body ached with that familiar longing. When Carson said something witty, Clara laughed and put her hand on his arm, and that stirred my cock. I wanted the two of them to sneak off to our bedroom so he could take my wife in our bed.

Clara gave him a quick hug, and he returned to his truck while she watched him go. There was a hint of a smile on her face, and for a moment, I wondered if there would ever be a chance of making my fantasy a reality. It seemed like a long shot, but anything was possible.

That night, as Clara sat in the bed next to me reading a book, I decided to try and broach the subject.

"I saw you talking to Carson earlier," I said. "How is he doing?"

"He's good," she replied without even looking up from her book. "He's been dating some blonde bimbo, but I guess she's starting to get on his nerves. He doesn't think it will last much longer. It's too bad, because I doubt he'll ever get a girl with any brains."

She was right. Carson wasn't the brightest bulb, and fit quite well into the dumb jock stereotype.

"What does that say about you?" I said with a smirk.

Clara finally looked away from her book and raised her eyebrows at me. I was expecting her to smack my shoulder, but she just shook her head and returned to her book.

"That reminds me," I continued. "I've always wondered what it was that brought you together with him. You two seem like polar

opposites. How did you end up marrying him?"

Clara put her book down and stared blankly for a moment, considering my question.

"I don't know," she said as she turned to look at me again. "I mean, we get along well, but we didn't have a lot in common. That was the main reason we decided to end it. I'm not sure how we ended up together in the first place, though. I guess we were both just young and dumb and having fun. We did a lot of crazy stuff together."

"That makes sense," I said. "So you guys used to party a lot?"

"Sometimes, but not that often," she said as she returned to her book again. "It was usually just the two of us."

"So what kind of fun did you two have together then?"

Clara put her book down again and gave me an exasperated look.

"I don't think you really want me to answer that question," she said seriously. Her eyes stayed glued on me, though, so I kept pressing forward.

"Just tell me," I said.

"Sex, you fool!" she cried out, hitting her book impatiently and looking at me wide-eyed.

"Well, how was I supposed to know that's what you meant?! You never really talk about him!" I replied defensively. "So I assume the sex was good, then?"

Clara's exasperation turned to disbelief as she shook her head at me.

"You really want to know what my sex life was like with my ex-husband? That's really something that you want me to tell you about?"

I shrugged, and she giggled and shook her head again. She was thrown off by the question, but she still seemed to be going with the conversation, so I was hopeful as she pondered it.

"I'll tell you if you really want to know, but you better not get butthurt and be mad at me," she said. "You're the one asking me, so you can't be angry if you don't like the answer."

"I promise I won't get mad."

Clara took a deep breath and paused for a few moments as she built up the courage. I knew, just by her hesitation, that I was going to like her answer.

"Yes, the sex was good," she admitted finally, looking off into space to avoid meeting my gaze and feeling guilty. "Actually, it was great. Not that sex isn't great with you, but we were both a lot younger, and you know how different it is when you still have that youthful energy. The two of us used to fuck like rabbits all the time. We weren't even trying to get pregnant when Maya happened. We were just fucking all the time, and I suppose it was inevitable that it was going to happen. It didn't hurt that he had a pretty nice cock, too."

Clara had lost herself in the memory of Carson, and she seemed to only be half aware of what she was saying. I was already getting hard, but I wanted to see how much she would tell me.

"Was it bigger than mine?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah," she blurted out with a chuckle. "A lot bigger."

My cock sprang to life at her admission, but Clara's eyes widened as she realized what she had just said to me. She turned and looked at me with a worried expression, then tossed her book aside and moved toward me.

"I'm sorry," she said, cuddling up against me. "I didn't mean that in a bad way. You know I love your cock and that things like that don't matter to me, right? Please don't be ma..."

The words were pouring out of her mouth relentlessly, but she stopped suddenly in the middle of her sentence and her eyes widened again. Her knee had slid up over my lap, and the moment she had felt how hard I was, everything came to a screeching halt.

"Wait, is this turning you on?" she asked, furrowing her eyebrows at me.

"A little," I whispered.

A devilish smile slowly crept across Clara's face as her hand came up and cupped the growing bulge in my boxers.

"Start talking," she said as she gave my cock a firm squeeze. It was my turn to summon my courage.

"I've been fantasizing a lot lately about seeing you fuck another man, and the idea turns me on. I saw you talking to Carson and I started thinking about it, so I thought I would try and bring it up."

Clara's eyes were locked intently on mine. The evil grin intensified and her eyes were filled with a fiery passion.

"Do you want me to tell you all the dirty little details while I stroke your cock?" she whispered sexily, then slide her hand inside my boxers and grabbed my manhood without waiting for an answer.

"Yes," I replied, my voice cracking as my breathing deepened.

"We used to fuck every day, sometimes a couple times a day even," she mumbled seductively while burying her face against my bare chest and tightening her whole body around me. "He would just kiss me and I could feel myself get wet. It was usually at his place, in his bed. He liked to be in control of me, and he seemed to do that better when we were on his home turf. We fucked in his car a lot too, and sometimes even outside, like at the park at night or something. Any time he wanted me, I was down.

"And yes, his cock was a lot bigger than you. Just look at the size of him and you have to know he's well hung. It felt like it was splitting me open, but I would always cum so hard all over his dick."

Clara paused and removed her panties, then straddled me and pulled out my cock. She lowered herself slowly onto my length, and suddenly I felt like I was in a state of pure bliss. Our eyes met again, and she continued her tease as she slowly gyrated against my cock.

"Just thinking about him is getting me so hot right now. Maybe I should call him and flirt with him. If you're lucky, he might even let you watch while he fucks me. Is that what you want to see? Another man using your wife's body?"

"Yes," I grunted through my clenched teeth.

Her body writhed against me, and all I could imagine was her riding Carson's thick cock. Her movements became more fervent, unleashing a side of her that I had never seen before. I tried to control myself, but it was pointless. An orgasm surged through my

body and exploded deep inside her pussy. She responded by digging her nails into my chest as she was consumed in her own intense climax.

Clara collapsed on top of me, her chest heaving for breaths. She still had just enough energy to get a few words out here and there.

"God, that was intense," she huffed. "I love how hard that made you."

"Yeah, that was crazy," I agreed.

In my head, I wondered if she was serious about actually fucking Carson in front of me. I brushed it off as pillow talk and snuggled up to drift off to sleep without another word.

The next day, I found myself thinking about it again. I was still unsure of if Clara was really serious about what she had said the night before or if she was just lost in the heat of the moment. It continued to bother me throughout the day, and by the afternoon, I decided to text her.

"Hey, honey! I hope your day is going well. I just wanted to ask you about last night. Were you serious about flirting with Carson again? I mean, the idea does seem hot, but it's one thing to imagine it and another to go through with the fantasy. I don't know how I would react if it actually happened."

"Don't worry, baby," she replied shortly. "I won't do anything you don't want me to do. I won't even mention it to him."

On one hand, I was relieved. On the other hand, I also felt a hint of disappointment. That was when I realized that some deep part of my mind wanted her to tell him, wanted her to give herself to him. There was a slight ambiguity in her response, so I decided to test it.

"Did you want to do it?" I asked. "Like, if I had said you could?"

"Well, I loved how much the idea turned you on. I've never felt you that hard before, and I was thinking that reaction would be even stronger if it happened for real, but I also don't want to hurt

our relationship. Nothing is more important to me than you, and if you're not sure, then I don't want to do it."

Her tone was a perfect blend of wanting my permission to do it while also making sure that I knew that she would always be mine. I still felt hesitant, though.

"Let me think about it," I replied finally. "This is all so new to me, but it's intriguing. I just want to be sure."

"Of course, honey," she said. "We can discuss it some other time. In the meantime, I promise I won't do anything until you're ready."

The week ticked by just like any other. I tried to push the thoughts about Clara and Carson out of my head, but somehow they kept surfacing. She hadn't brought it up, but I couldn't help wondering if it was on her mind, as well.

My answer came that Sunday. Carson would be dropping Maya off after his weekend with her, and this would be the first time Clara saw him after the topic had come up the week before. Still, she didn't say anything to me. It almost seemed as if she had forgotten all about it.

When Carson showed up, I was in my office doing some work again. I heard the front door open as Maya came inside and disappeared into her bedroom, but I didn't hear it close. I heard voices outside again, and my curiosity got the better of me. I rolled my chair over by the window, and that's when I felt my heart leap out of my chest.

Clara and Carson were out on the porch chatting again. That was innocent enough, and there were still a few feet between them as they conversed, but it was Clara's attire that had caught my attention.

My wife usually dressed pretty moderately. She wasn't one to show herself off on a daily basis, but she also wasn't ashamed to show some skin in a skimpy bikini when she went to the beach.

Today was a warm day, and she had taken advantage of that fact to show herself off. She was wearing a short jean skirt that didn't even reach halfway down her thighs, along with a tight little

crop top that left her midriff exposed. With the cut of the fabric, it was clear she wasn't wearing a bra underneath, either.

I had never seen the outfit before, but she looked undeniably sexy in it. Carson seemed to agree, as his eyes kept sliding downward to check out her body.

While I couldn't hear what they were saying, Clara's body language was free and flirty. She laughed often, and even reached out to touch his arm subtly. Her behavior was much different for the week before, and I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

For a moment, I began to panic. Perhaps I had opened a can of worms by discussing Clara's ex with her. I had told her I was unsure about carrying out the fantasy, but it seemed I had renewed her interest in him, as she had decided to push forward anyway.

My blood began to boil with jealousy for a moment, but then I noticed a momentary flash that made me hesitate. Clara glanced in my direction and winked. With the way the sun reflected off the outside of our windows, I didn't think that she could see me, but the wink made it seem like she knew I was there. It was enough to give me pause.

They continued to talk for a few more minutes until Carson indicated that he had to leave and turned back toward his car. Clara spread her arms wide to offer him a hug, and he happily accepted. I watched as his large frame envelope her. His powerful hands cupped the small of her back and pulled her into his embrace, then brushed lightly across her ass as he let her go. Clara disappeared inside the front door while he climbed into his truck and backed out of the driveway.

My mouth felt dry and my heart was beating heavily in my chest, but my cock was also swollen from arousal. I didn't know if my wife was teasing me or aiming to cheat on me, and I didn't know how to ask her that without sounding distrustful. It turned out that I didn't have to ask, as there was a knock on my door moments later.

I turned around as the door opened and saw Clara standing in the doorway with that same devilish grin that had been plastered on her face the week before.

"Were you watching that?" she asked.

Before I could answer, she stepped into my office and pushed the door closed behind her, then slowly sauntered toward me. I stammered as my eyes struggled to drink in her exquisite beauty in the revealing outfit she was wearing. As she moved in front of me, she hiked her dress up a little and straddled my lap, her legs draped off the sides of my armless desk chair. Her arms snaked around my neck and she whispered softly into my ear.

"I knew you were going to be watching me when Carson came by today," she said as she pressed her body against mine. "I decided you might need a little push if this was really going to happen, so I went out and bought this sexy little outfit to wear for him, and for you. Do you like it?"

I swallowed hard and nodded. My tongue felt like it was stuck to the roof of my mouth, so I remained silent. Clara smiled gleefully, then kissed me. My cock, already hard as a rock, began to throb as she squirmed lightly on top of me.

I had been frozen in shock, but as soon as I felt her lips on mine and the passion that came with them, it broke my trance. My hands came up and touched the small of her back, the same spot where Carson had touched her when they embraced outside, and kissed her with the same intensity that she was showing me.

Clara broke away and leaned back to look me in the eyes. She pressed her hips down and felt my erection, then giggled naughtily. Her chest was rising and falling, and I could tell that her heart was racing with excitement, just like mine. This game was new to both of us, but neither one wanted it to stop.

"Did you see the way he was looking at me?" she cooed softly. "He probably would have taken me right then and there if I had told him you were fantasizing about it. Would you have liked that?"

I tried to answer her, but my affirmation came out as a broken grunt.

Clara didn't wait for a full answer. She slid back a little in my lap and looked down at herself, then slowly pulled the lower edge of her skirt up to show me her bare, cleanly-shaved pussy. In addition to not wearing a bra, she had greeted her ex-lover with no panties.

She saw my reaction, then giggled as she began pulling at my belt and unfastening my pants. It took her less than a minute to free my cock and lower herself onto my length with a drawn-out sigh.

My fingers dug into the soft flesh of her back as I struggled to hold myself back. My mind was on sensory overload, and I could have easily cum from the soft warmth of her pussy surrounding my manhood, but somehow, I managed to control myself.

Clara, on the other hand, struggled to keep quiet. With Maya in her room on the other side of the house, we had some freedom, but she still wanted to maintain some prudence. She buried her face against my chest as she rode me and let out a muffled moan.

"Next time I see him, I want to tell him your fantasy," she mumbled in my ear when her arousal subsided slightly. "I want to tell him that you've dreamed about him fucking me, just to see what he says. Can I tell him, baby? Can I, please?"

Her body grew more tense around me, and her pussy tightened around my manhood. She was getting herself worked up, and I knew she was on the brink of orgasm. All it would take was one word from me.

"Yes," I whispered in her ear as my own orgasm flooded through my body.

My cock erupted inside her, filling her pussy with a steady stream of my warm, sticky seed. Clara met my climax with her own, just as I had suspected she would, and we clawed at each other as we tried to keep our simultaneous orgasms a secret. It was several minutes before I felt her body start to relax in my arms.

Clara stood up and straightened her skirt out while I tucked my cock away. There was an excited grin on her face, and I knew that this was no longer pillow talk. We both wanted it to happen.

"Are you sure you're okay with me telling him?" she asked as I stood up.

"Yeah, but don't do anything when you do," I replied. "Let's take this slow. Tell me before anything happens."

"Okay," she said. "That should be easy enough, because honestly, I really want you there if it does. I don't think I could go

through with it unless I could see the look on your face when he takes me.”

I pulled her into my arms and kissed her passionately. I was both nervous and excited by the prospect of what might lie ahead.

I was worried that I would have to wait until the next week to see how this adventure would unfold, but the next twist came the following night. As Clara slid into bed next to me with a giddy look on her face, she passed her phone to me. On the screen was a text conversation between her and Carson. Before I had even read the first word, I felt my heartbeat quicken.

“Hey, it was great to see you yesterday,” Carson had texted sometime earlier that day. “I just wanted to tell you that you look really good. I’m glad things are going well for you.”

“Thanks, it was good to see you, too!” she replied. “Sorry for the skimpy outfit. I probably should have changed before you got here, but at least you got to enjoy a good view!”

“I didn’t mind that at all. I probably shouldn’t be saying this, but seeing you like that got my imagination going. You look as beautiful as ever. Your new husband is a lucky guy.”

“I don’t think he would mind you saying something like that. He’s not really the jealous type. In fact, I think he enjoys it when other men check me out.”

“In that case, maybe you should be naked the next time I drop by? Ha, I’m just kidding!”

It was clear that he was being flirty with her, and I knew that his joke wasn’t really a joke, but as Clara had told him, it really didn’t bother me. He was thinking about her, and that was what mattered.

“Don’t tempt me,” she continued. “I might just do it to tease you again!”

“Oh, so you WERE wearing that to tease me, then?” he poked back at her.

“Now, now, that wouldn’t be appropriate for a married woman to do. I did enjoy your eyes on me, though. It reminded me of the good times we used to have together.”

"Now you're just torturing me," he said. "Those are some great memories. I still haven't found a girl who could move like you used to."

The deeper the conversation went, the harder I felt myself growing. Clara was laying against me, her body curled up around mine, and when she felt my cock swelling, her hand drifted down and began rubbing the outside of my boxers.

"I still haven't found a cock like yours," she replied to him. "I mean, my husband is great in bed, but it was different with you. You know what I mean, right?"

"Yeah, of course. I still remember the way you used to ride me, and how you would squirt all over my cock when you got into it. Fuck, that was incredible to watch."

"You're making me blush!" she quipped back.

Clara's hand moved faster, and I could feel my breathing getting deeper. This whole conversation was a fantasy in itself. I could never have imagined how much I would be turned on by my wife flirting with her ex.

"I'm just returning the favor for teasing me earlier," he replied. "I'll behave if you promise to be good next time."

"And if I don't promise to behave? Will you spank me?"

"You're killing me, Clara. Do you know how hard I am right now?"

"Show me," she said, challenging him even more.

"Are you sure your man would be okay with that?" he asked hesitantly.

"Does it matter?" she answered.

My stomach tightened when I read those words, but my cock throbbed even harder. I knew she was just playing along, but it still sent my mind spinning to see her talk so wantonly. I had no reason to be concerned, especially since she was showing me the texts. That didn't change the fact that Carson seemed ready to fuck her, even though she was married. At least he was trying to be respectful, but I knew that even I would struggle to hold myself back if I was in his shoes. Clara was a sexy and beautiful woman who made it hard to say no.

The picture that followed was proof of my wife's influence, and it made my jaw drop.

The image he sent showed a thick cock, at least several inches longer than mine, standing erect from his body. His powerful thighs were visible in the background, as well as a few inches of his taunt stomach in the foreground. His manhood looked thick and powerful, with a slight upward curve.

My mind went in a million different directions. This was the cock that had been inside my wife innumerable times before I had ever met her. This was the cock that had filled her with seed and given her a child. This was the cock that had pleased her in ways that I could only imagine. But most of all, this was the cock that she wanted to feel once again, now that she knew how much the idea aroused me.

Clara's response echoed those thoughts.

"Damn, I miss that," she replied briefly.

"I showed you mine. Why don't you show me yours?"

It was an earnest request, and Clara had complied willingly. The picture she sent him showed the length of her body stretched out on our bed. She was wearing a bra and panties, but she had pulled one of the cups down to expose her breast, and her hand fondled the nipple playfully. I looked down at her and realized she was wearing that same bra and panties right now, which meant she had taken the picture just for him.

Clara saw me glance at her, and her hand tightened around my cock as if she was reading my mind. Her body curled closer, and I could feel her breath on my neck. There was just a little more left to read, so I returned my attention to the screen.

"Damn, I miss that body," Carson had responded to her picture. "I think I'm going to let you go now, before this goes somewhere it shouldn't. I need a cold shower now."

"I should probably go, too. Hubby is going to be home soon. I think he's going to get lucky tonight, but I'll probably be thinking about you more than him."

"If he gets to enjoy that luscious body, then I don't think he will care who you're thinking about. Have a good night!"

I lowered the phone and looked at Clara. I was trying to decide what to say when she took the phone from my hand and set it aside, then swung her legs over me and straddled my lap. She quickly freed my manhood from my boxer shorts and lowered that sweet warmth around me. As her hips began to move slowly back and forth, pressing my cock deep inside her, her eyes met mine with a frantic excitement.

"Did you like it?" she asked, even though my physical response was enough to give her the answer she wanted.

"Yes," I sighed as I clutched at her petite frame. "That was the hottest thing I've ever read."

She kissed me passionately for a moment, then leaned in so that she was whispering in my ear.

"When I saw his cock again, all I could think about was how much I wanted to fuck him. I want to do it for you, I want to do it with you there so I can see how much it turns you on, but I also want to do it because I miss his cock. God, it felt so good when he was inside me. Will you let me? Will you watch while he fucks my tight little pussy, just like you are right now?"

There was an intensity in her voice, but there was also restraint. I knew I could say no. I knew she wouldn't do it if I objected, but we both clearly wanted this, and the fact that she wanted me there was enough to make me feel safe sharing her with her former lover.

"Yes," I muttered.

As I spoke the words and gave her permission to fuck another man, all my self-restraint melted away. Within minutes of her climbing on top of me, an orgasm filled me and my cock spurted inside her. I clutched her body, and she gave herself to me. In that moment, we were closer than we had ever been.

We discussed it a little more before we fell asleep, and it seemed we were on the same page. Clara would make sure that I knew before anything happened, and she wanted me to be there when it did. All that was left was for to discuss it with Carson and see if he was down.

I didn't hear anything from Clara on the subject over the next few days. It didn't come up again until Friday, while we were having dinner. We were seated at the dinner table enjoying a glass of wine with our meal when she broached the subject.

"Carson was texting me earlier today about Maya. She's going out with some friends on Sunday and won't be home until later, so he asked if I would be willing to come pick her up. He has work early in the morning and doesn't want to be driving that late. I was thinking I could head over a little early and discuss our idea with him in person. I think it will be easier to explain it that way. What do you think?"

I took a sip of wine and contemplated her suggestion. It was certainly safer to talk to him about it instead of putting it down in a text, but the idea of her being alone with him after their intense flirting made me a little skittish.

"Are you going to be able to hold off and behave yourself if you're alone with him?" I asked, raising my eyebrows at her.

"Of course!" she exclaimed. "It wouldn't be fun for me if you weren't there. Well, maybe a little fun, but that's not why I'm doing this. You know how much I want to see you face when it happens. I might flirt with him a little though, if that's okay with you."

"As long as you both keep your clothes on, then I'm good. He hasn't texted you at all about any of that stuff?" I inquired.

"Nope," she said. "I think he really likes you and doesn't want to step on your toes or hurt our relationship. When we were texting on Monday, I almost felt like I had to push him a little, and even then, he was quick to find a way out. He's not usually reserved like that. Hopefully when I tell him that you know about it and want it to happen, he will be more open."

"Well, that does make me feel better. I guess we'll just have to wait until Sunday to see for sure."

The next few days crept by, and I woke up that morning filled with breathless anticipation. This would be a day that might alter our relationship in a very permanent way, or at the very least start the chain of events that would inevitably lead to such a change.

Clara told me she would be heading over to Carson's house around six that evening, and it was about fifteen minutes before that time when I heard the light rap of her knuckles on my door. I turned around and found her waiting in the outfit she had chosen with a beaming grin on her face.

The first thing I noticed was that she was wearing the tightest pair of jeans that she owned. That was good for two reasons. First, they showed off the curve of her ass and her toned legs perfectly. It would be a great way to tease Carson. On the other hand, I knew from experience that she was rarely in the mood to have sex when she wore those pants, mainly because they were too tight to get off without some difficulty. It would take a lot of effort to charm her into removing them, which I took as a sign that she intended to behave tonight.

She had paired the jeans with a snug white tank top and a black lace bra that was visible underneath. Her dark hair was pulled back into a tightly-plaited braid. She looked sexy in a badass kind of way, like an edgy rock band groupie who knew she could get in the lead singer's pants.

"I'm heading over to Carson's house now," she said with a smirk.

There was a hint of excitement in her response that reflected the giddiness I was feeling.

"Are you sure you're going to be able to be good?" I asked, knowing full well that I wouldn't be mad if she didn't keep her clothes on for the entire night.

"I promise," she groaned as she rolled her eyes. "I want to save that for you, anyway."

I stood up and gave her one last hug and kiss, then swatted her ass as she was on her way out the door. She strutted away, looking back to blow me a kiss and throw a wink in my direction.

The clock somehow seemed to slow even more as I waited patiently for her return. It was almost two hours before the door opened and Maya charged in with a typical teenage eye roll.

"Can you tell mom to stop dressing like she's in high school?" she called out as she cut past me on the way to her bedroom. "It's

embarrassing!”

Clara followed shortly behind with an amused look on her face.

“I forgot I was going to have to ride home with her wearing this. Maybe I should have worn a jacket over it. Oops,” she shrugged nonchalantly

“She’ll get over it,” I agreed. “How did it go?” I

“Pretty good,” she smirked. “I need a glass of wine. Come into the kitchen with me and I’ll fill you in.”

I followed Clara and waited patiently while she opened a bottle of red and poured herself a glass. After she had taken the first sip, she turned to me, ready to share.

“So he’s totally down to do it. To fuck me in front of you. He said he felt a little guilty swapping pictures earlier this week, but I was right. Knowing that you were aware of it made him feel a lot better. We talked about when to do it, and we agreed that next Sunday would be best. I’m going to drop Maya off at my sister’s house in the morning and tell her that we’re going somewhere for the day and we won’t be back until later. Carson will come over and we can hang out by the pool out back, and just sort of see what happens. Then he’ll go to my sister’s to pick Maya up and take her for the week. How does that sound?”

“That sounds perfect, actually,” I said. “It was really that easy? He wasn’t shocked at all?”

“Not really,” she shrugged again. “He was a little surprised, but he wasn’t judgmental at all. Like I told you, he really likes you, and the fact that you’re cool with him fooling around with me made him like you even more.”

“So you really behaved yourself? Not even a kiss?” I asked.

“Nope,” she said. “I was really tempted to kiss him, but I didn’t. I knew I wouldn’t be able to stop myself if I did, so I just met him enjoy the view. I think that’s why Maya is so upset with me. She saw me leaning down in front of him. I was trying to give him a nice peek when she came in.”

My cock was already half hard from the thought that this was going to really happen, and knowing that she was showing off for

him again made it twitch a little more.

Clara set her wine glass down on the counter and approached me with an evil smile on her face.

"Can I show you how I wanted to kiss him?" she asked slyly

She slipped her arms around my neck and pulled herself up to meet my lips. As hers pressed firmly against mine, I imagined her kissing Carson just like this, how powerful he must have felt kissing another man's wife. Clara's lips moved slowly and sensually against mine, with a desire that I hadn't felt from her in a long time.

When she finally stepped back, I was breathless. Clara giggled at me, then took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom. We spent the rest of the night snuggled up in bed making love with a newfound passion.

I couldn't wait for the following weekend and the pinnacle of our adventure together.

For the next few days, we fucked like bunnies, every chance we could. At one point, I even started kissing her in the laundry room and she ended up bending over the washing machine so I could fuck her right then and there. She accepted every advance I made.

On Friday, though, that all changed.

"I don't want to have sex until Sunday," she said, placing her hand on my chest and pushing me back. "Let's hold off. That way, I will be crazy horny when I fuck Carson, and you'll be so horny, you'll want to fuck me all night afterward. It will be perfect!"

I nodded. Her logic was sound, but it would be hard to resist my urges. She seemed to read my mind.

"And no playing with yourself, either," she pressed. "I don't want you to cum again until after I have had Carson's cock inside me again."

The last word was a punch to the gut, a stark reminder of her history with him, but there was something sexy about the way she was taking control of me.

"I promise I will wait," I said.

Clara smiled and cuddled up close to me. The wait had just become that much more difficult.

My libido grew ferocious throughout the weekend, and I woke up on Sunday with a raging erection. I rolled over to Clara and tried pushing against her, but she turned her upper body toward me and placed her hand on my chest, stopping me.

"Not yet," she muttered, half asleep. "You get yours later. I'm saving myself for Carson. Now go get ready so you can take Maya to my sister's."

There was a hint of that devilish smile on her lips again, but I knew it was a battle I would never win. I slipped out of bed and jumped in the shower.

We had agreed last night that I would get ready first, then take Maya over while Clara got ready. It would take me about an hour for the round trip, leaving her plenty of time to shower and shave before our big day.

Maya was waiting for me downstairs. We hopped in the car and I made my way across town as quickly as I could without getting a speeding ticket. It was becoming increasingly difficult to force myself to relax.

When I finally got back to the house, Clara was in the kitchen making margaritas. It was a little after ten and perhaps a little early to be drinking, but the alcohol would help calm both of us down.

She was dressed in a long sarong that wrapped around her chest and reached all the way to her ankles. I could see the straps of her bikini top where they emerged from the top edge of the wrap, but the rest of it was hidden from my sight. I didn't recognize the pattern as one of her usual bikinis, which made me wonder if she had gone shopping to find a sexy new one just for today.

The one thing that immediately struck me as odd was her hair. Clara had pulled her long brown hair into a tightly pleated French braid that started on the crown of her head and ran all the way down. The only other time I had seen her hair braided was last week when she went over to Carson's, but this one was much more

intricate. I wasn't even aware she knew how to do such an intricate pattern.

"What's with the braid?" I asked out of curiosity.

"Oh, Carson really likes my hair braided like this. I learned to do it for him when we were first dating."

Her offhand comment gave me a deeper look into both herself and her mindset for today. It was a glimpse of my wife as she had been in a previous relationship. I imagined her spending hours practicing with her hair to get it just right, just the way he liked it. At the same time, it reminded me that she had spent the morning getting herself ready to please Carson, not me. Tonight she would be mine, but right now was all about satisfying her ex-husband's desires.

I ran upstairs to change into my swim shorts, then came down and joined my wife for a frozen drink.

"So are there any rules today?" she asked as we waited for Carson.

"That's an unusual question," I said. "I mean, obviously I want you to have sex with him. Is there something else you had in mind?"

"Not really, but this is a unique situation, and I've never been in this kind of position before. Do I act like you aren't even there? Do you just want to see him stick his dick in me, or am I allowed to get into it? I guess the real question is, is there anything you DON'T want me to do with him? Because if the answer is no, then I can just be myself with him, the way we used to be when we were married. Then you'll get a real show."

"That sounds good to me!" I agreed.

We had just finished off our first round and we're starting to get a nice buzz when the doorbell echoed throughout the house.

Clara hopped up and hurried to the front door while I followed more slowly behind her. As I entered the foyer, I caught the tail end of a welcome embrace. I was slightly surprised that she hadn't kissed him instead, but there was plenty of time for that.

"Hey, buddy, how are you?" Carson said in his booming voice while jutting his hand out sharply to shake mine.

"I'm good. Glad you could come hang out with us today."

"Me, too," Carson said cheerily. "I've been wanting to get to know you better, and of course it's been ages since I've hung out with Clara."

"Well, there was last week," she said, slipping her arm around Carson's waist and shimmying up against him.

Carson blushed and recoiled a little, then hesitantly slipped his arm around her waist while he glanced in my direction. I could tell he was unsure about how forward he could be in front of me, but I was hoping that a little liquid courage would help relax his concerns.

"Why don't we go grab some drinks and head out back," I suggested, saving him from the need to respond to Clara's sly teasing.

"That sounds great," he said, letting go of her tiny frame and following me into the kitchen.

I headed for the blender, while Clara and Carson went to the back door to look out at the pool. They whispered back and forth to each other for a minute, then she stepped outside while he made his way over to me.

"Listen, I just wanted to make sure everything is cool with us," he said. "Clara seems really happy with you, and the last thing I want to do is mess with that. She told me the situation with you two, and of course I'm always down for some kinky fun, but I also have the utmost respect for you, so if you want us to stop at any point, just let me know."

"Of course," I said. "I appreciate you saying that. We were talking about it before you got here, and honestly, I don't have any rules. Anything you two want to get into together, I'm cool with it. I'm just here to enjoy the show."

I had felt a little tension that morning and I wasn't sure where it was coming from, but hearing Carson's words made me feel more at ease. I knew I could trust my wife, but knowing that both of them wanted to be respectful made the whole situation perfect.

I saw Carson looking out the back window, and I followed his eyes. Clara had just finished laying out her towel on one of the

lounge recliners lined up on the far side of the pool, and now she was ready to get some sun. She stood up tall and removed her sarong, finally revealing the bikini she had been hiding from me earlier. Now I understood why.

The bikini she was wearing was more scant and revealing than any other bathing suit I had ever seen her in. The cups were small triangles of fabric that barely covered the curves of her chest. Because of her small frame, her breasts weren't particularly large, but the top left little to the imagination. The bottom was just as small, and when she turned and bent over to adjust the towel, she gave the two of us a spectacular view of her ass in a thong. It was first time I had ever seen her wear one.

My cock twitched instantly. For a moment I forgot Carson standing next to me, staring at Clara with the same lustful interest.

"Damn, she is sexy," he muttered reflexively.

I smiled, although I wasn't sure if it was because of his innocence or because I was already thinking of what he was going to do to her before the end of the day. Either way, I wanted to feed his confidence so that he wouldn't have any concerns about me.

"Did she tell you that she denied me the entire weekend?" I asked. "She wanted to save herself for you. I think she's been looking forward to it."

Carson looked at me for a moment, trying to read me and how I was going to handle this.

"That's interesting," he said with a smirk as he looked back out the window at Clara stretching out on the lounge. "I have to admit, I really miss fucking her. She's just so damn good."

His words hit me like a punch to the gut, but not necessarily in a bad way. Hearing him talk about my sweet little wife like an object he wanted to use, talking about her in a way that only two men who had been married to her would understand, made my heart race with anticipation. I could only imagine the chemistry between them.

"Well, today is your chance," I said, clapping him on the back and heading out the door.

I led the way out to the three chairs. Clara had taken the middle one, leaving one on each side for us. As I got closer, she slid her sunglasses down and looked up at me.

"Do you like my new bikini?" she asked playfully, followed by a little giggle.

"I love it," I replied as I took a seat. "Carson and I were just admiring it from inside."

"I was hoping you'd enjoy the show," she said, then turned to Carson. "Would you mind putting some tanning lotion on my back and legs? I can't seem to reach."

She rolled over onto her belly, and her tight little ass stuck up in the air like a pair of rolling hills. Once again, I felt my cock stir as she teased both of us relentlessly. I would of course be left unfulfilled until later, but Carson would get to enjoy her bountiful body.

He put some lotion in his hands and rubbed them together, then began rubbing it on her upper back. Clara moaned softly as he began kneading her muscles in slow, gentle circles and working the lotion into her skin.

I was once again struck by how something so innocent could take on a whole new meaning in the right context. Just like their embrace a few weeks ago on our front steps, applying lotion was an innocuous thing that you might even trust a stranger to do for you. In my mind, though, I began imagining his hands elsewhere, touching her body in the most inappropriate ways. I sipped my drink quietly like it wasn't affecting me, but I adjusted my swim shorts to accommodate my growing erection.

The teasing became worse when he moved down to her legs. I didn't think much of it when he began with her calves, but as he moved up to her thighs, I could see his fingers grazing the space between them. He was inches away from my wife's pussy, and all it would take was one prolonged upward stroke to reach her honeypot.

That moment didn't come, though. He remained respectful and held back. When he finished, Clara rolled over again and sat up to enjoy some more of her margarita.

We chatted aimlessly for a little bit, but I could see Clara getting restless. She stood up after a few minutes and eyeballed Carson brightly.

“Want to go for a swim with me?” she asked him, then went to the edge and dove into the warm water.

I knew the invitation was directed at him, so I stayed in my seat as he stood up and peeled his shirt off. That was when I felt the first pangs of true jealousy start to rear their head.

Carson had the physique of a Greek god. On most days, I wouldn't have thought twice about comparing myself to him physically. I knew that my relationship with Clara was rooted in a much deeper connection that went beyond physical attraction, but today was different. Today was all about sex, about the carnal draw between two people. Looking at his perfect form and hulking muscles, I knew that I would never be able to stimulate her libido like he could.

Thankfully, that feeling of jealousy only stoked my arousal. I wanted to see the way Clara reacted to him, to his touch and kiss, to feeling his bare body with her hands.

Carson jumped into the pool and surfaced near Clara. She immediately began splashing him with water, and he responded in like. They swam around, both of them trying to top the other but never quite winning.

I watched them for a few minutes, then decided I was overdue for a refill. I got up and headed inside, letting them have a few moments to play together without my prying eyes watching their every move.

I stopped to check my phone and found a message from my work. I took a few minutes to reply, then refreshed my drink and headed back to the pool.

As I stepped out onto the patio, I stopped cold in my tracks. Thankfully I had a tight grip on my glass, because I was stunned by the view before me and likely would have dropped it.

Clara and Carson were in the shallow end of the pool, standing in the water with their arms around each other and their lips locked tightly together in a passionate kiss. I watched silently as

her body flexed and pulled against him hungrily, like she was already dying to fuck him. His hands rested on her hips, pressed into my wife's flesh as they shared that special intimate connection.

Carson saw me out of the corner of his eyes and broke away from the kiss to gauge my reaction. Clara followed his eyes and turned around to look at me as well. As she did so, she backed up against him and pulled his arms around her. Then she smiled warmly at me and bit her lip sexily.

My heart was suddenly thumping out of my chest. I didn't know what to say or do. All I knew was that my cock was as hard as a rock and pressing against my shorts. I made my way around the pool and took a seat in my chair, wondering what would happen next.

Clara craned her head back and whispered something in Carson's ear. He smiled and nodded, so she led him to the edge of the pool and pointed to the spot where she wanted him. He backed up against the side, then planted his hands and lifted himself up onto the concrete. His muscles bulged and flexed as he emerged from the water, sitting on the rim of the pool.

Clara was still in the water in front of him. He leaned back and rested his weight on his hands, while she moved between his legs and smiled at him eagerly.

I watched the next part numbly, letting it slowly register in my brain. She reached up and slipped her fingers into the waistband of his swim shorts and pulled downward. Carson lifted his butt off the ground and his shorts slipped off with little effort. For the first time, I was staring at his massive cock, standing up from his body like a flagpole, while my wife stared at the same thing from a foot away from it.

Even from across the pool, his manhood looked even bigger in person. Clara reached out and wrapped her hand around it, and that gave me a good scale to judge it by. Her fingers couldn't even reach all the way around the shaft because it was so thick, something that had never been a problem with my average size. I was still sitting in stunned silence when she leaned forward and sank her warm, wet mouth around the tip of his cock.

Despite the immense size, Clara had no problem maneuvering around his manhood. She took as much as she could into her mouth, while stroking the shaft and fondling his balls. Carson's head lolled backwards and he moaned loudly under her oral skills, and I knew exactly why. This wasn't just some stranger that she was pleasing. She was tasting the same cock that she had sucked on an innumerable number of times before. His body was as familiar to her as hers was to me.

I thought about her lips and how they usually felt when she sucked my cock. That was what Carson was experiencing right now, that familiar pleasure that he had been denied for years.

Clara seems to be enjoying herself. She even moaned herself as she serviced him, but her attention was firmly focused on pleasing him. Her lips slid up and down his fleshy shaft, sometimes pausing to run her tongue around the bulbous tip.

Even more arousing was the brazen way in which she was sucking his cock out in the open of our backyard. Several of our neighbors' windows looked out onto our pool, and while I had never seen anyone watching us from those viewpoints, all it took was one person glancing out at the right moment to see my wife behaving like a complete slut while I rubbed myself on one of the lounge chairs.

Neither of them had any shame over what they were doing, though, and I wasn't surprised when Carson leaned forward and pulled at the bikini where it tied behind her neck. The knot popped loose, and Clara reached back to untie the lower knot before pulling the whole thing away and tossing it aside. He wasted no time reaching down and clutching at one of her small, pert breasts.

They continued like that for at least ten minutes before Clara came up for air. She looked over at me, her hand still stroking his meaty length, and pursed her lips thoughtfully. She said something to him that I couldn't hear, and he smiled and nodded again.

Clara moved away from the edge and made her way toward the stairs on my side of the pool. I watched her climb out of the water, a step at a time, showing me her sexy form with just a bikini

bottom to give her a hint of modesty. Water dropped from her prickled skin, and her nipples were stiff and perky.

"We're going to go upstairs and take a shower together," she said confidently. "You should shower downstairs, then come join us."

I stammered to find a response. I wanted to be there to see them fuck for the first time, and I was worried that they would start without me. Once again, Clara seemed to read my mind.

"Don't worry," she smirked back at me. "We'll wait for you."

Carson had already stood up, letting his shorts fall to the ground. While Clara sauntered past me half-naked, he strode for the door with his cock swinging freely. The two of them disappeared inside, so I hurried toward the downstairs guest bedroom so that they wouldn't have to wait for me.

I rinsed the chlorinated water off my body and ran some shampoo through my hair, then hopped out so fast that I almost slipped on the tile floor. I wrapped myself in a towel and hurried up to the bedroom, where I could hear the water running in the bathroom. I grabbed a pair of loose shorts to cover myself up, then poked my head slowly into the bathroom to see what they were up to.

Our master bathroom was fairly large. The shower was a spacious tile enclosure with glass doors, so I had a perfect view of Clara and Carson. They were standing together, facing each other under the warm stream of water coming from the shower head. Clara had her hand on his cock, stroking it in a slow and steady rhythm. Carson's hand was positioned on her mound, with his fingers pressed into the space between her thighs, where he was slowly rubbing her clitoris. The two of them sighed and moaned intermittently, sharing an intimate moment alone together.

Clara noticed me, but she didn't stop. Her eyes met mine in a stone-cold stare. Her grip seemed to tighten around his cock, and she leaned her head against his powerful chest. In that moment, it wasn't about feeling her ex-husband, it was about what she was doing for me. Suddenly the intimate moment was between me and her, with Carson being just a peripheral tool in our game.

Standing next to him, the size difference between my wife and her ex was even more apparent. He was at least a foot taller than her, maybe even more. When she turned back to kiss him, she had to stand on her tiptoes, her taugt body pressing against him. Then she pulled away from his hand and dropped to her knees before him.

Clara began sucking his cock, this time more slowly and tenderly. Her eyes stayed on him, but she still knew I was there. In fact, she seemed to be submitting to him just to get a rise out of me, and it was working.

After a few minutes of watching her worship his cock, Carson looked up and saw me. He had been waiting for me before doing anything more to her, and now that I was present, he moved on to what he really wanted.

Carson slipped his hands under her armpits and lifted her to her feet, then guided her back against the cold tile wall. Clara kept her eyes trained on him, a smile growing wider on her face as she realized what he was doing. He reached down and lifted one of her legs up with one hand, then took his cock in the other hand and guided the tip into the folds of my wife's pussy. Once he had himself in position, he scooped up her other leg and lifted her up against the wall, then pushed his length into her waiting wetness. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she let out the loudest moan I had ever heard my wife emit, a guttural cry of pure, unadulterated bliss. She had finally gotten to feel his cock inside her again.

Carson began pumping up into her, pressing her against the wall with every thrust. There were no condoms, no protection of any sort, just their two bodies joined in carnal lust. My wife's cries echoed off the walls of the small space as she gave herself to this other man.

I stroked myself frantically as I watched my fantasy become a reality. I had never been more aroused in my life. Clara's attention was on her lover, and I could barely see her petite frame behind Carson's massive body. I wanted to see his cock disappear inside her, but I had to settle for the image of his buttocks flexing as he

drove himself into her over and over again, touching her in places that my average size could never reach.

When he finally removed himself from her body and stepped back, Clara was leaning against the wall as if she was dizzy or drunk. It had been so long since she had experienced anything like Carson's cock that her body didn't know how to handle it.

Once she had regained her balance, they stepped out of the shower together and paused to dry off. Clara finished first, then dropped her towel and pulled Carson past me into the bedroom with a playful smile on her lips.

They stumbled out of the bathroom with their arms around each other, kissing madly as their naked bodies pressed against each other. I moved to the far side of the bed and took a seat, figuring they would want the near side for their impish activities.

They were close to the bed when Carson's demeanor suddenly changed. He grabbed Clara by the shoulders and shoved her down onto our mattress. She landed on her belly with her legs dangling over the edge of the bed, her swollen pussy lips facing toward him. He moved behind her and grabbed her ass, then spread her cheeks to give himself a clearer view. His cock was hard enough that he didn't even need to guide it toward its goal. He simply moved closer and pushed his length into her waiting opening. He moved slowly for a few thrusts, then picked up his pace with each stroke. Clara clutched at the sheets and buried her face in the comforter. She was trying to muffle her cries, but Carson wanted to hear them as much as I did. He grabbed her braid and yanked back hard, pushing himself even deeper as he forced her to look up at me.

When Clara's eyes met mine, I could see the lustful hunger in them. It was one thing to see that look when I was the one she wanted, but this time, her desire was elsewhere. An evil glint popped up, and I prepared myself for another punch to the gut.

"Oh god, I missed you so much, baby!" she cried out, her words clearly directed at the man behind her.

I immediately realized that I had underestimated the situation. As much as I wanted to tell myself that Clara had only

thought of Carson again because I had told her it was my fantasy, her words betrayed the truth. These two had shared an intimate connection for a large part of their life, and in that time, he had shown her the true definition of sexual pleasure. He had an effect on her that I could never match, and she had probably thought about him many times before the topic had come up between us. He was powerful and controlling, dominant in ways that I wasn't, and that wasn't something that she would easily forget. I was sure she would have never acted on her urges without my permission, but they had surely been floating around her mind long before I had suggested it.

My mind churned like a vortex. The submission, the pet names, and the obvious fact that Clara had been thinking about Carson long before I had ever suggested my fantasy were all a lot to take in, but none of them put a damper on my love for the beautiful sex kitten who was proudly displaying herself today.

Carson was relentless. He pounded his entire body into her. I still couldn't see a clear view of his cock inside her, but I could see the shaft emerging from below the curve of her ass before it disappeared again. His cock was definitely bigger than mine, but the real contrast was how big it was in comparison to Clara's tiny frame. It was almost a third of the width of her entire body, and I couldn't even comprehend how she was able to take such a massive width inside her.

I felt like they had just started when I saw Carson's face tighten and he grabbed her tighter. His fingers dug into the flesh of her hips, and then he forced himself all the way into her pussy with an angry grunt. Clara's eyes widened as she felt his cock filling her pussy, raw and unprotected, with Carson's seed, the same seed that had once given her a daughter.

Clara was on the pill, but there was still that slim chance that she could get pregnant. I found myself wondering if she might be having another baby by the same man who had already given her a daughter.

I assumed that would be the end of our fun for the day. Like most men, I'm usually done after my first orgasm, and I assumed that Carson would be the same. Clara seemed unfazed by his quick

finish, and instead of getting up to clean herself off, she rolled over and pulled him down onto the bed. They were side by side, their bodies entwined together as they kissed lovingly. I sat on the far edge of the bed, just a few feet away, watching helplessly.

Clara broke away from the kiss and looked at me while Carson moved down to kiss her neck. I saw that same glint again and braced myself.

“I want to see how hard you are,” she whispered. “Pull it out and play for me.”

I took a deep breath and reached for my zipper. I didn't want Carson to see my average size, to know how much better he was than me in that aspect as well, but I also didn't want to disappoint Clara with my insecurities, so I reached into my shorts and pulled my cock out.

She smiled gloriously when she saw how hard and ready I was. I stroked myself slowly, and that inspired her. She spread her legs and reached down, and I realized that Carson's cock was still as hard as when they had started. His orgasm hadn't slowed him down in the slightest. He was already prepared when she guided the tip into her pussy and took his cock again.

Her mind floated away, lost in the ecstasy of his touch. She kept watching me, but her eyes looked empty. Her entire world was his cock, filling her and stretching her open. I could finally see it, disappearing into her pink slit, and that made me even harder. I had fantasized about this for so long, but never imagined it could make me feel like this. I craved her. I wanted him to leave so I could take her back, make her my wife again, but I would have to wait my turn.

Her gaze finally broke as she rolled toward him and pushed him down onto his back. Now she was on top, bouncing her ass up and down on the first few inches. Was that all she could take, or was she just enjoying the feeling of that thickness teasing her inner recesses? The answer came moments later when she lowered herself into him and the entire shaft disappeared inside her.

Clara let out a cry of unbridled pleasure like nothing I had heard before. Her hips gyrated against him as he touched her in those forbidden places that I could never reach. His body was so

big, it forced her legs apart further and allowed him to reach even deeper. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she began to tremble as an orgasm consumed her body. Her pussy began to squirt all over him, and the wetness spread across his belly. Then she collapsed forward onto him limply, finally satiated.

The room was silent except for their long, deep breaths. I had stopped stroking myself so that I wouldn't make a mess, but I didn't dare move. The connection had been so intense, I felt like an intruder in their private moment.

"Honey, I'm so hungry," Clara finally said to me, breaking the tension. "Could you go cook us something to eat?"

"Um, yeah. I can do that," I stammered as I got to my feet and tucked my still-erect length into my shorts.

I shuffled around the bed, looking down at my wife still splayed over Carson's massive body. His cock was still inside her when I stepped out the door, but I assumed that wouldn't last much longer. He had to go soft eventually.

I went into the kitchen and decided to cook up some macaroni and cheese. That would be quick and easy, something mindless that I couldn't mess up. My mind was still a bit hazy from what had just happened, so simple would do nicely.

I had pulled out a pan and started boiling some water when I realized there was a faint squeak coming from the ceiling above me. It grew steadily louder until I realized it was the undeniable sound of our bed giving way under the forceful movement of two bodies. Our bedroom was right above me, so I could only assume that Clara and Carson had resumed their amorous love-making while I was downstairs cooking their lunch.

I could have gone upstairs and watched them, if I really wanted to. I'm sure if I stepped into the room again, they would be so entrenched in each other that they would forget why they had sent me down. I could have, but I wasn't going to. There was something surreal about listening to my wife fuck her ex in the privacy of our own bedroom. When I closed my eyes and focused, I could even hear the faint sound of her cries echoing down the staircase.

The sounds came and went as they moved around and switched positions. Every time the creaks grew louder, so would her cries of pleasure. As I was finishing up the food, the sounds crescendoed to one final climax before stopping abruptly.

A few minutes later, Clara walked into the kitchen completely naked. Carson followed a few steps behind her, just as bare with his cock swinging back and forth in front of him. As she passed by me, Clara pulled up close and whispered in my ear.

"Sorry we didn't wait for you, but we were really enjoying catching up. It was much easier to make him cum again when it was just the two of us."

Both my stomach and my cock tightened at her words. Carson had once again felt the sweet release of orgasm that my own cock craved, and once again placed his mark inside my wife's delicate little body. I was so aroused, I felt like I could make myself cum right then and there without even touching myself.

Clara's unabashed nudity didn't help, either. She scooped up a bowl of food from the counter and sat down at the dining room table with her body proudly on display for both of us. I was sure that she didn't mind me looking, but I knew she was doing it to keep Carson's mind tuned into their physical connection. As I had realized earlier, today was all about stoking the fires of sex and attraction.

We all sat down and ate quietly. There were no words, just a palpable feeling in the air from what had already transpired. Clara finished half of her bowl, then carried it to the sink before returning to the table. When she came back, though, she didn't take her old seat. Instead, she went to Carson's side of the table and dropped to her knees.

He didn't even stop eating when she did it. He turned a little so that she had easy access to his cock, then continued to munch on his macaroni and cheese while she took his half-erect cock in her mouth and began cleaning his shaft. By the time he finished his bowl and turned his attention to her, he had become fully hard again. That was when she stood up and straddled his lap.

Clara's eyes focused on me, staring me down as she lowered herself onto his cock. Her time alone with him had been for her, and

now she wanted to fuck him for me while she stared deep into my eyes. Carson didn't care why she was fucking him, or that I was even in the room. He was instead focused on sucking on her stiff little nipples as they bounced right in front of his face.

She bit her lip seductively as her hips ground down in a slow and forceful circle on his cock. Carson gripped her waist, his massive hands almost touching as they reached around her small frame. It gave him a sense of control over her, the feeling that he could guide her every movement. She was his in that moment, but her eyes told me she would always be mine.

Carson pushed his bowl aside, then lifted her up and laid her down on the table. Clara lifted her legs up and rested them on his shoulders, then tilted her head back so that she could still watch me. As he began pressing into her with slow deliberate thrusts, her eyes and lips smiled excitedly at me.

My wife reached out toward me, wanting my touch as another man took her right on the table where we shared our family dinners. I stood up and moved closer to her, pulling my cock out as I went. when I was finally right in front of her, she wrapped her fingers around my shaft and squeezed firmly.

I tried to keep my eyes on hers, but I found my attention drawn to her spread legs. I was mesmerized by the vision of Carson's massive cock spreading her pink pussy lips apart with every stroke. I watched for a little bit before her hand squeezed me a little tighter and I looked back at her. There was a knowing smile on her face that told me she was thinking the same thing I was: the average cock in her hand would never compare to the massive manhood buried in her pussy.

Her eyes stayed open, but she moaned uncontrollably under the force of Carson's length. His hands gripped her body tightly, but maintained a slow and deliberate pace. Clara finally looked up at him and nodded, and he stepped back and let his cock slip out of her with a wet pop.

She let go of my cock as he guided her to her feet, then took my hand and led me to the living room as he followed behind us. My

loving wife, with that same excited gleam in her eye, pushed me down on the couch and stood over me.

She bent over and placed her hands to either side of my lap, then kissed me softly. My cock, still hanging out of the waistband of my pants, swelled in response. Clara noticed, and she pulled away from our kiss so she could lower her head down to my lap. Suddenly my cock was surrounded by the warm wetness of her mouth. I felt a wave of relief, satisfaction after an aching long denial. It was short-lived, though, as I opened my eyes and saw Carson move behind her.

He pushed his cock into her again. I felt Clara moan in pleasure, and it vibrated my cock in a way that was oddly titillating. He began pounding into her, and the shockwaves travelled through her body and into mine. I could now feel the force with which he was violating my wife, and it made it so much more real.

Clara tried to keep my cock in her mouth, but the harder he railed her, the more she struggled to keep her focus on me. When she couldn't take it any longer, she whipped her head back and cried out, then looked directly into my eyes again. He didn't stop. He continued to fuck her right before my eyes, and I watched her entire body shake with every plunge of his cock. She was still watching me when she said those fateful words.

"I think he's going to cum again," she whimpered. "I can't wait to feel him fill me with another load. It's just like the night we conceived Maya."

The words shot through me like a jolt, but I didn't even have time to absorb them. Carson began grunting, then grabbed Clara's hips and buried himself all the way inside her. His cock began spurting fresh seed into her pussy, and she cried out as her own orgasm spread through her body. The rush of hormones carried her even higher. As they both finished their climaxes, he stepped back and let her collapse forward onto me.

It had all happened so fast, I couldn't even react to her final words. Luckily she had fallen onto me moments before I reached the point of no return, and that stopped my own orgasm. Normally I

would have been upset about that, but now that meant I could save myself for her later.

Clara's chest drew air in roughly as she struggled to catch her breath. I cradled her in my arms while Carson disappeared to give us some privacy. He showed up a short time later, fully dressed.

"I'm going to leave you two lovebirds alone and go grab Maya. That was a lot of fun. If you guys ever want to give it another try, just let me know. I'm always down."

He shook my hand and waved to the limp woman lying on top of me. She waved back, and he slipped out the front door silently. Now it was just the two of us.

"That was incredible," I whispered.

Clara chuckled giddily and pulled up closer against me.

"That really was a lot of fun," she agreed, turning her head to look up at me. "You're totally happy? I didn't upset you with any of it? Even that last part?"

"I almost thought that was the best part," I said honestly. "If you hadn't fallen on top of me, I would probably be a lot messier. There's one thing missing from my fantasy, though."

"What's that?" she asked.

"I really wanted to feel you after you fucked him, and I still haven't gotten to do that!"

Clara giggled in my lap and pulled herself up to kiss me. Her lips were soft and light at first, then firmer and more passionate. Her body shifted on top of me as she straddled my lap and pressed her pussy down against my aching shaft. When she finally lifted herself up and sank down on my length, it felt like I was in heaven. Her pussy was filled with three loads of her ex-husband's cum, and I had never felt her so wet before.

We continued to kiss fervently as her hips moved back and forth slowly over me. She knew how tenuous my control was in that moment, and she took her time to let me enjoy the wet warmth of her sex. Despite her restraint, I knew I wouldn't last long.

Clara moaned softly against me. It was different than when she was with Carson. Their sex had been fiery and heated, but ours was a deeper, smoldering connection.

"Tell me you're mine," I whispered in her ear.

"Always," she answered, without a hint of hesitation.

I felt the culmination of weeks of teasing filling my body with a feeling that I couldn't even begin to understand. I had never felt so close to Clara, and I knew that she would always be the one for me. Watching her give in to her deepest desires had somehow strengthened that bond, and as I released inside her, she was once again my loving wife, my one and only, my better half.

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Other books available on Amazon by [Alex Skylar](#) :

[Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor](#)

Lisa and Shane had planned for a nice romantic ski getaway in the mountains of New Hampshire for their first anniversary. When they meet their ski instructor for the weekend, however, Shane suggests pursuing his fantasy of watching his wife with another man. While Lisa is hesitant at first, she gives in to her urges. The result is a weekend of sexual exploration that neither one of them will forget.

Warning: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

[Cheating with Permission: Return of the Ski Instructor](#)

This story is a continuation of Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor: When Shane spent his anniversary weekend watching his wife fulfill his sexual fantasy by sleeping with another man, he thought his cuckolding experience would be a one-time thing. Months later, Lisa tells him that she has been in touch with her bull, and he wants to go on a weekend camping trip with them. Shane knows he will be a cuckold once again, but his wife has plans to take his fantasy to the next level. Will he be able to handle her unbridled sexuality and the accompanying humiliation?

WARNING: This 14,000- word erotic short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme humiliation, creampie humiliation, and group sex.

[Losing the Bet](#)

Chris had always dreamed of seeing his wife Melody with another man. After using her for a wager over a late night game of pool, he ends up getting his wish. But when Melody and her friend Kristen decide to test the boundaries of his fantasy, will he get more than he bargained for?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and a threesome.

Cheating with Permission: The Latin Lover

When Mia went out for some salsa dancing with her sister, she never knew it would change her relationship with her husband forever. At first she felt guilty for getting too close to a stranger, but when her husband encouraged her to explore her sexuality and test her boundaries, her curiosity takes control. How far will she take it?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story explores the world of hotwives and cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of cheating and exhibitionism.

Taking the Game Further

Things have been tense between Sarah and her husband as they struggle to get pregnant. One night while they are out for drinks, they start a new game: Sarah flirts with other men while her husband watches. While the game distracts them from their problems for a little while, a big fight eventually causes Sarah to take the game a step further with a handsome stranger. How far will she take it, and how will it change her marriage?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story explores the darker side of cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of sex, cuckolding, and humiliation.

The Night Before the Wedding

Stephanie's fiancé loved to watch her with other men, but she had rarely gone out on her own. For the night before their wedding she plans an exciting sexual adventure for herself that will leave her in bliss, while relentlessly teasing her soon-to-be husband. What sort of trouble will she get into on her own, and what surprises will she have in store for her husband?

WARNING: This 11,000-word erotica short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, bondage, group sex, and humiliation.

Taking his Wife

Her name was Keira, and she was absolutely gorgeous. The only problem was that she was married. It was easy to become friends with her and gain her trust, but I wanted more than that. Could I convince her to give in to her base sexual desires and to give herself to me, a wealthy black man?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and interracial sex.

The Reluctant Cuckold

When my wife Kim wanted to bring her younger sister Anna along with us on our anniversary trip to Miami, I hoped I might have the opportunity for some fun with the two of them together. Those dreams were dashed when her younger sister met a black man named Joe. After a game of strip poker and a lot of alcohol, I soon realized that my wife had an equal interest in her sister's new friend. How far would the three of them go as I watched helplessly?

WARNING: This 9,700-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, group sex, and interracial sex.

College Cuckold

When Eric and Elise first went away to separate universities, they were just an ordinary couple. But the first time he visits her at school, he decides to play a game. He pretends he has never met her before, while encouraging her to explore her sexuality with her friend Tyler. Elise plays along, and the ensuing adventure creates a new dynamic in their relationship. How far will Elise take it, and how will Eric handle becoming a cuckold?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

Revenge Cuckolding

When Eva found her boyfriend's secret stash of cuckolding porn on his computer, she was furious at first. So she decided that the best way to get even would be to carry out his fantasy right in front of his face with the help of her friend Jon. Would the reality of it be too much for him to handle, or would her revenge turn into a fun night for both of them?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme public humiliation, and cheating.

While You Were Away

Chris had always fantasized about watching his wife Kylie with another man. One night after a few drinks, a spontaneous moment leads to their first foray into the world of cuckolding and leaves both of them wanting more. When Chris leaves town on a short business trip a few weeks later, he gives her permission to explore the idea further, but how far will she take it without him there?

WARNING: This 14,000 word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, hotwife behavior, humiliation, and voyeurism.

My Fiance Prefers My Best Friend

A week before their wedding, Scott's future wife Katie learned of the unusual nature of his friendship with his best man Kevin, as well as his fantasy of watching her with another man. When he gives her his blessing to explore her sexuality and desires with his best friend, they begin a sexual adventure that will shape the future of their relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of hotwives, cuckolding, and humiliation.

The Cuckold Honeymoon

When Scott and Katie head out to the island of St. Lucia after an exciting lead up to their wedding, they find that the island offers them some great opportunities to further explore the cuckolding lifestyle. A friendly cab driver named Joe takes them on a wild adventure that pushes their sexual boundaries, leading to a honeymoon that neither of them would forget.

WARNING: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of interracial cuckolding, humiliation, and group sex.

My Wife Prefers Her Ex

Several months after their adventurous honeymoon, Scott's wife Katie suggests they explore the cuckolding lifestyle further. Her friend Mina wants to experience a well hung man, so she invites her ex-boyfriend Mike for group date. Scott finds himself both excited and nervous about the possibilities of the night ahead when the four of them head out together.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, anal sex, group sex, and unprotected sex.

Cheating With Permission: My Boyfriend's Family

For Amanda, it started as just a simple camping trip with her boyfriend Andy, his best friend, his brother, and his dad. When Andy suggested fulfilling his fantasy of having her sleep with his best friend while spending the night in tents, the thrill and excitement of cuckolding him for the first time with his family around kindled her sexual desires. But when his brother catches her in the act, how far will she go to cover it up? What happens when a woman is given the freedom to explore her darkest sexual fantasies?

WARNING: This 13,000 word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and group sex.

The Cuckold Experiment

Bill teases his wife about being curious about sleeping with a black man, but has never told her he'd secretly love to watch her with one. When they are approached by a pair of sexy black students to participate in a research study, neither realizes right away that they are being given the chance to make both their fantasies a reality. Will Kara give in to her deepest sexual desires and violate her marriage vows for the sake of research, and how far will the experiment go?

WARNING: This 8,500-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, and anal sex.

Cuckolds and Cuckqueans

It started off with a simple suggestion. Mark knew his wife often struggled with her sexual interest in women, so he encourages her to explore her sexuality with another woman. Things start off great, but when she decides to try bringing home a handsome male cop as well, it pushes and warps the boundaries of their relationship. Will she be able to handle watching her husband with another woman, just as he watched her with another man?

WARNING: This 19,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cuckqueaning, and threesomes.

Raising the Stakes

After he loses his job, John and his wife Melinda place an ad to downsize some of their belongings. Two well-built black men answer the ad, and offer John an unexpected bonus: the chance to watch his wife with not one, but two other men. Will John's shy wife let two strangers convince her to push her sexual boundaries and explore a new side to her marriage?

WARNING: This 8,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

The Hotwife Party

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group sex.

The Hotwife Party: Ella's Journey

After a drunken night with her husband and his best friend leads Ella into the world of cuckolding, she decides to confess her exploits to her best friend, Gina. Little does she know that Gina is a hotwife herself, and will lead Ella down a path to new and forbidden desires. When her friend invites her to a hotwife party, how far will she take her husband's fantasy, and will she be able to control herself when faced with the temptation of a sexy black bull?

WARNING: This 16,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of interracial sex, cuckolding, humiliation, group sex, and anal sex.

Shannon's Cuckold

I had always wanted to watch my girlfriend Shannon with another man. When we set up our date with Michael, I knew I would be pushing her sexual boundaries. I had no idea she would also be pushing mine.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and male bisexual exploration.

The Nanny's Cuckold

After struggling to raise his son on his own after the death of his wife, James decides to hire a live-in nanny named Allie to help out. Nothing seems out of the ordinary – until he overhears her having sex one night. When Allie catches him and confronts him about it, he expects her to be angry, but instead she leads him down a path into the world of cuckolding that will change his life forever.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

Capturing the Hotwife

Lily wanted to find the perfect gift for her husband, Justin. While he had always wanted to see her with another man, her shyness always seemed to get in the way. Then one day, she decides to do a boudoir photo shoot for him. When she discovers that Eli, her photographer, is the man of her fantasies, the only question in her head is how far will she take her husband's fantasy.

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, bondage, and voyeurism.

The Right Way to Cheat

Sometimes, all it takes is a chance encounter to show you a whole other world that you never even knew existed. For Alexis King, that moment comes when a handsome stranger walks into her diner and leads her down the road to infidelity. That one day would take her down a slippery slope of lustful sex and illicit affairs that would eventually bring her to Mr. Cole, her billionaire boss with a penchant for cuckolding. With her marriage collapsing, could his knowledge of non-traditional relationships be the key to finding her own happiness?

WARNING: This 60,000-word novel contains graphic sexual descriptions of infidelity, cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

The Cuckold and the Rope Party

Brian and Liz had been married for over a decade, and lately the sex had been lacking. Brian wants to find a way to spice things up, so he asks his friend Ian if they can attend one of his monthly bondage parties. Liz is hesitant at first, but when it becomes obvious that she wants Ian to do more than just tie her up, Brian gives her the freedom to take things as far as she wants. With her husband's approval and a room full of people watching, how far would Liz let Ian go, and how will Brian respond to watching his best friend take control of his wife?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of bondage, cuckolding, group sex, and humiliation.

The Hotwife's Massage

When Anna decides to use her husband's gift of a free massage, she has no idea that the masseuse is her well-endowed ex-boyfriend, Matt. While she thinks it won't be an issue, she later finds herself unable to control her thoughts about him. It doesn't take long before she confesses her thoughts to her husband, but she is surprised to find him turned on by the idea instead of being upset with her. When she comes home the next day and finds another gift certificate waiting for her, she decides that it's time to make her husband's fantasy a reality, both for her pleasure and his.

WARNING: This 8,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and infidelity.

The Blind Date: A Cuckold's Tale

Sam has dated a lot of women, but none of them have been able to handle his fetish for being cuckolded. When his friend suggests a blind date with an charismatic woman named Allie, he decides its best to be upfront about his habits. How will she respond to his unusual tastes, and how much will she be willing to try for a man that she has just met?

WARNING: This 5,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and humiliation.

From Housewife to Whore

Eric's wife Jillian was very conservative, but when financial difficulties drive them to extremes, she decides to try out for the amateur night at the local strip club. That opens both of them up to a new side of their relationship, and eventually leads her to audition for an adult film. How far will she go to get the part, and how will it affect her relationship with her loving husband?

WARNING: This 25,000-word story contains graphic sexual depictions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

From Housewife to Whore 2: Corrupting Allison

Eric had already enjoyed watching his innocent housewife Jillian develop into a prominent adult film star. Now, years later, they have moved into a quiet suburb in California. Their new neighbors, Allison and Jacob, come over for dinner one night, and it turns into a wild night when Jacob recognizes Jillian from her films. At first, Allison is fine with letting her husband have some fun with the woman of his dreams, but it doesn't take long before she decides she wants to explore her own sexuality. With some guidance from Eric, she learns how to fulfill her husband's hotwife fantasies in the most wicked ways possible, taking his fantasy to places he never could have imagined.

WARNING: This 20,000-word story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

Away on Business

As a top-level executive, Mark was often forced to travel on business for a week at a time. On one particular trip, his beautiful wife Amber begins flirting with the idea of going to dinner with another man. Mark loves the idea, and encourages her to flirt and tease her host.

When he gives her permission to go further, though, how far will she go to feed her husband's cuckolding fantasies?

WARNING: This 15,000-word story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and anal sex.

Fighting for the Girl

It always happened the same way. A nightclub and a beautiful woman, and the guy that was trying to take her home. Shane wanted her though, and he knew that if he could just win the fight, he would be the man in her bed at the end of the night. Would he be in excruciating pain at the end of the night, or lost in a state of ecstasy?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and pregnancy risk sex, as well as graphic violence.

Welcome to My World

Ever since she had caught her husband John cheating on her, Bella had found it difficult to trust men. When she meets an enigmatic billionaire nicknamed the Beast of Belton, she assumes he is just like the others, but more she learns about him, the more she realizes that she can't judge a book by its cover. Her mysterious new lover draws her into his secret world and helps her learn to love again, even as her past tries to destroy their happiness.

WARNING: This 20,000-word romance novel contains explicit descriptions of sex and bondage, against a background of fairy tale romance.

Elise's Friend with Benefits

I often shared my girlfriends with other men, but that changed when I met Elise. She was the picture of perfection, and my interest in cuckolding was quelled by the fear of losing her to a better man. That all changed one night while she was away on business in

Arizona and told me about an old friend who used to entertain her on her trips before we met. Chris sounded like the perfect bull, and her words stirred my dormant fetish. The resulting encounter was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and would forever change the nature of our relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, mild humiliation, and creampie.

[My Ex-Wife's New Boyfriend](#)

I have always wanted to watch my wife Sarah with another man. Unfortunately, that opportunity didn't present itself until after our divorce. When Sarah discovers my interest in her relationship with her new boyfriend, it opens up a new kind of connection between us. Our lives become intertwined in a strange game of master and servant, but how far will she take it?

WARNING: This 19,000-word story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme femdom, and extreme humiliation.

[My Ex-Wife's New Boyfriend 2: Her Coworker](#)

When my ex-wife Sarah and I rekindled our relationship, we agreed that she would be allowed to date other men, as long as she shared the details with me. That allowed her to start a torrid affair with her coworker Paul, a fit black man with a lot to offer her. He pushes her to new and extreme levels of kinkiness, until her boss discovers their illicit relationship and threatens to expose them. How will she put him in his place, while guaranteeing her own pleasure?

WARNING: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of interracial sex, pregnancy risk, cuckolding, and humiliation.

[The Birthday Cuckold](#)

Ethan had always wanted to watch his girlfriend Devon with another guy, but she always brushed the idea off as a joke. After some subtle pushing and a good dose of alcohol, she decides to try out his fantasy on the night of his birthday. How far will she go to make her man happy on his big day?

WARNING: This 6,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and cheating.

Kate's Dates

Kate loves her husband more than anything else in the world, but after twenty years of marriage, the passion has started to fade from their relationship. Her sexual frustration pushes her to confront him, and he doesn't shy away from her disappointment. Instead, he suggests that she go on a date with another man to find the release she has been craving. At first, she thinks he doesn't want her, but when she steps out for the night with a guy from her gym, she learns that there is much more to it. Her husband is aroused by her infidelity, which soon leads to a variety of sexual adventures that she never would have anticipated.

WARNING: This 32,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, stag/vixen relationships, group sex, and drug use.