

LARAN MITHRAS

My Wife's *Seduction*



LOVE

“Cuckholding isn't
just for wimps”

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By

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It is not enough to conquer; one must learn to seduce.
~ Voltaire

CHAPTER 1

Not once during my year-long marriage to Monique had I ever thought of sharing her. I had never imagined her with another man or dreamt about her moaning underneath another man's humping body. It wasn't in me. Was it?

I thumbed Porter's number in my cell.

Two rings.

His voice was sleepy. "Dean?"

I shook my head and rolled my eyes. "Hey, bud. We'll be over in about twenty-five minutes?"

I heard him shift his phone around. "Oh, yeah." He sounded a little out of it.

"Tough night?"

"No, I'm all right. I'll shower and be ready."

I shook my head and sighed. "See you then."

This was our big day, a Sunday out on the road in the rural areas of the state. Hot, dusty, and holding several properties on a tax-default list I had with notations on a cheap map.

Monique came up behind me and slid her arms around my waist. "I bet he was asleep?"

"Sounded like it."

Porter and I were long-time friends and both of us good at taking a fixer-upper and making it livable for a profit. We worked together on some things, though we each had our own separate businesses. There seemed to be some dislike between Porter and Monique, though he had been the best man at our wedding. They just didn't click, so Porter stayed away.

He did, however, like to party it up and often slept in: hung-over from the previous night's drinking.

I locked the back door and checked the front door. Our house was small, but comfortable. I hoped that we could find something on the tax-default rolls this year that would either promise a large chunk of dough or a nicer place to live.

You never knew with tax-defaulted properties. Could be a dump. Could be in pristine condition. You just had to go look.

"You see my camera?" I said. I looked on the counter where I had placed it. It was not there.

"Yes, over here on your map. I put it there so you wouldn't forget it."

I smiled. Monique was a willowy brunette with large dark-brown eyes. Her hair hung long and straight, silky to the touch and flowing like a damned television commercial. She wore it parted in the middle and just hanging down her back, but cut so she had bangs in front. She had small boobs that I thought were large enough for her frame. She didn't agree.

I admired her bare legs. It was too hot to wear anything else other than shorts. Even I was in them.

I picked up the camera and made sure the battery was in. I had a spare and also a couple extra chips in case we had a lot of pictures to take. I picked up the map and clipboard. "Well, then. He's showering now. Let's get going."

We climbed into my old Chevrolet Caprice Classic. I kept it up, not wanting to buy a new car every couple of years. It was comfortable and Porter could sit in the backseat. My work-truck would not be very roomy and it didn't have air-conditioning.

Monique was showing a lot of leg and I rubbed a hand along it with a sexy grin plastered on my face. *Is your pussy available for a little play?* But we didn't have time.

She said, "What's that goofy look on your face?"

Her skin was so soft and I couldn't help feeling the hardening in my shorts. "That's my I-love-you look."

She put her hand on mine. Her ring flashed in the morning sun. It was a nice gold ring with some inset diamonds. "Are we going, or are you wanting to go back to bed?"

I gestured out the windshield. "We're driving, aren't we?"

"Hmm."

I loved her dearly. She was beautiful and spunky in a way that hinted at her bedroom passion. Once in the privacy of our home, she was very affectionate. Outside, she seemed distant – even cold. It was an odd quirk of hers that I had forced myself to become used to. In bed, she was heavenly.

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I pulled the car to a stop at the curb. “I’ll be right back.” I started to open the car door.

Her hand stopped me. “There he is.”

I grunted in approval. “At least he’s ready. I usually have to go get him.” I reached over behind her and pulled up the door lock.

Porter ambled over to the car wearing a clean but wrinkled shirt and shorts. He was not a tall man. At five foot six, he relied on his full mustache, his dark eyes and his rail-thin frame to have his fun. He carried a plastic travel mug in one hand trailing steam and was busy pocketing a pack of cigarettes with the other.

He got in and grunted at us.

Monique said, “Good morning.” But it wasn’t delivered all too friendly. In his gravelly voice, he said, “Bah.”

I said, “So it was a good night?”

He grunted, “Get bent.”

I laughed; it was our way.

Despite his shower, he had the lingering smell of long-term tobacco use. It oozed from his skin even when freshly scrubbed.

I drove the car along the interstate out to exit one-fifty-one. “First one is a little unusual for us – an old school building.”

His growl was impatient. “Sheeit. Why are we looking at that? Probably has asbestos all over the damned place.”

Monique twisted in her seat so she could see him. “It was my idea, actually. Someone else had owned it after the school district. They could have renovated it and it’s showing only eleven hundred dollars on the bid.”

Porter grunted.

I knew his grunts. That was his, “Okay, that makes more sense” grunt.

I said, “Hear from Tanya, lately?”

He growled. “No, and she can go take a dive out an airplane without a chute, for all I care.”

I felt bad for him. Tanya was a pretty enough gal and they had been married for nine years. She had run out on Porter with a body-builder at the gym she managed. Fortunately for him, they had no children. Divorce had been a simple thing and finalized a few months back.

“Sounds like you miss her.”

Monique slapped my arm.

Porter said, “You can go suck a dick.” Then he said in a slower, lower voice, “Pardon me, Monique.”

She twisted around to see him again. He was sitting behind her. “You loved her, didn’t you?”

I adjusted the rear-view mirror to see his face better. He was bushing out his thick mustache - a sign he was trying to be diplomatic. “You love him. What would you think if he ran off with some blonde, big-titted bimbo with a fake tan?”

“That he lost his mind.”

“Well, then. Would you still love him?”

She turned back around without answering.

I pointed. “There it is.”

The school building was a simple square three-story structure with basement windows.

“Looks like a schoolhouse,” said Porter.

Monique twisted around again. “How did you guess?”

“Watch yourself, Missy. I haven’t finished my first cup of coffee. I bite.”

We got out and wandered up to the front. The door was firmly bolted and padlocked with a taped notice on the door in faded ink.

Porter said, “Built by the Masons.” He fished a cigarette out of his pack and stuck it in his mouth.

“Hmm?” I said.

Monique walked past us around to the back.

He pointed to the cornerstone and I saw the masonic symbol there. The date said: 1901. The smell of a lit cigarette filled the air around us.

I sighed. “Asbestos.”

“Unless whoever lost this place had it removed.”

“Expensive.”

“Maybe that’s why they lost it.”

It was impossible to see in the windows, the first floor was up six steps and set higher than our heads.

Monique came around the other side of the building. “Nice stonework, but the back half of the roof is rotted away.”

Porter and I groaned together in disgust.

“No thanks,” I said. “Let’s hit the next place.”

Porter puffed faster on his cigarette and then stamped it out. He took a huge draw of coffee before he got back into the car. I saw him look over his cup at Monique as she climbed into the passenger seat.

Was he just checking out my wife’s legs? I looked over at them as I got in. They sure were pretty. I suppose I couldn’t blame him for taking a peek.

We drove back along the lonely road to the interstate. It was already getting warm outside and I turned up the fan.

Porter said, “What’s next?” He sounded more awake.

Coffee and cigarettes: the breakfast of champions.

Monique looked at the list. “A house on twelve acres.”

“Too small to be a farm,” he said.

I looked in the mirror. “Maybe orchards. Or stables or something.”

He looked around at the barren landscape. “Out here?”

I exaggerated a shrug.

My wife twisted around to face him better. “Anything with land—”

He nodded. “Yeah, I know.”

She shook her head and her voice was dry. “You haven’t changed a bit.”

We had all gone to high school together – even Tanya - though Monique had only gone our freshman year before transferring to a Catholic school.

Porter gave a half-grunt, half-word. “Eh?”

“Talking to you was impossible.”

“What do you mean?”

She said, “You didn’t seem to want to talk to the girls.”

He laughed. “I seem to remember you being Little Miss Stuck-up—”

“What?”

He said, “No one could talk to you. You were so much better than all of us.”

My wife’s mouth dropped open. “I was not.”

I didn’t want to hurt my wife’s feelings, but she had been viewed by most as a very snobby person. She wasn’t, though; not when you got to know her. I said, “She’s actually very sweet when...” *When you break*

through the ice. That would have sounded bad. I couldn't think of a way to say it that didn't sound chauvinist or insulting.

She turned back to face the front. "I was not a snob."

Porter snickered in the backseat.

The house on acreage turned out to be a pre-fab surrounded by scrub. Nothing was on the land.

Porter growled. "Pre-fab. Forget it. You'd have to scrap the whole thing and there's nothing—"

"But there's land," said Monique. She turned to look back at him.

"Sure, with nothing on it but field mice."

She looked down at the next on the list. "Head out to Tannerville. First Street."

Without even getting out to look at the pre-fab, I flipped the car around and accelerated back towards the interstate.

Porter said, "Tannerville?"

My wife nodded. "Commercial building."

"They have businesses out there? I thought it was a dust-depot with a couple of rust-stops."

I snorted. "Might need gas there. Half a tank and still more driving."

Monique stretched her neck as if feeling a pinch. "Ow."

"Am I a pain in the neck?" Porter said with amusement in his voice.

That meant he was in a good mood.

"Yes, actually." She rubbed the side of her neck where it met the shoulder. "Could you sit over there so I don't have to turn as far?"

He grunted. "Yeah, I guess so." He moved. "A gas station would be good. I could get some more coffee and use the facilities."

"If you didn't drink all that coffee—"

"Don't you wag your finger at me about my coffee. A man has to have his vices."

My wife gave a slow reply. "Does he now?"

"Yes, a man does. It's what separates us from the metrosexuals."

She giggled. "How many packs do you go through a day?"

"Ehh... Not as many as before. Too expensive. Been trying to quit."

"Oh?"

"Problem is, it feels good to light up and take a break."

"I think smoking is nasty." She wrinkled her nose.

"Nasty habits for nasty men."

I chuckled. "I guess I'm not too nasty."

She turned her head to me. "I think you're just fine."

Porter roared in laughter. "Just fine? Oh boy, did you just get slammed."

She looked back at him and winced. Her hand came up and rubbed her neck. "There's nothing wrong with Dean—"

"Nothing wrong with him? Dean, you're getting your ass handed to you."

He was teasing, but I knew what he meant. He believed men should be men no matter what anyone thought of their behavior. I agreed with him, in principle.

Monique's face was screwed up in pain. She was trying to press her fingers into the side of her neck. "Ow."

Porter leaned up. "I'm sorry. Face back forward and I'll see if I can work that kink out." He motioned for her to turn with his finger.

"That's okay," she said.

"Shut up." He drew it out. "I caused it; I'll fix it."

She turned and let him reach over and work her shoulder and neck muscles.

Her happy moan sounded like relief.

He scooted up more to get a better grip. "Bend forward a little so I can stretch my arm. This is awkward."

She did and he worked more on her shoulder muscles.

"Tannerville coming up," I said. The town or collection of buildings was a mile off the interstate. All that was off the off-ramp was a Conoco gas station. I pulled the car off and stopped at the stop sign. The gas station had three cars parked in front. It had a mini-mart that probably served as a grocery store for the people of Tannerville.

Monique sat back up, her face red from dizziness. "I guess I shouldn't bend over while the car is moving."

"Better?" Porter said.

She moved her shoulder and stretched her neck around. "Yes, a little."

I pulled into the gas station next to a pump. It was a modern thing, even out here. The mini-mart looked clean and bright. A slice of civilization in the middle of dust and scrub.

Monique got out and walked into the mart.

Porter followed her a few feet back.

Is he looking at her legs again? My wife's shorts were very short. You could see the crease of her thigh where it met her ass. I guess I would be looking at that, too.

CHAPTER 2

Porter and Monique were in there for several minutes and I finished filling the tank.

She came back out first, carrying two water bottles.

He came out after her carrying his coffee mug. His mustache was bushed out and he was definitely looking at her legs. I could tell he liked what he was seeing.

From the front, Monique's shorts displayed a perfect camel-toe. She had unbuttoned her blouse in the growing heat of the day. It was unbuttoned halfway down and she looked very sexy.

"Stop drooling at me," she said.

"Better look behind you if you want to see real drool."

She turned to look at Porter. She reached up and grabbed her neck. "Ow. Son of a..."

Porter frowned. "Need a better massage on that neck?"

She looked irritated. "It had felt better. I thought it was gone."

"Sit back here with me and I'll do a better job of it."

"Is that okay, honey?"

"Yeah, I can't massage and drive."

"I meant reading the list."

"Take it back there with you."

She nodded and collected the list and map.

We piled in and got back on the road into Tannerville.

Porter worked his rough hands over her neck and shoulders.

"Ow, ow. Right there," she said.

I looked in the mirror. Her back was to him and head tilted down. He was digging a thumb in a slow circular motion into her shoulder.

“Mmm,” she purred.

“What was the address?” I said. We were coming up on the buildings.

“Three,” she said.

Porter snorted. “So that will be the last of the three buildings in town.”

I looked around. There were more than three buildings, but most were boarded up. *What could you do out here?* I pulled over to a building with a three over the door.

We got out. It was a corner lot and a storefront along the main street.

Monique stretched and walked around to the side.

I pulled out my camera and noticed Porter watching her go.

Yes, he is definitely looking at her ass and legs. Can't blame you, buddy; she's gorgeous. I took a picture of the store. It had been built in the 20's or 30's and featured a scratched glass front that was angled in the style of that day. I said, “It looks like it's in good shape, but what could we do with it?”

Porter was shaking his head. “Not much, I think.” He kept shaking his head as if trying to think of anything and nothing was coming to mind.

Monique came back the way she had come, hips swaying in that aggravatingly feminine way. It made me want to throw her down over the hood of the car and ravish her. I glanced at Porter out of the corner of my eye. He was grinning, hands on hips and feet spread – looking at her.

“I think this is a scratch,” I said.

Porter jerked. “What?”

“Scratch this one, too.”

“Oh. Yeah, I was a bit distracted.”

Monique was in conversational range. “Hmm?”

“I said this is a scratch and he said he was distracted looking at you.”

She rolled her eyes and might have blushed. It was hard to tell in the heat. “You men.”

Porter chuckled. “Need more massage?”

“Sure. It's still stiff.”

We got back in and she turned to face away from Porter. His hands went back to working her shoulders.

She said, “Next is Miller Road.”

“That's the one farther out here, right?” I thought I knew where Miller Road was.

“Yes.”

I drove. Occasionally Monique made happy sounds in the backseat. I looked when she made noise, but she was just getting her neck rubbed.

Porter murmured something that even Monique didn't hear.

“What?” she said.

“I said I love it when women go without bras. Very nice.”

She coughed. “It's too hot to wear one.”

“I dunno, I think it's pretty hot without one.”

She laughed and I found myself laughing with her after a second.

She hummed for a moment as he continued working her back muscles.

My heart did a thump when I heard her say, “Stop that. I don't think my boobs need a massage.”

I coughed, irritated. “Porter, behave yourself.”

“What? All the muscles are connected—”

“Porter.”

“I'm just trying to help.” He said to her, “Aren't I helping?”

“Yes, that feels good.”

I felt a lack of control but was flattered that he would try to feel her boobs. Despite my inability to do anything other than object, my head without the brain began to harden.

“Stop that,” she said. She had an amused tone in her voice. Then she laughed. “Porter, stop. I can't believe you're trying to maul my boobs in front of my husband.”

Porter chuckled. “Behind his back, actually.”

I heard her giggle. “Dean...” She appealed to me.

I felt a little dizzy. I wanted to stop him, but it sounded exciting. “Uh, well, are you afraid of him doing a good job?”

“What? He's touching my boobs.” She growled, “Stop that.”

I looked in the mirror. She was still bent over and his hands were genuinely rubbing her back. But he was also reaching around under her arms and caressing her boobs. She clamped her arms down, trapping his hands on her breasts.

There was a playful smile on her face, and a blush along with it. “Would you stop that?” She laughed that her first reaction when he touched them was to squeeze her arms close to her sides and thus prevent him from removing his hands.

I shifted uncomfortably in the seat. My dick had hardened painfully. With a nervous quiver in my throat, I said, "I think he should be thorough, don't you, dear?" *Had I just said that?*

"Yeah," said Porter. "Listen to your husband."

She laughed harder and turned red. "Oh my gosh. Whatever."

We were coming up on Miller Road.

I heard her gasp behind me. Looking into the mirror, I could see his arms around her, but little else.

She gave a nervous laugh.

He said, "Does that feel good?"

She laughed a little more forcefully with a tone of disbelief. "Dean, he's touching my nipples." It was delivered as if to say it was up to me to put a stop to it.

I think it was as much a challenge from her to me as it was a plea to get her out of anything. She was letting him touch her nipples. We had never talked about anything like this before. Did she want me to put my foot down and end what was going on? Was she accepting of it, but only if I was? Was it a test?

I didn't have any answers. I wanted to reach back there and slap his hands away; those breasts were mine. But my dick sure was happy. I can't say I comprehended why; it was too big a leap for me to process all at once.

Porter said, "Does that feel good? They sure feel nice."

Not getting an answer from me, she said to him in a slightly exasperated tone, "Yes, of course it feels good. I just didn't think a back massage included my chest."

"Well, we don't want to leave anything out, do we?"

"You just want an excuse to maul my boobs."

He chuckled. "Oh, and more, too."

Monique gasped in shock suddenly and then sighed. "You are a very dirty man."

"Well, thank you."

I turned on Miller and continued to the address, wondering what the hell was going on back there. There were homes spread out here and there, with acreage around them. I said, "Did this one have any land with it?" I wondered if my wife would be able to answer.

Monique gasped again and then said in a shaky voice, "Uh... Stop for a second, would you?"

Porter said in a low voice, “Am I bothering you?”

“Yes. I don’t think he wants you touching me there.”

Touching her where?

She said, “Yes, twenty acres.” She gasped again and her sigh after was drawn out. I knew that sigh; she was feeling pleased and sexy.

My dick made a huge twitch in my shorts. I pulled onto a small gravel road with a post box showing the address on our list. There were a few trees out here and I tried to think about them rather than the gasping in the backseat.

“We’re here,” I said. I got out quickly and then realized I had a huge bulge in my shorts. I turned to the fender of the car to hide it and pretended to look out over the property.

Monique got out and adjusted her blouse and pulled on her shorts.

Had he been touching her there? Part of me wanted to take him aside and shake him. Hey leave her alone. But I had this awful erection. And then another part of me wondered where she’d draw the line. It had to be coming.

“Think I need a smoke-break,” said Porter. He walked towards the house that sat at the end of the drive. It looked more like a cabin than a proper house.

My wife came over to me, looking back at him. She leaned close and whispered, “Do you really want him touching me like that?”

“Where was he touching you?”

“He had his hands in my shirt and then he was rubbing my shorts you know where.”

“You’re mad at him?” I kept my obvious arousal pressed against the fender.

“Mad at him? What? No, but—”

“Did it feel good? It sounded like it.” A whole rainbow of sensations ran through me, from the dark colors of anger to the bright shades of curiosity.

She looked around and then back to me. “Yes, but—”

“He hasn’t had Tanya around. Poor guy is probably having a lot of fun making you feel good.”

“You don’t mind him touching me like that?”

I had to think about it. She was mine and she knew it. I was hers and she knew that, too. How far would she allow things to go if I didn’t put a stop to

it all? “If it doesn’t upset you, then no, I guess not.” I couldn’t help but be honest.

She shook her head, her large eyes wide. But there was a smile on her face. “Did you put him up to this? As some kind of kinky—”

I was shaking my head. “No, not at all. I’m just as surprised as you.”

“But he’s touching me, Dean.” Her look grew serious – searching.

“Well, I’m glad he likes you—”

She slapped my arm. “I’m being serious.”

I tilted my head at her. “If it feels nice and you’re having fun, why not let him?”

“Let him?”

My erection had softened a little. I turned and gave her a hug. “Move up to the front seat if you’ve had enough and I’ll tell him.”

“Oh my. Is that...” She reached down and brushed my shorts in front. “This is exciting you?”

Damn, not soft enough. “Uh... I’m as shocked as you, trust me.”

“You never said anything before about someone else touching me.”

“I didn’t know it was a turn on.”

Porter came around the other side of the house puffing his cigarette.

I said quickly, “I didn’t think you liked smokers.”

“I don’t, but the tobacco smell on him is sort of interesting.”

Porter said loud enough to be heard. “Not bad land, but the shack is sort of small.”

I broke the hug and pulled my camera. “I’ll grab a couple pics and we’ll head to the next one.” I walked forward and snapped a pic. Then I walked around to the side and back. Two more pics.

When I came around the other side, Porter had my wife in a hug from the rear. She was clasping his arms around her waist with hers and looking back over her shoulder with a smile.

He was so short that they were the same height.

She was leaning back a little into him. It looked very nice and I was happy they were finally being friends.

His mustache must have tickled her neck because she jerked and giggled.

I said, “Ready to head out? We can mark this one a possibility for the land. Though the shack is not all that great.”

She winked at me. “I’ll note it.” She was still holding his arms.

He said, “You need more massage? Neck still hurt?”

“I don’t know...” She looked at me, searching.

I shrugged, swallowed, and said, “You should probably make sure the kink is all worked out, dear.”

“Yeah?” She sounded cautiously eager. She unbuttoned one more button on her blouse. “Let’s go then, it’s hot out here.”

Porter waggled his eyebrows at me and winked.

I got back in and started the car.

My wife got into the backseat with Porter.

~ ~ ~

Almost immediately, my wife said, “Wait a minute. Let me note down the Miller property. Stop it a second.”

Porter laughed an evil little laugh.

I headed back down the hill as the giggles and gasps resumed behind me. Looking in the mirror, I saw him leaning towards her, his hand in her blouse. Even though they were the same height, his hand seemed large on her small chest.

Just as I was pulling my eyes back to the road, he leaned further and kissed her. My eyes darted back and forth. She was surprised, but went with the kiss. His hand was still inside her blouse.

My wife looked so beautiful and the look on her face shifting between amused, shocked and excited. My penis hardened again. I shifted around and released it from the leg of my shorts. It throbbed happily in the cool air of the car.

She gasped again, very loud. I looked and saw his head looking down, past her mostly open blouse – lower.

“Does that feel nice?” he said.

She panted a little. “Oh, you’re very nasty. What are you doing?”

“Undo this.”

Her shorts? My heart began hammering and my arms felt shaky on the wheel.

“What? No way. I’m not going to expose myself to you—”

“You’ve already exposed your breasts.”

“That’s different.”

Porter snorted. “No it’s not. Here. I’ll lead the way.”

Monique drew in a breath and held it.

I heard a zipper and clothing shuffling.

My wife said, "Oh my gosh. Dean..."

I said, "What's the matter?"

"I can't look. He just took off his shorts."

"Is it ugly or something?"

My friend laughed.

Monique said, "Uh..." A short pause. "No. But his thing is out."

I snickered. "Uh, yeah, I figured that."

"You men."

A surge of danger and desperation prodded me. I said, "Maybe he was hoping you would return the massage favor."

"What?" She sounded incredulous.

Porter laughed, fast and low like a devious little gremlin. "Yeah. I have a really bad ache right here."

She coughed, but started laughing. "I can't believe this. Dean?"

I said, "I think you owe him a return favor."

She muttered something under her breath in an amused tone. Then she gasped again. I could see his head closer to her, looking down. I risked a look over my shoulder. His fingers were rubbing up and down the crotch of her shorts. She had her legs held open.

I went back to watching the road.

"Your turn," he said.

"Huh?" She sounded flustered.

"Undo that."

There was silence. After a moment, a faint rustle of clothing.

"There you go," he said. "Much nicer, isn't it?"

My wife moaned. It was shaky with excitement. A sympathetic worm of lust twisted in me at the sound of her voice and reached down to fill my dick. I steered using one hand and began toying with my straining cock with the other.

Porter said, "Let's just finish this, too."

She gasped again. I looked in the mirror and saw he had opened her blouse completely. His mouth was on her left boob, moving and licking the nipple.

Her eyes met mine in the mirror and her lids were half shut in lust. I knew the look; she was super-excited. She gasped again, her eyes widening

as he did something more to her. Her back arched.

I focused ahead. We were coming down through Tannerville again towards the interstate.

“Give me your hand,” he said low.

Silence, then a quiet, quavering sigh from her.

He said, “Don’t be afraid. Stroke it; it’s hard for you.”

She gasped a few more times.

Porter shifted around behind me. “Here, let’s get these off of you.”

My wife moaned.

Glancing back, I saw him helping her remove her panties. The next gasp I heard was my own. I was shaking, hard.

“You alright, Dean?” He sounded concerned.

I chuckled really nervous-like. “Yeah, man. No problem.”

He turned back to her. “Now that is a beautiful pussy.”

I heard my wife draw in breath sharply, and then moan long and low.

He said, “Wow, you’re super wet.”

Movement behind me again as I got onto the interstate. Porter had sat back at her side. One arm was down and moving. I could see her arm crossed over to his lap.

“That’s very nice,” said my friend. “There you go. Yeah, that feels good.”

I risked a glance back and had a hard time not jerking the wheel. Her head was back, mouth open. His hand was between her thighs, fingers working in and out of her pussy. Her hand was on his shaft, stroking sporadically – her wedding ring glinting on the skin of his erection.

He leaned over again and took her left nipple into his mouth.

My wife shuddered and moaned happily.

I felt dizzy and had to steer the car back into the lane properly.

Wet sounds drifted from the back. My wife’s pussy was very wet.

“Huh?” she said. Her voice was woozy-sounding.

“Lay back. I’d like to get a taste of this.”

Movement from the back. My wife’s head moved to the side and I could see him pulling on her. His head disappeared.

Her eyes opened wide and her mouth did, too. “Oh! Oh! Oh... yes. Unnh, yes.” Her eyes closed.

Licking and other wet sounds filled my ears.

My gorgeous wife was getting eaten in my own car in the backseat right on the interstate and it wasn't even noon. I loved it. I stroked my cock faster.

I could see her knee bent up, shaking, in the mirror.

I hit the brakes gently and took the off-ramp. I had almost missed the exit.

"Awesome pussy," he said. "On an awesome woman."

I felt proud of her.

Kissing sounds from the backseat. Then a suck and a gasp. Then a muffled exclamation from my wife. A mirror check showed them kissing. Her head moved with his in passion and lust. He was climbing onto her.

Oh man, I want to see this. We were coming up on the next property. It was a small farm with a barn.

My wife moaned and then gasped. I checked the mirror and then glanced over my shoulder. Porter had his cock in hand and was trying to rub it on her pussy.

I said, "Hey, you two? Can you wait a moment?"

Porter said, "Huh?"

"I have a mechanics blanket in back. It's clean and that barn is open."

"What? Oh. Oh, yeah. The backseat is awful."

I pulled into the yard. Willows were everywhere providing a lot of shade. The interior of the barn looked cool. I stopped the car right next to the barn.

Porter was still looking down, shifting the head of his cock at an awkward angle against her wet pussy.

Monique was squirming, her body making sensuous movements.

I got out and popped the trunk. Grabbing the heavy blanket, I opened the car door for them. "Come on. There's no one here." I pointed at the barn door a few feet away. It was open and promised a shady hiding place.

Porter grinned at me as he got out. Then he glanced down at my shorts.

My cock was hard and hanging out, pulling up on the hem of the leg. I said, "Yeah, well, Monique is sexy."

"I'll say." He held out his hand to my wife.

She emerged, looking around and clutching her blouse closed. Not like that would have been a big help – she was naked from the waist down.

They scurried into the barn and I followed.

CHAPTER 3

A few missing areas of roof splashed sunlight here and there, but the inside was cool. Old hay was deep on the floor.

I spread out the blanket while Porter and my wife shared a kiss.

Once the blanket was spread, Porter maneuvered Monique to it and lowered her down. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. I knew her form and movements. It was all familiar. Her look of excitement was the same as always.

New to me was the hungry look on Porter's face. That hungry look was for my small wife. Though I was very familiar with her, she looked even smaller as he crawled between her legs. She parted them for him and gazed up into his eyes.

His dick was straight and fully erect, aiming right at my wife's open hole. It was maybe a little long than mine and the same nice thickness. I knew she would like it. Or I hoped she did. I didn't want her to have a bad experience.

It happened so fast. He rubbed the head on her pussy and lubed it for maybe a second. Then he was pushing in.

My heart hammered in my chest. If I had wanted to stop it, I did not even have time to formulate the thought that I might regret doing this. Her gasp and the sudden clenching of her fingers on his shoulders told me it was happening. I couldn't see the penetration from where I stood, but his shaft was disappearing and his hips were coming closer to hers.

Monique's mouth was open and she tilted her hips up giving him a better angle. She wanted it in and was helping him make it easy.

His hips met hers and she sighed in relief. He groaned with pleasure. Then his hips began pumping, his butt tilting and flexing as he moved his cock in and out of my wife's pussy.

"Oh, yeah," he said. He leaned up and pulled his erection out of her.

She looked dizzy.

He gripped his shaft and used it to toy with her clit and lips. His dick was slick with my wife's juices.

She was shaking and panting. She looked up at me and gave me a wide-eyed smile. I returned it.

I undid my shorts and released my aching erection.

Porter put his cock back at her hole and shoved it in. His hips covered hers and then he was thrusting. They were fucking and began making a lot of noise. My wife was moaning in that familiar way – just as she did for me. He was groaning and panting. The sounds echoed in the barn and the coolness of the air contributed to an almost perfect atmosphere. He shoved into her, over and over as I stroked my excited erection.

Monique's head moved slowly, side to side, and up, moving to his thrusts and the lust shared between them. Her slender body writhed beneath him, enjoying what was happening and welcoming his cock.

I could see she liked it. I could see she was having a lot of fun. No, I didn't want to stop it. Why had we never talked about something like this before?

He leaned down and laid his wiry body on her. They kissed as they fucked. Their union looked perfect. His butt flexed faster and the muscles on his back began to stand out. Then he arched his back and grunted loud. His face turned a light red. His butt jerked rhythmically and I knew he was cumming in Monique's pussy.

Her mouth was open in lust and wonder. She let out a long moan and then smiled. She hadn't cum.

He said, breathless, "You're amazing."

Her smile brightened.

Seeing him withdraw his half-erect cock covered in sperm and juices looked right. I felt no discomfort – only love for my wife.

We dressed with several shared looks of nervous relief and disbelief. Several minutes later, we were done checking out the property and getting back into the car.

"Nice piece of property here."

Porter said, “Yep. I think this one is biddable.”

Monique said, “I liked the barn.” She was in the backseat again.

The three of us shared a small laugh.

Back on the road and headed to the next defaulted property, I saw them in the mirror occasionally glance and smile at each other. She also looked up and smiled at me.

The next property was a construction staging yard – or had been. An office and pallets stacked around were about all that remained. The chain link fence was in good repair.

I walked with Monique through the open fence. Porter headed off for a smoke break.

She said, “Are you okay?”

“Me? I’m fine. What about you? Are you okay?”

She smiled and nodded. “I was worried about you.”

“Me? Why?”

“I didn’t want you to be mad.”

“Mad? That was sexier than anything I’d ever seen.”

She giggled. “Just remember, you could have stopped it.”

“Oh, yeah. I know.”

“I don’t want you regretting it later.” Her look turned serious. “I love you. I don’t want the memory of this turning into something bad because you change your mind.”

“Actually, I was thinking that about you.”

“So you don’t think I’m dirty now?”

“Hell no. Sexy, not dirty.”

She hugged me. It was a tight hug and lasted longer than normal.

Porter came up. He was shaking his head. “Scratch this one. The shack is built on wood pylons. It’ll just rot out.”

I nodded.

Back in the car and headed toward the last one, Porter said, “Sit a little closer; I think someone is happy again.”

“Again?” she said.

He gave his rapid gremlin-laugh.

“Oh my goodness. Okay.” She scooted to the middle of the backseat.

Clothing shuffled behind me. I looked back. Porter had removed his shorts and Monique was reaching for his hardening penis.

He said, “Yeah. You have nice hands.”

She said, “My neck is getting tired. Can we switch places?”

“Oh, yeah. I’m sorry. I’ll give it some attention, too.”

They moved over and around each other so that Monique was behind me. I glanced in the mirror. He sat back in the far corner and pulled her over so she was half laying in his lap on her right side. He began kneading her shoulders and neck. She reached her left hand over and began stroking his cock. Again, I saw the wedding ring I had given her sliding up and down his dick. It looked so very sexy, that familiar item of our love moving on our friend’s cock.

I felt myself stirring.

I had time to think while I drove; the last place was thirty miles out. Was I happy with what had happened? Was there a worm anywhere that I didn’t like this? Sprung on me suddenly, was I in a daze at what had happened and would I feel bad about it later? I felt no remorse or doubts, but I knew I would want to talk to her later – make sure we were on the same page. I didn’t want doubts in either one of us.

I was happy; I wanted to make sure she was happy. If this was a one-off, then so be it. I wanted us to remember it with happiness. I would have to talk to her about the future and what we both wanted or expected. Maybe she gave in and was determined it would never happen again. Maybe she would like it, but never want it mentioned. One person alone can suffer a range of conflicting emotions. Two people twice as many and then compounded by the relationship between them. Many, many factors of love, trust, and sensitivity had to be considered.

I knew I would be busy thinking about this for weeks. Both of us would.

Her sigh made me look back. I had a great view of him rubbing her boobs through her open blouse. I was instantly glad he was being gentle and nice. I suppose many things he might have done could have ruined it all.

A minute later, he said, “Get on me.”

She laughed, breathy and panting. “Oh my gosh. Again?”

He laughed. “You might even get a third time out of me. I don’t think you came, did you?”

“No.” Her word resonated in my heart. Her timbre and gentleness twisted within me with warmth and love. She was so beautiful.

She moved and I saw her start climbing onto his lap.

I moved the mirror down and angled it. *Yes!* I could see his lap and her butt as she moved over him. I pulled the hem of my shorts aside and let out

my hardening dick.

Glancing back and forth rapidly between them and the road, I watched her grip the head of his cock and move her pussy over it. His shaft stood tall and erect. My wife's small ass was an upside-down heart shape. It settled lower and the head of his cock was covered by her pussy lips. Her sex opened, stretching around the helmet of his manhood. Then she settled down, driving her pussy down onto his shaft, swallowing it up inside her as she sat down fully.

All three of us moaned.

Using mostly peripheral vision to drive, my eyes watched my wife's pussy rise up and fall, up and down on Porter's dick.

I drove like that for miles.

Seeing her from the back was simultaneously familiar and unfamiliar. She moved like that on me – sinuously, rotating her hips and pussy on my cock, and grinding her hips back and forth while sitting fully on me. But she was doing it for him.

Monique was panting, fucking our friend with her pussy. She groaned and I saw her small butt begin to shake. She groaned louder, tensing, and then began bucking hard. She moved her hips on his shaft with savage jerks and grunted with force. She was cumming.

In an uncontrolled burst of lust, tension and pleasure, my cock erupted. Sperm shot out down my left leg and onto the pedals and floor mat. I gripped the steering wheel with both hands as spasms sent out more strings of sperm from my happy rod.

Porter was murmuring to her and then they were kissing. After, she plopped back in the seat area behind me and laughed breathily. “Whew, that was good.”

She often said that with me and I knew she meant it. I was glad my friend was doing it all right and the way she liked it. And I was glad she was having fun doing it.

We breezed through the last property – a former gas station and mini-mart. Just up the road was a bigger and better one and closer to the off-ramp.

We were back in the car in less than a minute.

~ ~ ~

Porter said, “I think the house with the barn was the best piece. We should bid on that one.”

I agreed. “That was close off the interstate, too.”

“Lots of trees,” Monique said. She was in the backseat again with him.

Porter scratched his thick mustache. “A bit of work and we could sell it as a vacation ranch or keep it ourselves.”

The house had been a two-story. From what we had seen, it had maybe four bedrooms. Five if there was a typical granny-room downstairs. *Plenty of room if we kept it and only a few minutes out of town. Room enough for all three of us.* It was something I would bring up to Monique first – see what she thought.

We stopped at a gas station to use the facilities. I topped off the tank.

Watching them, I saw nothing that might seem out of the ordinary – nothing to say they had fucked twice in the last couple hours.

They both came out with water and I took my turn at the facilities. The air seemed to sparkle around me. Maybe my eyes were dilated with excitement over all that had happened, but whatever the reason, everything seemed brighter. More alive.

Back in the car, we were at our farthest. Forty miles from home and at the peak of the day’s heat. We would be home a little after three.

I listened to them chat in back about the properties. I felt like I was floating on a cloud of lust. I wanted to get her home and make love to her.

Things grew quiet and I glanced in the mirror. They were kissing.

A rustle of clothing and he said, “Again, sweetie.”

My wife giggled. “Again? I think I’m really beginning to like this.”

In the mirror, I saw him maneuver her down. I glanced back. She lay there, one leg up and the other on the floor, half twisted so her back was in the back angle of the seat. He knelt between her legs, one knee bracing on the seat and the other on the floor. Their heads were behind me.

I moved the mirror. All I could see was the small of his back, his butt, and my wife’s bent leg. He was already lowering onto her and I heard her sigh.

We were close to home and I was hoping to get to see again. I didn’t drive over the speed limit, but I didn’t go under.

A few glances in the mirror showed his butt thrusting and my wife’s leg tensing and relaxing. Their pants and moans were quieter and less frantic than before. His moves were slower and deeper. I heard kissing sounds.

He was treating her right, and I felt good about it.

His panting increased and a couple of glances showed his butt flexing into her faster.

I pulled up to his house gratefully and turned off the car. Then I shifted into the middle and turned to watch.

He was on her, his hips driving into her. Her head was propped up and she was looking at me. Her mouth was open, panting for air. A dreamy look was in her eyes as they locked to mine. Her hands were on his shoulders and his head was down against her neck.

He grunted with effort. He whispered, "Does that feel good, Monique?"

A smile flashed across my wife's face and was gone. Her teeth were showing and her tongue as she panted. "Yes, yes."

He pumped harder and faster. His skin began to slap against hers. I could see his balls swinging and slapping against her ass. She closed her eyes. He was giving her a good fucking and she was liking it.

He sped faster. With the car off and no air-conditioning, a light sheen of sweat broke out on his back. The light smell of their juices filled the car. My wife began moaning and he grunted louder in response. His butt flexed frantically as he drove his shaft into my wife's pussy.

He panted out, "Here it comes, darling, here it comes." He groaned and pressed all the way in. His entire body shook and then his butt was squeezing. He cried out with each squeeze, shooting his sperm into Monique.

I liked it that he was filling her with his cum. I couldn't wait to sink my own cock into my wife and add to his seed.

He blinked rapidly and shook his head. "Wow. Awesome. Truly awesome." He pulled out and then laughed suddenly. A jet of sperm shot out in aftershock and landed on her flat belly. He gripped his shaft and pumped it a few times. Two smaller squirts of sperm arced out and landed on her abdomen and pussy.

Seeing my wife smile sexily as Porter's sperm puddled on her skin and dripped out of her swollen pussy was the most sensuous thing I had ever experienced.

It had been quite an eventful day. For all of us.

EPILOGUE

Communication was all it took. I got lucky and brought up the subject right away. She was worried about me and I was worried about her. Talking through it all and exploring our thoughts and feelings helped us settle between us that there need not be room for fear or doubt. Neither was there any jealousy.

Over the next few months, we agreed to start including Porter every once in a while. It not only made our sex better and more passionate, but our love for each other strengthened. We grew closer. I had not thought it was possible, but it happened. Our love for each other grew even stronger – I had not thought that possible, either. She loved me and her time with me. She also loved having Porter over, but it was a different love, not threatening to me as it was a love based on sex and pleasure. Her love for me was based on that and all the other things one would expect: trust, commitment, honesty, openness.

Monique's acceptance of Porter as an occasional lover was an addition to what we shared together – not a replacement.

I learned later that sharing my wife with Porter was the greatest gift a married man could give to a friend. His respectful treatment of us both completed the relationship. That sharing was also one of the greatest gifts of love between me and my wife.

Thank you for reading My Wife's Seduction. As you can see, I don't have a "street posse" running around giving me a dozen 5-stars on release. I earn all my reviews legitimately. All reviews are greatly appreciated!

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