

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red sports bra and black shorts, is sitting on a gym bench. She is looking down and to the side. The background is dark, and the lighting highlights her muscular physique.

Obsessed with her
Trainer

Wife Sharing Leads to
Interracial Online Stardom

Riley Keal

OBSESSED WITH HER TRAINER

WIFE SHARING LEADS TO INTERRACIAL ONLINE
STARDOM

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CHAPTER ONE

“ALYSSA, YOU LOOK GREAT,” Chase said, trying to cheer up his wife. The two were heading out for dinner, but Alyssa was having doubts about her outfit.

“It doesn’t look like it used to,” Alyssa complained, turning in the mirror to look at how the material clung to her hips and butt.

“Yeah, it looks better,” Chase grinned, reaching out to grab his wife’s ass, his fingers sinking into her cheeks. “Damn, look at this ass! Ty is always saying your ass is too round for an Asian chick. I think he’s right.”

“Chase!” Alyssa laughed, trying to pull away. She couldn’t keep the pleased smile off her face.

“What? You can’t expect to put this on and not get groped.” Chase finally let her go. She smoothed her dress down, still trying to suppress a smile. “I know you like it.”

“I do not,” Alyssa lied. “Plus, Ty is black so of course he likes my fat ass.” She loved the way her husband was still so into her after a couple of years of marriage that he bragged about his friends finding her hot. In particular, impressing Ty felt like a real achievement. “I’m going to change. This doesn’t fit right.”

“Alyssa,” Chase stopped her. “You look incredible.” He reached out, pulling her into a kiss. Alyssa moaned, surprised to feel he was already hard. Maybe the outfit really did look good?

“You’re sure I look okay? I feel like it’s just too tight now,” Alyssa hedged.

“Yeah! Just lose the panties and you’re good.” Chase winked at her, but she knew from experience that he was serious.

“You wish!”

“Just try it. You’ll see,” Chase insisted, already pulling at the hem of her dress. Alyssa rolled her eyes but let him pull her dress up to expose her navy bikini cut panties.

“Okay, but I’m still going to change.” Alyssa wiggled as Chase’s fingers tickled her gently before tugging her panties down. She stepped out of them—out of the corner of her eye catching her husband’s focus on her exposed pussy. Alyssa took her time pulling her dress down, making sure Chase got a good look. “How do I look?”

Alyssa modelled her dress, the thin blue fabric clinging to her curves. Looking in the mirror, Alyssa stifled a gasp. Without the panties on, the dress seemed to mold to her ass, highlighting each cheek. Alyssa couldn’t deny there was a certain trashy appeal to the way she looked in it, but it surprised her she enjoyed the feeling.

“Damn,” Chase stated simply, his eyes flitting across her body. Alyssa felt a shudder run through her body at the raw need on her husband’s face. “Take the bra off. I want you to look like a slut tonight.”

“Chase…” Alyssa sighed. “We’re going to miss our reservation.”

“Fuck our reservation,” Chase grunted. He reached out and found the dress’s zipper, pulling it down. “You’re so sexy, babe. Try it with the bra off.”

“Okay,” Alyssa agreed. Her husband’s interest always felt amazing, but after her earlier doubts about her body, tonight felt especially gratifying. “Turn around,” Alyssa ordered, waiting for him to comply before slipping her bra off. The dress conformed to her breasts just as it had with her ass, now with nipples to add extra texture and really emphasize her lack of underwear.

“Wow,” Chase hissed.

“I didn’t say you could peek!” Alyssa laughed, loving her husband’s reaction. “Zip me up?”

“Damn, babe,” Chase grinned as she turned to show off her form. It was clear she had on no underwear. “How did I ever end up with a wife as sexy as you?”

“Right,” Alyssa giggled, still playing coy. “I used to be way hotter.”

“Couldn’t be true, because if you were, I would never have gotten anything done.” Chase pulled his phone out and started taking pictures. “Maybe I should send these to Ty, get his opinion.” Alyssa froze, wondering

if her husband was serious. Chase was always making jokes about sharing her pictures, but the frequency of these comments made her wonder just how much he was joking.

Chase reached out and started to push her dress up.

“Chase!” Alyssa laughed. “Let me change so we can go eat!”

“Absolutely not,” Chase picked her up, Alyssa laughing and squealing as he tossed her onto the bed. “I’m tired of you putting yourself down. You’re the hottest piece of ass in the state, and I’m going to prove it to you.”

“Uh-huh, right,” Alyssa replied. Her face was flushed, and she let her legs hang open, knowing the view would further enflame her husband. “How are you going to do that? Take me out dressed like a slut?”

“Fuck you until you can’t disagree anymore,” Chase promised, undoing the buttons on his shirt.

“Why do men think their dicks can change a girl’s life view?” Alyssa laughed, but she didn’t try to stand or take her eyes off her husband’s body. Each undone button revealed more of his firm pecs. Chase smirked at her as his abs started to pop into view. Alyssa never tried to hide her appreciation for her husband’s new body, and tonight was no different.

When they’d first started dating, he had been a thin computer geek with a big dick. Alyssa had been the hot one in the couple. Back then, she just smirked to herself whenever anyone made a comment about Chase swinging above his weight, knowing just how incredible a partner he was. Now though, she was the one people wondered about. Chase had turned his nerdy background into a sought-after consulting gig with big paychecks, and a few years ago he had gotten into working out. Meanwhile, Alyssa’s work as a barista left her exhausted and her gym habit had died away.

“Shut up,” Alyssa said, blushing as her husband pulled his shirt off and winked at her.

“I didn’t say anything,” Chase grinned. Alyssa hated how transparent her interest in his new body was. “I can put this back on if you want,” Chase offered, lifting his shirt up to cover his body in mock modesty.

“No!” Alyssa kicked out, ripping the shirt from her husband’s grasp. “Stop teasing me.”

“Hmm, teasing can be fun...” Chase reached out and ran his hands gently along the sides of her body. Alyssa closed her eyes, focusing on the

pleasure of her husband's gentle touch as he rubbed along her rib cage up to her breasts. "Wow, you're turned on."

Alyssa opened her eyes and looked down. Her hard nipples poked through the thin top. "Yeah. You going to fuck me?"

"I think I want to eat first," Chase said pushing himself up. Alyssa frowned in frustration but knew her husband was probably right. They'd gotten reservations a week ago for the trendy small plate restaurant and shouldn't waste them.

"Okay, later though." Alyssa started to push herself up, only to find her husband lifting her legs and diving between them. His tongue slid between her wet lips. "Oh! Yes!" She loved getting head, and a grin spread over her face when she realized what Chase meant by "eat first."

"Damn, you're so wet," Chase commented before diving back in. Alyssa groaned as his lips softly teased along her labia. His gentle touch took on increased urgency, his lips sucking insistently as he traced the length of her slit.

"Yes, Chase!" Alyssa cried, reaching down to grab her husband's head. She wrapped her fingers in his short hair, holding him in place as she rocked her hips against his face. Chase's fingers clutched tightly at her hips, pulling her hard against him. "Lick my clit, babe!"

Chase quickly flattened his tongue, sliding it against her clit before beginning to trace tight circles. Alyssa's legs wrapped around his head, encouraging him to continue pleasuring her. Chase's tongue kept up its steady pace, but Alyssa wanted more. She rolled her hips faster, trying to get him to match her pace, but Chase kept her on edge.

"Babe, stop teasing me!" Alyssa groaned in frustration. Chase's reply was muffled by her tight grip around his head. Alyssa laughed and released him. "Sorry! You're just too good."

"Ready for dick?" Chase smiled, undoing his belt.

"Hell yes!" Alyssa eagerly reached forward to help with his pants. She loved his cock. Alyssa had always been a bit of a size queen, a poorly kept secret among her girlfriends that they all loved gossiping about. When Alyssa's friend Jill had started hooking up with nerdy Chase, Jill had quickly discovered Chase was too endowed for her own taste and connected him with Alyssa. "Fuck, I love your cock."

"Even though it looks smaller now that I'm ripped?" Chase teased, flexing his muscles.

“You’re ripped, but your cock stretches me just the same,” Alyssa groaned. “Put those muscles to use and come fuck me! Fuck your wife!”

Chase grinned, grabbing her legs and lifting her hips off the bed. Alyssa eagerly reached between them to guide Chase’s cock into her. Even though it did look smaller now that he wasn’t so skinny, it felt just as big in her needy pussy.

“Damn, you always feel so good!” Chase sighed as he filled her. “You want my cock?”

“Always!” Alyssa groaned. “Fuck me!”

Chase grunted as he went to work pounding hard into his wife’s body. Her tits bounced enticingly beneath the thin material of her top. Alyssa dropped a hand to her clit. The oral from Chase had her on edge, and she just wanted to cum.

“I’m going to fuck you then take you out looking like the slut you are,” Chase grunted. Alyssa gasped. Recently, her husband had started talking about showing her off. Alyssa wasn’t sure why he had started doing it, or why it turned her on so much when he called her a slut.

“Ah, fuck, really?” Alyssa felt her orgasm building.

“Oh, yeah! Every guy at the restaurant is going to want to fuck you in that dress.” Chase’s words were coming fast, his thrusting growing erratic.

“You want to show me off like a slut?” Alyssa moaned. “Your own wife?”

“Fuck, yes!” Chase cried, his cock swelling. “Fucking take it!” Alyssa’s cries joined her husband’s, the two writhing in passion as Chase filled her pussy with cum.

“Ah, God yes!” Alyssa screamed, waves of pleasure emanating from her core and washing up her body. Her finger circled her clit desperately seeking to extend her pleasure.

“Damn,” Chase said as his wife spasmed beneath him. He was breathing heavy, his own climax complete, but Alyssa’s seemed to just keep going. He started fucking her again, just to give her that extra bit of stimulation.

“Ah, yes!” Alyssa groaned, but soon her clit was too sensitive to continue playing with. “Wow,” she sighed, opening her eyes and looking up at her husband.

“Damn, you needed it bad,” Chase laughed, pulling out.

“I like when you want me.” Alyssa blushed. Wanting your husband was nothing to be ashamed of, but her raw desire seemed overwhelming

sometimes.

“I think you like the idea of showing off and other guys wanting you.”

“Chase...” Alyssa did like the idea, but she wasn’t sure what to say. Ever since Chase had gotten ripped, she had felt inadequate. His attraction to her hadn’t changed, but the thought of validation from other guys was intriguing. “You’re enough for me.”

“I’m glad, but maybe I want to share a bit of you,” Chase grinned, tucking his dick away. “So enough of the self-doubt. You’re way too harsh on yourself. I’ve been telling you to get setup with Ty on a workout program and he is eager to help.”

“I’ll think about it,” Alyssa responded. She did want to start working out more, and Ty had done an incredible job with Chase. Plus, the two were close friends now and Alyssa couldn’t help noticing how the attractive black trainer checked her out. Getting back in the gym could be good for her, and maybe a bit of flirting with Ty would help her confidence.

“I’ll give him your number. Now, let’s go, I’m hungry for food!” Chase pulled her up.

“Uh, I need to change!” Alyssa laughed.

“Absolutely not, you look perfect!” Chase pulled her towards the bedroom door. Alyssa caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She looked slutty. Her makeup and hair were messy, the dress was wrinkled, and she could feel cum running down her thigh.

“Seriously? You want me to look like this?” Alyssa felt her body reacting to the idea of going out looking like she’d just been fucked.

“Babe, I want every guy there to think about sex when they look at you.” Chase had an eager look on his face. “Plus, I know it’ll get you hot and we can fuck again after.”

Alyssa chewed on her lip as she thought about it. Years ago, she wouldn’t have given a second thought to going out dressed like this. Well, maybe she would have insisted on cleaning the cum Chase had left in her. She wanted to make Chase happy, and there was a certain appeal to the idea of just letting go.

“Okay,” Alyssa smiled. She was still horny, and the promise of another round after dinner smoothed the path towards displaying herself at Chase’s request.

CHAPTER TWO

“COME ON, ALYSSA! JUST ONE MORE,” Ty encouraged her. Sweat dripped off her body as she groaned with exertion. “Keep those glutes tight! PUSH! YOU GOT IT!”

“AGH!” Alyssa screamed as she stood, her body screaming in protest at the weight on her back. She stumbled forward, Ty helping guide the weight back onto the rack with a loud clang. She sank against the barbell, using it for support while she caught her breath. Sweat was pouring down her face. “Fuck, are you trying to kill me?”

“You did great! That’s a new PB,” Ty slung an arm around her, hugging her tightly despite the sweat dripping off her. Alyssa was proud. A month ago, during her first session, she had struggled not to topple over with just an empty bar on her back, but now she was pumping out reps at more than her bodyweight! Beyond the physical changes that had come, she welcomed the unexpected sense of accomplishment being stronger brought to her.

“Fuck, yes!” Alyssa agreed, hugging him back before pulling away for a high-five. “Cannot believe I did it!”

“I told you.” Ty grinned, bending down to grab her workout log and writing in her reps. Alyssa bit her lip as she watched his muscles ripple. Ty had been training with Chase for years, and friends for almost as long. Her attraction to Chase’s friend was a poorly kept secret, but Alyssa no longer felt guilty about her attraction to Ty after Chase had caught her checking Ty out multiple times over the years and responded only by fucking her. “Really proud of your effort!”

“Thanks!” Alyssa turned and looked into his warm brown eyes. “Seriously, thanks. You’ve really helped with my confidence.”

“That’s what I like to hear! You’ve got no reason to doubt yourself. I know Chase is super proud of you.”

“Uh-huh, he is! And he’s going to owe me some new outfits!” Alyssa was grinning as she recalled her husband’s motivation strategy of a shopping trip if she could get ten reps at higher than body weight.

“Just pick out something sexy,” Ty added. Alyssa blushed, hoping the flush from her workout covered up the red in her cheeks. Ty had always been a flirt, but since breaking up with Jessie he had really turned it up.

“Ty!” Alyssa giggled. “What would Chase say if he heard you say that?”

“Probably agree,” Ty pulled his phone out. “In fact, let’s see what he says.” He typed away, Alyssa looking on in disbelief.

“Hey, what are you saying?” Alyssa asked nervously.

“See for yourself,” Chase answered, handing over his phone. Alyssa read the texts in disbelief.

Ty: Check out your girl getting 11 at 10 pounds over bodyweight.

Chase: Hell yes! Damn, look at her go! Also, what an ASS!

Ty: She’s been killing it lately and it shows. You going to pick out some sexy outfits for her?

Chase: Absolutely. Those sites you sent with the workout clothes were great! The view should get a lot better for sure.

“Wow.” Alyssa wasn’t quite sure what to say. Her husband had clearly been discussing her body and outfits with Ty. The casual nature of the men’s back and forth about her new body felt strangely exhilarating.

“See, he’s cool with it,” Ty said. “He’s got a hot wife. Why wouldn’t he want to show you off?” Alyssa had no reply. “Just go with it.” Ty pointed across the gym to a leggy girl in a tiny sports bra and shorts that left the bottom of her ass hanging out. “You’ve got the body to pull that off, why shouldn’t you?”

Alyssa’s heart raced. She was gaining confidence and had noticed her body changing, but the progress was slow and subtle. She didn’t feel like she had a body that was worth displaying like that, but the external validation from Ty made her question her view of herself. “We’ll see.”

“I hope so!” Ty grinned. “Let’s go finish with some stretches and I’ll chart out your workouts for the week.”

As Alyssa cooled down, her mind roiled with thoughts of Chase and Ty. Her husband clearly wanted to show her off, but also had no problem

discussing her openly with another guy that she spent hours alone with several times per week. It gave her a thrill that Chase had such confidence in her, and if Alyssa was being honest, the boost from Ty's interest didn't hurt.

She realized she had been staring absently at Ty while she stretched when he grinned and winked at her. Alyssa blushed as she turned away to focus on getting a deep stretch.

“Uh, are you sure about these?” Alyssa asked her husband. She had on a small pair of white shorts that were so thin and tight her thong was visible when she bent over. Even standing, part of her butt hung out, and when she bent down she felt them ride up even further.

“Absolutely! Ty says this is the popular style. Besides, you look so freaking sexy,” Chase reached down and cupped her ass. “Don't you think so?”

Alyssa looked at herself in the mirror again. She had on a matching white top that, similar to the bottoms, was thin enough that the brown of her areolas was visible. Alyssa looked like one of the gym girls that spent more time taking selfies than working out. She did look hot, though.

“I look slutty,” Alyssa finally said.

“Yeah, hot!” Chase laughed and pulled her in for a kiss. They started making out. “Ty is going to love this outfit.” Alyssa started giggling, pushing her husband away.

“Why do you care what Ty thinks?”

“Do you mind?” Chase countered.

“No,” Alyssa really didn't. She found her husband's interest in showing her off odd, but very arousing. She was married and shouldn't be interested in what other guys thought of her, but with Chase constantly bringing it up, she couldn't but think about Ty.

“Good, then wear this for him.”

“For you, you mean.” Alyssa stated. Chase just winked at her. Alyssa wanted to wear it for Chase, but she'd be lying if Ty didn't enter into her thought process as well. Ever since hitting her goal, her flirtations with Ty had ramped up significantly. He asked every time about when her new

clothes were arriving, and Alyssa found herself impatient with the shipping delay. Still, it seemed a big step to wear something so purposefully revealing when Chase wouldn't be around. There was no way she could play off her exposure as accidental. "You're sure?"

"Yep! Hurry up or you're going to be late!" Chase pulled away and snapped a quick picture of her. "I'll finish up this demo and cook dinner for us?"

"Okay," Alyssa grinned. "I love you. I'll text when we're wrapping up."

"My eyes are up here," Alyssa joked, causing Ty's head to snap up, though he didn't look embarrassed at being caught checking her out. "I guess you like my outfit?"

"Hell, yes," Ty grinned. "You know that thing is basically transparent, right?"

"Yeah," Alyssa admitted. "Is it too much?"

"Nope, not as long as you and Chase are okay with it," Ty reached out and stroked her midriff. "Damn, you're getting abs."

"I am not," Alyssa muttered, looking down to see Ty's dark hand contrasting against her olive Asian skin. She did have hints of abs peeking out in the morning or at the end of hard workouts, but it was still difficult for her to admit any pride in her body.

"Yeah, you are." Ty let his fingers trail over her bare midriff, tracing the V of her abs down to the top of her lowcut shorts. Alyssa gasped, her body humming under his touch. "See? Right here."

Alyssa held her breath as her trainer and friend let his dark hands run across her exposed skin. Goosebumps formed despite the fact she was burning from her workout. His fingers felt hot. She loved it. "Yeah, okay," Alyssa finally breathed. She looked up into the warm, dark pools of her friend's eyes and saw her lust mirrored there. Reluctantly, they pulled apart.

"We should get some progress pictures of you today," Ty suggested.

"Sure," Alyssa agreed immediately, willing to do almost anything to extend her session. It wasn't until they were alone in a backroom that she realized maybe she was behaving inappropriately. Chase had sent her to

show off, not sneak into a back room with his friend. Still, there was nothing wrong about being alone with a close friend and it wasn't like it was the first time.

"Alright, let's get the lights on," Ty went to the wall and the room brightened significantly. Alyssa immediately knew her barely-there outfit would be transparent under the bright lights.

"Uh, maybe I should get Chase to take these," Alyssa suggested, seriously questioning if Chase had envisioned this scenario when he picked her clothes.

"Why so shy all the sudden?" Ty teased. He turned and saw that Alyssa was truly nervous. "Relax, nothing is going to happen other than getting some sweet progress pictures. I do this with all my clients, especially the ones like you that are showing serious gains."

"Maybe..." Alyssa hesitantly offered. "Can we use my phone?"

"Absolutely, just be sure to save them all, even if you think they're unflattering. Trust me, you'll thank me later when you've made even more progress. The changes are so slow you don't really see them day to day." Ty smiled warmly. "Here, let me help get you comfortable." Without waiting for an answer, Ty ripped his tank top and shorts off, revealing his dark, muscled frame.

"Wow," Alyssa stammered. Ty was in incredible shape! She knew he basically worked out for a living, but seeing him in only a tight pair of boxers really accentuated just how fit he was. Ty's broad chest and shoulders tapered to a narrow waist that framed a set of rippling abs that seemed to point the eye to his package. He had on tight, black boxer briefs with bright blue stitching that accentuated his barely covered cock. Alyssa tried not to stare, but even a brief glimpse made her wonder just how big he was. Her mouth felt dry as she struggled with her desires.

"Okay, let's start with some neutral positions," Ty instructed. He took Alyssa's phone from her nervous fingers. "Like this." Ty demonstrated, standing facing front, then sideways, then turning his back. The side view gave a perfect silhouette of his prominent bulge, and the back revealed a tight round ass shaped by years of weightlifting.

"S-sure," Alyssa replied. She was on edge, which made no sense! She was wearing an outfit no more revealing than ones she saw every trip to the gym on dozens of girls, and Ty was a close friend! She took a deep breath and went through the poses.

“Great! Now let’s get some better poses going,” Ty grinned. “Flex for me!” Ty held his arms up and pumped his biceps and pecs. Alyssa giggled and struck the pose.

“Like this?”

“Yep, perfect!” Ty moved around her, taking pictures from a few angles. Alyssa watched him out of the corner of her eyes. He was clearly checking her out! “Okay, let’s get some of that booty. Chase is going to want to see these, so make them good.”

Alyssa knew it wasn’t just Chase that would want to see them, but she found herself turning around, popping a leg out to display her butt like she’d seen on numerous social media posts.

“How do I look?” Alyssa asked, turning to look over her shoulder. Ty was bent down taking a close up of her ass.

“Fucking incredible,” Ty grinned. “Who knew an Asian chick could get such a nice ass! You’ve been killing it in the gym and it really shows.” Alyssa rolled her eyes but smiled. She had been putting in a ton of effort and the acknowledgement from Ty felt great. “Plus, that thong is sexy as fuck.”

“Ty!” Alyssa giggled, twisting away and blushing deeply.

“What? You had to know how visible it is,” Ty didn’t seem embarrassed at all about discussing her panties.

“Chase wanted me to wear it.” Alyssa felt the need to defend herself. “Was it too much?”

“Hell no!” Ty grinned. “Well, since Chase picked it out, let’s get his opinion on these photos?”

Alyssa looked at Ty. He had a big smile on his face, and she swore the bulge in his tight shorts was even bigger. His cock struggled to escape, and it looked like a battle his tight underwear would soon lose.

Alyssa licked her lips. She knew her husband would love to get the pictures and he’d definitely insist on sex when she got home. She needed cock badly, so she nodded her head. Ty smiled and tapped away on her phone.

“Okay, let’s do one more,” Ty said. “Your choice.”

Alyssa knew immediately what she wanted to do. She got down on her hands and knees, arching her back like she was doing a yoga pose. She kept her eyes closed and her gaze forward, but she could hear Ty’s sharp intake

of breath followed by him shuffling closer. She held the pose, trying to keep steady deep breaths.

"Okay, thanks," Alyssa finally said after an inappropriate amount of time. She opened her eyes, turned to look at Ty, and nearly choked when she was confronted with an up-close view of his underwear-clad dick. It was definitely bigger! The elastic of his underwear gapped away from his body.

"Yeah, no problem," Ty quickly moved away, finally showing some of the nervous sexual energy that had been filling Alyssa all day. "I'm seriously proud of your progress," Ty offered, reaching for his shorts.

"Thanks, couldn't have done it without you," Alyssa smiled at him, feeling a surge of power at how flustered Ty was. "How often should we take more pictures?" Alyssa found herself looking forward to the next teasing session with Ty.

"I think once a month is good."

"Great! I'm looking forward to it." Alyssa winked at him before heading to the locker room.

CHAPTER THREE

“YOU LITTLE SLUT,” Chase said, smirking down at his wife. “Did Ty take these?”

“Y-yes,” Alyssa admitted. She’d calmed down after getting away from Ty, and though still horny, felt a bit ashamed at her behavior. “I’m sorry. I got caught up with you choosing my outfit. I went too far.”

“No, you were perfect,” Chase’s smile softened. “I love you and love these photos.”

“But you called me a slut?” Alyssa frowned. “I was pretty slutty.”

“Yep, and I love you like that.” Chase reached out and pulled his wife in for a kiss. “Just remember when you’re acting all slutty whose slut you are.” Chase looked at her, waiting.

“Yours?” Alyssa ventured.

“Yes,” Chase kissed her again, harder. Alyssa was surprised by his aggression but loved it. “Did you like Ty seeing you like that? Did you like displaying yourself for him?”

“Ah, yes!” Alyssa admitted as Chase reached down to tweak her nipples through her top. She pulled back, not to escape his fingers but to increase the pressure on her aching nipples.

“He could see your tits in this top,” Chase roughly twisted.

“Oh god! He saw my thong too!” Alyssa cried out, losing herself to passion. “He said he liked it!”

“Damn, what a slut,” Chase muttered, reaching down to pull at her shorts. Alyssa lifted her hips to help him disrobe her. “I bet you loved showing off to him.”

“Yes, I did!” Alyssa let her legs fall open. Chase’s cock was standing hard and angry. “He was looking at me too, babe! He couldn’t keep his eyes off me.”

“I’m sure he was,” Chase grabbed her legs, pulling her to the edge of the bed. His fingers easily slid into her wet pussy. Alyssa moaned loudly, rocking her hips to encourage him. “Damn, you’re soaked! Showing off to Ty got you hot!”

“Ugh, I was so bad!” Alyssa was worked up. “Stop teasing and fuck me!”

“Why did you agree to the last pose,” Chase asked, softly rubbing his wife’s clit.

“It was my idea,” Alyssa groaned, rotating her hips to try to entice Chase. Lost in lust, she didn’t hesitate to admit her contribution to the photo session.

“Damn, Alyssa! You slut!” Chase grabbed his wife and flipped her over. “Do it for me.”

“Yes, sir!” Alyssa eagerly pushed up to her hands and knees, arching her back like she had done for Ty. She knew Chase had an unencumbered view of her pussy and ass. “How do I look?”

“Fucking, hell,” Chase sighed, reaching out to softly stroke her ass. “Next time, pose for Ty like *this*. Naked.”

“What?” Alyssa was shocked. She already felt slutty posing for her husband like this. She was sure she was exposing *everything* and couldn’t believe her husband wanted her to do it for their friend! “That’s too slutty.”

Chase spanked her. It wasn’t hard, but it startled and shocked her. “You’ll do it. Look how wet your pussy is just thinking about it!” Chase started spanking her more. “I want you to be a slut and I think you want it too.”

“Oh, fuck!” Alyssa moaned. “Babe, he’ll see everything!”

“You want him to.”

“Ah, yes, fine! I want him to,” Alyssa groaned.

“That’s what I thought, slut,” Chase spanked her one last time before climbing on the bed. “Fuck, look how wet you are! It’s dripping down your thighs! I bet you’d let him fuck you, if his cock was big enough.”

“Oh, god yes! It’s big enough,” Alyssa groaned as her husband filled her. He paused, halfway in.

“How do you know how big he is?” Chase spanked her again. “Did you fuck him?”

“What? No!” Alyssa panicked, realizing how it sounded.

“Oh.” Chase sounded oddly disappointed. Alyssa realized he was into it, at least as a form of dirty talk.

“He wanted to make me more comfortable, so he stripped to his underwear,” Alyssa offered. She felt her husband’s cock throb and he pushed in deeper. He wasn’t angry, he loved it! “You like that, babe? I was bad. Your black friend almost got naked with your wife!”

“Slut!” Chase grabbed her hips and started fucking her. He was way rougher than usual, not that Alyssa minded at all.

“His cock is big!” Alyssa teased. Chase’s grip tightened. “Fuck, you like that!”

“Yes,” he admitted. “How did you see it?” He was breathing so hard she could barely understand him.

“I didn’t. Just in his boxers, but he started getting hard.” Alyssa moaned as her husband pounded her. “Fuck!” She dropped her head to the bed, reaching back with an arm to rub her clit. “I think he’s bigger than you.”

Chase grunted, his animal noises full of anger and lust. “You always liked them big.”

“Fuck yeah I do!” Chase felt bigger today than he ever had before. “Maybe I should let him fuck me.” She had no idea why she said it and immediately wanted to back track, but Chase loved it.

“Fuck, Alyssa!” Chase groaned, his cock swelling. Alyssa focused on the feeling of her husband filling her, her finger flying over her clit. He clearly loved her teasing Ty, and perhaps even more than just teasing! Alyssa thought about how it had felt when Ty’s finger had caressed the exposed skin at the edge of her shorts and how his cock had looked from her position on her knees.

“Ah, fuck!” Alyssa grunted, her orgasm crashing down on her as she recalled the hot touch of her black friend and trainer. Her pussy spasmed around her husband, milking his manhood. The strength of her orgasm surprised her and left no room for guilty thoughts about cumming while thinking about Chase’s friend. From Chase’s wild thrusts, Alyssa suspected he was thinking about the same thing. Chase kept fucking her, but at an easier pace, until Alyssa’s climax subsided.

“Wow,” Chase panted. Alyssa moaned in agreement and let her husband guide the two of them to the bed, Chase still filling her pussy as they spooned. Alyssa was quiet, concerned about her husband was going to react now that he had cum.

“Sorry,” Alyssa finally said. “I let things get out of hand.”

“Babe, that was perfect,” Chase snuggled against her. He was still hard! “Was he really in his underwear?”

“Yeah,” Alyssa admitted. Chase started to thrust gently against her. It felt good and Alyssa moaned appreciatively. “He looked big...”

“Damn, that’s hot,” Chase grunted. “You’re such a natural slut.”

“Ah, you love me though, right?” Alyssa felt another orgasm building.

“Yes! I love you so much,” Chase pulled her head around. The two lapsed into silence as they kissed. The sex was urgent but gentler—Alyssa needing to show how she was still into her husband after their dirty talk about his friend. Chase’s hand clutched desperately at her, drawing her hips back towards him. Alyssa could feel cum running out of her as Chase slid his cock in and out. She was shocked but pleased he was hard enough to make love again.

After their earlier furious coupling, the passionate pace felt validating. It was clear that Chase was still into her and loved her. Not that this wasn’t intense—despite lacking the anger of the first round, Chase still fucked her far harder than he usually did. Alyssa found herself thrusting back to meet her husband and needing to break away to catch her breath.

“You feel good,” Alyssa groaned, completely focused on the feel of her husband’s cock and body and arms.

“Did you want to see his cock?” Chase asked. It was a sudden shift in the mood that caught Alyssa off guard.

“Yes,” she admitted before fully comprehending his question.

“Damn, that’s so hot,” Chase eagerly continued. “Want me to scope him out for you? See if he’s big enough?”

“What?” Alyssa asked, her mind swirling with lust and confusion.

“He goes to the sauna after we workout. I never join him, but I could start going.” Chase’s pace was starting to pick up. “I know you like big cocks.”

“UGH!” Alyssa came hard at the thought of her husband scouting out a big cock for her. It was such a strange gesture of love and wicked sexual energy that Alyssa didn’t know how to handle it other than just let go. Her

sudden orgasm surprised them both, Chase clutching at his wife tightly as she twitched in his arms.

“Wow, I take it that’s a yes!” Chase laughed.

“Umm,” Alyssa moaned, too worn out to have this discussion. Chase throbbed inside of her, unsatisfied and ready for more. “Just fuck me. I need to sleep.”

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CHAPTER FOUR

ALYSSA WATCHED as Chase followed Ty into the sauna, both wrapped in towels. Her heart raced from anxiety and arousal. She had never worked up the courage to talk about her posing for Ty or the round of sex with Chase that had followed. Evidently, her husband had taken her silence as a go-ahead for scouting out Ty's dick, initiative that Alyssa still didn't understand but wouldn't argue with.

Alyssa scrambled to collect her things, quickly changing in the locker room and slipping into the women's side of the sauna. She knew from experience there were thin walls. She swallowed a curse when she found another woman sitting with her back to the shared wall.

"Do you mind?" Alyssa asked, gesturing at an empty seat and wondering when she would leave.

"No, feel free," the woman giggled. "If we're quiet, we can hear those two hunks next door."

"Really?" Alyssa asked, trying to seem only mildly interested. "Which guys?"

"I recognize Ty's voice, but not the other," the woman said. "I'm Liz, by the way."

"Alyssa." The two shook hands. "Ty trains me."

"Oh, lucky! He's so hot," Liz giggled. Alyssa opened her mouth to respond, but the sound of her husband's voice interrupted her.

"Thanks for working out with her. It's really boosted her confidence."

"It's all in her head. She's hot as hell," Ty said. "She's putting in the work and it shows. You think she would be willing to do some progress

photos for my website? She'd be great for drumming up business. Nothing sells like a hot chick, and Alyssa is looking fine."

"Yeah, I'm sure she'd do anything you asked," Chase answered—the implication burned in Alyssa's ears. "She's proud of her progress so I'm sure she'd like showing it off. It's been great getting to see her in booty shorts again and she's definitely getting over her shyness."

"It's certainly made our workouts better. Not gonna lie, it's a challenge not to get hard when she's out there bending over in front of me and grunting."

"Don't blame you. She sounds like she's fucking when she's lifting hard."

The two men laughed, and Alyssa blushed. Liz smiled, and leaned forward, a glint in her eyes and her own cheeks red.

"If Ty weren't so hot, I would think he was disgusting. Lucky girl to have caught his eye, though. Especially with a husband that's so cool with showing her off," Liz whispered.

"Yeah," Alyssa agreed, her heart in her throat.

"Damn, just talking about her is getting me hard," Ty chimed in. The girl's glanced at each other and stifled giggles. "Sorry, man. I know she's your wife an all."

"Dude, no worries. I like showing her off." Chase sounded proud. "Whoa, shit man, is that even real?" Ty's rumbling laugh filtered through the wall. "Fuck, and I thought I was big."

"Eh, it's not always a blessing. A lot of girls are curious but once it comes down to business they chicken out."

"Damn, I bet," Chase laughed. "I'd better keep Alyssa away from you, though. She's always chased big dicks. Complete size queen."

Ty's reply was cut short as the sound of the men's sauna door opened. Liz and Alyssa shared a glance, both their faces flushed.

"Wow!" Liz mouthed. Alyssa met her grin, wondering what her husband had seen. Chase was right, she had always chased big dicks and if her husband thought Ty was big, he must be huge! Alyssa couldn't believe her husband had actually followed through to scout out their friend's manhood, or that the two had so blatantly discussed her. She would normally feel bad at spying on her husband, but she was sure he would understand.

Liz scooted over next to Alyssa and sighed. The guys next door silent now that a third had joined them.

“Can you believe those two?” Liz whispered. “Damn, I’m so jealous of whomever they were talking about! Sounds like Ty’s friend wants to share her.”

“Oh,” Alyssa’s heart was hammering. Could her husband really want that? He’d dropped more than a few hints and cum hard when she’d teased him about it. “It’s probably just guys talking.”

“Yeah,” Liz agreed. “Still, fun to think about, right?”

“Yes!” Alyssa covered her mouth, surprised at her own enthusiasm. Liz winked and joined her in giggling.

“Well, I’ll see you around. I need to get home and take care of a different sort of heat.” Liz mimed masturbating before sliding out of the sauna. Alyssa was flushed, and not just from her workout or the sauna. Liz wasn’t the only one that needed to take care of herself.

Alyssa sighed, wondering when her husband was going to leave. She wanted to fuck him. No, she needed to fuck him. Working out with Ty always left her wanting sex, but today’s eavesdropping had put her lust level over the top.

“Damn, thought he’d never leave,” Ty laughed as the entrance to the sauna next door slammed. “No way I was getting up with this thing awake.” Alyssa froze, eager to hear more. “Sorry about this.”

“No worries, I’m right there with you,” Chase said easily. “Alyssa has that effect on guys.”

They were going to start talking about her again! Ty was fucking hard!

“You’re telling me. I’ve had to start jerking off before each session with her just so I don’t embarrass myself.”

“Maybe you should try just letting it happen. She’d like it,” Chase suggested. “She already comes home soaking wet after each workout and fucks me, so I can’t imagine what she’d do if she knew what you were packing. Hell, maybe she’d get so worked up she lets me stick it in her ass.”

Alyssa realized she was playing with her bare breast, her towel fallen away. She was horny and couldn’t wait any longer. She slipped a hand down under her short towel, seeking out her wet pussy. A shudder ran through her body when her fingers slide through her wetness to find her clit. She stifled a moan, arching her back in pleasure.

“You’re killing me dude. If you keep talking about that hot wife of yours and how she would like my cock, this thing will never go down.”

“Ha! I’ll leave you to it then. Alyssa is probably wondering where I got lost. If I run into her, maybe I can send her in to help you out,” Chase taunted, the door closing behind him before Ty could respond.

“Lucky bastard,” Ty grumbled.

Alyssa couldn’t believe what she’d just overheard. Her finger flew over her clit, her mind swirling over what Ty was hiding on the other side of the thin wall. As Ty fumbled around next door, Alyssa came hard. She managed to keep herself from screaming by biting down on her hand, her legs flexing as she struggled to cum silently.

“...for just ten minutes. Trust me, the heat will feel *amazing!*” a voice outside the sauna startled Alyssa.

“Shit!” She scrambled to wrap the towel around herself, tucking the top back in just as the sauna door opened and two girls spilled in. “All yours,” Alyssa quickly said, moving to flee the room and any potential for embarrassment.

As she rounded the corner, she ran smack into a firm wall of dark muscle, tumbling to the ground in a heap as her towel slid free. Alyssa stared up into the equally shocked face of Ty. The two were silent, each holding their breath, until Ty’s eyes darted down over Alyssa’s exposed body.

“Sorry!” Ty said, moving to help cover her. He tried to keep his eyes to himself, but it was hard not to look at the naked woman you had just been fantasizing about. Alyssa was speechless. She laid there stunned as Ty reached around her, pulling the towel to cover her nudity. “You okay?”

“Uh,” Alyssa shook her head. “Oh my god!” Her face turned bright red. “Yes, I’m fine. I’m sorry. See you next time!” Alyssa fled, clutching the towel around her body. She changed in record time, rushing to make sure she would be safely out at their car before Ty had a chance to get dressed.

She sat in the passenger seat, taking deep breaths while she waited for Chase. Things were getting out of control! She had just gotten herself off in a public sauna and then somehow managed to top that by exposing herself to her husband’s friend!

A rap on the window startled her out of her thoughts. Chase was grinning and waving. Alyssa unlocked the doors, unsure of how to broach her bad behavior with her husband. He had no such qualms, and as soon as he had the car in drive, opened with a full salvo.

“Damn, went right for the kill with the full frontal?” Chase smiled.

“What?” Alyssa wasn’t sure what he meant by that.

“I thought you would play it subtler, but the whole ‘Oh, no! I’m the helpless klutz that can’t keep her towel on!’ act is a classic. Just did not expect you to go full nude right in the middle of the gym.” Alyssa realized her husband not only knew about her exposure but thought it had been on purpose. “Honestly, after all the time spying on us in the sauna, I thought you would have had a more creative plan.”

“Spying?” Alyssa’s face drained of color.

“Oh, don’t act surprised. I’ve been in there and heard the talk from the girl’s side.”

“You knew I was in there?” Alyssa wasn’t sure if she was happy or mad that her husband knew. Her mind whirled from the whiplash of her husband’s words and the rapidly evolving conversation. She wanted to exert some control. “I didn’t drop the towel on purpose.”

“You didn’t?” Chase sounded surprised and unconvinced. “It just looked so... perfectly planned.”

“Well it was an accident!” Alyssa was embarrassed. “I was in a hurry.”

“Really, why?” Chase asked as he pulled into their driveway.

“Um,” Alyssa wasn’t sure how to answer that. Should she tell the truth? Part of her wanted to, just to test and see how slutty Chase really wanted her. “Some girls almost walked in on me in the sauna.”

“So? We had a guest interrupt us too. It’s no big deal.” Chase put the car into park and hit the button for the garage door. He turned to look at his silent wife, studying her face. Alyssa’s eyes were wide, her lips parted. “Walked *in* on you?”

“You know...” Alyssa dropped her eyes. She had never felt more embarrassed in her life.

“You were masturbating in there?!” Chase seemed in awe. When Alyssa gave a small nod, he bolted from the car, ripping her door open and dragging her out. “You seriously got yourself off in the sauna?”

“Yes.” Alyssa saw his lust and raw need in her husband’s eyes. Her own body responded, eager to please him and soften her guilt.

“You dirty slut!” Chase’s light tone and didn’t match his harsh words. He clearly loved what’d she done. “Bend over the car.” He pushed his shorts down, his cock already hard and throbbing.

Alyssa complied eagerly, only managing to get her shorts and panties halfway down her thighs before her impatient husband slapped her hands

away and pushed into her needy pussy. He was rough, which was just how Alyssa wanted it. Chase's cock felt great, and his desperate thrusts helped wash away the guilt Alyssa felt about getting off to the thought of Ty and his huge black cock.

"Fuck me, babe!" Alyssa begged.

"Damn, you're fucking wet! Hearing Ty talk about you get you that worked up?" Chase taunted. Alyssa felt her pussy gush at her husband's words. "I can feel you clench around me, slut."

"No! It's you!" Alyssa protested weakly, her pussy spasming at the thought of Ty.

"Right, so you're not interested in that black dick he has swinging between his legs?" Chase teased.

"No..." Alyssa moaned unconvincingly. Her hips rocked back to meet each thrust. She wished her husband would stop talking about Ty. Not because she wasn't enjoying it, but because she realized she liked it too much.

"Guess you're not interested in hearing about what I saw then," Chase slowed his pace. Frustrated by his teasing, Alyssa pushed back, trying to get him to go faster.

"I didn't say that," Alyssa admitted after it became clear Chase wasn't going to pick things back up until she played along.

"Well too bad." Chase spanked her ass. Alyssa's pussy tightened at each sharp slap to her cheeks. "Only a dirty cheating slut would want to hear about another man's cock, and that's not you apparently."

"Babe, please!" Alyssa groaned. "Stop teasing me! I want to cum!"

"Tell me what you were doing in the sauna," Chase instructed, his spanking intensifying, but his cock kept the same torturous pace. Alyssa desperately tried to thrust back, but Chase easily held her in place.

"Fuck! Fine! I was getting myself off listening to you and Ty talk about me like a fucking slut!" Alyssa grunted, admitting this fed her lust. Chase started fucking her harder, encouraging her arousal and further dirty admissions. "I came so fucking hard thinking about Ty and you! Oh fuck! How big was his cock?! It sounded huge! Did he get hard!?"

"You fucking slut!" Chase cried, gripping her hips and abandoning restraint. Alyssa wailed as her body was smashed repeatedly against the car by her husband's fervor. Her words drove them both to new heights of passion. "Agh, fuck Alyssa!"

Alyssa felt his cock swell, her own arousal rising to meet her husband's. Chase pushed into her hard, driving the air from her lungs. A whine escaped from her as she came, thrashing hard as her husband pinned her in place. Desperate, Alyssa turned her head to the side to find her husband's lips.

"I love you," Alyssa practically sobbed, spasms racking her body. Chase grunted in response, still emptying inside of her before pressing his mouth to hers. They kissed hungrily, Alyssa's tightening pussy milking her husband and sustaining his pleasure. "I'm sorry," Alyssa said weakly when Chase started to push himself up.

"For what? Are you okay?" He looked worried and the air seemed to come out from him. "Did I hurt you?"

"A good wife shouldn't do or say the things I did..." Alyssa couldn't meet her husband's eye, but he reached down and lifted her chin up.

"Alyssa, I love you. That was incredible, and maybe I don't want a *good* wife. *Bad* is so much more fun," Chase grinned then kissed her forehead gently. "You were perfect. *Are* perfect!"

"I don't deserve you," Alyssa sighed. His words soothed her enough to relax.

"You deserve whatever you want." Chase reached down and helped his wife up. Her ass was bright red and cum ran out of her sloppy pussy and down her legs.

When Alyssa turned to look at her husband, she was startled to find his wet cock hard and throbbing in the cool garage air. Despite her two recent orgasms, her husband's unsated lust was enough to make her want more. Chase's dick was big, but the sight of it standing there so proudly made her think of the other cock that had been on her mind lately.

"Tell me about Ty's," Alyssa asked, her eyes never leaving Chase's dick. He twitched at her mention of their friend and a strand of precum slid from the tip and dangled in the air.

"What about him?" Chase teased.

"How big was his cock?"

"Slut," Chase grinned.

"You shouldn't call your wife a slut," Alyssa whispered, but she wasn't upset. It turned her on. "Even if it's true."

"A real slut would just find out for herself," Chase said.

"What?" Alyssa's heart was hammering.

“If you were a real slut, you wouldn’t need me to tell you about Ty’s dick. You’d find out on your own.” Chase waited, staring at his wife as precum leaked from his cock. Alyssa finally slid her gaze from her husband’s throbbing manhood to his face, finding a challenging look on his face. “Are you a real slut?”

Alyssa bit her lip. She wanted to be. The thought of seeing Ty’s cock in person was intoxicating, and Chase’s strange challenge only made it more appealing. “If you want me to be.”

“Good girl.” Chase leaned forward and pressed his forehead against her. “I love you, now let’s go fuck.”

“Chase!” Alyssa laughed as he scooped her up, tossing her easily over his shoulder before carrying her into the house.

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CHAPTER FIVE

“DAMN, so she dumped you because you weren’t willing to go back to football?” Alyssa asked between breaths. She leaned against the squat rack, enjoying the cool metal against her skin.

“Partly,” Ty admitted. “She was always chasing ball players. I think we might have been able to make it if it wasn’t for the other shit.”

“Other stuff?” Alyssa was curious. She’d been working out for months with Ty, the two of them growing closer. They’d been friends through Chase, but lately they’d started opening up more directly with one another. Alyssa tried to keep her thoughts clean, but it didn’t help that Chase seemed to bring up their mutual attraction at every opportunity. Or how after every workout he’d ask if she’d seen his cock yet. Alyssa stifled a grin as she saw Ty run his eyes over her body, but managed to avoid any visible reaction other than the hardening of her nipples. It wasn’t like she wasn’t guilty of checking him out too.

“Yeah, you know, the whole white girl and black guy thing,” Ty shrugged. “I don’t think her family ever really approved, and once it was clear I wasn’t going to be making millions...”

“Damn, I’m sorry to hear that.” Alyssa hesitated. “Not exactly the same, but I know my parents were pissed about me and Chase.”

“Really?” Ty seemed surprised. “He’s a great guy and I don’t understand exactly what it is he does, but he seems to be doing pretty great.”

“Oh, yeah that wasn’t the problem. He’s white.” Alyssa rarely talked about this with anyone, but Ty had gone through similar, probably even worse stuff than her. “Parents wanted me to marry a Korean guy.”

“Damn, really?” Ty was shocked. “Didn’t know that was a thing.”

“Oh, yeah,” Alyssa laughed. “Honestly, it’s kind of funny. They named me a white name so I would fit in better in America, but when I started dating white guys they flipped their shit. Wasn’t the first time though, I’ve always been a disappointment.”

“That can’t be true.”

“Let’s just say part time barista might as well be part time stripper in their eyes,” Alyssa joked.

“Well, I’ve had your coffee. You’re great at it. I’m sure you’d do just as good as a stripper,” Ty joked, but his gaze ran hungrily over her body. Alyssa was wearing a revealing pair of leggings with mesh panels that went up the hip and clearly showed off her lack of underwear. Her top, a loose tank with huge cutouts on the sides, wasn’t much better, especially considering the fact that Chase had convinced her to go without a bra.

“Ty!” Alyssa laughed as Ty winked. “Thanks... Time for the next set?”

“Yeah,” Ty tore his gaze from the sexy Asian wife and looked at his notes. “Five reps. Really focus on keeping your lats engaged. And remember, that ass isn’t just for looking at. Work those glutes!”

“Yes, sir!” Alyssa giggled, getting into position for a deadlift. She bent down, feeling her top gap away from her. She was certain she had been showing Ty her bare breasts all evening, but it was her husband’s idea and she found her exposure thrilling. As soon as he found out she had to work the closing shift but still planned on meeting Ty afterwards, he had pushed her to wear an even more revealing outfit.

Alyssa looked up at Ty to see if he was ready with his phone, smiling to herself when his eyes darted away from her chest. Alyssa took a deep breath, then grasped the bar. The first lifts went easily, but by the last one she was struggling, her body shaking with effort. Ty was yelling encouragement, but the fight against gravity was all Alyssa could focus on.

With a scream, Alyssa straightened her body, locking into place. She grinned, turning to look at Ty then dropping the bar. Ty’s eyes were focused on her chest, she glanced down to discover her left boob had popped out. Blushing, she tucked it away.

“How’d I look?” Alyssa asked, moving closer to Ty.

“Great as always,” Ty held out his phone. She watched her form, noticing how on the last rep her back had started to round. Her breast was plainly visible, and if Alyssa was honest with herself, looked pretty great.

Her nipple was engorged from the strenuous effort of lifting almost double her bodyweight off the ground.

Alyssa turned to look at Ty. He was so close she could smell him. Their bare arms rubbed against each other. Alyssa felt like kissing him, and in a daze leaned forward.

The ding of the front door spooked them, the two jumping back looking nervous. The gym had been empty since their arrival, giving them a false sense of solitude. Alyssa handed her phone back and started to re-rack her weights.

“Already done?” Chase’s voice called from the door. Alyssa looked up, happy to see her husband.

“Yeah, just finished up!” Alyssa left the plates on the ground and went to hug her husband.

“Damn, you look sexy as hell,” Chase whispered, sliding his hands down to cop a quick feel of her ass.

“Glad you think so. I know Ty did too,” Alyssa giggled. “The top doesn’t exactly contain the girls.”

“Hot,” Chase laughed. “So, you finally saw his dick?”

“What? No!” Alyssa whispered, looking to make sure Ty wasn’t nearby.

“Do you want to?”

Alyssa froze, looking to see if her husband was serious. By the feel of his hardening cock, he was. Alyssa wanted to see Ty, had for weeks. Her husband’s incessant teasing never let her get it out of her thoughts. She bit her lip and decided to see if her husband was serious. Alyssa stared into Chase’s eyes as she nodded.

“Hey Ty, were you serious about those progress pictures with Alyssa?” Chase said immediately, releasing his wife. “Maybe we could take some now. Perhaps with me too?”

“Hell yeah, that would be amazing,” Ty beamed. “It might seem stupid, but they make a big difference and you two definitely have some crazy results to show off.”

“It probably doesn’t hurt when you have a sexy bitch like Alyssa posing either,” Chase added. Ty laughed as Alyssa blushed at her husband’s language. The more they fucked while talking about Ty, the dirtier Chase spoke about her. Alyssa loved it.

“Guys, I’m right here!” Alyssa put a hand on her hip and cocked it to the side, frustrated but turned on at how they openly talked about her.

“You up for some pictures?” Ty asked. “Now would be perfect. You’re pumped.”

Alyssa looked back at her husband. He had an eager expression on his face. From Chase’s earlier words, Alyssa was wondering where exactly this could be heading. Chase seemed willing, and she was horny, so her husband’s enthusiastic expression was enough to convince Alyssa this was a good idea.

“Okay, sure,” Alyssa agreed, trying her best to hide her nervous eagerness.

“Awesome!” Ty beamed. “Let me lock up. Chase, you should warm up a bit, get those muscles ready.”

Ty swept out of the room. Chase slipped his shirt off and grabbed some dumbbells. Alyssa watched, unsure of what he was thinking.

“Chase, where is this going?” Alyssa asked, moving closer. She was turned on from flirting with Ty, and her husband pumping iron without a shirt on wasn’t doing anything to help her calm down.

“Nowhere you don’t want it to,” Chase replied cryptically. Alyssa found her husband’s response infuriating, but before she could reply Ty was back with them.

“All right, Alyssa. Let’s start with some normal solo ones of you. You know the drill.” Ty gestured to a spot by the squat racks while holding his phone. Alyssa gave her husband one last look. He winked and nodded his head towards where Ty had pointed.

In a daze, Alyssa found herself going through the same poses she always did. Her outfit wasn’t the best, the loose top obscuring her fit torso and she made an effort to make sure her tits didn’t fall out while Ty had his camera trained on her. Ty didn’t seem to mind, though. Alyssa realized she was still showing off a lot of cleavage when she saw her husband, behind Ty, give her a thumbs up. He had his own phone out and seemed to be filming the scene.

Alyssa felt high. There was no other way to describe what it felt like to be revealing herself for another man while her husband encouraged and watched her. She turned to the side, raising her arms. The top slid as she stretched and flexed, and she was certain Ty was getting a full view of her side boob.

When she turned for some back pictures, she stuck her ass out. She made no pretense that it was anything but sexual, and when she heard Ty’s

sharp intake of breath, she pushed it further by grabbing the waist of her leggings and pulling them up. She felt the thing stretchy material slide between her cheeks, defining her bum.

“Damn, Alyssa, you trying to get Ty to jump you?” Chase joked. She blushed at the blatant reference to her display, but kept herself facing forward—even bending further, pushing onto her toes, and arching her back.

“Okay, let’s get you in there, Chase,” Ty said finally. He sounded almost reluctant to move things on. Alyssa released her leggings and turned. Both men wore clear expressions of lust. Chase grinned, propped his phone up, then moved towards his wife. He was shirtless, with a thin sheen of sweat glistening off his muscles.

“How do you want us?” Chase asked.

“Do what feels natural, but they’ll be best if the two of you pose together,” Ty instructed.

Posing with her husband felt silly at first. It was awkward enough doing it by herself, but adding another person made it even harder. Chase seemed to embrace the awkward though. After a few poses that showed off their general shape, he took control.

“How’s this?” Chase asked, turning his back to the camera and adopting the same pose Alyssa had earlier. His shorts were much thicker than Alyssa’s leggings, so the effect was less pronounced.

“Sorry, babe, those shorts just aren’t showing off that juicy butt of yours,” Alyssa pointed out.

“You’re right,” Chase replied, quickly undoing them and kicking them across the room. He had on a pair of bright green boxer briefs that tightly hugged his ass and package. “Better?”

“Yes,” Alyssa hissed, licking her lips. Chase was hard, his cock filling out the tight underwear. Alyssa couldn’t keep her eyes off it, but blushed when she realized both men were watching her stare.

“Oh yeah, now we can see those muscles,” Ty added. Chase grabbed his wife, picking her up in one arm and flexing with the other. Alyssa laughed, looking down at her husband. “Perfect you two!”

Chase looked up into Alyssa’s eyes, the two beaming at each other. They moved through a number of poses, mostly showing off their physiques, but the more they posed, the more sexual they became. It was Chase that pushed things.

“Ty, I don’t think we can see her body properly in these clothes,” he suggested casually. Alyssa froze. Chase had picked out her outfit and knew she was naked underneath! There was no way he could have forgotten considering how often her breasts were popping out.

“Yeah, you’re right,” Ty agreed. “Very cute outfit, but not the best for showing off those abs.”

“Maybe she could take it off,” Chase hinted, nudging his wife.

“Uh, guys, I’m not really wearing anything under this,” Alyssa felt like a deer being hunted by predators. The two men grinned at each other, knowing they were closing in on their prey.

“That’s okay, we can pose carefully,” Chase readily put forward. “And they can do amazing things with editing. I’m sure Ty can make sure nothing shows.”

“Yeah, it’s super easy,” Ty added his voice to the argument for Alyssa getting naked. Alyssa’s body hummed with a desire to obey. “Besides, it’s not like I haven’t seen you naked before.”

“Ty!” Alyssa blushed deeply. “That was an accident.”

“A happy accident,” Ty grinned. “Right, Chase?”

“I’m not convinced it was an accident. Alyssa’s not usually so clumsy. Unless there was some *reason* she was so flustered, I think she planned the whole thing.” Chase smirked at his wife. Alyssa was stiff as a board, terrified her husband was going to out her semi-public self-love session.

“Fine!” Alyssa desperately agreed, hoping this would put an end to the discussion. It seemed less embarrassing to get naked than admit she’d gotten herself off while listening to them talk about her. The two guys were shocked but pleased Alyssa had caved. They were even more surprised when Alyssa quickly ripped her top off, her full breasts bouncing into view. She had goosebumps and her nipples ached for attention.

Her leggings followed before either guy had a chance to fully digest the view. She bent to pull them off her feet, her perky breasts swinging freely. She stood, not sure of what to do after stripping off in the middle of a gym in front of her husband and another man. Alyssa was proud of her body and had worked hard in recent months to get in the best shape of her life, so the reaction of the men pleased her immensely. They were practically drooling as their eyes roved over her exposed skin.

“Wow,” Ty finally managed.

“Fucking sexy, isn’t she?” Chase asked as if she wasn’t standing there. The way he casually talked about her like she was a stripper or a whore was confusing. She knew he loved her deeply, but the degrading language left her feeling oddly aroused and ready for more.

“Yeah, she’s incredible,” Ty answered. “Waxed or shaved?” Ty was staring daggers at her bare pussy.

“W-waxed,” Alyssa forced herself to say. She wanted to fuck. The realization terrified her because she didn’t care whose cock she used.

“It’s perfect.” Ty winked at her. Alyssa felt herself relax a bit. “Okay, well let’s get some pictures. We can probably do the same poses as before. They’ll be much better now that we can see those abs and the muscles in your legs.”

Alyssa took a deep breath and turned to her husband to resume their modeling. His tight boxers tented obscenely now. Alyssa felt similarly turned on and was glad her arousal was less obvious. Her mind spun as they moved through different positions. Now that she was naked, Ty moved around more to get the right angles. He also started posing them, reaching out to put them in just the right pose.

Each time Ty’s hand touched her Alyssa felt a jolt of arousal. Here she was, naked with her husband and another man. Alyssa was delirious with arousal. Either of them could have pushed her down to the ground and taken her. It was her husband that made the move.

Alyssa had grabbed a squat rack, thrusting her ass out towards her husband. Ty was to the side snapping photos. Alyssa didn’t care that her tits were out—far past the point of caring about modesty or what Ty was documenting. Chase grasped her hips, and Alyssa wiggled, turning to look at the camera.

“Ah!” Alyssa gasped as she felt her husband’s cock slid into her pussy. It went in easier than ever, but her eager acceptance and arched back were the real clues to how turned on she was. Chase wasted no time in taking his wife. “Fuck, Chase! Ty’s watching us!” Alyssa cried, more to vocalize the situation than to protest. Alyssa was staring right into the black trainer’s eyes as he watched them.

“Do you want me to stop?” Chase grunted.

“I want-,” Alyssa stopped, not sure what she wanted. She definitely did not want Chase to stop fucking her. Ty licked his lips, a bulge visible in his tight athletic shorts that put Chase’s to shame. “I want to see Ty’s cock.”

“Good slut,” Chase encouraged. Alyssa barely heard him, watching as Ty grinned and started to push his shorts down. He did it slow, frustrating Alyssa.

“Ty, stop teasing me!” Alyssa pouted, so focused on Ty that she barely felt Chase fucking her.

“Damn, look how eager she is for it,” Chase laughed. He started spanking her lightly.

“Yeah, girls love black cock,” Ty teased. “You ever had one before?”

“No!” Alyssa moaned, her eyes locked on Ty’s crotch. “Spank me harder!”

Ty smiled, then eased his shorts down his muscular thighs. His cock was thick, heavy, and fully erect. Alyssa had never seen one that big in person before!

“Ever seen one this big?” Ty smirked, reading her mind.

“No!” Alyssa’s eyes were wide. Chase was stilling fucking her, but Alyssa’s full attention was on the perfect black specimen throbbing just a few feet away. Alyssa licked her lips.

It was all the invitation Ty needed, he took two steps forward, his thick cock clearly on offer. Alyssa eager reached for it, wrapping her fingers around him and drawing him to her mouth. He was incredibly large, but Alyssa was determined. She swirled her tongue around the head of his dick, coating him with saliva before pulling him deep into her mouth. She looked up to find Ty filming her with a grin on his face.

Chase grunted behind her and Alyssa realized she had just begged to see his black friend’s dick then taken Ty in her mouth without a second thought, all while Chase fucked her. She couldn’t tell if Chase’s grunt voiced displeasure, but his cock seemed to appreciate her decisive behavior. She’d never felt him so hard before. His spansks were hard now, verging on the roughest he’d ever given her.

“Damn, look at this slut on my black cock,” Ty sighed happily as Alyssa worked her mouth up and down about half his dick.

“Yeah, she’s loving it,” Chase agreed from behind her. “Her pussy is gushing.”

Alyssa moaned at their crass discussion of her behavior. She was loving it, though. She had never had such a big cock in her mouth before. On top of that, it was her first time with a black guy and her husband was pounding away insides her at the same time! Alyssa pulled her hand off of Ty’s cock,

reaching around to grab his muscular ass. It felt incredible! Chase was in really good shape, but Ty's ass was sculpted from years of dedication to developing his body.

"Fuck, Alyssa! You're eager for it, aren't you?" Ty was staring down at her, their eyes locked. She nodded her head, never pulling her mouth from him. Ty placed a hand on the back of her head, holding her in place as he took over in her mouth. Alyssa's moans turned desperate. She wanted more. "Chase, you married a real slut."

"Damn straight," Chase grunted, his breath labored. Alyssa recognized the signs of her husband's pending orgasm, a fact that surprised and pushed her own arousal higher. Chase wasn't just okay with her sucking Ty's black dick, he got off on it! The knowledge of her husband's enjoyment deeply satisfied her and released her from any feelings of shame.

"Come on, slut, you can take it," Ty pulled her head down onto his cock. Alyssa was caught off guard as several inches of Ty's fat cock slid into her throat. She had experience with deepthroating Chase, but he usually let her take the lead. Ty just took what he wanted. "Hell yeah, slut! Swallow me!"

Alyssa's eyes widened as she came, her groan of pleasure turning into a gag as several more inches of Ty's cock slid into her throat and cut off her air. Chase drove his cock into her, and she could feel him pumping her full of cum, but she wanted him to keep fucking her! Alyssa rocked her hips back at her husband, her pussy twitching around him as she kept cumming.

Alyssa's display of pleasure was enough for Ty. He held her head in place as he pumped several shots straight down the married Asian woman's throat. His swelling cock was all the sign of his orgasm, Alyssa struggling as he held her down. Just as she started to grow faint Ty pulled out, a single blast of cum filling her mouth before he painted her face.

Alyssa gagged on the mouthful of cum when she tried to greedily suck in air. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, her dying orgasm seemed to rise from the ashes, her body thrashing as Ty emptied the last of his orgasm on her face. She had never been a fan of facials, mostly because of the cleanup, but something felt *right* about Ty marking her like this.

"Damn dude. You really hosed her down," Chase said, his cock buried to the hilt inside of her but no longer moving. The reminder that Chase witnessed her debasement only turned her on more.

Ty grinned, seemingly unconcerned with the fact that he had just cum all over another man's wife. He fed his cock back into Alyssa's mouth and she greedily took it, swirling her tongue and sucking gently to clean him. Ty was still filming her, and she stared up into the camera.

Reluctantly, Ty pulled away. His cum dripped off of Alyssa's face as she stood, pushing her husband out of her. Alyssa was worn out but supremely satisfied. Cum slid down her forehead and nose, and she shot her tongue out to collect it, swirling it around with her tongue.

"You taste good," Alyssa said, reaching up to scrape more of Ty into her mouth. Ty was shocked by her wanton behavior. His cock responded eagerly, quickly filling and returning to its full glory. "Hmm, you'll have to take care of that this time." Alyssa winked at him then strode naked to the locker room knowing if she stayed, Ty would fuck her.

Alone, she stared at herself in the mirror. Her makeup and hair were wrecked, smears of cum still visible on her face and her thighs. She was still turned on and desperately needed more sex. She had fled the room, knowing if she stayed Ty would have had her completely. Alyssa wanted him, but even though Chase seemed into her blowing another man, she was terrified he was having regrets. She took a deep breath, then bent to wash the evidence of her infidelity away.

CHAPTER SIX

ALYSSA WATCHED, frozen in place at the video on her husband's tablet. The trio on the screen were grainy and low resolution, their faces not quite visible, but she recognized the action immediately. She was naked, bent over between her husband and Ty while they worked their cocks in and out of her.

"Oh my god," Alyssa groaned. "Ty really posted it." Dan, a worker at the gym, had discovered the footage and asked Ty if he could post it. Ty loved the idea and she had casually given a yes without really thinking about what it would mean for a video of her to end up on the internet.

"It'll be fine," Chase quickly said, noticing his wife's fear.

"I'm so fucked," Alyssa collapsed heavily into the chair next to Chase. "I don't know why I said yes."

"Hey, they can't see your face," Chase reached an arm out to rub his wife back. "Ty has the login to the account."

"It's already out there! We can delete it, but it'll just pop up again," Alyssa said. She looked at the video. The longer she watched, the hotter it seemed. "It is kind of hot..." Alyssa felt herself heating up as she recalled the scene.

"Babe, it's incredible," Chase smiled. "You're a natural porn star."

"Chase!" Alyssa blushed, but his words ignited a fire in her core.

"It's the number forty video on the website right now. Almost to the main page!"

"Wow, really?" Alyssa was surprised, but secretly proud.

"Oh, yeah! And it's not even the edited version I made with the footage Ty and I took."

Alyssa knew they had both filmed the encounter. She had been meaning to talk to her husband about the everything, but she was just too nervous to face the possible consequences of being filmed sucking off another man.

“You still love me, right?” Alyssa asked nervously. She kept her eyes on the soundless video as Ty pulled out and started to cum all over her face. She unconsciously licked her lips, recalling how the hot, sticky cum had tasted.

“Yeah, don’t be stupid,” Chase pulled her onto his lap. She was unsurprised to find him hard. “It was just fun with a friend’s big cock. Doesn’t change that we love each other.”

Alyssa bit her lip. It had been fun, and Ty’s cock was certainly big. It wasn’t just sexual, though. Alyssa had been spending a lot of time with Ty, growing closer. At the very least they were close friends, but the clear sexual attraction blurred the line between friendship and crush.

“I love you,” Alyssa kissed him, pulling away before it could turn to more. “I- I think I should stop working out with Ty.”

“What? No way!” Chase seemed surprised and very defensive. “Just because you sucked his cock? You used to be friends with lots of guys you hooked up with.”

“Before I was married,” Alyssa countered, but Chase was right. She had played the field for years, even continuing for several months of dating Chase until it was clear the two were serious. Chase’s cock twitched underneath her. “You want me to keep hanging out near him?”

“Yeah,” Chase admitted. “He’s a good friend. He treats you well.”

“He treated me like a slut,” Alyssa giggled. “Although sometimes you do too.”

“Isn’t that what you want?”

Alyssa stopped to think about this. It had been almost a week since the impromptu threesome, and she had masturbated to the memories every time she had a chance. Not that she and Chase hadn’t been fucking plenty—they had been having sex several times a day, but it just never seemed enough for Alyssa. Even bending over to rifle through her drawers was enough to bring memories of that evening bubbling to the surface and to send her to the detachable showerhead. She stifled a giggle, wondering if their water bill would be noticeably higher this month.

“What’s so funny?” Chase asked, pulling her to him.

“Uh,” Alyssa started laughing, unable to stop herself. “I guess a part of me likes it...”

“Part of you?” Chase slid his hand down her abs then under the front of her shorts. “This part?”

“Yes!” Alyssa giggled and pushed him away. “Not now! We really need to talk.”

“Yeah,” Chase sighed and let his wife slide off his lap.

Alyssa wasn't sure how or even what to say. How do you tell your husband you would love to keep hooking up with another man, much less that she had a huge crush on him? She looked at the tablet.

“Asian Slut Wife Public Cheating with Black Dick,” Alyssa read off. “I wasn't really cheating!”

“No, but it makes for a hotter video. There's something just so *raw* about a wife that wants cock so bad she'll cheat.”

“You like that?” Alyssa was surprised.

“Oh yeah,” Chase laughed. “I hated when you stopped sleeping around when we got serious.”

“What, really? Why didn't you say something?”

“What would you have thought if your new boyfriend said he wanted you to keep fucking other guys?” Chase ran a hand through his hair. “I was just too nervous to bring it up.”

“Wow.” Alyssa didn't know what else to say. It was clear her getting together with Ty had not been a spur-of-the-moment desire, but rather just a convenient outlet after years of her husband thinking about it. “Why Ty?”

“He's got a big dick, which I know you like,” Chase said. Alyssa couldn't deny it. “He's black too, which you look good with. Just the contrast of his dark skin with you is so sexual. Plus, we both like him and you've got a huge crush on him, so I thought you would be more willing to go through with it.”

“What?!” Alyssa felt face burning and knew she was bright red. “I don't have a crush on him.”

“Uh-huh,” Chase grinned. “I don't care. I think it's sexy as hell.” Alyssa was silent. How the hell was she supposed to respond to her husband telling her he was into her having a crush on another guy. “I knew you wouldn't be able to resist his cock once I hinted it was so big.”

“I could resist him...” Alyssa insisted with only a small amount of confidence backing up her words.

“I don’t want you to,” Chase laughed. “I like that you’re addicted to big dicks. Really, it turns me on thinking how insatiable you are. I am *very* into the fact that you forget all about your marriage vows when you see another big dick.”

“Fuck,” Alyssa was turned on. “You don’t have any regrets?” Alyssa hoped he didn’t. Despite her anxiety about her relationship with Chase, she’d decided days ago she had no regrets about the best sexual experience of her life.

“Well, maybe the fact that you didn’t have your wedding ring on,” Chase laughed. “It would have been hot as hell to see that sparkling next to his cock. Next time you cheat on me, make sure you do it when you’re not working out so you have your rings on.”

“Chase! I’m not going to cheat on you,” Alyssa defended herself. “I didn’t cheat on you!”

“I know,” Chase winked at her. “But it’s hot for me to pretend you are. I think you like that too.”

Alyssa didn’t deny that the choice of language turned her on, but she didn’t agree either. She was still uncomfortable with just how much she liked it and worried that if she was too enthusiastic, Chase would change his mind. Better to step carefully for now.

“When is Ty going to delete the video?” Alyssa asked, changing the subject.

“He cleaned it off the security cam already,” Chase answered, sighing in frustration. He clearly wanted to keep the conversation going and get Alyssa to agree to more. “He’s going to give the PornFi account to you though.”

“What, why?”

“I thought you would feel more comfortable being the one to log in and make sure it was deleted properly,” Chase shrugged.

“Oh, that’s actually very thoughtful of you,” Alyssa leaned forward and wrapped him in a hug. “I thought you would try to convince me to keep the video up.”

“Well, now that you mention it…” Chase had an eager look on his face. “Always wanted to be married to a celebrity.”

“You wish!” Alyssa felt a thrill run through her body, though. She was shocked the grainy video of her getting double-teamed was so popular. It

didn't even have sound! "Getting naked on the internet hardly makes me a celebrity."

"Yeah, you'd need to do it a few more times," Chase picked her up. "Maybe show that beautiful face of yours while you came all over a big cock."

"Chase!" Alyssa squealed, laughing as he carried her to the bedroom. Chase's only answer was to mash his lips against hers. She met him eagerly, more than ready for another round of sex. As they tore at each other's clothes, Alyssa couldn't help but think how much more fun it would be if Ty was there with them.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

ALYSSA SIGHED NERVOUSLY, but she couldn't put off going to the gym forever. It had been almost two weeks since her last workout, which had ended with her swallowing Ty's cock and cum while her husband fucked her. She'd begged off, claiming an injury and need for rest, but she missed the gym and the feel of a good workout. And, if she was being honest, she missed Ty. Alyssa couldn't delay any longer. She avoided looking at herself in the mirror, afraid the sight of herself in the skimpy outfit would discourage her from going back out there. She took a deep breath and pushed the door of the locker room open.

"You're alive!" Ty beamed at her as she found him in the back office. "Hope you're well rested, because I'm going to kick your ass today."

"I'm feeling okay," Alyssa was surprised by his easy manner. The last time they had seen each other, his cum had been dripping off her face, yet he greeted her like he always did. "What are we doing today?"

"Well, we can start with whatever," Ty took her logbook and started looking through it. "Let's de-load a bit, maybe work on that ass of yours."

"Sure." Alyssa tried to mimic Ty's easy responses. The comment on her ass fit in with their normal banter, but she couldn't help but dwell on it. She felt like a tightly wound toy ready to explode. Being near Ty was intoxicating, and she wished the work they were going to be doing involved him pounding her ass rather than just sculpting it. "A girl can always have a better butt."

"If yours gets much better we'll have to get a big blowup print for the front of the gym," Ty said, writing out some notes for their session. "Girls

will sign up because they want to see you and guys will join just to watch you out there in those tiny shorts.”

“Ty!” Alyssa blushed. He just grinned at her and shrugged. Alyssa still wasn’t used to getting such forward comments but still liked them. “Thanks, I guess.”

“You’ve worked hard, and not just on that booty.” Ty smiled and stood. “Okay, let’s go see how weak you’ve gotten avoiding me the past two weeks.”

“What! I wasn’t avoiding you.”

“Right,” Ty grinned. “You’re a terrible liar. Now get out there!” Ty slapped her hard on the ass. Alyssa moaned. She didn’t mean to, but she was keyed up and ready for more. Ty just grinned and winked, ushering the blushing wife out into the gym as if all his clients moaned sexually when he spanked them.

“Fuck, this is hard!” Alyssa complained from the floor of the gym. “When did this get so difficult?”

“That’s what you get for sitting on your ass for two weeks,” Ty laughed. “Just wait for tomorrow, you’re going to be incredibly sore.”

“Ugh, never going to skip workouts like that again.” Alyssa pushed herself up to a seated position. Her muscles quivered. “Thank god I don’t have to work tomorrow. No way I could stand all day after this.”

Ty offered a hand and helped her up. The two headed to the back office to wrap up their session and review progress. Ty sat at the desk to write down some notes for next time while Alyssa stretched. Neither had mentioned the photoshoot or how it had ended with his cock in her mouth and his cum on her face. Alyssa burned to talk about it—after the easy chatting of the past couple of hours she felt at ease with him again.

“So, did you pick out any pictures for your website?” Alyssa asked, doing her best to sound casual.

“Yeah. Give me a minute.” Ty kept his head down as he finished writing a few notes. “Next time we’re going to work on your core more.”

“What, no!” Alyssa complained. “You know I hate that.”

“Yeah, but it’s holding you back. You’re collapsing on yourself during squats and deadlifts.”

“How can these be holding me back?” Alyssa flexed her abs, running her hand across them. Ty just laughed and shook his head. “Fine, but you’ll have to deal with me complaining the whole time.”

“I’m already used to it. Trust me, on this.” Ty pulled his laptop out of a bag. “Still up for seeing the pictures? I got some really good ones.”

Alyssa nodded, her heart in her throat. She wondered what exactly he meant by ‘good ones.’ She leaned forward, conscious of the heat coming off of Ty’s body. He pulled up some photos and Alyssa gasped. He had mockups of his website, but with her as the branding. Along the top and edges were long banners of her exposed flesh that she easily recognized despite the lack of face. Large swathes of her body were exposed, and it was clear some of the pictures were from when she was fully nude.

“Wow.” Alyssa was stunned by just how sexy her body looked. She never would have recognized herself if Ty hadn’t said it was her. “These are really all me?”

“Yeah. You’re the perfect fitness model.” Ty turned and smiled at her.

“I thought you were just going to do some transformation photos.”

“I did those too.” Ty clicked, bringing up more traditional photos showing her progress. Alyssa was stunned to see just how much progress she had made.

“Wow! Seeing these next to each other is amazing,” Alyssa leaned forward further, pressing herself against Ty. She studied the photos briefly, but the feel of Ty’s muscular arm pressed against her proved too distracting. “Did, uh, you keep any of the other photos?”

“Of course,” Ty grinned at her. “Although honestly, the video Chase made is better.”

“He shared it with you?” Alyssa wasn’t surprised once she thought about it. “Of course, he did.”

“Well, it’s only fair since he used some of my footage too. Did he show it to you yet?”

Alyssa shook her head. She knew he had been editing the footage but she had been too nervous to express any interest in seeing it.

“I’ll send you a copy,” Ty offered, already typing away on his laptop. “Oh, I need to give you the password to the PornFi account too. Don’t worry, I already had *words* with Dan. The account is yours now.”

“Thanks,” Alyssa, said glad to have such a good friend that would stand up for her. “Still can’t believe that video got so popular.”

“Really? You must not watch much porn. Hot Asian chick getting fucked and sucking a big black cock is always destined for the top,” Ty chuckled. “It helps that you were so clearly into it.”

Alyssa blushed and pulled away. She had been *really* into it. It wasn’t just her memory of the night that let her know that. She’d been sneaking peaks at the video ever since Chase showed it to her, reading comments from people desperate for the footage from the Chase’s and Ty’s phones.

“Alright, sent that stuff to you,” Ty closed his laptop.

“Th-thanks,” Alyssa stammered. It was strange to be thanking a man for sending a sex tape to her. “I’ll see you in a few days?”

“Sure, if you’re not too sore,” Ty said. Alyssa bent to gather her gear and groaned. “You okay?”

“Just so tight,” Alyssa rubbed at her hamstrings. “I’m not going to be able to move tomorrow, am I?”

“A massage would help.”

Alyssa looked at him. He was gathering his things and not paying any attention to her. He had on a loose tank top that exposed his muscular arms and gave peaks of his pecs and back.

“Are you offering?” Alyssa asked, shocked by her own forwardness. “I mean, you do list that on your website.”

“Yeah, sure,” Ty said, already halfway packed up. “Although, I don’t have my table with me.”

Alyssa’s heart fell, which surprised her. Apparently, she had been looking forward to getting rubbed down by her trainer.

“Maybe I can pick it up and take it to your place?” Ty offered.

“Yes!” Alyssa said enthusiastically, then remembered Chase telling her about having some friends over. “Shit. Uh, let me text Chase real quick.” She fumbled for her phone.

Alyssa: Heeeeey, you were having some friends over tonight, right?

Chase: They’re here now, why?

Alyssa: Damn it! Workout kicked my ass. Ty was going to bring his table over and massage me.

Chase: Just do it at the gym.

Alyssa: He doesn’t have his table.

Chase: You’ll think of something. Take pictures. Wear your ring.

Alyssa: What?!

Alyssa stared at her screen, but Chase didn't explain himself further despite the icon showing he had read her message showing. He was clearly thinking the massage would lead to more. Alyssa swallowed hard. She wanted it to as well.

"Bad news?" Ty asked, startling Alyssa.

"Uh, no," Alyssa looked down at her hands then back up at Ty. He seemed huge in the small room. Alyssa wasn't ready to go home. "You can do me on the desk." She blushed when she realized how it sounded. "Massage me, I mean."

"Sure," Ty smirked. He immediately started clearing the desk off. "I'll grab a towel."

Ty left. Alyssa couldn't believe she was about to do this. Remembering her husband's words, she started her phone recording, propped it on a shelf, then went to the locker room to get her wedding rings. Her diamond engagement ring sparkled as she slid it into place. She felt filthy in the best possible way as she played with the ring on her finger and thought about what she was about to do. Alyssa took a deep breath. Was she really going to have sex with Ty? Chase clearly wanted her to. It would be different doing it with just Ty, even if she filmed it for Chase to watch later.

"*Fuck it!*" Alyssa swore softly to herself, wondering how she had ended up in this situation. Not that she wasn't happy. What woman wouldn't be interested in Ty, especially if her husband was so supportive? Alyssa took a deep breath, then went to find her trainer.

Ty was already back, spreading some towels out on the desk. Alyssa closed the door gently, then started stripping her clothes off. As she bent to pull her feet out of her shorts, she felt the tension in her muscles. The massage was going to feel incredible.

"Okay, any place in partic-," Ty cut short. Alyssa straightened, taking in the shocked look on Ty's face. "Damn, girl." Alyssa was naked, her sleek body covered in goosebumps from the cool office air. Ty's eyes roved over her body.

"Sorry, I just figured it's not like you haven't seen me before," Alyssa felt a bit embarrassed. "I can put my shorts back on."

"Fuck that," Ty crossed the room in a stride and hefted the naked Asian wife in his arms. Alyssa gasped, loving the feel of his hard body and the way he easily hefted her. He set her down with surprisingly gentleness.

“Just figured with the cameras you would want to keep your clothes on.” He pointed to the corner of the office.

“Those things are everywhere!” Alyssa laughed then recalled her time in the sauna. “Wait, are they *everywhere*?”

“No. Not the locker rooms or the saunas. Don’t worry, I can clear it off afterwards.”

“Okay!” She wasn’t nervous at all about the filming given the fact she had her own camera setup. In fact, maybe she could use this too. “Uh, actually, maybe you could send me a copy first?”

“Really?” Ty gave her a look. “You like being filmed, don’t you?”

“Yeah, I guess I do. You don’t have a problem with it, do you?” Alyssa didn’t want to admit she was doing it for Chase.

“No way, I think we look good together.” Ty held up a bottle of oil. “Ready?”

“Yes! I think you were asking where I was sore, and to be honest, it’s *everywhere*.” Alyssa leaned back on the desk. She stretched her torso out knowing she gave quite the view to Ty. She kept her eyes closed, raising her arms above her head to pull her breasts up high on her chest.

The sound of the bottle opening was quickly followed by Ty’s hands rubbing vigorously together as he warmed them.

“Woow,” Alyssa sighed as his hands rubbed across her quads. She melted into the table. Ty was strong and didn’t hold back, the pressure he applied just on the edge of being uncomfortable. Her muscles relaxed as his hands moved down. “You could make a living doing this.”

“I do,” Ty laughed. “You know, I normally charge a hundred bucks for an hour.”

“God, you’re worth it,” Alyssa opened her eyes and looked down. Ty worked on her feet, and it felt incredible. Her goosebumps were gone, driven away by the warmth of Ty’s hands. Ty focused on her feet, seemingly unaware of her nudity and acting more professionally than Alyssa wanted. Alyssa couldn’t help but notice her hard nipples, situated as they were in the middle of her view of Ty. Ty let go of her foot, reaching for the other. Alyssa helped, adjusting and raising her leg, conveniently exposing her bare pussy.

Ty’s eyes darted up, locking onto her exposed sex. His hands worked her foot idly, but it was clear his attention focused elsewhere. Alyssa was in

heaven, but Ty had been working on her feet for what felt like forever and she wanted to keep it moving.

“Hmm, I don’t remember lifting anything with the soles of my feet,” Alyssa murmured.

“Right, sorry,” Ty said, letting go of her foot. Alyssa quickly rolled over, eager for him to work on her hamstrings and glutes. Ty didn’t disappoint or hesitate, his hands sliding up her hamstrings and kneading her butt.

“Ah, yeah, right there,” Alyssa groaned when Ty found a knot towards the top of her glute. It felt unreasonably good to have him massage her and it left Alyssa wondering why she hadn’t been getting massages this whole time. “Okay, you’re going to have to do this every week,” Alyssa muttered when he finally moved onto her back. Even without the flirtation and sexual energy between them, the massage had to rank in the top physical experiences of her entire life.

“As long as you get naked,” Ty replied.

“I can do that,” Alyssa sighed, turning her head as Ty moved around the side of the table to work on her back more. He had on loose gym shorts that did little to hide his half-aroused state. Alyssa was relaxed, aroused, and ready for more. When Ty stepped forward, Alyssa snuck a hand out and deftly pull his cock out of the leg of his shorts. “I’ll suck you if you move closer.” The whole situation felt like a dream to her. She’d come to the gym nervous about even being near Ty, and here she was naked, getting the rubdown of a life, and offering to suck his cock.

Ty shuffled closer, sighing as Alyssa enveloped his cock in her wet, warm mouth. Alyssa went to work, swirling her tongue around his dick. She took her time, studying his impressive manhood. He hardened rapidly, veins standing out and pulsing with arousal. Alyssa captured a fat stream of precum, pulling back so she could savor Ty’s taste.

“Hey, this blowjob isn’t free. Keep rubbing,” Alyssa complained, tilting her head up to see Ty’s face. He seemed nearly as content as she felt, though he had paused his massage to savor the feel of her mouth.

“Damn, Alyssa,” Ty resumed rubbing her. “You look sexy as fuck with my cock in your mouth.”

Alyssa moaned, partly from the feel of his hands on her sore back, partly from his crass words. She wanted more of his cock, but the angle made it awkward to move her mouth up and down enough to really stimulate him. A few clumsy attempts were enough for Ty to take the hint

and start using his hips to slide his cock in and out of the married woman's mouth.

Alyssa relaxed, letting him use her mouth while she focused on the feel of his hands on her back and the thick cock in her face. Fuck he had magic hands! Alyssa moaned around the dick in her mouth, wondering if this could go on forever. The soreness in her body was already feeling better, replaced with a deep satisfaction. Alyssa felt at complete peace with the situation and let her body go limp under Ty's hands and cock.

Ty's attention to the massage started to slip again, but Alyssa couldn't blame him. He had been working his cock in and out of her mouth for at least ten minutes, and she was using her tongue to explore whatever he fed her. His labored breath let her know just how much pleasure she was giving. Ty took in a sharp breath then tried to take a step back, but Alyssa sucked hard, reaching out to pull him back to her.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum," Ty grunted. While Alyssa appreciated his thoughtful warning, she had no intentions to do anything but swallow it. She pushed herself up on an elbow and took over, sliding as much of Ty's cock into her as she before pulling Ty's hand to her head. "Damn, slut. You want it bad!"

Ty pushed her head down, sliding his cock into her throat just as he started to cum. He grunted softly as Alyssa greedily drank his seed. She made no effort to pull away, her eyes looking up into Ty's as his cock swelled and throbbed. She kept her wide eyes open until he finally released her.

"Fuck me," Alyssa hissed as soon as her mouth was free. "I need you to fuck me!"

"Damn, Alyssa. When did you turn into such a slut?" Ty didn't wait for her reply. He grabbed her by the waist, pulling her to the edge of the desk.

"When I saw your cock," Alyssa responded. "It's so fucking perfect!" She looked back at him. "What are you waiting for?"

"You sure?" Ty was smirking like he knew the answer.

"Fuck yes I'm sure. I want you to fuck my cheating, married pussy," Alyssa demanded, rocking her hips against the head of Ty's dick as he poked at her pussy. Alyssa needed his cock. "Please, Ty!"

Alyssa's pussy dripped with arousal allowing Ty to push in easily. Alyssa was tight, and both lovers moaned as inch after inch of thick black cock slid into her.

“You were made for black cock,” Ty grunted. Alyssa twisted to look back at him, but his eyes were down watching as her pussy opened to take his cock. “Ever had one this big?”

“No!” Alyssa moaned. He really was the biggest, also the blackest. “You’re my first black guy too.” Ty groaned at Alyssa’s words. “You like that? Being the first black guy to fuck me?” Ty gripped her hips and pushed his cock the rest of the way in. “Fuck!”

“Damn straight I like it!” Ty gripped her hips and started to fuck her.

“You’re also the first guy to fuck me after I married Chase,” Alyssa moaned. She couldn’t stop herself from bringing up her marriage. Even though Chase had all but ordered her to fuck Ty, he’d never outright said it. She should have felt shame at how much she was enjoying sex outside of her marriage, but Ty’s thick cock left no room for anything other than pleasure and somehow her anxiety and shame felt like arousal. “You’re the first guy I’ve cheated with!”

“Fuck yeah!” Ty slapped her ass. He started spanking Alyssa, quickly adding a healthy glow to her cheeks. Alyssa loved the rough treatment, arching her back to make sure Ty knew just how much she wanted to be treated like a slut. The brown of her rosebud peaked out from between her cheeks. Ty grabbed a cheek, roughly pulling them apart. “You ever been fucked in the ass before?”

“N-no...” Alyssa admitted, nervous about where this was heading, but too caught up to say consider turning him down if he asked. Ty kept fucking her pussy but eased off as he slid a finger down to gently rub her ass. The sensation felt strangely good, like scratching an itch she didn’t know she had. Alyssa moaned loudly, dropping her head to the desk and closing her eyes to concentrate on the divine feelings of Ty’s cock in her pussy and finger teasing her butt.

Alyssa’s head shot up at the feel of a large wet splash in her crack. She looked back at Ty, concerned about where this was going. She had never done anal or even allowed anyone to play back there, but the gentle rubbing felt so good she decided to let Ty continue. He pressed a finger against her. Alyssa was surprised at how easily he went in, but barely had time to think as the pleasure of the twin stimulations overwhelmed her.

“Oh my fucking god!” Alyssa cried out, thrusting her hips back to encourage him. She had always loved thick cocks for how full they made her feel. The feeling of her ass being filled, even by just a finger, gave her a

similar sensation, especially when combined with the fat cock in her pussy. “You’re going to make me cum!”

“You’re a fucking anal slut!” Ty grunted, working his finger in and out of her ass more. “Can’t believe Chase never tapped this ass.” Alyssa moaned in agreement, thinking she would have to rectify that mistake soon. “Cum for me you cheating bitch!”

Alyssa hated the word ‘bitch.’ It felt like a word men used to devalue assertive women, but in this context, it was perfect. She was a cheating *bitch*, and she loved every minute of her illicit fucking. Alyssa’s moans turned desperate and she looked back at Ty with need in her eyes.

“You like that, bitch?” Ty grunted. “I’m going to fill this tight Asian pussy! Can’t believe Chase’s wife is such a fucking slut.”

Alyssa came hard, a scream tearing from her lips that turned into distressed gasps of air as she struggled to breathe through the spasms of her orgasm. She stared into Ty’s eyes, watching as his own face contorted in pleasure. Alyssa loved the expression of lust on his face as he pumped her full of cum. She loved that he had treated her like a slut, and not his good friend’s wife. Her pussy and ass tightened on his cock and finger, milking them as if they were both cocks in need of satisfaction.

“Holy fuck,” Alyssa said after catching her breath. Ty was still embedded in her pussy but had pulled his finger out of her butt while he caught his breath. Her ass felt lonely and she craved to have it filled again. “That was-”

“Incredible. Just freaking incredible,” Ty interrupted her. He leaned over her, pulling her mouth around to meet his lips. Alyssa kissed him eagerly, the two making out until she felt Ty start to thrust in her again. Alyssa started giggling.

“Again?” she asked, thrusting her hips back to meet him.

“Always with you,” Ty grinned before kissing her again. It felt *right* kissing him, but Alyssa couldn’t help but think had sucked his cock twice and taken a load in her pussy before they’d ever kissed. Even in her sluttiest days before Chase she’d never taken three loads from a guy before making out with him.

“How does first base feel?” Alyssa asked, laughing. “Can’t believe you fucked me without even kissing me first!”

“Huh, you’re right,” Ty kissed her again. “Guess that makes you a really big slut.”

“Yeah,” Alyssa sighed. “I guess I am...”

“That’s good. I love sluts.” Ty grinned at her. His cock was fully hard again. “Jessie was a huge slut.”

“What, really?” Alyssa was surprised. She had always seemed so uptight and reserved, but now that she thought about it, she had always draped herself all over Ty. After getting fucked by him, Alyssa understood why.

“Oh, yeah. I think you might be a bigger one though!” Ty spanked her ass. “Jessie wasn’t a cheater.”

“Fuck!” Alyssa grunted. She couldn’t help her reaction to the reminder she was married to another man. The taboo nature of their coupling just turned her on in a way that nothing else ever had. She needed to be treated like what she was, a slut. “Stop teasing me and fuck me!”

Ty pulled out, causing his married client to groan in frustration then sigh as she was flipped around and filled again. Ty kissed her while they fucked, the two lost in pleasure and oblivious to anything other than carnal nature of their union.

CHAPTER EIGHT

ALYSSA WOKE ALONE in her bed, her body sore from the vigorous weightlifting and the illicit sex with a cock larger than she was used to. She'd come home to find her husband still hanging out with his friends. Chase had called her in to say hi, which had been a nerve-wracking experience considering her just-fucked look and the smell of pussy and cum that clung to her. Alyssa just stuck her head in and waved, fleeing quickly with the excuse that she was too worn out from the gym to stay.

Alyssa gingerly slid from bed and went to find Chase. The two needed to talk. She was terrified of facing him, but knew letting it fester would drive her insane. She'd gotten carried away and even though she knew Chase and implicitly blessed her behavior, a lifetime of societal conditioning about how a married woman should behave left her confused and ashamed. The worst part was that despite her shame, she could feel herself getting turned on just thinking about her tryst with Ty.

"Sleep well?" Chase asked his wife when she found him in the kitchen working on his laptop with a fresh cup of coffee. He tapped away then closed his computer.

"Yeah," Alyssa answered. She always slept well after the gym, and the sex with Ty had used up everything she had left. After the last round, it had taken her almost twenty minutes just to collect herself enough to pull her panties back on. "Ty really worked me over. The two weeks off was a huge mistake. Remind me to never do that again."

"And it had nothing to do with the way you looked last night?" Chase grinned. "It looked to me like the workout wasn't just in the gym."

Alyssa's heart pounded. Chase had basically told her to fuck Ty but talking with him in the bright morning light after satisfying her lust sobered her. Alyssa didn't regret the encounter with Ty, though. Last night had been one of the best bouts of sex in her life. Still, her frayed nerves left no doubt she feared how Chase would take it.

"Yes..." Alyssa said hesitantly.

"Relax, I told you I was okay with it," Chase gestured at the chair across from him. "I just want to hear about it. Did you film it?" He looked eager, like a kid about to open a long-expected gift. Chase did not try to hide his excitement, something Alyssa would need to thank him later for because his eagerness helped ease her own guilt.

"Yes, we filmed it." Despite the satisfying sex the night before, the thought of how she was playing at being a porn star for her husband turned her on. "Do you want to see it?"

"I want to watch it while you suck my cock," Chase grinned. "Always wanted to watch porn and get head at the same time, and what better video than one featuring the sexiest bitch in the world?"

"Chase!" Alyssa giggled. She wasn't actually upset at being called a bitch, after all she probably deserved to be called worse. "We can do that, though. Anything you want."

"Anything?" Chase asked, pulling his wife close and fondling her ass. He slid his finger between her cheeks, rubbing her panty-covered butt hole.

"Okay, not anything," Alyssa moaned, bending slightly to let her husband tease her more. It felt so good she would be tempted to let him try anal if Chase was so endowed. "I need to practice some for *that*."

"Fine," Chase pouted, clearly putting on an act. "I guess I'll just have to settle for the porn and blow job."

"Settle, huh," Alyssa pushed his arm away. "You should feel privileged your wife went through all the trouble of making a homemade video just for you!"

"So, you're not going to post this one then?"

"What? Of course not! I'm not a porn star!"

"You could be," Chase smiled. "It would be okay with me if you did, but I completely get why you would be nervous about it."

Alyssa couldn't believe her husband was encouraging her to post another video! He hadn't even seen the footage yet, so Alyssa thought he would change his tune once he saw how far she had gone and how much of

her face likely showed. What husband would want footage of his wife taking black cock out there for the whole world to see?

“Uh-huh. Let’s see what you think after we watch it,” Alyssa started to feel more nervous now that Chase was about to face the reality of her behavior. The more she thought about what she had done and said, the less certain about how her husband would react. “Are you sure you want to watch it? I can delete it and change gyms. We can still go back.”

“No way! Go get your laptop, I’ll show you how to send it over and get it cast to the TV in the den so we can watch it on the big screen!” Chase pushed his wife towards the kitchen door, giving her a small spank as she went to find her phone.

“Damn, Alyssa, you look sexy as fuck with my cock in your mouth,” Ty’s voice boomed out of the speakers in the den.

“Fuck,” Chase groaned, captivated by the sight of his wife naked on her trainer’s table sucking his big black cock. Alyssa stared up at him, slowly working his dick with her tongue. Chase’s focus had been divided while he watched the massage. Alyssa had to keep pointing him to the screen when he looked down to watch the live action. But once Ty’s cock came out, Chase’s attention never wavered from the video.

Alyssa tuned out the sloppy sounds of her blowing Ty, choosing to focus completely on her husband and his incredibly hard cock. She couldn’t recall a time he was like this physically turned on. Usually, she was able to deepthroat him without too much trouble, but this morning swallowing his dick at this angle was like trying to bend an iron rod to fit down her throat.

Alyssa sucked him, pressing her tongue harder against his sensitive glans and winning a groan accompanied by a stream of precum. Alyssa smiled to herself, backing off so he couldn’t cum too quickly. It was probably best he was too hard to deep throat, because he clearly didn’t have the stamina with the video that was playing.

Alyssa popped her mouth off, turning her head to the side and sucking and licking Chase as she worked down his shaft. His cock bounced and jerked around as she teased him. Chase reached down, grabbing her head and guiding her mouth back around his cock. Alyssa happily obliged him,

but knew he wouldn't last for the whole video if she kept her lips wrapped around his dick.

“I need you to fuck me!” Alyssa begged on the screen.

Now was the real test, Alyssa thought. She'd already sucked Ty right in front of Chase, but this was the next step. Chase's cock throbbed, on the edge of an orgasm even though she barely moved. Alyssa stared up at him, drinking in the raw arousal on his face. The sound of her and Ty fucking filled the room. She hadn't had a chance to watch the video and only had vague recollections of the actual order of events, so when she heard herself crying out in pleasure as Ty fingered her ass, she worriedly looked to see how Chase reacted.

“Oh fuck, did you let him fuck your ass?” Chase gasped out, his eyes never leaving the screen.

Alyssa shook her head but otherwise didn't answer, knowing the suspense turned Chase on. The way Ty degraded her and Alyssa's loud, enthusiastic moans certainly made it seem like anal could be on the table.

“You're a fucking anal slut!” Ty grunted. Alyssa eased further off Chase's cock as he started to breathe heavily and fill her mouth with precum. She wanted him to last for the whole video, but considering there was another bout of sex after the current one, it seemed unlikely. “You like that, bitch? I'm going to fill this tight Asian pussy! Can't believe Chase's wife is such a fucking slut!”

“Fuck!” Chase grabbed his wife's head, forcing her down on his cock as he erupted. Alyssa's muffled gasp of surprise turned into a gag as cum filled her mouth and throat. Still, Alyssa did her best to maximize her husband's pleasure, swirling her tongue and trying to capture as much as she could.

The sounds of her and Ty's pleasure on the video were muffled by Chase's grunts and the wet noise of her mouth. Chase seemed to cum forever, thick white strands sliding out of Alyssa's mouth and down the bottom of his dick.

“Sorry,” Chase muttered, releasing Alyssa after she made a soft choking noise. He looked more embarrassed by his sudden loss of control than about enjoying watching his wife with another man. She pulled off slowly to keep as much cum in her mouth as possible. She wasn't pissed at her husband at all and actually enjoyed his rough treatment! To make sure he understood, she rocked back onto her heels and opened her mouth to display her prize. “Wow.”

Alyssa stared at his eyes then noisily swallowed his cum. Even with the spilled seed, she needed two gulps to get it all down. She left the strands hanging from her chin.

“I love you,” Alyssa said as soon as she was able. “You know that, right?”

“Yeah! I love you too!” Chase smiled and pulled her in for a hug. Alyssa beamed at being back in her husband’s arms, a moment that only partially ruined by Alyssa’s video counterpart joking about fucking and blowing Ty without even kissing first. “You really are an incredible slut,” Chase said, echoing the words from the video. “Just amazing.”

Incredibly, Alyssa felt Chase’s cock rage beneath her, ready for more. His unabashed enjoyment of her slutty behavior turned on Alyssa on and made her wildly desperate for her husband.

“Fuck me,” Alyssa begged.

“Ty’s cock not enough for you?” Chase teased.

“No! I want yours. I need *you!*” Alyssa only had on a pair of panties, and she pulled them to the side and grabbed her husband’s cock. Behind her, the video continued to play, the loud sounds of her and Ty having sex filling the room. Alyssa, wet and ready for her husband, easily took him. She couldn’t help but think two rounds with Ty’s thicker dick eased her husband’s passage.

“Damn, Alyssa! You’re soaking wet!” Chase exclaimed. It wasn’t just that her pussy was wetter than usual, it also felt hotter. “You’re really turned on by this.”

“By what?” Alyssa gasped, her hands gripping the couch on either side of her husband’s head to steady herself while she aggressively fucked her husband.

“By fucking Ty and being a slut,” Chase grinned, watching his wife’s face contort in pleasure at his words. She really went at it, her hips slamming up and down at a pace that would normally make him cum in minutes. Thankfully, the blowjob had taken the edge off so he had no trouble dealing with her eagerness.

“I’m sorry,” Alyssa grunted. “I know I shouldn’t be so horny...”

“NO!” Chase stated forcefully, grabbing his wife’s hips and holding her in place. “Do NOT apologize for it. I loved it and I love you! Nothing would make me happier than to see you embrace that side of yourself. I love seeing you be a slut.”

As if to emphasize his point, Alyssa's moans on the TV grew louder and her voice called out, "I want to ride you Ty!"

"See? Look how damn incredible you look up there!" Chase insisted. He grabbed Alyssa and spun her in his lap to face the TV. On the screen Ty lay back on the desk as Alyssa clambered on him. The camera had a straight shot from behind Alyssa as she grabbed his cock and fed it into her pussy. She dripped cum and Ty's dark cock had highlights of semen that he had left in her minutes before. It looked like hardcore porn, which when Alyssa stopped to think about, she supposed that it was. "See, babe? Look how fucking sexy you look!"

"Chase..." Alyssa sighed. On the screen, Ty's fat black cock split her pussy obscenely, her lips stretched around his thick shaft. The angle of the camera flattered and highlighted the hard work Alyssa had put into her body. Her ass perfectly framed her pussy, her muscular cheeks taugth as she slammed herself up and down on Ty.

She did think she looked hot, which a novel feeling for her. She had been self-conscious about her body at various points in her life and pleased with it at other times. Unlike when she was younger, she had worked hard for her appearance now. This was the first time she had felt *proud* of the way she looked, it just so happened to feature her enthusiastically taking a big black cock like her life depended on it.

"Damn, I do look good, don't I?" Alyssa finally whispered.

"Yes!" Chase pulled her back, his head nestling against hers. She could feel his lips and breath against her ear. "You're one hot bitch! Look at you up there taking that black dick like a pro. You could make a living doing that."

"Oh god, Chase!" Alyssa's unblinking eyes focused intently on the video. She remembered how good Ty's cock felt and how any minute now he would warn her he was going to cum and she would keep fucking him until he filled her pussy for the second time. Her slutty video, the memory of Ty's cock the feel of her husband's love and lust were all too much for her. "I love you!" Alyssa groaned, cumming as she watched herself fuck another man.

"Yeah, babe, cum for me," Chase encouraged, helping to keep her moving on his cock. Alyssa moaned loudly in appreciation. Her orgasm seemed muted compared to what she had experienced with Ty, but no less pleasurable thanks to the embrace with the man she loved and his complete

acceptance of her. It seemed to roll on forever like distant thunder on a warm summer night. Alyssa found herself short of breath but didn't let that stop her from leaning back and finding Chase's lips.

They kissed hungrily, Chase not hesitating even though his cum still hung off her lips and face. His hips rose to meet the writhing of his cumming wife. Alyssa's pussy milked Chase's cock, drawing him closer to his own release.

"Come in me Ty!" Alyssa begged, her slutty desires echoing from the TV.

His wife's desperate cries for another man to fill her pushed Chase over the edge. Alyssa groaned, her orgasm renewed as she felt her husband tense beneath her. She was overwhelmed by a deep sense of love for husband, a comforting, yet strange, feeling given the fact that she had fucked another man the day before. Chase had no reservations, though, so Alyssa gave into the pleasures, both physical and emotional. She clung to Chase, fucking the orgasm out of Chase like she had with Ty the night before.

"Wow," Alyssa sighed when they both finally fell back onto the couch. Alyssa turned to look back her satisfied husband's face.

"Yeah, that was incredible," Chase kissed her gently. "Your sex tapes are always so hot."

"Always? I've only got the two," Alyssa giggled.

"Maybe you only have two, but they are top shelf stuff. Trust me, if you posted these on your account you would be really popular. Everyone likes a hot Asian slut!"

"Riiight," Alyssa said, pushing herself up. The thought of posting the higher quality videos both terrified and aroused her. Her face would be clearly visible, and she knew eventually someone would recognize her. "You wouldn't really want that, would you? Everyone would see me having sex with someone else..."

"True," Chase paused. "I think that's hot though. You're hot and I like to share you. I know you love me, so why shouldn't I be allowed to share you if I want?"

Alyssa didn't have a reply to that, but the thought of Chase showing her off and sharing her like a prize appealed to some base nature buried within her. Still, it was too big of a risk. Her barista job didn't bring in much, but they needed the money and she would probably be fired if she got recognized at work.

Alyssa smiled at her husband's content relaxation, then made the awkward trip to the bathroom to clean up, trying to avoid leaving a trail of her husband's cum across the floor.

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CHAPTER NINE

ALYSSA OPENED up her laptop and found the login page for PornFi. She'd had some food and showered, all while Chase's words about posting more videos echoed around in her head. The idea tempted her, but reality needed to win out over fantasies and Chase would have to be okay with just having a private collection.

Alyssa typed in the username and password and was greeted by a large banner that read "Your videos have earned \$782! Get verified to claim your cash and join the PornFi community!" Alyssa stared at the amount, similar to what she normally made from her part-time shifts at the coffee shop. It had to be a mistake!

After clicking, a landing page popped up showing the breakdown of the views and how much she had earned, as well as information on what she would need to be verified. Alyssa knew her video had been popular, but she didn't realize she could make money. To get verified she needed to provide identification and some financial and tax information. It seemed so easy. She could just claim the funds she'd earned then delete the video and have an extra paycheck's worth of money in her account.

Alyssa didn't deal with their finances so she figured she should touch base with Chase. She pulled out her phone to message him.

Alyssa: Sooooo that video earned almost \$800. I could get verified to claim it then delete it? Is it okay to put our bank account info in this?

Chase: Oh yeah! Get that slut \$\$\$! Who says you have to delete it?

Alyssa rolled her eyes at her husband's eagerness. The thought of leaving it up or even posting more appealed to her both her bank account and her sudden horniness, but someone had to be the adult.

Alyssa: You wish.

Chase: I do wish. You'd be a great porn star.

He just didn't quit! Alyssa decided to ignore him, knowing that trying to argue with him would be a waste of time. She went to find the documents she needed to claim her money and then followed the instructions to enroll herself. They were easy, with a nice app that scanned her IDs and got her setup in just a few minutes.

The final step was a question about being PornFi exclusive. "Become a PornFi Model and get exclusive access to promotions, marketing, and a higher royalty rate! While you're a PornFi Model, you cannot model, stream, or sell adult content through any other producers, vendors, or websites. You would have made \$938 if you were PornFi exclusive!"

Alyssa looked at the number and couldn't believe the amount of money she could have made in just a few weeks of having a crappy video online. It was real money to her. More than a paycheck and tips usually brought in. Chase made substantially more, but not enough for her to quit her job. Being a barista wasn't the worst job she had had, but it was just a job to her and one that wore her out. Coming home after being on her feet all day being treated like shit by rich assholes who were convinced she'd put in real milk instead of almond milk.

In comparison, her crappy video with Ty had taken all of fifteen minutes to make and had been one of the best sexual encounters of her life. The choice seemed suddenly easier.

Alyssa: You're sure about the videos? Like, for real sure?

Chase: YES! I'll even edit the new footage for you if you want.

Alyssa hadn't expected any other answer, but just needed him to confirm it. She was going to do this! Some of her friends back in college had posted things on the internet, but she'd resisted the temptation to join in, never understanding the appeal of guys you never got to fuck seeing you naked.

Something in her had changed, though. Maybe it was the fact that she had worked hard for her body and actually felt pride, or maybe it was just the fact that it seemed like she could make enough money to quit her job. Either way, Alyssa decided she would give it a chance. Not like she had a real career to ruin.

She grabbed her phone and sent a message to Ty.

Alyssa: So, I'm thinking about posting another video... You okay being a co-star?

Ty: You talking about Chase's version, right? Chase and I already talked, and he blurred out our faces.

Alyssa: Oh perfect!

She hadn't even considered the fact that they could edit the videos to hide their identities. Chase had sent her an invite to some shared folder, but she had been avoiding taking a look—partly from embarrassment at watching herself have sex and partly to try and resist the urge to seek out Ty again. She dug around in her email, then signed up for an account.

Alyssa waited impatiently while the video downloaded. Chase had already helpfully titled it “Asian Slut Wife Public Cheating with Black Dick – High Quality” and had a few other folders setup including one for raw “to edit” footage. She would need to figure out how to get her latest round with Ty off her phone and into the cloud. Or just get Chase to help—he seemed eager enough.

She waited anxiously until the video finished downloading then eagerly opened it—not to watch, of course, but just to check out what Chase had done. It started with some of the modelling, featuring both security cam angles and the higher quality shots from Ty's phone. Her face wasn't blurred out at all, though. She skipped ahead just to make sure she had grabbed the uncensored video, only to discover that while Chase and Ty both had blurred faces, Alyssa's was left completely untouched.

The view of her wide eyes staring up into the camera as she sucked Ty's cock startled her with just how appealing she looked. She'd seen porn before, of course, but seeing another woman and seeing yourself staring into the camera were completely different experiences. She definitely saw the appeal of having a woman staring up at you while sucking dick, but why had Chase hidden everyone's face but hers!?

Alyssa: Hey, Ty mentioned some edited footage and I found some in the shared folder you sent, but my face is still showing?

Chase: Yeah of course. Guys will want to see how beautiful you are.

Alyssa: You really want your wife's face out there?

Chase: Yes? But check under the draft folder. :(It's bad though.

Alyssa quickly found another version of the video, started the download, then sat there thinking. Chase seemed serious about wanting to show her off, perhaps even proud of her. The thought of just putting herself

out there was tempting, but more than a little anxiety inducing. If she went that route, she couldn't take it back and neither could Chase.

This one seemed to download faster, but it was probably just her distracted state. True to his word, this one censored her face too. It sucked. Alyssa wasn't some porn expert and Chase seemed to have done the best job he could, but the blurry blob over her face ruined the show she had put on sucking Ty's cock and staring up into the camera. It was so bad that she thought even the grainy security video made for a hotter porno. That one at least left some mystery to the whole scene and gave it an authentic spy-cam feel. In contrast, the blurring of her face seemed a fine piece of art that someone had just splashed paint on.

Alyssa debated in her head about what to do. Chase wanted her to post the unblurred version that would leave her unmasked to the world as a cheating, slut wife. The money would be better, too. Perhaps watching the videos and thinking about Chase's interest in showing her off made her to horny to think clearly, but Alyssa felt if she were going to do this, she should do it right.

Alyssa: Wow, this censored version sucks! Not even worth posting.

Chase: Told you!

Alyssa: Will you still love me if I do this?

Chase: What, of course! I want you to do this! Always wanted to be married to a porn star ;p

Alyssa didn't reply immediately. On the screen Ty came, not that you could tell how he painted her face thanks to the ugly privacy blur. Again, she couldn't help but feel half-measures were not the path forward. All her life she'd ended up not quite doing things one hundred percent, something her parents loved to remind her about. Well, she giggled to herself, she hoped they were proud! Alyssa couldn't keep the smile from her face as she texted her husband.

Alyssa: I'll do it. I want to upload the movie from yesterday, too. Can you help and edit that one?

Chase: Okay! I'll show you how to send videos to the box tonight.

It only took Alyssa a few minutes to figure out how to upload a new video to PornFi thanks to their smooth interface. The timer showed it would take a long time to finish, which made her question if she had the resolve to just watch the progress bar slowly tick up. Thinking it would be better not

to give herself the opportunity to cancel, Alyssa went to change and run errands.

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CHAPTER TEN

“SO, HOW MUCH HAVE YOU EARNED?” Chase asked, trying to peek over his wife’s shoulder. Alyssa had been obsessively checking all day for that week’s royalties.

“A lot,” Alyssa said, tilting the screen so Chase could read.

“Damn!”

“Yeah,” Alyssa was nervous. Her new video had been far more popular than she could have imagined. Already she’d gotten a couple messages from old fuck buddies she hadn’t heard from in years asking what she was up to these days. The messages made her nervous, but also terribly aroused as she recalled the times she had spent in bed with the guys. “People are recognizing me.”

“Good! You’re hot as hell so it’s good to get some recognition.”

“No, I mean like,” Alyssa hesitated. “Guys I used to hook up with have been messaging me. No one has come out and said it, but no way this was just a coincidence.”

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Chase whispered. “I bet they’re wishing they had locked you down back then.”

“Yeah right! Most guys don’t want a wife that fucks a black guy and puts it on the internet.”

“I do,” Chase grinned, pulling his phone out. “Say that again.”

“Say what again?” Alyssa asked, glancing at the camera that clearly recorded her. They’d been having a lot sex this past week, so Alyssa was tuned into her husband and the slight twinkle in his eyes that let her know he wanted to fuck. She did too. “That I sucked off a black guy and posted it on the internet?”

“Yes!” Chase hissed. Alyssa smiled as she sank to the floor in front of him, a familiar routine to her, but still incredibly exciting. Somehow, she doubted telling her husband about fucking Ty would ever lose that edge.

“Yeah, babe, I sucked his cock so good!” She reached up and pulled his zipper down, quickly freeing Chase’s hard cock. “Oh, you like that? You like your wife sucking another man’s dick? Swallowing his cum?”

Alyssa didn’t need Chase’s throbbing cock in her hand to know how much he liked her talking about her times with Ty. He had been insatiable recently, not that she was complaining at all. Alyssa’s own sex drive had never been higher. It wasn’t just her husband’s attention either. The messages from ex-flames and the online comments were nice confidence boosters, but it was her gym sessions with Ty that really got her going.

Every time she was near her black friend and trainer, sex leapt to the forefront of her thoughts. Alyssa had tried not thinking about how they had fucked, but her husband wasn’t helping with his constant teasing and asking when they were going to film their next video—a question that she wondered about too.

“You know I fucked him too, right?” Alyssa teased, sliding her tongue along the sensitive underside of Chase’s dick. He twitched, a pulse of precum gushing out of the top that Alyssa eagerly licked up and swallowed. “Ohhh, someone likes their wife being a naughty slut. I bet you would have loved to be there in person and see that big black dick making me cum!”

“Ah, fuck, babe!” Chase groaned. Alyssa giggled at her husband’s arousal.

“Ty really knows how to fuck. I sucked him off first, but then he fucked me twice and made me cum both times!” Alyssa stroked her husband while she spoke, staring up at him. “I was so bad! I let him fuck me bareback... It’s just so much better that way, right?”

“Did he cum in you?”

“Of course! It would be rude to make a man pull out after he did such a good job pleasuring me, especially when his cock is bigger than yours.” Alyssa dove back down, taking Chase’s cock all the way into her throat. She wanted to drive him crazy, so she used her tongue and mouth to quickly push him right to the edge before pulling away.

“Damn, I was close!” Chase grunted in frustration, reaching out with a hand to try and pull Alyssa back down on his twitching dick.

“You don’t want to hear the rest?” Alyssa teased, only allowing her lips to brush against him enough to further his excitement.

“Wh-what?” Chase asked, playing along. He’d seen the whole video more than once, but they both enjoyed the fantasy of a wife confessing her sexual dalliances for the first time.

“Are you sure you want to hear?” Alyssa asked, widening her eyes and giving her best innocent girl face. “I was pretty bad...”

“God damn it, yes!” Chase begged.

“Okay, no need to be so loud!” Alyssa grinned. She looked down at her husband’s angry, rigid cock. The veins pulsed with his desire, a sight Alyssa had grown used to in recent days. All she had to do was drop the barest hint to her encounter with Ty and Chase got so hard she often feared he would hurt himself. Alyssa smiled then let a big strand of spit fall onto his dick while she stroked it.

“Well, there we were fucking in his office at the gym. It was so hot! It was late, but the gym wasn’t empty and someone could have come in and found me getting fucked! It was terrifying, but kinda exciting! There’s this girl, Liz, that I met in the sauna that has the hots for Ty too, and I thought about how jealous she would be if she went searching for him and found me already getting his dick!” Alyssa shuddered as she talked about being caught. She hadn’t actually given any thought to the other woman, but now the idea of getting fucked by Ty right in front of her sounded appealing! She could just imagine the look of envy on Liz’s face. She filed that fantasy away for the future and focused back on her husband.

“I was the one that wanted him not to use a condom, you know. After I swallowed his cum, I begged him to fuck me and couldn’t wait the thirty seconds it would take him to find one. I know it might be *hard* to hear, but I guess I’m a slut now.” Alyssa grinned wickedly up at her husband and his recording phone. Chase’s glassy eyes barely seemed to focus on her. She was impressed he still had the ability to record at all considering how turned on he was.

“Ty really likes my ass too! He spanked me hard while he fucked me from behind! I guess you knew that, though, since I came home with handprints all over me,” Alyssa giggled. “He asked if I’d ever done anal before!”

“Ah! Wh-what'd you say?” Chase gasped.

“You know my butt is virgin!” Alyssa laughed. “But it felt *really* good when he started fingering it! I’ve never let *anyone* do that to me before. Honestly, having his big cock in my pussy and his finger in my ass made me cum harder than I ever have before, even with you.” Alyssa knew her husband was about to cum. Chase’s chest heaved and his balls tightened. Alyssa went for the kill. “But I think the orgasm was better the second round when I rode his fat cock and kissed him. There’s just something so intimate about fucking another man bare while staring into his eyes. It’s hard not to feel something when the biggest, best cock of your life is filling you with cum.”

“FUCK!” Chase grunted, cum jetting out of his cock and painting Alyssa's smiling face. She steered his cock to keep it from getting in her eyes while still making sure he got the pleasure of painting her face with cum. Alyssa knew it would be a pain to clean up, but she liked the feel of the warm streaks and loved the way it made her husband happy.

“Do you forgive me?” Alyssa asked sweetly once Chase had finished cumming, though he still breathed hard and his dick didn’t flag at all. She slid his sensitive cock back into her mouth, gently squeezing and sucking to get the last of his orgasm out.

“Oh, god yes!” Chase groaned, squirming in a mixture of pleasure and overstimulation. “After head like that, how could I not? Besides, you brought back a sexy video for me!”

“Hmmm,” Alyssa popped her mouth off his cock. Her dripped with absolutely massive, messy load from her husband, but then getting messy is the point of a facial and Alyssa knew it would look great on camera. “I love you.”

“Love you too,” Chase sighed, letting his phone drop to the couch. “You’re so good at that!”

“Thanks!” Alyssa beamed. “Did you like cumming on my face?”

“Hell yes!” Chase laughed. “You’re just so beautiful, which makes it all the better when you’re covered in cum like a slut.”

“Yeah,” Alyssa smiled happily. She was horny, but Chase looked tapped out. “Plus, it looks good on film, right?”

“Damn straight! This video will be really popular! I’ll upload it to the cloud? The point of view shouldn’t need any editing.”

“Oh,” Alyssa hesitated. She had thought Chase filmed this for just the two of them, but the idea of putting a video of her sucking cock while

talking about hooking up Ty did sound appealing and maybe it could be a teaser for the real video with Ty. “You want me to put it online?”

“If you want to. It would be popular. Guys like point of view stuff, especially when it’s a girl talking so slutty.”

“We’ll see,” Alyssa answered, pushing herself up. “Send it to me and I’ll take a look? For now, I need to go wipe this off before it drips on the carpet.”

Refreshed from a shower, Alyssa again reviewed her earnings. It would be another few weeks before the first deposit, but she was going to make a lot. Far more than she would as a barista and for so much less work! In fact, it barely felt like work at all. She had always had a healthy sex drive, so if she could get paid, have even more sex with her husband, and have sex with Ty, why shouldn’t she?

Chase had left to go meet with some clients, but sent the video of her blowjob first. She’d already watched it a few times, agreeing that it would be popular. Despite the extremely slutty nature of her words, her sucking and stroking a dick, and the facial ending, she came off as merely teasing about a possible fantasy. It was probably the happy way she spoke and her wide, soft eyes that helped her avoid seeming like a complete slut.

It was a perfect video to post—completely different from the one in the gym with Chase and Ty, and a nice teaser for the video of her fucking Ty for the first time that Chase was still editing. Her first videos were still doing okay, but the views and follows were definitely starting to slow down. If she wanted to keep earning money from this, she needed to post some fresh content.

Alyssa quickly started the upload while she thought about a name for the video. Browsing around for inspiration, it seemed like it was a good idea to be straightforward, so she settled on exactly what the video was: *Slutty Asian Wife tells about First Black Cock while Sucking Husband’s Cock*.

Satisfied, she grinned to herself and decided it was time to do something about her unsated lust. She’d picked up some fresh batteries during her last trip to the store and giggled as she wondered if they would be enough.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

“THAT’S ENOUGH FOR TODAY,” Ty said, awed at Alyssa’s performance. She’s showed up energized, crushed every set, and set personal records in squat and bench. Oh, and she’d done it all while wearing a pair of leggings with mesh cutouts so scandalous Ty wondered if they were actually supposed to be for strippers. There was no way she had on even a thong, as the mesh went up the sides of her hips all the way to the waist band before wrapping around to show off the sides of her ass. “Need to leave something in the tank.”

“Fine,” Alyssa said, frustrated. She’d been trying to flirt and send signals to Ty all afternoon! Was he not interested in fucking her again? “Maybe a massage to help me recover?”

“You should really let me know ahead of time so I can bring my table,” Ty said, jotting down a few last notes. “It’s early and there are other trainers here, so we can’t use the office this time.”

“We could use my bed,” Alyssa hinted. How could he be so blind? She’d picked out her most risqué workout clothes and had been dropping innuendos all day! It wasn’t like he hadn’t been looking, but Ty hadn’t risen to her banter at all!

“I’d need to go grab my oils,” Ty answered with a shrug. “Maybe next time?”

Alyssa was stunned. She had never expected to be turned down in such an off-handed manner. It stung.

“Let’s take tomorrow off and then see if you can hit a PR in deadlift! You were crushing it out there today! Whatever you did to motivate yourself really worked,” Ty grinned. Alyssa realized he was oblivious—an

observation that seemed obvious once she thought about it. She had seen lots of guys miss signals from girls she thought were obvious, including her husband. Alyssa took a deep breath and prepared for a more direct approach.

“Want to come over and fuck?” she asked casually. Ty’s eyes widened in shock and his entire demeanor change.

“Oh, *that’s* what you were inviting me over for!” He seemed embarrassed that he had missed it.

“Yes,” Alysa felt herself relax. “So, want to? Ever fucked a married woman in her bed before?”

“Damn,” Ty squirmed, moving his logbook down to hide the bulge growing in his shorts. “What about Chase?”

“We just need to film it,” Alyssa grinned. “Kinky, right? Do you like that you can fuck me whenever I want so long as you film it for my husband?”

“Yes. Okay, let’s do it! Let me go grab my stuff,” Ty rushed off. Alyssa smiled to herself then headed to the women’s locker room.

“Hey! Alyssa, right?” Liz asked when Alyssa entered. She stood by her locker in only a white thong that contrasted nicely with her tanned skin. Alyssa couldn’t help but take in her form, especially her larger breasts that hung proudly from her chest. Liz had the type of body any woman would be jealous of, and despite Alyssa’s new found pride in her own appearance, she still envied the luxurious curves Liz had.

“Yep! Good memory... Liz?”

“Nice! I saw you out there with Ty. Have to say I am really jealous,” Liz grinned. “He couldn’t keep his eyes off that sexy outfit you had on.”

“I know!” Alyssa giggled then dropped her voice. “Honestly, I wore it for him.”

“I would too!” Liz laughed. Alyssa opened her locker and pulled out her wedding rings, slipping them on. Liz eyes widened as they tracked the symbols of Alyssa’s marriage. Alyssa blushed, but didn’t hide them or look away. “Don’t worry, I’m not judging. It can be fun to flirt!”

“Yeah,” Alyssa agreed, knowing she was way past flirting. She stuffed her gear into her bag as Liz slipped on some jeans and a shirt, foregoing a bra in a confident manner that Alyssa envied. She still had to psyche herself up to leave the house without a bra. “Well, see you around.”

Ty waited for her at the gym entrance. “Okay if I ride with you? I can take a cab home, but otherwise I’ll need to walk to my apartment first.”

“Oh, no problem,” Alyssa smiled. “I do need to call Chase and make sure he doesn’t have friends over though.” They walked to her car, Ty casually running his hand over Alyssa’s ass. Alyssa threw her bag in the back as Ty got in the front seat. She stood and saw Liz watching with a big smile on her face.

“Lucky bitch!” Liz mouthed, winking at her. Alyssa smiled back and shrugged, knowing she was caught. Liz didn’t seem to be judge her, but not everyone at the gym would be okay with a married woman sneaking off with her trainer. Not wanting to make too big of a scene, she got in the car and quickly drove away. Once she was on the road, she called Chase over the car Bluetooth.

“Hey there, sexy,” Chase said as soon as he picked up the phone. “How was the gym? Did you fuck Ty again?”

“Uh, you’re on speaker and Ty is in the car with me,” Alyssa laughed.

“Hey, dude,” Chase easily pivoted without a hint of embarrassment.

“Sup,” Ty greeted.

“So, I was calling to see what your plans were. Were you headed home soon?” Alyssa asked.

“Yeah, just about done here then Jack was going to come over to play some games.”

“You might want to cancel that,” Alyssa suggested, wondering how her husband was going to take this. It occurred to her that maybe she should have called her husband *before* inviting Ty over for sex and not while they were already on the way.

The silence stretched on as everyone considered the implication of Alyssa’s suggestion. She hadn’t said she was going to fuck Ty, but they were together in the car and Jack had met Ty a few times. Unless there Alyssa had sex on her mind there would be no reason to uninvite Jack.

“I got a new camera,” Chase finally said. “I want to film this time.”

“Of course,” Ty answered for her. “The videos should be a lot better with a real cameraman.” It wasn’t really Ty’s place to answer, but Alyssa loved that he had. It was strange to be alone in a car with a man while talking with her husband over the phone about filming another sex tape. Alyssa could get used to it, though.

“You two can get started, just set up something to record. I’ll be there when I can.” Chase sounded nearly as excited as Alyssa felt.

“Okay, love you!” Alyssa said.

“Love you too. Now be a good slut for Ty for me,” Chase instructed sternly.

“Yes, baby.” Alyssa shivered at her husband’s instructions. She loved talking with him about her being a slut, but being ordered to take care of Ty seemed so much hotter. The call ended and Alyssa gripped the wheel tightly. “I am so turned on right now.”

“Me too,” Ty chuckled.

“I want you to really treat me like a slut. You heard Chase. Whatever you want. Don’t hold back just because I’m your friend’s wife.”

“Does that mean that ass of yours is on the table?”

Alyssa’s heart raced. She had started fingering her ass every time she showered and after Ty broke new ground, Chase and started playing back there too. Ty’s cock was a lot bigger than a couple of fingers, though.

“That might be too much for today,” Alyssa sighed. “Not that I don’t want to...”

“I get it,” Ty didn’t seem upset at all. “Plus, I think Chase will want to go first.”

“Maybe,” Alyssa answered, not sure at all about what Chase’s thoughts anymore. “I promise eventually you’ll fuck my ass, but for today let’s keep it to pussy and mouth.”

“Oh, poor me! How will I ever survive off just your tight Asian pussy?” Ty folded against the passenger door as if wounded.

“Ha-ha,” Alyssa slapped his arm gently. “Just make sure you setup a camera. If you want to keep fucking me, we need to keep Chase happy.”

“Are you recording?” Alyssa asked, wanting to confirm.

“Yes.” Ty was smiling behind his phone. “Want to fuck on your couch?”

“No, my bed,” Alyssa answered with a wicked grin. “I wasn’t joking about that. I want you to fuck me in the bed Chase and I got as a wedding gift.”

“Fuck, you’re nasty!”

“You like it.”

“Never said otherwise,” Ty had a big smile on his face and an even bigger bulge in his shorts. “You sure your husband is okay with you fucking in your bed?”

“No. Do you care?” Alyssa was horny as hell. Ty didn’t answer, but he didn’t need to. “That’s what I thought. It turns you on to treat your friend’s wife like a sex toy. You like him, but I think you like fucking me more. Fuck, I need your cock in me!”

“Well lead the way, slut!” Ty reached out and pushed her towards the stairs. Alyssa smiled as she led the way, putting an extra sway in her hips for Ty and the camera. “Damn, I can’t wait to fuck that ass.”

“Me too.” Alyssa’s answer turned into a moan as Ty spanked her. She paused on the steps, leaning forward to presenter her ass. Ty happily spanked her some more, eventually pulling her leggings down to reveal her already pink cheeks and wet pussy.

“Damn, you are eager for it!” Ty commented, loving the way the Asian wife wiggled her ass at him.

“It’s not my fault! I sucked Chase off this morning while telling him about you fucking me and didn’t get to cum!” Talking about Chase while with Ty made her feel delightfully wicked. “Now enough teasing, I seriously need some cock in me.”

Alyssa sprinted up the stairs, her ass flashing as she ran to the bedroom. When Ty caught up, he was greeted by the sight of Alyssa on her hands and knees on the bed, her pussy pointed right at the door in an obvious invitation. Alyssa looked back at him, her raw need apparent on her face.

Ty just smiled, pulling his already hard cock out as he walked towards the bed. “Get it wet, slut,” he instructed, offering his cock to her mouth. Alyssa greedily obeyed, slobbering all over his cock without a care for mess she was making of her face or her bed. As soon as she thought it was wet enough, she spit him out.

“Fuck me!” Alyssa didn’t want to suck cock. She had gotten enough of that in the morning with her husband. She desperately wanted to be filled. Ty didn’t need to be told twice, and in fact was far more interested in fucking her than getting a blowjob. Not that she wasn’t talented, but the thought of being inside her in her own bed was too good to delay.

“I didn’t bring any condoms,” Ty said as he walked around her, his camera capturing the gentle arch of her back as she presented herself.

“You know I wouldn’t let you use one anyways,” Alyssa giggled. “It would be rude to invite you over and not give you the full experience of cumming inside me while in my bed. Now stop talking and fuck me before my husband gets home.”

Ty grinned, not believing his luck. He knew he had to film but also wanted his hands free to play with Alyssa’s incredible body, so he opted for propping it up on a nightstand. Without another word, he grabbed his cock and slid it along Alyssa’s wet pussy, using the tip to tease her.

“Ah, god that feels good!” Alyssa moaned. She’d always loved when a guy teased her with his dick. The spongy head rubbed against her labia and teased her opening delightfully, but it was really the anticipation that did it for her. Just knowing there was a hard cock right *there* that could take her at any time made her feel so sexual.

Today, though, Alyssa didn’t need any more foreplay, so she tilted her hips around until she lined up his cock, then pushed back onto him.

“Fuck, look how bad you want this dick!” Ty grunted, spanking Alyssa’s ass. She did want him badly and moaned to make sure he knew it. Ty’s cock split her pussy, stretching her obscenely as she leaned into the spansks. Alyssa stretched her arms out in front of her, gripping the sheets and pushing back with her ass in the air until Ty’s cock buried completely inside of her.

“Yes! I needed this!” Alyssa grunted as Ty grabbed her hips and started to slowly move in her. He kept himself deep, only giving her a few inches of motion. “Damn it, Ty! Stop teasing me and fuck me!”

Ty ignored her, continuing to thrust only an inch or two and adding in some sharp spansks to her upturned ass. Soft moans of Alyssa’s appreciation echoed each report of Ty’s hand against her bare skin. Ty’s spansks weren’t particularly hard, but the repeated slaps warmed her cheeks and sent ripples through her muscular ass.

Alyssa tried to thrust back, but when she moved Ty matched her rhythm, pausing his spanking until she held still again. Alyssa groaned in frustration but took the hint and kept still while Ty set an agonizingly slow pace. She could tell Ty held himself back just to contrast his control over his lust with her unhinged need. Alyssa didn’t care that she was coming off as a wanton, out of control wife. She just wanted Ty’s dick.

“I get it, Ty. I’m the one that needs this and blah, blah, blah. If you don’t stop teasing me and fuck me, I’ll find another guy that will. I didn’t invite

you over to get teased! I need- AH!“

Alyssa’s words cut short as Ty yanked her hair back, causing a brief flash of pain that quickly turned to pleasure when he started driving his cock into her hard enough that the only thing that kept her from flying off the bed was Ty’s grip.

“This what you want, slut?” Ty grunted, pulling her head back to encourage her to arch her back in an animalistic and enticing manner. Alyssa tried to nod, but the black trainer’s firm grip kept her head immobile.

“Yes, I want to be your slut!” Alyssa tried to tell him, but all that came out were desperate grunts and gasps thanks to Ty’s rough treatment. It was everything that she had needed after the morning with her husband. The thought of Chase sent a thrill through her. She knew Chase wasn’t just okay with her fucking Ty but actually wanted her to. Still, it just felt just so freaking wrong to love getting absolutely manhandled in her own bed by another guy.

Ty sensed her complete submission to him, his pace slowing just enough so he could talk. “You’re a horny bitch!” Alyssa couldn’t disagree. “Fuck, just look at you! You’re going to cum all over my cock right in your husband’s bed!” Alyssa’s only responded with a ragged moan dragged from her raw throat. She was going to cum. Her orgasm had been building since her time with her husband, but it wasn’t going to be Chase that gave her the release she wanted.

Ty lapsed into silence, only the sound of her wet pussy being used filling the room. She twisted her head to try to catch a glimpse of herself and Ty in the mirror above her vanity. Her eyes landed on her wedding pictures first, though. She reacted with immediate and visceral desire. As usual, the pictures gave her a warm sense of love, but this was quickly overwhelmed by the onslaught on her pussy and a wave of pleasure borne from guilt and shame.

Alyssa knew she was about to cum. Rather than dampen her arousal, the view of her wedding photos and the reminder of her betrayal of her vows only made her hotter. Desperately, Alyssa looked up into the mirror to take in Ty’s need for her, but the angle was wrong and instead she found herself staring into her actual husband’s eyes and a video camera as he filmed from off to the side.

“Oh fuck,” Alyssa gasped and came hard, shocked to see Chase had arrived in time to witness her debasement. The contractions started deep within her, her abs spasming and hips twitching violently as she pulsed with pleasure. Despite his strength, Ty struggled to hold onto the orgasming wife and stay inside of her. She didn’t make it easy for him either, prioritizing holding herself so she could look into her smiling husband’s face as she came on their friend’s cock.

The pleasure was the strangest mixture of lust, love, and guilt that Alyssa had ever experienced, but it all combined for what felt like the best orgasm of her life. Her husband held her gaze as waves of pleasure wracked her body. Chase focused on capturing Alyssa on film, but he couldn’t keep the grin from his face. When Alyssa noticed his smile, the obvious pleasure her husband had in watching her further heightened her own release.

“God damn, Alyssa!” Ty grunted finally after she had calmed enough that he could start fucking her again. “You were fucking desperate for my cock!” Ty slapped her ass hard, drawing out another moan. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen a slut cum that hard before!” Ty resumed fucking her hard, seeking his own release. Alyssa felt her body responding, eager and ready for more, but now her husband was here and after her first release she felt less sure of her behavior.

“Ty, Chase’s here…” Alyssa gasped, her hips rocking back to meet her lover’s thrusts.

“Oh, hey dude,” Ty grunted without missing a beat in Chase’s wife. “Your wife is something else! We should be finished soon.” Alyssa groaned, realizing that Ty wasn’t going to stop even after her husband joined them—not that she was going to stop either. Already her body built towards another orgasm.

“No worries,” Chase laughed. “With a slut like her you need to take any opportunity.”

“Damn straight, her pussy is incredible!” Ty spanked her again then pulled out. Alyssa’s hips thrust against the empty air.

“Damn it,” she hissed, surprised by her own need. Her frustration was short lived, though, as Ty quickly tossed her onto her back and mounted her again, this time with his muscular black frame covering her body. Ty’s lips met hers as she felt his cock fill her again. In this position, there was no way to see her husband, to share this moment with the love of her life.

Ty occupied her completely, his cock filling her pussy, his tongue pressing against hers, and his eyes holding her own. He fucked her hard, the slap of their bodies and the groan of the bed loud, but this wasn't just a slut getting fucked anymore. It's hard not to feel a real intimacy, a real connection when in such an intimate position with a bare black cock and the man attached to it.

Despite her husband's presence in the room, Alyssa's world narrowed to just her and Ty. She kissed him back, wrapping her legs around him to show her complete devotion to carnal union. Alyssa matched his passion, writhing and moaning under Ty, desperate for him to know how much she loved it. As her second orgasm built, she realized it wasn't just an act. Sex with Ty was on another level! The rough fucking from earlier had been exactly what she needed, but somehow this man had known that after being treated like a slut, a more intimate fuck was just what she needed to not feel like complete trash.

"Fuck, I'm going to cum again!" Alyssa gasped. Ty's body poured sweat and his thrusts started to become erratic. She recognized the signs and wanted to cum with him. Alyssa clawed at his back, clinging to him. She begged for him to fill her using only her wild, wide eyes.

"Alyssa, I'm going to-," Ty started to say.

"In me! Cum in me!" Alyssa gasped as her pussy contracted. She gave soft grunts of pleasure, tilting her head back as she came. Ty sucked and nibbled on her neck as he stopped resisting the pleasure of fucking his friend's wife. With a loud grunt he buried himself fully inside of Alyssa, his cock swelling as he filled her. Alyssa, lost deep in the throes of her own pleasure, still had some base part of her that recognized Ty's orgasm. She locked her legs behind him, holding him as deep as possible in her bare pussy. He seemed to swell and grunt and push deep in an animal attempt to breed her. Every instinct in Alyssa's body cried out in joy at the shared primal climax.

As they caught their breath, the lover's lips found each other. They kissed softly. Alyssa's body relaxed, her lust satisfied for the moment. The feel of Ty's body pressing her against the bed and the tender strokes of his hand in her hair were incredible in her post-sex glow.

"God damn," Chase hissed from the side of the bed, bringing Alyssa back to reality. She felt herself blush at the reminder that this wasn't some random hookup and her husband had just watched her get absolutely

pleasured in their own bed. Alyssa froze, wondering if her husband would be able to handle the reality of seeing his wife with another man. Finally, with a deep breath and a nervous giggle, Alyssa broke her kiss with Ty, wondering what her marriage would be like now.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

“HUSBAND CATCHES Asian Wife Fucking Black Friend in their Bed,” Alyssa read out from her laptop to her husband. Chase had edited the latest video and he was always eager to offer his advice on his wife’s burgeoning porn career. “Is that graphic enough? I still feel weird typing that out.”

“It’s perfect,” Chase smiled. “Trust me, you don’t want any subtlety.”

“Okay,” Alyssa replied. A couple of weeks had passed since she had fucked Ty in her bed with her husband filming. The final video was incredible, by far her best yet. It started out with Ty’s amateur cell phone footage then transitioned beautifully to Chase’s more professional setup. Alyssa still couldn’t quite believe her husband was so into this, but the incredible bouts of sex the couple had been having were starting to convince her he really was as into it as he claimed.

Alyssa looked up at her husband and recognized the lust that sprouted whenever they talked about her videos or times with Ty. “You really are okay with this,” Alyssa finally said. “You want me fucking Ty and posting it all over the internet.”

“Yeah,” Chase said without any shame.

“Fuck, why does that turn me on?” Alyssa sometimes wondered about her own eagerness to go along with her husband’s games. It wasn’t just the sex with Ty that had made everything so incredible, although she certainly did love it! Her encounters with Ty provided fodder for her love life with Chase, which had never been better. In fact, Chase’s reclamation of her after the filming of her latest video would have been the best sex of her life if Ty wasn’t in the picture.

Chase had taken her immediately after Ty rolled off of her. The doubt that had flooded her after Ty had filled her pussy melted under the heat of her husband's passion. He wasn't gentle or rough, just insistent. Incredibly, her body responded quickly, welcoming her husband's need to take her.

Still, her ability to have another orgasm surprised her, but when Ty pulled her away from a kiss with her husband and shoved his messy cock into her mouth to clean, she had just lost it, moaning around the thick black cock as her husband fucked her. Something about Ty's complete lack of regard for her marriage to Chase just set her off. Alyssa had groaned with disappointment when Ty pulled his cock away just as it started to harden again. Ty's shared laugh with Chase about what a cock-hungry slut he had married only further fanned the flames of her desire.

"Well, I think you like making me happy," Chase explained, bringing Alyssa back to the present. "Also, you definitely like being a slut."

"I do not!" Alyssa complained, knowing she absolutely did like being a slut and that her husband knew it.

"Right, so if I checked your panties right now you would be dry?"

"Yes!" Alyssa said, not at all confident but feeling she had to at least try to protect her honor.

"Okay, spread your legs," Chase said, sliding around the table. Alyssa hesitated, but obeyed. She always did what Chase wanted lately and loved every minute of it. In fact, her current outfit of panties and an old, threadbare t-shirt was all he allowed her to wear around the house now. "Fuck, look at that wet spot!"

Alyssa looked down and felt a shudder run through her body. Her pussy, clearly drenched, had soaked through the gray fabric of her panties. "Okay, fine! Yes, I like being a slut," Alyssa admitted. Chase reached out and started rubbing her through her panties. It felt incredible, so Alyssa sank down in her chair, spreading her legs as wide as possible. "You like me being a slut too, though!"

"Yes, I love it. Just like I love you," Chase kissed her, then pulled away. Alyssa pouted. She wanted to fuck, but Chase seemed focused on the business at hand. "Are you making the video live today?"

"Yeah, as soon as it's online and ready," Alyssa sighed, sitting up and closing her legs. The videos of her getting fucked by Ty in the gym office had been popular, but not as big as her first encounter out in the gym. She'd still made a lot of money, but she had to admit she wanted to replicate her

earlier success, which brought up different anxieties. “So, uh, we should talk what’s going to happen when I get recognized,” Alyssa said. She’d been thinking about how to bring this up weeks, finally settling on just ripping it off like a band-aid.

“Oh, my friends already found you,” Chase said calmly.

“WHAT?!” Alyssa asked, stunned.

“Yep, got a few messages the day after the first video with your face went up,” Chase grinned. He looked proud and happy about the revelation.

“Fuck!” Alyssa yelled, completely shocked. How could Chase be so calm? She’d figured it would be months and that no one would be bold enough to confront them directly.

“Relax, they’re all really cool about it,” Chase reached out and held his wife’s hand. “They’ve always thought you were hot.”

“Wow.” Alyssa wondered which of his friends had seen it. “So, who’s seen it. Jake? Ben?”

“Yeah, and pretty much all the others. You’re all over our group chat. Even some of their wives are fans. I think that makes the guys nervous their wives might want to fuck Ty.”

Alyssa felt her body heating up. She’s hung out with these guys, and their significant others, several times over the past week and never picked up any difference in the way they interacted with her. “What did they say about me?”

“Let’s just say the wives want to be you and the guys want to be with you,” Chase grinned. “More than a few probing questions about if they could join for a video.”

“Oh,” Alyssa wasn’t surprised, and honestly a few were cute. “What did you say?”

“That I would have to talk to you.”

“I’ll think about it.” Chase clearly was okay with her fucking his other friends, but Alyssa wasn’t sure about going down that road. It had just kind of happened with Ty. Somehow, planning out her involvement with another man seemed wrong. Still, the thought of another big dick to play with intrigued her. “Do any of them have cocks bigger than yours?”

“I doubt it,” Chase laughed. “Ty is one of a kind, but I can put the word out that you only want bigger dicks.” Alyssa blushed, but didn’t argue with her husband’s plan. “Speaking of bigger dicks, when are you going to hook up with Ty again? It’s been weeks! I didn’t think you could go that long

without his cock, especially with how horny you get working out around him.”

“Well, uh...” Alyssa trailed off, her face turning an even darker red. She kept her eyes down.

“Alyssa, did you fuck him again?” Chase asked, trying his best to look stern. Alyssa just nodded. “Damn, what a slut.”

“Sorry...” Alyssa did regret this encounter.

“Did you film it?” Chase looked hopeful.

“No,” Alyssa sighed. “I just, got caught up with him! I’m so, so sorry!”

Chase just laughed. “It’s cool. I don’t mind you fucking him whenever you want. Obviously, I prefer that you film but even if you don’t, just tell me about it.”

“Okay, I can do that that.” Alyssa bit her lip. She hadn’t meant to have sex with Ty again without talking with her husband, but Chase was right about her not being able to resist him after a workout. She shyly looked up at Chase. “Want to hear about it now? It’s short, but long enough for you to fuck me while I tell you about how bad I was.”

Chase had his cock out before Alyssa finished talking. Moments later, she bent over the table with her panties pulled to the side as her husband filled her pussy. The light on her laptop webcam confirmed her story would be captured for her fans.

“When did you fuck?” Chase grunted.

“A week ago. The night you had friends over while I went to the gym.”

“Fuck! Can’t believe you were able to keep it secret this long!” Chase slapped her ass. “Bitch.”

“Yes,” Alyssa agreed. “I love when you call me a bitch.” Being degraded by her own husband was a recent addition to her sex life, but Alyssa found she loved being told how bad she had been.

“Did he fuck you at the gym?”

“In my car outside,” Alyssa groaned. “As soon as I walked in and saw him, I knew he was going to fuck me. He just had this look on his face and I wasn’t going to say no.” Chase fucked her hard, spanking her. “He didn’t even flirt with me! I worked out, watching him, but he didn’t make a move until he was done with his own routine. He came out of the locker room, his shirt off and his bag over his shoulder and just walked up to me. ‘Come on,’ he told me, leading the way out of the gym.”

“I left my stuff there, wondering if anyone noticed the way my nipples poked through my sports bra.” Alyssa paused her story, shifting around to slide her hand down to rub her clit. Confessing to her husband about how their friend had fucked her behind his back was incredible! Not as good as actually fucking Ty, though. “I’m not sorry I fucked him.”

The words left her mouth before she really considered them, but the admission only seemed to drive her husband wild. His fingers dug into her hips, clutching her possessively in a way that Alyssa loved. Nothing was better than acting like a slut only to have her husband want her more.

“He fucked me right there in the parking lot! When he walked over to my car, I knew what he wanted, so I just crawled into the back seat, pulled my leggings down, and offered my pussy to him right there.” Alyssa felt an orgasm building in her as she remembered the casual and public way Ty had taken her.

“Fuck, did anyone see?” Chase sounded desperate.

“Honestly, I don’t know and don’t care,” Alyssa admitted. “He fucked me hard, so I’m sure if anyone walked past it would have been obvious what he was doing, but I had my head down trying to reach my own orgasm.”

“Did you cum all over his cock like a slut?” Chase grunted.

“Noooo,” Alyssa moaned, recalling her frustration. “He fucked me hard but didn’t hold back and came in my pussy after just a few minutes! I remember hearing him grunt and feeling his cock swell in me, then before I knew what was happening, he pulled out! By the time I turned around he had his cock tucked away and was grabbing his bag!”

Alyssa came as she relived the degraded feeling of being left unsatisfied, leaking cum in a public parking lot as her lover walked off without a word. He’d used her for his pleasure and didn’t care if she got hers or not. She remembered how pissed she’d been, immediately trying to text Ty who just messaged her to *get back in there and finish her workout*.

“YES!” Alyssa cried out, her fingers flying on her clit as her pussy squeezed Chase. “Fuck me!” Her sudden orgasm surprised Chase, who, without time to prepare himself, started cumming as well. “Yes, fill me like he did!” Alyssa grunted, arching her back to allow her husband to drive deeper into her.

“Fuck, babe,” Chase panted. The two were breathing heavy, surprised by the furious intensity of their coupling that had lasted only a few minutes.

“Did he really fuck you and just leave you there like that?”

“Yes,” Alyssa sighed, happy her husband had fucked her so well. “I just pulled my thong and leggings up and went back in to finish my work out like he told me to! I was so freaking horny! I couldn’t stop thinking about sex, so when I was done, I snuck into the sauna and masturbated thinking about how I bad I had been.”

“Fuck!” Chase spanked her ass causing Alyssa to giggle. They pushed themselves up and looked at each other. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Alyssa answered, resting her head on his chest. “This is okay, right? I’m having fun, but it’s getting out of control. Our friends all know I’m a slut for Ty and I’m not sure I can say no to him anymore.”

Chase didn’t hesitate. He tilted her head up to look into her eyes. “I love it. I love you. I want to see you completely cut loose and just give into your lust, but I want you to be happy too. I’m loving this adventure and wherever you want it to go, I’ll be there with you.”

Alyssa’s heart hammered as her husband kissed her. She passively met him at first, lost in thought wondering where her limits were and where she wanted this to lead, but eventually the feel of her husband’s lips captured her attention, pulling her back into the present and her loving but horny husband.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ALYSSA LOOKED up into the camera, slowly working the fat cock in her mouth. She wished Ty was fucking her, but her fans had been requesting more blowjob content, so here she was on her knees in the gym office working his black dick while her pussy begged for attention.

Knowing what was coming, she had done more with her makeup than usual. The blended eye shadow and heavy mascara emphasized her eyes, making them appear huge and eager. The bright red of her lips contrasted with the dark skin of Ty's cock. She hadn't added any blush, preferring to let her natural flush show the camera how turned on she got sucking Ty's dick.

"God, I love your cock," Alyssa whispered huskily before sliding him deep into her mouth. She had been working on Ty for a while, so it was no surprise when she felt his hand on the top of her head, encouraging her to take him into her throat. Alyssa stared up into his eyes, relaxed her throat, and let him push her down until her lips met the base of his cock. She let her hands rest on his muscular thighs, her wedding and engagement rings in clear view of the camera.

It was an awkward position to be in when the door opened. Alyssa froze, turning her head to the side to see Liz's wide eyes staring at her from the open door. Alyssa tried to pull back off, but Ty held her there, unconcerned with being caught with his cock down a client's throat.

"Sorry Liz, almost done here," Ty grunted. "Why don't you get started with some jump rope and I will wrap things up with Alyssa here and come find you." Alyssa felt helplessly aroused as Ty guided her up and down his

cock. She knew she should be upset, but how could she be mad when his casual display of her submission only turned her on more?

“Yes, sure,” Liz said, clearly stunned. Alyssa stared into her eyes as she felt Ty’s cock twitch. He was going to cum! Alyssa felt a twinge of disappointment as Liz managed to break the spell, a grin on her face as she closed the door and left.

“Fuck yes,” Ty grunted, pushing Alyssa down onto his cock as he started to cum. Alyssa quickly looked up into his eyes to find a mask of lust that mirrored her own feelings. She loved being caught being bad, and apparently it didn’t have to be her husband to get her going! Ty’s cock swelled and fired straight down her throat. She liked tasting his cum, but also appreciated only having to clean up her own spit off her face. “God damn you’re good at giving head!”

Alyssa felt his grip relax and she pulled back, gasping for air. Her eyes watered and she knew her makeup and hair would make it obvious she had been up to something. “Thanks!” Alyssa reached out and started stroking his cock. “Want to fuck now? I’m so horny!”

“I wish,” Ty sighed, batting her hands away. “I’m late for Liz’s session and after that it will take me a while to cum.”

“Fine,” Alyssa pouted. “But next time I want you in my pussy.” Alyssa thought about how Liz had confessed the hots for Ty. “When did you start training her?”

“It’s our first session,” Ty grimaced. “Not off to a good start... I should have been more careful, but there’s just something about having one hot slut take your cock while another watches that makes me lose my mind.”

“Ha, well she’d definitely put out for you,” Alyssa said. Interestingly, the thought of Ty and Liz together didn’t make her jealous but rather excited her. “You have quite the reputation among the ladies here and after this I’m sure it’s only going to grow.”

Ty grinned and winked as he stood and put himself back together. Alyssa did the same, knowing it wouldn’t make much difference. She didn’t plan on staying much longer anyways. She needed to grab her things and find Chase. She was horny as hell, so Chase had better have left something in the tank to take care of her.

She finally found him talking to a friend at the front of the gym. She walked up and slid her arm around his waist. Chase looked down, grinning

as he took in his wife's disheveled face and cocked eyebrow, before turning back to wrap up the conversation.

Alyssa felt his hand tighten on her hip and smiled to herself. Across the gym she saw Liz and Ty. He was talking, but it didn't look like Liz was listening. She stared at Alyssa, clearly shocked that the woman she had just seen take a black cock down her throat was nestled lovingly next to another man. Alyssa smiled and winked then interrupted Chase with a kiss. His eyes flared with lust and jealousy as he tasted Ty on his wife's lips. Alyssa pulled away with a smirk.

Lucky bitch! Liz mouthed, shocked but with a smile growing on her face.

Alyssa shrugged and let Chase guide her towards the front of the gym, a plan forming in her mind.

“Hey,” Alyssa said as Liz entered the sauna. Alyssa had been waiting for her, knowing the blonde woman always relaxed after a hard workout. She had snuck a peak at Ty's client schedule and luckily found a late Friday session when she knew the gym would be mostly empty.

A smile spread across Liz's face. “Well if it isn't the luckiest bitch at the gym.”

“I'm not a bitch!” Alyssa laughed, not protesting very hard. “I *am* pretty lucky, though.”

Liz walked in and sat down on the bench next to Alyssa, not bothering to adjust the towel that splayed open to reveal her shaved pussy. “Can't believe I sat in here and talked about Ty and your husband while you're out there living the dream. Hot husband and hot side piece! Fuck, just thinking about it is making me a jealous mess of lust!” Liz startled Alyssa by spreading her legs, her pussy unfolding and clearly wet.

“Damn, you're turned on,” Alyssa observed, taking in the woman's display.

“Yes! These sessions with Ty have been fucking torture! I want him to fuck me, but some *bitch* is keeping his balls drained!” Liz was smirking. “And if that isn't enough, she's married to the hot hunk I always got on the treadmill behind!”

Alyssa giggled then started laughing, Liz joining her. “Sounds like a real bitch!” Alyssa finally agreed. She had been nervous about her plan and how to approach Liz, but so far, she seemed to be doing all the work. “Thanks for being so cool about this.”

“Cool? I’m hotter than a fucking firecracker,” Liz said then sighed. “Honestly, I was a bit pissed when I first saw you and him. I signed up with him to try and get him to ask me out. Knowing you’re married and just some chick he’s fucking is a relief.”

“Oh,” Alyssa said, her heart dropping. Is that how Ty saw her? It wasn’t how she saw the two of them. They had always been really close friends, and now they were even closer friends that also had sex. Liz must have seen the change in mood.

“Sorry, that was unkind,” Liz pulled her towel around herself. “I don’t know what you guys have going on, other than that you apparently get to fuck Ty and your husband wants you to.” Alyssa’s eyes widened. “Yeah, Ty hinted at some things. It wasn’t hard to find the videos. They’re hot as hell.”

“Thanks,” Alyssa said, unsure of what else to say. Her plan seemed to be unravelling. It had seemed so simple. Ty liked to get head. Liz clearly wanted to suck his cock. Her fans would eat up a video of her and another hot woman taking care of him. Now that she was in the room with Liz, she realized she hadn’t actually formed any plan beyond fantasizing about sucking Ty with Liz.

“Do you make a lot of money off those videos?” Liz asked, failing to hide her curiosity. “I mean, I’ve always wondered if girls did it because they were exhibitionist or because it really paid that well.”

“Both,” Alyssa pounced, seeing an in. “I quit my part-time job since I made way more money spending the same amount of posting on the internet.” Alyssa smiled wickedly. “Plus, Chase gets crazy turned on by me being such a slut. It’s like the best foreplay for us.”

“You really are the luckiest bitch,” Liz said. “How the hell did this even start?”

“My husband,” Alyssa admitted. She could see Liz was turned on and curious and knew she didn’t have much time to convince her if she wanted it to happen tonight. “Would you want to try it?”

“Try what?”

“Ty,” Alyssa’s heart was pounding. “I’ll split the profits with you. Chase does all the editing and it’ll be hosted on my feed, so we’ll go seventy-

thirty?”

“Seriously?” Liz’s eyes were wide. “What would I have to do?”

“Be there, maybe stroke his cock a bit and get naked,” Alyssa wasn’t sure what else she would be willing to do. Liz was chewing on her lip. “Sixty-forty if you suck his cock with me.” Liz wore her desire openly. Alyssa knew she had her. “Even split if you’ll show your face.”

“Even split *and* you eat my pussy,” Liz countered, shocking Alyssa. She hadn’t considered the two of them interacting at all, an obvious oversight in an encounter with two women. Alyssa had never been with another girl before, never even given it more than a brief thought when guys floated the idea of bringing another girl into their bed.

“Really?” Alyssa wasn’t sure. Liz pulled her towel loose and spread her legs. Alyssa couldn’t help herself and glanced down at the blonde woman’s wet, smooth pussy.

“Yes. Those are my terms.”

“Have you been with a girl before?” Alyssa was staring at Liz. Somehow the tables had turned, and Alyssa wasn’t sure how she felt about it.

“Nothing more than a kiss to tease guys,” Liz answered. “But I bet a slut like you has, right?”

“Not me. Not even a kiss.” Alyssa realized she was chewing on her lip and quickly tore her gaze from Liz’s sex to find the blonde smirking at her. Alyssa blushed.

“Fifty-fifty, I’ll show my face, Ty can do whatever he wants with me, and you eat my pussy until I cum.”

“Fuck. Why?”

“Why do I want you to eat me?” Liz asked. “Curiosity, partly. It’ll make us more money too.” Alyssa couldn’t argue with that. “But mostly it’s because even though I know you’re married and not dating Ty, some bitch part of me wants to just *dominate* you—to put you in your place and make sure you know that even though Ty’s fucking you, you’re just a convenient piece of ass.” Alyssa sucked in a breath at the intensity in Liz’s last words. Liz’s bright blue eyes stared, challenging Alyssa to disagree. “You’re turned on by that.”

Alyssa was turned on. She had never even looked at another woman sexually before, but something about Liz set a fire blazing. “Yes.”

“Those are my terms. All or nothing. If you’re interested, turn your camera on and get to work.” Liz leaned back, her legs and arms spread.

Alyssa found herself obeying, reaching for her phone and propping it up to film before sliding down between Liz’s legs. She was used to being on her knees in front of men, but the feeling of submitting to a woman somehow he seemed far more. Liz was bigger than Alyssa, sporting large tits, curvy hips, and legs made muscular by years of competitive sports growing up. Alyssa had always been jealous of the easy sensuality that curvy women like Liz displayed, a feeling that twisted with the building lust in her from submitting to the type of woman she had loved to hate when younger.

“Good girl,” Liz said softly stroking Alyssa’s hair as she positioned herself between the blonde’s tanned thighs. The words humiliated and aroused Alyssa. Liz’s pussy, just inches from her face, taunted Alyssa with its wet folds already dark with arousal. The scent was overpowering. It wasn’t bad—Alyssa had never minded the smell or taste of her own pussy—just strong.

Liz was apparently eager, and Alyssa let the bigger woman pull her face to close the gap. Alyssa darted her tongue out, tentatively running it along Liz’s lips and winning a soft moan. It was so different from sucking a cock, not just the obvious physical contrast, but just the whole nature the experience. Alyssa had to get her face much closer to Liz’s body than when sucking a guy’s cock. Her nose was pressed against Liz, her face already smeared with her wetness.

Alyssa moaned, overwhelmed by the experience. Liz pulled her tight, twitching under her tongue and lips. “Fuck, that feels good!” Liz sighed, obviously surprised. “Yes, right there!”

Alyssa ran her tongue and lips along Liz’s labia, gently capturing the folds and massaging them. She’d learned the move from Chase, who loved to do it to her before focusing on her clit. She figured Liz might like it too and felt please that Liz was really getting into it, grinding her hips in pleasure.

The faint sound of the men’s sauna door opening then closing focused Alyssa’s attention to more than just her new friend’s pussy. It was Ty’s turn to close up the gym, and right on schedule he was doing his rounds. Being on her knees between Liz’s thighs wasn’t the exact plan she had in mind,

but she felt sure it would work even better than the two women just being naked.

Alyssa deftly flattened her tongue, sliding it over Liz's clit. If Liz had heard the door she didn't care. Her head was back, her chest heaving. Seeing the raw pleasure in Liz's face and body made Alyssa fill with pride. Maybe she was actually good at this! Liz certainly seemed to very into it.

A knock on the door caused both women to stiffen, Alyssa quickly focusing on Liz's clit to keep her in the moment. "Anyone in there?" Ty's voice called out. Neither woman answered, Alyssa because she wanted Ty to discover them organically, and Liz because she wanted Ty to go away and leave Alyssa between her legs. The door creaked softly, but there was nothing soft about Ty's reaction. "Oh, fuck yeah!"

Alyssa tried to turn back to see the look on her lover's face, but Liz locked her fingers in her hair, clearly insistent that she keep up her work. Alyssa knew Ty must love the view. What guy wouldn't love seeing Liz pleased by another woman? It certainly didn't hurt that Alyssa was naked, her ass and pussy pointed invitingly right at the door Ty stood in.

"Your bitch is good at eating pussy," Liz murmured, her eyes barely open. "She said it's her first time, but I think she's lying. I've *never* gotten head this good." Alyssa felt a surge of pride, both in her own efforts and in Chase's methods, which she had copied.

"How the hell did you get her to eat your pussy?" Ty asked, the door gently closing behind him.

"She wanted me in a video with you. I won the negotiations," Liz shrugged. "It wasn't hard. She's a horny slut and very submissive. I'd love to talk more, but honestly, I really want her to make me cum. You can fuck her if you want, but I want that cock in me too."

Liz settled back, tugging on Alyssa's hair to get her started again. The rustle of clothes was the only answer from Ty, but Alyssa had no doubt she was about to get her favorite cock.

"Fuck, that thing is beautiful," Liz murmured, her eyes hooded but open and watching over Alyssa's head. Alyssa moaned in agreement, then in pleasure as Ty rubbed the head of his cock around her pussy.

"Damn, Alyssa! You're fucking soaked," Ty laughed. "She's actually into eating you!"

"Good! I will definitely want *this* again!" Liz's eyes, full of lust, need, and dominance, were focused back on Alyssa's. A shudder ran through

Alyssa and she wondered if she would be able to resist Liz—or if she even wanted to.

Like the blowjob Liz had walked in on or the countless times Chase and watched her with Ty, Alyssa found she loved looking into another person's eyes as Ty took her. Ty's cock felt amazing, stretching her pussy as he worked himself in with ever deepening thrusts.

"You two were filming, right?" Ty grunted. Liz nodded towards the phone. "Good." Assured that the encounter was being captured, Ty wasted no time in grabbing Alyssa's hips and starting to fuck her. Liz moaned in frustration as the jostling made Alyssa lose contact with her clit.

Alyssa tried her best, but it wasn't until Liz firmly grabbed her hair and head and started to grind against her face that the threesome found a rhythm that worked for them. Alyssa found she loved being fucked while eating pussy almost as much as she loved getting fucked while sucking cock.

Certainly, she felt more accomplished by the gasps of pleasure from Liz than she did just from taking cock in her mouth. Alyssa had been dancing around Liz's clit, but she could feel the blonde's desperation for a release. Alyssa's own pleasure rose, and she slipped a hand back to play with her clit.

"Focus!" Ty spanked her ass hard. "Sluts cum last."

"Oh god, thanks!" Liz groaned, as Alyssa refocused on eating pussy. "Stop fucking teasing me!"

Alyssa wanted to cum, but it was clear Ty wanted her to finish of Liz first, so she grabbed the woman's hips and went to work on Liz's clit. The effect on Liz was immediate, her back arching and legs clamping down on Alyssa's head.

"FUCK!" Liz screamed so loudly that Alyssa's ears ached despite the thighs wrapped around them. Her further cries of passion were muffled as Ty leaned forward and pressed his lips against his newest client. Alyssa had thought Liz was wet before, but the gush of arousal that filled her mouth when Liz came nearly overwhelmed her. The legs wrapped around her head kept Alyssa in place and made it difficult for her to breathe. She kept licking Liz, but soon struggled to free herself as her air ran short.

"Sorry," Liz giggled, finally relaxing and letting her friend out. Alyssa's reply was cut short as Ty started to fuck her again.

"Yes! Can I play with myself now?" Alyssa begged. "I made her cum!"

“Up to her,” Ty grunted. He fucked her hard now, intent on his own pleasure. Alyssa feared he planned to fill her with cum and once again leave her unsatisfied.

“Don’t cum yet!” Liz said lazily leaning forward to try and push Ty out of the Asian wife he was fucking.

“I’m not close,” Ty said, but he eased off anyways.

“What about me?” Alyssa pouted. Ty’s cock felt great, but at his slower pace she wasn’t going to finish.

“Like I said, up to Liz,” Ty smiled. “I think you belong to her tonight.” The words sent a thrill through Alyssa. She wondered what the bounds of *tonight* would be and if Liz would try to take her home. Liz smiled down warmly at her.

“She did a really great job! Best head I’ve ever gotten and I’m not exaggerating,” Liz said. Alyssa felt like she had earned some pleasure, which is why Liz’s next words were so jarring. “But a cheating *bitch* like her doesn’t deserve to cum just because she can eat my cunt like a pro.” Liz grabbed her by the hair and pulled her up, mashing their lips together aggressively. Alyssa was so stunned by the sudden change in Liz’s demeanor that she found herself going along and meeting her kiss. Liz’s soft lips didn’t completely hide the iron will or desire to *own* Alyssa.

“I think you’re so horny you’d do whatever I wanted,” Liz hissed softly. Alyssa was so wrapped up in the moment that she had forgotten the camera, but Liz hadn’t and kept her voice low enough that Ty’s fucking would mask her words. “I’m taking you home tonight. After I’m done with Ty, call your husband and tell him you’re spending the night with a friend.”

Liz’s words sent fire down Alyssa’s spine. Her tone entertained no possible response other than a short nod of agreement. Alyssa’s head spun with lust. How had she gone into the evening with a solid plan to seduce a friend for a dual blowjob only to end up agreeing to a night of lesbian servitude?

“How do you want to fuck me?” Liz interrupted Alyssa’s thoughts. “I want this slut to lick me, too.” Liz stood, modeling herself for Ty. “I’ll do *whatever* you want. Does Alyssa take it up the ass? I do.”

Alyssa felt Ty’s cock twitch at the offer as his pace slowed. A stirring of jealousy ran its way through Alyssa, but she quickly suppressed it. She wasn’t sure if the green feelings came from Ty fucking another woman, or

the fact Liz offered him something she hadn't yet. Ty wasn't her boyfriend. He could fuck who he wanted how he wanted.

"Alyssa, there's lube in my bag in the office. Go get it," Ty said pulling out and leaving her horny and unsatisfied on the ground. Alyssa stumbled to her feet, wondering if Liz was really going to take him in her butt. She reached for her towel, but Liz put a foot on it and raised an eyebrow in a clear challenge to go naked through the gym. Alyssa couldn't do anything but obey.

She found the lube quickly, but by the time she was back Liz was already eagerly riding Ty, the two making out. Alyssa wanted to play with herself while she watched the blonde woman take Ty's fat black cock, but she was afraid if she got caught they wouldn't let her stay to see the main show. Alyssa cleared her throat and the two broke apart laughing, Liz reluctantly pulling herself off of Ty's cock.

"Alyssa, I'm going to have to do something to thank you for bringing Liz to me," Ty said with a smile, his cock glistening.

"Fuck me?" Alyssa asked hopefully. She wanted him so badly.

"He's mine tonight!" Liz giggled. "Did you find the lube?"

"Yeah. Are you really going to let him take your butt?" Alyssa hoped she would. Ty had been fingering and teasing her ass, clearly interested in her backdoor. Alyssa wanted to have anal, but fear still held her back.

"Yes, and you're going to warm me up!" Liz grinned. "Ever eaten ass before?"

"What, no!" Alyssa was shocked. Ty and Chase had been licking her ass and it did feel really good, but the thought of doing it herself was too much! Thankfully, neither guy had asked her to return the favor.

"Oh, come on Alyssa," Ty encouraged. "She has a great ass! Here, look how fucking perfect her ass is." Ty pulled Liz to a standing position, bent over with her ass cheeks perfectly framing her wet pussy and the tight brown pucker of interest.

Alyssa found her mouth watering. It was an inviting view, a revelation that shocked her. Liz's pussy was open and wet from Alyssa and Ty pleasuring her. Her asshole was tight and already wet from fluids that had dripped down. Alyssa could smell her arousal. She knew how good it felt to have a tongue back there.

"If you lick her ass, I'll lick yours," Ty offered.

“I’ll try it,” Alyssa agreed, unable to resist Ty’s tongue. “But if I don’t like it, I’m stopping.”

“Of course, no one is going to make you do anything you don’t want to,” Ty grinned.

“Yay!” Liz beamed. “Now get to work, bitch!” She reached back and pulled Alyssa head between her cheeks. Alyssa’s world became Liz’s ass. She had no time to prepare herself but was pleasantly surprised when it smelled do different than eating her pussy. In fact, the smell of the blonde’s arousal simply overwhelmed all other sensations.

Ty knelt behind Alyssa, grabbing her cheeks and diving in with no hesitation. It felt incredible and Alyssa found herself pressing back, just kneeling there enjoying his tongue. Liz was having none of her passiveness, though. Alyssa yelped as she felt her hair twisted painfully. Getting the message, she tentatively stuck her tongue out, poking at the woman’s tight rosebud pressed against her lips.

“God yes,” Liz sighed as Alyssa started to lick. Alyssa was surprised when it tasted like nothing, and even more surprised when she found she enjoyed the feel of the tight pucker and the way Liz moaned like a whore as she played with it.

Ty pointed his tongue then slid into Alyssa’s ass. Alyssa moaned, quickly copying his actions on Liz. Her ass was tight, but it quickly relaxed, accepting Alyssa’s tongue.

“Fuck! That’s so good...” Liz groaned. “You’re awfully eager for such a reluctant slut.”

Alyssa was surprised by her own enthusiasm for eating her friend’s ass. She felt positively filthy and loved it! The way Liz’s rosebud seemed to resist her tongue then cling desperately once it was in surprised her with the incredible physical and mental stimulations. Alyssa found herself spreading Liz’s cheeks and fucking her ass with her tongue. Both women were so caught up in their own actions that neither noticed Ty had stood and lubed his cock until he gently pushed Alyssa’s head down.

“Work on her clit now,” Ty said.

Alyssa’s eyes went wide as she took in the sight of Ty’s throbbing erection at such a close angle. Next to Liz’s ass, it looked impossibly large! Surely it wouldn’t fit, but Alyssa wanted to make it as good for Liz as possible, so with one last lick she twisted onto her back and slid so she could work on Liz’s dripping pussy.

“Yeeesss,” Liz moaned when Alyssa slid her tongue across her opening up to her clit, collecting the arousal that had been pooling. “Holy fuck this is incredible!”

Alyssa’s new angle didn’t let her see Ty’s cock, but it did offer her a view up straight into Liz’s wide gaze. Liz was turned on, her face flushed and eyes wild. When Alyssa sucked gently on her clit, Liz looked like she might cum right then. Alyssa backed off, teasing her gently as she felt Ty move forward to join them.

“Thank you,” Liz mouthed kindly, her mouth dropping open and eyebrows scrunching as Ty pushed into her ass. Alyssa wasn’t sure if it was a look of pain or pleasure, the twisted moan that escaped Liz’s parted lips not clarifying further. Alyssa kept up her teasing, running her tongue the full length of the wet slit.

Her chin then tongue bumped into Ty right as Liz relaxed and Alyssa was treated to the feel of several inches of his cock sliding across her lips no the way inside the tight asshole she had prepared for him. Liz groaned, clearly loving the sensation. Alyssa quickly returned to Liz’s clit, circling the erect nub with her tongue then sucking gently.

“Oh, fuck yes. Oh god baby! Alyssa...” Liz stared down, her face a mask of pleasure. Alyssa locked eyes with her, vaguely aware that Ty grunted away and as he fucked the woman’s ass. Both women seemed to just focus their full attention on one another. Alyssa always loved looking into her lover’s eyes as she pleased them, but the experience with Liz was just *better*. Liz was far more expressive than any man Alyssa had been with, and she realized that feedback made giving head so much more enjoyable.

Liz’s hips smashed forward rhythmically. Ty must really be fucking her ass now! Alyssa wanted to keep eating her friend, but also wanted to take a peek. Thinking quickly, she snuck a hand up and slid her fingers into Liz’s eager pussy. She felt tight and she could feel Ty’s huge cock pressing and sliding. Liz moaned in appreciation, so Alyssa slid down on the floor.

The sight of Ty’s thick black cock spreading Liz’s ass was unlike anything she had ever seen before. His dark skin glistened with lube, the veins pulsing. Liz’s ass, which had seemed tight on Alyssa’s tongue, spread obscenely around Ty’s dick and seemed to welcome the black intruder. Ty didn’t appear to be holding back, the force of this thrusts sending ripples through Liz’s muscular cheeks.

Alyssa glanced up to see Liz still staring at her. “Please,” Liz whispered desperately. “Please...” Alyssa understood immediately and quickly reattached her lips to Liz’s pussy. The effect was immediate, Liz spewing forth an incoherent jumble of moans and half-muttered pleas. Liz held her body up with one arm, snaking her free hand down to stroke Alyssa’s hair.

Alyssa knew she was ready, so when Liz’s breath shortened Alyssa kept up the focus on her clit. Liz’s sharp gasps became a guttural moan and her whole body shook in pleasure. Alyssa let herself be pulled against Liz’s pussy, reaching back to grab her hips and pull herself even tighter against the spasming woman.

Liz’s eyes never left hers, the two women locked in an intimate exchange of lust and passion as Liz’s body thrashed. Eventually Liz’s body relaxed, but Alyssa’s tongue didn’t stop. Liz squirmed, her clit sensitive from her orgasm and tried to push Alyssa away, but the Asian wife clung tighter and fiercely shook her head. She was determined to make her cum again.

Ty still fucked Liz’s ass, his thrusts deep, rapid, and increasingly off rhythm. Alyssa was sure Liz’s ass had felt amazing while she came and that Ty probably couldn’t hold out much longer. She moved her finger’s back to Liz’s empty pussy and redoubled her efforts on Liz’s sensitive clit.

“Fuck, too much, too much...” Liz moaned, limply collapsing under the assault of Ty’s cock in her ass and Alyssa on her pussy. It was Ty’s orgasm that drove Liz over the edge for the second time in minutes. His pace became furious, Liz’s whole body shaking with the force of his thrusts. Alyssa sucked hard on Liz’s clit as soon as she felt Ty’s cock starting to swell through the thin barrier between her ass and pussy.

Liz’s whispered protestations turned to a sharp squeal and her body gave out, twitching and held aloft only by Ty’s firm grip. Alyssa felt a gush of fluids across her hand and chin as Liz’s pussy spasmed around her fingers. Alyssa slid her free hand around to cup Ty’s twitching balls, gently massaging them as he came, his roar of pleasure drowning out Liz’s weak moans.

Liz hung limp above Alyssa, not bothering to resist as Alyssa continued to suck and lick her clit. Ty panted, his cock still fully inside of Liz’s ass.

“Fucking hell,” Ty finally said. “That was unbelievable.”

“Yes,” Liz groaned in agreement. “Alyssa, please, it’s too much!” Alyssa giggled, and eased off but didn’t stop licking Liz. Alyssa was

unbelievably horny and needed to keep the mood going or she would be left hanging. Liz had promised to take her home, and Alyssa needed to make sure it would still happen.

Ty pulled out, guiding Liz to a soft landing on the bench. Liz's legs were still spread, so without another thought Alyssa slid between them and continued to kiss and nibble.

"Damn, she really likes it," Ty laughed. Liz grabbed Alyssa's head, weakly trying to push her away, but eventually soft moans and gentle pulls let Alyssa know she had succeeded in keeping her horny.

"Fuck me," Alyssa begged.

"I would need to wash off first," Ty laughed. "And I was supposed to meet friends twenty minutes ago."

"Noooooo," Alyssa finally pushed herself away from Liz. "You can't leave me like this!"

"Chase can't take care of you?" Ty teased. The mention of her husband brought her back to earth. She checked the camera and saw it was still there. She knew Chase would happily take care of her, but she wanted something dirtier than going home and fucking her husband.

"She's going home with me," Liz interjected. "Call your husband."

Alyssa looked up at Liz and it only took a glance to know she would do whatever the bigger blonde woman told her to do.

"Okay," Alyssa stood, grabbed her phone and slipped out of the sauna to call her husband.

"Hey, babe. You coming home soon?" Chase asked cheerily. "You're awfully late, so I hope you were a good girl and recorded it this time."

"No," Alyssa said, suddenly aware of her nudity out in the middle of the dark gym and the fact that she was about to ask her husband if she could spend the night with another person. "I mean, yes I did record, but uh..."

"Nice, did Ty fuck you? I can't wait to get in that slutty pussy of yours!" Chase sounded so enthusiastic.

"Well, he didn't fuck *me*," Alyssa replied. "You know Liz from the gym?"

"Liz?" Chase sounded confused. "Oh, please tell me you had a threesome with another girl!"

"Yeah..." Alyssa admitted.

"Fucking hell I cannot wait to see that!" Chase sounded so happy. "Which one is Liz?"

“The blonde hottie with the big tits,” Alyssa said. “Really blue eyes and maybe four inches taller than me?”

“That describes half a dozen girls that go to our gym,” Chase laughed. “Send me a picture?”

“Okay,” Alyssa went to her phone. All she had was the video footage, so she skipped ahead until she found a good shot of her eating Liz’s pussy. She grabbed a screenshot and sent it.

“Babe, I am so fucking hard! When are you coming home? Will you bring Liz?” Chase asked giddily. “I mean, no worries if you don’t want to share me. I am totally cool with whatever. I just want to fuck!”

“I, uh,” Alyssa wasn’t sure what to say.

“Oh, Ty not done with you two sluts?” Chase teased.

“No, he is... Chase, I’m going home with Liz.” The admission came out as more of a statement than she meant it to. The line went silent. “Chase?”

“That might be the sexist thing you’ve ever said to me.” Chase’s voice was strained. “Thanks for calling and letting me know.”

“You’re welcome?” Alyssa was surprised at how readily her husband was accepting this.

“Seriously, the way you just *said* you were going home without asking is fucking *hot!*” Chase’s voice dripped lust. “You’ll be home in the morning? I am going to fuck you so god damned hard.”

“Yes,” Alyssa’s body positively hummed at her husband’s unfettered lust. She almost wanted to skip the night with Liz, but at the moment the sauna door opened and Ty and Liz walked out. Ty was dressed, but Liz was naked, her body fully on display. “I love you. See you tomorrow.”

“Love you too! Don’t forget to film.” Alyssa could hear the happiness in her husband’s voice. She hung up and followed Liz’s swaying ass to the women’s locker room to grab their things. Never in a million years did she think she would enjoy having sex with a woman, but she found herself stealing glances as the blonde woman dressed.

“Don’t worry, I’m going to make you feel good,” Liz said with a grin when she caught Alyssa staring at her. “You were fucking incredible and I really owe you, both for the sex and hooking me up with Ty.”

Any thoughts of jealousy about Liz and Ty were gone after being together with the both of them. “No problem. Ty deserves the best.”

“Yes, he does,” Liz grinned moving around the bench and pressing her lips against Alyssa’s. “Which is why even after we’re dating, I want you

putting out whenever he wants. You might be married, but I want you to treat Ty's cock like your number one priority."

"Okay." Alyssa's body hummed at Liz's words. She had no idea where Liz's confidence was coming from, but she was here for it.

"And don't worry, I'll let you eat my pussy whenever you want too."

Alyssa shivered, not sure what she had gotten into or how Chase would feel, but too turned on to resist the blonde's plans. The two dressed quickly, eager to continue their fun in the comfort of a bed.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

“WELL, you’re married to a bona fide PornFi Starlet!” Alyssa grinned turning her laptop around to show her husband the badge on her profile. “Thanks so much for the help with editing! I never would have been able to put together the videos like you did!”

“You’re welcome, but I don’t think it would have mattered,” Chase laughed. “A hot Asian wife cheating with a black guy and having sex with a big titty blonde? That sells itself.”

Alyssa laughed, knowing he was probably right. “Maybe, but that stuff is all over PornFi. Your editing really sets my videos apart. Seriously.”

“Well, thanks,” Chase beamed. “It’s fun to edit the videos.”

Alyssa looked at Chase, knowing he told the truth but still not really understanding why he was so into her fucking Ty. She understood why he liked seeing her with Liz, but that seemed to excite him less than the her taking Ty’s big black cock.

“You still love me, right?” Alyssa asked. She usually resisted the urge to seek validation of his continued love, but sometimes she just needed to hear it.

“What? Yes! That’s a stupid question,” Chase said looking concerned. “Did I do something that said otherwise?”

“No,” Alyssa admitted. “It’s just my life has become some sort of weird fantasy. Most guys would be livid their wife fucked another guy, even without the whole porn thing.”

“Hm, well I’m not most guys,” Chase pulled his wife around the table onto his lap. Unsurprisingly, he was hard as a rock. “I like seeing you fuck other guys.”

“I know,” Alyssa kissed him. “I only fuck Ty, though.”

“Yeah,” Chase hesitated. “Have you thought about fucking others? None of my friends rose to the whole ‘bigger than Chase’ challenge, but I’m sure we could find others.”

“Uh,” Alyssa hesitated. It wasn’t that she didn’t think about fucking other guys. Ever since the start of her new career she fantasized plenty. It wasn’t her, or her husband that put the hold on fulfilling those fantasies. “Ty isn’t in to sharing... The only reason he lets me have sex with you is because we were fucking first.”

Chase laughed. “Yeah, I figured. Once you stopped teasing me about bringing Liz over and the two of them started dating I kinda guessed that was the case.”

“You’re not mad?” Alyssa was surprised. She had discussed having one of Ty’s other black friends over to join them for a threesome, but Ty had said he wasn’t into that.

“No. Are you happy with just Ty? That’s all that matters to me.”

“Wow,” Alyssa wasn’t sure what to say.

“As long as you still love me and take care of me you can do whatever you want with your boyfriend and his girlfriend,” Chase grinned.

“Boyfriend?” Alyssa’s heart raced. “We’re just friends that fuck.”

“Right. If that was true you would have no problem fucking other guys even if he didn’t want you to,” Chase countered. “Not that I don’t find it hot you refuse to fuck around on him but you have no problem cheating on me. It’s clear you care for him.”

“I-,” Alyssa wasn’t sure what to say. “I mean, it’s hard not to feel *something* when you’re fucking a close friend...”

“Yep, seriously, I’m okay,” Chase kissed her. “Besides, it turns me on like *crazy* to think about you just losing yourself with him. Lately, I feel like you’ve been holding back.”

“Wh-what do you mean?” Alyssa knew what he meant. Ever since the night with Liz, Alyssa had been holding back, afraid of where she would go if she didn’t try to put up barriers with her extramarital lovers.

“The last video with Ty? It seemed... mechanical,” Chase struggled for words. “Like a professional porn star putting on a show rather than a wife lost in passion with her lover. It’s hard to pinpoint what exactly is different, but something about the chemistry is just off.”

“Yeah...” Alyssa sighed. “Chase, this is dangerous. We’re married.”

“It’s only dangerous if you lie to yourself or me,” Chase grinned. “Now, I would love to fuck you, but unfortunately I have a call I have to be on. Fair warning, I’m expecting them to say I have to fly out to headquarters next week for a team meeting.”

“Oh no! You’ll be gone for our anniversary?” Alyssa was sad but knew Chase’s usual freedom came at the cost of occasional short notice trips.

“Maybe. I’ll push and see if I can keep it short.”

“I could come with you! You’d need to work, but during the nights we could have fun,” Alyssa offered.

“Or you could stay here and make some videos with Ty for me,” Chase grinned. “It would be hot as hell to watch you get fucked on our anniversary. You could do a live stream. Have him spend the night and just really cut loose with him.”

“Chase!” Alyssa’s face flushed. The idea of getting used by another man on their wedding anniversary was really hot. She knew Ty would love it as well. The more she fucked Ty, the more her black lover got off on the fact that she was married. Chase didn’t for her to consider further and kept them moving forward.

“In fact, why don’t you slide down on your knees and suck my cock while I take this call. You can think about how you’re going to make our anniversary special,” Chase pushed her down. In a daze of arousal, Alyssa soon found herself on her knees worshiping her husband’s cock while he talked with the team.

Alyssa focused on her husband’s dick at first, but soon her mind wandered. What did her husband mean by wanting to really see her cut loose with Ty? Wasn’t fucking him whenever he wanted cutting loose? The barriers she had put up were definitely not physical. Ty got whatever he asked for whenever he wanted. She just believed they needed some emotional separation or things could really get complicated.

But it sounded like her husband wanted those barriers down too and wanted her to give in completely to *everything*. Alyssa needed to be sure he was serious about this and not just horny, so she focused on making him cum, swallowing his cock and fucking her face. Maybe he would change his mind during his period of post-orgasm clarity. Chase muffled a groan and tried to slow her down, but Alyssa batted his hands away.

The sounds of Alyssa sucking cock were loud and Chase muted his phone, barely listening to the call as his wife blew him. He was turned on

like crazy and Alyssa had improved at sucking cock thanks to practicing with Ty, so within minutes she swallowed down his load as she looked up at her very satisfied husband. Alyssa sat back, pushing the cum that had escaped her lips back into her mouth to swallow it as well.

“Yeah, I’ll be there,” Chase said before ending the call, his eyes never leaving Alyssa. “Damn, what got in to you?”

“Are you serious about next week? You want me to give in to *everything*? No more limits?” Alyssa asked staring at her husband.

“Yes.” Chase said without hesitation. She’d expected some doubt now that he’d cum, but if there was any he hid it well.

“He’ll want to fuck my ass. I won’t say no.”

“Probably. I’m surprised he hasn’t yet.”

“I wanted you to be first. You still have a week to take my ass first.”

“Maybe,” Chase grinned. “How about we put a poll up for your fans? Who fucks your ass first: Hubby, or the black stud on your anniversary.”

Alyssa was stunned at the suggestion, but the idea burrowed down inside of her. “Really?” Chase had to know what her fans would pick.

“Yeah,” Chase grinned. “Trust me, that will get a ton of views.”

“This isn’t about the views!” Alyssa said, growing frustrated. “This is a first, and a big one! I have to trust the man *completely*. It should be you.”

“You don’t trust Ty?” Chase challenged. “I think you want me to be first because you feel guilty about how you feel about Ty.”

“Wh-what do you mean?” Alyssa asked nervously.

“I see how you look at him, talk about him,” Chase smiled and stroked his wife’s hair. “I like it. I want you to be happy.” Alyssa was silent. “Make the poll. I need to book my flights and hotel.”

Chase turned to his computer, ending the conversation. Alyssa wasn’t sure exactly where it left them. Fucking Ty on their anniversary appealed to every fiber of her sexual being. She had gotten very into the whole cheating wife play, but giving him her anal cherry? And if that wasn’t enough, Chase kept hinting that he didn’t want this to just be a physical thing.

If Alyssa was honest with herself, it already wasn’t. She and Ty talked often, texted each other daily, and Alyssa found herself missing his company if she went days without seeing him. It wasn’t just Chase that picked up on it. Liz teased her when the two hung out and got on Alyssa’s case in the rare cases she wasn’t making enough time for Ty. It definitely wasn’t the same sort of romantic relationship she’d had with Chase or other

boyfriends, but it also didn't seem to fit the casual friends with benefit arrangements she'd had in college.

In short, Alyssa didn't know how she felt or how Ty felt. Just as Alyssa didn't feel the same about Ty as she did Chase, Ty clearly didn't want her in the same way as he did Liz. Despite this, he definitely was possessive of her. Ty had shot down the idea of her fucking anyone but Chase, and he seemed to delight in teasing her about how submissive she became to him despite being married.

Fuck it, Alyssa thought, grabbing her laptop and heading to the den. She wrote up a post with the poll. It was short.

I've decided to it's time to do anal! I wanted my husband to be my first, but unfortunately, he's leaving me alone on our anniversary next week. :(Now I'm not sure who deserves to fuck my ass first. Help me choose by voting for the video you'd like to see!

- 1. Loving Asian Wife Gives Ass to Husband for Anniversary*
- 2. Black Stud Fucks Cheating Asian Wife's Ass for first time on Anniversary*

Alyssa read it over once then hit post. She didn't even need to check with Ty to know he would jump at the opportunity to take her anal virginity, especially on her anniversary. She also didn't need the votes to come in to know what her fans would want to see, so she went to grab her phone and see if Liz was willing to come and film.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

“YOU’RE SURE ABOUT THIS?” Alyssa asked for the twentieth time. “I can still send him home.”

“Do you want to send him home?” Chase asked, his tone teasing. “I think what you want to do is hang this phone up and go show the world what a complete slut looks like.”

Alyssa knew he was right from the way her body responded to his words. Still, she had to at least pretend to be a loving wife sometimes. “I’m not going to hold anything back,” Alyssa warned.

“I never want you to!”

“I love you. Just remember that, no matter what you see or hear.” Alyssa’s heart pounded. She could hear Liz’s soft giggle down the hall where she practiced with the camera. She hadn’t even had to finish her request to get Liz on board with her plan. Liz seemed to get off on the fact that her new boyfriend had a married submissive slut at his beck and call.

“I love you too. Remember to have fun too. You seem nervous,” Chase said. “I know you’ll be able to take his cock just fine. I’ve seen you practice.”

“Yeah, okay,” Alyssa said, not correcting her husband about the reason for her nervousness. She’d been playing with plugs for a while now, so it wasn’t the girth of Ty’s cock that scared her, but rather her emotional reaction to giving herself so completely to another man. It didn’t help that tonight should be a time for her and Chase.

“Talk to you tomorrow,” Chase said cheerily before hanging up.

Alyssa took a deep breath then walked to her bedroom, not surprised at all to find Ty naked getting his cock sucked while Liz held the camera out

to film them.

“Sorry,” Liz giggled pulling off of Ty. “I know he’s yours for the night, but I couldn’t resist!”

“It’s okay,” Alyssa laughed. “He’s your boyfriend!” It somehow felt stranger sharing Ty with Liz than it did to fuck around on Chase, but Liz had never made her feel uncomfortable and in fact encouraged Ty and Alyssa to get together as often as possible.

“Not tonight!” Liz smiled and tucked her tits back away. “All good with Chase?”

“Yeah, I think he’s more at ease than I am,” Alyssa admitted.

“I’ll go slow,” Ty reassured.

“It’s not that,” Alyssa started to explain but stopped herself from going further. She didn’t want to share her emotional vulnerability with the man about to make her his.

Liz seemed to sense her friend’s uncertainty, reaching out a hand and squeezing her arm. “Don’t hold back for me. He’s yours tonight. All yours,” Liz said softly with a warm smile. A shudder ran through Alyssa. She took a deep breath.

“Alright, you ready? The cameras all set up?” Alyssa looked around the room. Chase had gone all out on the setup, with two fixed cameras to capture the bed and a third that Liz held. They’d done a test stream of their multi-cam setup right before Chase left, a lesbian show where Liz dominated Alyssa before kicking Chase out of the bedroom so the two exhausted women could sleep. Despite her inner turmoil, memories of the night with Liz and anticipation of Ty’s dick in her ass started to win. As usual, her anxiety seemed to mix with and amplify her arousal, as if her brain didn’t know how to deal with the wicked things she was about to do.

“Yes! Now let’s get that tight butt of yours filled with black dick,” Liz said holding up the camera and smiling.

Alyssa took a deep breath then walked over to the laptop and hit *Go Live*.

“Hey everyone and welcome to my anniversary live stream!” Alyssa said, grinning into Liz’s camera. Alyssa’s nervousness fled as soon as she went live and slipped into her PornFi persona. “Thanks to everyone that voted in my poll to see who gets to fuck my ass first!

“I’ll be honest, the vote wasn’t even close. There were a few angry messages from guys pissed that I would even fuck a black guy, much less

let him take my ass on my anniversary, but the majority were very in favor of *this*,” Alyssa reached off camera and pull Ty’s cock into view, “being the first cock in my married butt. I think we can all agree that my husband fucked up going away, but just because he fucked up doesn’t mean I shouldn’t get fucked.” Alyssa’s eyes were off the camera, focused on Ty’s beautiful erection. “Fuck, this is a beautiful cock.”

“Yes, it is,” Liz giggled from behind the camera. “Go ahead and suck it.”

Alyssa had prepared a whole speech, but the direction from Liz and the thought of sucking Ty pushed her off script. Besides, speeches weren’t her and if she wanted to let go and give her husband the show *he* wanted, she needed to do this organically. Ty sighed as the married woman’s lips wrapped around his cock.

“Like this?” Alyssa asked as she slid to her knees and took his cock, hand free, into her mouth.

“Put those rings up there,” Liz instructed. Alyssa moaned, raising her left hand to grip his cock and flash the symbols of her marriage for the camera. Alyssa loved when Liz talked dirty, and so did her fans. “Good girl! Ever think you’d be on your knees sucking another man’s cock on your anniversary?”

Alyssa shook her head, her mouth full of dick.

“Do wish your husband was here?” Liz teased.

“No!” Alyssa said emphatically, surprising even herself. Liz laughed. “I mean...”

“I get it,” Liz said softly. The camera was there, but suddenly no one seemed to be acting for it. A grin spread over Liz’s face. “Now be a good little slut and get my boyfriend’s cock ready for that ass. Just because your hubby isn’t here doesn’t mean you don’t deserve some good anniversary sex.”

“You’re right,” Alyssa agreed happily, glad for any excuse to just give in. “Fuck, I can’t believe this is going to go in my ass!”

“It won’t if you don’t get it wet,” Ty’s rumbling bass joined the discussion. He guided Alyssa back down onto his dick. “Yeah, just like that.” The wet gagging sounds of Alyssa noisily throating Ty filled the room. Spit trailed off his cock hanging down until it fell onto her bare breasts. No one said anything as Alyssa got him ready.

“I need you now,” Alyssa finally gasped after several minutes of sucking him. “I want you in my ass.” Without waiting for a response, Alyssa stood and positioned herself on the bed, her ass back to the camera. She had on her favorite plug, a cute green jeweled number that sparkled enticingly in the light.

“Want me to warm her up?” Liz offered hopefully.

“Next time,” Ty said intensely, drawing a shiver out of Alyssa. “I’ve been wanting to fuck this ass since the first time I saw her. Enough foreplay, enough teasing.”

“Yes,” Alyssa agreed, keeping her head forward staring at the camera sitting on the nightstand. “Do it.”

Alyssa gasped when she felt a gentle tug on the plug. Forcing herself to relax, her body quickly surrendered the toy that she had been wearing to prepare herself for Ty. Alyssa panted with anticipation for her ass being filled, this time with black cock.

“Do you want my cock?” Ty asked, rubbing the head of his dick around her backdoor. He was slick and Alyssa tilted her hips around to try and line him up.

“Yes, Ty. I really want your cock in me!” Alyssa begged. “Ever since you first played with my ass I’ve wanted it.” She turned around to look back at Ty, but he slapped her ass.

“Eyes forward! I want the world to see your face as I take your ass,” Ty instructed. “I want them to see how a slut who lets another man fuck her ass on her anniversary looks. I want them to watch as I make you *mine*.”

“Oh, god yes,” Alyssa groaned. “Fuck me, babe! I fucking need you!”

Ty grabbed his cock, pushing the head in just enough to start to open up the married woman’s ass. Alyssa’s head snapped up, her eyes wild and wide. “Tell your husband you love him.” A flash of cold desire shot through Alyssa at his instruction.

“Babe, I love you so much!” Alyssa said staring into the camera without any hesitation. Ty pushed his cock into her midway through her expression of love for her absent husband. “Ah, fuuuck!” Alyssa’s ass stretched, at first resisting the intrusion then suddenly relaxing and letting nearly half of Ty’s cock slide easily into her. The surrender of her ass to Ty’s cock drove all thoughts of her husband away. “Fuck, you’re big!”

“Do I need to stop?”

“NO! Fuck me!” Alyssa begged, emphasizing her point by pushing back and taking another couple of inches. “God, right there!” Alyssa stared into the camera without seeing. Giving herself up to Ty like this took over her mind completely. Alyssa lived in the moment, with no room left for anything other than the sensation of submitting completely to her lover.

Ty didn’t waste any time in taking advantage of Alyssa’s complete submission. With half his cock already inside her, it was easy work to grab her hips and start slow thrusts until he stroked his full length in her ass. Alyssa’s ragged gasps of pleasure let him know just how much she loved it, so he didn’t hold back and soon fucked her ass hard enough to send ripples through her cheeks.

“Damn, take it slut!” Ty grunted. “This ass is fucking mine!”

“Oh, god yes babe!” Alyssa readily agreed. “It’s yours. Just fuck it!”

Liz moved around capturing closeups of Ty’s black cock sodomizing Alyssa, but otherwise stayed silent and went about her work, ignored by the two lovers.

When Alyssa’s head dropped, Ty reached forward and pulled it back up by her hair, forcing her to look into the camera. Alyssa loved it and let her body go limp as Ty treated her like a fuck toy.

“Fuck, you really know how to take dick,” Ty grunted, sweat starting to pour off his body and his breath coming shorter. “Most sluts can’t take it in the ass like this.”

“I practiced for you,” Alyssa moaned. “I wanted my first time to be special.” Alyssa vaguely remembered that her husband, and probably his friends, were watching this, but caught up in her lust those thoughts didn’t matter. “Fuck me, Ty. Make me yours! I’ll do anything you want! Just tell me what you want! I’ll keep my ass just for you!”

“God damn!” Ty grunted. “Can’t believe what a slut you are!”

“Only for you! I fucking love you!” Alyssa exclaimed, her eyes rolling back as an orgasm crashed over her. Her body thrashed in Ty’s grip, bucking as if she tried to be rid of him when in reality she wanted even more. Her screams were muted as Ty pushed her face first onto the bed, pinning her in place and driving his cock into her helpless ass. Alyssa hadn’t even known it was possible to cum from anal alone, much less that the orgasm would be so intense she would lose herself so completely. “I love you, I love you, I love you,” Alyssa heard herself muttering desperately into the mattress.

Alyssa fell forward as soon as Ty released her hair, her ass empty and begging for more only briefly while Ty positioned himself again. Alyssa moaned appreciatively as he spooned behind, easily driving his cock into her ass again. She twisted her torso and kissed him hard, staring into his eyes with need.

“You’re incredible,” Ty grunted as he fucked her.

“I love you,” Alyssa repeated, unable to say anything else. Ty fucked her harder, staring into her eyes.

“You love your husband,” Ty grinned, laughing in delight at her submission. “You’re just high on black cock.”

Alyssa felt something realign within her, releasing a wash of relief through her body. She loved Ty as a friend and loved getting fucked by him, an intoxicating mixture of lust and emotion that was easy to lose herself in. The feelings were powerful and addictive and easy to mistake for love. She started giggling, not sure how else to express her emotions.

“Thank fuck, you’re right,” Alyssa laughed. “I’m totally in love with your black cock.”

“Hhmm,” Ty moaned, pulling her in for a kiss. “Is it true love though? Will you promise to love and to hold it? To honor it?” He was fucking her hard again as he spoke the corrupted vows. The bed shook as he pounded into her ass and tried to turn Alyssa’s giddiness back into lust.

“Oh, fuck yes,” Alyssa moaned. “I’ll do anything for your cock.”

“I love hearing that. I love hearing how my friend’s wife is a complete slut for me.”

“Oh?” Alyssa grinned. “You like knowing you’re fucking me right in our bed on our anniversary?” Alyssa moaned as Ty’s hand reached up and started tweaking her nipple. “Three years ago my husband walked me down the aisle then took me home to this very bed, but he’s not the one here now taking my ass for the first time!”

“Fuck!” Ty grunted, his thrusts becoming erratic. Alyssa sensed his impending orgasm and went for the kill.

“Maybe my ass should belong to you,” Alyssa hissed. “Would you like that? Literally owning my ass? Every time you saw Chase you could just smirk knowing his wife’s ass belonged only to you.”

With a grunt and a hard thrust that nearly drove Alyssa off the bed, Ty buried himself and unleashed a torrent of cum into Alyssa’s ass. She groaned in pleasure as he held her down, rocking against him and clenching

her ass to milk him completely. She twisted to look at him, pressing her lips against his.

“I’m seriously in love with your cock,” Alyssa whispered between gentle kisses. Ty breathed heavily, his cock still hard.

“Hhmm, I’m in love with this ass,” Ty responded with a chuckle. “This was really your first time?”

“Yeah. Was I okay?”

“I can’t even fuck Liz’s like we just did, and she’s taken me a dozen times!” Ty grinned.

Liz rolled her eyes but smiled. “If you love her ass so much, why don’t you marry it?”

“Hmm, don’t tempt me.” Ty started thrusting again, Alyssa rocking back to meet him. She could see Liz filming her and knew the world watched. Alyssa wanted to go deeper, not just for her, but for Chase.

“Stop the stream,” Alyssa begged. Liz grinned and lowered her camera, walking to the laptop and killing the live feed.

“You two done?” Liz asked, smirking as Ty kept fucking her married friend’s ass.

“No!” Alyssa insisted. “Can you stay and film some more? I want to do some private stuff for Chase.”

“Uh-huh, ‘private,’” Liz laughed. “You know he’ll convince you to post it.”

“Probably,” Alyssa gasped as Ty’s pace picked up. “But it needs to be his choice.”

“Fine, but I want my pussy taken care of. Watching you get butt fucked got me so fucking wet!” Liz smiled as she pushed her leggings down and moved towards the bed with the camera. “If you want my man’s dick in your ass, you need to put in the work.”

Liz slid on the bed until her pussy was right at Alyssa’s face. There was a black spade tattoo on her bikini line, a new addition since Alyssa had last been between her legs.

“What’s that?” Alyssa asked, nodding at the tattoo.

“Means only black cock,” Liz said with a grin. Alyssa’s head spun. She knew Liz had fallen hard for Ty, but the idea of getting a permanent mark with such a bold statement shocked her. As if reading Alyssa’s mind, Liz answered, “This one is temporary, but I like it and if we stay together...”

“Fuck, that’s kinda hot,” Alyssa answered.

“Yeah, you could get one for your ass,” Liz suggested. Alyssa opened her mouth to reply, but Liz filled it with her wet pussy, preventing any response and erasing any thought other than the present sex from her mind. “Would you like that, babe? She did say she loves your cock, so I think you should make her show it.”

“Fuck, Liz,” Ty grunted as he pounded away in Alyssa. “You know the slut’s married, right?”

“Yeah, but I think she would do it for you,” Liz said settling back to enjoy Alyssa’s mouth and the show.

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EPILOGUE

CHASE UNLOCKED the door and dropped his bags inside, startled to find Liz standing naked in the kitchen enjoying a cup of coffee.

“Oh, hey,” she said without a hint of embarrassment or concern at being found naked. “You’re home early.”

“Yeah, I tried to call, but Alyssa wasn’t answering her phone.”

“Ha-ha, sorry about that! She’s been busy with Ty,” Liz said with a grin.

“For three days?” Chase asked, a smile spreading over his face as he considered what he had unleashed in his wife.

“Yeah, your wife is in absolute love with Ty’s cock,” Liz giggled.

“That doesn’t bother you?”

“Does it bother you?” Liz countered. The two looked at each other in silence.

“No, it turns me on,” Chase finally admitted.

“Same!” Liz laughed. “Fucking weird, right? Never thought I would get off on watching the guy I love just go to town on another girl.”

“Doesn’t hurt that she eats pussy,” Chase laughed. “Are they upstairs?”

“Yeah, let’s go surprise them!” Liz said, setting down her coffee cup and starting for stairs. “Wait! Get naked. I really want to see you fuck her at the same time.” Chase didn’t need much convincing and started stripping off under the admiring gaze of Liz. He grinned and raised an eyebrow at her invitation. “No way,” Liz giggled. “Ty’s not like us. Besides,” she pointed at the fading black spade tattoo, “black cocks only for me!”

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Chase grinned.

“Hmm, you should have Alyssa get one on her ass,” Liz suggested. Chase’s cock twitched, expelling a strand of precum that dangled at the end

of his dick. “Oh! Someone likes that! Maybe she could do another poll?”

“God damn,” Chase groaned. His mind whirled with jealousy and lust at the idea. He wanted to fuck her ass, but the idea of Alyssa denying him the pleasure just because Ty wanted her to tickled a part of him he didn’t fully understand. “The slut would probably go for it.”

“She would,” Liz smiled. “She’s a-*dick*-ted to him!” Liz broke into a fit of giggles at her own bad pun as Chase rolled his eyes. “Sorry! Come on, let’s go see what that slut wife of yours is up to. I’m sure she could use some cock in her pussy, she’s been neglected the past few days.”

“Damn, really? Has Ty even fucked anything but her ass?”

Liz’s smile widened and she shook her head. “She loves anal with Ty.”

“Fuck, let’s go!”

The two crept up the stairs, the sound of Ty and Alyssa filtering to them before they reached the top. Chase simmered with lust as he approached the room he had shared with his wife since before they were married. The sounds grew louder, but it was the stench of sex that most shocked him. It was clear that the room had been used heavily the past few days.

“How many times do I have to say yes?!” Alyssa’s voice cracked as she begged desperately. “Please let me cum and I’ll do whatever you want!”

Liz smiled and held a finger to her lips as the two peeked around the corner. Alyssa had one knee on the bed, her other leg on the floor standing on her tip toes. Ty was behind her, his cock slowly working in and out of her ass. Ty gripped both her arms in one hand, the other pulling her head back by the ponytail. Beneath Alyssa, her wand vibrator hummed away against her pussy, held in place just by the weight of Alyssa’s body.

“Not good enough,” Ty grunted. “You know what I want.”

“Ty... He’s my husband!” Alyssa moaned, clearly on the edge of an orgasm. Her body twitched and she ground herself against the vibrator.

“Bitch, you know what happens if you cum.”

“God, sorry!” Alyssa groaned, trying to hold herself still. “I love him.”

“You love my cock. You’re the one that begged me for it. It wasn’t my idea.”

“Yes, I love your cock too,” Alyssa groaned. “Fuck, okay. I’ll figure something out, I’ll convince him.”

“Convince me of what,” Chase said entering the room. He couldn’t wait any longer.

“Chase!” Alyssa’s panicked eyes darted wildly around the room. Liz grinned happily over Chase’s shoulder. “Uh, nothing. We are just talking dirty,” Alyssa said unconvincingly.

“Don’t lie,” Ty released her arms and spanked her.

“Oh, fuck yes,” Alyssa moaned. “Spank me more! I’m so fucking close!”

“What did I say about cumming, slut?” Ty asked, snaking his hand down and turning the vibrator up further. Alyssa’s eyes rolled back in her head as she struggled with the overwhelming urge to just let go and cum. He spanked her ass again. “Now answer your husband!”

“Babe,” Alyssa asked, her breath ragged. “I- I want to be Ty’s slut. Ty’s side piece.”

Chase started laughing, drawing a confused look from his wife. “That’s it? Aren’t you already?”

“That’s it? You don’t mind your wife going out with another man? Flaunting it?” Alyssa was startled. She had confessed the desire to be open about her relationship with Ty while getting ass fucked with Liz eating her pussy. It had been a confession of lust, but not one that any of the participants wanted to walk away from.

“Babe, everyone already knows,” Chase walked forward, his erection leading the way. Ty slow his pace as Chase bent down and kissed his wife. “I’ve had a group chat with my friends for weeks now where we talk about your videos and I share behind the scenes stuff with them.”

“Fuuuck,” Alyssa groaned. Ty lifted her bodily off the vibrator, ending the rise to her orgasm. “NO! I was so close!”

Chase reached down and twisted a nipple, eliciting a small gasp. “Sit on my cock. I want to feel Ty make you cum.”

Despite Ty’s strength, Alyssa twisted herself free, pushing her husband back on the bed and impaling herself. Her pussy was soaking wet and had been craving cock for the past few days.

“God you feel good, Chase!” Alyssa cried, leaning forward and kissing her husband. “I love you.”

“Love you too,” Chase said, reaching back and spreading her ass cheeks. The bed shifted as Ty lined himself up. “But if you really want to show Ty how much you love his cock, Liz and I were suggesting a new poll for your fans.”

“What poll?” Alyssa’s question turned into a moan as Ty pushed back into her ass. The desire to cum overwhelmed her. She finally surrendered herself to pleasure as her husband answered, her back arching further in pleasure and disbelief.

“How do you like Liz’s tattoo...”

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write about wives and husbands expanding mutual boundaries and discovering new common interests, with a particular focus on the initial journey away from monogamy. Outside of writing, I am married and enjoy cooking with my spouse, outdoor activities, and hikes with our dog.

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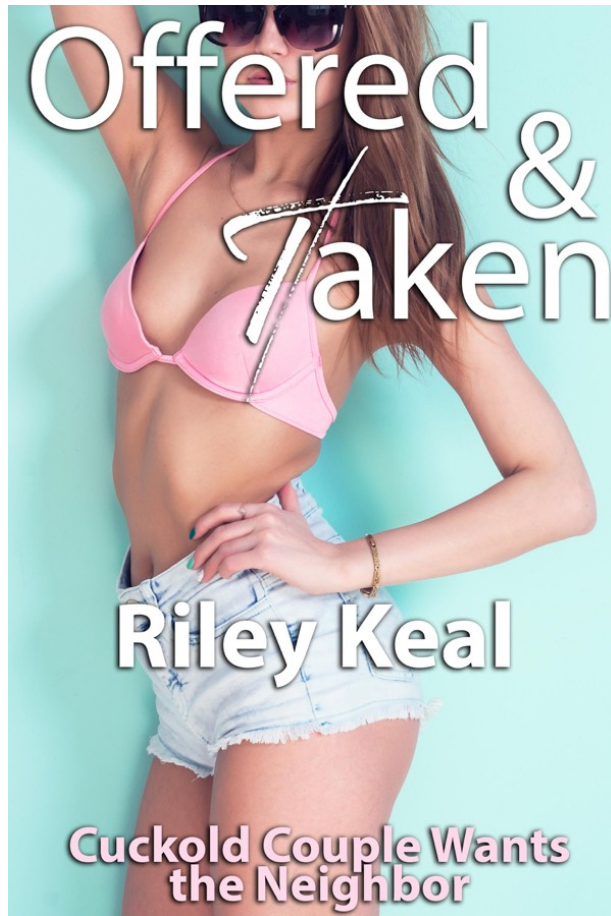
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