



Matt Coolomon

Ravaged

Open Wife Tiffany

Ravaged

Open Wife Tiffany

Matt Coolomon
Edited by S.H. Madonna

Adults Only

High level erotic content

From the creative human minds of Matt & Maddy. Each Coolomon erotic story is conceived, written and enhanced by a male author and a female editor with you, our bad boy/naughty girl reader in mind.
Enjoy!

Copyright © 2024 Matt Coolomon. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form, without the written consent of the copyright holder.
This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to any real life person or event is coincidental.

Contents

[Her Sexy New Style](#)

[No One Can Know](#)

[Under his Tool Belt](#)

[Come and Get Me](#)

Her Sexy New Style Stephen

Since childhood I'd had it drummed into me that women tempting men by showing their thighs or cleavage was the devil's work.

Thoughts of sex were for the marital bedroom and for nowhere else. End of story.

I remember how confusing it was to have my eyes drawn down a woman's dress when she leant forward. You get a peep at a bra and there'd be this little rush of curious excitement.

But that was apparently evil and wrong.

Then as a teenager the girls at the local baths were in skimpy bikinis and you could see the shape of their breasts and a portion of the roundness showing from the top or the sides.

Sometimes you could even see where the nipple was because it poked at the fabric.

That night in bed under the sheets you'd remember what you saw and get an erection.

You're still a youth but quickly becoming a young man.

What you've learnt doesn't make a lot of sense compared to the natural desire and compulsion going on down there. And you're not supposed to be squeezing and pulling but you are.

Then of course you weaken and keep pulling until it happens and you're more confused than ever.

I mean, how could that be the devil's work right?

So your teenage years come to an end and you're desperate to get hold of one of these buttoned-up church girls properly. Unfortunately they believe it's the devil's work too.

Oh, and you're far too obedient to stray from the group and mix with other normal young adults. They don't seem to care for such teachings and are all over each other at night. Down at the beach. Not an adult in sight.

Eventually, finally, you do get hold of one of the buttoned-up girls. And after

walking down the aisle and counting the minutes until you can take her to your honeymoon suite, well you soon see what all the fuss was about.

You have sex three times that night and at every opportunity for the next few months.

Finally life's good. But your wife's still buttoned up in public.

You just can't help your eyes darting down cleavage on offer when she's more relaxed at home.

You see her come from the bathroom in a short nightie and your penis flexes and wants squeezing again.

She bends over to put your hot chocolate on the coffee table and you see nipple down the front of her nightie and get an erection.

She sits down beside you on the lounge ready to watch the late night movie and you forget about hot chocolate and crawl on top of her.

I'm 30 years old now. All my life I believed it was the devil's work to look at a woman's legs or cleavage.

I don't believe that anymore.

There was an incident two years ago that rocked our world when it came to sex. Since then my wife's been going shorter and shorter with her skirts and deeper and deeper with her cleavage.

I've noticed of course. How could I not? But I have said nothing about it to her. Not a word! For fear of discouraging her.

This morning a builder began work refurbishing our kitchen and my wife went in to make our morning coffees still in her nightie.

She didn't even put her robe on! She's there talking to the guy right now braless beneath a thin sleep-tee that clearly showed her nipples. And begger me if it barely covered her butt.

As I sat up in bed awaiting her return I listened to them chat. I was reliving the conflict I felt over my childhood teachings and recent real-life experiences.

I was so excited this built builder might be getting a look at Tiffany's panties. He may even be getting sexually stimulated by her.

A couple of men experienced that with Tiffany two years ago and lost

control. That was how I reasoned what had happened.

They were presented with an opportunity to ravage my wife through no fault of their own and they couldn't resist temptation.

But what did that temptation lead to?

Tiffany had explained to me a number of times they hadn't hurt her. It was just sex. It was consensual sex; a reciprocal act since she had needed their help.

No, the result of giving in to this temptation was Tiffany experiencing sex the way we do together all the time.

The other men experienced sex the way we men always do, with an earth-moving climax no doubt.

And the product was our beautiful little boy Harrold. He was born nine months later and he's absolutely mine as much as he would be had I fathered him myself.

The clarity in this train of thought had not come easily to me. I had fought demons in my heart and thoughts every day these past two years.

I needed to reach the decision and subsequent plan I had set in motion to prove my theory once and for all.

Of course I've noticed the way other men look at my wife in her sexy outfits. My contention is that for them to cross the line and take hold of her no evil is required.

Any man would succumb to the temptation if it was strong enough, and in particular, if the circumstances were as wild and natural and free as they were when this happened to Tiffany a couple of years ago.

It had happened when she and her stepdad were on a 4WD adventure in the desert and had an accident.

They were in an isolated area and happened upon a powerfully built man who was a complete stranger. There was no one to police the situation.

A raw and natural man as it were, and later an equally macho friend of his arrived and joined in when Tiffany was already sexually submissive.

Naturally conquered, as I choose to think of it.

I was erect under the bed sheet thinking about that again. It had come to

affect me now that I had it straight in my heart and in my head.

I was aroused thinking of those men taking my submissive wife back then and by the thought of the one in our kitchen right now imagining having sex with her.

My plan though, the one I had already set in motion, was to test the theory on two young men from my own community. I was taking my wife back to the stone cottage in the desert tomorrow.

I had organised two young men from our church to guide us on the journey. Tiffany didn't know it yet but I was going to insist she spend the few days and nights in the sexy attire she liked to wear now.

And my idea was to test how well these two young men in their erection-at-every-opportunity prime handled the temptation.

Hahaha...

I had an accomplice.

Tiffany's stepdad James had strayed from the straight and narrow since his experience in the desert with Tiffany. Now he was very much in tune with the idea that women showing their bodies is not the devil at work.

He had gotten his pilot's licence and bought a small plane last year. He'd be flying us to a remote cattle property where the two young men were packed and ready to drive us into the desert.

James knows the boys' Uncle Owen, who lives out there with the family, but has strayed from the flock too.

I remember the man from childhood, a funny fellow and a reluctant churchgoer back then as I recall. He was charged with the mission of stealing the boys' tent so they would have to camp in the stone cabin with Tiffany and I.

A scantily dressed woman, given to natural submission, camped in an isolated location with several virile young men? I wanted to see what would happen.

Perhaps the devil was at play a little in that I'd deceived my wife into thinking I needed to see firsthand what she experienced by returning to the remote cabin.

Although I argued with myself that it was true if you really thought about it.

James

I had a mechanic who maintained my plane at the small aerodrome where I rented a spot in a hanger.

I performed my final checks and reviewed my fuel management strategy for an outback adventure.

It was a six-hour flight and we'd be stopping at a regional aerodrome halfway to stretch our legs and get a late lunch, maybe refuel if need be.

We were leaving at ten this morning.

Stephen and Tiffany just had to drop the little one off at my place for grandma to babysit for a few days. She was thrilled and couldn't wait for alone time with the little guy.

I uploaded my flight plan with Civil Aviation and was all set. Stephen and Tiffany arrived and we took off right on time.

I was in a curious position with Tiffany, having fucked her out in the desert when she was being ravaged by the big bkie dude.

That had broken a barrier to our relationship with her having grown up as my stepdaughter and me as her daddy.

Tension built as she came of age and became a woman. The fact we weren't blood-related helped in a big way and it must have played on her too because she would tease the hell out of me with her skimpy, often see-through clothes she wore around the house.

So anyway, since fucking her, things have never gone back to normal. She teases me even more and I can't resist sometimes and grab hold.

Today she was in a short skirt and cute hiking boots in the back seat.

I had another glance at her panties on display. They were cute red and white checkered ones. She glared teasingly and stretched down the hem of her skirt, swaying her legs away.

That brought me to the other curious position I was in, with Stephen. As far as I was aware he didn't know I'd fucked Tiffany out in the desert where they were going.

I had noticed him taking interest in the way Tiffany dressed these days, how skimpy her skirts and tops were. He often caught me checking her out too but

never said anything.

Now he'd enlisted my help with a crazy plan to try and use Tiffany to seduce a couple of, no doubt, horny young men who I imagined would be starved for female contact living all the way outback.

Stephen had confided in me he needed to experience this firsthand, where it happened two years ago. That made sense to me.

As to what would actually happen, I could only imagine. I was dying to find out.

How far was this going to go? I could see by the way Tiffany was dressed, these two young country guys had no hope of keeping their eyeballs in their sockets. But what then?

Was Stephen going to give them opportunity to get hold of Tiffany?

I had their Uncle Owen onboard with the plan to set them up. They had to bunk together for the two nights they were staying in the stone cabin I knew so well.

There was only the one room to sleep in. It was where Tiffany and I were held captive. I'd lost it seeing her in her torn clothing and tits exposed 24/7. And I fucked her.

It was a small room. I imagined they'd all roll out their sleeping bags and the young guys would be lying there looking at Tiffany in the moonlight holding their boners.

There was a lovely little swimming hole where she'd be stripping down to a bikini, and I've seen the ones she's been wearing in our backyard pool lately.

These boys had no chance if Stephen left her alone with them.

The girl cannot say no!

Stephen looked at me after I glanced back and checked out Tiffany's red and white checkered panties, acknowledging that I'd done it again and seemingly gave me the okay to enjoy.

We had been chatting about the view given the perfect visibility today. We were two hours into the flight and would be landing for lunch soon.

The coastal mountains were behind us and we were flying over broadacre farming country sown to wheat and barley for the most part.

The earth was flat out here and the towns were becoming more isolated and the communities around them smaller.

It was rather like the top on a pool table; flat as.

I had another look back at Tiffany gazing out her window. She had removed her hand from between her legs and her cute panties were showing again.

Up top she had on a frilly tank with tiny bra straps showing on her shoulders. I could just make out her nipples but they appeared soft now, whereas I could see them distinctly earlier when they were aroused.

She blushed a little and rolled her eyes at me as I checked them out.

They firmed again for me and I smiled and turned forward, winking at her husband.

Tiffany

Our lunch stop was at an aerodrome on the edge of a small town my stepdad had visited a few times since learning to fly.

He went on a lot of adventures in his plane, replacing the 4WD adventures we used to go on together when I was his navigator and started teasing him with shorts and cropped boob tops.

James had a taxi waiting and took us to a local pub. The young black taxi driver had a look between my legs as I was getting out of the back seat.

He and James had been looking over their shoulders at me whilst my husband seemed to deliberately look the other way and let them.

I needed to drag Stephen aside somewhere and ask him what this was all about. He had commented on me wearing short skirts for the first time ever and said I looked nice and that he hoped I'd keep the style for our trip.

I had worn a particularly short skirt and it seemed James, and now this taxi driver, were in on a private joke or something.

The pub was surprisingly rowdy. The men sat me up at a tall table on a bar stool that had my panties on display even worse than sitting in the back seat of the tiny plane.

We ordered a big counter lunch and chatted about the pigs head decorations around the walls. It looked like a lot of the men were shooters and this was their pub.

A group of them at an adjacent table kept looking over at me. I chose to angle my legs away from the bar at least. I gave up trying to keep my skirt stretched down in the front and let them look.

I caught a glance from one grey-bearded man looking up from my legs and just blushed at his smirk.

He was out of his conversation and I was out of ours. He looked down at my panties again and that made my pussy tingle and my nipples go hard.

My nipples give me away so much more since having a baby.

The man looked up from them and nodded a little. I blushed deeper and bit down on my smile.

One of his friends caught my glance too and tilted to look between my legs.

I was tempted to open my legs more for them but I don't know why I do that now. I always feel dazed when men are trying to look at me, especially big strong rough looking men like these.

I relaxed my thighs open slightly more for the pig shooters but turned back to my husband and stepdad chatting about the people at this cattle ranch we were visiting for the night before adventuring into the desert.

“Yes, we're bunking with Owen,” James was explaining. “Dinner and an hour of socialising will be enough with the Winthorpe's don't you think?”

We all laughed. The Winthorpe's were strictly religious and I was definitely putting on more clothes before we landed at their airstrip, that was for sure.

James left us to use the bathroom and got caught chatting with a group of the locals on the way. I took my chance to ask my husband what the heck was going on.

“So why exactly did you want me to wear a short skirt today, Stephen?”

He looked at me and his face reddened guiltily.

“Come on, out with it! What's going on? How about letting me in on the joke?”

His eyes narrowed and he nodded. “I like this look Tiff. It's sexy and I'm all for you changing styles lately.”

“Okay.” I shrugged. “I've noticed you haven't complained.” I frowned thinking about something that had been worrying me. “So, why do you like it. It's not what we learnt growing up, is it?”

“No it's not. But I'm theorising that what we learnt isn't necessarily the whole truth. I'm not sure it's wrong for women to dress sexily and I'm not sure it's evil of men to notice and enjoy it.”

“Oh?” I encouraged. This was interesting. Of course I was aware of my husband's changed attitude but this was a first for him talking about it.

“It's what I want to experience on this trip into the desert, darling. I want it to be as much as possible like what happened to you two years ago, and to be there with you this time.”

My heart was thumping now. “I don't get it Stephen. How can it be anything like that other time with the bad bikie man in charge?”

“That's the point exactly Tiff. Him and his apparently evil offsider are being

replaced with two young men from our upbringing and I want to see if they behave any differently under those conditions; out there in the wilderness with no civilisation around and a woman scantily dressed at their mercy.”

I blinked. My mouth hung open. “Scantily dressed?” I managed to get out, still blinking as the connotations dawned on me.

My husband grimaced guiltily. “I was hoping you might play along darling. I was planning to ask you once we got there, talk to you about it.”

“And you want to what, see what Adam and David will do?”

My husband closed his hand over mine. “I need to forgive Sandman darling. I need to understand what happened and be able to relate to it. I’m sure I’m right that it was only nature taking its course out there with you in torn clothing and with your breasts and panties showing.”

He continued, talking quickly and quietly, “I’m sure I would have reacted in the same way and I want to prove that by putting these young guys in that situation. They’re exactly as I was at their age, same teaching and I’ll bet they have the same taboo thoughts and desires.”

I was stunned. But this was so typical of my husband. He overthought everything and analysed it to death.

I always try to be supportive of him. I love him for who he is and the way he is.

I wanted to point out that Sandman, the rough murderous bikie who I’d given myself to out in the desert, well, he wasn’t like these clean-cut young men Steven was crazily trying to set up.

I mean, of all the hairbrained schemes!

There were two aspects to this that immediately influenced me though.

Number one. I enjoyed teasing men the way I dressed these days. And it would be fun doing that with 20-year-old Adam and his 18-year-old equally innocent brother.

They used to stay with us in the city when they were kids and I was in my teens. The Winthorpe’s were our neighbours in the city before they inherited a cattle property and decided on a change of lifestyle completely.

Adam and David were such good little boys. I hadn’t seen them in a few years but surely they couldn’t have changed much all the way outback.

Number two. As a wife I should obey my husband when it comes to sex, right? And I should go along with his crazy scheme.

I think I might have developed a problem. It seemed I want to obey all men when it came to sex. I was absolutely compelled to obey my husband.

I'd been inching my skirt hems up and buying more revealing tops and dresses, showing more skin millimetre by millimetre these past two years.

I was dreading Stephen demanding I switch back to Sunday church clothes.

It was exciting that he'd gone the other way and was requesting I deliberately dress to tease.

I smiled at him and cocked an eyebrow. "You're in charge, husband."

He looked steadily at me, making my skin tingle. "That I am darling."

He looked down at my legs then at my nipples. "We just need to be respectful of the Winthorpe's in their own home, I suppose."

I nodded. "I know. I have long shorts and a blouse in my shoulder bag. I was planning to put them on before we land."

My husband leant close and kissed my temple. "That's good darling, but not until we're landing yeah? It's exciting with these rough-looking pig hunters looking at you, wouldn't you say?"

I gulped and drew a breath. "I need you to take me to bed right now, Stephen. That's all I have to say."

Stephen squeezed my leg. "Let's hope our room tonight is private."

"Oh wow! All those men are looking now," I warned my husband. "I feel so exposed up on this high stool in a short skirt."

Stephen nodded without glancing at them. "I wonder what they're thinking when they look at your legs like that. When they look between them!"

"Mmm, they're reminding me of a phrase you used a minute ago and I didn't ask what you meant."

"Oh yeah, what phrase?"

"You said I'd be 'at their mercy', the way I was in the desert with the rough bikie and that's how I would be if those men got hold of me."

Stephen swallowed and nodded a little. "You wouldn't be able to resist them wanting you?"

I shook my head. “It’s your job to protect me from them, husband. I’m sure the same thing would happen again if some other rough man had to rescue me lost in the desert.”

“I know darling. I should never have allowed that situation to occur. I only have myself to blame for that bkie having sex with you. It definitely wasn’t your fault.”

“Hmm, I’m glad you see it that way Stephen. Thank you for saying it.”

I held my husband’s eyes. “And yes, I’ll do my best to play along with your plan to understand that experience. I’ll dress extra sexily for Adam and David the whole time if you like.”

James was coming back. His eyes flashed to my panties too as he sat with his back to the pig hunter men.

He kept looking at my legs the whole time I was up on the stool with them swayed towards him.

When we got back to the plane Stephen was distracted chatting with a man checking over a helicopter.

James helped me into the plane and as I was climbing up he squeezed my butt. I smacked at his hand and glared at him. He was smiling cheekily, the way he does these days trying stuff like that.

It was different since he’d fucked me in the desert. I might call him daddy but he’s definitely another virile, sex-crazy man.

I reached across for my shoulder bag and he felt my butt again.

“Daddy!” I scolded but he kept squeezing and rubbed between my legs from behind.

“Come on love, you’ve been flashing all day in this little thing,” he argued. I held his wrist and let him feel my pussy.

I watched for Stephen. It looked as if he was finishing his conversation with the man at the helicopter.

James only ever does this when no one’s around. He was watching for Stephen too. He had isolated my clit and was rolling it with his fingertips.

He knew the line he wasn’t allowed to cross, which was to go beneath the crotch of my panties or under a bra.

I had submitted to him otherwise and was flaring my hips to give full access to my crotch. “Mmm he’s coming now,” I warned about my husband.

James relented and left me sitting there with my pussy on fire even more than it was when the pig hunters were looking at me and my husband was saying naughty things in my ear.

James sat in the pilot’s seat. With Stephen still a minute away he reached back and felt between my legs again. He straightened the edges of my panties and smoothed the crotch into my wet pussy.

“Thank you Daddy,” I teased. Of course I used to call him that when I was little and wanted my own way. I kept calling him Daddy after coming of age but often used a teasing connotation to play up to his obvious interest in my womanly development.

I had been doing it again quite a lot ever since I got my body back post pregnancy and he started trying for more of what he took when I was at the mercy of any man who wanted me in the desert.

He had a feel of my breasts too and I thrust them at him and stared submissively.

He pinched my nipples hard. “Yeah that’s better love. Wear something sexy for me and old Owen tonight, will you?”

“Mmm okay, since Stephen wants me to.”

James smiled. “Ah, so he’s filled you in?”

I frowned. “And how much of this do you know exactly?”

James kept smiling and didn’t have time to answer before Stephen climbed into the co-pilot’s seat.

We were soon back in the air traversing the expanse of red earth beneath us. The farms were gone now. It was just arid grasslands and lines of trees around narrow waterways or oases.

I slept for an hour and awoke with my skirt around my hips and my panties showing. I yawned and stretched.

James turned back for a look at me and smiled as he checked me out.

Stephen had a look too and I glared defiantly at the two of them since it seemed they were in on this together to some extent.

I took my shorts and blouse from my shoulder bag, also a fresh pair of panties.

Stephen was still watching me whilst James concentrated on flying the plane and checking to see if there was any other aircraft around he had to watch for in accordance with the Visual Flight Rules, so he had told me.

I slipped the blouse on over my tank top. That was fine. I pointed to the panties and grimaced questioningly at my husband.

He looked at James who had his gaze focused ahead.

My husband's face flushed a little as he nodded, motioning to my fresh panties.

I bit down on my lip and pushed my panties down and took them off. My skirt was still around my hips so I was literally showing everything.

I watched my husband's face get redder as I paused and raked back my hair. Stephen gulped and looked worryingly at James then back at my display.

I didn't know what I was thinking other than, *did he really want me to do this?*

I kept waiting, daring to remain bare down below with my skirt hiked up. I dared for lots of long scary seconds then put my fresh panties on over my hiking boots.

As I pulled them up and my butt was off the seat James looked back at me and saw everything. He did a double take before I had covered myself.

"Shit," he said and looked again but I was pulling my shorts over my boots now blushing my head off.

"Sorry, I need to dress decent for Mr and Mrs Winthorpe."

"Haha don't mind me love," James chuckled and had another look over me but I was well covered by now.

He had definitely seen my pussy though and that was thrilling with Stephen watching.

I exchanged another long searching look with my husband. He mouthed the words 'I love you' and I mouth back 'was that okay?' and rolled my eyes down below.

Stephen nodded. I swallowed hard and nodded back. I held his eyes and

blushed to myself thinking about what I could wear for James and his dirty old man friend Owen tonight.

I hadn't packed any sexy lingerie but could probably make do with the shorter of my two sleep shirts if I wore nothing under it.

I kept my pussy waxed completely these days and was so excited by the idea of showing it.

It would be necessary if I was supposed to reproduce the situation in the desert two years ago.

To be fair to the men back then I was already in a state of undress and exposed sexually before any of them took me.

Showing my body for sex was an idea I put aside for now though.

We landed at the cattle ranch airstrip and were greeted by the whole family of Winthorpes.

Mr and Mrs hugged the stuffing out of me and I got a handsy cuddle from Uncle Owen that included fingers into the side of my boob.

Adam and David towered over me. The older brother Adam was quite muscular whilst David was less developed but strong too when he squeezed me.

We were picked up in two 4WD wagons and were split up to ride back to the homestead buildings.

I was with David and was taken on a tour of his outback world, which was a lush little billabong for swimming and very cool go-cart and motorbike tracks for racing and doing stunts.

Apparently the boys didn't use horses much, preferring motorbikes and quadbikes these days.

"This is amazing David. I wondered what you guys did with all your time out here."

"Yeah we've got good internet now too and it's not so far to town for church where we meet up with our mates every Sunday."

I had a button open on my blouse and was getting eyes down my cleavage already. David had grown into an attractive young man and I was guilty of having noticed his package in his tight cowboy jeans too.

He dropped me at his uncle's cabin and I had a quick wash for dinner. That was in a lovely big dining hall with the ranch workers and their families too. It was a fun evening that turned into a party with a piano singalong and dancing.

Uncle Owen was the piano man and he was actually pretty good. There were half a dozen teenagers and some other young adults who clearly liked their country and western.

The dancing was boot scooting, not surprising, which was fun to learn.

Once back at Owen's cottage I claimed the bathroom and had a shower. I was full of nervous excitement daring myself to wear my short sleep-t out to the men who were laughing together and drinking scotch in the living room.

Stephen

“So all set for tomorrow then? Did you manage to pinch the boys’ tent?” James asked Owen.

“Sure did!” Owen grinned and motioned to a tent bag by the door. “This is going to be interesting. I think Adam’s definitely got it in him. I’m not sure about young David, he’s a quiet one.”

Owen looked to me. “How far are you willing to let things go son? You don’t want to be cruel having your lovely wife tease these boys too much. It’s tough enough for them stuck out here with no girls around.”

“What? No it’s not like that,” I defended. “I wouldn’t do this and expect them to be disappointed. If they react the way I expect, I’m prepared to allow them to have sex with Tiffany. As long as she’s willing!”

The two older men stared stunned.

“I need to know and understand what happened out here two years ago. I accept nature took its course when Tiffany was scantily dressed with those rough men and I expect the same thing to happen with Adam and David.”

I shrugged and turned up my hands. “I won’t be stepping in, gentlemen. I want these boys to have an opportunity with my wife and if they take that opportunity I’ll accept that it’s only natural. Then I’ll put what happened two years ago behind me and never be troubled by it again.”

James was still staring with his mouth hanging open. Owen smiled.

“Oh this is good. You’re a man after my own heart there Stephen. Good on you I say!”

I nodded and swallowed hard. “Thanks.” I took a breath.

“I’m actually okay with the idea of other men having sex with Tiffany. I enjoy the reaction she gets dressing sexily and I don’t know why, but I find the idea of someone taking hold of her quite arousing.”

“No that’s perfectly fine,” James declared as he managed to compose himself. “I’ve thought about this a lot and I think it’s perfectly natural to share a woman.”

“Same!” Owen agreed instantly. “Unless we deny ourselves, we all look around and imagine at least. I see no harm in relaxing and enjoying what

comes naturally.”

The wise old guy looked at me. “I had a little feel of Tiffany’s tit when I gave her a hello hug. She didn’t seem to mind.”

I drew a breath and nodded feeling my face flush hot. “That’s fine,” I said and flushed hotter.

Owen grinned. “So you won’t mind if I have another squeeze should the chance arise?”

I shook my head and swallowed hard.

At that moment Tiffany came from the hallway in her short nightie. She was blushing wildly and sat beside me, tucking her legs up and tugging at her hem in the back as the two older men tilted to look.

“You know sound carries in this little house. I could hear every word you men were saying!”

“Oh love,” James groaned.

“Oh that’s nice,” Owen agreed.

I had put my arm around my wife. I felt her hip and couldn’t find the waistband of her panties.

“Do you dirty old men like that?” she challenged sweetly.

She blushed up at me. I stroked her face and kissed her lips.

“I won’t mind if Adam and David have sex with me,” she said.

“Oh yeah, how about me?” Owen asked with a smirk.

Tiffany glared defiantly. “You’re too old and wrinkly. You can do it for yourself.”

Both men laughed. I chuckled too. My chest loosened and I could breathe normally again.

I was erect in my pants. I could see both older men were experiencing the same issue, which was fine. Perfectly natural obviously.

“That is inviting love,” James said rubbing his mouth.

“Well I only came out to say goodnight, not to tease you men.”

“Ah it’s been too many years for me anyway love. I forget what it feels like,” Owen said with his head still tilted and his gaze focused. His hand was on the

bulge in his pants now.

Tiffany smoothed a hand over her butt and fiddled with her hem, tugging it a little.

I squeezed her arm and kissed her head. My heart was thumping. I didn't know what I was thinking all of a sudden.

James looked from his friend to us. Owen was staring dazed with his mouth open.

My erection flexed harder and my wife dug her nails into my side. Her hand was around me now and her butt was fully exposed to the men across the coffee table.

“Oh that's nice... that's um...” Owen muttered and swallowed hard.

I was about to offer my wife to the old guy when she suddenly stood and went to James. “I'm off to bed now. Goodnight.”

She bent to kiss his cheek and Owen leant forward for another look in behind her legs. I could see too now. My wife's pussy was pink and glistening wet inside.

She moved around the table to Owen and bent to kiss his cheek. “Thank you for having us Owen.”

“You're welcome love,” the old guy said and cuddled her with one big strong arm whilst feeling her tits from beneath.

She giggled and squirmed and ended up on his lap.

“Aw love this is what you get for coming out here like this,” the old guy went on and massaged both of her tits, tweaking her nipples.

I sat there mesmerised. Tiffany looked back at me with her eyes glazed and her face red. She wasn't struggling at all. She had submitted already.

“Come on Owen, that's enough now,” James said evenly. He stood and took Tiffany by the hand.

I stood too and claimed her from him.

“Sorry, couldn't help myself,” Owen said.

“You'd better take her to bed,” James told me. I led my ragdoll wife away and up the hall to our room. She stumbled along and peered back over her shoulder.

I sat her on the bed and she lay back and waited for me. I stripped and crawled on top.

She guided me and I entered her. She was completely slick and already so hot inside.

I crushed her to me and took her.

“Oh baby, I thought he was going to... that got out of control so quickly.”

“Uh huh. I would have let him Stephen. He can have me after you if you want.”

“Oh darling. Oh my... Nyah!” I grunted and ejaculated.

I held still and finished inside my wife whilst she relaxed and stroked my back.

I drew a big breath and expelled. I lifted a little and met her lips.

“Tomorrow then darling. I’m going to talk to Adam and David and try and convince them there’s nothing wrong with any of this. Then we’ll see how they react.”

My wife smiled into another kiss. “Okay. But I felt so sorry for Owen just then. I think he really wanted me.”

I drew and expelled another big breath.

“I felt sorry for him too love. I would have let him if James hadn’t intervened.” I yawned. “It would be too late now though, I’m sure he’s probably gone to bed and done it for himself.”

“Uh huh probably,” Tiffany agreed. She lay there staring at the ceiling seemingly listening for any sound from the two older men whilst I quickly drifted off to sleep.

No One Can Know Tiffany

I wondered if it were true about the two older men in the house going to bed and masturbating themselves after I had deliberately flashed them.

My husband was sleeping as usual after sex. He had taken his pleasure and left me simmering inside.

I cracked open the bedroom door and noticed the door across the hallway was closed but there was light from under it. That was where James was sleeping tonight.

I tiptoed along the hallway and saw light flickering from the television in the lounge room. I crept along and peeped from the end of the hallway to find Owen sitting in his lounge chair with a glass of scotch in his hand.

He saw me and I bit down on my lip and entered the room fiddling with the hem of my nightie in front.

“Aw love, what are you doing out here?” he asked with a warning.

“I wanted to see if you were okay.”

He nodded slowly and beckoned me closer. He took my hand. “And what are you going to do about it if I’m not okay with what happened?”

I took a breath. “I didn’t mean to tease you so much. I’m willing to help if it frustrated you.”

“Oh yeah? Help how?”

He tugged me closer.

I pulled back but lowered to my knees.

“I can’t have full sex with you because of my husband but I can suck you off if you like?”

“Aw love,” the man groaned and stroked my hair.

I undid his pants and tugged them down enough. I took out his penis. It was thick and firmed quickly as I stroked and took it into my mouth.

My daddy’s friend reached down and felt my breasts. He squeezed from one to the other and worked my nipples whilst I bobbed my head and sucked him

off.

He kept feeling me then put his other hand on my head and held me down whilst thrusting through my fist and into my mouth.

He suddenly lost control and let go of my boob. He thrust back and gripped the arm of his lounge chair.

He continued to hold my head down as his stiff old penis throbbed in my mouth and gushed spurt after spurt of hot semen.

“Mmm hmm,” I hmm-ed my pleasure at the feel and strong taste of it.

I did a big swallow and sucked some more to get the last of it out.

“Aw love, thank you.”

“Mmm you’re most welcome. I hope that’s better now,” I said as I pushed back and got up.

I swallowed again at the powerful taste. Owen had kept hold of the hem of my nightie and he lifted it and looked at my pussy.

I held it up for him and let him touch me.

He rubbed through me down there and I couldn’t help squirming on his thick fingers. I shouldn’t have been out here doing this though, so I pushed my nightie down and backed away from the man’s clutches.

“I’m sure you’ll be fine now,” I said and left him smiling after me. He still had his penis out in his hand.

I tiptoed back along the hallway when my stepdad’s door opened. He was standing there in boxer shorts with his hand on his erect penis too.

I stopped and looked down and up from what he was doing.

“I saw you out there just now love.”

I nodded and swallowed again at the powerful taste of the other older man.

“Do you need it too Daddy?” I asked teasingly and bit my lip.

He pulled me into his room and pushed me down to my knees.

I’d been teasing my stepdad even worse than his friend. It had been all day on the flight from the city letting him look up my skirt in the back seat of his little plane.

I thought it was only fair to both of these older men not to have to do it for

themselves after I'd had so much fun teasing them.

"Mmm... mmm... mmm," I hummed as Daddy's load spurted against the back of my mouth and filled my throat.

I did a big swallow for him and stood wiping my mouth on the back of my wrist.

He had slumped back on his bed with his pants around his ankles.

I smiled teasingly and slipped out his door and into the room I was sharing with my husband.

He was still sleeping soundly. I got in with him and lay there enjoying the taste of the two mature men in my mouth whilst rubbing myself to an orgasm under the sheet.

Stephen

The two young men were packed and ready. We ate breakfast with their parents and they saw us off, along with James and Owen who both looked rather chipper this morning.

I had been up for a few hours thinking through what I wanted to say to Adam and David.

They were our guides for this trip and would be sharing the driving. Me and Tiffany were in the back and she was looking playfully at me.

She had worn a knee-length house frock to breakfast but she suddenly stripped it off and had on a tiny skirt and boob top underneath.

Twenty-year-old Adam was driving and gawked in the rearview. Tiffany was seated directly behind him. David, the 18-year-old, did a double take and blushed.

His eyes were wide and his mouth gaped open.

This was my lead in. Best to get this said right up front I figured.

“So boys. Things have changed lately for Tiff and I. We’ve discovered a whole new sense of freedom that we’re not ready to tell our parents about yet. Or your parents either, obviously. We’d like to share it with you though, if you’re interested?”

Both young men gawked back at us. Their eyes were all over Tiffany.

“Freedom? What kind of freedom?” the elder brother asked.

I smiled at Tiffany. She grimaced back.

I had an explanation to help this make sense, I hoped.

“Well, you both know what happened to Tiff where we’re going right now, don’t you?”

They both nodded. David looked at Tiffany’s legs again and she welcomed him with a smile.

“We know some of what happened,” Adam explained. “You don’t need to tell us more. It makes sense you’d want to go back there to come to terms with it.”

“Well yes, to come to terms with it is true in a sense. True peace is in

accepting what happened though. Possibly even finding something positive in it.”

Adam nodded in the rear-view mirror. “Finding the positive is always good.”

“Finding a way to forgive, you mean?” the younger brother added. He was clearly an intelligent young man.

I nodded. “Yes to forgive, but what if there’s nothing to forgive?”

Adam glared back again and frowned.

“What if those rough men having sex with Tiff could be seen as perfectly normal and healthy behaviour, with no one at fault?”

I squeezed my wife’s hand.

“That’s how we want to look at it guys. Tiff was an attractive young woman stranded in the desert in torn clothing, found by a virile man in need of female interaction. She needed him and he needed her. What if it was that simple and natural?”

“So the guy didn’t..? I mean it wasn’t..?” Adam stammered and flushed red in the face.

“No, I wasn’t raped,” Tiffany answered him. “It was consensual sex under extraordinary circumstances. I’ve felt so free ever since!”

Both young men gawked back again and their mouths hung open.

“Yes so incredibly free,” Tiffany went on and plucked at the hem of her skirt that was stretched tight across her upper thighs. Her belly was bare and her nipples were hard and obvious beneath her crop top.

“Anyway I remember you two staying at my house in your early teens and trying to perv on me in my bikini or PJs whenever you got a chance. Especially you Adam. Don’t think I’ve forgotten you walking in on me that time in the bathroom!”

“Aw come on, I never meant to do that. How many times did I apologise?”

Tiffany was giggling. “Oh yes you apologised alright, but what did you see? I remember you would never confess to our parents and I know I didn’t have the towel around me properly.”

I joined in laughing at the poor embarrassed young man. His brother was laughing the loudest until he got pushed against his door and glared at.

“Now now, there’s no need to be like that. The point is, there’s nothing wrong with being curious about what’s beneath a girl’s towel in the bathroom or her bikini sunbathing by the pool,” I explained to the boys, thinking enough had been said for now.

Tiffany’s panties were black and you couldn’t really distinguish them in the shadow with her legs together. David kept rolling his eyes sideways and trying to look, so that was a positive.

We chatted about how the boys were enjoying life in the outback and about the people they remembered from the city.

They were 10 and 12 when they moved, so the city was still kind of home to them.

We spent two hours on a dead straight gravel road before the first change of direction heading south into the desert proper.

There were no fences or livestock anymore as the desert was a nature reserve. We climbed a small mountain range and wound our way down the other side.

After four hours we stopped and had a stretch and some lunch by a small creek. There had been rains recently, so there was running water and a pond where we all took off boots and waded.

I splashed Tiffany and made her squeal and laugh. She splashed me back and we played around as the guys watched on.

I achieved what I wanted and Tiffany understood what I was doing. Her crop top was white and became quite see-through now that it was wet.

Her nipples were showing distinctly and the boys were trying not to stare but failing miserably.

“I might as well have a dip now, I suppose,” she said and undid her skirt and stepped out of it. Then she waded back into the pond in her high-cut black panties and little crop top.

“Are you guys coming in?” I encouraged and stripped down to my jocks and dived in too.

Adam stripped down to his jocks and dived in. His little brother swam in his shorts.

They were splashing about wrestling each other. Tiffany floated back against me.

“Should I take off my top, Stephen? Would that be too much?”

“Yeah I was thinking that too. We can see through it anyway. Maybe just take it off completely?”

I remained across the pond whilst Tiffany swam to where the boys were floating around now enjoying the cool water.

There were large rocks on the shore. Tiffany stripped her top and wrung it out and laid it over a rock in the sun.

The boys gawked. She was facing away but turned to them and wrung her hair to the side.

“Oh don’t worry, there’s no one to see out here in nature,” she giggled at them.

“But Tiff!” Adam implored. He was frowning and glancing at me looking worried.

“It’s okay, it’s what I meant about seeing things differently now. You don’t have to look away. Tiff’s a beautiful woman and enjoys us men looking at her, don’t you baby?”

“Yes. And this is what you boys always wanted to see under my bikini tops isn’t it? You can look all you like now. I don’t mind at all.”

Both young men were in the water up to their chins, their eyes wide and their faces red.

I swam away and deliberately left Tiffany with them. I explored along the creek a little way and watched from a distance.

Tiffany remained close to them and kept her breasts out of the water for the most part. The guys were smiling and chatting like normal now and not looking away at all.

There was a lot of laughter and the boys were getting rowdy again before long. I saw Tiffany get on Adam’s back and ride him across the pond, her bare breasts against his back.

The little brother chased them and got hold of her arm. He dragged her off big brother’s back and held her from behind with his arm around her waist.

Tiffany was laughing and struggling to get free. Then she climbed up David’s body and got on his shoulders to be carried around up out of the water.

I made my way back to the 4WD whilst the boys played with my near naked wife.

They all eventually came from the water and I wrapped Tiffany in a towel. “That was so lovely. This would be a great spot for camping, wouldn’t it?” she enthused.

The guys knew about it as they’d been to the desert cabin twice in the past two years, since it became infamous in our community due to what happened to Tiffany.

“Yeah it’s only another couple of hours to the cabin though, so we camped there both times we came,” Adam explained. “This is a great rest stop on the way though.”

The guys had towels from their camp gear too. We all dried off and got dressed.

Tiffany had her towel wrapped around above her breasts and she peeled down her wet panties and stepped out of them, tossing them in her pack and extracting a short frock.

She smiled daringly at me then unfastened her towel and resumed drying her legs with it. She lowered it and revealed her breasts again. The guys were both watching intently.

First there was just a flash of her below the waist, then another, and then she lowered her towel completely and dried her feet, using the towel as a mat to stand on whilst sorting her frock to put on.

The two brothers had stopped talking and stood staring again. Their eyes were wide and again their mouths hung open.

Tiffany blushed at them and looked down at herself, pausing as her frock was gathered over her arms.

“You’re not allowed to tell anyone I got dressed in front of you, okay?” she said to the stunned young men gawking at her.

They both shook their heads.

“Promise?” she challenged teasingly. “You can watch all the time out here in nature like this, but I can’t imagine explaining to your parents.”

“We won’t say anything,” the older brother declared.

“Hmm and what about you David, can I trust you too?” Tiffany pressed and

still didn't put her frock on yet. She removed it from her arms and held it in one hand whilst raking back her damp hair with her other hand.

"Well?" she asked David again, smiling at him looking right at her.

He looked up from her pussy and gulped. "I won't say anything," he croaked. "You don't have any bush!"

Tiffany giggled. "I would if I didn't wax it. Lots of girls have this hairless style. Do you like it?"

Both guys nodded enthusiastically.

"Do you look at girls on the internet?" Tiffany went on encouragingly. "You should try and learn about sex as much as you can. Have either of you tried it with a girl yet?"

"No," Adam said and gulped. His little brother was shaking his head too.

"That's too bad. It's a perfectly normal and natural thing to do. I don't believe there's anything wrong with experimenting with sex at your age. I disagree with what we've all been taught about that."

I was a heartbeat away from suggesting Tiffany let the boys experiment with her. I wouldn't have objected if she offered herself to them. I wasn't quite ready to say it myself.

She put her frock on and approached between the two guys she'd known since childhood. She was six and eight years older than them, so I could imagine them worshipping her in their teens when she was early twenties and still living at home.

She only came up to their chins. She gave them both a hug around the waist and smiled up at them.

"I like you both looking at me. It's nothing serious. We're just having fun and you don't have to feel guilty about enjoying it. I'm sure I felt you both touch a boob at least once each in the pond," she challenged.

"Only accidentally!" David defended.

"Uh huh. That's what I thought, but I'll let you feel them on purpose if you ask nicely," she said and turned and backed away from them. "But you have to ask nicely!"

The boys joined in laughing but I could see the intensity in their eyes.

We piled back into the 4WD and headed further into the desert. The track was rough and bouncy. It climbed rocky escarpments and crossed creek beds and open spinifex flats with kangaroos and emus and the occasional wombat scurrying for cover.

Tiffany's frock was too short to cover her bare butt on the seat but she had it bunched between her legs covering her pussy.

She was sitting in the middle of the back seat, leaning forward to talk to the guys mostly.

There was a good view of her breasts through the sides of her frock. Her boobs were jiggling away and bouncing when there was a sudden dip or bump.

The guys were watching for that and tilting to check for a flash down below.

We made it to the stone cabin where Tiffany had been held captive by mid-afternoon. The cabin had only the one room secure enough to protect from the elements.

Tiffany and I were setting up our beds in there. I awaited news from the boys.

Adam came into the cabin to tell us. "We left our tent behind. I was sure we packed it."

"There's plenty of room in here," Tiffany said nonchalantly. "Put your beds over there. It'll be fun camping together."

David poked his head in the door too. They had their bed rolls.

"Are you sure it's alright?" Adam checked but he was already laying his out.

Tiffany and I exchanged a guilty smile. She motioned to the younger brother with a grimace and indicated I should take him for a walk or something to leave her alone with the older one, I understood.

My heart was thumping but I was over the line now and wanted this to happen.

"Come help me get organised for dinner David. We'll do the cooking tonight okay?"

I'd said that whilst holding my wife's eyes. Her blush rose and I could see she was measuring her breaths.

"Okay, can we shoot targets too?" David said. He had a rifle and box of

ammunition.

“Great, you can teach me,” I agreed and followed him from the room with a final look into my wife’s eyes.

Tiffany

I followed as far as the door and closed it.

I leant back against it and looked at Adam sitting on his bed staring blankly at me.

I lowered to my knees and crawled close. “Do you really promise you won’t say anything about me Adam? I can’t help being this way after what happened to me here and this is bringing it all back.”

“Aw hell really?”

“Uh huh.” I took his hand and put it on my breast. “Do you want to touch me? I feel so sexy and wild, I can’t help it.”

The young man swallowed hard. His hand moved on my breast, squeezing and releasing. “Is like that alright?” he asked curiously.

I sat and rested back on my hands keeping my chest thrust forward. “I think you should follow your instincts Adam. I’m here for you to enjoy any way you want. You’re the man, so it’s up to you. I’ll just be quiet now.”

“Aw hell Tiff,” the guy groaned and frowned. He looked worried as he felt from one of my breasts to the other.

He had my nipples hard and my belly tingling wildly.

He gulped and isolated a nipple through the thin cotton fabric of my dress. I held my breath and thrust that side of my chest forward so he’d know I liked it.

He looked in through the side of my frock beneath my arm. He gulped hard again and put his hand in through there and felt me bare.

“Uh hmm,” I uttered. “Mmm that feels nice Adam. It’s turning me on.”

“Aw hell,” he groaned and left me panting as he stood and looked out the window.

“They’re over past the cruiser. It looks like they’re shooting targets first,” he said and looked down at me then checked out the window again.

I lay back on his bed with my legs straight and my arms by my sides. My frock was bunched a little beneath me and I thought I might have been showing down below. Maybe just, I wasn’t sure.

Adam looked at me again. His eyes zeroed in on my crotch so my pussy must have been peeping. My legs were relaxed straight but I wasn't pressing them together.

I have slender thighs and a broad thigh gap.

Adam knelt beside me and looked me over. He felt a breast again and I moaned a little as I arched for the contact.

"Aw this is crazy Tiff. It's nuts!"

"Mmm no it's not. It's perfectly natural," I uttered but my eyes rolled as the young guy caressed down over my belly and lifted the hem of my frock higher. He tugged it up and I lifted my butt, letting him pull it all the way up over my breasts.

He felt my bare breasts again and I couldn't help wiggling my butt up off the bed now.

I relaxed down again when his attention returned to my pussy. He stroked down my belly making it quiver. He smiled to himself at my reaction and looked at me as he stroked back upward and softly over one of my tits again.

The gun boomed in the distance. That shocked me and made my body flinch too.

Adam lifted his head at the sound. Another shot boomed and he stroked down over my belly again and touched my mons.

He did a soft circle then tilted to examine me as he touched my pussy with a single finger.

He curiously slid a fingertip through my pussy and frowned in concentration at what he was doing.

I was biting down hard on my lip and staring up at the roughly plastered ceiling.

The young man wiggled a fingertip into me and I naturally opened my legs a little for him. He was on his knees leaning over me. I noticed his erection tenting his shorts.

He teased and tickled through my slit. His finger slipped in easily.

He snarled to himself as he inserted a finger and his other hand closed over the bulge in his pants like he was subconsciously connecting the two phenomena.

“It’s so slippery and hot in you Tiff.”

“Uh huh,” I uttered and swallowed hard, keeping my head turned away.

This young man I hadn’t seen since he was fifteen was definitely working this out now. He was moving his finger in and out. I opened my legs more for him, bending one up and swaying it aside out of the way.

I was determined not to say anything. It was up to him to take me if he felt compelled to. I was being exactly as I had been for the bikie man two years ago, almost naked and completely submissive.

Adam crawled over the leg closest to him and got between. I bent that leg up and swayed it out of his way too.

I now had both of my legs spread and he was fingering me and massaging his erection.

The gun was booming regularly in the distance.

Natural compulsion obviously overcame any thoughts of wrongdoing that might have been in the young man’s head.

He stopped fingering me and pushed his shorts and jocks down enough to get his erection out.

He lay down on top of me and I tried to wiggle into position for him.

He thrust and his penis slipped through me and up between us.

He was covering me completely and heavy on top of me. He was thrusting urgently now and I lifted one leg spreading it wider as I reached down beneath and guided his stiff young cock into me.

“Uh huh huh,” I moaned as he slammed into me and ground hard. He pulled back and slammed into me again, letting out a cry of surprise and pleasure himself this time.

“Aw Tiff!”

“Mmm is that nice?” I encouraged him as he slammed hard into me with each thrust.

He hooked my bent-up leg with an arm and kept me completely spread whilst jackhammering me to a quick and powerful climax.

I remained relaxed with my legs spread for him, staring at the stone wall whilst his cock throbbed inside me.

He pulled back and slammed hard against me again. “Aw Tiff!”

“Uh huh. Just enjoy it Adam. Feels nice, doesn’t it?”

“Aw it feels amazing. I can’t believe you let me!”

“Mmm why wouldn’t I? It feels nice for the girl too, you know.”

The young guy lifted from me a little and looked down between us. He gulped.

“But what about um...?” He grimaced. “You know?”

I expelled the breath I’d sucked in with his weight off my chest. “It’s fine, I’m on birth control,” I told him and smiled. “It’s just the mess you’ve probably made of me down there is all.”

He was still fully erect. He thrust and we squirmed together.

He gulped and looked up from our coupling. “You were already slippery Tiff.”

“Hmm, more so now but that’s fine. Don’t worry about that Adam, it’s only natural too and girls don’t mind.”

The gun had stopped booming. We both looked in that direction and shared the thought.

“Come on we’d better um... before one of them comes back,” I grimaced.

“Uh yeah right.” Adam lifted from me with his cock popping out and bouncing bolt upright. “What’s Stephen going to say though. He’s going to kill me!”

“No he’ll be fine. Just leave him to me to worry about,” I said and sat up with Adam standing.

“Wait,” I said and got to my knees. I took his cock into my mouth. I wanted to suck it clean for him.

“Aw Tiff that feels amazing too!”

I giggled with my mouth still full but took his cock out and licked and sucked around the base and sucked on his balls.

“Well you can save up and do that to me again later. We have a whole other day yet and I need another swim before I end up all sticky from you.”

*

There was another small pond nearby. I'd bathed in it last time. It was clean and fresh but not big enough for much of a swim.

There was another spot not far away I wondered whether the boys had found on their previous adventures.

I was feeling positive about having let young Adam have sex with me for his first time. I was fine with having taken his virginity as it were.

I don't see how that should even apply to boys since they're the ones who do the taking.

It seemed more like having offered Adam somewhere warm and wet for him to thrust into for his first time.

I was sure he'd masturbated a thousand times by now, but it had to be different ejaculating inside a girl's pussy. More like his first manly conquest than having lost virginity like a girl does.

When I'd had my bathe in the pond and joined in the fun camp cooking I certainly felt conquered by Adam.

He was absolutely beaming and I was still all warm and slippery where he'd been inside me.

I had panties on now but was making sure to bend over in front of the guys all the time and show them my tits.

Stephen must have known but he approached me out of earshot of the guys and asked flatly. "Well, did anything happen with Adam? He looks pretty chuffed with himself."

"I'm sure he would be. I made sure he was the one in control and he didn't hesitate to have sex with me Stephen. I'm sure he'll be every bit as demanding as that lawless bkie was if he gets another chance too!"

"Yeah I remember our first time and aching for you again after about an hour."

"Ha. An hour! Are you sure it took that long?" I teased into a kiss.

It had already been more than an hour and Adam's eyes were all over me again. His young brother seemed to have no idea what had happened, so that was good. I wondered if he'd want to have sex with me as well though.

Stephen must have read my mind because he approached me privately again and asked. "What about David darling, do you want to let him as well?"

“Yes I’d like to. Of course I would. You need to leave him alone with me though Stephen. Maybe ask Adam to show you the other pond here for swimming before it gets dark. It would take half an hour to drive there and back.”

My husband nodded and kissed my hair. “Okay love, I’ll get Adam to take me for a drive. I want to have a look from the top of that escarpment too if we can get up there. It won’t be dark for an hour yet, I’d say.”

“Uh huh and I’ll just offer David the opportunity the way I did with his brother and see if he takes it,” I said and had a feel of my husband’s burgeoning erection behind my back.

“And then tonight I want you to have sex with me in bed with them in the room with us okay? That will be so exciting, the way it was out here with those rough men watching each other take me.”

Stephen had a word with Adam and told David to stay behind and help me tidy up the campsite.

Once alone with the 18-year-old I had a flush of guilt but was able to convince myself he was old enough to know what he wanted and choose to have sex with me or not.

I got him to come into the cabin with the pretence of helping me decide how to arrange the beds and to do a tidy up in there since it was a bit dusty in the corners of the room.

I was on my hands and knees sweeping up in a corner and he was trying not to look at my display.

I had removed my panties and was showing my pussy and my boobs up my frock. It wasn’t covering my butt and was so loose-fitting it gaped almost to the floor in front.

I smiled back at David who was flushed red in the face and unable to stop looking at me.

“It’s okay, I like you to look don’t forget,” I reminded him.

He nodded and took a breath. “It’s so interesting that you waxed your bush Tiff. You can see everything.”

“Mmm and do you like what you see?”

The guy nodded. “You bet.”

“Does it look pink inside me?”

He nodded some more.

“It makes me wet with you looking. Do you know what that means?”

“Um...” He was on his knees, pulling at his fingers as he wrung his hands together. “Is it about when you have sex as a girl? So it goes in better?”

“Uh huh, exactly,” I told him. “And if the boy’s hard it makes for a perfect coupling, doesn’t it?”

David gulped. “I don’t know. I can only imagine,” he said and looked at me again.

I looked at the bulge in his shorts. “Is yours hard right now David? It would be a compliment to me if it is.”

He nodded again. “I can’t help it. As soon as you got on your hands and knees like that I couldn’t stop imagining.”

“Mmm well that’s definitely a compliment to me,” I cooed and looked back at my butt. I had my hips flared now and was ready if the young man was going to mount me. Which is what I’d been imagining since getting on my hands and knees.

“Come over here David. Just crawl over and kneel behind me. I want to try something.”

The guy complied. He crawled across one of the beds to where I was deliberately kneeling on his one. He shuffled close behind me.

“Now put your hands on my hips.”

He did that and I rocked back against him.

“Do you like the feel of a woman like this David? Does it excite you?”

He gulped again and nodded.

“Hold me firmly so I can’t get away. Pull me back against you,” I told him.

He did that and I could feel the bulge in his pants so I wiggled into position with it between my butt cheeks.

He snarled a little, his eyes were wide as he looked down at where we were touching.

I gave him a minute. He was gripping tight and slowly moving his hips just

bumping against me.

I lifted to my knees and pulled his hands up my dress and placed them on my bare boobs. He groaned excitedly.

I kept my hips flared and my crotch pressed back against his bulge, angled for penetration.

“That’s it David, massage them nice and firm and pinch my nipples. That turns a girl on even more when you do that.”

“Uh god Tiff!”

I smiled back at him there at my shoulder. He was thrusting more now and rubbing so nice with his bulge.

“Do you want to take out your erection David? No one has to ever know.”

“Uh god, uh jeez,” he muttered and pushed his pants from one hip whilst I pulled them down from the other.

I pulled them all the way until I felt his cock spring free. He was now thrusting more urgently against my butt so I took hold and guided the head of his cock into the base of my vagina.

“Nyah huh huh,” the young man grunted and thrust deep into me. He instinctively claimed my hips again and held them whilst fucking me.

I lowered back to my hands and knees and submitted to him.

He humped and jiggled and rode me for a minute at best then slammed hard into me and cried out.

I remained rocked back against him whilst his stiff penis throbbed inside me.

“Aw jeez Tiff!”

I lifted to my knees and guided one of his hands up my frock again, keeping my hips flared and my pussy planted firmly over the base of his cock.

“Mmm is that nice David? Do you like that?”

He gulped and huffed a breath. “I love it. It feels amazing Tiff.”

“Mmm that’s good. We can do this again tomorrow if you like. And tonight you can watch in the dark while Stephen has sex with me.”

I squirmed back against the newly initiated man, thrilled to be the first woman he’d taken.

He crushed my tits and resumed thrusting behind me.

I kept my hips flared for him and relaxed onto the surge of his cock. He pumped me hard and fast for another minute then slowed and measured some thrusts into me, snarling his pleasure now.

He stopped humping again and ground hard against my butt, stirring his cock around inside me.

“Uh feels so good Tiff!”

“Uh huh. I can’t move when you’re on my back like that David. You’re in charge now and I have to wait until you’ve finished servicing me.”

“Uh yeah, aah fuck,” the young man growled and slammed hard against me and held firm as his cock throbbed again.

I melted over the feel of him flooding me some more. “Mmm make me take it David. Empty your balls in me.”

I felt his power and aggression. He had far more potential than his older brother.

This camping trip was going to be such fun!

Stephen

There was enough moonlight to make out forms and clearly see where everyone was in the small desert cabin.

I could see the two young guys lying flat in their sleeping bags. Adam was on the far side of Tiffany with a sleeping bag width gap between them.

There was about the same width gap to David lying across the room at our feet.

The zipper on Tiffany's sleeping bag was open. We were side by side so it was easy enough to reach in and feel her.

It sounded like the guys were breathing steadily and were probably asleep.

My wife flinched when I put a hand on her belly but she made no sound. She was wearing a sleep-t. I felt upward and massaged a breast and her nipple firmed instantly.

She touched my arm, stroking softly, encouraging me rather than protesting.

I felt from one breast to the other. She thrust her chest upward.

I rubbed and squeezed my way down her body over her quivering belly to one hip. I felt under her sleep-t and discovered she had no panties on.

I felt between her legs, squeezing her inner thigh and making her claw my arm with her nails now.

I felt back and touched my wife's pussy. It was hot and slippery. I guessed it might have been from the boys but it had been a few hours since either of them had had sex with her.

I rubbed into her whilst squeezing my erection in my other hand. She opened her legs and squirmed and thrust with her hips.

There was no preparation needed here. She was ready.

I got up on an elbow and watched the young guys for a minute, making sure there was no movement. It looked like they were both facing away and sound asleep.

Tiffany nodded to me and held her sleeping bag open.

I rolled over on top of her and she guided my penis. I thrust into her. She stifled a moan.

It was so strange to be doing this with two other people in the room, both virile young males no less.

I controlled my breathing and tried to thrust smoothly and not slap against my wife.

She was holding me tight and biting my shoulder. I crushed her to me holding her head using only my pelvis to surge into her heat and wetness.

Her slender body was tense the whole time but when I ejaculated I felt her vagina tighten around me and throb too.

I completed my release and receded inside of her, rolled off and got back onto my own sleeping bag.

It took a minute to calm my own breathing. When I did and listened carefully I could hear the breathing of the two young men was now quieter, like they were awake and trying not to make any sound.

Both were still facing away and huddled against the walls of the stone cabin.

My wife and I held hands and I was soon sleeping contentedly.

Tiffany

My husband's breathing settled and he started to lightly snore. Both young men looked at me in the moonlight.

I sat up and checked on my husband again, watching him for a moment to be sure. The boys were up on their elbows, having turned from the wall.

I shushed them. "It's okay. He sleeps soundly but we have to be quiet."

They both nodded.

I could feel how wet I was between the legs so I took off my sleep-t and wiped myself with it.

I crawled to the elder boy Adam. At 20 and 18 years of age it would be unfair to have sex in front of them like that and not offer them a release as well.

I pulled Adam's shorts down and straddled him as he lay on his back, shushing him again as I guided his erect penis into my pussy.

"No watching!" I whispered to his brother.

David rolled over and faced the wall again.

Adam felt my breasts as I rolled my hips and squirmed on his erection. It was bolt upright and had no bend to it. The feel of it surging in and out was wonderful and in this position I always orgasm quickly.

I rubbed my clit on the hairy base of his shaft and had to stop and keep still for a minute as my orgasm peaked. My belly was clenched tight and my boobs shuddered. I rode that out for a minute then breathed again.

"Are you getting close?" I whispered and resumed rolling my pelvis.

"It already happened," the young guy beneath me croaked. "Sorry."

"No don't be. That's fine," I told him.

I looked at his brother, still huddled facing the wall.

"Shh!" I warned the boy beneath me again as I lifted from him and held my pussy to stop from dripping too much.

"You have to face the wall now," I told the older brother.

He rolled over and I quickly wiped my pussy with my sleep-t and crawled to the younger brother.

He was on his back and already had his pants down. He was feeling my tits as I straddled him and when I got the head of his penis in he surged upward and thrust into me.

He was so much more aggressive than his older brother. I loved it.

I started using my pelvis squirming on him whilst he felt my tits. I wanted to be beneath him though and tipped off to the side.

This was his second time ever having sex so it must have been instinct, the way he took control and moved on top.

He remained inside me the whole way and was thrusting with his hips and slapping against me.

I couldn't think to stop him. I couldn't think at all right now.

He held my head the way my husband had and fucked me on his spongy bedroll. I could see his brother trying to look back over his shoulder in the moonlight.

My husband's head was raised too.

"Uh huh huh," I moaned as I went back into orgasm, clinging tightly to this powerful young man, thrilled by the feel of his cock throbbing inside me.

By the time he slumped on top of me I was done too. I was a complete ragdoll.

I kept my legs spread for the boy to continue enjoying me. He was still hard inside and was slow fucking me and kissing my hair and face.

He found my lips and I opened and met his tongue. He really was so manly for an 18-year-old. It must have been coming naturally to him unless he was getting sneaky lessons from a girl around the back of the church on Sundays.

He was swirling his tongue around mine inside my mouth and keeping my head spinning but I managed to break away from the kissing.

I wriggled my way down to kiss his chest and belly and all the way down to take his cock into my mouth.

He was completely creamed having gone third having sex with me. I licked and sucked the taste of cum from his penis and balls.

I cleaned him as best I could and ended up sucking the head of his cock when a few pulses of semen came out and gushed against the roof of my mouth.

“Mmm hmm,” I moaned my pleasure and swallowed the gooey spunk down. I sat up and used my sleep-t to wipe up the mess between my legs again. “And that’s all for you horny men tonight. I need some sleep,” I said to the shadowed faces watching me.

Stephen

I awoke at first light and snuck from the small room leaving my wife with her sleeping bag open and her breasts uncovered. The two young guys were sleeping soundly.

This was perfect. My suspicions were vindicated. It made no difference the background or teaching of a man. A naked woman in an untamed wilderness was irresistible.

These two churchgoing young men were willing to have sex with Tiffany the way I was, in a small room with us virtually watching each other.

That was pretty extreme. It was exactly as I'd imagined it happened when Tiffany was stranded here with the lawless bkie.

Back then she was in torn clothing and vulnerable and he couldn't resist the opportunity to have sex with her.

To me, right now, it seemed perfectly natural and right. I took the 4WD to the swimming hole and had a morning dip, leaving my wife naked in the cabin with the two young savages.

If they wanted her again, good luck to them. Tiffany was obviously willing and that seemed completely natural too.

I floated around looking up at the vast outback sky thinking all of this through and feeling nothing but positive and excited for what today would bring.

When I got back to the cabin everyone was up and about. The boys were having turns with a bow and arrow, shooting at an old mattress they'd found. Tiffany was cooking breakfast with her panties showing up her frock and her breasts moving freely beneath it and visible whenever she bent over.

We took another drive and explored the area, finding another abandoned stone hut from a hundred years ago when people must have tried and failed to settle and make homes in this harsh environment.

The boys played with Tiffany in the swimming hole when we got back and that afternoon I saw young David leading her into the cabin.

Adam was off shooting somewhere. I could hear the gun booming regularly.

I crept to the window of the cabin and peeped in to watch nature at work.

“Uh huh like that David, you’re so strong and demanding. I love it,” my wife encouraged.

The young man had her on her back on his bed with one of her legs hooked over his arm. He had her spread wide and was thumping against her, pounding her so hard it shocked me.

“Uh huh huh yes!” Tiffany cried out and clawed his back.

He slammed into her and cried out too. “Nya fuck yeah!”

The boy’s voice was a deep growl. He was planted firmly against my wife with his bare buttocks clenched and his muscular back flexed with muscle.

“Uh huh fill me David. Fill me with your cum,” Tiffany went on moaning as she clung to the guy.

Her heels were hooked around the back of his thighs and semen pooled beneath her butt where it was seeping from their coupling.

*

I was so affected by this wild environment that I had no qualms again having sex with my wife that night in a room with two young men watching in the half-darkness and listening to every squelch and moan.

It was all so surreal. This whole adventure in the desert where Tiffany had been ravaged and impregnated two years ago worked perfectly for me.

These two clean-cut young men had become virtual savages and so had I.

And perhaps more importantly so had my wife.

We got back to the cattle ranch mid the next afternoon. The Winthorpe’s had invited guests and put on a big party for us. We ate and drank and sang and danced.

Tiffany kept herself respectfully buttoned up all night and old Owen crashed out drunk and missed out getting hold of her, which I decided was a good thing.

I felt the whole trip was a success. I’d learnt everything I needed to about what happened to my wife at the hands of the lawless bikies.

I was happy she remained buttoned up and wore her long shorts for the plane trip home. She was nursing a hangover headache in the back seat and mostly slept anyway.

No, there had been two other men have sex with my wife and I had no further questions about the nature of desire and female submission.

I was content and ready to resume normal married life and vowed fidelity.

That was until my wife and I walked into our house and were met by the smiling face of our tattooed hulk of a builder sitting on the kitchen floor.

He was resting back on his powerful arms with his tool belt full of screwdrivers and hammers and pliers. His long blond hair was tied back in a ponytail.

“Oh hello there, we’d forgotten all about you hadn’t we Stephen?” my wife said excitedly.

Her sweet blush gave away the instant effect he obviously had on her.

Tiffany was right. I’d forgotten all about the fact there was going to be another man crawling around her kitchen all this week.

Under his Tool Belt

Tiffany

My husband was good with our child. He constantly read to him and played games in the backyard.

We had a sandpit and playground set. Harold was only two but seemed so advanced for his age. It was fantastic and so easy for me.

Stephen was successful enough in his accounting business to employ help and have a lot of free time.

I had started work recently at a jewellery store but it was mostly to have something to do away from the house.

We'd been talking about having another child but there was no rush.

It had taken a while to get past what had happened in the desert; those two bikie dudes taking me captive and getting me pregnant.

I definitely hadn't fallen pregnant to my stepdad. It was one of the bikies who had done the deed.

My stepdad and I were stranded and needed to be rescued. I had used my body to persuade the men to care what happened to me, and by extension my stepdad James.

Who knew my geeky husband would turn up out there in the middle of nowhere and rescue us?

Ultimately there was no need to offer those rough men sex, but James and I didn't know that at the time.

Stephen had come along when the men were having turns with me and quite reasonably decided I needed to be saved.

Over the past two years I'd brought up the subject a number of times and tried to tell him that it wasn't as bad as it looked. Now after our trip back to the cabin in the desert with my childhood friends Adam and David, and having them react the same way and want to have sex with me, everything was fine and we were ready to move on.

Right now I watched my husband play with our son in the sandpit whilst keeping out of the way of the huge tradie man installing our new kitchen.

His name was John. He was tall, covered in tats and muscles bulging everywhere. His long blond hair was tied back.

He was gorgeous. He reminded me so much of the boss bkie dude from the desert.

“Morning John, you started early today,” I greeted the guy.

He smiled up at me from under the sink. He was on his back wrenching a pipe or something.

I quietly checked him out in the trouser department.

“Morning Tiff. Sorry. Hope I didn’t wake you.”

“No that’s fine. I was up an hour ago. We’re heading down to the café for breakfast soon.”

I averted my gaze back out through the window to where Stephen was hanging the washing from our camping trip.

I deliberately looked away so the huge tradie man could enjoy looking up my dress. I had stepped closer so he could see my panties.

I could feel his eyes.

John continued working. I marvelled at my new granite benchtop and ran my fingers over it as I stepped away from the man on the floor and across to the other side of the room.

I bent and opened and closed my new drawers, admiring them and deliberately flashing up my dress from behind.

I’d chosen a dress short enough to show everything today and had on my prettiest panties.

I tugged at my hem in the back and glanced blushing at the guy and quickly looked away.

We made eye contact and I blushed deeper.

“Sorry, I’ll get out of the way if you want to look around?” he offered as he sat up.

“No it’s fine. I just can’t wait till it’s finished. I’m a little over having the dining room as a temporary storage shed for all our kitchen stuff.

“And you’ve done such a great job. It all looks stunning,” I said and wrung my hands in front of myself, pushing my boobs together with my arms and

enhancing my cleavage like a total floozy.

I wanted to bend forward and show the man my boobs.

I wanted him to sling me over his shoulder and take me to my bed and have sex with me whilst my husband was busy hanging the washing.

I still had such vivid memories of the alpha bikie man taking me. He was so confident and demanding. He was the first man to lick my pussy and even put his penis in my mouth.

I always knew Stephen and I were missing out on so much being too proper and conservative in the bedroom.

It had been such an eye-opening experience being taken by a rough man with no such morals.

The alpha male called Sandman had made me stay barely dressed and it had changed me. He had introduced me to the freedom of nudity and made me crave it now.

The way I dressed this morning was to show my body to our builder and to my stepdad, who would be coming around later this morning.

He was going to cart away the remains of our old kitchen that was around the side of the house in bits.

James wants to have sex with me again so much he keeps bringing it up when we're alone. But I've been holding him off and not giving in. He had me in every way when we were captive in the desert. He had sex with me in my pussy, my mouth and anal as well.

He often calls in when I'm home alone, and when he tries to talk me into letting him again it's so tempting.

I always dress like this for him and let him get away with looking and even a naughty cuddle sometimes.

I love his strong hands and how excited and desperate he is to touch me. But I don't let him go under my clothes. That's where I've been drawing the line.

I approached the kitchen window again and the builder's eyes went up my dress. I peeped out to check on Stephen and our son playing in the sandpit.

"Uh yeah that's a nice view Tiff," the man beneath me groaned.

I dared to look down at him lying on his back on my kitchen floor. His shirt

had ridden up and I could see his fair hair trailing down to his trousers. He'd taken off his toolbelt.

His trousers were tight fitting and clearly showed the outline of his package and hugged his huge thighs.

It would be so easy to sit down on the guy and quickly slip open his belt and...

I looked from his package to meet his eyes and the confident smirk in them. I imagined slipping my foot out of my sandal and giving the significant bulge a little foot massage.

I didn't dare do it but I sooo wanted to.

He must have been reading my mind because he grinned and wiggled his eyebrows.

“You want it don't you Tiff?”

I nodded. “Yes,” I breathed. “But I shouldn't. I'm happily married.”

The man nodded too. He shrugged a little and took hold of my ankle, but only lightly, and stroked up the back of my calf.

He slipped the strap behind my heel and lifted my foot. I let him and held the bench for balance. He kept watching my face and took my bare foot and placed it on his package.

His penis expanded as I squeezed with my toes, curiously feeling it. I pressed against the shaft and felt it harden.

I scrunched my toes to squeeze the head, which was to one side and up poking at the waistband of the guy's work pants.

My husband had finished hanging washing and was cleaning the car now.

“I shouldn't be doing this,” I whined at myself; at how weak and slutty I was being.

The man on the floor was looking up my dress with intense interest now. He had left the foot I was feeling him with and was stroking up my other leg.

He had such long arms and big hands. He easily reached up my leg and was squeezing my inner thigh making my pussy throb.

“I knew you were up for it,” he said and met my eyes. “Are you going to give me a fuck?”

I shook my head.

“Aw come on baby, you know you want it.”

“I can’t,” I said but continued stroking with my toes and letting him feel my inner thigh and touch me through my panties.

I took a sharp intake of breath and held it. I rolled my eyes away as he rubbed into me.

“Oh that’s so fucking wet,” he groaned, holding my ankle with his other hand now that I’d lost balance and stood on his erection.

He kept my foot in place and continued rubbing the crotch of my panties. They were soaked and he had isolated my clit and was massaging it.

“This is why you’ve been flashing me all the while yeah?” the man grinned.

I gulped and nodded. “But I can’t do anything. Please?”

“Sure, I get it. That’s fair enough,” he agreed and slipped his thumb under the edge of my panties and moved them aside.

I helped him by reaching up beneath my dress with my free hand and pulling them from my hips.

He released my foot and I stood with my legs together and let him take my panties from my ankles.

I hadn’t dared go without panties yet but I’d wanted to. I put my foot back on the guy’s belly. “You have to stay down there!” I told him and checked on my husband and child again.

“You can look and touch me a little but I can’t have sex with you, I’m sorry John.”

“Yeah I guess,” he muttered and rubbed through me then inserted his thumb up inside.

“Uh huh huh,” I panted and gripped the edge of my new kitchen sink and held on tight.

The man thumbed me and rubbed my clit with the edge of his big strong hand. He had me squirming down and split over it.

He had hold of my foot and was pressing it to his package again. He was holding me by the ankle and rubbing his erection with my foot.

The man was doing as I’d asked and didn’t try to get up and take hold of me

properly. He was still lying flat on his back with his head propped on the base of the cabinet beneath the sink.

I was facing the sink and gripping it with both hands. My legs were gone. I stood on one but it was the hand wrapped around my crotch and the thumb up inside me that was holding me up.

The man ripped open his pants and got himself out somehow. He was holding my bare foot against his hot erection.

I tried to concentrate enough to squeeze the head with my toes.

He extracted his thumb and squeezed my inner thigh hard with his wet hand. He was trying to hump my foot. I was excited and fascinated enough to concentrate and help him.

I rubbed with my foot and squeezed with my toes when all I wanted to do was straddle the guy and grind on him with my pussy.

He was stroking himself now and I continued to rub the head and play with it as best I could.

I leant back against the sink now, clutching it for balance.

I rubbed and rubbed with my foot and squeezed with my toes, smiling excitedly to myself whilst this big strong man masturbated himself on my kitchen floor.

His eyes were wide and focused up my dress on my wet tingling pussy.

“Nya fuck!” he snarled and held his shirt up to his neck as ropes of cum lashed his stomach and chest.

I kept squeezing and rubbing the head of his penis with my toes. He released it to me to play with and I rubbed up and down the shaft, still firm and throbbing with the aftershocks of his climax.

He undid his shirt and opened it.

I turned and straddled directly above him to rub his stomach. I bit my smile as I played in his semen, smearing it through the delicious definition of his abs.

He reached up and touched my pussy again but I caught his wrist and pushed his hand away, glaring defiantly. “I think that’s enough now, don’t you?”

James

I owned a big trailer for carting anything and everything and was always called upon when there was a yard clean-up happening.

That was my justification but I'd use any excuse I could to go see my stepdaughter.

Tiffany had never returned to her usual self after what happened in the desert two years ago.

Or perhaps it was a case of her true self having found a way to the surface and this is the way she always was deep down.

I had just seen her cunt up the back of her dress when she bent over to pick up an old cabinet drawer to toss onto the trailer.

I'd been here a while and was nearly loaded up for my first trip. Stephen had helped but had taken off to the shops or something. Tiffany had just come from the house.

She glared back at me over her shoulder and bent over again.

Her cunt was pink and looked wet inside. I tilted for a better look this time and she watched me then stood blushing and biting her smile as she tossed more junk in the trailer.

"Nice," I offered. "Did you forget something this morning?"

"No I didn't forget. They were taken from me by our builder."

"Oh I see." I smiled. "So has he fucked you yet love?"

My stepdaughter shook her head. She grimaced. "You know I can't go that far Daddy."

She leant on the trailer and bent forward a little with her shoulders scrunched. I looked down her dress at her bare tits. It seemed it was my lucky day.

"Has Stephen had a look up your dress, or down it love? Does he know how much you're showing today?"

"No. I buttoned up and wore panties to the café this morning. Stephen noticed I was braless but that was all. He didn't say anything."

I approached beside my stepdaughter and gave her a hug hello. She kissed my cheek and I had an extra little feel of her, squeezing a tit through her

breezy little dress.

I was holding her from behind and she relaxed back against me.

I kept fondling that one tit, rolling the hard nipple whilst she looked down at herself and watched me.

This was commonplace. She always let me have a bit of a feel when her husband wasn't around.

"Mmm that feels so nice today Daddy. I can't help being turned on with John working here. It's not even fair."

"Yeah? He reminds you of that bikie dude does he? He looks a bit like him."

"I know. It's the way he looks at me too. How confident he is and like he knows what he wants. I can't seem to think straight around guys like that anymore."

The baby's room was right beside where we stood. Tiffany peeped in and I had a look with her.

"Sandman was definitely the father love. You can see him in the young fellow more and more every day."

"I know. Stephen has always thought so too and has never done anything other than accept it and be a great dad anyway. I don't know what he'd do if he ever found out you had sex with me too though Daddy."

"Yeah well it was a crazy few days out there and nature sort of took over, seeing you getting around with everything showing love. I certainly weakened but I don't know what man wouldn't have."

We were putting the cover over the load and cinching the elastic loops to hold it down. Tiffany's tits were wobbling free and exposed down her dress again. We did a side of the trailer each and met at the back.

She leant against the trailer and looked at me. I took a tour of her slender body and had another feel of a tit.

She thrust her chest forward and let me.

"I'm glad you weren't able to resist temptation Daddy. I know I've said it before but I really mean it. Everything that happened in the desert was exciting for me and I wouldn't change a thing."

I nodded and took a breath. I rubbed down over the girl's belly and cupped

her pussy through the skirt of her dress. She whimpered and her chest shuddered as she took a breath.

I rubbed into her and explored how wet she was. She was squelchy and her clit was swollen.

I isolated it and massaged firmly, making her squirm and blush deeply as she met my eyes.

Her eyes were glazed and submissive, the same as they had been when I lost control and fucked her that time.

“I guess we’re lucky it wasn’t me who got you pregnant love. That would have taken some explaining,” I said as I rubbed faster.

The girl was wriggling and squirming. I was tempted to go under the skirt of her dress but she was holding my wrist ready to push me away if I tried to cross that boundary again.

She gripped my wrist tight and squatted more and more as I vibrated my fingers flat against her little button.

She suddenly tensed and bucked then clamped her thighs together and crushed my hand with them.

Her entire body was quaking and her tits wobbled free down the open front of her dress. Another button had popped and they were easily viewed now.

“Mmm it’s not fair you doing that for me and me not being able to do anything for you,” my stepdaughter apologised.

I gulped and took a breath. I was hard in my pants of course.

Tiffany grimaced through her blush. “I actually learnt how to do something today with John that, although it felt naughty, it didn’t feel it was over the line.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Uh huh, he came from it and I think it helped. But I didn’t do anything sexual for him.”

“He came from it? He blew his load you mean?” I questioned. I was stuck on that bit.

Tiffany nodded and grimaced excitedly. “I touched him down there but not with my hand or anything. Definitely not with my lips or properly with sex,

and not with my hand either. Which is sexual of course.”

“Okay, so what did you touch him with love? I’m assuming you touched his cock?”

“Uh huh, with my foot and toes, while he did it for himself. It was fascinating and so exciting when he came everywhere.”

“Shit! A foot job! Oh love,” I groaned and felt deep into her cunt through the breezy skirt of her dress.

She giggled and squirmed away, pushing at my arm.

“I could do that for you too Daddy. If you like?”

“If I like? Aw hell love say when? I’m ready right now if you want to.”

My stepdaughter smiled and took my hand, leading off towards the steps to her front door.

“I was hoping you’d let me try it on you if I flashed you today,” she said.

“I’m all set up to try it better than I did with John. I’ve got oil this time and a chair to sit on. I’m all ready for you.”

“Aw shit, you planned this?” There was a towel on the loungeroom floor and a kitchen chair beside it.

“Yes I planned it. Stephen will be out all day and John won’t be back until tomorrow morning. If anyone else comes to the door you can run to the bathroom and get dressed. It should be fine.”

The girl laid a cushion for my head.

“Pants down and open your shirt please?” she asked sweetly.

I undid my pants and pushed them and my boxers down to my ankles. I undid and opened my shirt and lay back on the towel.

Tiffany straddled me with the chair. She positioned it over my knees and put her bare feet on my upper thighs.

She had a bottle of oil which she dripped a generous amount from, lubing my cock and balls as she began rubbing and massaging with her feet and toes.

“I still think this isn’t sex. How can it be when I’m only using my feet,” she contended.

I wasn’t going to argue. It felt fucking amazing.

I don't have a big cock but I was as boned-up as ever and she was rubbing up and down the underside whilst toeing my balls with her other foot.

I could see her cunt up the skirt of her dress the way her legs were inadvertently parting. I looked from there to her tits and she read my mind and undid another button then lowered her dress to her waist.

“Is that better Daddy?”

“Aw hell love, this is amazing. You're going to make me cum so hard in a minute.”

There was no fighting it. My nuts were full and my load was soon spurting from between my stepdaughter's toes, which was something I'd never even imagined.

Not in my wildest fantasies had I dreamt of a foot job other than at a specialist kinky massage parlour I'd once stumbled upon surfing porn.

I'd creamed my stomach. The girl was still massaging my cock and making me fuck between her toes to spurt the last of my load.

“Mmm was that good Daddy?”

I expelled a big breath and gulped. “It was amazing love.”

“Mmm that's good. Maybe this is something I could do for you once in a while. What do you think?”

I chuckled. “I think I need to think of more excuses to come over love.”

The girl giggled and grabbed another towel, wiping her feet on it then dropping it on my stomach.

She wiped up my cum and wiped the oil from my cock and balls.

She hadn't responded to my idea about coming over more often but she never does when I say that.

“I'm going to try and say something to Stephen tonight,” she said and took a big breath. “It can't be wrong to be this excited about sex with other men.

“I need to know why he's been so much more assertive with me in bed lately. It's like it took him a year or more to get over what happened to me with those bikies in the desert.”

I continued, “But now it's like it's better between us than it ever was. I wonder if he's excited by the fact other men had sex with me. Do you think

that's possible Daddy?"

"I think it's more than possible love. He might not understand how he's feeling, but if he's more assertive now I'd say it's highly likely he wants to match what those bikies did to you.

"He wants you to know he's a man too."

Stephen

I finished the business I had to get done at church and got home in time to help Tiffany's stepfather with the last load of materials from our old kitchen. Tiffany was quiet all afternoon. I'd noticed something about that though and decided to broach the subject that night.

"You seem different baby. I think I like it," I told her, stroking down between her breasts in bed. "How much does this have to do with the man we have installing our new kitchen?" I asked easily.

Tiffany looked up immediately. She blinked.

"No don't worry darling, I do get it you know. I'm not silly."

My wife blushed. "What is it you get Stephen?"

I smiled. "Darling, I get that these rough men have an effect on you sexually. Probably because of the fact you've had a child to one of them no less."

"Um, I guess," my wife squeaked. "I can't help it though Stephen. The way that bikie man took what he wanted from me in the desert was scary but also very exciting. I knew I wasn't safe from falling pregnant but I couldn't get my legs open wide enough when he was inside me."

"I know darling. He'd conquered any resistance and you were his to do with as he pleased. I really do understand that now after our trip and appreciate it was only a natural reaction on your part."

"Uh huh, he kept having me whenever he wanted and then he shared me with his friend."

My wife looked up and grimaced. "I was so excited the whole time Stephen. I even let James have sex with me after that main bikie man. He needed it after watching and it felt like it didn't matter anymore since I'd already been taken from you."

I swallowed hard at that admission. I'd suspected something might have happened between Tiffany and her stepfather out in the desert. That was the first time I'd had it confirmed.

"Okay, so James had sex with you too baby. Full sex?"

"Yes. Full sex. Full intercourse and he came inside me too. He's always wanted to though Stephen, ever since I've been of age."

“I know love. I’ve seen the way he looks at you, and especially since that desert trip.”

“And?” my wife asked. She seemed still quite worried.

I nodded and took a breath. It was time to get to what I wanted and ask for myself.

Of course I now understood Sandman the bikie, the biological father of our child, never raped Tiffany. He was obviously in a position of power and took advantage of her vulnerability, but she willingly submitted to him and enjoyed being taken by him.

Once I finally started to get my head around that I found it quite arousing. And the more I came to understand it this past year or so, the more forceful I’d been getting with Tiffany myself.

I had to claim her back. It was thrilling to do that and I was getting off on it like never before.

I wanted more of it.

“Baby I don’t know about your stepfather having sex with you. That seems like the hanger-on member of the pack who partakes of the spoils after the alpha has had his fill,” I said feeling brave and continued.

“Or in that case, after the alpha has performed the servicing of the female, she’s fair game for the other males in the pack.

“I don’t begrudge your stepdad that as long as you were willing baby. I’m sure he has always wanted to have sex with you and who could blame him for taking his chance in that situation?”

“Uh huh exactly,” Tiffany agreed excitedly.

“Yes darling. But there is something about this I want to confess to and ask you about,” I said and swallowed hard again.

“Okay,” my wife encouraged. “You can tell me anything Stephen. Anything at all.”

I nodded. “Okay so, the thing is,” I hesitated and cleared my throat.

“The thing is, I like it. It drives me crazy thinking about that bikie taking you from me and it makes me wild to claim you back.”

“Uh huh,” my wife uttered knowingly as she squeezed my erection. “I know

it makes you crazy Stephen. And I love it.”

I nodded and gulped again. That bit was done; the confession. Now for the hard part. My request.

I took a big breath and huffed a little. It had taken so goddam long to get to this point and I suddenly felt so nervous. What would her reaction be? Would I lose her?

I had to continue; I'd come this far and it was seriously doing my head in. I breathed again.

“So darling. Um... how would you feel about doing it again?”

“Again?” my wife echoed. Her eyes were alight. This was very positive. She hadn't slapped me so that was a darn good sign.

“How about letting our builder have sex with you, darling? With another ough man like the bikie in the desert?”

Tiffany's mouth opened but she didn't respond otherwise.

“Darling, I know he wants to and I've noticed the way you've been dressing around the house this past week. Surely you'd want to have sex with him?”

My wife gulped. “Uh huh. I'd love to Stephen,” she said quietly. “I'm desperate to be taken to bed by him. I want to feel him on top of me and inside me.”

I rolled over on top of my wife and entered her. She was slick and hot.

I surged deep and pulled back and surged again.

We kissed passionately whilst making love then talked more about offering her to our builder.

I was beyond reason. I was certainly not able to think about marriage vows right now.

I wanted this other man to have sex with my wife so I could claim her back afterwards.

I wanted this strange crazy feeling I'd had the past year or so to be revitalised. I'd been unable to think of anything else since the man renovating our kitchen walked in the door.

He was exactly the kind of man who took Tiffany from me out in that desert.

I needed this to happen again. I needed it desperately.

It seemed my wife did too.

Tiffany

I waved my husband off the next morning.

He was going for a drive for a few hours, perhaps a father/son beach morning to build some serious sandcastles, he joked. He seemed as nervous as I was.

“So you’re definitely up to date with your birth control this time darling?”

“Yes I am. He can cum inside me all he wants and I’ll be perfectly safe Stephen.”

“Okay good. I don’t want him using condoms even if he has them,” I whispered into my wife’s ear after a kiss. “I want you wet from him when I claim you back.”

“Uh huh,” I uttered as I agreed excitedly and my body tingled in anticipation. I took my husband’s hand and guided him under the skirt of my dress for a feel.

“Oh my,” he groaned. “You’re so wet already babe.”

“Uh huh. That’s for John. I hope he wants me like this. He looks really huge in his pants. I have to be wet enough for him in case he’s too big for me.”

I’d not confessed to Stephen that I’d already seen our builder’s penis. It hardly seemed to matter now.

“If he’s too big you’ll have to get him to go slow love. There’s no rush. I won’t hurry home before this afternoon in case he wants you a few times throughout the morning. The more thoroughly he has you the better if we’re going to do this at all.”

“Mmm I agree. I want him to cum in my mouth at least one time while he’s working here too Stephen. I’d love to taste it from him.”

“Oh baby it drives me crazy hearing you talk like this.”

“Alright just go then. Let me do this Stephen!”

My husband dragged himself away from my clutches and left me watching him back out of the driveway and off up the street.

Our tattooed muscle man builder had been listening and waiting in the kitchen after he’d already grabbed me this morning when I came down to make coffee.

The reason I was wet was because he'd already fingered me.

He pulled me to him and kissed me. I submitted and opened my mouth to be plundered.

He was rubbing up and down my body and got his hands up under my dress.

I turned to one side so he could feel me better. He covered a tit with his big rough hand whilst still swirling his tongue around mine in my mouth.

I turned more so I was backed against him and he felt my other tit. He tweaked that aching nipple too. He sucked hard on my neck and I held my hair aside for him.

"Uh yeah, you want me to mark you?" the man groaned.

"Uh huh." I tilted my head more and gathered my hair well out of the way, exposing my neck.

He latched on and sucked hard. I kept hold of my hair and held his hip behind me with my other hand. It started to sting but I waited and let the muscle man claim me.

He rubbed down over my belly and felt my pussy. His fingertips slipped in easily.

He stopped sucking my neck, releasing with a pop and grinning at his work.

"Yeah that's a good one. You're all mine now baby. Just marking my territory.

"Uh huh, down there is your territory right now. Inside me like that."

"Oh yeah? There's no way I was using a rubber, just so you know. You were getting nudded in today whether you were on the pill or not."

"I know. I want to be nudded in John. Fill me with your cum please!"

He picked me up easily and carried me up the Hall whilst kissing me again.

He sat me on my bed and lifted my dress off over my head.

I lay back with my legs bent up and my knees pressed together.

Our builder kicked off his work boots and pulled off his socks. Then he undid and tossed his shirt away.

Looking at his powerful upper body made my pussy tingle even more than it already was.

He pushed his shorts and jocks down and his huge cock bounced, pointing straight out and firm already.

The man knelt on my bed and touched my knees.

He crawled around to face me and as he pressed against my knees I spread my legs for him.

The man looked up from my pussy. "I need to get this first load into you in case your husband freaks out and comes running home."

"Uh huh. I'm all yours," I said as he lowered to me with his cock in his fist.

"I'll just get this first nut in then we'll have some fun yeah?" he said and wiped the head of his cock through my wet lips and inserted into my vagina.

He lay down over me and thrust, stretching me open and filling me with Half his length.

"Ah huh huh," I moaned and clawed his broad back.

The man used his pelvis, rolling and fucking me as deep as I could fit him. He stretched and forced deeper and deeper until his body was firmly against mine and I could feel his balls bumping against my butt.

"Uh yeah that's in now baby. Just quickly now yeah."

He continued rolling his pelvis and fucking me. I stared at the picture of my husband on my dresser. I blushed excitedly to myself and kept my legs spread as wide as I could for this other man.

He humped me slow and powerfully, sliding in and out... in and out.

He was soon pressed hard against me with his huge cock all the way inside and throbbing.

I melted over it, thrilled with the idea of being given a baby by the last tattooed giant of a man to be this deep inside me.

He finished cumming and pulled out right away then rolled over onto his back and drew some deep breaths.

I closed my legs and cuddled up to him, touching his pecs and twirling his chest hair.

"Ooh that was good Tiff. Fucking needed that first load off."

"Uh huh it felt so deep. I loved it," I told him.

He reached down between us and felt my pussy. I turned a little to give him room. He isolated my clit and rubbed it. I opened my legs and thrust for the contact. He vibrated his fingers against my little button until my belly clenched.

“Ah huh huh... huh huh huh...” I moaned as my orgasm exploded deliciously through me, overloading my senses.

The man got back on top and slammed into me. He crushed me to him and resumed fucking me hard and fast this time.

“Ah huh huh,” I whimpered as my orgasm continued to thump through me. My stretched pussy sucked on the shaft pistoning through it.

“Nya fuck yeah!” the man growled and slammed hard against me and let out a desperate manly grunt. His cock throbbed again.

He was balls deep and I was split over the base of his shaft.

I accepted my second dose of big strong man semen for the day and thought I needed to remember to take my pill.

I was up to date but usually took it early morning. It was after 10am already.

John had deftly manoeuvred himself at the end of the bed and knelt on the floor. He grabbed behind my knees and pulled me to him.

His head dived between my legs and as my orgasm was still just below the surface it didn't take much nibbling until my back was arching off the bed.

I thought of the pill again. I didn't want to take it whilst this new man was around.

Perhaps I will this afternoon after he's gone.

Come and Get Me Stephen

I sat on the beach with our boy watching him demolish the sandcastle.

We'd been here a couple of hours. It was midday and I thought I'd be able to go home soon.

The fact little Harold wasn't biologically mine never bothered me. I loved him like my own son and felt nothing other than that.

The fact my wife had been impregnated by another man wasn't so simple. I had a mixture of feelings about that. And they were all intense and ripped at me in different ways.

It was hard not to picture the huge bkie on top of my wife thrusting into her. The mental picture of his erect penis inside her and ejaculating sperm always sent a competitive rush surging through me. It lifted the hair on the back of my neck.

The idea of this other man's sperm swimming through my wife's womb in search of the egg they were about to fertilise gave me a sense of sadness and defeat.

It frustrated me I wasn't there. I didn't get the opportunity to inject my semen into her as well and at least compete for the prize of impregnating her.

I drew a big breath and expelled then checked my phone for a text message from Tiffany.

She was at home with another huge tattooed man, no doubt being taken by him.

It was crazy that I needed to replay this scenario. As soon as I'd received the all-clear text I'd be hurrying home to reclaim my woman this time.

This builder dude there with her now would be cumming inside her and I'd be doing what I never had a chance to do with the bkie and servicing her myself immediately after.

Well, perhaps not immediately. It depended how many times he'd had sex with her this morning.

Hopefully she'd still be wet from him when I got her into bed.

I needed to see what I couldn't stop picturing in my head this past two years.
I needed to see her vagina wet with this other man's semen and feel where he
had been when I had sex with her myself.

Tiffany

“Uh huh like that,” I uttered. I looked back over my shoulder at the man pressed to my butt throbbing inside my pussy. Again.

I was on my elbows and knees on the lounge room floor. This was the third time he'd cum in me.

The last time had been in my bed about three hours ago so he'd obviously built up again.

He squeezed off and pulled out of me. I covered my pussy with my hand to stop the drips and sat over on my side.

John stood and approached with his penis in his hand. He offered it to me and I sucked the head and was rewarded with a little pulse of semen to taste.

He stroked my hair and smiled down at me. “That's it, good girl.”

I tilted in under and nuzzled his balls. They were huge and swinging low in their sac.

“I want to taste you properly one time,” I said as I peered up from nuzzling them and having them split over my nose.

His penis flopped over my face as I continued kissing and sucking from one ball to the other.

“I want to taste these when they're full. First like this and then I want a big mouthful of what's inside them.”

“That can be arranged,” the guy said. “Give me a day to build up again. Your tight little pussy's drained them for now.”

“Mmm I know. My belly's full of your cum John. I'm sure I can feel it all warm and alive inside me.”

It was mostly my own taste but I licked and kissed this huge builder man's penis clean for him to put away.

He said he needed to rush off so I waited still nude whilst he quickly dressed.

He kissed me at my door then lifted my head and inspected the love bite he'd given me. We looked at it together in a mirror on the wall.

“Yeah that's good. Your hubby can enjoy seeing that all week haha.”

“Hmm I'm sure he won't enjoy it.”

The man looked down at my tits in the mirror. He reached up my front and cupped and felt them, tweaking my nipples.

I was still holding my pussy to stop from dripping but lifted my other arm out of his way.

“Come here,” he said and led me back to the lounge.

He sat on the arm and drew me close still looking at my tits.

He kissed a nipple and softly sucked it. I stroked his head and nurtured him close. He moved to the outside of my breast and down a bit from the height of the nipple. He latched on and sucked hard.

“Uh huh,” I uttered and kept my boob thrust against his mouth.

Where he was sucking began to sting. He kept going for a good while then stopped and checked his work.

There was a small red welt that would no doubt darken into a love bite like the one on my neck.

“Yeah?” the guy grinned up from us both inspecting it. “Is that good?”

I nodded. “Do it more. I want Stephen to see it.”

He sucked on the welt again. Hard.

I rolled my eyes away and stared at my wedding photo on the wall. The man stopped sucking my tit with a pop and took off out the door.

I text my husband to come home. I went to lie on our bed and wait for him.

I removed my hand from my pussy and sucked my wet fingers. They tasted like the man’s cum but I wasn’t dripping from him now.

I sucked my fingers clean, rolled onto my side and smiled contentedly to myself.

Stephen

Our boy was asleep in the car by the time I got home so I carefully carried him to his bed.

I found my wife curled up on our bed sleeping soundly too.

I was erect. I had been for the twenty-minute drive home from the beach.

I stripped off and crawled onto the bed. My wife's skin was tacky and tasted like this other man who'd been with her.

I nuzzled for a breast and she moaned softly and rolled over, partially onto her back with her legs still bent to one side.

Her hand came to rest on my head but she was still asleep hmmm-ing dreamily.

I kissed her breast and suckled the nipple. I found a welt on the side of the other breast that had me thinking for a second. Then the realisation of what it was rushed through me.

I stopped kissing where this other man had obviously staked his claim and travelled down to my wife's belly and across to her hip.

I looked in behind her legs and tilted to see her pussy. I was excited for any evidence of intercourse.

Her pussy was pink and pasted open slightly.

I scooted around and kissed my way across the back of her thigh. She gripped my hair and moaned more fervently. I nuzzled in between her thighs and could smell the sex emanating from her vagina.

I peeled the back of her thighs open and she moaned again. "Uh huh. Hmm Stephen!"

I didn't know what I was thinking or feeling but I had to do this.

I licked her pussy, all the way from the base of her vagina to her clit. My tongue had sunk into her hole. It was stretched and the taste of this other man was powerful.

I licked again and swallowed at the gooey flow into my mouth to experience it and remember the scent and taste.

I moved close behind my wife and entered her where this other man had

been.

“Uh huh. Fuck me Stephen.”

“Oh baby you’re so wet.”

“Yes I am and I’m so warm all inside with his cum and I haven’t taken my pill today yet. You have to add yours before his gets me,” my wife warned and wiggled back onto my thrusts.

I humped her harder and faster. The idea of this being a live servicing was so thrilling.

“Aw baby you didn’t take your pill?”

“No I couldn’t. Once John had me this morning I couldn’t bring myself to take it. I suddenly wanted to be pregnant again and didn’t want to do anything to stop that.”

“Uh yeah!” I growled and thumped hard behind my wife and held still. “Yeah baby there it is.”

“Uh huh fill me up Stephen. Give me all your cum.”

My cock kept throbbing and throbbing. I hadn’t ejaculated this hard ever before.

Tiffany’s soft fingers and sharp nails appeared from beneath and cupped my balls.

She was right. This was too exciting to spoil with her taking the pill. I’d read up on it when it happened last time and understood there was risk of pregnancy if she missed even one day.

“You’re right babe, don’t take your pill anymore. Just let this happen. At least my sperm is inside you as well this time.”

“Uh huh definitely. I love that John’s is inside me and yours is too. It’s so exciting to have two men trying to get me.”

I thrust again. I was still fully erect. This was so intense and amazing.

“We should let him service you again baby, once or twice more while he’s still working here.”

“I know Stephen. I want him to. I want you both to keep me full of cum this week while I stay off the pill.”

I was slow humping my sex crazed wife and kissing her neck. She gathered

her hair aside and showed me where this other man had given her another love bite.

“It wasn’t just sex Stephen. John was kissing me passionately like I really was his woman. I can’t wait for the girls at work to see his marks on me.”

I kept thrusting and Tiffany’s hand appeared again, only this time she took me out of her wet pussy and held me against her butt.

“Uh huh like this now,” she breathed back over her shoulder. “Please!”

This was another thing I’d been trying to get my head around this past year. Tiffany seemed to enjoy anal sex and had been making me do it to her quite regularly.

I thrust until her anus gripped tightly then pulled back and thrust again and again until I was all the way inside her.

She was incredibly tight like this. It was filthy and so wrong but it felt amazing and I couldn’t stop myself enjoying it.

“Uh huh fuck me Stephen. Take me!”

I worked her onto her front and she kept her hips raised. I held them and rode her, flicking my pelvis and spearing into her with each thrust.

Her soft little fingers and sharp nails were there again, vibrating against her clit until she bucked in orgasm. At the same time I slammed home and ejaculated in her tight little back passage.

I rolled aside and dropped onto my back on the bed.

“Mmm thank you husband.”

I took a big breath and expelled. “You’re amazing darling. I love you.”

“Hmm I know you do. And you’re getting so bad now and I love that about you too.”

We showered together and cuddled in bed that night without talking about this anymore.

John wasn’t working the next day, which was Sunday. After church we had a lovely family afternoon with a picnic by a local lake and that night we made love the way we’re supposed to.

I couldn’t get the idea out of my head that I was getting another load of semen into my wife’s belly and this other man wasn’t.

I came extra hard again, spurred on by the thrill of competition, which wasn't lost on Tiffany.

She gave me a smile after cuddling up to me to go to sleep.

“You're such a stud now Stephen. It's like we've been missing something all this time.”

The next morning I greeted our builder with a nod when letting him in. Then I closed the door and went back to bed. I cuddled behind my wife but she soon stirred and rolled over.

“Should I go make us some coffee?” she asked.

I drew a breath and nodded. I knew what this meant.

She got out of bed and raked at her hair in the mirror. She was in a t-shirt and panties. The t-shirt didn't quite cover her butt from behind and her crotch from in front.

Her breasts wobbled free beneath it and I could see her nipples firming.

She faced me and reached beneath at her hips and peeled down her panties. She took them off and scrunched them in her hand behind her back.

“Is that better?” she asked grimacing guiltily.

Her pussy was showing fully.

“Should I go and show this other man what he can have, Stephen?”

I gulped.

My wife turned around and bent forward a little. “Or like that?” she asked sweetly.

Her vagina was a split pink peach from behind, her other tiny entrance enticing as well.

“Do you want him to have you anal baby?”

Tiffany shook her head. “He's too big for that.” She craned her neck to look down at her butt.

“I'd like to let Daddy have me like that again though. If it's okay since we're doing this?”

“Oh right, your dirty old man stepfather!”

Tiffany giggled. “He's coming around today to prune the lemon tree but I

know what he really wants.”

“Yeah right.” I swallowed as I considered it. “I guess he’s more or less a part of this since he was there with you captive in the desert.”

“Uh huh. He feels like a part of the special excitement Stephen. I’d love to let him from behind again or to please him with my mouth.”

“Oh yeah?” I muttered and gripped my erection, which was obvious because it tented the bedclothes.

Tiffany touched my hand and squeezed my fingers. “I won’t let Daddy cum in my pussy, in case I do get pregnant again from this. Let’s just make it you and John trying to get me, okay?”

“Yeah definitely baby.” I gulped. “Are you going to give John sex again right now?”

“No, I’ll just show him for now and let him kiss me and touch me if he wants to. I’d rather wait until you go to work before letting him take me to bed again.”

My wife bent to kiss my cheek and whisper whilst squeezing me through the bed clothes.

“But you have to wait your turn now. I want his to be the next big gooey load of cum pumped into my belly, since his penis is way longer and it feels like he’s pumping it in me so much deeper than you.”

“Oh hell baby, really?”

“Uh huh, I love how big John is in every way Stephen. As soon as you’re gone I’ll be lying right where you are now with him on top of me. I can hardly wait.”

“Alright I’m going then baby. I’ll get coffee on the way to work. Go let the man have you again.”

Tiffany

My husband quickly dressed and left for work. I didn't have long before Harold would wake anyway but I dared to go to the kitchen without pants on and make coffee.

John did a double take from the back door where he was talking on his phone.

He approached behind me at the sink, cuddled me and had a feel of my tits. He was busy ordering things for my kitchen renovation and I decided I wanted to taste him.

I turned and knelt and started undoing his work pants. He had on a tool belt but I left that and stripped his shorts and jocks down his powerful thighs to his ankles and work boots.

He firmed in my hand instantly. I squeezed against the flex and held his penis upright whilst starting with his balls.

I kissed one and sucked on it. It was too big to get in my mouth but I sucked hard on it and lashed with my tongue.

I stopped sucking and cupped the two off them, touching with my fingernails and gently fondling them.

I peered up at the man who was snarling down at me.

I tilted under and maintained eye contact whilst sucking his other ball and lashing it with my tongue. They felt so heavy against my face already and it was thrilling to think of how much semen there was going to be for me to drink.

I stroked his cock and squeezed and played with the head. Goodness, I was thirsty for this.

I kissed my way up the underside and sucked on the hot veiny shaft.

I continued to fondle this huge builder man's balls and took the head of his cock into my mouth. I bobbed my head and sucked it, firming my lips around the ridge of the crown and making it pop in and out.

"That's it Tiff, just like that," he groaned encouragingly. His phone was discarded on the sink now.

He placed his huge hands on my head and put his fingers in my hair.

I stopped sucking, swallowed hard and took a breath. "I'm so thirsty," I told him and resumed sucking his cock.

He snarled down at me, crouching a little and rolling his pelvis to surge deeper into my mouth.

I stopped sucking and stroked hard and fast, fisting over the head and wanking until his thrusts became spasmodic.

Then I stopped pulling him off and took his cock back into my mouth.

"Uh fuck yeah," he groaned and pulled my head onto each thrust and probed my throat.

I gagged a little but took it as deep as I could. I pulled back before coughing and wanked hard and fast, squeezing with my fist and flaying over the ridge.

He was thrusting and jerking and suddenly he surged forward and held so I quickly took the head of his cock back into my mouth and waited for my drink.

"Nya fuck yeah!" the man snarled and twisted my hair in his hand. He held me firmly in place whilst cumming in my mouth.

"Mmm mmm mmm," I hummed in time with each hot spurt against the back of my throat. I swallowed one nice mouthful and resumed softly sucking to get more yummy semen.

I was holding on now. There were tools hanging from each side of his tool belt. I was holding a screwdriver handle with one hand and the head of a clawhammer in the other.

I continued to softly suck on my big strong builder's penis and enjoyed the taste and smell of him filling my senses.

He had released the handful of my hair and rested against the sink. He gripped it behind him and let me play with him now.

I smiled up and did another big swallow. I caressed his swinging dick with my nose and face then had another little suck on his balls.

"Mmm I think I need my coffee now."

James

I had backed into the driveway beside my stepdaughter's house and parked.

I was about to knock on the back door but saw her there on her knees sucking the builder off. I peeped from the window and watched whilst feeling my own cock.

It looked like she was all done so I backed away before they saw me.

I got started on the job at hand without disturbing her.

I did a final run to the rubbish dump with some from my house and the last of the bits and pieces from her old kitchen.

Tiffany had waved to me from her child's bedroom on my way out. When I got back she had Harold playing in his sandpit whilst she watered her flower garden.

"Hello Daddy. Thanks for taking the last of that for us."

"You're welcome love." I gave her a big hug and kiss on the cheek and had a little squeeze of her in her singlet and a short denim skirt.

You could see the roundness of her tits through the armholes of her singlet. They were bare beneath it, the full underside showing and the nipples flashing as she moved from plant to plant.

I started pruning the lemon tree. She was watering close by and kept glancing and catching me enjoying the view of her tits.

She finished her watering and approached wringing her hands in front of herself.

"Yes?" I asked. I knew her look when she wanted something.

"Um, John has to go soon. Would you be able to babysit while he has sex with me please?"

I smiled. "Sure love. Just here? Let the boy play in his sandpit?"

"Yes he'll be fine for twenty minutes." My stepdaughter grimaced. "You can watch through my bedroom window if you want to see me being taken again, like you did with Sandman. Then when I put Harold down for his sleep this afternoon you can have sex with me too."

"Oh yeah?" I smiled broader and tilted to look in through the armhole of the

girl's singlet again.

"Yes Daddy you can have me again," she said and lifted her singlet above her tits.

She checked around the edge of the garage to where her child was playing happily then she faced me again, biting her smile still holding her top up.

"Do you remember what you did to me that time in the desert when it was my first time?"

I nodded. "Anal?"

"Uh huh. I've been making Stephen do it to me sometimes. I really like it now."

"Oh yeah?" I felt a tit and thumbed the erect nipple.

My stepdaughter took a big breath and held it as she thrust her chest up and forward.

"Mmm do you remember how tight you said I was like that Daddy? Do you want to do it to me again?"

"Aw love." I squeezed her arse and felt it bare beneath her skirt.

She turned and looked around the corner of the building again. She had no panties on. I'd been wondering if she had.

She remained looking around the corner of the garage, keeping her butt hidden from the house then flared her hips for me.

I kneaded her butt cheeks, pulling them open and inspecting her little starfish.

She looked back over her shoulder at me biting her lip with complete submission in her eyes. "Is that what you want James?"

I blushed at the use of my first name. It was exactly right though.

The days of being Tiffany's daddy were gone. She was an adult and had become an experienced woman when it came to sex.

That simple use of my name changed everything in an instant.

I took hold from behind and felt the woman's tits whilst forcing my clothed erection between the cheeks of her arse.

"Call me that again," I demanded.

She smiled. "Mmm James! Do you want to fuck my arse James?"

“Yeah I want to fuck you in the arse Tiff. Go let your builder have some. What time do you put Harold down for a sleep?”

“Mmm right after lunch,” the woman said wiggling back onto me. “I can’t wait to feel you inside me again James. You can start doing me all the time if you want.”

I smacked her arse and sent her away. I was boned-up and my old nuts were filling too much having hold of her like that.

I saw to her kid and made sure he was happy and not eating too much sand. I approached the master bedroom window and found the blind open enough to peep through.

The huge tattooed builder had Tiffany on her back on the bed with her legs spread wide.

He pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. His back was covered in tattoos as well as his arms, chest and thighs. His little butt was bare and clenched as he thrust into my ex-little girl.

The guy was hung like a horse and from the viewing angle I had, I could see his cock stretching Tiffany’s cunt as he pulled back then surged into her again.

He pinned her hands above her head and settled to a steady pace fucking her and making her tits bounce wildly.

She had her feet planted and her hips up off the bed. She was being impaled with each surge of the guy’s cock.

She was tossing her head side to side but when she saw me she stopped and stared right at me.

This so took me back to the desert, watching her being fucked pregnant by the renegade bikie hiding out from the cops.

I guess that was when the girl matured from being my little girl, now that I thought about it.

Her use of the term Daddy was all tease on that road trip, coupled with her flashing her panties up her skirts in the 4WD and deliberately getting me worked up.

Then when the bikie guy saved us from the car wreck and carried Tiffany to his cabin completely topless with a torn dress as a skirt that barely covered

her panties, well she was a woman to be ravaged. She was not my little girl from that point.

She wanted to be ravaged too. She was over her ultra-conservative husband and bland sex life.

She was ripe for fucking by the bikie and as much as I rake over my own actions in hindsight, I remain convinced she wanted me to fuck her as well.

Tiffany

“Uh huh like that,” I breathed into this huge sweaty builder’s ear.

He was balls deep inside me and ejaculating.

I relaxed over the penetration of his cock. I’d wiggled down on the thick base and was getting his deposit directly into my belly.

He was pumped up hard. Every muscle in his body was tense and quivering.

“Uh there you go baby, that’s my nuts fucking drained again. Fuck your suction’s tight with that little pussy. It’s like getting caught by a hot tub pump. The fucking intake pipe. Only it’s soft and shrink-wraps around your shaft.”

“Mmm I can’t help it. I’m so thirsty everywhere at the moment and yours feels like the outlet of the hot tub, flooding me with your hot cum. I love it.”

The man softened quickly and lifted from me. I squeezed with my pussy and made him pull his dick out.

He got up right away. I lay there with a sheet over me watching him pull on his work clothes and clip his tool belt around his hips again.

The hammer had fallen out so he shoved that back into its loop and held it whilst kneeling on my bed and bending down to kiss me goodbye.

“Until tomorrow yeah? You’re going to want more?” he asked.

“Uh huh, after my husband goes to work.”

“Okay good.” The man lifted my chin and checked the love bite he’d given me, smirked and left me there.

I was nude beneath my bedsheet and my pussy was all gooey and tingly.

I checked the window but James had gone.

I was so calling him that from now on if he was going to be fucking me.

He was sitting on my garden seat watching my son play when I’d dressed and went outside.

James went back to pruning my lemon tree. I cleaned up my child and we went shopping. When we returned I fed Harold and put him down for his afternoon nap.

James was back after dumping the clippings from the lemon tree. He'd had his lunch at home.

He didn't have his trailer now so had no excuse to be visiting me other than to have me sexually.

Once in my door he pulled me to him from behind and put his hands up my top. I'd put on a bra for shopping but his hands were up it.

I felt behind my butt for his package and squeezed him erect through his pants.

He shuffled me into the bedroom and stripped my top and pushed down my skirt.

I unclipped my bra and pushed down my panties, kneeling on the bed and crawling to the bed head.

I remained on my hands and knees and waited whilst James stripped off and got into position behind me.

I reached for the lube I had ready on my bedside table and handed it to him.

He squirted the oil and lathered his cock then rubbed into my butt and used a finger to open me.

I lowered my head and waited.

I felt him position the head of his cock then it popped in.

James took hold of my hips and pulled me back as he rocked forward.

"Ahh huhh," I squeaked at the slight pain of being stretched back there.

"Oh love that's so tight," he groaned excitedly and pulled me back as he rocked forward again.

"Ah huh that's so nice. I love it when someone fucks me like this now James. I'm so glad you made me that first time."

He pulled me back and thrust more firmly, penetrating fully and pressing against my butt.

"Uh huh. That's nice now. Just take me James. Fuck me hard and cum in me like that."

"Oh love this is great. We're such a perfect fit like this yeah?"

"Mmm exactly. I love how small you are even compared to Stephen. His

hurts and yours is just so nice and sexy to feel.”

The man I used to call my daddy was humping me steadily, pulling back and rocking forward. He was sliding in and out gently but soon began to snarl and get more aggressive, which I really loved.

He kept hold of my hips and rode me, thumping against my butt making my tits surge.

He started to pound me too hard and forced me down flat on the bed.

He lowered with me and was grinding back and forth, spearing his stiff little penis into me and making me lift my butt and flare my hips to feel him slamming all the way in.

I folded a pillow and shoved it under my hips. That allowed me to relax a little and keep myself presented for fucking.

It wasn't the feel of a cock sliding in and out of my anus that was stimulating. It was the thought of it and the feel of a man all excited nailing me the way the biker man in the desert taught me to want more and more of.

James was holding my shoulders now. He was thrusting with his hips and rocking me forward and back onto his cock. He was jamming it up my arse and snarling his dominance and pleasure.

I turned my head from one way to the other and then looked back at the window where I saw my husband watching.

I blushed at first but could see the excitement in his eyes and that made me tingle all inside and really enjoy being fucked like this.

I lifted my butt higher and started squirming against James's fully inserted cock. I could feel his balls slapping against my pussy with each thrust and I imagined how full of cum they must be getting.

He lay down on my back with his hands linked around the back of my neck and went nuts thrusting and squirming and fucking me.

His cock was so hard it was stretching my butt with each surge of his hips. He was humping so far up my back that it was bending and nearly popping out.

“Mmm are you nearly ready to finish?” I asked back over my shoulder. “Are you going to cum soon James?”

“Aw love! Aw fuck! Nya here it is!” he growled and slammed hard one last

time writhing and grinding up my back with his cock stretching my butt and throbbing so powerfully I could feel it.

“Uh god yeah!” he snarled and flinched and thrust hard to hold still again.

He lifted his upper body and I lifted my butt as he got to his knees. He was still inside me.

His tubby body shook as he kept a firm grip on my shoulders and held me in place.

I lifted to my hands and knees and he relaxed a little and reached beneath to feel my tits.

I waited and let him finish his climax.

I looked back at my husband with his hand over his mouth and his eyes glazed in shock.

The man I used to call daddy lifted me to be kneeling and continued feeling my tits.

I kept my hips flared and my butt presented for him. He was still inside me and hadn't softened very much yet.

“Mmm did you like that?” I asked as I smiled back at him. “It felt like you did.”

“Aw love, I don't think I've ever cum that hard before. That was amazing.”

“Mmm good. I'm glad,” I said and wiggled on him. “It looks like Stephen's come home to check on me so that will have to be enough for today.”

“Huh?” James looked around but Stephen had gone from the window.

I shifted forward a little and the spent penis oozed out of my butt.

“Where is he? Did you see him?” James asked sounding worried as he pulled on his pants and looked for his shirt.

I giggled. “Don't worry. He knows you were going to have me. I think he just wanted to watch.”

“Yeah alright,” James said and checked fervently out the window and then out the open bedroom door.

He pulled on his work boots and looked at me lying nude on the bed once more.

He looked from my pussy to my tits then met my eyes and smiled. I raked my hands down my inner thighs and spread myself as he looked me over again, lying here like a total slut now.

That's how I felt after being fucked in my mouth, my pussy and my butt already today.

James glanced at the open door again and gulped as he felt between my legs.

I arched up off the bed with two of his thick fingers inside my pussy.

He added his thumb and pressed that against my clit and frigged me hard and fast until my orgasm hit and had me writhing up off the bed completely.

My feet were planted and I gripped the bed head above my pillow.

“Uh huh huh!” I moaned as the man continued to frig me hard and fast and kept my orgasm thumping through me making my tits surge and wobble with each tremor.

Stephen appeared in the doorway. James glanced at him but kept frigging me.

“Uh huh huh!” I cried out and collapsed and curled in a ball on the bed giggling uncontrollably.

James gripped my butt and had another look at me back there where he'd been.

Stephen had a look with him and the two men nodded to each other before the one who used to be my daddy left the room.

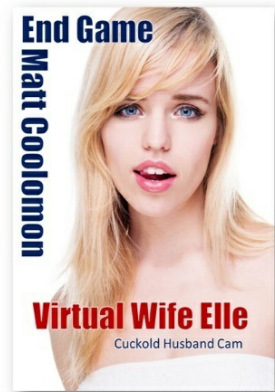
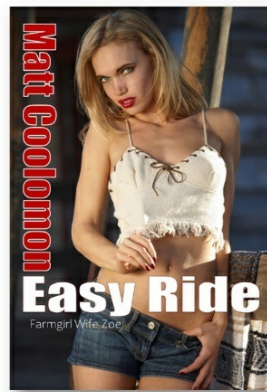
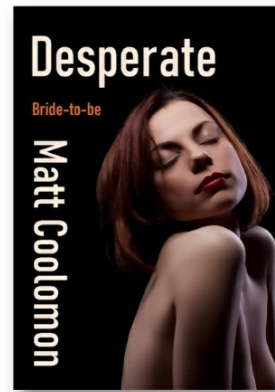
Stephen sat on the bed beside me. He scooted back to rest against the bedhead and I shifted close and put my head in his lap.

He stroked my hair. I felt up his thigh and squeezed him through his pants. His cock firmed instantly.

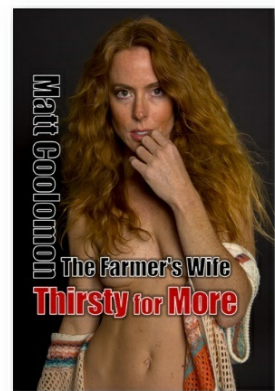
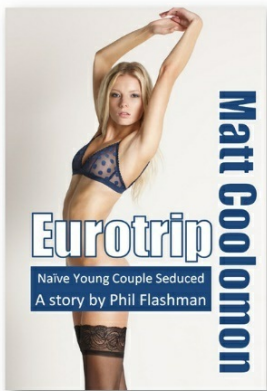
He expelled a breath.

“No one can ever know about this darling. We're going to have to be so careful about choosing other men to have sex with you.”

**** The end ****



What do all Matt Coolomon/S.H.Madonna erotic stories have in common?



Sweetly submissive wives and girlfriends being ravaged by multiple men.



about 100 to choose from and new stories all the time

[Link to US Page](#)

[Link to UK Page](#)




Or read on for audio books narrated by Maddy

Click a title to preview

Amazon Audio Book



Narrated by Maddy 


Amazon Audio Book



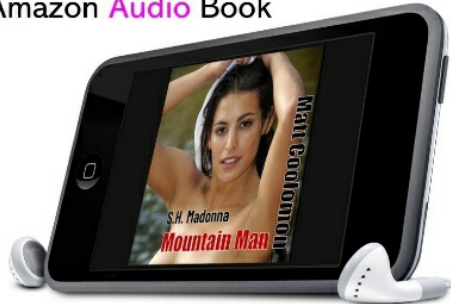
Narrated by Maddy 

Amazon Audio Book



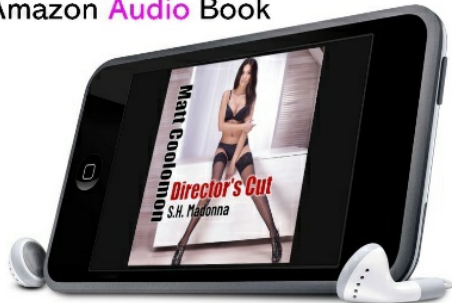
Narrated by Maddy 


Amazon Audio Book



Narrated by Maddy 

Amazon Audio Book



Narrated by Maddy 

Amazon Audio Book



Narrated by Maddy 